

If baby Hitler and your family dog were both found drowning in a lake and you could only rescue one because – well, that's never really been explained. Which pitiful creature would you condemn? Which of God's children would you save? And only when you've staggered back to shore will you be apprized of your unforgivable mistake!

There's someone in the future wishing upon a future star that they could travel back in time to precisely where you are: sitting here bored completely senseless wishing you were somewhere else; some phony brighter future or nostalgic story that we tell.

I'm searching for the patterns in the noise. I'm pareidolic; I'm seeing faces in the void. And in the void behind this face, the fragments falling into place.

The lifeless children lined up on the sheet interrupt the reverie.

Suddenly it all seems very clear – like I'm in a frontier-town tableau:

"Abandon hope all ye who enter here".

Time to come to terms with mankind's default mode.

All grand pronouncements rendered patently absurd by just the gentle prodding of a bemused universe. So tell me: which pitiful creature would you condemn? Which of God's children would you save? As for me, I never learned to swim. Always been a cat guy anyways.