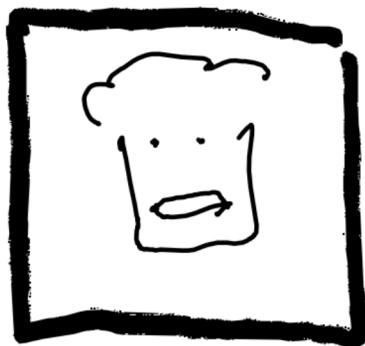


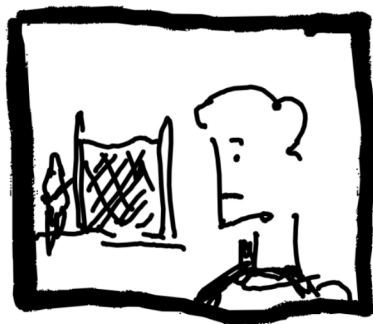
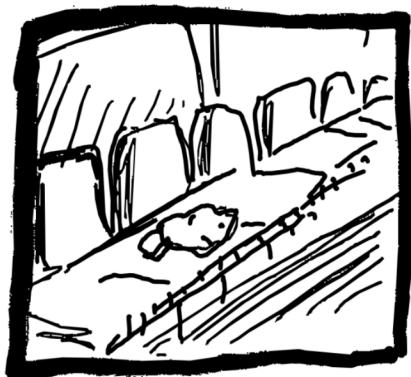


I whipped around  
the city, light  
as a feather...

it was at that  
moment that I  
realised I had  
left my other bag  
on the train.



whilst it was only  
my tote bag that  
I had forgotten on  
the carriage seat,  
it contained important  
documents...



...including my transfer  
card, which was needed  
to access zones 3  
through 6 - making my  
journey that day a  
pointless and costly expense.



I reboarded the train in order to head home and began the tired task of mentally leafing through what I remembered had been in the bag.

Recollecting the lost - as it were.



My current reading book (replaceable), pens, leaflets, my phone charger...



... my aforementioned transfer card (a major hassle to reapply for)...



... my provisional renter's  
license...

... my manuscript?



Surely not.

Surely that was  
was still safe at  
home - on my  
desk.



and yet,

I could muster up a  
sickening half memory of  
me placing it inside my tote  
bag before heading out, smiling  
like a deranged loon without  
a care in the world as I did so.



I began to sweat.

I felt the intense and  
compulsive desire to rush  
home and check it was  
ok.



changing platforms,  
I decided to ring my  
housemates to get them  
to check for me



It was then that I  
realised I felt lighter  
again.

I was no longer  
wearing my backpack





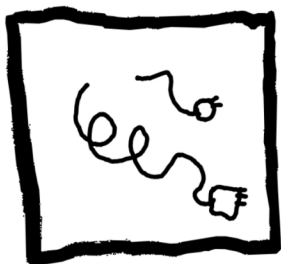
I imagined it suddenly  
on one of my previous  
trains, jostled by the  
rumbling carriage.



I retraced my steps to  
the previous platform in  
a panic filled stupor...

what had been  
lost?

and so, I began to expand my  
archive of losses.



Various  
costly  
chargers.



various  
costly  
textbooks.



Stationary, notes,  
misc items like old  
ripped tickets and  
crumbling brochures



What memorabilia, what  
significant personal items -  
traces of my stupid/precious  
life - was I already  
forgetting?



My Laptop.

Featuring the last two  
years of unfinished, basically  
finished, half-finished, beloved  
writing projects + notes...

...plus all my  
passwords and  
accounts and  
work detritus...



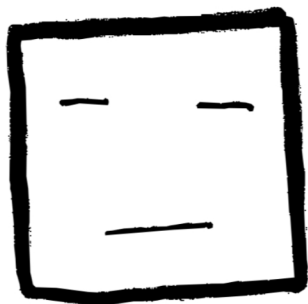
I occupied my previous  
route like a ghost, in a  
state of detached mania,  
certain my life was  
now over.



