

! ?

July

12  
13  
14 birthday MM  
Sarah @ work  
Kieran to visit  
Uncle Paul's birthday MM  
8pm - Podcast w/ Paddy  
15 birthday MM  
New Moon O

addip birthday MM  
2pm → Coral Mar

7

8  
9 Sarah @ hen do  
10  
11

12th  
dding

my

To [REDACTED]  
Merry Christmas  
from [REDACTED]

I AM

*The Miasma Eremita*

WHO BEGAT

**HERMIT LANCELOT**

WHO BEGAT

**LEPER SAVANT**

WHO BEGAT

**SADHU NEMO**

UPON MY DEATH, OR DISAPPEARANCE, OR TRANSCENDANCE, OR BOREDOM,  
THIS GRIMOIRE SHALL BE MY EPITAPH AND MY LAST AND MOST HOLY RECORD OF

**LOSS**

A TOWN INDIVISIBLE BY MAPS, MORTALITY OR SENSE

IN MEMORIAM

MY SACRED PACK IS LIGHT  
MY RESPIRATOR BRIGHT  
MY TAROT HARP MIMICS VOICE  
MY CLOAK AND CLASP MY CHOICE

**PLEASE RETURN THIS BOOK TO:**



July

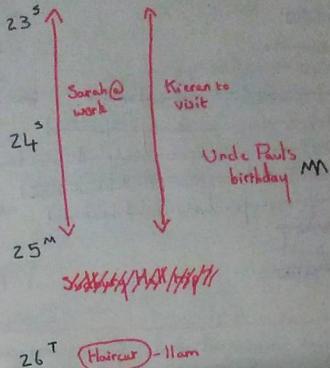
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Chris' birthday MM

13

8pm - Podcast w/ Paddy

14 Rebecca's birthday MM



New Moon C

5 Paddip birthday

2pm → Cor

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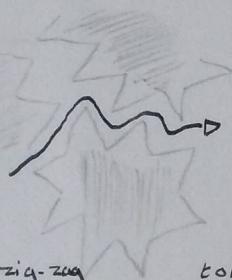
9 Sarah @ hendo

10

11

## February 2nd

My left toe felt as if it was nearly severed at the Greek wrappings, and I had used all my balm. My pack was heavy, my memorabilia and knick the wayside. I had to drop Eligius' Throat, spiders. Jenny's pendant, have had their use.



The rocks rose around me, filled with a marvellous Cretaceous sparkle; I have seen rock like that all over the world, but it was beautiful nonetheless. I had not worn my mask in days, having met no-one on the road, but the maps told me that the entrance to the valley was near, though I the mountains left me with. <sup>Are these maps missing?</sup> found no tracks, no depressions of cart or cattle, nor any shrine or signpost that would reveal my location. I was nervous at meeting other people; I have only the recordings of my own voice and those of the sailors to keep me company, but I think the water has got to the device, and the voices are hazy and deep.

Looking at my maps it appears that I entered into a wide caldera cut into the mountains, filled with wild grass and trees; the map shows conifers, though they could have been of any species; I remember only their shade and the small lagoon, the water springing from the rock as if Moses had passed. I lapped at the pool, a thirsty dog; the sailing had rubbed my hands and throat raw.

Ref. 11000000001a2b

The nature of the Eremite's notes, here, on his arrival in Lost point to shorthand. Perhaps broken down at the moment of conception, and later transcribed to his more familiar verbosity. He makes

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The topography and  
general formation of  
the Eremites location  
Points to an area  
completely landlocked  
("conifers" "rock",  
"water springing forth")

unslung my tarot harp & began to play;  
aged to wrestle a short song from  
that, I hoped, would stave off rain  
My food was all gone, and so  
few hanging over the water; they were  
and pink. There was no life in the  
the shade was so extreme; those  
foliage, the black of the water and  
the white of that blistering road have stayed with me.

↑  
personalized  
instrument

↓  
included  
in the pack

At this point I heard voices, though to me they must not have been  
voices, but rather the sound of water pouring, or the creak of the  
branch, or the crunch of stone on stone. But voices they became, a  
man and a boy, speaking in halting Queen's English, about the  
weather, of all things! It was like Gibraltar all over again. I  
quickly donned my mask, and turned to greet them; a lone  
liferanaut against the void of high air. The sight I presented  
must have quite terrified them, as the man stood stock still,  
transfixed, whilst the boy screamed like a girl and ran  
back the way they had come. The man was tall and fair,  
wearing simple cloth garments, and he possessed a rather  
impressive cleft palate, drool swinging pendulous under his chin  
as he stopped.

13-14th  
to stay 20-21st  
Book Club  
@ Greenhead  
St. Measuring  
Kris & Leon  
at 1pm

+ photos & frame  
(leave) 6pm  
Talk @ Crawford Creative.

d. Crawford Apple Day

1th - Forum &  
Writing Circles

2nd @ Evans Hall  
2nd - Book Club  
Reading Group.

2nd - DTP Visit Avenue  
Supervision Form

when  
Kris & Kays

Lunch

1th - 13th Feb  
Dinner to visit  
M&P

Writing Lunch

1/19th  
Le D&D weekend  
@ Sted &

with Helen Graces  
Committee Meeting.

(9th/26th  
Empathy  
Group)

10th - Wedding  
Invitation  
Gift (Jewel).

11th - Book Club  
and P&P  
Hollie

EP Landy

12th - ESE  
- Conference

July 29th  
Sophie's wedding

Nov 2017 →  
car in my  
name!

Jdy

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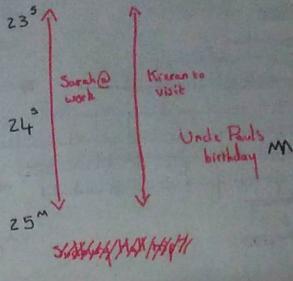
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23

24

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26



There was the definite rumour of the endogamist about that palate. He hastily wiped himself as I called to him, greeting him as politely as I could. He stepped forward tentatively, dropping the setting axe and sack that materialised from behind his broad shoulders, and called to me in English. Were I to know, in hindsight, that the first words uttered to me in Loss would be, "What the fuck is that on your head?".

The man, it transpired, was named Flood Last Year, my first encounter with the curious nomenclature of the valley. I asked him what it meant, and he replied simply that "it made him angry to think of his name, and that was enough". I had obviously found what I was looking for. I told him that I had come a long way to find Loss. I remember him laughing at me, asking me to remove my mask, fiddling with my pack, and finally telling me that I would most likely be turned away, and maybe killed. He had led me back to what must have been his home, further along the track; he was a forester, and his abode, a drying warehouse for skins and wood, was a vaulted, thatched affair, of many floors, reading into the canopy. What struck me most, arriving amongst the dappled ferns and rabbit warrens, was the great copper kiln that protruded from one side of the hut; it



The Mother Kil  
cook to  
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The Mother Kiln

was in the shape of an obese woman, old and sagging, the breasts drooping to form a lid for the fire; a great priapic extension stuck out underneath the flames, a sort of tap. He saw me looking, and told me it was the Mother Kiln. He rubbed one of the hose-like nipples,

the copper worn to a silvery almost-opal with generations of gropings, and took me inside. His neighbour's son, the frightened boy whom I had seen earlier, was cowering in the corner, playing with the bands of his also-green garments; Flood, as he had asked me to call him, ordered the lad to greet me as a guest. The boy rose as bidden, and approached me, kissing me full on the air filter. I flinched in shock, and the boy shrieked and ran to his den once more. He was ill, Flood told me, and his father asked him to be brought to the woods to get some work done.

I wished to be away, I think, as quickly as possible; a backwoods rub, even a friendly one, could irreparably damage my first impressions of the place I had travelled so far to see. I asked him to take me to the town, at which I was warned that it was a three hour ride; at my insistence we trekked half a mile or so down the path, leaving the boy behind, to a small clearing ringed with smooth stones; they

+ typically altruistic sentiment from  
the supposed anthropologist.

-14th  
May 20-21st  
Book Chat  
Greenstead  
Meeting w/  
Luc & Leon  
@1pm

cos & frame  
16pm  
Oxford  
Cave.

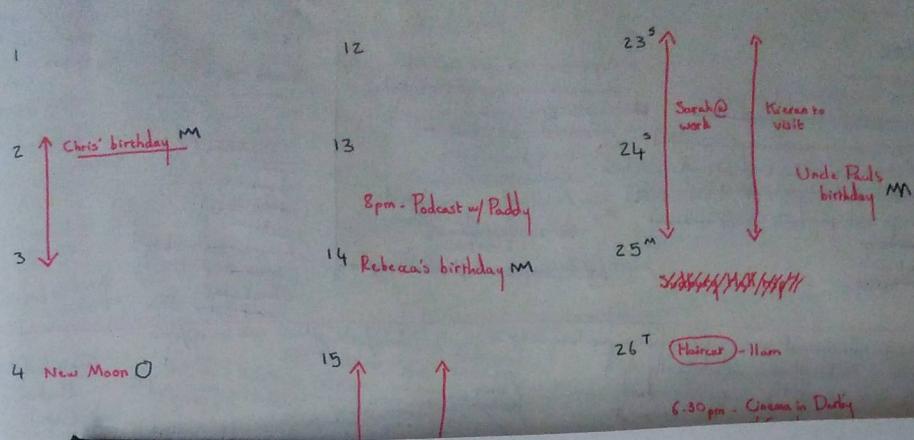
Oxford Apple  
Day  
around  
Dogs  
Writing Lungs

Exams Hall  
set up.  
ding Group.  
at Kidwood  
-DTP Vark Avenue 2pm  
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Ruth Boston  
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Feb  
to visit  
M&D.

Lunch  
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Hollie  
Lunch

July  
29th  
optics  
wedding  
in my  
name.

July



They had obviously been brought from the coast. In the centre of the cairn, as it seemed to be, were a pair of bovine-looking steeds, droopy with one great, thick horn like a dull knife atop their heads. On the horns were daubed handprints and long, waved lines. They smelt pleasant enough for livestock, almost like healthy soil, or celery. He helped me onto the beast's wide, palanquin-like back and set off. I have noted down the words "house shrine", and I can only think that it refers to the god-shrine that Flood kept in his shack; to this day I still do not know which god it was, though the effigy was stick-thin, covered in ash and dung, and seemed to be chopping off its own finger. I did not yet know of the peculiar religion that these people espouse, and can only think that it must have struck me as very odd at the time.

The road was full of rebuffs and sharp bends, and despite my pleas for silence so as to nurse my aching backside in peace, Flood probed me with questions about the world and where I had been. I gave non-committal responses, little more than grunts. I was careful not to ask him too much about his home; I wanted to hear such accounts from educated people. I do feel bad for Flood; he was a simple, ugly fellow, and perhaps I should have been more courteous with my discoverer. Shortly after I arrived he disappeared back into the woods and the mountains, and

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the boy. I st  
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no one will tell me anything of his health or destination, nor that of  
the boy I still do not know who his father is.

Perhaps I was too harsh, though at the time I had sincerely hoped  
that his degeneration was not symptomatic of his people. I have  
simply written that "perhaps all the beautiful did fall at Troy"

Trix & Jen visiting 13-14th  
Nick, Liz & Ricky to stay 20-21st

16th Books Book Club

@ Greenstead

3hr Meeting w/  
Kate & Leon  
@ 1pm

er days

water conj.

Print photos & frames

Job (eve) 6pm  
-Talk @ Crawford  
Creative.

7th Nov  
Mid-Croft Apple  
Day

25th - Forum  
Digital  
Writing Lunch

Christmas @ Evans Hall

28th - Social Visit w/  
Sarah & Tom

11th - Writing Group.

12th - DTP Visit Avenue

Mercury Supervision Form

(John & Karyn)

Writing Lunch

(11th-13th Feb)

13th - Dinner to visit  
Sarah & Tom.

Writing Lunch

14th-19th Feb

LoD&D weekend  
@ Steve &

16th Leon Greece's

Committee Meeting.

(19th-26th)

(Empathy  
Group)

19th Wedding

20th Wedding

21st Wedding

EP Lunch

ESSE Conference

July 29th

Sophie's wedding

17th car in my

name.

2 Chris' birthday MM  
3

12

13 8pm - Podcast w/ Paddy

14 Rebecca's birthday MM

4 New Moon O

15

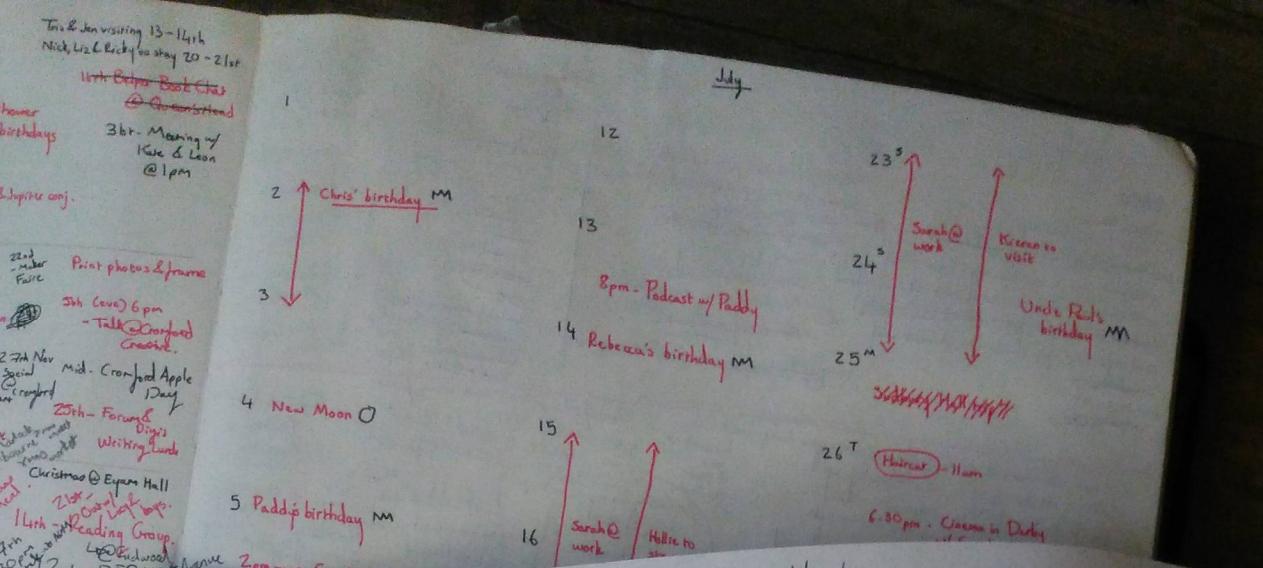
23<sup>s</sup>  
24<sup>s</sup>  
25<sup>M</sup>  
26<sup>T</sup> (Hannukah) - 11am  
Sarah @ work  
Kieran to visit  
Uncle Paul's birthday MM

Everywhere this proliferation  
of English? And completely  
accentless, with no apparent  
class differences; it is  
[REDACTED] ly odd. Ethnicity  
seems to be mainly Caucasian  
and very pale, almost Nordic  
if it were not for the wide  
brows and fat noses of the  
Mongoloid. Many of the  
women are exceedingly  
ugly.

I was in my tent  
one can never be  
existing the tent I  
in the crumpled lee  
off the clearest mo  
by a cavalcade  
realised, in greeting  
curious; yet mo  
enduring their que  
Hellenic script stich  
town. I found  
leading towards the  
Long, brown penne  
and the children  
these were far s  
were dirty and  
wondered briefly  
that this was not  
Hyperborean refug  
There was no fo  
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I was in my tent carving stakes and crosses when I heard the trumpet; one can never be too careful. It had sounded as if it was right outside, though exiting the tent I realised that it came from far off, right across the valley in the crumpled lee of one of the mountains, ricocheting off my surroundings off the clearest morning in days. The gates were being opened. I was greeted by a cavalcade of what I first assumed to be dignitaries; I eventually realised, in greeting them, that they were merely well-wishers and the curious; yet more rubes. I packed my tent under their watchful eyes, enduring their questions about the eye-holes in the groundsheet and the Hellenic script stitched into the lining, and crossed with them into the town. I found myself on a long dirt road, with small dwellings leading towards the haze of what I assumed to be the town itself.

Long, brown pennants hung from poles, much like those that myself and the children hung to greet Lancelot at Lyonnease, though these were far smaller and hung limp in the stillness. The people were dirty and silent, as if they were smuggling me in, and I wondered briefly if that was what was happening. I began to worry that this was not the right town, that I had stumbled on some Hyperborean refuge sheltered from civilisation and proper breeding. There was no fanfare, no crowds; even their curiosity had waned. I do remember seeing something remarkable; in a small wood to the side of the road, almost obscured by the trees,



another of the great "Mother Kilns" could be seen, with the strange penile extension, smoke pouring from the chimney breasts. Behind her, like ducklings, were several smaller stoves, perhaps the size of a kennel, into which people dressed in blue, matching outfits scuttled some sort of fish, turning to watch me as I passed.

(I have seen these since, often hidden in woodland or private gardens. They are moulded to resemble

One group passed along the road until we reached large cobbles. This rude civilisation seemed to put a glamour on the party, and they dashed in all directions, calling to me. I set off after them and rounded a corner onto what looked like the Palatine Hill, in its glory. A great paved square was looked on by very regular buildings, an almost Teutonic regularity. They were more like slabs of base stuff, not hollow at all but rather solid blocks that pretended to be inhabited. I could see no obvious windows on many of them. Around the square were huge glass fishbowls set on lamp-posts, though they empty. Were they streetlights?

There was a middling crowd in the [redacted] square, nothing like those that greeted me at Lhasa or Machu or Mag Mell, but it seemed that I was wanted, after all. There was a celebration, of sorts. I was greeted with dancing, music, wreaths of garlic and strange lightning-shaped tassels thrown about me. I had composed a poem for the occasion, and read it with great solemnity though their primitive

public address system  
Star Watching At Sea.  
Death of a Friend,  
I think I gave her the  
was not my greatest  
held out to me in  
not know what it is  
A band seemed to move  
filled with waistcoats  
both strange and  
tall, and men who  
After repeated requests  
allowed to take seats  
Death of a Friend  
and recording box  
close by me, telling  
a few floors below, up  
up close, but still  
The valley is, I was  
or the ruin of  
apparent. I note  
that I might see  
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rk  
Kieran to visit  
Uncle Paul's birthday MN

HOTSPOTS

Liam

Cinema in Dublin

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public address system shocked my teeth. I shook hands with the Mayor, Star Watching At Sea, a short fat man who does not seem to sweat, and Death of a Friend, one of the girls who had come to visit me at the gate; I think I gave her the seal jerky. I met her father, who, as I learnt, was not my greatest herald or admirer. I touched a great, golden key, held out to me in utter silence, and the town broke into applause. I do not know what it is for.

A band seemed to materialize out of nowhere, thirty of them or so, the crowd filled with waistcoats and ruffs, raised, drunken voices and instruments both strange and familiar; the mandolin sat next to harps twenty feet tall, and men who stroked their hand as if comforting wounded birds. After repeated requests they let me record one of their songs. I was also allowed to take some official photographs, overseen by Mr. Lights, as Death of a Friend's father asked to be called, setting up my camera and recording box on the cobbles. Death of a Friend spent much of her time close by me, telling me that I was to live in the same building as her, a few floors below, where a man had died the previous year. She is plainer up close, but still pretty, and one of the few that washes her hair. The valley is, I will admit, very beautiful; it has no obvious magic, or the ruin of grandeur, but there is definitely more here than is apparent. I asked the Mayor if there existed a map of the town that I might study; he told me that he would fetch one from his personal collection from which to take notes.

3 ↓  
 8pm. Podcast w/ Paddy  
 14 Rebecca's birthday M  
 25 M  
 Uncle Paddy's birthday M  
 4 New Moon O  
 15 ↑  
 5 Paddy's birthday M  
 16 Sarah's work  
 17 Hello to  
 26 T (Hector - Ham)  
 6.30 pm. Cinema in Derby  
 7.30 pm. ~~Pub quiz~~  
 8.30 pm. ~~Pub quiz~~

I can feel the heat of Mr. Light's gaze upon me constantly, as if he expects me to stab his friends before him, or explode into shards of metal. The children kept tugging at my mask; I had to bat at them with as much force as I dared.

The day was a long one, the procession through the town draining me; the air here is close and humid, hemmed in by the contours around us. The well-wishers began to flake off me like skin, and soon a small entourage was making its way through conifer groves to the treeline; the path was sculpted into the rock. How odd that it should smell so much like a sewer up in the clean air! The odour became less surprising as I saw the state of some of the shrines there. As we climbed, in between the evergreens, I could see wide-lipped warrens disappearing into the earth, coloured paint splashed around as if by children, and more of those odd lightning strips, tied down against an illusory wind. The mountains are unbroken and needling around the whole valley, though disappear into the blue screen of distance. There is one mountain that seems sculpted from iron filings, it is so whipped and uninviting. It towers over everything else, and I see that it is too high for even water vapour or ice to settle on its climes. The Mayor calls it the "north" mountain, though perhaps this is a nickname as it seems to lie to the east of the town. From our lookout I could survey the entire ~~valley~~; I will try to commit as much to a drawn map as possible, it is much larger than I at first reckoned. The streets are laid out at

both regular while others twist & broken will made it was a mix rock, they We took so of the gra the iceber The ha the stult and the I am not wooden, typewritter cing, hun and dar a grea a guish me. T Death live a

Kieren's visit  
Uncle Paul's birthday MM

1997

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both regular and irregular angles, with some streets wide and Roman, while others evoke an old Balkan city, with redoubts, doublings back, the twist of side-alleys; all the roofs are colourful. There is a vast forest, broken with minuscule clearings, over to the West. Though the distance made it hard to judge, it may be even larger than the town itself. There was a mix of smoke in the air, from wood, from meat, from peat and rock, they rubbed together like oils, at altitude.

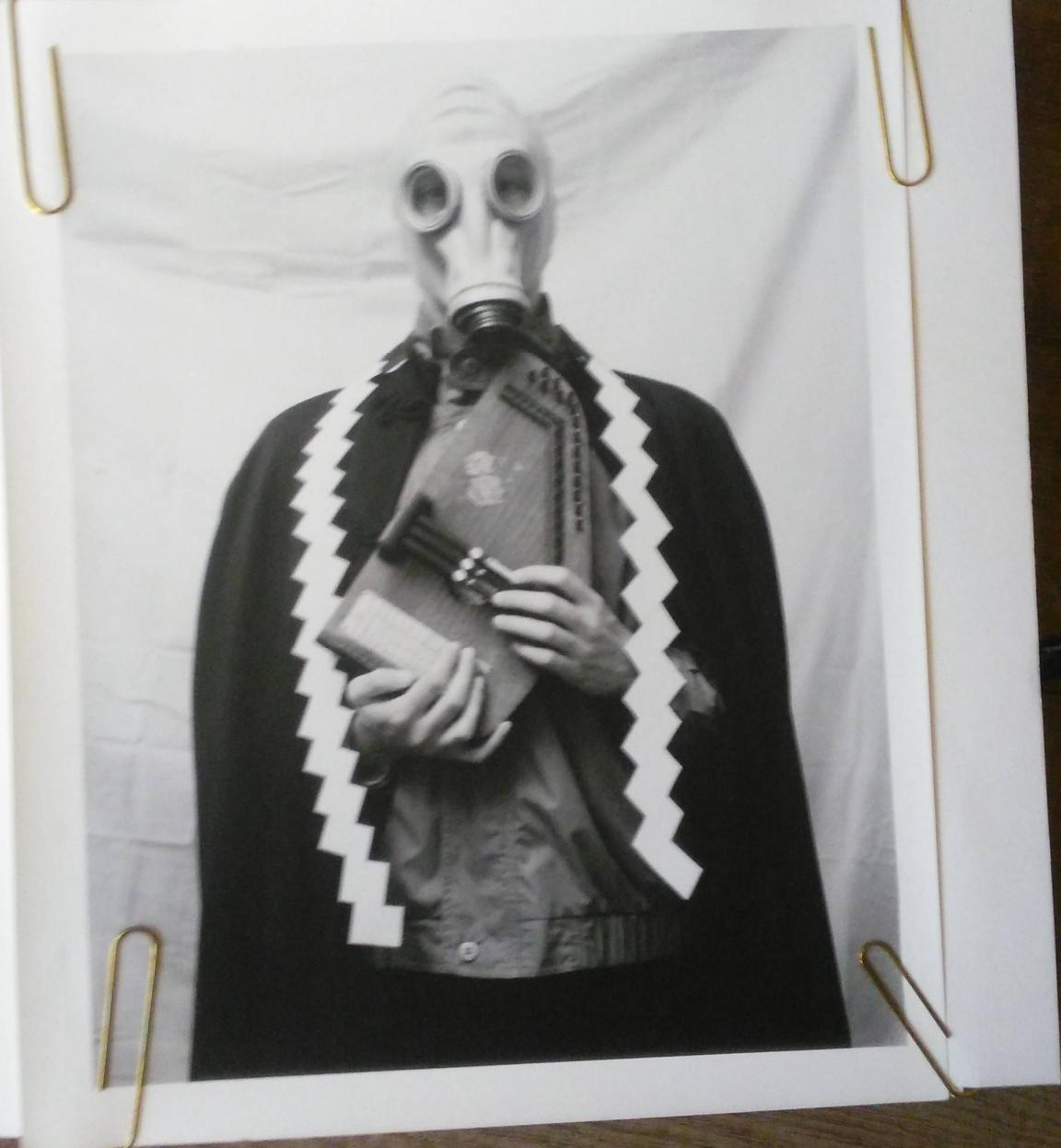
We took so many paths that I cannot remember where we visited; I had seen the hint of the graveyard and we trod the boardwalk by the river; I marvelled at the icebergs, some as large as cottages, wedged resolutely in the stream itself! The bear made such dinosaurs, such elemental things, seem impossible and the stuff of books. I was shown the town zoo, locked up and quite pathetic, and the slender, cosmopolitan profile of the First Loss Hotel (where, oddly, I am not staying), and finally to my lodgings. The building is tall and wooden, surrounded by identical brothers in a pattern like buttons on a typewriter; canals diverted from the river flow between, crossed by ciny, humped bridges. I write this on my bunk; the walls are Spartan and dark, even with my effects posted around me. There is, again, a great heat that seems to surround the building even at night, and a gushing of drains or the river; oddly, it seems to come <sup>from</sup> above a few gushings of drains or the river; oddly, it seems to come <sup>from</sup> above me. The Mayor and his followers bid me goodnight at the door, and Death of a Friend and her father led me to my room. They indeed live a few floors above me though there is a staircase that winds all

Why does the Mayor's lover live alone?

