

Look up.  
Who wheels?  
Who makes the pictures run?  
Waiting Haus Cinema.  
Crank. Crank.  
[. . .]  
[. . .] hatchling. Aw.  
Enough oeing and ahing. It's SHOWTIME.  
Time to ouch and resist.  
Ooh, yeah. [. . .] you suffer.  
We like watching the hair on your nostrils implode.  
Like reverse fireworks.  
What kind of cinema is this?  
Waiting Haus.  
Bright Sign.  
Arrows inside.  
Do we enter?  
Do we—where do we—  
[. . .] buying—tickets?  
[. . .]  
It's all I have, he suggests.  
Stupid, I say.  
He goes in. I follow.

<<WHC PreSents:  
The Adventures of Trolley the Toad  
Stool>>

Weird movie.  
Excuse me: film.  
[. . .]  
I didn't realize he was answering the question.  
Story of...us.  
Or me & him, anyway.  
"Echolocation," I say.  
They take this as an answer and wrap me in sugarcane and garlands.  
Weird cinema.  
Weird relationship.  
We take our garlands and birds (don't ask)  
and try to exit.  
This is more than we bargained for.  
The door is blocked by a mob of cats.  
They flow around us like taffy.  
By which I mean they do not flow. Do not move. Or only extremely slowly. Like rocks.  
Let's set this place ablaze,  
he [. . .]  
[. . .]  
[. . .]  
[. . .] he doesn't have fire. We'll burn it with our minds,  
he signifies.  
[. . .]  
Who is he signing for?  
No one.  
[. . .]  
No one  
under his mask.

[...]

But What Happened to Being  
in the Cinema?

Story for tomorrow.

[...]

[...]

I had to get off-topic first.  
And I will have to again.

[...]

Attic Story.

Now this will have to wait. [...] Hatchlings. [...]