

Fall Of The Leafe **"Signatures, Baby Bomb"**

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Sign here, please.

Thank you.

Now it is all over with and you may leave.

You may rest.

Things are taken care of for you.

It is needless to search for truth, because you may
have it in this brown envelope.

Take the door on your left hand side and slide down.

You may then paint holes in whatever you like.

The birds that she had thought about earlier.

They were perfect.

This moment passed quickly though, and the birds
seemed ridiculous again.

Stopped.

Then walked forward again.

For a moment, she was thinking about the various ways
pigeons could be fooled.

Fooled, because they are such imbeciles in her opinion.

Complete strangers, she could do anything.

Aliens, if you will.

Not of the same world, but they too had met before
(like the persons a while back).

Painted a hole or two, then sat down.

Looked at the envelope.

Made a call.

Wrong number.

How awkward.

Complete strangers...yeah, they might as well be
cooked in coconut oil.

She smiled like an idiot and picked up the envelope.

Inside, her fear was given a name.

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