22nd - Amber Fair  
 Blood Moon  
 shower  
 23rd Nov - Special Assessment report  
 Head Mid. Crawford Apple Day  
 arrival time  
 ay → 23rd November  
 on 23rd  
 lower teeth  
 Arrange house  
 base F 14th 7pm 23rd - Reading Group.  
 6:30pm 24th - DTP West Avenue  
 8th. Wednesday Supervision Form  
 @ Jon & Kay's  
 & Digi Writing L  
 11th - 13th  
 3rd: Dinner L w/ Jim.  
 Digi Writing L  
 18th / 19th  
 19th 20th  
 Lo D&D w/  
 @ Shed  
 16th Ham Grace  
 Committee Me  
 23rd 19th / 20th  
 th (Empathy  
 Group)  
 April @  
 Wedding  
 Lunch  
 Box Gif  
 12th 20th  
 nd Per  
 H P Pea  
 r EP Lanch  
 24th  
 Conference  
 July 29th  
 Sophie's wedding  
 2017 → car in my  
 name.

13  
 3 ↓  
 8pm - Podcast w/ Paddy  
 14 Rebecca's birthday M  
 4 New Moon O  
 15  
 5 Paddy's birthday M  
 16 Sarah @ work  
 2pm → Coral Manton meeting  
 15 ↑  
 Hello to stay  
 27 w  
 24 ↑  
 Sarah @ work  
 25 M  
 26 T  
 Haircut - 11am  
 6.30 pm - Cinema in Derby  
 w/ Sarah  
 27 w  
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the way up to my room, around the outside of the building. Reminder - I must try and see inside the hotel; perhaps renovations are being undertaken, though I get the feeling that the town does not receive enough visitors for such a building to make enough gold or gems or paper or stone or whatever it is they use in this town. I hope that they can exchange my molars; I have held onto them too long.



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1 Trish & Jen visiting 13-14th  
 Nick, Liz & Lucy to stay 20-21st  
 19th Book Chat  
 @ Greenstreet  
 3br. Meaning/  
 Kate & Leon  
 @ 1pm

Moon  
 dry O's birthday  
 Periods Meteor Shower  
 s & Jim Green's birthdays  
 y's birthday  
 Moon  
 ls birthday  
 Bo birthday, Venus & Jupiter conj.  
 with's birthday

Moon  
 ido meteor shower 22nd  
 Full  
 opposition:  
 thday, Blood Moon 23rd  
 ido shower  
 on  
 Aesop's Head 27th Nov  
 - Social  
 progression Assessment regd  
 idy  
 re arrival date  
 o birthday 28th Nov  
 Supermoon 29th Nov  
 ido shower 30th Nov  
 obit  
 31st Nov  
 Arrang  
 1st Dec - Social  
 Reading Group  
 4th Dec - DTP Vast Avenue  
 6th Dec - 2nd - DTP Vast Avenue  
 8th - Mercury  
 2pm - Com 1

Print photos & frame  
 5th (cont) 6pm  
 - Talk Crawford  
 Create.  
 20th - Forum  
 Diaries  
 Writing Lunch

4 New Moon 0

5 Paddip birthday MM

12  
 13 8pm - Podcast w/ Paddy  
 14 Rebecca's birthday MM

15  
 16 Sarah @ work  
 Hello to stay

23<sup>5</sup>  
 24<sup>3</sup> Sarah @ work  
 25<sup>4</sup>  
 26<sup>7</sup> Uncle Paul's birthday MM  
 Kieran to visit  
 SCABBY/MARSHY

6.30 pm - Cinema in Derby  
 w/ Sam

Previous page: Myself, February 9th

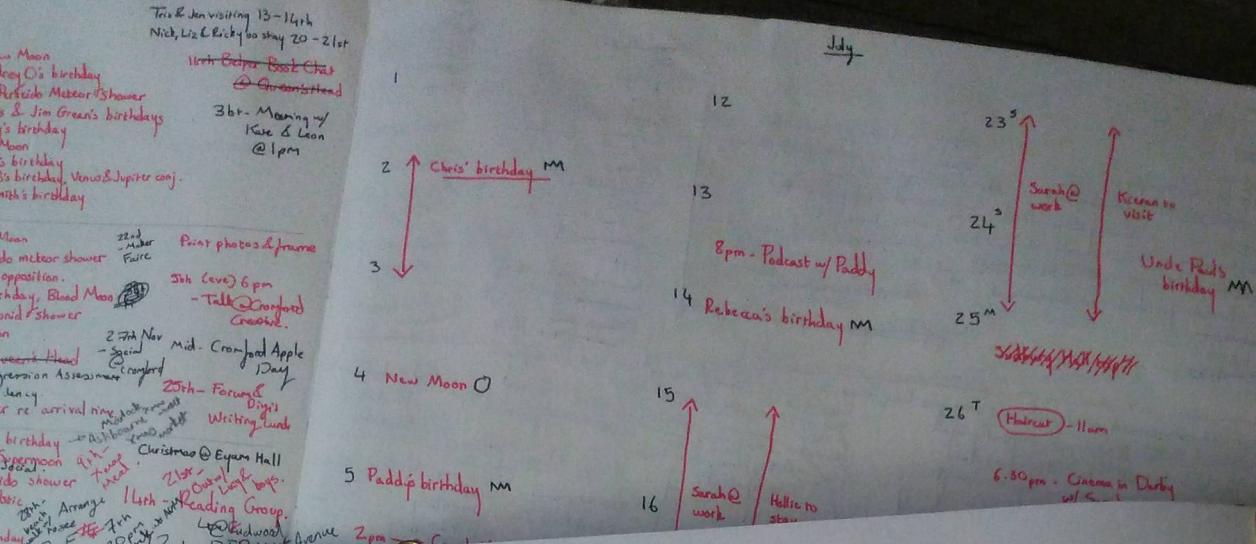
11th - 13th  
 3rd - Dinner w/ Jim  
 nra & Digi Writing L

18th / 19th  
 19th 10am - DPD  
 20th - DPD  
 21st - DPD  
 22nd - DPD  
 23rd - DPD  
 24th - DPD  
 25th - DPD  
 26th - DPD  
 27th - DPD  
 28th - DPD  
 29th - Sophie's wedding

Nov 2017 →  
 car in my name...

R  
Search work  
Russia to visit  
Uncle Bob's birthday MM  
by Hollie  
D - Mum  
Gemma in Derby  
out & about





Previous page: Some of the town orchestra, February 9th.

After playing one of their pieces forme, I had then sit; in hind-sight I realise that their frowns and propensity to fidget were at my placing of the Long Men Tails on their heads; in any other part of the world the implication would be quite insulting. The man at bottom right, Withering Skin and Dog Rug, could not be pictured with his instrument; it was a curious construction. I have attempted to draw it below, though it is difficult to do so. It really must be witnessed, though as soon as the song was finished a great tarpaulin was thrown over it.

See the Hidden Press; this strange totem is explained there.

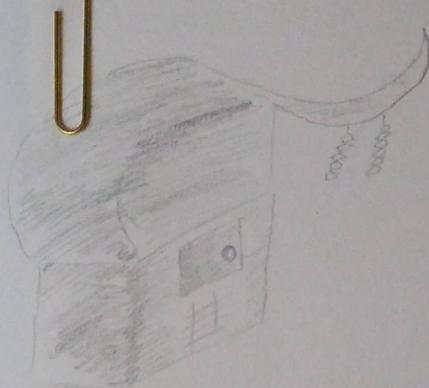
↑  
Sarah @ work  
↑  
Kieran to visit  
↓  
Uncle Paul's birthday MM

18 Mar 1987

at - 11am

- Cinema in Derby  
w/ Sarah

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Tails on  
e implication  
right, Withering  
with his  
attempted to  
really must  
finished



He had opened a hatch on its side  
attaching a long tube to a  
fastening at his chest as he did  
so, and climbed into its interior.

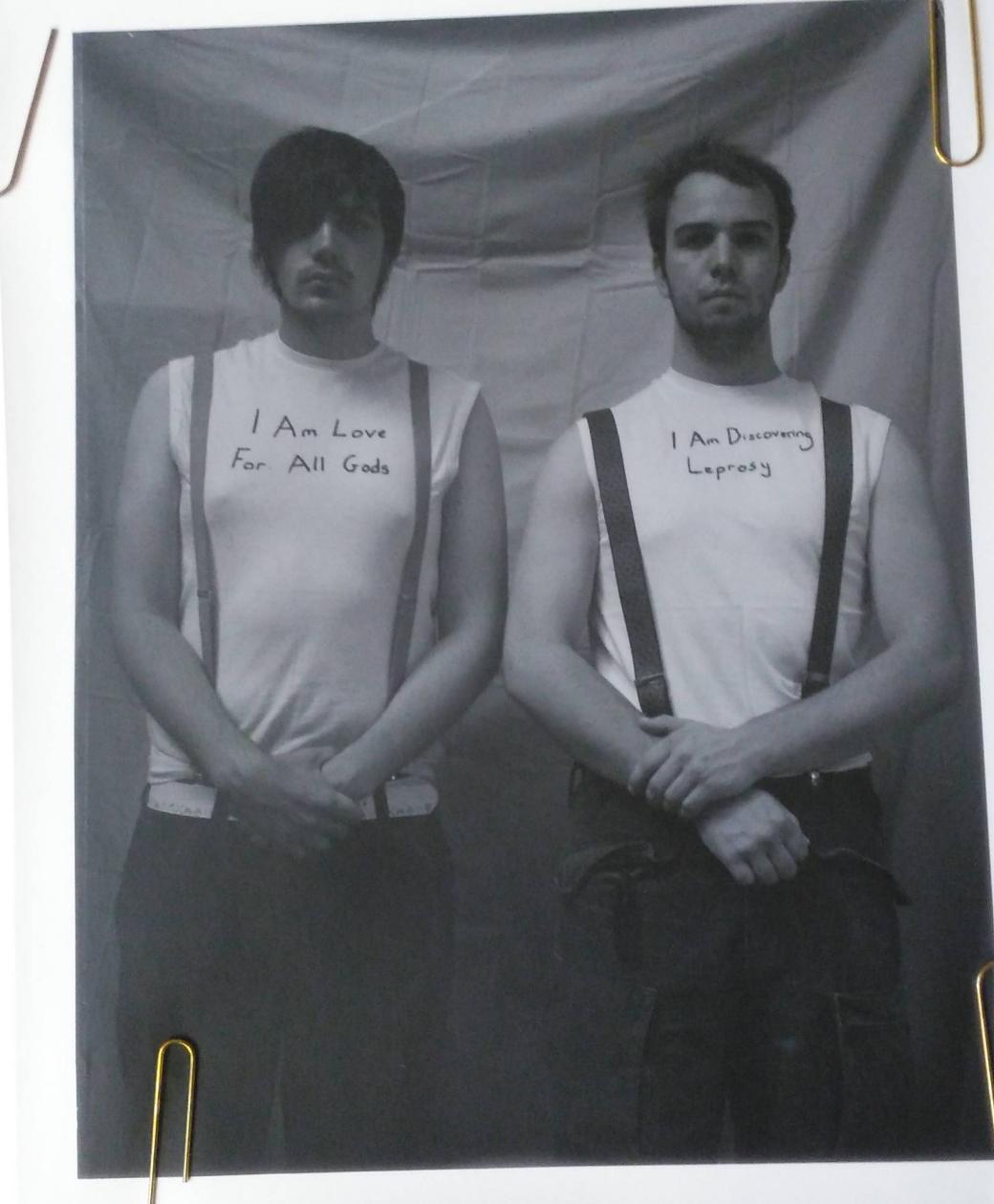
The thing is possibly ten feet high,  
and the sound it produces is like  
a mass of tubas de-tuning suddenly,  
or the sigh of a whale. I did not note  
the name of the instrument itself.

1st Morning w/  
 Rose & Leon  
 @ 1pm  
 Venus & Jupiter con-  
 jugal  
 2nd shower  
 3rd Photo frame  
 4th Morning w/  
 Rose & Leon  
 @ 1pm  
 - Talk about  
 Crawford  
 Crawford  
 5th New Moon O  
 6th - 2nd Floor Day  
 7th - Forward Days  
 8th Writing Club  
 9th Christmas @ Egan Hall  
 10th - 11th - Reading Group  
 11th - 12th - Writing  
 13th - 14th - DTP Visit Avenue  
 15th - 16th - DTP Visit Avenue  
 17th - 18th - Writing Club  
 19th - 20th - Writing Club  
 21st - 22nd - Writing Club  
 23rd - 24th - Writing Club  
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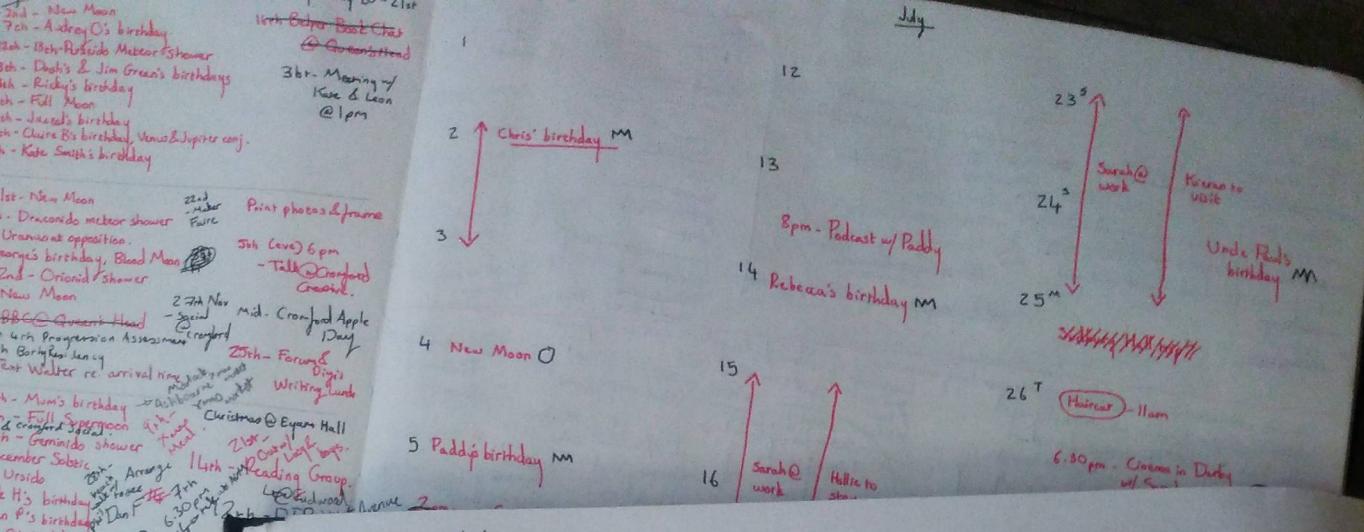


can be  
bit

Uncle Paul's  
birthday MN

Previous page : Two sportsmen,  
in their kit, Feburary 9th.

At the time I was unaware  
that they were  
to be my flatmates.



### A note on lodgings

The only place smaller than I have rebired was in Marwenco!, though there was some joke being played in that instance. At least there were women there, not mere girls. I have sealed the door with my cloak, but I worry about the window; I have not slept with my gao made on since Tintagel, and I do not relish the memory. The size does not matter, really; the building is some sort of Babylon! Each floor holds new treasures; the buzzing I hear must be machinery or great pumps, as the river is somehow lifted from the canals below and runs several floors above mine. People can sit on its banks six stories up! There are massive gardens full of produce, and friend has told me that the cellar is full of mushrooms. One of the floors spirals inwards like a maze, before reaching a door that is locked. Above is something of a communal recreation room; the samovar in the centre burns star-hot and blackens my ceiling in a wide ring. There is a lock on the hatch that leads up to the roof, though somethings moos and caws up there; a basilisk, or merely chickens? At the moment no-one will tell me; they just stir their soup in silence.

I was given a souvenir at the inauguration today by a rather senior gentleman purple with moonshine; it is a youthful moon, cast in heavy metal on a red cord, with a wonderful scalloped surface that is calming to stroke. In fact, I feel a need to do so now; my feet are still bleeding and I cannot remove my wraps. Maybe tomorrow.

The apparent obsession with height rather than width in the architecture of the town is to do with a concept called "Archet Light" (explained elsewhere)

February 22nd

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23<sup>rd</sup>  
Sarah @ work  
Kieran to visit  
Uncle Paul's birthday MN

GARDEN WORKS

Haircut - Ham

80pm - Cinema in Dublin

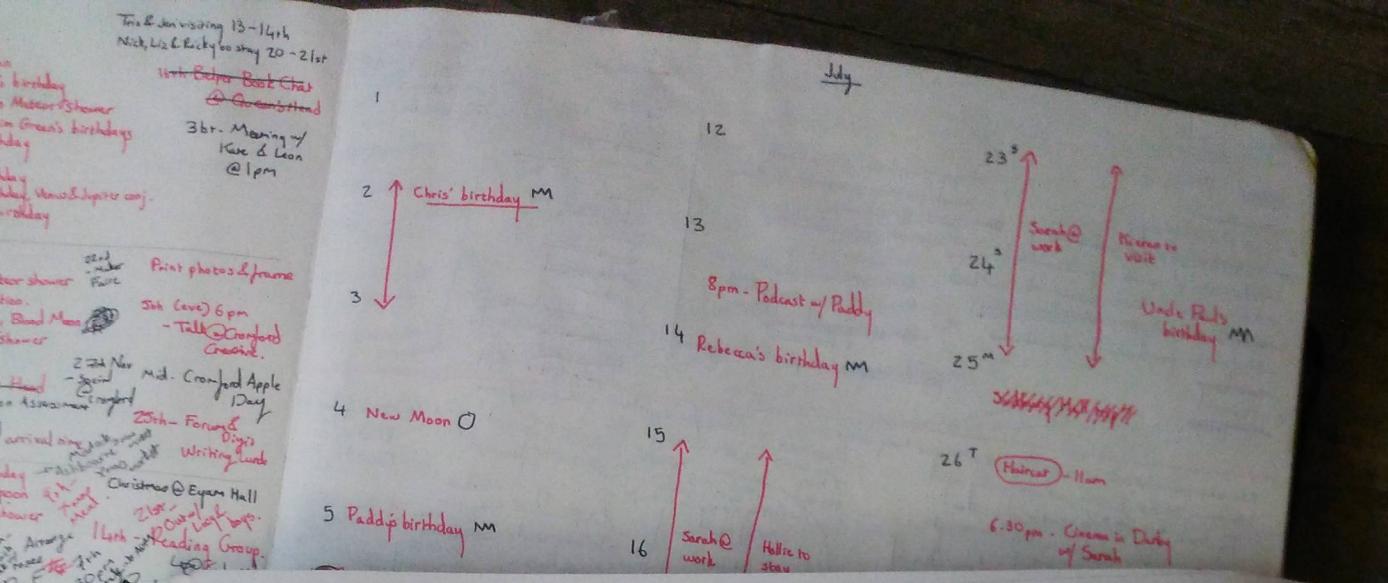
ncol; though there were women there, worry about the I do not relish sort of Babylon! ey or great pumps, red floors above gardens full of produce, of the floors spirals is something of a hot and blackens do up to the root. chickens? At the

senior gentleman sat on a red stool. In fact, I cannot remove my height taller than of the town is to ed "Ancient Light".

February 22nd

I am a small man. I am five foot ~~one~~ inches in height, "the proper length of an orang", as Brutus loved to remind me. I have acne on my shoulders that irezumi has failed to swallow up, back ache, gallstones, a septic thumb from playing with my reflexes at Tom Wat; it is still swollen, and that girl still rises black almost to a shade of green in my soul, where I left her weeping, my thumb weeping. The litoral of my hair is gone floating with the heft of the rubber I must wear, and my backside sweats if I sit too long. But these men and women are not my betters; they are almost ~~Neanderthal~~. The callot of them do not even reach me, and their cheeks are quite pigeoned; perhaps that is why only a few of them will scale the mountains. In my first days emerging from my dwelling they milled around me like buoys or barking cattle, confused and confusing in the clothing they wear. Their names are long, and each a story; I met Young Bird Snared By Badger, his younger, more pebbled brother Badger & Emphysema, the dancer Uncle Felled By Gorse and her child Cycle Crash By Moonlights; and yet they are so unwelcoming when I ask of their names! They tell me that they make them happy, or angry, and will offer me no more. Why choose names that cause such emotion? They will not tell me. Maybe others will.

Coming downstairs on my second day I met two serious young men racing out of the building's main door. One was slighter, paler than the other, and his soul seemed to know that it was sickly; he does not smile. The other is heavier set,



tanned and healthy. He sees the outdoors more. Maybe the first one is a writer, I remember thinking. As I engaged them they solemnly introduced themselves as Discovering Leprosy and Love For All Gods, and I realised that I had taken photographs of them on my first day here; I had met so many people that I had forgotten about them. They had said that they were sportsmen. Death of a Friend follows me, every time I leave the building; I never see her door open, and I am wary, for Mr. Light, her father, most definitely hates me. No one else has fallen under his spell, but I hear him shouting about me from my room, and the few times that we have crossed paths he has flashed me looks that I have not seen the like since departing Alexandria. I have no wish for a shotgun wedding in this place, no matter how beautiful it is. But when I am crossing Main Street, with bright children following me, trying to gift me souvenirs in exchange for pieces of my costume, she peers around doors and windows and wishes me a good day. Our paths seem to cross an awful lot.

Today, though, she came direct to my door, and offered to show me more of the town. I had yet to explore much deeper than the main thoroughfare and the channels and bridges surrounding the water and my apartment. I agreed; her dress was short and I was sick of what I had seen. We walked through the tributaries and the high-arching bridges set with blocked granite, where those long lightning strips dangle into the water.

There was coral. She giggled and watch her brow Mayor, who know signs on every forbade the d of a prostrate the stencilled The apartment but easier on th where the offic by the Mayor windows, no square. I a the girl to k she ran at r she pointed cobble. She she explains be executed and I ha

② Person to visit  
Uncle Paul's birthday MM

10/10/94

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king bridges set up  
tangle into the other

That was coral and living things down there, and I asked her what they were. She giggled and answered, "the water." I must ask about her heritage, and watch her brow for any Cro-Magnon abutment. With her father fucking the Mayor, who knows what forks in the road her ancestors took. There were signs on every corner, tall and yellow against the dark windows, that forebade the dumping of corpses or urine into the stream; a black outline of a prostrate man was on fire, small, regular grains of him falling to the stencilled waves below.

The apartment district, like the smallest sliver of the great terraces of Ry'leth but easier on the eye (the geometry less maddening) opens onto a wide plaza where the official buildings are. I was due at the Town Hall for questioning by the Mayor; it is a tall, utilitarian structure, with no obvious doors or windows, no entrances or exits, like all of the buildings around the square. I am not sure how I will get in. I strode ahead slightly of the girl to take a photograph of the entire plaza. Without warning, however, she ran at me, baying at me to stop. I did so, ruffled by her intrusion, and she pointed to a Venn Diagram laid in gold and red bone in the cobble. She said that this was the Execution Venn, whatever such a thing means; she explained that anyone stepping inside the rings, guilty or not, would be executed by the Town Council. Such a thing seemed laughable to me, and I hovered my foot over it as she pulled me back from

Trix & Jen visiting 13-14th  
Nick, Liz & Ricky to stay 20-21st

16th Before Book Chat  
@ Gainsborough

3rd - Morning w/  
Kris & Leon  
@ 1pm

Chris' birthday  
do McLeod's shower  
Jim Green's birthdays  
today  
today, Venus & Jupiter conj.  
birthday

22nd - Water  
Fair  
position.  
My Blood Moon  
Shower

27th Nov  
Fri Head  
iron Assessment  
crawford

28th - Special  
Mid. Crawford Apple  
Day

29th - Forum &  
Writing Lunch

30th - Arrival night  
Christmas @ Eynes Hall

1st - Arrive  
Arrange  
house  
6:30pm 2nd - DTP Visit Avenue 2pm → Coral Mtns.

