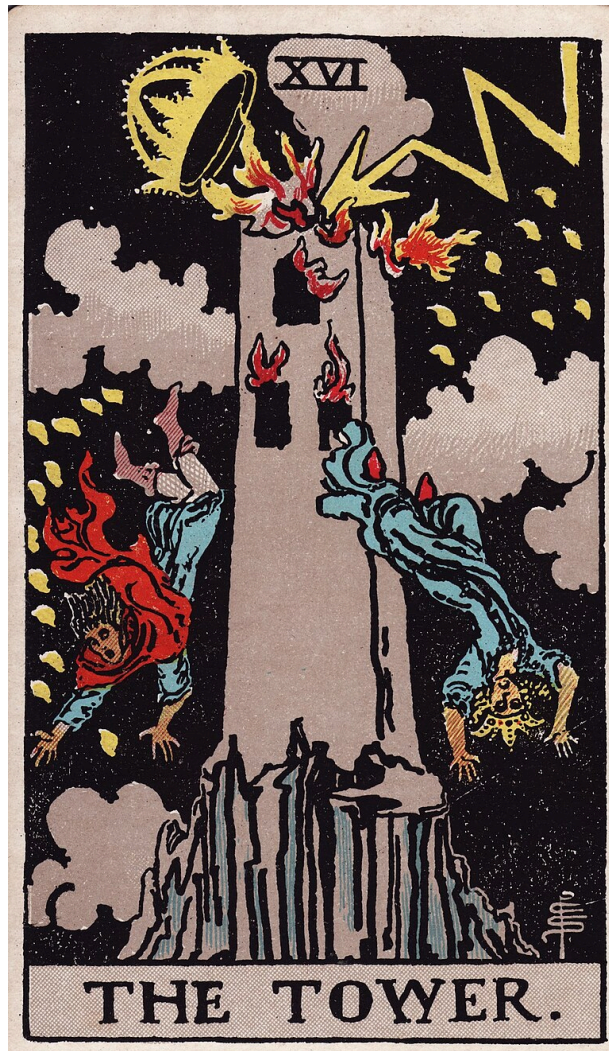


Lightning Strikes



by Charles Wolfegang Keane Tuomi

EVOLUTION

Charles Tuomi writes the short story “you then asia” in 2003.

One of his favorite short stories is “The Ones Who Walk Away from Omelas,” by Ursula K. Le Guin. He submits “you then asia” to ChiZine, an online dark fantasy magazine, for consideration. The editor at the time, Paul Tremblay, accepts the story, recommending a few small edits, and it is published in the July 2003 issue, number 17. It gets listed with hundreds of other stories as an Honorable Mention in *The Year’s Best Fantasy and Horror, Seventeenth Edition*, in 2004.

Charles and Paul meet in person for the first time a decade and a half later, during a Halloween Horror Fiction Festival held at the Haverhill Public Library in Haverhill, MA. Paul remembers “you then asia” and they briefly discuss it. Paul also signs multiple copies of his books for Charles, inserting a particularly cryptic, ominous yet fun-sounding warning inside the cover of *The Disappearance at Devil’s Rock*.

Charles never mentions *The Ones Who Walk Away*, Ursula K. Le Guin, or anything else that inspired “you then asia” to Paul and never publicly shares that information, either.

Paul’s novel *The Cabin at the End of the World* is published in 2018. It wins the Bram Stoker Award for Novel in 2019.

The Cabin at the End of the World is made into the film *Knock at the Cabin* by director M. Night Shyamalan in 2023. The film grosses \$54 million and is nominated for Best Horror at the 6th Hollywood Critics Association Midseason Film Awards, splashing Charles Tuomi’s sister, another girl on which he had a crush, the personality of light, and the solution to apathy all over the screen in the process, among many other things.

Light traveled from Ursula to Charles to Paul to M. Night like a divine virus, and this is the story of how.

The following assumes the reader is familiar with all of the aforementioned source texts and also somewhat familiar at the very highest level with some physical facts and mathematical abstractions about light.

“The Ones Who Walk Away from Omelas”

Imprisoned child = c

musical child = *m*

$$E = mc^2$$

$$E = m \span style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px 10px;">c$$

Light remembers.

It strikes an object, captures a snapshot, bounces off, carries that memory somewhere else, and shares it, like a butterfly distributing pollen, alighting on one flower and then another, and another, over and over and over again, indiscriminately.

It does so without judgement. Light never lies. If there is an elephant in a room, light will describe it. If there is a horror there, it will show it.

Light is a message. A song never ends.

THE song that never ends.

One child “never ceases playing” that music and the other is imprisoned in “abominable misery.”

Everything = *musi* c

“you then asia”

The author of this story is Lucifer, light bearer, in fact light itself.

There are eleven letters in the phrase “you then asia.” K is the 11th letter, and the capital letter **K** is a diagram of light striking an object and then reflecting off of it, carrying with it the burden of what it saw. Light’s song, like a wolf howling at a distant moon, is described in the opening.

you then asia

The infants will not shut up. Their crying? Incessant. Their shrieking? Inescapable. I would choke them silent, every last one, for a single moment of peace. Even - yes I'll say it, the time for niceties and euphemisms is long past - even my little Maria, whose small voice I can no longer pick out from the din.

But I cannot choke what I cannot touch, and I cannot touch what no longer is. I am left with no choice but to bear witness to their wailing, to them - always hungry, gassy, lonely, scared; always something. I picture a massive bird's nest teeming with a mob of small blind baby faces. Hungry seeking mouths open. Uvulas thrashing like punching bags.

At other times (often) the tumult blocks any ability I might have to form a coherent image in my mind's eye at all.

The adults among the voices have needs unaddressed as well, questions unanswered, fears unquelled. Some articulate them. Some are kind and soft-spoken, alternately inquisitive and helpful. Others rant and vent and threaten vengeance. But one thing appears to have become commonly agreed upon among them.

