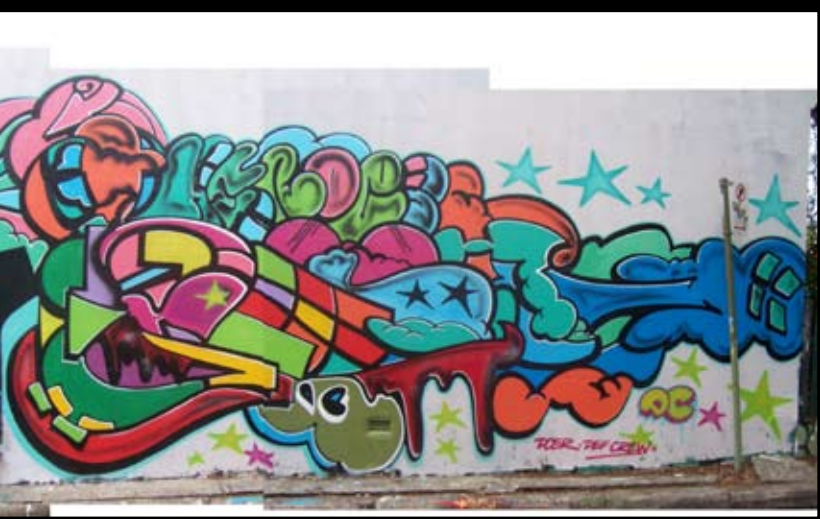


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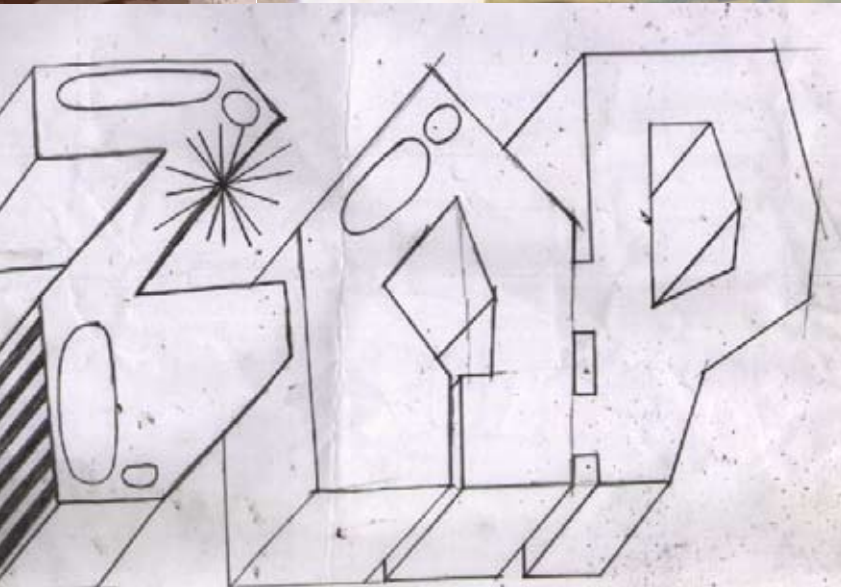


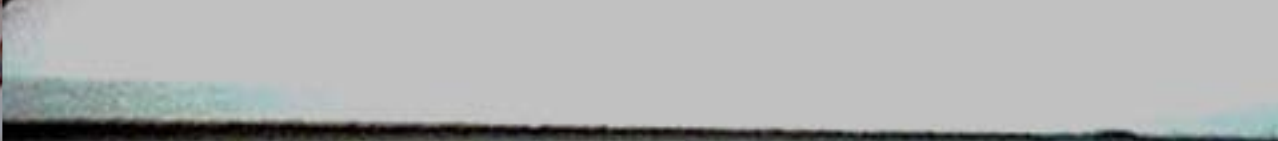
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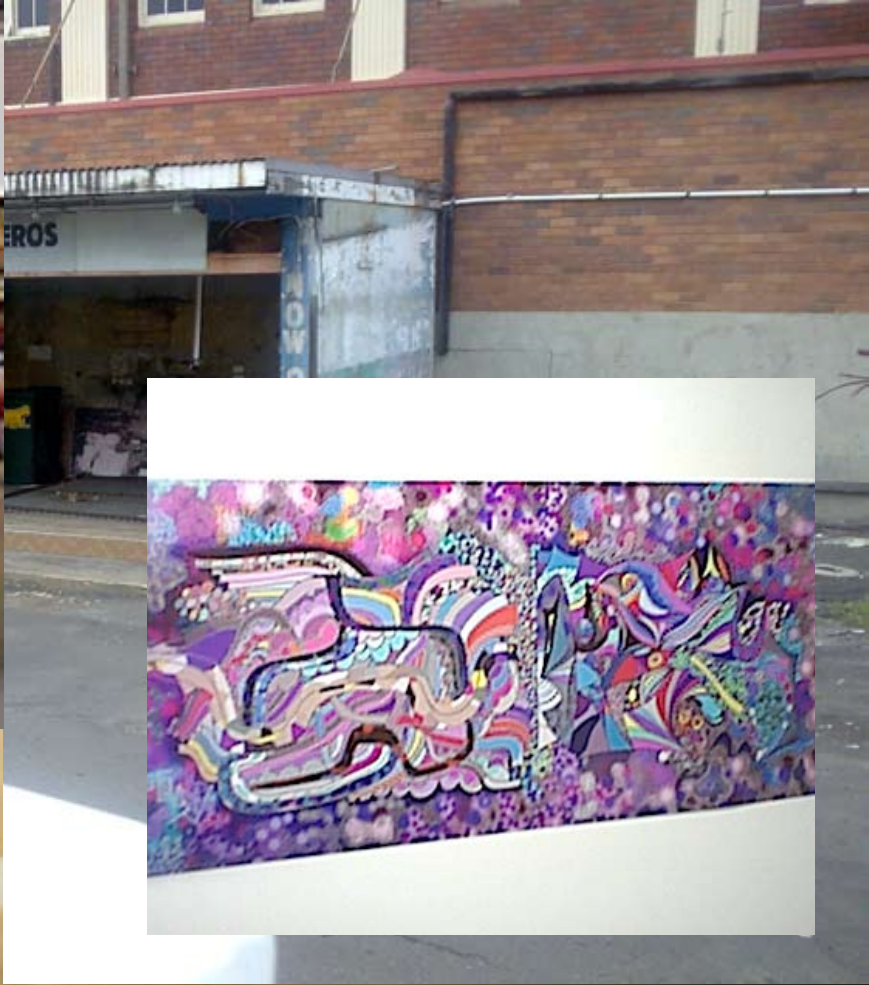