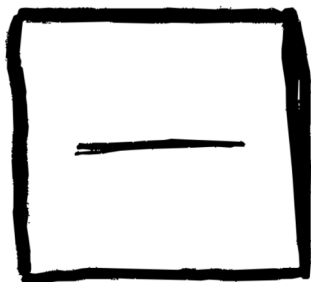
All the hours I spent  
on these lost things  
were dissolving into the  
ether of absences, I  
felt as if I was losing  
the part of my life that  
was time.



Whilst hurtling, I tried to fill out a lost property form on my phone, but couldn't bring myself to complete even the tick boxes.



I tried to reconstruct sections of my written work mentally, but the results seemed hopelessly inauthentic



But of course, I had no way of knowing for sure if my reconstructions were better or worse - it's just that my losses were already becoming mythical, untouchable.



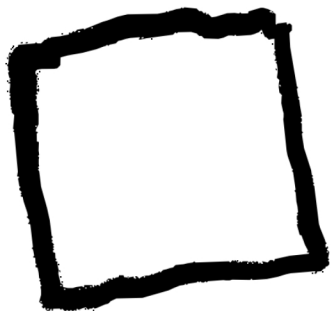
After hours of fruitless retracing, in a frenzied state I sought official assistance...



I was told to complete the form I had tried to start.



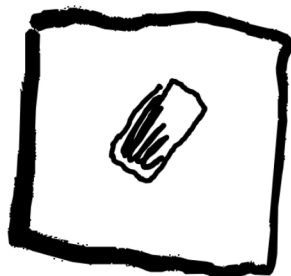
I reached for my phone in a state of nervous submission.



My phone  
was not there.

Nor anywhere.

By now, another  
Spectre jostled  
along the network  
of losses.





I had to leave this place before it swallowed me whole, perhaps find a friendly phone user with which to track my own.



But without my phone as payment method, I could not exit the system.



Behind me, a gaggle of naked wretches in the corner that I hadn't noticed before laughed as they realised my fate was sealed.



listlessly, I  
roamed the  
network



I felt the glare of  
other passengers, who  
knew what I was.

...what I had become.



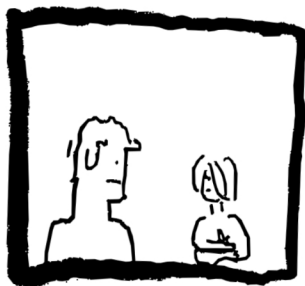
When I chose, at random, to change trains - I realised I had lost all my clothes.



Soon also:  
my teeth.



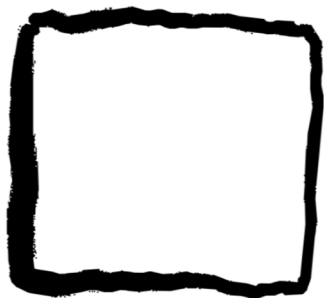
More detritus for  
the archive of losses.



I met a fellow  
wretch who said  
she had lost her  
favourite song



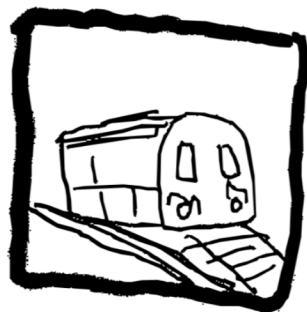
She then spat at me,  
convinced I was after  
her crisp packet.



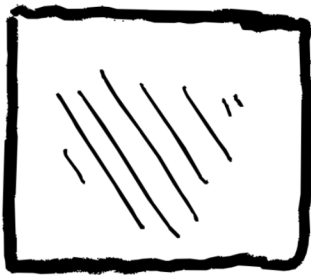
Before long, of course, my mind was lost.

My sense of individuality:

I became one with the network.



I felt all my lost things, in the far corners of my new world



there was a  
kind-of  
warmth

