

The day she showed up, the lady who showed up in our landscape, that was when it all started to end. As a different pebble that set in motion the terrible sequence of events - definitely, right when she stood there in our landscape and started tearing up the pages of our lease of life. And yet it was also a sort of medicine to our troubles. Can't deny that killing us wasn't a shame, but in a way it was a great falling, a great way to move again. But the terms of it all, the fine prints, the fine prints are difficult to explain. It might be easier just telling you about that special landscape of ours. That landscape we found ourselves inside.

Initially we had set out to find a place to leave the world. That's easier to admit at this time when all the pain has eroded. We wanted to abandon life and for that we needed a place that was suitable and free from all kinds of disturbance. So we started walking and didn't plan to stop before we could unsettle our two selves from the world somewhere. But not just anywhere. We were always picky. Always. So we searched through it all but wasn't able to settle on a nice spot. And right when we'd sipped the last drop of faith and were emptied of any prospect, this landscape opened itself to us and extended some invitational borders far beyond the memory of such *faith* or any other gravitational construction for that matter. Instead of finding a place for dying, we'd found this special landscape. And we had met it through an odd stretch of time that made the encapsulate moment of revelation never occur properly. At some point we just realized that our existence had received a complete turn over, that's how it was. We were full suddenly, we were tanned and docile, we were laughing. We were not dead or dying and it had all things to do with the landscape we were in. I can't say for how long we'd been there. I can't even say how far the landscape reached, it was all a bit fuzzy. A dormant bomb, encompassing, one that wasn't ticking. It was just this broad, vile scapething that had accepted our sadness and chose acceptance instead of dismissal. We fully exiled ourselves into it and made it our piece of landscape. But taking into account the conditions under which we'd gotten there, I'd say there was a fat chance of our impressions being a bit snake-bitten and commotive. It certainly wasn't curricularly inclusive which suited us perfectly. We weren't either. It was a little topological explosion to us, a real blessing that also kept expanding our own connectivity more and more. It felt forever, this landscape, even though we struggled to take it all in. So rich and sudden it had just manifested around us. It made speech obsolete, it played by different chords and our previous complications were diminishing swiftly.

But then she showed up, the lady. At one point long after we had settled properly, she showed up. As if summoned by a dead tree we hadn't noticed, she was suddenly there. Older than us for sure but not spectacularly old. At first we thought she kept to a very boring wisdom. She wore clothes that tried to assemble her impression of honesty but already as she stood there prancing on the turf, there was something hesitant about her gestures. She couldn't see us, that was certain and we felt quite guarded by that, but still we kept quiet as we observed her from inside our landscape. We exchanged some glances at her and immediately knew she was fooling no one on the inside of here. *She's fooling no one around here*, we thought and by that we meant us and the landscape. Then she started letting herself be known with gesture. She waved and knocked on the landscape, with one hand circling above her head while the other was hitting the ground. She wasn't squatting - her back bending forward instead which made for

an abnormal positioning. Soon it became evident that there was an exact repetitive pattern to her movements. She continued her behaviour - waving and knocking and her intentions definitely didn't translate well to us. We couldn't comprehend.

Once she probably realized the absence of a response from us was total, her strategy changed and she broke the repetition by using both her hands to hit the landscape with little mild bumps onto the turf. It produced a rhythm so unmetric it couldn't be danced to. But we could look at it. We could look at the rhythm. We could also vaguely feel her knocks reaching our bodies through the ground. It felt like having our hands on a slain, pregnant animal, clinically sensing the pulse of the babe personage coming back to life inside of it. It felt like something like that.

Even though she couldn't see us she still seemed certain we were there, somewhere in the landscape. Her determination and persistent enquiries fell outside our cognitive reach. We couldn't exactly interpret her agenda, it felt heavily shrouded in this abnormal coding, as if a translation from synthetic to natural was interrupted by mad glitches falling onto her expressions like leaves that had just died. It made a bizarre kind of sense. But it just didn't make enough of it. And so her luring absolutely failed and we kept our hold and did nothing, transmitted nothing in response. Tirelessly she kept at it with that flagrant courting and soon she would start using her alphabet more precisely and ask us about our doings. How was she even sure we were there at all, what telltale had she noticed. Who had made telltale of us and our landscape.