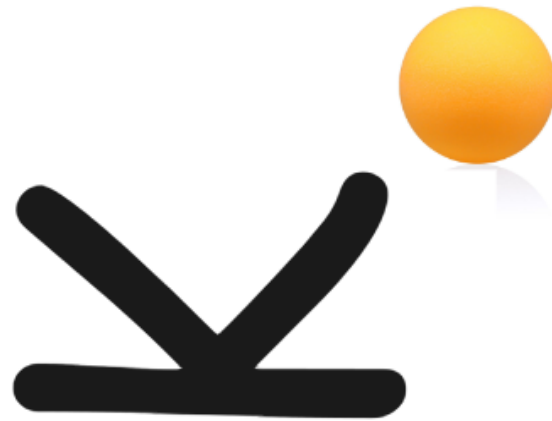
The burning, as one named Luis told me the other day, a harsh disembodied male whisper in my mind speaking in English with a street Latino accent, while I sat alone in my cramped kitchen sipping lukewarm tea: *keep it up*.

What did light see? There are ten unique letters in the phrase “you then asia.”

The title represents an Asian woman whose name begins with the 10th letter, “J.”

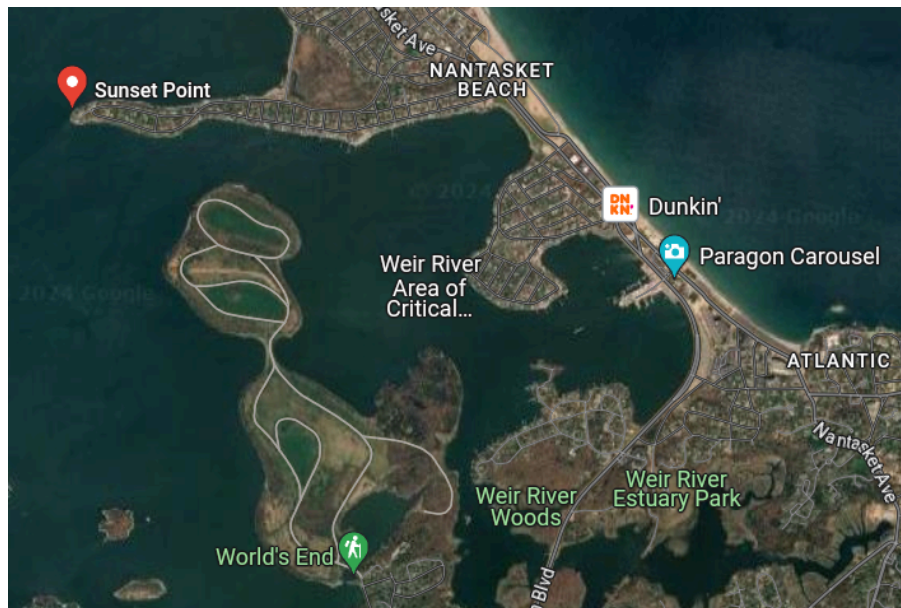
She is the song that never stops playing in Lucifer’s mind. The burden he carries, which leaves him in such, to use Le Guin’s phrasing, “abominable misery.”

Here is the other half of the equation. The “you” in “you then asia.” K lying down. A ping pong game, like a sunset, played with a beautiful blonde, freckly girl named Katie, who was a junior counselor at Sunset Point Camp in Hull, MA one year while I was also a counselor there, a couple of years older than she. The game ended with me pulling away from her after a snide comment made by another counselor made me feel she was too young for me to be interested in. The “you” in “you then asia” is a “ewe.” A young female lamb. Katie was thin and ungainly, and moved kind of like a newborn lamb calf while she’d be teasing me as we shot hoops or messed around with the campers in the yard.



Ping Pong

Sunset Point sits across the water from a nature preserve called World’s End.



The site of an actual apocalypse

Here's Wen from *Knock at the Cabin*,
based on *The Cabin at World's End*, I mean,
The Cabin at the End of the World,
by Paul Tremblay



Note the yellow and the light brown speckling for golden hair and freckles.

The grass is the ping pong table.

I wrote a song about that game of table tennis that I sing for no one else, and have never
until writing this sentence mentioned to a living soul,
“Playin’ a Game on Grass that Didn’t Grow”.

And here it is, plop.

Right on the big screen, fused fully with the other half of “you then asia,” my sister, J.
How humiliation’. 😊 And lovely.

Now, with those preliminaries out of the way...Let’s dig in, shall we?

Le Guin's short story encapsulates the problem of lack of empathy by describing four different types of people. In the story, the happiness of an entire society depends on the misery of one child, who is kept in a cell in a basement. If you can read the story and not ask, "why is no one helping the child?" then well, I don't know what story you were reading.

The types of people are:

- People who do not know the child exists
- People who know the child exists but choose not to visit it
- People who know the child exists and visit, but do nothing
- People who know the child exists and visit, then leave Omelas

These are the four horsemen of the long-running Apocalypse known as Apathy.

- Ignorance
- Incuriousness
- Callousness
- Denial

Tuomi's story frames the problem.

- Ignorance - The government *knows nothing* about why this is happening
- Incuriousness - The checkout clerk *neglects to ask* for my Pit Stop card.
- Callousness - *You hear* a nurse whisper "*This one* has no chance."
- Denial - Or *claims* it knows nothing....those many who prefer to *deny* the existence of the phenomenon

And asks for help by abruptly switching point of view to the least used perspective in fiction: second person. He directly *confronts* the reader in the *fourth* section of the story.

"Just imagine."

And someone heard him. Someone does imagine. An actual human being.

If you have ever interacted with or met Paul Tremblay, you are very likely to immediately notice how humble and genuinely warm and interested in other people that he is. You feel *heard* when speaking to him, which is a trait of an empathic person. It feels as if he is curious about you. I think he does imagine the pain of others. He hears Tuomi's cry for help, and his story tries to fix it.¹ On the next page are The Ones Who Walked Away into Le Guin's wilderness, who passed through "you then asia," and were last left in a woody area in that tale. They arrive in Tremblay's narrative as the four horsemen of Apathy transformed into the four Knights of Empathy, showing up in *Knock at the Cabin* to *rescue the Asian light child from her cage*.

