

**TODAY
SHE STARTED
WITH**

C

**THE VINYL LETTERS IN DIFFERENT
SIZES AND COLORS SHE SOLD IN HER
SHOP FOUND THEIR WAY TO SHOARMA
TENTS, GARAGES AND SNACK BARS
THROUGHOUT THE CITY. MADAME C
REFUSED TO WORK BY COMMAND
SO SHE MADE SURE THAT THERE WERE
ALWAYS ENOUGH FIGURES AND
CHARACTERS IN STOCK.
THIS WAS HOW SHE MADE A LIVING.**

**TO AMUSE HERSELF, SHE BEGUN EACH
NEW ALPHABET AT A RANDOM PLACE.
BUT TODAY, WHEN SHE PLACED HER
KNIFE ROUTINELY ON THE VINYL
TO BEGIN THE FIRST CURVE, SHE
HESITATED. WHY HAD SHE STARTED
WITH THE FIRST LETTER OF HER OWN
NAME? MADAME C LIT A CIGARETTE.**

**DID SHE RECOGNIZE HERSELF IN THE
FORMS SHE CUT OUT OF PLASTIC?
DID SHE FEEL SHE LEFT A MARK ON
THE URBAN LANDSCAPE? DID SHE
FEEL THE AUTHOR OF HER ALPHABET?**

**THE YOUNG MAN WITH MANY
QUESTIONS HAD PASSED BY AGAIN
THIS MORNING AND SHE HAD REPLIED
THAT HER LATE FATHER HAD DESIGNED
THE MOLDS. SHE KNEW IT WAS AN
EVASIVE ANSWER, BUT SHE DID NOT
LIKE THE IDEA THAT THESE LETTERS
BELONGED TO HER PERSONALLY. SHE
TOOK HER KNIFE AND RESTARTED THE
CURVATURE OF THE C WITH A BIT
MORE FORCE THAN NECESSARY.**