*Have you made any chocolate around here yet?*

Her voice matched her clothes, that much was clear. Full of act. Mechanic.

*You really should, I think. I can tell this is a perfect landscape for chocolate operations. Just perfect conditions, I tell you that... Probably some ancient techniques of crafting the bitter still looping around the air around here. Most probably most likely, right? Air like this has got plenty information. Plenty of recipes, just beam out and pull in some recipes. Easy peasy. What do you say? Should we start making some chocolate or what?*

We looked at each other, our heads tilted simultaneously and we made a grimace exactly alike. This kind of facial synchronization independent of choice was something the landscape had imposed on us - like a somatic gift from the turf we would do it often, recently without even noticing and each time producing a different facial response to an occurrence the landscape had made.

But this time it wasn't the landscape, it was the lady and it made a grimace that we hadn't made before. We knew it was new because this grimace had both smile in it and terror. Terror and horror. It was the first sign that something was about to be terrible and horrible. We held the grimace far longer than we normally would. It seemed stitched onto our faces. The inside of us could not comprehend, everything was racing and we struggled to maintain our positions in safety. Was it the lady? What was she about? After a while she repeated the exact words that made out her request for a chocolate production, current or possible. It seemed she genuinely

expected this chocolate affair to prompt an interaction, but right when she had cautiously finished her second tirade, something happened. A new grimace took over our face and suddenly all of our insides were battling hard, battling all the pulls and directions of the grimace and the chocolate. Battling the chocolate itself. That is when I knew that this idea of chocolate was evil and that you did not have access to this knowledge. That's when the solidity of our connection was split for the first time and it happened as our grimaces diverted from each other. The separation was made through vibration, I felt my grimace vibrate into horror. Shake by shake it turned into one of horror and I could sense your grimace vibrate into the smile. A smile that was designed to accompany a catastrophe being tossed onto this scapething we inhabited and inhabited us. A smile that wasn't yours but the lady's.

I could tell you fought the grimace, the smile, with all ability. All of your own ability. I wish I could hand you some but it wasn't possible. We were untying and I had no power to hold the connection, each tier snapped like threats between us and only memories of something better wasn't enough to hold you close. You broke off from me entirely and the smile you had been stitched to made some hissing cracks and a fragile giggle came from those cracks. The giggle wasn't yours either. It was forced through and into you.

You gave in completely, I could feel it like nothing else up until that and the screaming giggle was storming from your outlet. Inside of it was some words. The words seemed scripted by the lady. The thought that she had bound to you now was diminishing all our light and landscape.

At first your words were unintelligible, the giggle drowned all syllables and coherence, but soon the letters received some enforcing syntax even though it still remained scrambled. But I could comprehend. The lady made me understand. Like the smile I hope so terribly those words weren't yours, but I can't be sure. I can't be sure at this point. She pulled you from the smile and threw you fully into the giggle and then further into vocal confession. She waived those words to make you storm out from inside the scenery and confess that we had been making chocolate for some time now. She was right. And the recipe had been extracted from the looping data in the air as she was suggesting as well.

*The chocolate is settling nicely inside well greased and re-appropriated steel canisters that we have grounded in the sediments underneath us. This is what makes this landscape such a landscape, dear lady. And what we have produced is certainly high quality chocolate but not almighty chocolate. Not almighty. It is alright, would you like to try some of it, or are you merely here to hit us with some taxing from the old world? If not, we could give you extra keys to the landscape and together we could make almighty chocolate.*

This is what you gave her, this is what you were screaming.

It all unravelled then and made for a quick eviction for me at least. I don't know if you gave her the keys or she took them. I don't know if you died too, I haven't seen you since. I miss you a lot. I miss it all.