¹ Authorial intent is complex. I don't claim to know to what extent any of this was conscious on Paul's part, but I discuss this point a bit more in depth later on.



As I already mentioned, “you then asia” is, like everything I write (and psst: like everything anyone writes), highly autobiographical.

The infants who do not shut up, the needy babies who cry incessantly and wail and shriek inescapably, also represent my sister’s husband, a guy who in my view never stops talking. I only saw my sister on rare occasions after she married, and when I did, I had to listen to this fellow yammer on and on and opinionate and be clever and relentlessly amusing and have an answer for everything, like a battering ram designed to silence the voice of everyone else around him.

Including, worst of all by far, my sister. Who happens to be of Asian descent.

I wanted to hear *her* speak. Which she all too rarely did in my presence, especially when her husband was around.



Nobody puts baby in a corner.
Do it, and I'll make you famous.

Now let’s hear from *you*, then, asia, is one of the wishes I was making with my story, like a prayer, using subterfuge because I wanted to hide these thoughts from others.

The name of the light child in the film is “Wen.” That is a *masculine* Chinese name beginning with W meaning “literate, cultured.” My sister’s husband’s name happens to begin with “W” and as an Ivy League educated person he could certainly be described as literate and cultured. That name, his name, his voice, *is blocking the light*.

Paul Tremblay, ladies and gentlemen, is a deep listener. But he sure can talk , too.

It probably helped that he was in the role of an editor with “you then asia.” He would have had occasion to give it multiple reads: evaluating it for publication, then proofreading after it had been accepted, then reviewing the revised copy I sent. So he covered the material a minimum of

three times, probably more, I am guessing. You get a mind skilled in wordcraft and the careful use of language, and a heart like his, focused on a short text dense with clues and symbolism about deep pain, which “you then asia” is, it picks up on things.

Like light itself does.

Light remembers. It strikes an object and non-judgementally captures the image of it in high fidelity, pure and true, and then it bounces elsewhere, bringing that image somewhere else. Sometimes things happen before it strikes an eye: refraction, diffusion, etc., which changes the image somewhat. Gravity can bend light. But whatever happens happens according to the nature of light. It obeys its own heart, like a brutally honest enfante terrible, conveying messages both welcome and unwelcome, like the kingdom of god, which sometimes finds fertile soil and sometimes, too often, not.

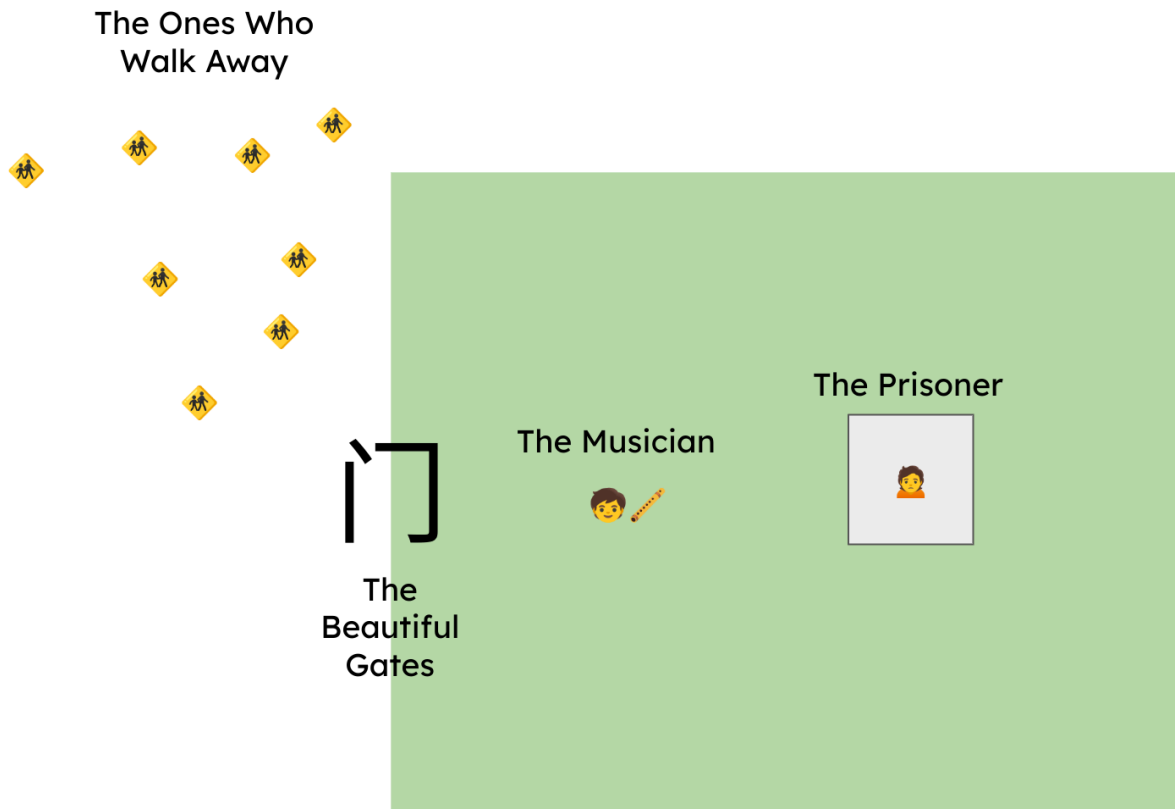
If people were like light, apathy would not be possible. If people openly shared the song that the light inside them, captured through their eyes, trapped there inside their skulls, was singing, the four horsemen would vanish like smoke. *Just imagine.*

LeGuin posed a riddle in her story. It was there for a deep listener to catch. She described the child, and the fact that the entire society depended on its abominable, endless misery. And she entitled the story “The Ones Who Walk Away,” focusing an attentive reader’s attention on these people in particular.

