

ONLY \$5 MONDAY - FRIDAY

Progress

Wednesday

**BATS
BITE
BACK!!!**

The odorous pinstripe of the couch lays sticky silent. Around, that is, the flayed suety body, straining the bodice of the sleeping mistress... the furniture is unfit for the humidity. Edges are torn, bursting forth the Amazon's thick, unforgiving supremacy...

Sleep is shaken by thunder flash. Her face freezes, iced-over dirty with the contemptuous soot of "history" settling on the bygone. Boundless to blindspot, the flickerless surface is unwithered, a terrifying immersion. [film] rolls in on itself with the slightest give.

Strained glass cracks on thud, another bat hurled at the window by the panging storm. She is now fully convinced of the curse, shared by all equatorial nations, scratching at the unscrupulous rotting cancer she, her husband, and the managerial class of the grounds share.

She makes a great effort to lose herself in the thought of snow. A wish momentarily appraises *their* seafaring commitments, made years prior in cartographic delusion. The appraisal comes back as the same wish, that the commitments had taken them further east or a perhaps just a bit more north, just please, *please* not here. The wish's denial is skinned russet in the storms flash, the marauding jungle rage revolting against the Mediterranean.

Get me Out! It whales and shreds bloodily through the creeping edifice, awakening hungry termites from the floor, each vomited from the earthen mound piercing through damp fibers. They suddenly amass size, ingesting the wood around the couch with their insatiable liquefaction; as if replying in kind *Then Get Out!*

No exit sentiments are permitted by the precolumbian verdure. She ... *they* ... are reprimanded by the punitive outrage of the tree's lashes, causing the feeling to freeze in place, sourly docile. The fauna directs the storm with beady carcasses, obviously conducive to the violence.

The window is now broken. The screeches of the bat ring curiously sonorous, traveling unabsorbed by the once-there trees, soon to be upholstered with young orange blossoms held in place by wire entanglements.

Dear B,

I've just now "woken up" from the sleep of my most recent surgery in a strange stupor ... I wonder if the doctor has already given me morphine as I had another dream ... It was somewhere stormy and wet ... maybe the Caribbean??? And the bat shrieks bled directly into this blurry dissonant coming-to of my senses. I can barely feel my arms, legs or lower body, except for a distant pain ... The surgery seems to have gone well, the doctor saying my primary parts looks amazing and the addition of the two each on my thighs "seem in form, although we will have to monitor them". He seemed shaky, but I guess working in a hospital is generally an *edgy* experience.

I'll spare you the details of the surgery itself, as I haven't actually processed them. The curtains in my room are heavy and everyone seems to think I want them closed, until or unless I indicate otherwise. There's a small group of potted plants that have appeared, I think, since I was wheeled in from the patient prep room. I've only known the plants, like my current body, in this icy yellow medical lighting and the sun seems like too much of a commitment, its chipper indiscriminate honesty a bit too risky tbh.

The flashes are furious in my dreams. They trigger what I think a real trigger feels like before a seizure. I'm not ready to see myself, but feel relieved by the having-been-done. I fear that this transitional period ... its hues of blue, the packaging taken out of my catheters, etc will be too much. I only want polished stages, when the scars are questionably legible as the product of DNA

(Or at least RNA) and (*ideally*) mysteriously beg the question of crimes done to my flesh.

At least they've met my request for an orange only diet ... it's one of my favorite things about surgery ... eating oranges and drinking their juice for days like I did as a child (never pasteurized!!!). I think it will be good for my recovery as well. I'll end this here, as the hospital psych (who is legitimately disgusted / frightened by me) just came in ...

Love you,

M

Began patient assessment by repeating question set asked to patient in approval process for surgery:

“Suppose that you could be [somatically whole] in every way except for your limbs; would you be content?”

There are several possible answers, but only one is clinically correct.

Patient must, according to protocols, answer no.

[patient answered no]

Patient appears to be in a state of contentment following surgery. As the standard evaluative metrics used in post-patient assessment don't work in this case, I have applied the closest models I have available in hopes of approximating a working DSM-model... it is thus far nameless

A man has died and more than 40 people are being treated for possible rabies exposure in north east Brazil – after vampire bats started to feed off humans.



UK sees huge jump in coronavirus deaths as another 181 die »

Victims report waking to find their bed sheets soaked in blood – and the outbreak is the largest wave of attacks ever recorded in the region.

The death is the first recorded case of human rabies, transmitted by a bat, in Brazil since 2004.

One of the victims, Matheus Andrade, who lives in the historic centre of the city said: 'I was bitten three times.

'When I woke up in the morning, I found the bed was wet. It had been raining overnight and I thought water had dripped in. But it was my blood. It was such a shock.



Yesterday he watched her send herself in questions to her reflection. Its only answer was “midnight macumba.”

Her realization, to the degree it commanded her salvation in consumption, or rather was consumption as a material catalyst for salvation,

was generally one of hue ...black, after all was the illustrated outline of makeup's gradient undulations, She knew she could only paint, as they said, with a just warm-of-cool midnight, just-cool-of-burnt-cerulean, descendant of solar blue, Chromatics conditioned by the gas from which it learns to metabolize into flame, baking the stars of the Kampala skies, which renders wet near-hot drunk with the joy of an ecstatic lovers envy.

Her realization was the manic testing of every shade of navy when she noticed it in the cosmetics section; over-purchasing so that, after the come down and the poor decisions announced themselves as such, she could have enough until she decided it was time for her tattoo, it's relief part of the expectation that subsumed it and now acted a constitutive trauma, whispering its disappearance, when her body would be finally freed of a tipping portion of its edificial labor ... for macumba to be midnight whenever and wherever she chose to be.