We had driven for a long time before we drove into two hours ago.

The sun, that had already set in the world we left behind, still hung here, being squeezed harshly by the ceiling – or by the mountains? We had no idea and no intention to figure that out; all we had to know was that we were seeing the sun, the sun we were not allowed to see until the next day.

Then it leaped away. Disappeared. It was normal. It was evening. We anticipated this.

We certainly did not expect to meet it a few minutes later because it was achronological.

In the world we left behind, things always happened in a linear sequence. Time, it set everything for we. We needed to follow. Nothing more.

But time shrank here. We have seen it. Time was first squeezed into a slit, casted away, then back. It was a shame time didn’t get squeezed into a rubber ball. It would be even easier to mess with it then. A repetitive slit was enough, though, to simply, revengefully show time here was sheer chaos, to show that we pulled up with – even if not rowed down – it.

Time was non-linear, sinuous, tabbed. Time was mauled. If the world we had lived was defined as the earth then now we were nowhere.

We were in Altay.