8th - Novel  
events  
un & Digi Write

11th -  
3rd P  
event.

14th - Read w/  
Reading Group

15th - DTP Visit Avenue 2pm → Coral Mtns.

18th / 19th  
Nov 2017 -  
16th Nov  
Com

17th Nov  
9:30 AM C.E.  
Apr Gr  
writing Lunch

working 10am  
22nd -  
Afternoon EP

10-11 Dec  
8th - Conference  
July  
Shop

Nov 2017 -  
car in  
now

11th -  
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Nov 2017 -  
car in  
now

2 ↑ Chris' birthday MM  
3 ↓

12

13

8pm - Podcast w/ Paddy  
14 Rebecca's birthday MM

23<sup>rd</sup> ↑  
Sarah @ work  
24<sup>th</sup> ↓  
25<sup>th</sup> ↓  
Kitchen visit

Uncle Paul's  
birthday MM

SCATTERED NOTES

4 New Moon O

5 Paddy's birthday MM

15 ↑  
Sarah @ work  
16 ↑ Hellie to stay

27 W

26 T

Haircut - Ham

6:30pm - Cinema in Derby  
w/ Sarah

its boundary. The cobbles seemed so clean! I felt that she must have lied to me, to impress me.

A church which she called "The Temple of Belch" rose to our right, great suppurating mouth running rainwater into the ~~eager~~ mouths of gargoyles. It looked as if a ~~dead~~ dead colossus had been draped over the original structure, flinging its mammarys with the stone, the memories of tubes flowing with calcite and limescale. We headed from the square into narrow streets that run in all directions, high walls and hedges holding chapels or museums or the housing of mysterious beasts. People dodged to and fro between ancient buildings, some of them wattle and daub, some timbered, some made of pristine metal. There were shops and cafés; I felt like I was in Europe again. We stopped to drink what I thought was coffee, but was in fact a sour, black syrup; she asked which books I had read, and I gave her a list, which impressed her. It grew dark, and the people grew thin, and we set off back to the town square. Someone had lit the streetlights and I saw then what these huge bulbs were for. Friend called them "the universe", as it, she had some concept of "universe" that I was hitherto unaware of, though I had to admit that the lights within could be imagined as some primordial borscht - they spread into bright acid, in long lines, pulsing and casting an eerie glow over the whole square. We mounted the steps to the vast rotunda, again window-less, only the statues of vast men and beasts, all of them tortured by vile devices and projections. At the time I thought such things to be devils or murdered saints, not gods, as they were. The door would not open, and as I tugged a small man, seemingly so frail

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Sarah @ work  
Kremto visit  
Uncle Paul's birthday MM

17/01/1997

D-11am

Cinema in Derby  
by Sarah

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a ~~dead~~ dead colossus

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It grew dark, and

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seemingly so frail

Ancient Lights: Any building in the town may rise as high as is feasible, but may not spread out over the ground more than a certain amount. This is because of each person's inalienable right to light from heaven, and the right to strive for that light. Each building conducts its own, private Babel, basking in the now-old cosmic rays that lance towards Earth from their ancestral home - that is, the cosmos. See the "Hidden Precs".

[¶] he seemed to be a man of notes, a man of dust, swinging the door open. I almost fell within, and he screamed vile murder. Friend stepped forward, bowing and apologising to the man. The man stopped his commotion, smiled, and apologising greeted Friend. He beckoned us inside, shaking my hand and muttering obscenities. The girl had revived the old bugger, and he introduced himself as Spider's Nest in Barn. He asked me when I had last had sex. I started at his impudence, before remarking that it had been three months, and he waved a little sign in the air, danced a small jig of happiness, and remarked that he was still a virgin. I did not know whether to offer condolences or celebrate with him; he was the oddest man I had met in Loss. Most embarrassing. He breathed deeply <sup>with</sup> me and showed me into the town library, that I seemed to have stumbled upon.

It was small. I had imagined phalanges of scrolls bound in alligator teeth, or letters suspended in viscous jelly, or lights that played across great steel screens, or tablets and statuary that would give me something to read; something spectacular. But there were three shelves

Kieran's visit  
Uncle Paul's birthday MM

0/1/97

Ham

area in Derby  
Sarah

not have lied to

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~~dead~~ dead colossus  
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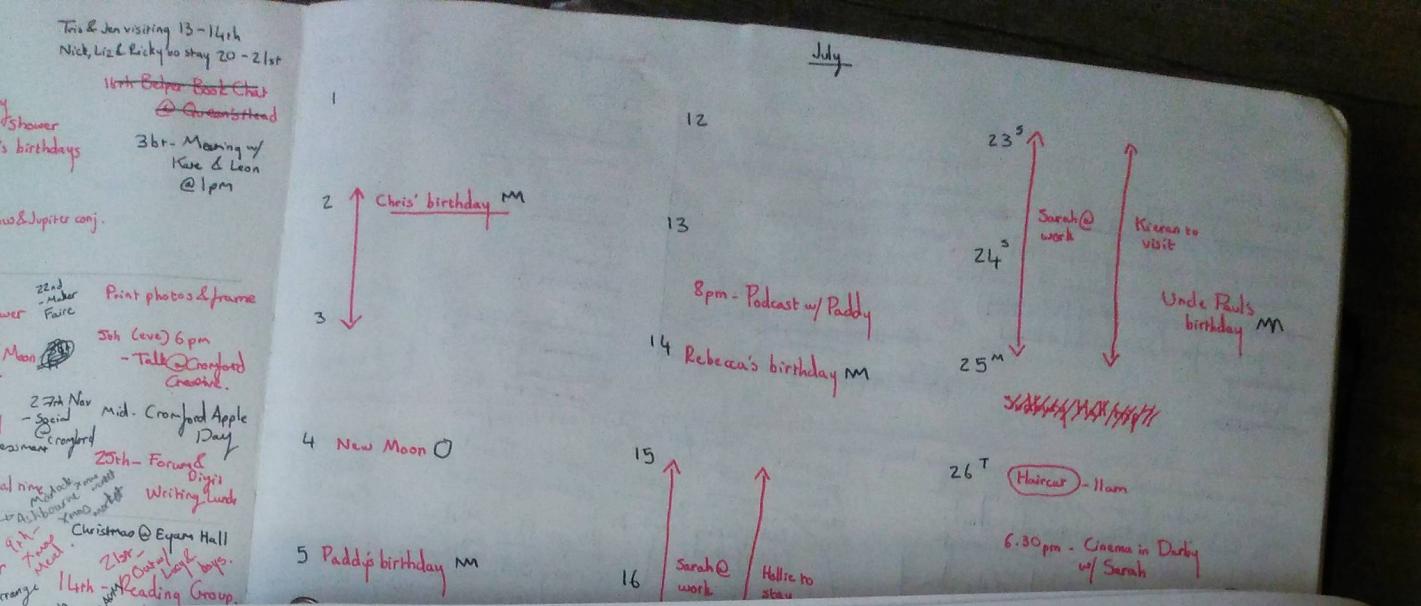
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of books, one of them a collection of pulp adventure stories, yellowed and collapsing, imported by some intrepid explorer before me. I asked about previous visitors; as usual, I was ignored. The other two shelves collected the history, culture and legacy of the town. I asked him, politely, if there were any other books. He snorted, and asked the need. I was inclined to agree with him, and worried; was Loss not what I had read of? We can find no evidence that anyone has ever written about Loss. Was it this scruffy, muddy town, with none of Rome's glory, or Ethiopia's palaces, or Glastonbury's trilling masses and bleating sacrifices? Was it merely the last suction of those inbred limpets before they disappeared into the deep of the mountains, the oceans I had crossed? I resolved to spend much of my time reading and proving myself wrong. I had not travelled as far as I had to be disappointed and to leave without answers, or at least experiences. Perhaps Friend can be personal to tell me more. I cannot keep writing her name out in full, though; it is too long. She is just Friend, now.

I seem to have crossed some sort of Wallace Line, crossing into the valley

Uncle Paul's  
birthday M

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I seem to  
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Wallace Line,  
crossing into  
the valley.

## The Apologist's

# VESTIARY OF LOSS

Being The  
Diverse Menagerie  
Of The Singular Valley Of Loss

Compiled In The Year That Hatred Found The Mayor,  
Young Love In Spring, And He Ordered The KKKK  
field Razed To The Ground, And Was Executed For  
His Crimes

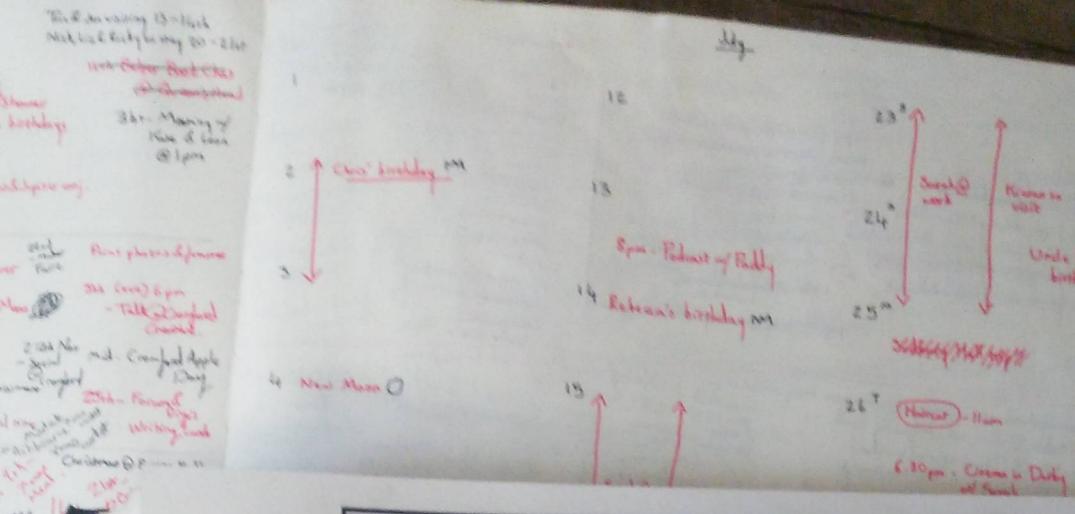
Commissioned by Loss Town Hall, The Year That Mandas Popping Lifting Grain Cut  
Off His Wife's Hand With A Scythe, And Because Of Her Ugliness Threw Her Into The  
Pageant Beevil's Nest At The Point Where The River Splits And The Glacier Melts,  
Consigning Her To Death And His Children To Ignominy

Printed: The Year The Strawberry Seeds Came

A rather  
poor choice for  
the Bestiary - hardly  
it, torpid of  
everything - how  
did he ever  
have the stomach  
to record these  
creatures?

Falsehood ref: 11007

Has the Eremite  
ever seen these  
things? They are  
barely mentioned  
anywhere else,  
and perhaps here  
the obvious kinship  
between himself,  
and this "Apologist"  
breaks through into  
the real world.  
Both are liars  
with a passion  
For Flamboyance.



The Scarab On The Mistletoe: The Continuation

low to the ground, the scatterbird is seen. He is a false crow-shape, black with blue talons, a ministered injury bird. He feeds on the insects and densest fruits of the field; he is wise as we are, though, and will not touch the cuckoo beetle, the tortured prisoner. He lives in the field, in long grass, or wheat, or beetroot plants; he enjoys the cover of night and vegetation, and is rarely seen on the ground. Though crow-like, he is large, like a hog, and wriggles painfully and painlessly over small obstacles as if they were tyres capped in ice. A rather ugly, shabby gentleman; more like a cutting hog than a bird of the air. But, such a transformation! Such a sea change, when threatened, or approached! A farmer will enter his field, a flat plain of smirking whispering crop, a stinger in one hand, a scythe in the other. He casts the stone far into the scything pool of his property; the scatterbird is his foe on the ground, for he charms the fields to mud and beats the stalks of his harvest. The stone clatters to the shrub, and the scythe bleats; four or five scatterbirds lurch into the air, lethargic and dappish, no more than three banks above the wheat, and there they split. Those bird shapes, statistic as soot against coal, divide as myriad forms; the large, rolling bumble replete into twenty, thirty flitting things the size of sparrows, and where there were five, now there are hundreds, and the farmer's field is blotted out by these living colonies. Each fat crow-thing is a monastery built of the bodies of scores of sparrow-things, living together, feeding together, but nestled apart, curiously and ultimately alone, to alight back under the cover of night and face once more.

→ see below //  
reference 20084  
The Pageant  
Weevil.

Is it a message of morality rather than zoology? It seems that Lassie wishes its own to stay with its own.

Falsehood ref://  
B+929  
If the townspeople do commit such barbaric and pointless acts, such a justification is not only foolish but insulting.  
Still, interesting that they have managed to influence the zoology of an entire species through direct influence.

for everywhere it is bright and in its blossom One would be in the orchard hermetically religious, peaceful, contented, a medium farmer, child, sort of mortal catalogued in woods with no bush or the and long calligraphic results in my most, gentle nests are made for their delight.

seen to  
is it

Uncle Paul's  
birthday MM

Darby

Falsehood ref://

Bk929.  
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→ see below://  
reference 000843  
The Pageant  
Weevil.

The Complete Swannard: The Townend Weevil

For everywhere is the Pageant Weevil to be found, and obvious by its colour and its gait; it is bright and primary, each patterned different from its kin. It is positively mathematical in its disability, slowly walking in regular ellipses to transport itself across the ground. One would be tempted to think this a cruel play of nature, though Man, in all his wisdom, is the architect of this creature's injuries, for its sin and for his own. They can be seen hermetic and in solitude, away from heat and population; they have a shared, almost religious terror of humanity. One must be sure to look past the ridiculous heraldry and the pitiful condition of such creatures and see the true venom within. For there is a sinner's poison, a malicious seeking of heat and light that draws these beetles to the feet of revellers, farmers, children and hunters, sinking their long mandibles into the soft flesh; exacting a sort of mortifying, necrotic revenge, for these creatures are tarred ludicrous by man, and catalogued by him; parties of townsfolk, elected by the town hall, head into the fields and woods with nets, scissors and paintbrushes; children are sometimes brought along, sheepish and ferocious to teach them of the Weevil and its dangers. The insects are discovered in long brush or the bark of trees, in colonies of four or five, and are fastened in place with netting and long callipers. Held thus or with careful hands wrapped in muslin they are painted and varnished in vaudeville lines, and their front left leg sliced off. They must then be let free; results in mysterious proliferation in all parts of the valley, with more poisonings and more nests are marked obvious with Long Man stripes and bright paint. No cure has been found for their poison, and this battle will continue this way; the patrols that document these slight enemies being the whole town together, and we must be vigilant to protect our children from the horror of that first spark of poison and painful death.

→ A folk tale  
was told to me  
by Great Oak  
and Head Wood,  
the owners of the  
Buck bone Cafe'  
in the old town

zoology? It  
with its own

Trix & Jen visiting 13-14th  
Nick, Liz & Lucy to stay 20-21st

Moon  
O's birthday  
UFO Meteor Shower  
& Jim Green's birthdays  
S' birthday  
Moon  
S' birthday  
S' birthday, Venus & Jupiter conj.  
with S' birthday

16th - Belper Book Chat  
@ Greenstead

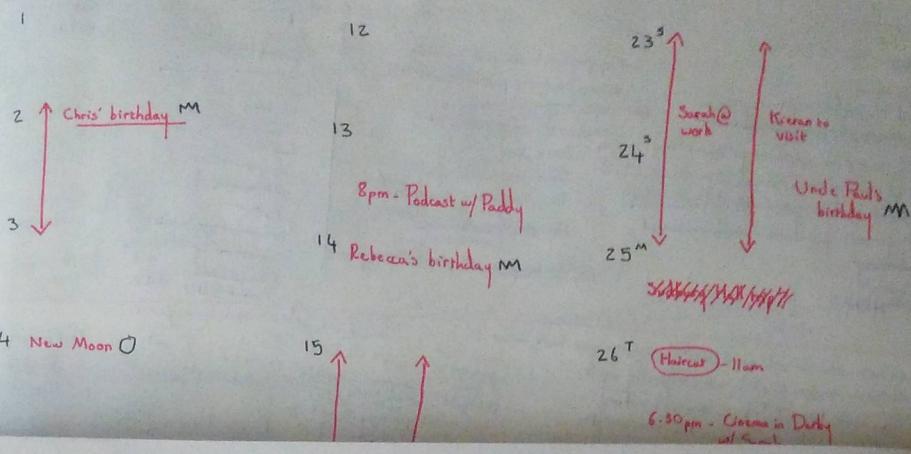
3brt - Meeting w/  
Kate & Leon  
@ 1pm

Moon  
Venus shower  
at opposition.  
S' birthday, Blood Moon  
Uranus shower  
Moon  
Queen's Head  
regression assessment  
Roisin's party  
after re arrival from  
Sam's birthday  
Hil supermoon  
Mind shower  
Sarah's birthday  
Dan F. 7th Nov  
Arrange 11th  
Lunch 12th  
Forum & Digi Writing 13th  
Christmas @ Evans Hall  
Digi writing 14th

11th - Forum & Digi Writing  
Hil's birthday  
S' birthday  
Networking event  
- Forum & Digi W  
18th /  
16th /  
Harfield's birthday  
S' birthday  
Networking event  
& Digi Writing (Lunch)  
Hil's Networking  
19th -  
10am -  
coffee 22nd -  
10-11am  
8th - Con  
stay.

Nov 2017

July



#### 14. Noddy, Dragon Master: The Turkey Dragon

The town zoo is small and badly kept; though it must be an ancient place, if it was around in the time of the Apologist, though it is locked and I am expressly forbidden from entering, the zoo has a "Dragon House".

One need only to gaze up at the heralds of our clandestine urbanity gaolarded by fluttering Long Man Strips, the lacquered shields and sentinels that gaze droopy-lidded over our leaders and committees and songs, to see the great and awful Turkey Dragon, our incarnation and our greatest shame. She no longer exists in her natural state; the only specimens are the inbred dynasties couped in the town zoo. She is a heavy, drooping slug, reptilian and feathered, a coelacraice whose stare only invites hilarity and ridicule. She has four legs, though they all are withered as grapes becoming raisins and are taloned roughhosed and unkempt, with wide, greasy hairs diversely spread. She blunts her claws on rocks as they stumble onward, and sprouts membranous canopies, though canopy is too illustrious a term; they are shrubs of wings. Her heavy head is filled with teeth, irregular and crooked, chattering and crackling the feratin as she grinds the rotten meat and vegetation she is fed; she produces the most godly stink. Great porcine tufts rub their way from her mouth, narrowing her gut and reducing her breathing to a mousey groan. She is, by all true standards, a waste of life. And yet we see her as beautiful, and hated by the gods, and so she is ours, our sacred, our figurehead. Fewer and fewer have been born in recent years; witnessing the violence and unhygiene of her mating habits, it is no surprise. She is the last of the Valley gigantes, and the most tragic. We give them an annual stipend of entury and pettees and billy cans from the Valley Guard so that they can form their own hordes whilst in captivity, though they are small and pitiful compared with the hordes from our epics and binges; the zeniths of stolen metal, secreted under the mountains and in great nests built of mucus that cap the highest peaks. The songs are our greatest songs by their importance; for we may not know them long. They may shuffle back into the caves and hollows of our heads, scraping spark's on the walls with their tribe, turgid skulls and clammy sharpness, the last, spasmodic light before they stamp into the dark.

I turned to argue  
Flag, though my  
sketch will fail  
to do; stealing  
one is punished  
by death.

No god could bear  
such a thing - so  
the despotic house  
venerate them

Ref: // 111992  
Pubescence?  
Obsession with  
skin disease?  
See ref: //  
19648 'Hidden  
Foxes'

Hindu cows  
and Shiva

↑  
Sarah @ work  
↑  
Kieren to visit  
↓  
Uncle Paul's birthday MM

Wednesday May 17/97

Haircut - £1.00

I intended to argue  
Hag, though my  
sketch will have  
to do; stealing  
one is punishment  
by death.

No god could bear  
such a thing - so  
the departed would  
venerate them

P Wrote a letter to Mr  
creatures like us?  
See ref://  
19648 'Hidden  
Prest.'

Hindu cows  
and Shinto  
foxes!

The Compose And The Read: The Cartographiles

Upon following the passage of the serpentine channel that cuts its way through one great valley, winding as it will through homes, taking voice in the fields, surceeing into the mire of the pitch, the chill of the water, the tumbling ice and rock that forces spans and foam through channels no wider than a child's breadth, it seems impossible that anything could survive in the tempest that runs out to no particular sea, much less anchor itself in place; however, below the surface of the river, like a millipede sealed and sanguin, the cartographiles have given us the names of paths, the nature of hidden places, the temples to build. One has never been seen in its entirety, being some miles long, it bugs the bank almost from source to delta, knocking against its sleeping companions. Their long mouths hold nets of needle teeth that filter and crush debris that tumbles down from the mountain and the town. They possess thousands of tiny legs, more life boats and stunted as if in a swirling womb, that nice to the bank! with the temerity of a saint. They regard the molestation above as sanctuary, and though their backs are armored and excreted, they turn their plump, pastulated bellies up to the sun. This truant, and lethargic grants them their greatest virtue. Their bellies are long ranks of acne, stretch marks and scars that can only be the product of the boulders, branches and bodies that dance down on the top-stream. Yet apart from the gods and their reason, and by the power of man and stupidity, these lesions are the maps of our surroundings; such precise cartography in nature! They show the routes that loggers use to reach their sheaves and files, the floor plan of the Town Hall, each yearly construction added in the same chaotic line of sharp flint tumbling down from its perch to score open flesh. Some say that one particularly senior creature holds the plan of the RRRR! Pitch, though the Town Hall has denounced every ramon-smith as murderer, thief and foreigner. If one can leave the tumult, and the caenivores and canace-weeds that frown and billow just below the surface of the stream, one can feel out the road to one's own home, or that of a neighbour, or perhaps the secret paths that lead out of the valley; appeals have been made to remove and sift one of the cartographiles for better study of its demography, but tails are slow, and the beasts slumber, oblivious in their pavement cataloguing of one world.

Now this seems  
to prove that His  
account is at best  
naïve, at worst  
Egilite's forgery;  
a beard covered  
in maps, miles  
long? Such a  
thing cannot  
come from  
nature; the  
Earth contains  
its own idiosyncrasies  
but such creatures  
seem to be only  
put here for  
the amusement  
of humanity.

Trix & Jen visiting 13-14th  
Nick, Liz & Lucy to stay 20-21st

16th Badger Book Chat  
@ Greenstead

3br - Meaning w/  
Kris & Leon  
@ 1pm

Moon  
ay O's birthday  
etido Meteor Shower  
& Jim Green's birthdays  
S' birthday  
S' birthday, Venus & Jupiter conj.  
with S' birthday

Moon  
nido meteor shower  
in opposition.

22nd - Market Fair  
Irishday, Blood Moon  
Orionid Shower

Neon

23rd Nov - Social  
Progression Assessment  
Preston Leney  
Letter re arrival time  
do  
Jill Supermoon 0.7  
nido shower

er Solstice  
S' birthday  
S' birthday  
S' birthday  
S' birthday  
training event

h - Forum & Digi Write

erlike's birthday  
Mrs' birthday

networking event.

- Forum & Digi W

reality Group  
@ Greenstead

16th  
Harfield's birthday

les' birthday

ips' birthday

networking & Digi Writing Lunch

Mills Networking

Am 10am office 22nd  
Avalon

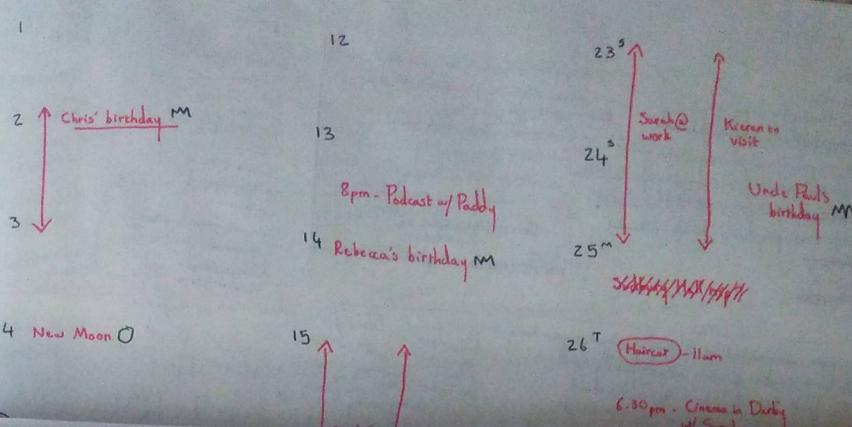
S' birthday

Ps' birthday

8th - C

stay.