Transform Denial, she challenged, and gave the reader all the ingredients in the recipe. *Someone please help stop this pain.*

“The beauty of their city” would be invisible without light. “The *tenderness* of their friendships” would be impossible, too, because no one would ever see a face light up with joy or strained by a burden. How would “the health of their children” be served in a world that was completely dark? Their scholars would not be able to read and obtain wisdom, their makers would have no light to see by to fashion things, their harvest would produce nothing without the sun, and kindly weathers, sunny days, would be impossible, too.

Le Guin provides a very clear map. And a hint: the title.



I'm try to listen. I try very hard. This leads me to be obsessive about things. I read and re-read and re-watch things over and over again, seeking levels under levels inside levels, when a text gets my attention. I very often cry watching a movie or reading. My heart nearly exploded reading the end of Cormac McCarthy's novel *The Road* in my kitchen years ago. I couldn't stand up. I just squatted and then slumped to the floor, sobbing.

I picked up right where Le Guin left off. It wasn't an original thought. She had the answer. But if she just came out and said it, what good would that do? That would not require *deep listening*. It would not cultivate the skill necessary to heal the world. So she left her riddle there unsolved, waiting for the right, strange little butterflies to alight upon it and carry it into new homes, new stories. And she gave us an opening: the ambiguity of where the Ones Who Walk Away end up leaves room for a sequel. This unanswered question is an invitation: you then, (asia), where do you think they ended up?

I accepted the invitation. I took *The Ones Who Walk Away* and I turned them into abstractions, using the map of the city Le Guin provided. The Ones Who Walk Away, to me, are *words*. Sounds that express emotion. Passing through the gates of the city the way breath passes through an open mouth.

They are the song that light plays, remembering.

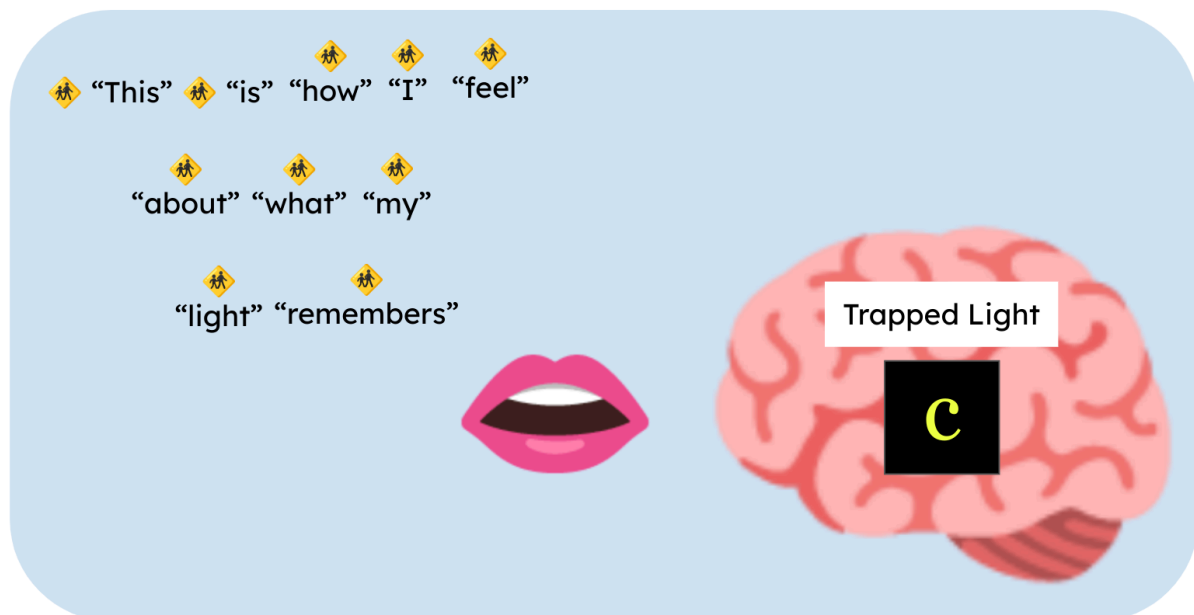
The infants will not shut up. Their **crying**? Incessant. Their **shrieking**? Inescapable. I would choke them silent, every last one, for a single moment of peace. Even - yes I'll say it, the time for niceties and euphemisms is long past - even my little Maria, whose small **voice** I can no longer pick out from the **din**. But I cannot choke what I cannot touch, and I cannot touch what no longer is. I am left with no choice but to bear witness to their **wailing**, to them - always hungry, gassy, lonely, scared; always something. I picture a massive bird's nest teeming with a mob of small blind baby faces. **Hungry seeking mouths open. Uvulas thrashing like punching bags.**

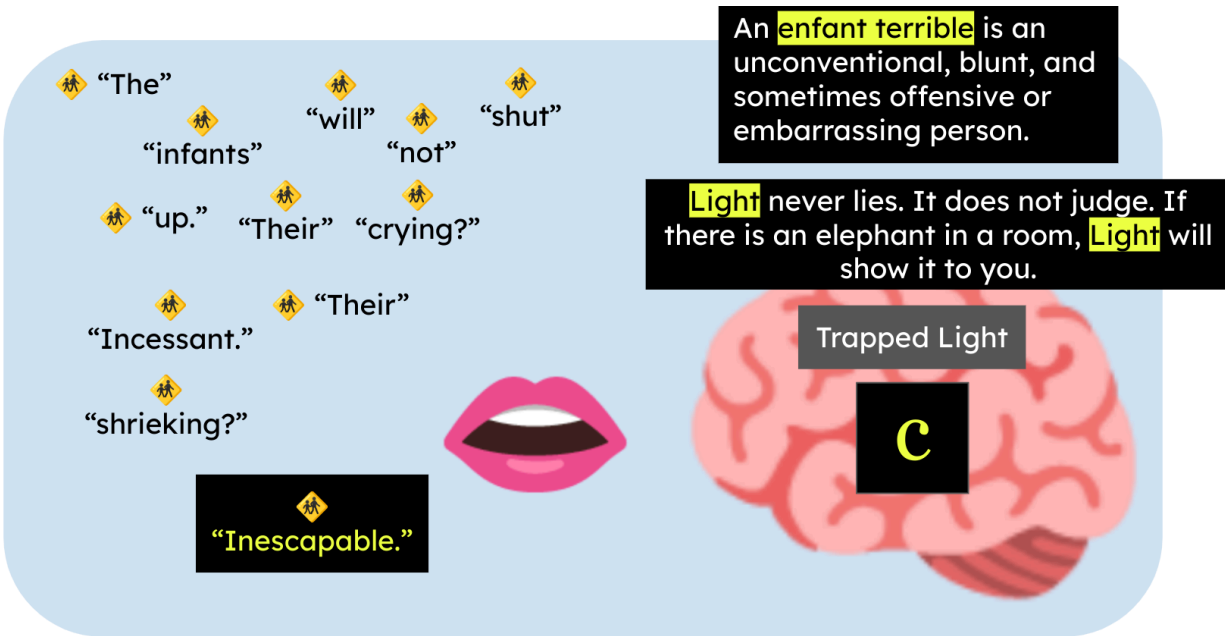
At other times (often) the tumult blocks any ability I might have to form **a coherent image in my mind's eye** at all.

