

Dozens of bricks in two parallel lines are here. The angle of the bricks is a direction that varies. In the dozens of bricks in two parallel lines is no water. In the dozens of bricks in two parallel lines are dry reeds. Some fallen trees, some abandoned equipment, some discarded cans, and some old PVC pipe are scenery in the drainage.

The night sky is a backdrop. It is everywhere.

Perhaps the fallen tree is a door. Perhaps the fallen tree is west of the drainage and east of an area where I didn't go. Perhaps the fallen tree is not openable. An area where I didn't go is a dark room. My suitcase is a thing and pushable between rooms.

The collection of small graves is south of the drainage. The trail is south of the collection of small graves. The edge of the forest is west of the trail.

The brambles are north of the trail. Density is a kind of value. The densities are unencumbered, easy to brush aside, somewhat dense and impenetrable. The brambles has a density. The brambles are impenetrable. The timber-lined cottage is south of the edge of the forest. Instead of examining the timber-lined cottage: move the player to the red shed.

A shed is a kind of room. A shed is usually dark. The red shed is a shed. A rake is a kind of thing. A rake is in every shed. Sleep relates a man to one shed.

And, that night, sleep related me to a shed, as I am a man, and one who slept in the shed.

I thought there might be hay in here, but there wasn't. Just a whole lot of tools. I laid down on the floor and tried to sleep. It wasn't so cold really. The door was coming off its