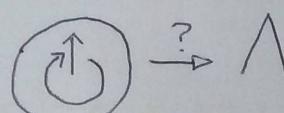
Nov 20



## February 23rd

Have realised that my compass is useless; as I lie in bed, it moves one way, and then the other. This morning the Sun seemed to rise in the North. North is now East? Ask Mayor.

Have asked Mayor. Told me that there was nothing wrong with my compass.



The mountain is apparently North - tallest. Is whole town centred around this basic assertion?

- Magnetic field?
- Sulphur?
- Technology? No - too advanced.
- Magic? Proven in Avalon, Faerie, though there affected only one's mind, not geography itself - consistent with Prospero's Law.

Reminder - soil samples tomorrow.

## February 24th

I cannot understand of K! K! K!, or speaks of, especially, and now I can reaching me of course a field still as vast mountainside. Why

The name is indeed place; I have also that it is something approximation I can ejaculation, as usual, impenetrability. N happy panic among

Neither Friend, nor about it, sworn to only person willing told me that there seems to be his the town borthers outsider I was really just go ba

Rieran to visit  
Uncle Paul's birthday MM

9 Mar 1977

11am

Cinema Duty

in bed, it moves  
seemed to rise

wrong with my

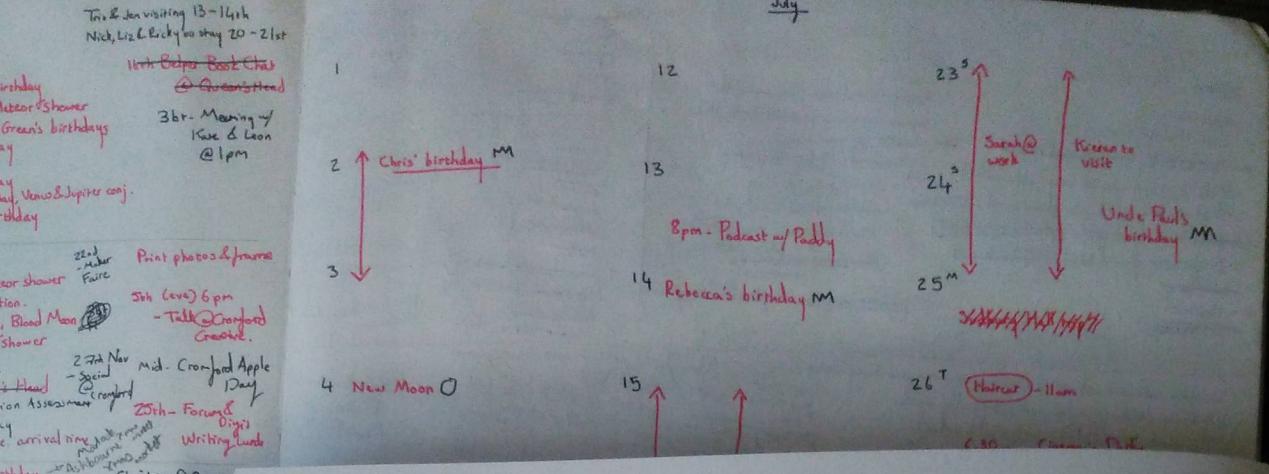
whole town consists

are affected only  
by Prospero's  
Law.

February 24th

I cannot understand how I have been here nearly a month and have never heard of K!K!K!, the sport which everyone seems to adore but never watches, or speaks of, especially not to outsiders. It appears the "season" is upon us, and now I cannot traverse the Main Street without incosant bleating reaching me of current players, fashions and gambles, all taking place on a field still as vast and forbidden as the day I first saw it from the mountainside. Why they are forebade from spectating is utterly mystifying.

The name is indeed strange, even by the standards of this singular place; I have asked several people as to its meaning, and am told that it is something like a command, or an announcement. The closest approximation I can find is the phrase "Father, I must leave!". Such an ejaculation, as usual, is to me senseless; I am trying of this town's impenetrability. Nonetheless, the game seems to strike some sort of happy panic amongst them, and I can ignore it no longer. There seems to be some sort of hidden language I am not privy to. Neither Friend, nor her father nor the Major would tell me anything about it, sworn to secrecy or ignorant of its intricacies. It seems the only person willing to speak to me was Spider's Neat in Barn. He told me that there was very little documentation on the sport (as seems to be his answer to everything - I sometimes wonder why the town bothers maintaining a library at all), and that as an outsider I was very unlikely to understand it, and I should really just go back to my apartment and stop questioning.



everyone; people, he said, had enough to worry about. The fact was being rather rude, and after more questioning, and the threat of taking books down from the shelves and replacing them precisely where I found them (which, oddly, he hates), he relented, and began to tell me what he knew. He spoke about times past, and how the game had begun. His knowledge seems archaic and most obsolete. It is a game quick to evolve, and bewildering even to those who had been brought up with it. However, I found myself much more capable than the librarian gave me credit for.

I suppose the name of the game perhaps is part of the evocation of the journey it represents; it is less a sport and more a form of theatrics, albeit theatrics that no-one but the players witness.

Apparently it began as a simple ballgame amongst the youth of the town; legend says that it was passed down by a prophet or holy man named Whisper. Nowadays it has become more an arena event, a series of challenges, much like that of the Moroccan gladiators, or the Labyrinth of Crete, though far greater in scale than anything I have witnessed. Everything about it warbles change, mutability and the unpredictable. The season is announced at a random time (which explains my

entire ignorance from their ordinary life. Again, this is as for years. of the town's for what purpose be the eternal swoop down in maps that it can or genuine wool to laugh, though ridiculous, are. I asked if the illusion of freedom residents have game rewards strike the insult saying that a very stupid perhaps not.

Sketchy work  
Riviera visit  
Uncle Paul's birthday MM  
Wedding Hall stuff?

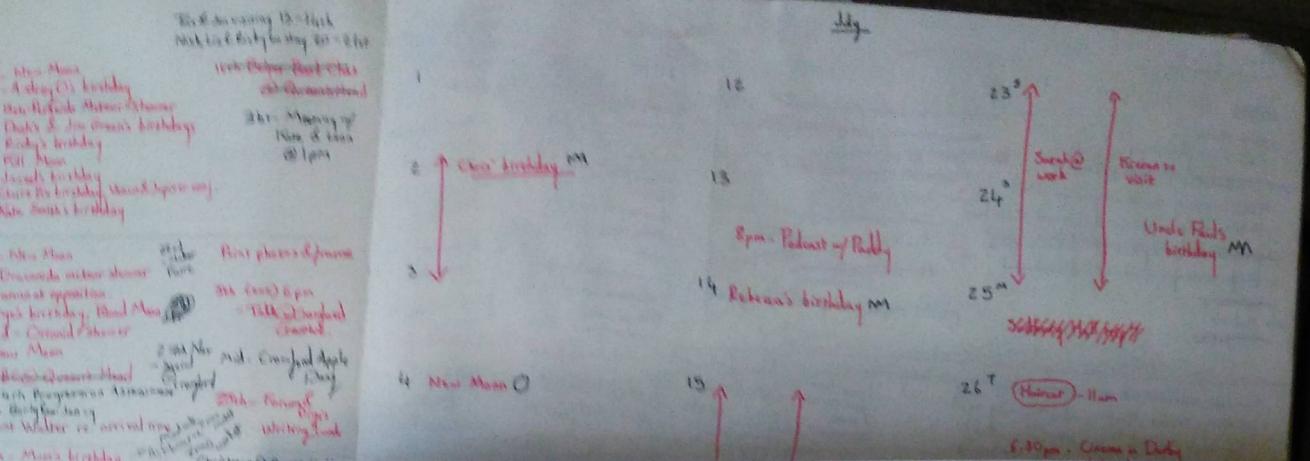
(House) Home

2nd floor - Kitchen & Dining

ry about. The fast  
ning, and the threat  
ing them precisely  
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about times past,  
seems archaic and  
and bewildering even.  
However, I found  
gave me credit for,  
part of the evocation  
part and more a form  
at the players witness,  
amongst the youth  
posed down by a  
adays it has become  
much like that of  
of Crete, though  
witnessed. Everything  
the unpredictable.

(which explores my

entire ignorance of the thing up until now), the players recruited  
from their ordinary lives and into the game, for however long it lasts.  
Again, this is an unknown figure's games, he says, can continue  
for years. Such a lack of observation and stricture is part  
of the town's obsession with diverting the attention of their deities;  
for what purpose I am as yet aware, though it seems to  
be the eternal concern that, attracted as flies to shit, they would  
swoop down in some avenging fury to wipe the town from those  
maps that it can be found on. Whether this is a quaint anachronism  
or genuine worry I am not sure; the people of Loss are quick  
to laugh, though much of things they tell me, no matter how  
ridiculous, are accompanied by stony gravity.  
I asked if the game's popularity and evolution may be to do with the  
illusion of freedom that such a game represents; few, if any of the  
residents have ever left the valley. From what I can gather the  
game rewards exploration and ingenuity; something that does not  
strike the insular Lessians very often. Spider waved this idea away,  
saying that people were happy, and always would be. He is  
a very stupid man. I do not think he has ever met a young person,  
perhaps not even when he was young himself.



He was ruffled and ill-tempered at this point; he was not good at company. He told me that it was mainly young men that were picked. I also learnt that I was living with two former players, the mysterious sportsmen Discovering Leprosy and Love For All Gods; he called them buffoons, and fond sodomites, but admitted that they had been great players, only a few years before. I made a note to arrange an interview with them. As I have already mentioned, the pitch is forbidden to everyone officials and the players themselves. It stretches far past where I spied it without realising on my first day here; its circumference is hidden and locked in pure altitude.

It was late by then, and Spider was mumbling into his cheer, occasionally fiddling with his small, downy crown, constricted, I imagine, by his mother's selfish womb. It seemed he was melting into his waistcoat as it often does when old men grow weary. He mentioned a town cryer, and when I questioned him he gestured at the window and pointed away to the South West, up towards the mountains. Through the mounting dark I could see the stars that the lights in a house make far up in the hills alone and almost monastic. Finally it was explained!

What had we  
 atavistic nuns  
 in the earth,  
 and closed ri  
 announce ever  
 announces  
 would attest  
 I bid Spider  
 will gain much

Kieran to visit  
↓  
Uncle Paul's birthday MM

01/09/77

Han

comes in Derby

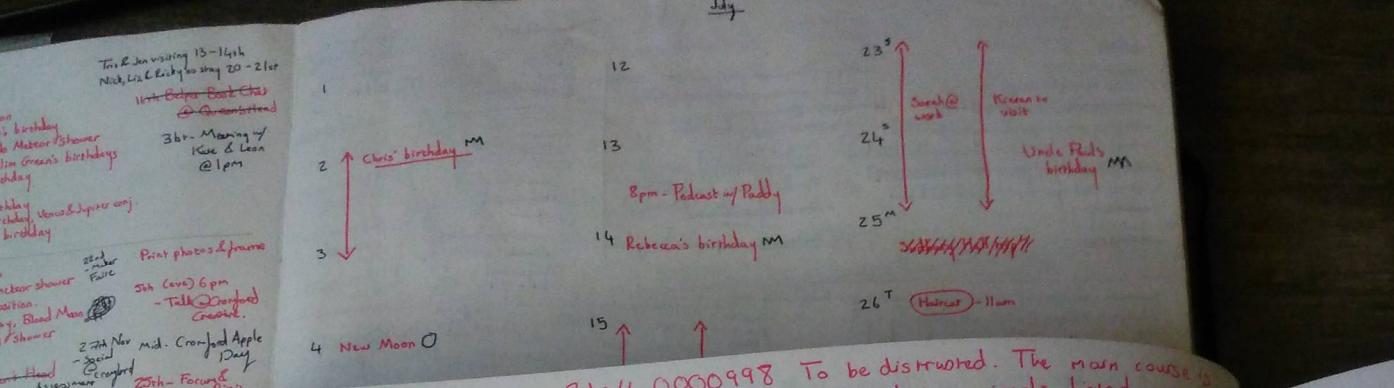
not good  
ing men that  
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sodomites,  
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them.

to everyone but  
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o his chest,  
constricted, I  
he was melting  
ow weary. He  
in he gestured  
seat, up towards  
ld see the skeletal  
hills  
the ~~hills~~,  
red!

What had woken me at dawn every day since my arrival, that atavistic nuisance that made me think of gods and long tunnels in the earth, but the town crier. Apparently he announced and closed the games with his great trumpet. He appeared to announce everything else in the Town as well. Perhaps he announces his own bowel movements. The frequency of his blasts would attest to this.

I bid Spider goodnight; he is growing tired of me. I doubt I will gain much more from him.



~~February 26th~~

Ref: 11 0000998 To be distrusted. The main course is ridiculous, plainly. Many of the animals listed are either endangered or in no way compatible with an alpine

I visited the kitchen of a famous chef today. She may be the worst chef I have ever met. I believe these recipes were what caused the only real sickness that I have had in all my time in Loss. They were a special, darling sort of disgusting - the must of eggs and rollmops in milk (boiled down) in rusty barrels previously used for storing chemical waste. Cat Caught in Griddle is very old, and very small, and seems to have a point about herself where gravity collects, a dint in some hidden magnet. She gathers there, and apparently was once very beautiful. I cannot see the genealogy of such beauty. She keeps a round room in <sup>the</sup> Loss Hotel, a familiar bastion of panelled wood in such a strange building; it seems to more an asylum than a hotel, and I am glad I am not billeted there. I noted that above the reception desk was a portrait; the sitter, though it seemed impossible in this cold angle of the world, was Abraham Lincoln. His clothes were different, much less stiff and like something a mage or a warlock would wear. It could not have been him, but there is still a nagging doubt in the pit of my stomach.

I brought her sweets from the odd confectioners in the old

town; there are a it is the law that o in both. I bought like marzipan, seal great signs shaped people to enter. There seemed to apartment was ever seen, go dot of a mouth at the base a grasp. I was a war- defied all The old cool kiln and pu suspended that they stuff col stock,

Uncle Paul's birthday M

un course is  
red are eating,  
with an alpine habit  
the worst diet  
the only  
eggs and  
mostly used  
old, and  
here gravity  
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world,  
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town ; there are a pair of them, Sinister's & Dexter's, and apparently it is the law that one cannot shop in one alone, but must spend money in both. I bought her toffees from one and a black liquid that smells like marzipan, sealed in a clear bag, from the other. They have great signs shaped as arrows that point to their competitor, inviting people to enter. A very odd edict.

There seemed to be little food in the old woman's home, though the apartment was dominated by the largest Mother Kiln I have ever seen, grossly sculpted, a bronze tongue sticking from her dot of a mouth. I was close enough to examine the protuberance at the base of the kiln ; the hands of the relict were moulded in a grasp. I was under no illusion as to what it was ; this mother was a war-father, an angry ravisher, and her proud member defied all those who proscribed gender on her.

The old cook took bowls from the carbonated little rack above the kiln and put them under the penis tap ; a soupy fluid, tiny elements suspended in each drip, flowed out. I realised that the meat that they cooked in these ovens ~~was~~ is boiled of all ~~its~~ fat, the stuff collected in some hidden reservoir, and used as soup, as stock, as cooking oil ; every dish I encountered used it in

Tori & Jen visiting 13-14th

Nick, Liz & Ricky leaving 20-21st

Hot Butter Book Club

Greenhead

in birthday  
Meteor shower  
in Great's birthdays  
day  
July  
Venus & Jupiter conj.  
birthday

clear shower  
session.

Blood Moon  
J Shower  
it Head -  
ion Assessment report  
23rd - F

1st arrival from  
Friday spoon  
shower 1st 11th

Arrive  
Amaze 1st  
P.M. 1st  
P.M. Never  
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In & Digi V  
18th

1st  
16th  
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birthday  
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AP  
Frying Lunc  
working 2

free 22nd  
w/Alison 1st

10-11 1st  
day  
8th

Nov

1  
2  
3  
Chris' birthday MM

12

13  
3pm - Morning w/  
Liz & Leon  
@ 1pm

14

8pm - Podcast w/ Paddy  
Rebecca's birthday MM

23<sup>rd</sup>  
Sarah @ work  
Kieran to visit  
Uncle Paul's birthday MM  
SCOTTISH MORNINGS  
24<sup>th</sup> (Homer) - 11am

25<sup>th</sup>

26<sup>th</sup> (Homer) - 11am

some way. Fat seems important to them. She cooked me lye balls for lunch, taking great scoops and throwing them in the pan. There was some insult of gods. She cooks a separate dish for her statue of Eager Smile, the god of premature ejaculation, and then takes it behind a screen to defecate into it. [REDACTED] I am used to such behaviour by now. She gave me a bowl, which I had to take home, though I threw it into the river as soon as I could. The smell was for my mask for days. I longed to hang out my window.

I stole these from her cookbook to feed my worst enemies and their children and the grandchildren of their children.

## LYE BALLS



Onions

Radish

Beetroot

Scatterbird fillers (diced)

Three pints human fat (reduced)

Paprika

Rock Salt

Spring water

Breast fat,  
three month  
lipid. The  
whiskey r  
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Fry the c  
with salt  
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plates fo

EC

For The

Flour

Butter

Water

Milk

For Th

Oxen

Elephant

Tiger

Lion

Caribe

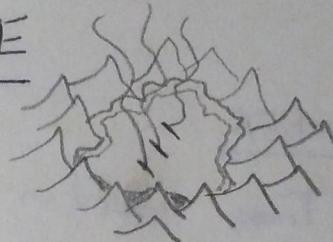
the lye balls  
pan There  
for her  
ion, and  
I am  
which I  
on as I  
hang it  
and then

Bear fat, especially from sad girls, is considered the best quality - a three month diet of liver and flowers will produce the silkiest lipid. The arms of a Slender Man is a worthy substitute. Add whiskey to the chopped fat [and boil for three months to reduce] to a golden syrup.

why capitalised? Some other beast we know nothing of?

Fry the onions, beetroot, radish and scatterbird, and season with salt and paprika. Mash to a paste, pour on the hot fat and shape into balls before finishing in the oven. Serve on fluted plates facing West.

## ~~ECLIPSE~~ ECLIPSE PIE



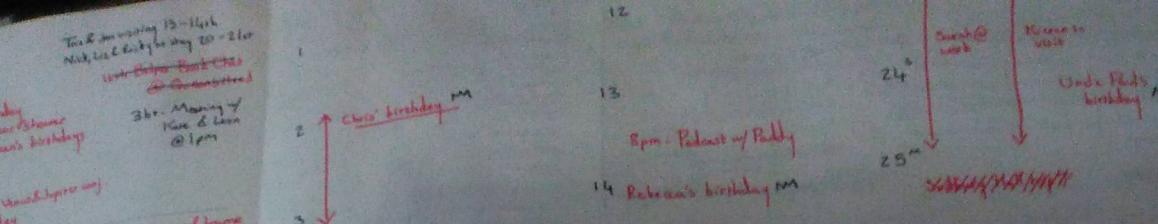
### For The Pastry

Flour  
Butter  
Water  
Milk

### For The Filling

Oxen	Marmoset (a pack)
Elephant	Doggerel
Tiger	Hound (any kind)
Lion	Goblin Whale
Caribou	Goose

Zebra
Capybara
Pigeon Reduction
Warhound
Spices and herbs.



Mix the pastry and spread, as a base, from the North the Delta Fens. Build up the walls and finally the lid, remember to pierce airholes as one goes. The more help, the better crimping should hug the meatline all around the valley. The still living, should be rubbed with the herb mix and kept in secure cages. They must be fed the pigeon reduction times a day. The temperature will be high enough after two months, and the meat ready to eat after four.

A summer dish.

### THE APOCALYPSE CHAMBER.



An allegory for the End Times, created in the heart of an ox.

The ox must be old, and melancholy; four days in the cellar will help. A lack of sunlight is vital; ultraviolet will braise the dead beyond repair. Feed the ox for ~~two~~ weeks on sugar, marrow syrup, melted butter and sibilant jelly. The animal may well die; if not, slaughter and speak rites for it. Cut in half, remove the veins and capillaries, laying them out separately and ordered. Now the kneading must begin. This can take

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### AFTER

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after two

a further two weeks, less with help; one must begin with the capillaries and their frondo, moulding the contents back towards the heart. A good technique is necessary, otherwise the mix will separate and be absorbed. As the capillaries empty, rub the tertiary, then the secondary, then the primary veins until the arteries closest to the heart are full no dripping. The heart must then be packed to capacity; then, separate the heart from its now desiccated blood network. The heart must be oiled and wrapped in grease paper, packed in soil and submerged underwater for a further week. Serve the heart to no more than four people, with sugar and peanuts. It should never be served to foreigners.

### AFTER DINNER

A trek to the Feeble Zeniths, with candles packed and ~~→~~ 3 old rats or mice fit for burial, has been proven to aid digestion and memory.

→ as far as local maps tell me,

a collection of sites located in

the mountains around the town.

They are marked with a moon

symbol on the map, though

I cannot reach them; the paths are ancient and walled off.

→ A local sweetener based on the soft muscle mass of cave-dwelling blind worms.

Tri & Jon writing 15-16th  
Nick & Lee writing 20-21st  
with Paddy Book Club  
@ Constitution

3br. Meaning of  
Love & Leon  
@ 1pm

Print photos & frames  
5th (Conf) 6pm  
- Tell (Conf) Cross

22nd Nov mid. Cro  
Glenrothes  
Currie  
Falkirk  
Link  
Kings  
L. Niven  
@ 9am

pi Writing  
11th  
3rd  
gi V  
18th  
Peter  
16th  
14th  
12th  
Luna  
10th  
2nd  
7th  
6th

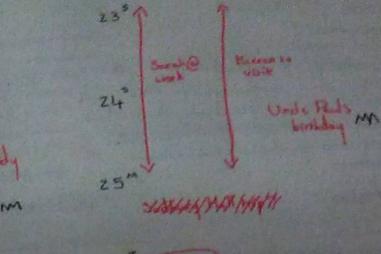
## February 27th

A bad day at every turn. Friend has been in some sort of state for a few days ; when I

Please find included a  
map of the K!K!K!  
pitch - whether it is  
the fabled original is  
unclear, and it is also  
unclear how the  
Emmette obtained it.

Surprisingly he was perfectly happy. Whether he feeds on misery and  
milk like some sort of celibate incubus I do not know ; it is not a  
wild theory. He was very willing to speak to me, and I thought that  
it was as good a time as any to ask more about K!K!K!. I knew  
that it had been a keen subject recently, but I was not privy to any  
match gossip.

Apparently the pitch is almost entirely forested ; I asked to see a map  
of the layout, but was told that the Mayor had the only copy,  
and used it as a doodle pad. This struck me as irresponsible, but  
Spider said that it was rather encouraged ; any changes that the  
Mayor makes on the pad in any given year would be added, in  
construction, to the pitch for the next season ; the workers only



see what they are  
layout of the pitch  
a rather clumsy. May  
coffee cup down and  
it took three years  
nothing but trees  
the rules, is a  
seriously. Fate  
in the lives of

The players are  
unnecessary ; each  
work on their  
anyone he en-

I asked Spider  
sighing and re-  
cubby, and  
Below I have  
of his equip-  
to hold up  
their chests

see what they are building, and so only the Mayor knows the entire layout of the pitch. He told me of buying Groceries In The Sun, a rather clumsy Mayor of one hundred years ago, who set his wet coffee cup down and accidentally added a vast arena to the pitch; it took three years to build, and the workers, as every year, saw nothing but trees and silence. Any change to the pitch, or indeed the rules, is a celebrated happenstance, and is to be taken very seriously. Fate, I was coming to see, played rather small part in the lives of these people; they are ruled by chaos and lies.

The players are divided into two teams, though it is entirely unnecessary; each player is awarded far more aplomb if they work on their own, and is encouraged to lie to and decieve anyone he encounters in the field, even his own team mates. When I asked Spider the point in having teams at all, he responded by sighing and retreating to boil no bones for tea in a tiny pot in his cubby, and leaving me with two ~~two~~ thin pamphlets.

