

Intro

Vanic

As I set down these notes on paper, I'm obsessed by the thought
that I may be the last living man on earth

My wife, colleagues, my students, my books, my world, where are
they? Did they ever exist?

Am I Richard Pearson? What day is it? Do days exist? Exhausted
by terror I fall asleep

Two days I wander in a vague northerly direction through a deso
late world. Finally I notice a living creature

I'm just getting warm

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