

The traveller who passes through a narrow mountain valley, composed of barren rock and steep cliffs all around, may soon find themselves in the city of Nen. The city of Nen has no doors. The towers of the city, carved from the cold stone of the mountain, are composed only of small cells with no stairways, elevators, or any other conceivable means to transport the body between them. The people of Nen are born, live, and die, each within their own rooms. When the air is cold in the mornings and their only windows show the blue of the mountains, they are still and cold without arms to hold them. Yet, despite the citizens' solitude, the city remains connected, for each window holds beside it an assortment of thin clotheslines, connected to other windows in other rooms, in other towers. Along these lines messages can be sent and received, as well as food and drink, and all the things one needs to live. The messages are not the same as companionship, but to a woman who lives in Nen, it is all she will ever know. I leave Nen at dawn, surrounded by people, feeling very lonely.