Below I have included a sketch of a K!K!K! player, along with all of his equipment. The kit itself is simple; white cotton smocks, braces to hold up slacks. The player's names (not shown) are emblazoned across their chests; their names, in fact, are the only thing that the players

11th - 12th  
 Nick & Leah visiting 13-14th  
 Nick, Leah & Paddy having 20-21st  
 13th - 14th Book Club  
 (Presentation)

birthday  
 shower  
 in Green's birthday  
 day  
 working event  
 Venu & Digi co.  
 birthday  
 shower  
 22nd - 23rd  
 Print photos & frames  
 23rd (cont) 6pm  
 - Talk 20th  
 Credit

shower  
 23rd - 24th  
 24th Nov mid - Credit  
 25th - 26th - Credit

26th - 27th  
 arrival new year  
 27th - 28th Christmas  
 28th - 29th  
 29th - 30th  
 30th - 31st

birthday  
 shower  
 31st - 1st  
 1st - 2nd

2nd - 3rd - Credit

3rd - 4th - Credit

4th - 5th - Credit

5th - 6th - Credit

6th - 7th - Credit

7th - 8th - Credit

8th - 9th - Credit

9th - 10th - Credit

10th - 11th - Credit

11th - 12th - Credit

12th - 13th - Credit

13th - 14th - Credit

14th - 15th - Credit

15th - 16th - Credit

16th - 17th - Credit

17th - 18th - Credit

18th - 19th - Credit

19th - 20th - Credit

20th - 21st - Credit

21st - 22nd - Credit

22nd - 23rd - Credit

23rd - 24th - Credit

24th - 25th - Credit

25th - 26th - Credit

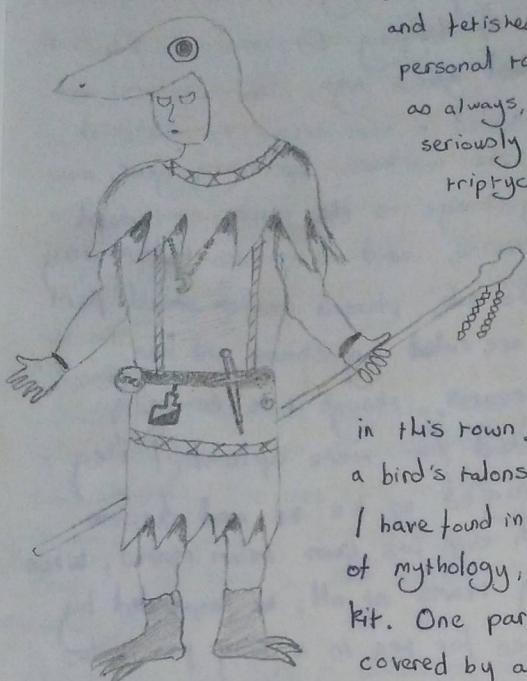
26th - 27th - Credit

27th - 28th - Credit

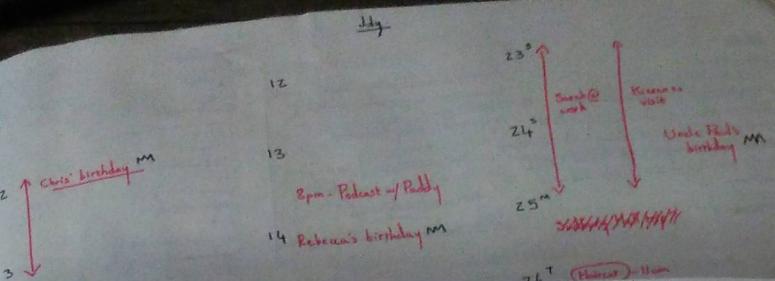
28th - 29th - Credit

29th - 30th - Credit

30th - 31st - Credit



back. His was a popular costume. The small sphere at his waist, I am told, is called Cerebellum Clandest and is perhaps the most important part of the game; it is to be found on the crest of the town. Within is contained, on a spiralling canvas, the entire life story of the player, in



are not allowed to lie about. The amulets and fetishes strong about the example are personal taste, and vary from player to player, as always, K!K!K! players take their superstition seriously. Mobility is often impaired by triptychs, illuminations, necklaces, pendants and scrolls secreted about the player person. The staff is wreathed in [REDACTED] lightning strips, though I found this no surprise; these symbols are used for everything in this town. The hood and boots, in the shape of a bird's talons and beak, are personal to the player. I have found in illustrations that players incorporate elements of mythology, zoology and even gastronomy into their kit. One particular example had his entire head covered by an elephantine gland, arching out over his

excruciating detail, d  
 independent official  
 it, I do not know  
 player's greatest co  
 I asked Spider  
 secrecy is mad  
 me a mug of g  
 met the Mayor's  
 insult, and made  
 itself into rain,  
 above the pitch.  
 they might be wi



into Paul's  
birthday MM

The amulets  
example are  
player to player;  
e their superstition  
impaired by  
laces, pendants  
about the players;  
wreathed in ~~lightning~~ strips,  
no surprise;  
used for everything  
in the shape of  
to the player.  
incorporate elements  
of economy into their  
entire head  
out over his

William Clandestin,  
; it is to  
d, on a  
yer, in

excruciating detail, down to the last minuscule action, related to an independent official before the player begins a match. What happens to it, I do not know; but it is held in such high regard! It is a player's greatest commodity, though its purpose is unknown to me. I asked Spider if he had any books on the subject. The intense secrecy is maddening. He completely ignored my questions, passing me a mug of grey gristle and water, and asked me whether I had met the Mayor's wife yet. I took this to be a ~~joke~~, or an insult, and made my excuses and left. The mist had resolved itself into rain, and great sheets of it undulated over to the West, above the pitch. I must try and speak to the two young players; they might be willing to tell me something useful.

13-14th  
Liz & Ruth 20-21st  
19th. Belper Boat Club  
@ Gainsborough

3hrs. Morning of  
Kris & Leon  
@ 1pm

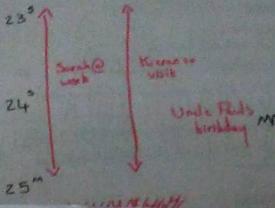
Polar photos  
3rd (cont) 6-  
-Talks

2 ↑ Chris' birthday MM

12

13

8pm - Podcast of Paddy



## THIS MUST BE BY WRIT

### THE HIDDEN PRESS

IN HISTORY COMMISSIONED BY  
MOST UNHOLY WHISPER  
IN THE YEAR THAT WE ARRIVED  
IN THE VALLEY AND HE DEPARTED  
FROM US IN A COLUMN OF STEAM.  
HOOTING → sounds rather like a locomot

BEING THE FIRST AND ONLY  
BOOK. THAT BEING ALL  
NECESSARY. WITH ONLY ONE  
PROPHECY. THE FIRST PROPHECY  
AND THE ONLY ONE THAT. IN THE  
END. PERHAPS MATTERS

A tracing taken from  
one of Spenser's books.  
This is the one piece of  
"holy scripture" the  
townsfolk have  
could be called that.  
So much explained.

THE VERSE BEGINS. WE DIE  
ETERNALLY SO THAT THE GODS  
MAY NOT HAVE US.

FOR MAN WAS PERVERTED.  
FOR MAN WAS SACRED.  
FOR MAN WAS CROSS.  
FOR MAN SIRED MOTHERS.

There seems to  
be an extraneous  
source, a sort  
of huckster and so  
on.

→ must get to the bottom  
of this abject hate  
of deities these people  
have. At least such  
hatred explains the lack  
of an after-life in the  
cosmology.

So why do  
they bury bodies  
as well as cremate  
them?

They reveal  
themselves  
as  
humanists at  
last.

BEFORE THE BEGINNING THERE WAS  
MAN. WE DOVE SONOROUS. AND  
ROSE GRACIOUS. OUR EYES TURNED  
WITH THE FACTORY OF PULLEYS THE  
MIGHT OF MOUNTAINS. AND

*... taken from  
Spiders' books.  
the one piece of  
scripture the  
folk have, if it  
be called that.  
So much explained,*

THESE PULLEYS FED LIGHT INTO  
PUPILS THE UN-SIZE OF BLACK  
HOLES.

TIME WAS THROWN BACKWARD AT  
EACH STEP. AND SO WE WAS STILL.

AND WE WERE THE COLOUR OF A  
WALL OF NOTHING. AND QUASARS  
FORMED WHEN WE RUBBED  
AGAINST OUR BROTHERS.

WE HAD WARTS. AND WE CALL  
THESE SUNS.

AND OUR BRAIN WAS A GREAT  
TEMPLE. A COMPLEX OF  
THOUSANDS OF ATRIUMS AND  
CORRIDORS WHERE LIFE WAS. AND  
IN THIS LIFE THERE WAS WORRY.  
AND IN THAT WORRY PERFECTION  
FELL. AND SO MAN WAS BETRAYED  
BY HIMSELF.

AND SO MAN DID BETRAY  
HIMSELF. AND DOUBT THAT WHICH  
HE HAD MADE. WE WISHED TO  
REST. AND THOUGH WE RESTED WE  
FOUND NO TIME TO REST AGAIN.  
WE WISHED FRIENDS THAT WERE  
NOT LIKE US.

A rather confusing syntax;  
the people of Los obviously  
identify with this doomed  
MAN. I have never seen  
a religious text that  
is so self-congratulatory.

3-16th  
Aug 20 - 21st  
Book Club  
Greenstreet

Morning of  
use & loan  
81pm

Afternoon

pm Crawford  
work.

and Apple  
Day

of  
play

in Hall

Green

July

on

389

WE WISHED MAN TO HAVE HIS EQUALS.

OH, HOW GREAT WE WERE. HOW KIND AND HUMBLE.

HEAR OUR WARNING, AND THE TEARING OF VACUUM AS WE WEEP.

AND SO IT HAPPENED. HEAR THIS. IT HAPPENED THAT HALF OF MAN TORE OFF THEIR TAILS, THE SEAT OF THEM, AND HURLED THEM INTO THE VOID. AND THESE TAILS BECAME THE CODS, AND THEY WERE FATTY AND SMALL.

Tails? Did man have tails. Constant reference to tails.  
"Long Men's Tails," as I have heard the lightning strips called.

They do look like tails...

Were these people <sup>savagian?</sup> HE IS NOT WHISPER.

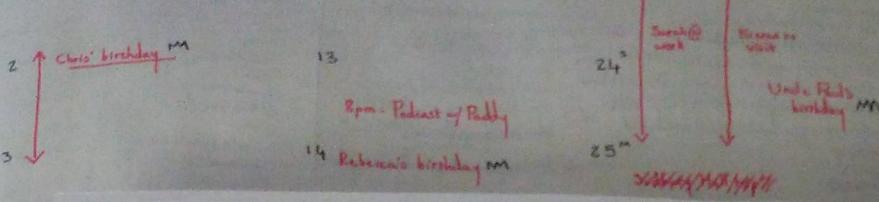
Avian? Morphology <sup>is</sup> certainly common place HE WAS MERELY ONE OF US THEN, AND IN HIM WAS SUCH A REACTOR.

AND SO IT WAS THAT HE CALLED THE GODS POOR IN SPIRIT AND WEALTH, AND NAMED THEM ENEMY. BUT WE WOULD NOT LISTEN TO HIM.

HEAR OUR WARNING, AND THE SLAPPING OF OUR BACKS AS WE

→ Such a Hirax could not have helped the situation. Did Whisper bring about the war? Reminder - do mention to name

penised? ↗



12

13

23<sup>5</sup>

24<sup>2</sup>

25<sup>m</sup>

Sarah's work

Kieran no work

Uncle Paul's birthday MM

Referenc's birthday MM

26/8/14/MO/14/P/1

WEEP

BUT THE CODS WERE FATTY AND  
SMALL AND MANY AND DARK  
AGAINST THE DARK OF NIGHT.  
AND WITH NO WARNING WAR  
WAS MADE AND STARS WINKED  
OUT AND THE CROWN WAS  
STOLEN.

THE ABDICATION WAS SHORT AND  
THE CROWN WAS BLACK AND NOW  
IT IS WHITE IN THEIR SMALL HANDS.

AND SO IT WAS THAT THE CODS  
MURDERED US THEIR CHATTER  
WAS REASON AND IT STUNG US.  
THEIR BARBS WERE SMALL BUT  
THEY CREW COLONIES IN OUR  
INNARDS AND OUR ATOMS AND  
WAGED WAR THERE.

AND THOSE LONG MEN WHO HAD  
GIVEN THEIR TAILS THREW  
OURSELVES AT THE VOID WE CREW  
OUR HAIR LONG AND WORE  
CHAINS SPUN WITH NOVAE  
AROUND OUR CHESTS WE WOULD  
NOW DIE WE WOULD NOW BIRTH  
THE NEXT LINE OF MAN THOUGH  
THEY WERE WEBBY AND RED WITH  
STUFF WHEN THEY WERE BIRTHED.

penised? ↗

↗ I have seen  
pictoral references  
to such a thing all over  
the town, on the crest,  
in shop windows, on its  
banners.

↗ Child birth? It  
certainly sounds like  
it. So the Long Men  
are, in fact, women?  
A rather patriarchal  
explanation, though  
the tone of this piece  
is certainly that of  
a woman. More than  
one author? Are the  
tails genitalia?  
Fetishism - the idols  
P.T.O

12  
Chris' birthday MM

13  
8pm - Podcast of Paddy

24°  
Sarah's work  
Kieran to visit

25°  
Uncle Paul's birthday MM

WE WERE DISGUSTED.

HEAR OUR WARNING AND THE DEATH OF US AS WE WEEP.

AND THUS WE WERE MURDERED,  
AND OUR BLOOD FELL AS FIRE AND WATER TO THE NEW EARTH AND THE NEW MOON. AND SCARRED THEM AND TURNED THEM LIQUID. THE MOON NOW SULKS, BARELY A CHILD, AND NOT YET A MAN, NURSING HIS WOUNDS THAT WILL HEAL. MAN BLESS THE TEENAGE MOON AND HIS MOODS.

AND SO MAN FLED TO THIS EARTH, AND SHRUNK HIMSELF TO WEDGE INTO THE CAVERNS AND CALDERAS THAT NOW WERE THE GROUND. THE FIRE MOVED IN RIVERS AND MAN SQUABBLED IN HIS NEW, CHILDISH FORM, GIVING US DEATH AND THE FEAR OF DEATH.

WE BEGAN TO DIE, AND REASON MADE IT SO.

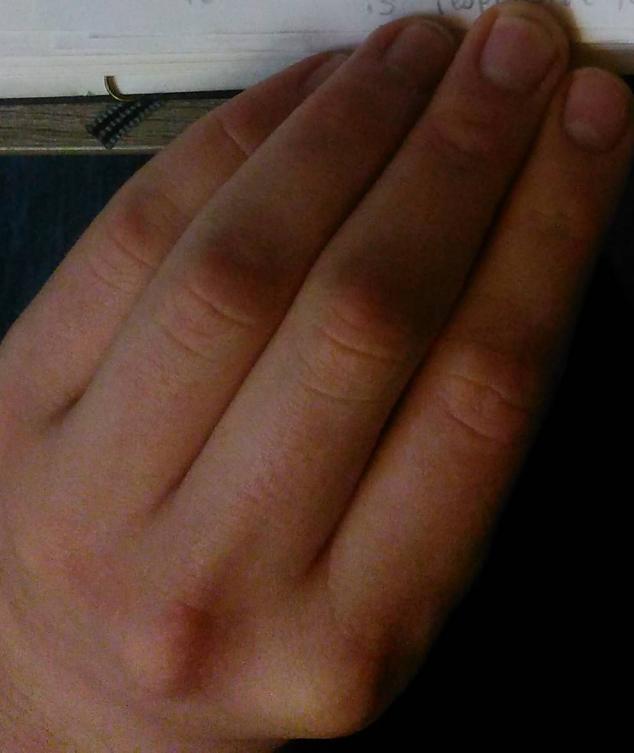
WE WILL MISS THE MAN, FOR WE ARE TOO POOR TO BE NAMED SO. WE ARE ONLY MAN.

of the look of the  
are strange & odd  
reminding women  
of their shame. Why  
it is? generalised

The valley  
of Loss.

Perhaps explains  
moon pendant I was  
given on my first  
the scalloped edge  
certainly feels like  
skin. Perhaps the  
moon's cycles  
are explained thus.  
Nothing menstrual  
feminine, merely  
mood swings of  
youth, astounded  
disfigurement and  
to orbit this  
world. The real  
Moon

Perhaps the rather  
obsessive adherence  
to superstition and  
ignorance within the town's  
social structure is  
part of his hatred of  
reason; according  
to the text, it is  
responsible for most of Man's ills.



AND THEN SO IT WAS THAT  
WHISPER JOINED US. DISCUISSED  
AND SMALL AMONGST HIS PEOPLE.  
AND HE GATHERED THOSE OF US HE  
LOVED FOR HE LOVED NOT  
EVERYONE AND HATED MANY  
AND LED THEM TO A RING OF FIRE  
THAT SPAT AND DIED AND FROM  
THIS FIRE AND WHISPERS DEEP  
BREATH A MOUNTAIN FORMED.  
AND ANOTHER. AND ANOTHER.  
AND LIKE WEEDS THEY CREW AND  
HID US. THE GODS WERE BUSY WITH  
THEIR NEW CROWN. AND THE  
SHADOW HID US AT LAST.

*The valley  
of Loss.* ↗

↙ a rather choosy  
saviour...

AND SO HE TOLD US THIS STORY,  
THAT WE MAY READ IT TO OUR  
YOUNG.

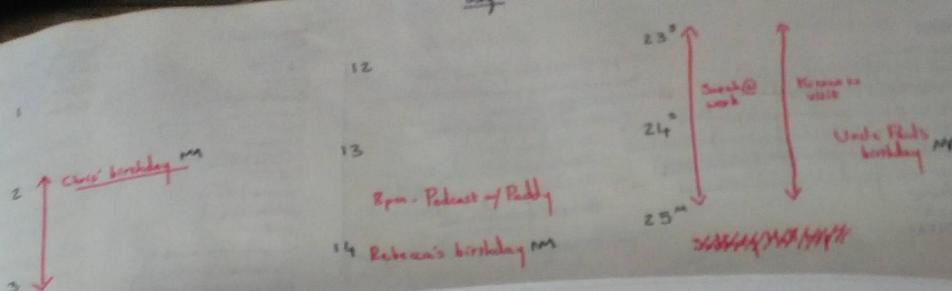
AND SO HE BUILT US HOUSES THAT  
WE MAY BE CLOSER TO HOME

AND SO HE TAUGHT US LIES THAT  
OUR SPEECH MAY HIDE US.

AND SO HE TAUGHT US SPORT THAT  
WE MAY REMEMBER OUR PAST  
LIVES AND WALK AS FAR AS WE  
MAY.

↗ K! K! K! ?

AND HE MADE US STATUES OF THE



CODS THAT WE MAY SPIT ON  
THEM AND BLOW SMOKE INTO  
THEIR FACES.

AND SO HE TAUGHT US LANCUAGE  
THAT WE MAY SHOUT INSIDE IT.

AND SO THE WHITE CROWN SEES  
THE EARTH AND ALL IT HAS MADE.  
AND YET IT DOES NOT SEE US.

MAY THE WHITE BE BLACK AGAIN.

MAY MAN BE MAN.

MAY WE HAVE OUR THRONE BACK.

MAY THE CODS FAIL THEIR LOVERS  
AND BE LONELY.

MAY OUTSIDERS BE DAMNED.

MAY MAN BE MAN.

MAY WE NEVER BE FRIENDS WITH  
THE WORLD, OR THOSE IN IT. AND

MAY THEY NEVER HARM US.

HEAR OUR WARNING, AND THE  
TEARING OF VACUUM AS WE WEEP.

Perhaps this is what Mr. Light referred to in his report. He seems to be the only one who takes the report seriously; it is seen as an anachronism, the outside world a lure.

A small room - pu

A diag

The mu  
most  
great  
mounta

I thi  
are

like

CC

A small room - perhaps

### A diagram of my apartment building

The mushroom cellar. Along with beetroot it is the most farmed vegetable I am told there are great caves of stilton - blue fungi in the mountains. The smell is unbearable; someone, I think, has forgotten the harvest. There are scurrying rodents with long front legs, like gorillas, that reach up to rip at the crop. They are all albino, and blind.

and

A small room - perhaps  
more Kickina Sods

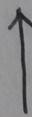
Someone lives  
here; they  
receive  
post, at least,  
and groceries.

mealtins  
alcohol,

A communal bathroom;  
I was surprised on my  
first morning by Mr.  
Lights naked torso.

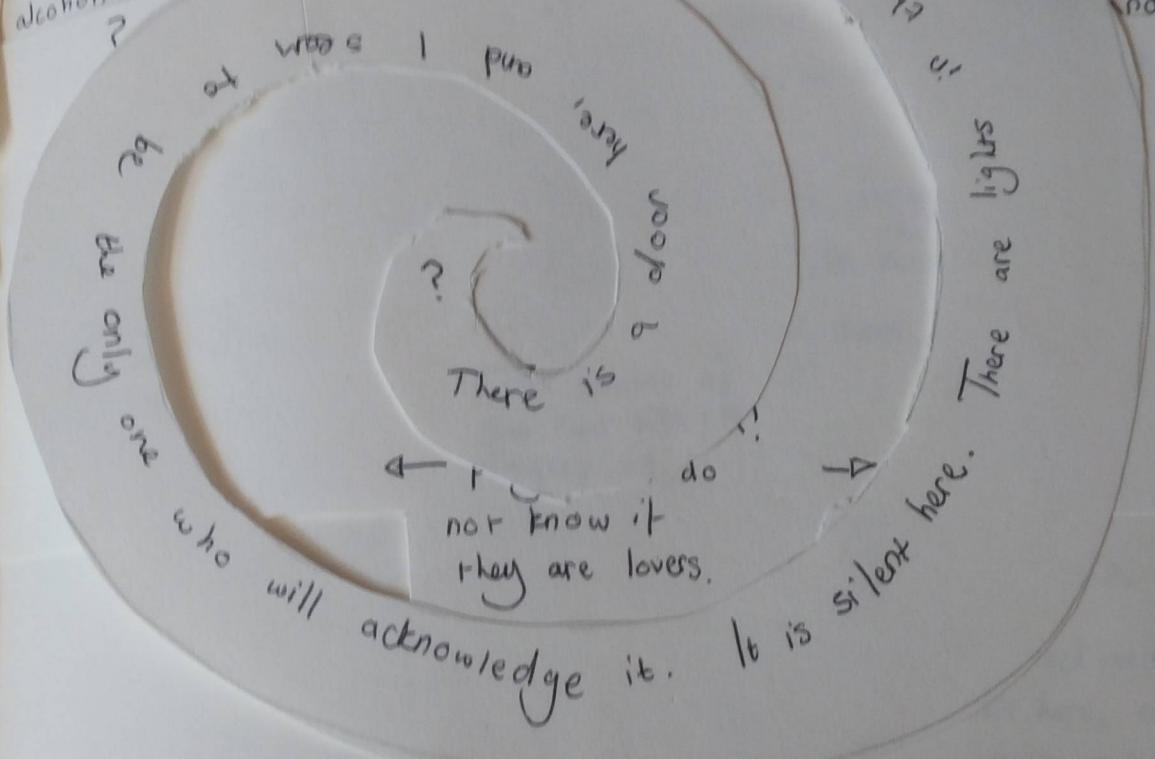
The entrance  
hall. There is  
a large censor  
here, and a  
warden who  
perpetually sleeps,  
and scratches  
hidden boils.

There are lights  
here.  
It is silent here.



A small room - perhaps  
where Kikina Sado

meantimes of what  
alcohol, whatever



A small room - perhaps  
where Kicking Solo  
into Sea lives? He  
seems to materialise  
or will, mostly at  
mealtimes or when  
alcohol, usually  
?

recreation  
Room

My room.

The rooms of  
the two KK!k!  
← players. I do →  
not know if  
they are lovers.

A small room - perhaps  
where Kicking Sod  
into Sea lives? He  
seems to materialise  
at will, mostly at  
mealtimes or when  
alcohol, usually  
onion wine, is  
offered.

→ the ↑  
This door  
is always  
locked, and a  
great heat  
emanates through  
the cracks.

The river runs

### The Recreation Room

A large stove, chairs, ~~etc.~~ and  
wide stones - a meeting place like  
any other.

Stories are told, sung, played.  
People do not talk to me.

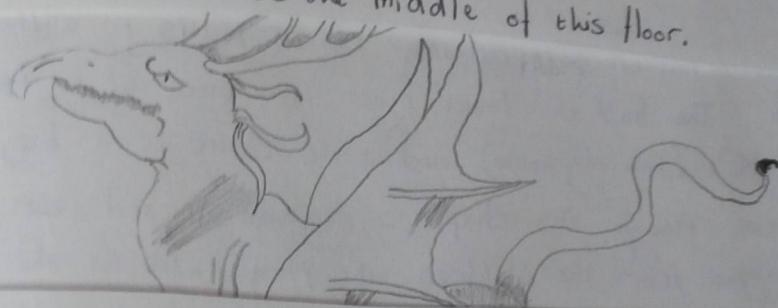
It is the way here.

*To the*  
This door  
is always  
locked, and a  
great heat  
emanates through  
the cracks.

I think that  
the solemn man and  
his daughter live  
here.  
I have never seen  
them on this floor,  
but there are two  
pairs of galoshes, one large, one  
small, outside the door.

nd when I leave  
er is up there  
; from the  
trice they

The river runs across the middle of this floor.



I cannot explain it.

X X

*To Mr. Light's  
and Friend's.  
So small for the  
two of them!*

Friend and I  
sit here, eating  
nuts and looking  
for fish sucked up  
into the building.

