





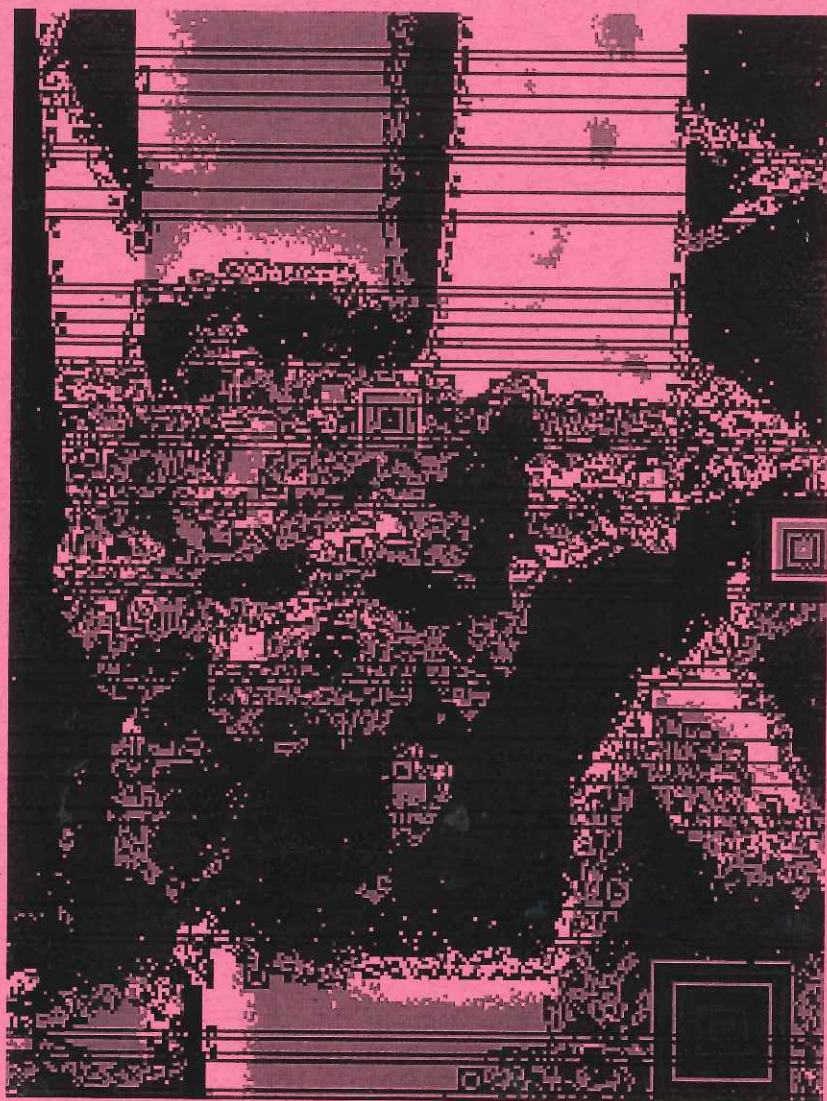
I miss having a
roof to sit on.

We can't do that
anymore.

It's like Twelve Monkeys. It's about the future, and changing the events that happen.

One small move might change anything. I was watching it, and things were changing. A whole universe. But then, it all changed differently to how it went the first time, when I watched La Jetée. I think that was the real future. The real universe. They fucked it up the second time. Right now, it's happening again. 12 Monkeys. I watch it and I think, if all these universes are falling apart right next to each other, what hope do we have. We've only got the one.

Flowers went a long time ago.
Across town, the only thing left
where they were are the skeletons
of teddy bears and bleached card,
cable tied to school railings.



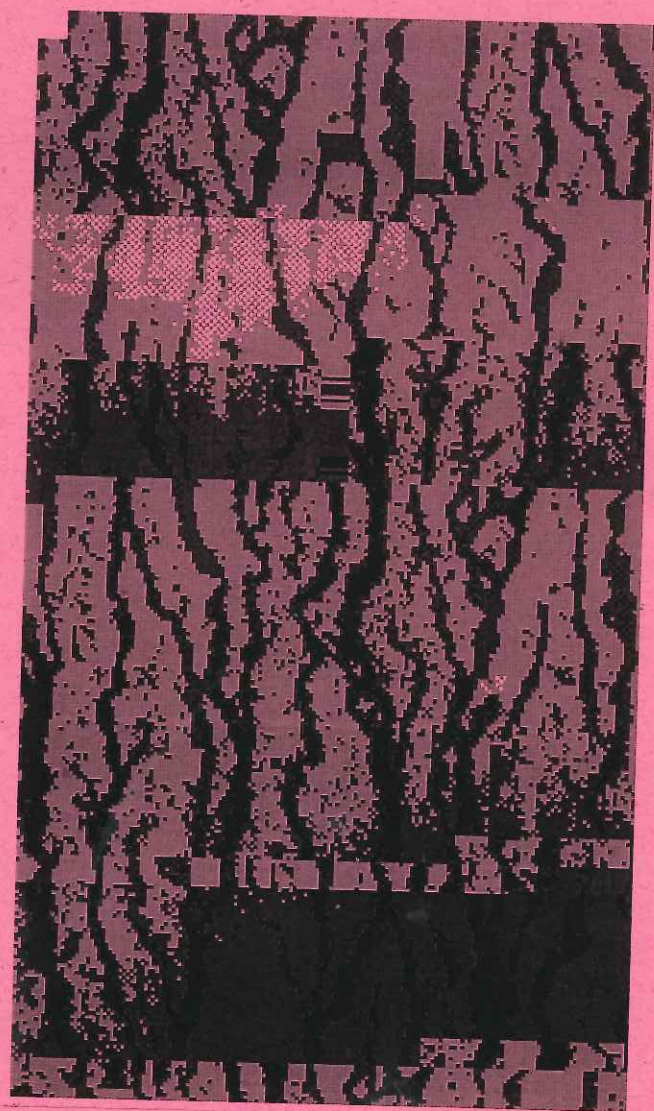
**Only you can see
this.**

**No one can see this
except you.**

There's a whole scene of kids bartering
with tin can microphones and hairpin
earpieces.

Tinkering away in LED lit tunnels to
make enough scrap into function
devices. Communications, soundsystems,
tamagotchi knockoffs.





**It all happens in the tube. Everyone
congregates there, day after day.**

**That's where you
get the best signal
to noise ratio.**

Everything means something.

**We make pets from electronic
spares. Beetles with microphone
heads connected together by
strands of data.**

Network of familiars.