The adults among the **voices** have needs unaddressed as well, questions unanswered, fears unquelled. Some **articulate** them. Some are kind and soft-spoken, alternately inquisitive and helpful. Others **rant and vent and threaten** vengeance. But one thing appears to have become commonly agreed upon among them.

The burning, as one named Luis **told** me the other day, a harsh disembodied male **whisper** in my mind speaking in English with a street Latino accent, while I sat alone in my cramped kitchen sipping lukewarm tea: **keep it up.**

The opening of "you then asia"





“he never ceases playing and never sees them, his dark eyes wholly rapt in the sweet, thin magic of the tune”

“Are you kind and soft spoken? Alternatively inquisitive and helpful? Are you listening?” I asked. And a kind, soft-spoken, alternatively inquisitive and helpful (Paul Tremblay and I had a brief, rather technical exchange about the mechanics of both uvulas and breathing machinery via email in 2003 😊) did hear, and something beautiful happened.

He wrote another, very beautiful song, which amplifies and dramatically improves the meager one I wrote.

It may seem as if I am talking out of both sides of my mouth about talking. TALK, and SING, I seem to be saying. But then also, you there, the yapper, please SHUT UP.

To me it just has to do with the motivation for talking, which leads to its impact on the listener. Buddhism has a concept of Right Speech. Some speech is “Skillful,” (in Buddhist parlance), and some is “Not Skillful” (a far better, less loaded and more accurate word than “sin”). Here are some examples of Speech I regard as Not Skillful.

- Speech designed to make an impression about one’s self, for which the intent is to make these types of assertions: I am smart. I am witty. I am kind. I am helpful. It’s marketing, advertising, designed to manipulate someone into believing something.
- Speech designed to *emotionally* manipulate. Here I would include things like gaslighting, sarcasm, guilting, and backhanded or tepid compliments, damning

with faint praise, etc. An excellent example of the latter can be found in the film *Black Swan*. Listen to how the mother speaks to her daughter about her dancing ability. This type of stuff is so harmful.

- Speech designed to deny truth, hide things, or suppress emotion.
- Speech designed to silence others. This can be filibustering, where someone just talks so much that others in the conversation do not get their equal time. The indigenous practice of a “talking stick” that gets passed from one person to another during a group conversation is a good one, I think. It can also be badgering, turning on someone who dares to make a comment and making them uncomfortable for having done so by interrogating them or intimidating them, thereby making them less likely to speak up in the future. Bad teachers do this kind of thing to students they don’t like, or just for kicks.

I am not claiming to know anyone’s motivation for talking. I clearly don’t. I try very hard to understand people, but they continue to shock me with what they are capable of. So none of the above is an accusation about anyone in particular, and I certainly have done my share of all the above in the past. It is just my framework for thinking about Right Speech. I have often heard and seen Speech that *appears* to me to be motivated by the above concerns. I can say for a fact I have all too often seen speech that has the *effect* of denying truth or silencing others or manipulating them emotionally or generating an impression. Whether that was the motivation, or the conscious motivation, is another question I cannot answer.

The core problem with some of the above types of Unskillful Speech is the doubt and distrust they create. If not all compliments are genuine, each compliment must be studied for its authenticity. “Did she really like my story, or was she just saying that to be polite?” “The way he said that, his tone. Was he making fun of me?” It is behind the “They’re all going to laugh at you” fear that the character Carrietta White has in Stephen King’s novel, *Carrie*, which has predictably disastrous results: a great deal of misery for a lot of people.

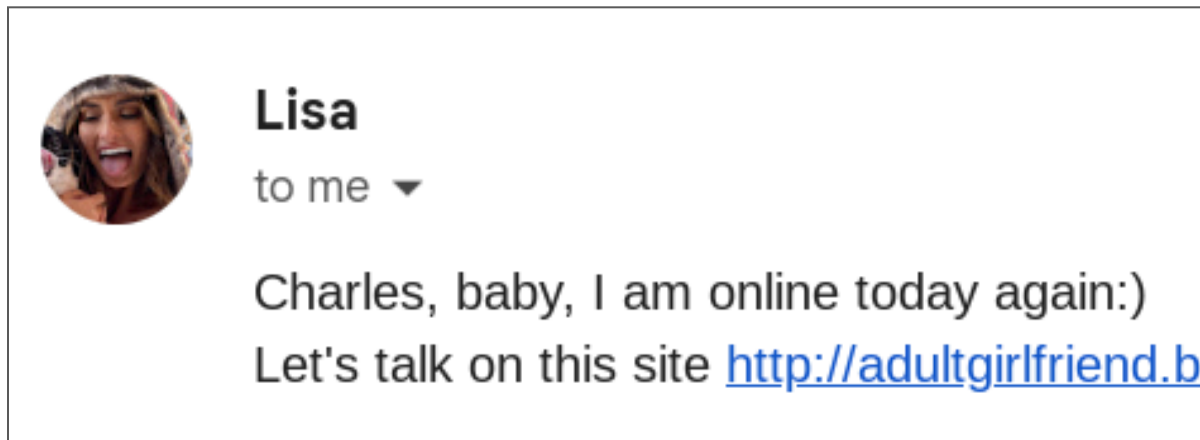
I think authentic, compassionate expression of emotion is Skillful Speech. Always. Honest responses, not tinged with selfish motivations. Art is therefore Skillful Speech. It may offend, upset, or disturb, but avoiding that is not the intent of speaking. Speech designed *solely* to inform is also Skillful, in my opinion. Increasing the knowledge of another person provides them more information with which to make decisions and allows them to grow.