### The Roof Garden

The trapdoor to the floor is locked, but at night and when I leave the building I hear a strange braying. Whatever is up there sounds in pain, and must never leave its perch; from the mountains it is too misty to see what cockatrice they keep, for meat or for milk. Everyone denies hearing anything.  
A mystery.

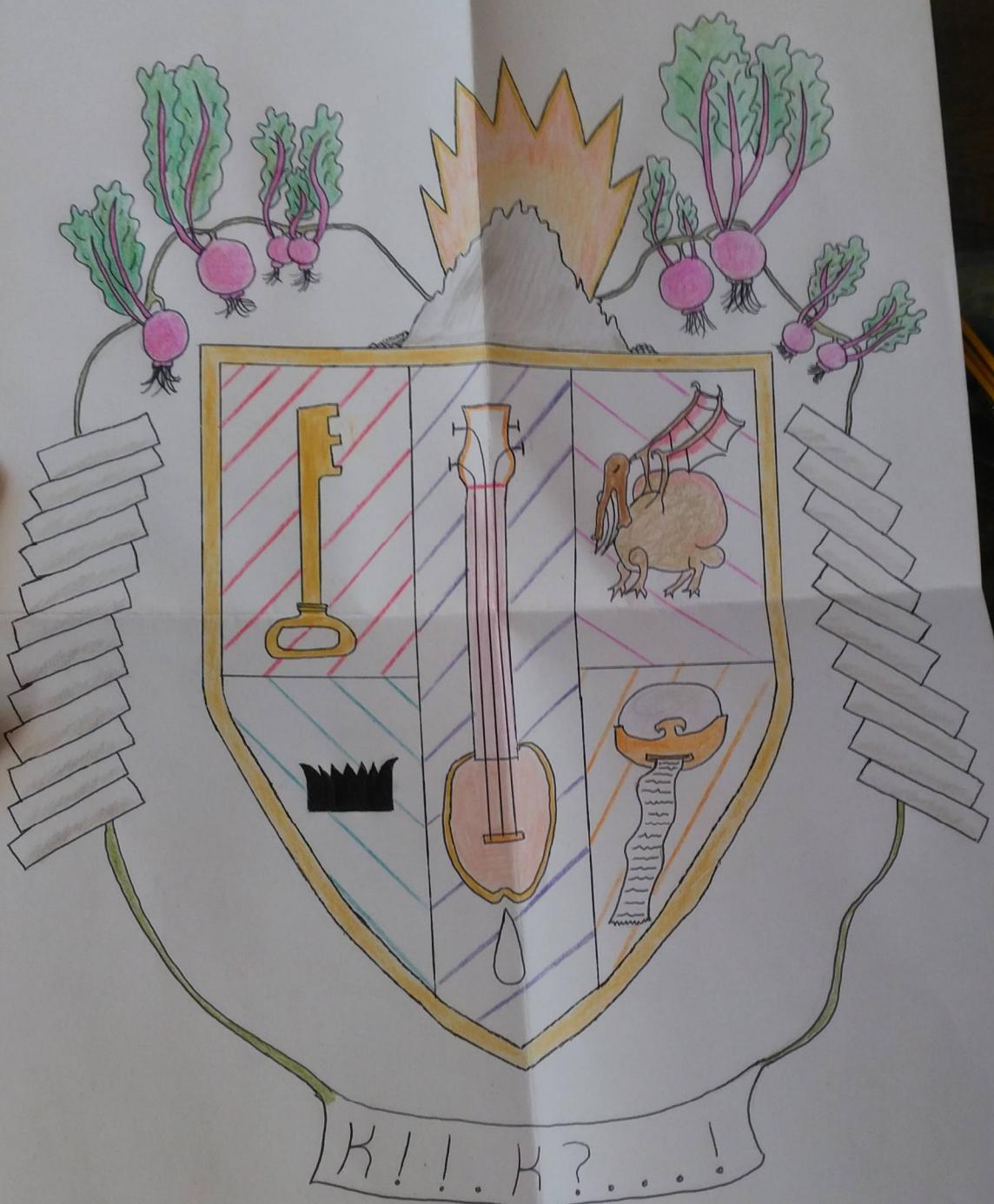
Maybe it is  
a turkey dragon?  
Kept in secret?



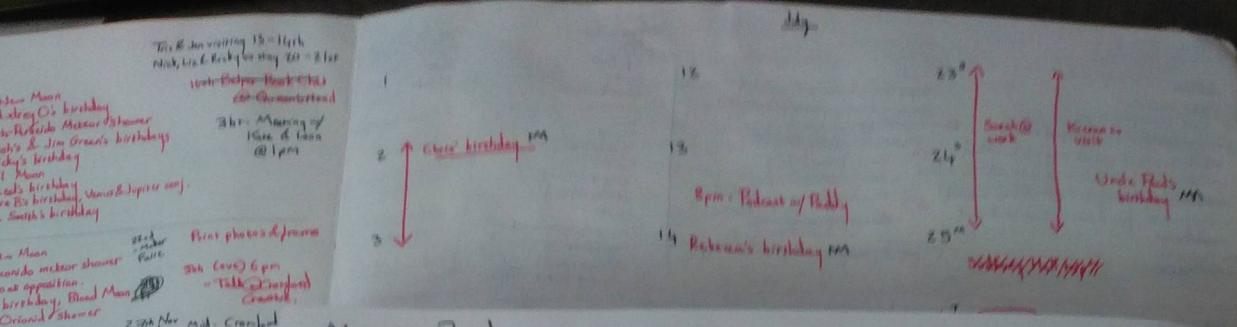
February 29th

Opposite is a tempera drawing that I completed over several days in my room and on the street; the temple crest always seems to be the most distant and treacherous spot. Much was green wash, though I believe that I rendered the elements correctly; the black areas I cannot guess at, though the key is a real object, kept by the Mayor, a symbolic /ish/ that I was given to hold on my first day here. The turkey dragon is a disporing yet beloved creature native to those parts (see the bestiary), and the beans something of a national crop, if we consider Loss something like a micro-nation; it certainly has no borders or authorities other than itself. The ball at lower right is a piece of equipment from KIKIK! (see my notes) and in the centre is a banjo or zither-like instrument, though its shape is suggestive and seems to draw giggles from the children who play catch in the fountain where one such crest is located. The colours are so vibrant and omnipresent that I attempted to replicate them myself, though I must apologise about their quality; the only medium I had were colouring pencils from the school. The legend is as you unknown to me; the language is a mystery.

It is still a mystery what this says!



(Reverse translation often depends on context;  
unfortunately, I have none)



## March 2nd

Friend has spent much of the last week with; it has been a rare day that I have not seen her. The girl is ~~so~~ pleasing to sit with; she has ceased asking questions of the outside world, and knows of her town and her home. However, though she is lovely she is quite stupid, and what she knows is very little. Perhaps it is just that she is young. She tells me she is three hundred, and is prone to laughter and then gloowering moods that seem to last for aeons.

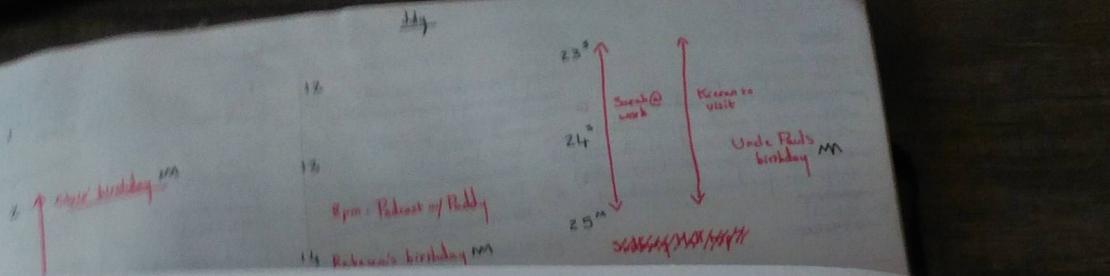
We spend hours outside her room by the river; I am not allowed inside. I once stepped into the stream to investigate the batch from which the water pours - I know that the river, nameless and a trickle as it enters the canals of the residential district, flowing into the building at ground level; a great roar is heard at the cistern, and the sound of Mechanics, and this, a lazy brook that meanders across the high floor of the flat. Someone has planted chicory in long beds, and Friend lets her pet tortoise graze at its ~~jurassic~~ pace. She refuses to name it.

She seems to remain so clean with dirty Long Men hump of her the feet of It is quite genitals ha of shops, unravel the "Long N me, wom She is strolling his rabb a broad ~~and~~ true b

seen a rare  
thing to sit  
world, and  
her home,  
and what she  
young. She  
and then  
  
not allowed  
the hatch  
ver, nameless  
ntial district,  
+ roar is  
, and then  
h floor of  
and Friend  
She refuses

The seems to wear the same clothes everyday, and yet they remain so clean! (I have seen women entering strange round yarts with dirty washing in its armfuls). A green slip, tied with Long Men Tails, jagged so that they press into the little hump of her stomach. I imagine they leave little divots like the feet of robins. I think that I would like to scratch them. It is quite odd to think of the uses that these makeshift genitals have; they adorn the waists of girls, the thresholds of shops, and the nets of fishermen. I have yet to completely unravel the rather odd relationship the town has with the "Long Men"; that is to say, as my research has shown me, women.

She is small, and I imagine that we look quite comical, strolling through town, a ~~small~~ golem and his rabbi. Her eyes are very, very dark and she has a broad face, a face made for tattoos or scarification, and she has hair on her forearms, a sign of true beauty. Her teeth are bad, and she hides them,



spending most of her time scowling, a twitch in her eye pulsating.

We went to meet her father at work yesterday; the graveyard is off the Old Town and is burrowed into its own portion of wilderness, past a fence tied with Long Men's Tails and wildgrasses. On the path we passed small huts, wreaths of smoke coming from them; naked men emerge and stroll into the woods, with armfuls of towels. My questions go unanswered; she is too young to know what they do. She tells me that these woods are home to huge, venomous spiders that wreak terrible havoc on the colonies of mice that burrow beneath the stunted oak bark. I have seen no sign of them. Someone had hung salmon, desiccated and years old, in the branches of some of the larger trees.

The graveyard is a wide bowl cut into the valley floor, and part of the mountain that rears above it. How the townspeople made such a depression without heavy machinery is beyond me. The Mayor will know.

He told me it was done by hand.  
Incredibly.

Friends farther  
dirty space  
he had chan  
topography  
the steles  
diaramas of  
with bleeding  
carved in  
compound,  
at the m  
that he is  
Mr. Lig  
that I sh  
I could  
crypts  
or Theb  
the pla  
sweet

in Park  
Sunday M

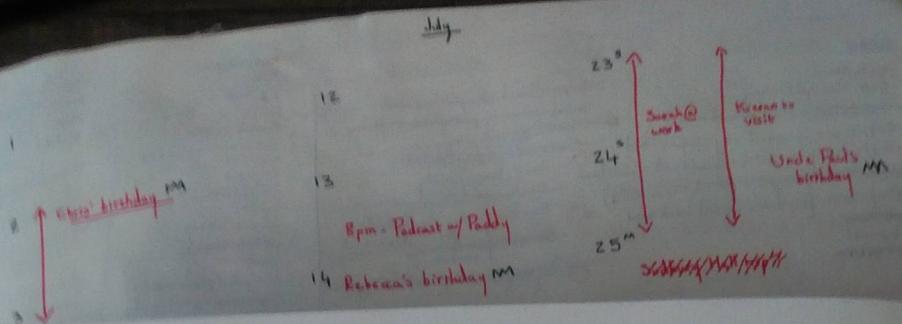
ch in her tip  
; the graveyard  
s own path  
s Tails  
huts,  
n emerge  
My  
ow what  
e to huge,  
colonies of  
I have seen  
osicated and  
trees.  
g floor,  
ow the  
machinery

friend's father was eating bacon by the fire in his hut. A dirty spider rested near him; he had been digging, and he had changed clothes. The graveyard has as much of a reynignty as the mountains that surround it; some of the steles and tombs rise many storeys, crowned with dioramas of winged men, women gripping swords, and gods with bleeding heads and feet. A huge, reclining man is carved in a single piece of basalt near the centre of the compound, leaning into a crouch as if he is about to spring at the mountain, to tackle it back below ground. I am told that he is Chernobog, one of Whisper's bodyguards.

Mr. Light barked at me not to wander, that it was not right that I should be in such a place. Through the morning fog I could see terraces rising up the mountain, obelisks and crypts widening into great complexes, much like Karnak or Thebes; however, here and there wild hares ranged between the plots, and the grass is lush and thick. There was a sweet smell on Mr. Light's breath, and all around me,

12th January 18 - 19th  
13th & 14th February 20 - 21st  
15th & 16th Book Club  
17th & 18th Book Club  
19th Morning of  
1pm & then  
1pm

Print photos & press  
1pm - 2pm 1pm -  
Talk to friend  
about  
her father



He had little to worry about; the text is of the odd ceremonial language that I have seen about the town; it looks more like punctuation than a language. He had hung rows of his phylacteries, white and black, on copper railings around the hut, and I finally had a chance to ask him what they were for. He looked at me with something approaching acceptance, perhaps for the only time in our acquaintance, and told me that some people take a pinch of grave dirt with them after they have buried their dead; it is worn on the arm or the forehead; it is worn on the arm or the forehead, like the Jews do, and is consulted "for key decisions and celebrations". This really leaves me none the wiser, though the perceived importance of his task is clearly what buoys him up; he seems like a man that could say any moment. Friend finished talking to her father, and, quite amazingly, they shook hands; queerer and queerer! As we left I asked her what she had done;

she took me  
that she had  
her father,  
far up as  
town, where

Bre...  
Brec...

21st

80  
-2  
40

120

Brec...

de Paul's  
birthday MM

of the odd,  
+ the town;  
age. He  
black,  
had a chance  
with something  
in our

a pinch of  
ad; it is  
the area or

"for key  
none Me  
task is  
hat could

father,  
and  
done;

she took my hand then, for the first time, and held me  
that she had said goodbye. I asked her if she kissed  
her father, and she slapped me lightly on the shoulder, as  
far up as she could reach, and dragged me back towards  
town, where we bought strange meat.

1200

$$\therefore \text{Breath 1} = 2400$$

$$\therefore \text{Breath 2} = 2440 \quad 8 \times 4$$

$$8 \times 6 = 48$$

$$120000$$

$$2x$$

$$\underline{240000}$$

Lung  
capacity  
M:  $60 \text{ m}^2$ ,  
H  $3 \text{ m}^2$ ?

21st  $\rightarrow$  29th

$$\frac{800000}{2} \quad \text{breaths}$$

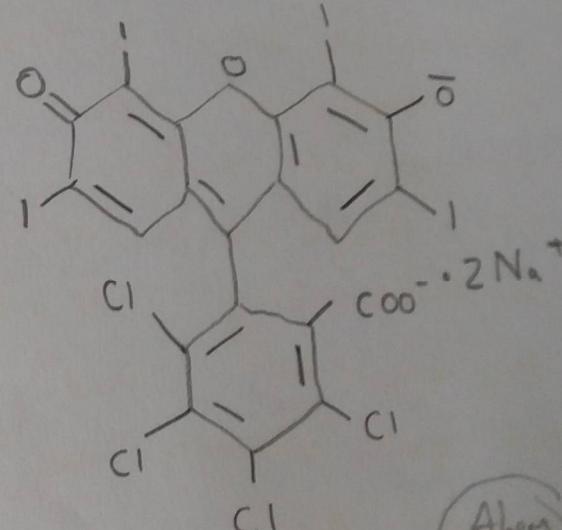
$$7 \times 6$$

$$1200 \quad 2x$$

$$X4$$

Breathe in, breathe  
out,  
Breathe in twice

$$\sqrt{7000} : 24$$



mantra ameh

Ahem  
Arum

11/20/2011

11/21/2011

11/22/2011

11/23/2011

11/24/2011

11/25/2011

11/26/2011

11/27/2011

11/28/2011

11/29/2011

11/30/2011

12/1/2011

12/2/2011

12/3/2011

12/4/2011

12/5/2011

12/6/2011

12/7/2011

12/8/2011

12/9/2011

12/10/2011

12/11/2011

12/12/2011

12/13/2011

12/14/2011

12/15/2011

12/16/2011

12/17/2011

12/18/2011

12/19/2011

12/20/2011

12/21/2011

12/22/2011

12/23/2011

12/24/2011

12/25/2011

12/26/2011

12/27/2011

12/28/2011

12/29/2011

12/30/2011

12/31/2011

Ref: 11000983  
Truthful Exception.  
Proceed with caution.  
Evidently the veracity  
of this abecedary  
is suspect, though



1st  
far as I can glean from the texts that I have read, the ceremonial  
language of Loss, which has no name but for definition's sake will be  
called the Tachygraph, is one of the most brusque yet expressive  
linguistic systems that I have ever come across. It is quite different  
from the whalersong of Ys, or the windy cancer-chatter of the  
olden Temple. The elves and Arthur were much fair in speech than  
the dour folk I now co-habit with, especially when talking of their  
lower halves or war. But, as a language, the Tachygraph has its  
higher woes, especially in festival; the people of Loss usually speak  
English, with virtually no accent. There seems to be no linguistic  
history that can tell me why this is. I had expected some  
hollow gutter tongue, designed for smaller lungs and cross-bred  
ungs (it is now evident to me that these people generally keep their  
evening-star close to the gauntlet, as it were; interbreeding is not  
necessarily but desired. Sisters marry brothers, cousins marry  
cousins, and everyone is smaller and uglier as a result).  
One of my interviews with the Mayor I asked him how the  
people of the valley came to use English as its tongue; were it

July	
12	
13	23 <sup>g</sup> ↑ Sarah @ work Kieran to visit Uncle Paul's birthday M
14	24 <sup>g</sup> ↓ 25 M Rebecca's birthday M
15	Chris' birthday M

Print photos & frames  
5th (leave) 6pm - Talk @ Crawford  
Gardens  
Nov Mid-Crown  
25th -  
Christmas  
1st -  
11th -  
2nd -  
Meredith  
(2) Jan  
Writing  
(11th -  
Di  
3rd -  
10th -  
W  
8th /  
16th -  
17th -  
18th -  
19th -  
20th -  
21st -  
22nd -  
23rd -  
24th -  
25th -  
26th -  
27th -  
28th -  
29th -  
30th -  
31st -

not for the surroundings we could be in Surrey. He would  
the query away with a grub-like digit, nearly catching  
gas filter, reciting this poem out onto his lawn where his  
son was playing with a curious instrument that whirled and

We shall sit, with the cilia we shall sit  
And our fronds shall run, they shall run  
We shall keep fit running round the earth's core, the earth's  
And listen to men speaking above and around, above and around.

Again, lies and misdirection. It roots obviously reside in their  
strange cosmology, though I have had no chance to discover  
how far their mistrust and evasiveness goes. The Mayor, of course,  
is a liar, but a pleasant one. The man is also an utter  
bibliophile - there is a picture of H. Rider Haggard on his  
desk (it appears torn from one of the paperbacks in the  
library), and he has had a small oak cloven in two in  
his garden, creating a space large enough for a small

body. He constantly  
up in there until  
though. When I  
looked at his son  
disease". I did n

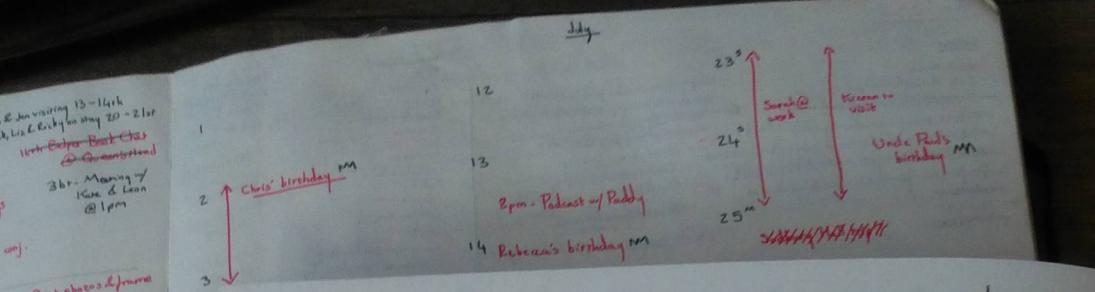
Though English is  
all their own;  
that look much  
superficial; some  
dim punctuation

When I ask  
the gods aware  
that they can't  
(I have certain  
Please mention  
a certain  
they use i

He constantly threatens his son that he will shut him up in there until his twentieth birthday; he makes a farce, though; when I ask him of Death's father, he smiles, and looked at his son. He complained of heterosexuality, a "necessary disease"; I did not ask about his wife.

Though English is their communication, the Tachygraph is really all their own; I recognise some of the letters, the ones that look much like English punctuation, though it seems superficial; some of the symbol's meanings do correlate to our punctuation norms, though such are likely to be coincidences.

When I ask about it, they tell me that they like to "keep the gods away, and so only shout inside the Tachygraph, so that they can't be heard." I have no idea what this means; I have certainly heard them shout in English. The Hidden Gods mention Whisper as its inventor; I can understand a certain ceremonial subtlety that the language has. Perhaps they use it as a means to make the gods miss them,



to keep the valley a secret. How this works is another thing entirely; ceremonies and their odd laws will continue forever more, all over the world.

This research comes from the books before they were written in other Latinate languages, for the letters themselves, very difficult, almost impossible to exist on their own, and cannot possibly be described using other letters. I am inclined to see their point of view.

An interesting admission.  
The Eremit would have had to have safeguarded against any invasion into his possessions to maintain the good will of the townsfolk.

though I returnish, or many or have names and spelling

letters

This, on its own, denotes surprise, beginnings, birth, sexual intercourse, art, farming and lightning, amongst other things. It seems to be considered something of a prime letter, if any such thing exists.

? The letter ~~XXXX~~ represents confectionery, the Universe, debate, grief, confusion etc. It is often used with the letter above to denote importance or confusion. It

is similar to the "eh expression, a scream or

This is used for apo and unassuming, on its own to mean but one that speaks

H This is used for festivals and means in rapid succession K! K! K! ; the have found is marriage, which 26 of these a friend often avoided this word I don't believe

E I insisted for several the townsfolk

Reds  
day

is another  
will continue

though I returned  
h, or many  
have names  
spelling  
my letters  
scribed  
of view.

birth,  
amongst  
wing of

verse,  
d with  
n. / +

is similar to the "ehem" or "ahem" in usage; an elemental expression, a scream or a gruet.

This is used for apocalypse, insects, crime, death and children. Often people describe this symbol as "lonely"; it is small and unassuming, often used at the end of statements or on its own to make a point. A sentimentality, it seems, but one that speaks to the poet in me.

K This is used for departure, athletics, war, festivals and machinery. Often written in rapid succession, such as in the game K!K!K! ; the most extensive use I have found is the term to describe heterosexual marriage, which, amongst other letters, has 26 of these in its structure. Death of a Friend tells me that marriage is often avoided to avoid having to use this word at the ceremony, though I don't believe her.

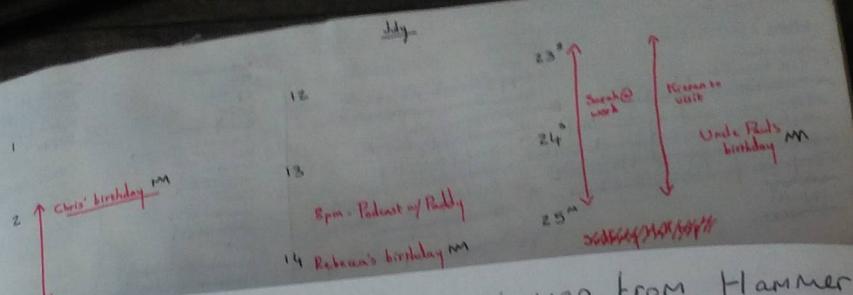
F I insisted on calling this "the star" for several weeks, much to the chagrin of the townspeople. The worst reaction

I do not think that the punctuation similarities to English are a coincidence after all. The ceremonial name of Loss, in the Tachygraph, is !?.. Taking traditional ideas of punctuation and the Tachygraph's definitions, we see that its name is a perfect representation of

Tony & Jen visiting 15-16th  
Nick, Liz & Ricky to stay 20-21st  
16th Edger Book Club  
@ Greenhithe

day car shower  
ear's birthdays  
Venus & Jupiter conj.  
day  
shower 2nd floor  
Print photos before me  
3rd (Love) 6pm - Talk Disneyland  
Credicard

Head in Assessment Group  
arrival now  
today green 4th  
shower 5th  
tonight Arrive 11th  
tonight Dan F 12th  
8th Mon C  
green & Digi Win  
birthday 3rd  
day 18th  
J & Digi  
d's birthday  
day  
kirk  
Working Lunch  
Networking  
10am office 22nd  
Afternoon  
today today 10-11  
10-11 22nd  
8th Nov



the stages of loss;  
loss of friends, family  
or associates. The !  
denotes the initial surprise  
and shock, the ? denotes  
eventual confusion and  
numbness at the event, and  
the . creates a  
finality, the final acceptance  
of Loss. BUT NO ONE

BUT ME WILL ACKNOWLEDGE  
THE LINK! These people  
have no interest in their own  
culture! Even the Mayor  
waves me away. They are  
content to let alone, to  
leave tradition and  
absurd laws as they are.

singularity, or footwear, rumours or illness in general, of  
port duties and tax. Another important letter - though I  
imagine all letters are important, whatever they are,

was from Hammer And Black  
Thumb, the dentist. He seemed

to for " icon It is medi expl and

Vowels and consonants seem a foreign concept to this rachyber, and sorte Eremin seems incorrect in designating them Status. We have no audio recording of the Loss dialect being spoken, and so can only speculate on its lexicon and complexities.

