

After I deleted everything, I went to lunch with Amanda.

We went to a diner and had coffee. I had an omelette and I think she had a sandwich. I don't think we had coffee, either, strictly speaking, I think we had something else. I think I had grapefruit juice and she had, maybe she had water.

I do know that she had on a striped hoodie, it was a short-sleeved hoodie. Purple mostly. I don't recall what shoes she had on.

"Should we wait until the food comes," she said, "before we talk about The Happening?" or should we just get started?"

Oh, yeah, so we weren't meeting to talk about me deleting anything, neither of us knew that I was going to be deleting anything when we set up this lunch, and she had (still has) no idea, I suspect, that I am even a computer programmer, we had arranged this the night before and the whole reason for the lunch was to contemplate our viewing of M. Night Shyamalan's The Happening.

"Should we start?"

"Do you have a lot to ~~stay~~ say?" I said.

"Not really," she said.

"We can reschedule," I said. "If you need extra time. #

"The trees!" she cried. "It was the trees!"

"Oh we're starting with the end then."

"Are we sure we want to talk about this one?"

"I want to," I said. "I liked it."

"You always like the worst things," she said. "You couldn't have liked it, you were laughing at it the whole time."

"Well, okay," I said. "Before we talk about the movie--"

"The film--"

"Right, before we get into the film, I feel like we need to talk about laughing during the movie."

"Uh huh," she said.

"I need to condemn my laughter and the heckling that I was party to."

"Ohhh," she grabbed her face. "No! So I'm left as the cynical hateful heckler." She tipped over until I couldn't see her.

Not that I don't want her to know, it's just never

during this section