

Don't Believe It
Ernst'mann Sedentorrent

Oh, Rolf.

You may have heard that truth and lies are equivalent.

You may not have heard that truth is sacred.

Well, now you've heard, though I would test this truth as well.

What do you believe?

Can you articulate it?

What are you here

to do?

Your true path: what does it include?

Fire, water

Earth, air

What are your elements?

Tell me what kind of creature you are?

A polliwog? A tadpole?

A frog? A fish?

An airbird?

A roan
flying horse?

I sense the wind

and water by your side.

Truth and Lies

Which one will you choose? It's not like that

Will you choose to honor or dishonor—It's not even like that

Will you live a life of mercy

or kill me?

Who are you, executioner?

Do you remember?

Do you remember green

and black?

Black insect,

green blade

of grass—and you in my hand

—Tiny creature,

I could have killed you

But I let you be.

And now you've come back

The Enigma Train Is Boarding

Hop on.

We'll get off in seven stops.

Stop one: Perflukatasket

Stop five: Persnickettyfive.

Just kidding about the stops.

They're not named. They're just numbered.

15.5,

20.2,

79.82,

even 0.001

—that's a very small stop, and you need a special train to get there.

Let's go to 20.

I think there must be an order to it

To the stops?

To the

You can describe every leap of a grasshopper

Once you've learned the language.

You can describe every leaf turning in the wind.

You can describe every pool

of dark reflectiveness.

And every evil stare.

What language do I mean?

Keep following the voice of truth, and you may find out.