

I tried to breathe very quietly, tried to not even breathe at all, and then went back to thinking, "What a bad spot I've gotten myself into. Couldn't I have just said my name is 'Rex Reynolds' and been done with it? What would be the problem with that? Why didn't I just start going by 'Rex Reynolds' from the very beginning?"

Well I knew that there were reasons I liked "why the lucky stiff", but I couldn't think of what they were. The name was a load of nonsense. Maybe that's why I liked it. But wasn't "Rex Reynolds" a load of nonsense? What does "Rex" mean anyway? The name "why" is introspective. It lends itself to profundity. Rex doesn't!

"Maybe that's better," I thought. "I don't know. How do I tell which name is better? It's a good thing people don't name themselves or they'd never come to a conclusion."

I picked up my suitcase again and went on walking through the forest.

The forest is a region. The night sky is a backdrop. This section of trees is a room. Tall, imposing trees are in this section of trees.

Alder is a kind of thing. The trees are alder. Up from this section of trees is the tiny opening in the trees through which I could see the stars.

The tiny opening in the trees through which I could see the stars is a room. Cassiopeia is here.

The night sky is in the forest. This section of trees is in the forest. The drainage is in the forest. The drainage is a room. The drainage is west of this section of trees.