**Beach Man and the random**

No one new Beach man is downing.

The beach man was a man of patterns and precision. Of new causes. A quintessentially proper noun. He would undertake tasks that new no bounds, that new no reason. He stood out on the beach looking out the horizon, the thing blue line, the painted wall of the ocean and thought there was meaning there. Each day the Ships, the large container ships came in and he would

His dating life went badly. He explained that, like Batman, he was an embracer of technology. He would take photos, and circle with a large black permanent maker and chart the positions. In

The world, enamoured the by the passer by. Some random. A fool, a momentary, Grecian proportion.

Fucking A Babe. Fucking A. Some guy called Josh or Joel or Zack or some such with fuck you attitude. was so good looking, so incredible.