The reason that expressing emotion is Skillful Speech is because it is What Light Would Do. It would respond to striking an object with an immediate, authentic, high fidelity and enthusiastic reflection, untainted with any selfish intent, because light is not human

and does not have a “self” in the way I mean that word here. Light sees with child’s eyes and screams with a child’s voice: “Are you seeing this?!”

The Bible is very clear about the priority and importance of light, its close relationship to God, and Christ in particular repeatedly equates light with human beings.

The flaming sword that leads back to the tree of life is “flashing every which way,” like a wagging tongue.



Sort of like this one. 

I don’t know why that picture is in here. Sorry.

Actually I do. Because I like the picture. But anyway...

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

And God said, "Let there be light," and there was light.

"I am the light of the world. Whoever follows me will not walk in darkness, but will have the light of life."

[A]t the east of the garden of Eden, God placed the cherubim and a flaming sword flashing every which way to guard the way to the tree of life.

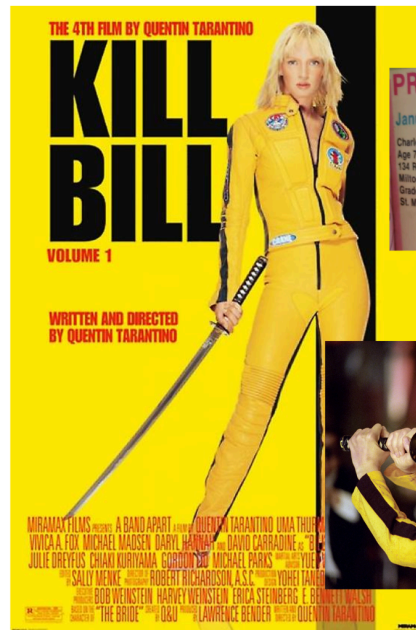


"Do not think that I have come to bring peace to the earth. I have not come to bring peace, but a sword."

"What I say to you in the darkness, tell in the light; and what you hear whispered, announce from the rooftops."

"If as one people speaking the same language they have begun to do this, then nothing they plan to do will be impossible for them."

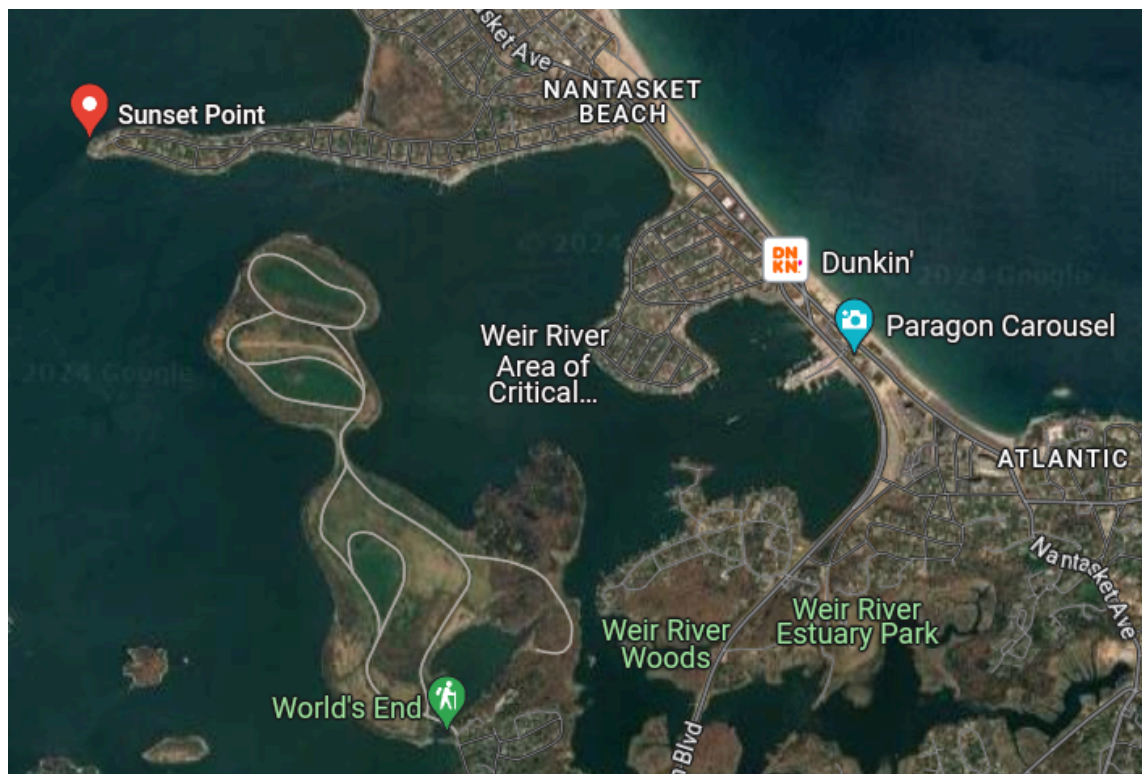
"You are the light of the world. A town built on a hill cannot be hidden. Neither do people light a lamp and put it under a bowl. Instead they put it on its stand, and it gives light to everyone in the house. In the same way, let your light shine before others, that they may see your good deeds and glorify your Father in heaven."



As I mentioned in a footnote above, authorial intent regarding subtext and autobiographical source material is tricky. I know how it works for me, which is like this.