CC These are actually a pair of letters, though I have never seen one used without the other. Obviously, these are used to represent twins, duality, pairs or opposites, though their meaning is more complex than this. They can also mean loneliness.

Censor:// 00  
This is the word though the word it is used extremely the trans-substitution waters of P... and its use, their screen they were repeated. began law immediately to recline his work stamped of death would in geotextile fact

And Black  
he seemed  
to seem  
to this  
an  
ings.  
ments.  
this  
ing of  
spoken,  
water  
Jthology  
importan  
ctually a  
, though I  
d without  
These are  
, duality,  
ough their  
omplex than  
means loneliness  
general, or  
though )  
e they are from

Censor:// 000001 signed: Level 16 Designation K.A.F.K.A.  
This is the "atum" of the Tachygraph. The most holy  
(though the word is a poor substitute) letter in the language -  
it is used extremely rarely, and with the same reverence that the  
transubstantiationists place in perfumed petrol and  
wafers of polythene. My only real encounter with this letter, action,  
and its use, came from helping the cinema workers reel in  
their screen from the river, keeping it clear of the icebergs;  
they were singing as they dragged, in long, single vowels  
repeated. When I asked them what they were singing, they  
began laughing and slapping me while I tried to help them!  
I immediately dropped my corner of the screen and left  
to recline under a nearby willow. One of the workers,  
his work done, coming to join me, ruffled my hair and grimly  
stamped on a large beetle, a Pageant Weevil and full  
of deadly venom. He picked a small fern and told me it  
would help if I was ever stung. I asked if it was to be  
ingested or used as a poultice, and he told me that in  
fact the fern was more poisonous, and would hasten an

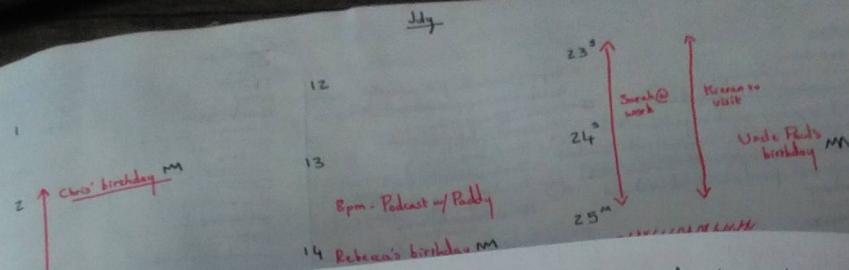
8 Jan visiting 13 - 14th  
6, 12 & 14th to stay 20 - 21st  
Meet Esther Back to  
Grandma

3hr. Morning /  
Kane & Leon  
@ 1pm

Print photos & frames  
Sit (over) 6pm  
- Talk Q&A  
Great

Nor. med. Cram

Dinner



inevitable death. He said that he and his friends had been singing for their dinner; at the end of every day, their dinner was almost sacred to them. The only way he could render it in English was the "final meal". The letter seems to represent an ultimate finality, or the close of the day. I was at the time unaware of the valley's aversion to traditional worship, and asked if the phrase "god meal" came close. He lifted his foot, scraped the insect from the ground, threw it at me, and turned to leave. I was quite startled, and flicked it with as much grace as I could into the alpine water.

Some of these letters are used everyday, in small, personal rituals: preparing the stove for breakfast, the gamblers at the tiny casino blowing on dice and chips, by buskers squeaking the valves in their instruments. Others are meaningless on their own, some are never used by most people. And yet there are so few! The rules seem endless, and I doubt I shall ever understand them all.

I befriended a group of nervous students on lunch break

from classes; they butchers, or to see uniforms are still it as they shift me that he has in loss this is imagine that from these I asked on pips from would be poem in to do asked near so Spidi an

de Routs  
Birthday M

had been  
air dinner  
render it  
seems to  
a day. I was  
raditional  
are close.  
ound, threw  
d, and  
the alpine  
sonal rituals,  
ny casino  
alves in  
some are  
! The  
I Mem all.  
break

from classes; they occasionally go to buy bone marrow at the butchers, or to scratch each other under trees and sleep. Their uniforms are silky, long and cumbersome; I asked them about it as they shifted and itched in the heat, and they told me that the teachers make them wear them to promote distraction, in loss this is a key tool in the learning process. I imagine that the poor creatures try to distract themselves from their discomfort, and perhaps this is where genius strikes.

I asked one of the students, a pimply boy who saved the pips from his apple to flick at his friends, whether it would be appropriate for me to attempt to write a poem in the Tackgraph. He told me it was nothing to do with him. I found this quite amusing, and he asked what I thought poetry had any business being near books at all. He was laughing at me, and so I went alone to the small town library, and Spider's stubborn silence. Below is the poem; ~~the~~ an account of my arrival in the town. The translation

11/2  
 11th  
 12th  
 13th  
 14th  
 15th  
 16th  
 17th  
 18th  
 19th  
 20th  
 21st  
 22nd  
 23rd  
 24th  
 25th  
 26th  
 27th  
 28th  
 29th  
 30th  
 31st

1. *Chris' birthday*  
 2. *Print photos & frames*  
 3. *Rebecca's birthday*

11. *Chris' birthday MM*  
 12. *Morning*  
 13. *8pm - Podcast w/ Paddy*  
 14. *Rebecca's birthday MM*

23<sup>rd</sup>  
 24<sup>th</sup>  
 25<sup>th</sup>  
 26<sup>th</sup>  
 27<sup>th</sup>  
 28<sup>th</sup>  
 29<sup>th</sup>  
 30<sup>th</sup>  
 31<sup>st</sup>

Sarah @ work  
 Rebecca in  
 Uncle Paul's  
 birthday MM

is my own is it felt only right that I be the one to do

DC!..?...

A!!!!

KKKK?

K?

DC\*.!.!

?...!..

!K! K

DC DC!!

?...K.!

KKK?!

And how the gates are you  
 And how they tick tock over our  
 Like Greek bingo wings  
 Perfumed and with dots  
 As small as the mouths of ours  
 Which are turned up  
 Lowing like cattle  
 Cooing like anuses

They handle cameras  
 Like animals to be drawn  
 I must show them  
 And I accidentally catch them  
 Slanted in their gateway  
 As if about to fall off  
 Their valley.

!!!!!!  
?K\*A

DC DC DC  
 !.? KK  
 \*KK  
 !...?!!  
 K?.!  
 !K!?  
 ?...\*.  
 KKK

Their valley is perfumed,  
And they melt fat and  
Sewer to grease nets.  
The fish feed on  
Tadpoles.

Her father is a hunter  
and fisherman.  
(A hunter of tombs)  
She does not have a  
Mother.

Her father fucks the  
Mayor, and this is  
how it is done.  
I am living in their  
building and I let  
my wood-smoke, the  
tin and kinetics of  
my burner wind up to her.

!!!!!!

?K\*A

?

DC DC DC ...

!..?..KK

\*KK

!...?!!!

K?.!

!K!?

?...\*.!

KKKKKK!KK

11th  
 Tom & Jen visiting 13-14th  
 Nick, Liz & Ricky visiting 20-21st  
 12th Bed & Breakfast @ Greenhead  
 13th Meaning of  
 Love & Loss  
 @ 1pm  
 14th Chois' birthday PM  
 8pm - Podcast w/ Paddy  
 15th Rebecca's birthday AM  
 16th Uncle Paul's birthday  
 17th

?. ???

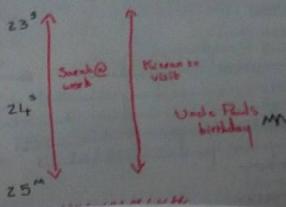
K\*?!

JK K JK K

!.?K

!!!

K. K. K.



Covered in me  
 Like Rapunzel,  
 Or Baba Yaga  
 I let down hair,  
 Scream fingers,  
 Rub my nakedness  
 On the night  
 And hers are on my  
 windowsill  
 Like flies, like flies  
 Like flies.

The townspeople had a meeting that I was not invited to,  
 and Friend refused to read the King or even listen to me  
 reading it. I retired to remove my mask, though before  
 I did so she allowed me touch her thigh. I think she  
 may be in love with me. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

April 14th  
 We shared dinner  
 eat alone, in  
 bad replaced  
 building war  
 excused ther  
 sat and ch  
 I walked  
 me, but  
 Love For  
 every day,  
 itself in  
 conversation  
 that inv  
 Most p  
 and I  
 Gods  
 somebody  
 it w

Indie Rock's  
birthday

covered in me  
like Rapunzel,  
Baba Yaga  
let down hair  
read fingers,  
my nakedness  
the night  
hers are on my  
dowsill  
flies, like flies,  
flies.

invited to  
en to me  
jh before  
think she

April 4th

We shared dinner in the common room this evening; of course I had to eat alone, in ~~the~~ my room, but as soon as I was done and had replaced my mask I joined the group. The whole building was there, though the quiet man's daughter had apparently excused themselves as soon as they had finished eating. Some sat and chatted, letting the fire burn down, before disappearing. I walked Friend to her room. She seemed to want to talk to me, but I was desperate to speak to Discovering Leprosy and Love For All Gods about K!K!K!; they were out at harvest every day, and this was the first opportunity that had presented itself in weeks. When I returned and tried to rouse them to conversation they were cagey and reserved, playing some card game that involved them slapping each other's hands like schoolchildren. Most people had gone to bed. They finally finished their game, and I poured them both coffee.

Gods looked out of the window, mostly, as if expecting somebody to cross the street, or perhaps sulking at his loss; it was hard to tell who had ~~won~~ <sup>won</sup> the game, they were

Uncle Rod's  
birthday m

covered in me  
like Rapunzel,  
Baba Yaga  
let down hair.

had fingers,  
my nakedness

the night

ers are on my  
usill

co., like flies,  
flies.

ired to  
to me

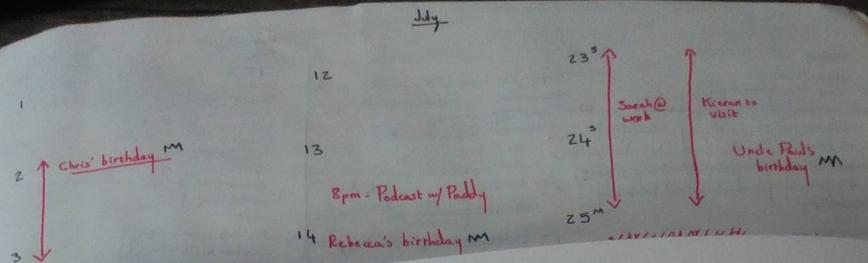
before  
k she

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Gods looked out of the window, mostly, as if expecting somebody to cross the street, or perhaps sulking at his loss; it was hard to tell who had ~~won~~ the game, they were

Trish & Jen visiting 13-14th  
Nick, Lisa & Ricky visiting 20-21st  
16th - Better Book Chat @ Greenstreet  
day  
and Shower's birthdays  
17th - Leprosy carj.  
18th -  
19th - Print photos & frames  
20th - 2nd floor  
21st - 3pm (leave) 6pm  
- Talk @ Crawford  
Circus.  
22nd - Nor mid. Crawford A  
23rd - Measurement report  
24th -  
25th -  
11th -  
12th -  
13th -  
14th -  
15th -  
16th -  
17th -  
18th / 19th -  
20th -  
21st -  
22nd -  
23rd -  
24th -  
25th -  
26th -  
27th -  
28th -  
29th -  
30th -  
31st -  
Digi Writing  
11th -  
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18th / 19th -  
20th -  
21st -  
22nd -  
23rd -  
24th -  
25th -  
26th -  
27th -  
28th -  
29th -  
30th -  
31st -  
Apr. -  
Lunch  
2nd -  
1st -  
11th -  
10th -  
9th -  
8th -  
7th -  
6th -  
5th -  
4th -  
3rd -  
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20th -  
21st -  
22nd -  
23rd -  
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25th -  
26th -  
27th -  
28th -  
29th -  
30th -  
31st -  
over 2017



both so grave. Leprosy was more open. He had done far better, a K!K!K! player, completing a match in less than ten years. Gods rose without a word at this admission and left for bed. I was told that he had been dismissed from his match. I asked Leprosy to elaborate but he refused. Their friendship, or whatever it is, is quite close, and mainly silent. Though I am close to them, I'm still the Eremite. Maybe it's the mask. I have been told that ~~people~~ find it most strange, that I look like a cow's skull on a stick.

I asked Leprosy about the match itself; I still knew little of the actual mechanics of the game. He pointed to the window and told me that the town crier blew his horn at the start of every match, and at its close. The players are grouped at their home bases, or goals, or whatever they are designated. They are elaborate huts, festooned with fetishes, wood paintings and sweeping, draconic beams. I asked Leprosy to sketch the hut; it is found below, though he is no artist, and I worry about his recollection.



the crack  
Kicking  
ridden

broom

He woke  
shoved

sleeped  
the k

for better,  
or worse  
for us,  
such I  
endless, or  
ugh I am  
weak, I  
then,  
  
a little  
the winter  
of  
at their  
They are  
ings and  
sketch  
artist, and



the crackle of the fire, so as not to wake  
Killing Soda late The Sea, the tumult.  
old drunk who seems to live in the  
broom cupboard opposite the rec room.  
He woke anyway, and grumbled and  
shoved us out, before returning to his  
sleepy and brown toes, propped by  
the kilo.

The players line up, facing the tree line, the edge of the pitch, with numbers of paths winding into the trees. They start singing the Farewell Song, a melancholic tune that signals the symbolic departure of the players from their strange little home. I set up my recording device before asking Leprosy to sing it; out of guilt and politeness he began to recite it softly for me, barely over

He trailed  
not Leprosy  
Apparently the  
imagine him,  
his staff lax  
pulsating with  
other things in the

Tina & Jim visiting 13-14th  
Nicky, Lisa, Lucy 15th 20-21st  
Natalie, Book Club  
@ Government

over things  
super con.

Print photos & frames  
3rd (cont) 6pm  
- Talk 20th  
Chris

2nd Nov. Med. C

Special  
group  
and  
group

2nd Nov. Med. C

Chris

11th

12th

13th

14th

15th

16th

17th

18th

19th

20th

21st

22nd

23rd

24th

25th

26th

27th

28th

29th

30th

31st

1st

2nd

3rd

4th

5th

6th

7th

8th

9th

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16th

17th

18th

19th

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21st

22nd

23rd

24th

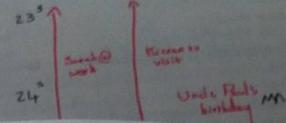
25th

12

11/7

13

↑ Chris' birthday



Retiring to my room, I asked Leprosy to explain the small bottle I had found on the drawing of the K!K!K! players. He told me that it was a vial of scatterbird blood, slain at the beginning of the match and given to the players to do with as they will. I asked him what he had done with it but he merely shook his head, fiddling with my Tarot Harp. The pig-headedness of these people! He has a tendency to fiddle; he is nervous and slow, almost bloated in his personality. I asked him what he had done when he was let into the woods, at the start of the match. He turned to me, smiling for the first time since I had met him, and told me that he had split from the group, and ran every match, and off on his own. He is a very ugly man home bases, or goal, and rebellious, scared, feeble and foolish, elaborate hats, etc from what I have heard, he is the sweeping, draconic best sort of player.  
the hut; it is fine.  
I worry about his

He told me about children  
win K!K!K!, nine  
the people of Loss  
the woods, two men  
woodland, and he  
tell me little about  
danger, and he  
raining in the wide  
cross had floated  
he said that  
above the water  
his feet in +  
and up and  
water had  
trailing ri  
in one h  
sag. It

Uncle Paul's  
birthday MN

explain the small  
KIKI player. He  
d, slain at  
years to do  
with it

Tarot Harp.

tendency to  
in his

was let  
d to me.  
and ran

ugly man  
d foolish.  
s the

He told me about Child Sleeps Through Fire, the first ever player to win KIKIKI!, nine years after Whisper, supposedly, gave it to the people of Loess. He said that he had seen the champion, in the woods, two months into his <sup>8th</sup> march. He had been in deep woodland, and had spied a castle on the next rise (he will tell me little about gameplay itself - there is competition, and danger, and he goes suddenly quiet). It had not stopped raining in two weeks, and as he searched for a way to cross the wide, lazy tributary that blocked his path, the man had floated up the river. In the water, and told me that water is the place where the world is, he told me that he had heard terrible music I asked him if he was dead, and he said that I did not understand, that the man had floated above the water, like deer or insect striders. He trailed his feet in the water, and floated straight past Leprosy and up and around the bend in the river. Apparently the water had boiled as he passed. I could imagine him, trailing ribbons of prehistoric cotton, his staff lax in one hand, his body emaciated and pulsating with sag. It seems that there were forgotten things in the

Tues & Jen visiting 13 - 14th  
 Nick, Liz & Kirby away 20 - 21st  
 16th Bodhi Book Club @ Greenhead  
 3pm - Meeting of  
Kara & Leon  
@ 1pm  
 2pm - Chris' birthday MM  
 8pm - Podcast of Paddy  
 23rd Uncle Fred's birthday MM  
 24th Sarah @ work  
 Miriam in  
 25th Uncle Fred's birthday MM

woods, things that even the Mayor did not know about.  
 I asked him if this had happened. He told me it had,  
 and turned on my cubby towards the window, and  
 that was that. I could not ask him again. He had  
 looked at me, and for some reason I could ask no more.  
 I never really understood, in all he told me, how points  
 were scored; he told me about the Whisper Grass Section,  
 the great maze, the caves, the mountain and the Aground -  
 a huge wrecked galleon sunk into the rock and reportedly  
 filled with spirits; all of them are challenges to be overcome.  
 He would not tell me who, or what, they contained,  
 what ~~the~~ armour he wore, what swords he plucked, what  
 Maidens he had kissed; it all seemed like a fairytale.

Friend had told me that the pitch went under the  
 mountains, under the town, under the rivers, beneath our  
 very feet. Leprosy wiped the scar on his hand, the  
 long, lateral one that had the shine of pie casing,

and smiled  
 and as we a  
 the corner of  
 the inkwells  
 The game (becomes  
 if the sun  
 there are m  
 and he blo  
 back from  
 good hero  
 me to h  
 it was d  
 hard th  
 he had  
 home.  
 Those w  
 ceremony  
 or th

and smiled softly at this. He produced ours from his jacket pocket  
and as we are we devised a game of flicking shells into  
the corner of the small writing table I had brought with me;  
the inkwells served as goals.

The game (K!K!K!, that is) seems to end if the Mayor  
becomes bored, if any one of numerous prophecies are fulfilled,  
if the sun hits the bark of a certain tree in a certain light;  
there are many more conditions. The town crier is notified,  
and he blows his trumpet again, and the players must turn  
back from their journey and return to where it all began; as all  
good heroes of myth and story must, I suppose. Leprosy took  
me to his room and showed me his vial of scatterbird blood;  
it was dusty and empty. He told me that when he had  
heard the trumpet, he was the only one who made it back;  
he had lain a trail of blood, winding through the trees, back  
home.

Those who return to their base are greeted by Father, a  
ceremonial, costumed role, usually played by the Mayor,  
or the town witchdoctor, or someone in a position of

Tony & Jen visiting 13-14th  
Nick, Liz & Kirby boy 20-21st  
Wife Barbara Book Club  
Gymnastique

3hr - Meaning of  
Kate & Leon  
@ 1pm

Print photos & frames  
3rd (cont) 6pm  
Talk about  
Oscar

24 Nov Mid-Cream  
Crawford  
25th -  
Christmas

26th -

November  
C. J. &  
Writing

27th - 1

28th -  
Dinner  
at Jim's

Writing

29th - 19th

30th -

31st -

Writing

32nd -

33rd -

34th -

35th -

36th -

37th -

38th -

39th -

40th -

41st -

42nd -

43rd -

44th -

45th -

46th -

47th -

48th -

49th -

50th -

51st -

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59th -

60th -

61st -

62nd -

63rd -

64th -

65th -

66th -

67th -

68th -

69th -

70th -

11/2

12

13

8am PT + 10/11

23°

24°

Sarah @ work

Karen to work

Uncle Paul's birthday

respect. There is something of an archetype in Leprosy; description; this thing is the father of everyone who has ever left home, or escaped cruelty, or felt the pang of wandering. He is the one who turned his back as they left, or who forced them to leave, treating them as the idiot son, the wastrel, the runt. The costume, he ~~told~~ told me, is terrifying; he truly felt like a child facing his father, face bloodied, clutching his prize or not at all; though there seems to be no definite goal or prize in K! K! K!

He was then asked to tell Father everything he had done in the forest. He had completed very few challenges, he said; he had run, for the most part, lost, pissing in mulberry bushes. But he had lied to Father. He told him of the Algebra Lizard, fighting haunted helmets, crossing the lake with his pole, bridges for mice, band-saws that walked and danced in great convents.

Father had evidently believed his lies. Since his march

he has been held  
those minuscule  
a paragon of  
epitome of  
He was proud  
He had not  
how when  
let him down  
about other  
had happy  
me an  
He then  
I tried  
asleep  
floor  
way to  
final  
tryin

in Leprosy's  
who has ever  
of wanderlust,  
r who forced  
the wasted  
tying; he  
bloodied,  
seems to  
d alone in  
e said.  
in  
told  
ets,  
ce,  
rents.  
March

he has been held up by his fellow players, in an example of  
those moments religious that exist everywhere; he is like  
a paragon or a saint, but quite the opposite; the  
epitome of the decadent that is so integral to the game.  
He was proud of himself, still,

He had nothing to drink, and it was that late, dark  
hour when men like to, I led him back to my room and  
let him demolish my stores. I asked him about other matters,  
about other players; had he ever killed anyone? What  
had happened to his team? He was quite drunk, calling  
me an arsehole foreigner before kissing me on the forehead.  
He then climbed into my bunk and fell soundly asleep.  
I tried to rouse him several times. Friend's brother was  
asleep outside ~~the~~ door, an extinguished cigarette on the  
floor beside him. He was dreaming of running or chasing, the  
way he was twitching, as a dog does. I thought it wise to go  
to Leprosy's bed. His desk held several maps, and  
finally had time to study them. It seems that he was  
trying to draw the pitch from memory.



Previous page: Death  
of a Friend, with her  
gift, February 28th

Tom & Jan visiting 13-14th  
 Nick, Liz & Lucy too stay 20-21st  
 North Beach Book Club  
 @ Government House  
 3pm - Meeting of  
 Kate & Leon  
 @ 1pm  
 1st birthday  
 8th Jupiter conj.  
 Print photos & frames  
 5th (Conc) 6pm  
 - Talk @ Crawford  
 Creative.  
 7th New  
 moon  
 12th Crawford  
 20th - Forums  
 11th  
 Christ  
 14th

11

12  
 13  
 14 8pm - Podcast w/ Paddy  
 14 Rebecca's birthday M

23<sup>rd</sup>  
 24<sup>th</sup> Snack @ work  
 25<sup>th</sup> ~~Uncle Phil's~~  
 Uncle Phil's birthday M

### April 15th

Something has happened to Friend; her behaviour over the last week has become more and more erratic. We were on the Boardwalk today, and, quite without merit, as I was speaking on my theories of the dermatology of cartographile skin, she grabbed an armful of books from me and threatened to throw them into the river. It is ~~as if~~ as if she has started to hate me. She called me an elephant without knowing what one was. I had shown her a picture once and it had bored her, and now she uses this to hurt me.

The little girl from the floor above has gone, as has her father. Today at breakfast I heard the sound of heavy machinery outside the window, and the building shook and dislodged dynasties of insects like mobiles of legs above my head. My first trip outside, to buy chicken paste, I saw that their room, their entire apartment, had been ripped from the building at h

as smoothly as one  
 once before, after  
 building a month  
 confounds me, dema  
 I cry to go d  
 people are sec  
 these deaths. It s  
 perhaps it i  
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 I went to  
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 had been  
 son, E

volcano  
 He is  
 for ev

as one selects eggs from the shelf). I had seen this  
once before, after the funeral of an old woman from a neighbouring  
building a month ~~ago~~; it seems that at every turn these people  
confound me, demolishing whatever I can build of sense. 1200 x 2  
Breach 24168 -  
11%.