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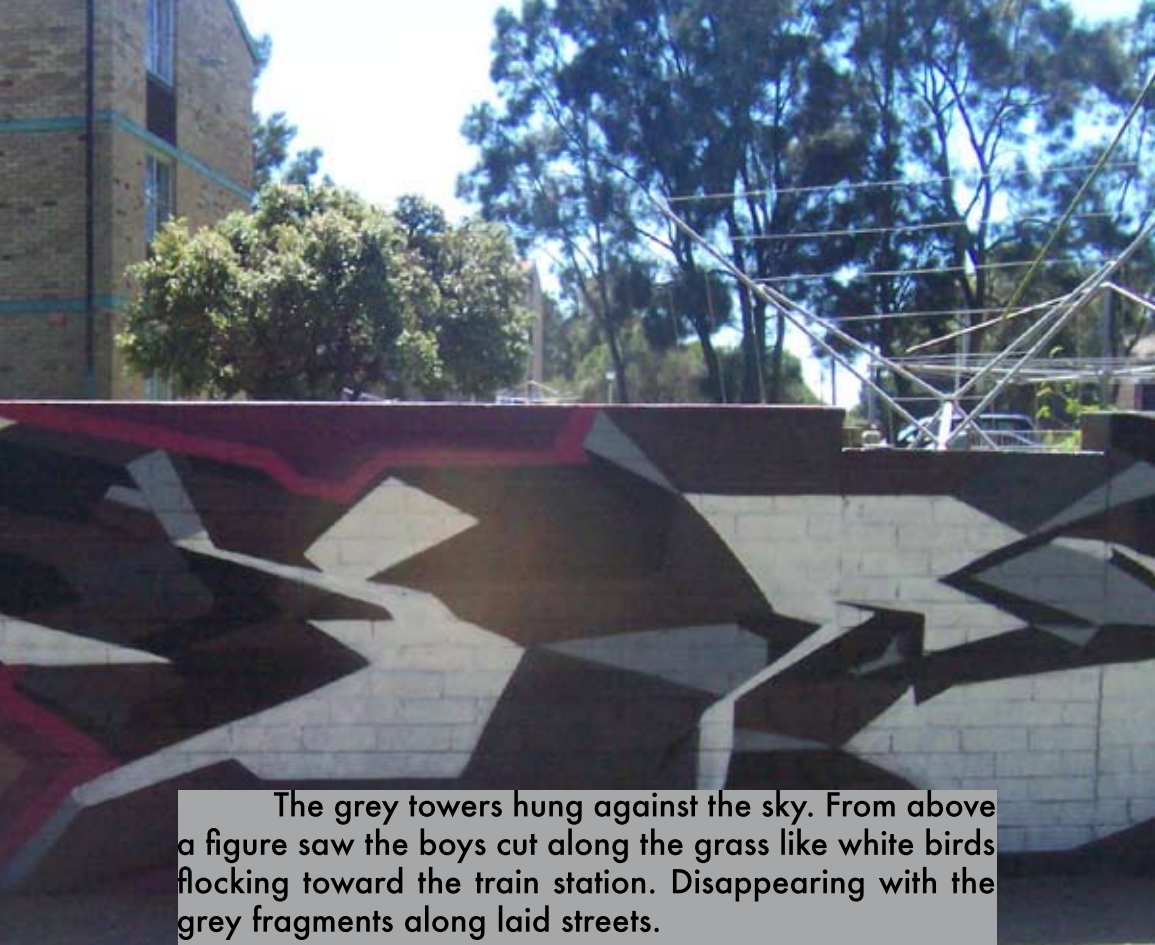












The grey towers hung against the sky. From above a figure saw the boys cut along the grass like white birds flocking toward the train station. Disappearing with the grey fragments along laid streets.







In a labyrinth of tunnels places appeared as much in dreams as in reality. Places I had never seen and places that I did not really belong. Fear had been passed from one generation to the next, loss had become an heirloom. Alcohol the currency of loss. The best you could expect was a brand name product anything less was not good enough.