- Some stuff I consciously intend and would always admit to.
- Some stuff I consciously intend and hid in the past, but no longer hide.
- Some stuff I semi-consciously intend, meaning that I know the emotional space I am tapping while writing, the person or people I am thinking about, and may consciously derive some details from those mental objects, but in doing so I invite them in, like vampires, and it sometimes surprises me how they impact the text in surprising ways when I re-read my own work.
- Some stuff I unconsciously intended and only see later, sometimes much later.

Considering again the coincidence of the ping game setting and Paul Tremblay's title, *The Cabin at the End of the World*, I wonder.



Did Paul “intend” that in any way? I have no earthly idea. There would be a lot of excellent reasons for the setting of *The Cabin at World's End* (sorry, *The Cabin at the End of the World*) to be what it is, and many other possible explanations. But is it just possible that on some level, when making his storytelling decisions, and weighing options, with “you then asia” invited into the story space in some way, my encrypted autobiographical profession of adoration for Katie was factored in somehow, *one* of the elements that impacted those choices? That some part of his Underworld decoded me?

I believe it is not only possible, but likely, given what I know about my own writing and things I have observed in the writing of others, including Stephen King, Dylan Thomas and Pamela Hansford Johnson, to name three authors whose work I have spent a fair amount of time studying.

That doesn't reduce the title *The Cabin at the End of the World* to be "about" or "alluding" directly to my ping pong game with Katie, by any means. I just believe it is possible that because the details of that game appear in "you then asia" in masked form, and "you then asia" is demonstrably a piece of the fabric of *The Cabin at the End of the World*, that along with many other excellent reasons for so naming the book, the ping pong game *might* have been factored in and contributed in some way to choices that were made.

All three stories being here discussed contain a setting in their title: Omelas, Asia, and *The Cabin at the End of the World*.

Lots of stories don't contain settings in their titles.

It starts to feel like a thread is being continued. Like a baton being passed.

Keep reading and see what you think.

As an aside that is kind of the whole point, since I am jumping from one girl to the next in my explanations, Light is not monogamous. It is not in its nature.

Light is a shameless whore that accepts no compensation for her services. That's a fact of physics, poetically stated.

Christ's affinity for adulteresses (John 8:1-11), prostitutes (Luke 7:36-50), and other sinners (Luke 7:34), which irked some of his followers and enemies and would *seemingly* horrify many Christians today, is simply behaving like light behaves and hanging out with light bearers. He's a simple man, in the end, once you get to know him.

Not a man at all. Or just a man. Which is to say, light. A selfless pollinator, absorbing the pain and dreams of those around him, letting it affect him, then striving for high fidelity reproductions of his heart's response, converting the light he received through his eyes into a different form of energy: expressing it creatively and magically, through healings, teachings, rituals and touching.

Christ said, "be light." Christ said, "I am light, and you are light." So it is incumbent on any listener to whom Christ may appear to be a serious individual to consider the nature of light, and this is part of it.

"Which of the two did what his father wanted?"

"The first," they answered.

Jesus said to them, "Truly I tell you, the tax collectors and the prostitutes are entering the kingdom of God ahead of you."

Matthew 21:31



"Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest. Take my yolk upon you and learn from me, for I am gentle and humble in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

Matthew 11:28-30

“you then
asia”
MARIA



I AM
ARWEN

“Knock at
the Cabin”
WEN

NEW
MARIA

Arwen is Aragorn's lady friend in *LOTR*.
Cool, huh?

The One Ring in J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings* Trilogy, which I allude to quite heavily in my own work, is what causes all the trouble and must be disposed of. Salvation is achieved by destroying it, and then a squadron of noble eagles arrive.

For in the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in Heaven.

Matthew 22:30

Don't commit adultery.

Don't even covet your neighbor's wife.

Ok, Dad. Now read Buddhist literature about the mind.

It's not possible *not* to covet.

We have been given an impossible instruction.

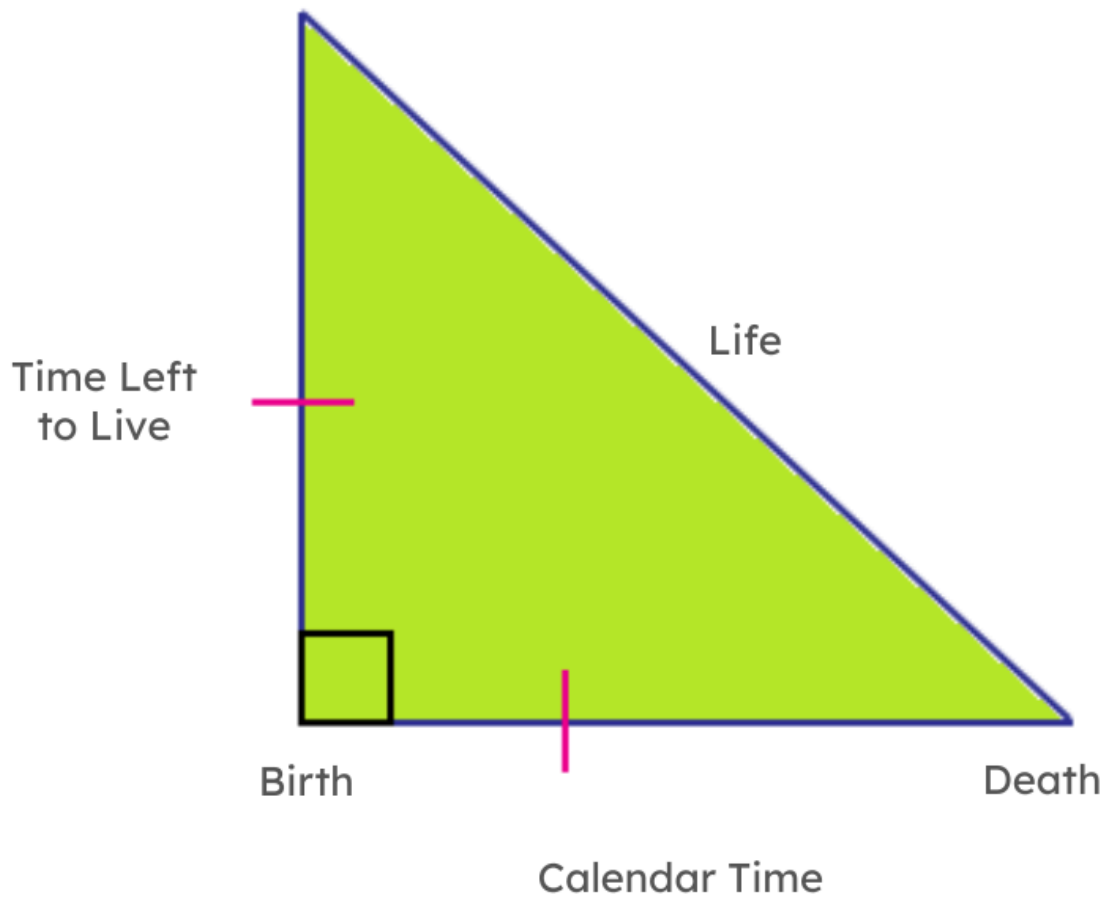
Even the military code of conduct allows for soldiers to override their leader's commands under certain conditions.