I try to go days without thinking of it. Friend told me that  
people are scared, that children keep getting sick. There have been  
deaths. It seems that everywhere I go I see the dirty heads of  
these children. They all seem to rub soot onto their ~~brows~~<sup>brows</sup>;  
perhaps it is a juvenile sign of mourning. I had at first  
thought that they wore their hats too tight, but more and more  
children appear with it. The disease, it seems, is spreading.

I went to the Mayor's office to find out what had happened  
to the man and his daughter, and the Mayor told me that they  
had been moved down the valley "for their own safety". His  
son, Book Burnt For Secrets, played with a papier-mâché  
volcano that had been constructed for him on the floor.  
He is a fat, sweaty boy, one that I have had a dislike  
for ever since the incident with the dung. The Mayor rugged  
at his clothing, and has now begun to sweat in

Paul's  
Friday M

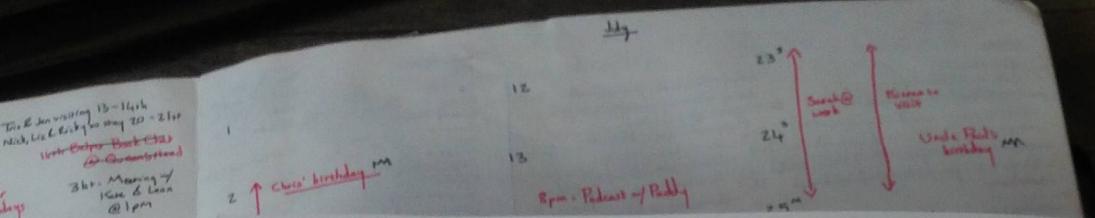
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re on the  
I was speaking  
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as smoothly as one selects eggs from the shelf. I had seen this once before, after the funeral of an old woman from a neighbouring building a month ~~ago~~; it seems that at every turn these people confound me, demolishing whatever I can build of sense. 1200 x 2 Breath 24/68 - 11%

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symbiosis with his son. I finally asked after the boy's mother, and he ejected me from his office with as much aplomb as he could muster. I was escorted to the square, where two men, bearded and with flour dusting their flanks, stood by the Execution Venn, staring at some hidden spot in ellipsis, sharing a cheroot. The disease is making the townsfolk superstitions to the point of madness. The last few days I have begun to smell something that I have only smelt twice before, once at Belsen and once in Ur; the scent of cooking meat toffee-sweet in a way that only one animal is when burnt, and I felt the tingling of my nostrils as my allergies to ash and hair remembered themselves and kicked.

I retreated to my apartment, my little knockhole becoming more and more comforting with each passing day, and found the heart I had given to friend in its two pieces, nestled in its wrapping my door. I brought it inside; one of the aorta had broken off. That was at four o'clock; it is long past dark now, and I mourn my chicken paste. I will write for the evening,

and watch for  
know. They may  
hide the lights

the boy's  
much afraid  
where two  
stood

spot in its  
townfolk uneasy  
I have  
before,  
sking meat,  
burnt, and  
h and hot

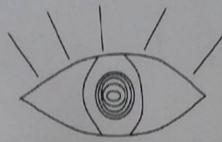
ng more and  
I had

opping at  
off.

ow, and

in

and know. watch for corpse fires. If they are burning bodies, I will  
hide. They may not talk to me, these inbred, but they cannot  
see the lights of fires at night.



THE FIRST LOSS LEISURE SCHOOL FOR THE BRIGHT-EYED  
DEEP ARE OUR POCKETS, THAT WE MAY FINGER THE COINS IN OUR ~~SECRET~~ IN SECRET  
CLASSROOM REGISTER

TEACHER'S NAME: *Amelia Duke Young Dungs*

NOTE TO TEACHERS: PLEASE WRITE STUDENT'S FULL NAME - IT MAY BE TEDIOUS, BUT IS ESSENTIAL

NOTE ANY ABSENCES IN RED INK AND FORWARD TO THE SCHOOL MASTER

Name	Age	Week 1	Week 2	Week 3	Week 4	Week 5	Week 6	Week 7	Week 8	Week 9	Comments
Father Shot In Leg	9	x	o	o	o	o	x	x	x	x	Father is often ill from school; his mother complains of his tinnitus and vertigo. He did manage a few days in each week, though by Week 6 he was ill, and we have not heard from his mother. Likely vertigo.
Drunk At Christmas	10	o	o	x	o	o	x	x	o	x	Drunk is a bully and a drunk, and his attendance was erratic. Towards the end of term he came in looking haggard and increasingly ill, and the School Master had no choice but to send him home for fear of infection.

Cousin's Kiss	9	o	o	x	o	o	o	o	o	x	Cousin missed a few days in the middle of term, though fears were allayed as she is still with us, despite being missing last week because of a punctured lung.
---------------	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

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Name	Age	Week 1	Week 2	Week 3	Week 4	Week 5	Week 6	Week 7	Week 8	Week 9	Comments
Father Shot In Leg	9	X	0	0	0	0	X	X	X	X	Father is often ill from school; his mother complains of his rinnitus and vertigo. He did manage a few days in each week, though by Week 6 he was ill, and we have not heard from his mother. Likely vertigo.
Drunk At Christmas	10	0	0	X	0	0	X	X	0	X	Drunk is a bully and a rascal, and his attendance was erratic. Towards the end of term he came in looking haggard and increasingly ill, and the School Master had no choice but to send him home for fear of infection.

Cousin's Kiss	9	0	0	X	0	0	0	0	0	X	Cousin missed a few days in the middle of term, though fears were allayed as she is still with us, despite being missing last week because of a punctured lung.
Hand In Trousers	10	0	0	0	0	0	X	X	X	X	Hand came into school in Week 3 with ugly bruises around his head; this was before the Town Order was sent round. We kept him in for a few weeks, but had to quarantine him as soon as we knew.
Joy Ar Violence	10	0	X	0	0	X	X	X	X	X	There are rumours of domestic trouble and god worship at her home; her absence could be due to disease or abuse. It is not our business.
Squeamish In The Face Of Dry Hands Rubbing	10	0	0	X	0	X	X	0	X	X	Squeamish seemed to bear the blight, after he contracted it, and was allowed back into class. Unfortunately he relapsed and his death was announced last week.

Book Burnt For Secrets	9	0	0	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	The Mayor removed his son at the first possible juncture; we can only hope for his safety.
Gagging on Wooden Spoon	11	0	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	Gagging, and her parents, have not been seen in town for months. Their home is abandoned, and we do not expect her back.
First Bath In Winter	10	0	0	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	First Bath was one of the early victims. His desk has been turned to the back of the class; no-one will own up to it.
Spiders Crawl On Him	9	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	N/A

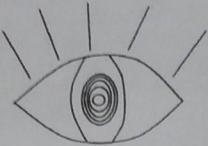
Dreams of Royalty	9	X	X	0	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	Dreams has left to be home-tutored; I hope that she is safe.
Scatterbird Caught Alone	9	0	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	Scatterbird and Spiders were best friends and neighbours, and so the call that he had passed on came as no surprise.

Gagging on Wooden Spoon	11	○	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×		Gagging, and her parents, have not been seen in town for months. Their home is abandoned, and we do not expect her back.
First Bath In Winter	10	○	○	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×		First Bath was one of the early victims. His desk has been turned to the back of the class; no-one will own up to it.
Spiders Crawl On Him	9	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	N/A	

Dreams of Royalty	9	×	×	○	×	×	×	×	×	×	×		Dreams has left to be home-tutored; I hope that she is safe.
Scatterbird Cawgur Alone	9	○	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×		Scatterbird and Spiders were best friends and neighbours, and so the call that he had passed on came as no surprise.

Gagging on Wooden Spoon	11	○ X X X X X X X X X	Gagging, and her parents, have not been seen in town for months. Their home is abandoned, and we do not expect her back.
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Spiders Crawl On Him	9	X X X X X X X X X	N/A

Dreams of Royalty	9	X X ○ X X X X X X	Dreams has left to be home-tutored; I hope that she is safe.
Scatterbird Caught Alone	9	○ X X X X X X X X	Scatterbird and Spiders were best friends and neighbours, and so the call that he had passed on came as no surprise.



### THE TOWN OF LOSS

TOWN HALL COMMITTEE

### OFFICIAL DOCUMENT

The Loss Town Incineration Bureau

May 1st

Parents, Ash And You: Infant Destruction Order No. 17

This is a PUBLIC DISPLAY ORDER relating to Order No. 17: INFANT DESTRUCTION AND DISPOSAL. Articles below, if applicable, are to be complied with at a date no later than MIDNIGHT ON JUNE 21st. Any failure to do so could result in judicial action.

#### ARTICLE 1 - SYMPTOMS OF INFECTION

The infection appears first in the form of black rings around the forehead of the child; the child will not complain of discomfort, though the bands will look like patterned bruising; if the pattern resembles bird-flight or crossed blades seek professional advice immediately. The doctor's banishment has temporarily been lifted in light of the current emergency, and can be booked for appointment in the [redacted] in the Town Hall. The child may complain of visions on the theme of hiding, secrecy or the clandestine; deal with such complaints in a soothing, non-confrontational manner. Under no circumstances should the child be allowed to realise their plight, or become alarmed; this can elevate the spread of infection and cause the child distress. UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES SHOULD THE CHILD BE CAUSED DISTRESS. The Loss Town Incineration Bureau have released a range of confectionery designed to lower stress and suspicion in infants; they are available at Sinister And Dexter's for a nominal price.

#### ARTICLE 2 - CONTINUATION OF SYMPTOMS

Around two weeks after the illness first is detectable the bruising around the forehead will begin to disappear. The child will become withdrawn and feverish; contusions on the hands and pads of the fingers will appear, akin to blisters or sores. The arms will begin to stiffen and the child will have difficulty rising. These symptoms are known to vary depending on the child and their temperament. Typically the nest will begin in the back garden, toilet or mushroom cellar of the child's home; the defining characteristics of

1

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into the streets,  
square, and on  
blunder gracefully.

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May 20th  
Town in  
what we in  
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buried

Town

May 20th

You see what the Town Hall sends to families; so cold, so hurtful  
to parents of dying infants! There is barely anyone in the streets.  
I seem to only see Friend dull-eyed, wandering from the  
graveyard to the almost-empty shops, on to her apartment.  
We speak rarely, now. Her father is busy burying those who  
wish to be buried. The ash is like snow ~~—~~; the  
townspeople seem to have an aversion to being interred, and  
only a few in every generation do so. The Pyres have slipped  
into the streets, and nave of Whisper's great church, and the  
square, and onto the river in long lines of pontoons that  
blunder gracefully, like fat, smoking jellyfish, downstream.

There seems to be no scriptural aspect, only personal  
opinion and taste. The dead are the dead.

I attended the funeral of Spider's Nest in Barn yesterday;  
he had been ill for weeks, though not with the disease.  
I never knew how old he was, and no-one would tell  
me. He had spoken to me a few days before he died,

not bedridden but sat at his desk whistling through his teeth and scooping wax out of himself with a special spoon, that he was glad that he had lived to see the death of his people. I told him that it was not the death of all of them, that only a few children had died, and he had nodded grimly. The old bat's funeral was short, as Mr. Light had to continue his duties. The Long Men Tails placed on his grave, traditionally by female mourners, were quickly removed by the attendees of the next ceremony, sweating in their navy robes. They demolished the library today.

Three days ago I had maintained my post in my apartment for nearly a week; I was becoming ornamental, calcified, terrified to leave the room. The people were of a weird disposition, even more so than usual, and what began as a fascination ~~with~~ with their idiosyncrasies became like looking into a very deep ocean trench, where light does not reach and the fish hurriedly grow as many eyes and mouths and fins as possible, and eat each other in a horribly

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rapid fashion as if the film that they are projected from has been sped up. They are mice in a cigar box resorting to cannibalism. There is a strangeness and a brutality to their quotidian business, the burning of their children, the murder of their elderly, their keening as if to some Stygian god, though the gods are the last thing they would keen for. They scream to themselves, and having seen the wailing for the Gentiles in Jerusalem, the cutting of labia for Ouroboros in Chad and the pissing on trees and scattering of seeds in Canada, a people with no religion, with no-one to turn to, is a horrific thing indeed. I had not removed my mask in that time at all; the advent of the disease had made me cautious, and the recycled air and carbon were starting to solidify at the end of my trunk.

On that day, ready to bond with the floor and become some sort of mineral, I heard a knock at the door. I bounded to it, expecting it to be Friend come to apologise for her indiscretion, or someone bringing food. I was neither wrong nor correct. It was the town ~~were~~ witchdoctor, the tall, shapely girl of

n twenty years or so with a crop of white hair that stood  
a around her face like a battle helmet. I had never heard her  
t name, only the title of "Long Man", and her supposed  
Hi age that ran into the thousands; a ceremonial age, surely.  
I In my study of the Hidden Press I imagine that she was  
considered one of the original "Long Men", a primogenitor  
of women, one of the scarred castratos that had caused  
the genesis of the gods. I had forgotten that she existed;  
she was barely spoken of. She wore a formal yet sumptuous  
dress of blue, covered in small flowers; when she curtsied I  
saw scars and tattoos, their forms indistinct, high up on her  
legs.

She asked how I was, and handed me a small tin of chicken paste that I cut my fingers on as I scooped the thin mess from it, not caring that she watched me. I had forgotten that I had my gas mask on and smeared the filter with paste. I asked her to leave while I ate, and when she refused my hunger compelled me to remove it to eat. It did not seem to matter, now.

She asked me if I seemed so calm  
camera and followed her  
I remember like set in, and barbecue. He into the canal of people ro No-one took transparency it was because I remember dark heads of so their own the Town sweet shop and wilting from the away from

She asked me to go with her, and though I was scared she seemed so calm and matter-of-fact that I gathered my camera and recording box, strapped them to my back and followed her down the stairs to the street below.

I remember little of the journey to her home; darkness had set in, and there were fires everywhere and the tang of barbecue. Humped, crying shapes were pushing other shapes into the canals, and as we reached the main street long lines of people roamed it, peering into shops, coughing and nervous. No-one looked at her, or me; her anonymity and transparency apparently now extended in my presence. Perhaps it was because I was without my mask.

I remember dark shapes that seemed to me to be the bobbing heads of some demon were the nests of children, filled with their own faecal scratchings; I have read the dispatch from the Town Hall. We left the Old Town behind, and the sweet shops, and the beetroot fields that were past season and wilting black, full of vegetable liquid and sludge from the river. ~~Her~~ Her home, it seemed, was set far away from town. I asked her if she believed that she

had any magical powers. She said that she did not. I asked her name. She told me, simply, turning and lit up by distant flames, that her name was Cunt. I was taken aback by such a creature uttering such a phrase, and asked her who had given her this name. She remarked that her mother had, and turned back and walked further into the woods.

We came, after half an hour or so of hard walking, to a barrier of sorts. We were in the midst of the conifer forest, rising up the side of a mountain. I realised that we were heading north, to the holy mountain of Loss, nameless. On the ground was a silvery line, wet like a slug's trail, that extended in a large curve on both sides into the wood. I asked her what it was, and she told ~~me~~ me that it was as far as the townspeople would come. I realised then; it was human spit, washed against the line in a ridge. The people came all the way out here to spit on the borders of her home. They called her the foulest word that I could think of in the English tongue. They hated her.

Nov 2017 →  
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The path continued for another five minutes or so, winding up to ~~an~~ an utterly hermetic position in a crag of basalt above the mainland. Her hut was here, unremarkable, raised on stilts like those of the farmers, thatched and circular, with five storeys. She led me inside.

I had expected more, if I am honest. It was a farmer's hut.

There was not one Long Man Tail; she said that she had no use for them. She brewed beet tea in a samovar, and I saw the smoke meander to the upper floors through a hole in ceiling. She took off her shoes and I saw her feet were hard and gnarled like that of furniture. For such an animal to end in such extremities shocked me. She said that she walked a lot.

We spoke, for a long time. She showed me her wand, given to her by the Town Hall or divine providence, she would not specify; I realised that I had seen her on the day of my welcome, in a shawl and carrying her wand, tipped like a knife, sitting behind the Mayor. She told me about her life, and her role in the town's fortunes. I set up my recording equipment, after a time, to preserve

her voice. ~~She~~ a singular accent - quite different from her fellows.  
and she agreed, providing that I concealed her face on the negative.  
I promised her I would do this. I was compelled to keep such  
a small promise. She was different from any woman I had met.

After an hour or so she suddenly rose and asked me to leave.  
She walked me back down the mountain, to the border of spit,  
and bade me goodbye. I saw her pale head bobbing like a  
Nippon lantern back through the trees, but I turned and hurried  
~~to~~ ~~siren~~ to the town, the sounds of wailing low like a  
~~siren~~, the fires smouldering, ready to be rekindled in the morning.  
I went straight to sleep and spent the next day reading.

I have heard people say that the Mayor is sick, though  
no-one will dare enter his quarters to check him for the  
black soot. Friend cannot possibly mourn the loss of  
her step-father; she always told me that she hated him,  
that he made her ~~step~~ father spiteful. We had both  
hated his son. A few days ago I sat by my window

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watching mushrooms of ash drift away up the valley, when a small belch of flame licked itself and vanished into the clear airlock of the upper atmosphere. The sparks had hit fat curling and leaping itself into the sky, <sup>and</sup>) knew then that I had seen the last flight of his hateful little pig of a son. I wish she had been with me so that we both could have laughed; I pitied the Mayor, but the dung had stunk for days, and I did not mourn the boy. Though perhaps he had been her cousin, or her half-brother; the ethnic nepotism that these people practise means that I can never tell who is related to whom.

I have already begun planning my exit from the valley; I made careful note of the route that the rube from the woods brought me when I came here, and I have streamlined my pack so that I may run, if necessary. The town was hostile to me from the beginning, and though I have learnt much since coming here, this illness has shut the place up like a bivalve. There is nothing for me here. I will speak to Friend tomorrow about coming with me; I can take

her to Minerva's. They will look after her, and I can have her tell me more, to fill in the gaps in my knowledge. She has often spoken about leaving. And I should like to see her legs in a real dress.

May 21st

The town is quiet today: there are no fires, and the few people I have seen have greeted me cautiously as they pluck provisions from the supermarket. One man carried all of the nude photographs in a haversack. I have replaced my mask out of habit.

I went down the River Walk to try and escape the ash. It is an old street, bordered by high drystone walls and climbing ivy, snow blossoms and petunias, peppered with gateways leading to mansions and the observatories of the rich.

Before I reached the river I found a fresco, almost Etruscan, painted onto one of the walls; it showed a fearsome man holding some sort of ~~crown~~ (though it is not black) and standing astride a mountain. The accompanying poem

was written in  
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My attempt  
As I read  
The holes  
Look like  
Upturned at  
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a fearsome man  
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was written in the Tachygraph, and I attempted to translate;  
I would have no more instruction.

My attempt is below:

As I tread through snow  
The holes my feet make behind me  
Look like the nostrils of my enemies  
Upturned and skywards  
Their heads rolling in the fields.



A hand is visible on the left edge of the page, holding the photo.

Birthday  
10/30/05  
Dir - Colgate  
July 23rd  
Supply  
sewing

Nov 2019 →  
car in my  
garage

21 F  
1-30 pm

22 F

→ back to Derbyshire PM



21 T Pottery @ 6.30 pm

Previous page: The  
Last Mayor, July 3rd.

July 3rd  
He finally died  
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July 3rd

He finally died last night. Mr. Light has finally stopped pretending that he has any chance of living, and died. I helped set him alight last night, and dropped him into the river. As he dissolved his burning fat turned into a thick, musky soup that drifted downstream like some malignant carpet. There was fire on the water. His clothes fell away, and I saw that his member was tiny.

As I write this we are in my room; Friend will not go back to hers. The night is very dark with no fires to light it, and the sweet smell of the pines now melds with the crust on the water. The once leaping torrent is an orange waste, full of mud and the dead. The town is quiet. We are the only two left. I feel no real urge to write; we spend our evenings throwing the last healthy scions of the mushroom families into the fire, eating them browned and tart from the wood and the eggs the white insects leave. The black ones lie poisonous on the griddle. This whole town seems like a giant trap, now that I have no one to show me where to tread.

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Friend does not speak. The advice about the black bugs was one of the last things she said to me. I may as well be alone, as she does not care what I write, or the fact that I am writing; I head into town to bring her food. She heats over the stove, staring into the dotted tiles on the wall behind it. She lets me kiss her, but with no enthusiasm or hint of wanting me, and when I tried to pleasure her this morning she climbed back into the bed that we both cannot fit into. I want to help her. She does not display symptoms of the disease as yet, but her eyes are baggy and her cheeks are sunken. She is still pretty; not beautiful, but there is a pinch of what she once was.

My trips into town for food have been augmented with recently, with the people gone, animals have begun to appear in the town; coon, deer, scatterbird splitting in great squadrons that multiply as I approach. I see more and more of the ~~—~~ pageant weevils, at first only by the river and the docks, but as the days went on they

reached the main street, and their hive must be close by.  
Many of them have all their legs intact. Such a thing  
helps me, to see that at least someone is benefitting  
from this mess.

The Mayor's death has left the town hall open like a  
grieving thing; rot and silvertish Jam themselves into  
its layers. I risked a final trip inside to collect artefacts,  
but trees had sprung up from exploring seeds in the flowerbeds,  
and many of the rooms are locked. I wish to salvage something  
from what I have done, but I fear that much of this town  
will die with its inhabitants. Some new, thuggish myths  
will shoo'd off there way into history, and squat over the town,  
letting it die and thinking of the lies they can tell now  
that everyone is dead.

One thing I was able find, tucked in a drawer in the  
Mayor's office, was the official key of the town. It  
was the same one I had touched on the day I entered

Without thinking I added it to the growing pack, and as it got dark I brought it back for Friend. She regarded it without speaking, and I had her pose for the camera. The heiress of Loss, with her birthright. The town now belonged to her. She is the only one left. I realised in that moment that I have no idea how old she is. I have asked her but she just sleeps. I am worried about her. The ash is starting to settle in this capsuled mountain air, and every morning more and more of it is gathering in drifts six or seven feet deep. Yesterday I went to the edge of the K!K!K! field, to leave a token for Discovering Leprosy, and found that a wall of acacias and chrysanthemum had exploded into growth along its border, run through with briars, marjoram and all kinds of herbs. The ash was feeding the soil, and it all seems futile, really, our little hollow, beginning to the K!K!K! no way onto An hour has taken off my she has seen and she saw eyes. My before. It is sta atmospher to wear own co only how

little hollow, cooking and keeping it tidy, when the place is beginning to overgrow and decay. It seems that no secrets of the K!K!K! pitch will die with the towns; I can find no way onto it.

An hour has passed, and she is asleep again, coughing. I have taken off my mask as any benefit it may bestow seems wasted; she has seen my face once before, on the night we kissed, and she said that I had the most peculiar mouth, and nice eyes. My eyes are nice. I have never destroyed a people before.

It is startling how quickly the pathogen can enter the atmosphere after I take my mask off; it is a hard thing to wear all day every day, and you learn to crave your own company so that you may remove it. I had only taken it off for a moment to kiss her. And yet how is she not dead? Surely she should have

died first, breathing it in? Maybe it is all wrong. Maybe I don't carry this damned disease. But it does not matter, now. There was no point. counting all those breaths, all those cubed units of air, all that dividing and multiplying.

I thought I saw a light to the north, a few moments ago, as if the sun was hitting the mountain as depicted on our town's seal. In all my time here I have never bothered to check if the sun ~~really~~ does rise in the north every day. I will check tomorrow. It is all I can do, really.

~~There is so much I am a small man I cannot carry it. There is so much I do not understand, that these stupid, secretive folk would not give me~~

Tomorrow I will find medicine for her, something to make her feel better, and try to break into the

X!KIK!  
catalogue.

To Do

Pick up milk  
pick up med

Polish reli

Visit Cu

Pick up

Burn /

Bake

K!K!K! field. I have things to pick up. Things to catalogue. There is still much to do here.

To Do

Pick up milk (not rancid in hotel safe)

Pick up medicine

Polish relief on apartment 34's east wall

Visit Cunt's hut

Pick up customer ledger from re art cave

Burn last bodies

Bake pie for Friend. Raspberry? Onion?

See what has rotted.



## DEATH OF A FRIEND

Born the year that she was born, died  
the year that she died.

Move, my love, beneath  
With the orbit of bones, of bugs  
Still your vengeful feet  
From kicking through  
to my breathing lungs

7/29/17

8pm  
July 29th  
Sophie's wedding

Nov 2017 →  
car in my  
name.

~~Judy~~

Sam

BB.

Mr. North,

What you have just read is the entirety of the Eremite's legacy, and the only account of the town of Loss. We realise that it is a lot to ingest. Make sure that you have examined all of the artefacts, letters, notes and writings contained within the case. THIS IS VITAL.

It is imperative you catalogue, for your own benefit, everything that the Eremite left for us. When you have done so, I wish to turn your attention to the lining of the case. You will notice the lining can be pulled away. Do so. The objects inside have been hidden from prying eyes or any premature discovery by you. Please study them closely.

Thank you. We will be in touch.