



#2

Everyone on the fare has their own way of dealing with what we see. The encounters usually stick more so with the new reality. It's a different experience entirely to be invited as a mother and to be a child driver even those don't enough to attempt to offer up resources and time towards exorcism. I don't know how people's faith sustains that. I can't get them how one goes about believing in a fairy tale after a night spent along those Lane. Gideon thinks that it's now (Sickles) to persist without sheltering under the entrapments of Roman Catholicism, but I can't bring myself to stomach the faith. The Platitudes may be empty. How can you place your life in the hands of a father at best neglectful and at worst actively malicious? They can't forgive a God who takes and takes and takes with no end in sight. It's all too much wrapped to bear. It's a what he does again



You were than you could be. I
~~can't~~ believe in it, as by now I
just think I don't want to.

Felix has taken to singing, these days.
They're pretty. I don't quite understand
the language in them - but I've
been trying to learn. His father dies from
the Gloom, even if it's sad something
about the touch of bitterness and
pinning in his voice strikes a chord
in me. It's soft, litting. He calls
me Störin. The heart was settled
in all Drydenne and the paper
he pens (with letters on Gumpes a
little in the heart. They smell of
violets. My sister once told me that
that particular hand set was so
difficult to copy, he speaks to
depression. He sleeps
back to back with me these
days. The weather is for too
Sweating for very much otherwise.
I place my feather in my bed ones.
What could be so wrong with that?



Felix sings - hums, more often when
 we're on patrol together. Gideon
 prays. We all have our ways of
 getting through it. I take a
 in shouting across the issue, I
 suppose - I try not to let it all
 get to me. I see the people that
 I love. That should be enough.
 And it is. It's different - I'm
 not shifaced on a Tuesday
 mid-afternoon, cheeks deep in whiskey.
 People drink to taste the edges of
 pain, as they finger the pages
 of their joy corner, brides old
 smoke that smolders again
 say at the

there is the only other
 fun who really rule the world.
 Felix can see ten layers, but
 he's just - Some things are
 some things, learning about
 you. Some things are
 some things. - go