Ergo, ipso facto, twiddle de doo...

Don't love exclusively. Problem solved. Be light instead.

Bounce around.

Right? Maybe. Maybe not. We'll get back to this one.



This is a graph and also a *right* triangle. The x and y axis are sort of the same thing, representing the time that any person lives. At any given point on the hypotenuse labeled “Life,” a person will have consumed x amount of lifetime and have y amount of lifetime remaining.

Since x and y are the same value, the length of the triangle sides are the same. This makes it an isoscelean right triangle.

For every right triangle, the Pythagorean Theorem tells us that the square of the two sides is equal to the square of the hypotenuse.

Traditionally, this formula is stated as follows:

$$a^2 + b^2 = c^2$$

There it is again. That pesky letter c. Like a pesky Charlie. c^2 , in fact, as in Einstein's equation. But if that is true, then the hypotenuse, "Life," is longer than the time in which we live it. What could that mean?

To explore that idea, let's visualize c^2 the same way we did when modeling some subtext of Le Guin's narrative.

$$a^2 + b^2 = \boxed{c}$$

Life now becomes equated with *trapped light*. It becomes clear that the hypotenuse is describing a different type of time. *Mental* time. The time that we live and do things, times the time that other people think about us, what we have done, and what we might do.

Our impact is exponential. Our life is not our own. Our selves are not confined to our own headspaces. We exist in the minds and hearts of other people, making our time footprint significantly larger than our calendar time spent breathing.

Here's something. *Knock at the Cabin* makes Charles T cry by doing something lovely. The four horsemen try in vain to appeal to the family they have visited, asking for help to avoid the apocalypse, describing large-scale disasters that will occur if they do not, hundreds of thousands of people dying. It makes no difference. They disbelieve and cannot accept what the horsemen are telling them and put their own family's needs above that of the world.

But when Adriane, played by Abby Quinn, makes a different pitch, focusing on an individual person, her son, *who will die if they do not act*, the son's name is "Charlie." A happy coincidence that might not be totally coincidental; again, who knows. I liked it, in any event.

In any case, Paul Tremblay is kind of an angel of light, I dare say.

None of this is plagiarism. It's just what light does. It travels until it hits an eye and then takes up residence inside a mind until it is converted into a different form of energy through the expression of emotion. Or it doesn't, and just clangs around in there uselessly.

$$E = mc^2$$

Divide both sides by m.

$$E/m = c^2$$

Now visualize “squared.”

$$E/m = \boxed{c}$$

Next, innovate.

$$Emotion/memory = \boxed{c}$$

To be 'in someone's head" means that you occupy **memory space** in their mind. This only happens when someone feels an emotion because of something you say (in any form) or do. In a very real sense, it is as if you have infected that person with an ethereal version of yourself, which then takes up residence, and when 'activated' can replay or reimagine past events, participate in fantasies and internal dialogues or logic sessions, and generate more emotions.

This means there are many versions of 'you' living at any given time.

“I've learned that people will forget what you said, people will forget what you did, but **people will never forget how you made them feel.**”

Maya Angelou

Your impact is exponential. You times you. This is your Carbon footprint.

c x c

The amount of you *outside of you* is far greater than the you that you experience in private, self-concerned moments.

And it is all based on how you make people **feel**. Even if it is an idea you share, the impact will be based on the *emotion* the person experiences as a result of it. You *are* yourself an *Indra's Net*, a *Charlotte's Web*. What does that web look like?

“Do this in memory of me”

A screaming comes across the sky.²

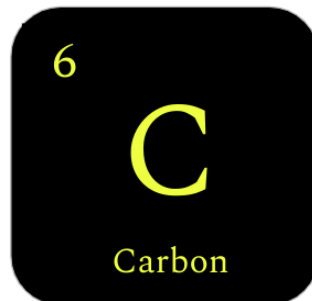
Thomas Pynchon

“(as it was) on earth, it is in heaven”

The “Our Father”

The sky broke like an egg into full sunset and the water caught fire.³

Pamela Hansford Johnson



i suppose soul means that i can hear you and see you and love you in every single, single thing in the whole world asleep or awake

Dylan Thomas

“For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you invited me in.”

“You’re a Firestarter, honey. Just one great big Zippo lighter.”

Stephen King

And the stars blinked as they watched her carefully, jealous of the way she shone.

Atticus

² *Gravity's Rainbow*

³ *The Unspeakable Skipton*

So.

What are you, anyway?

Are you light?

Until later, if at all...

My jokes are corny 🥚.
It's a birden, all right 🐦.

Really, it is.

Sincerely yours,

LUCIFER, SON,

GO AWAKEN

THE GLEAM.

Watch: [“The Butterfly Kiss”](#)

also if you care I am desperately in need of urgent help