



... IS STARTING TO BORE ME BEHEMOTH.



CUT OFF HIS HEAD!!!



THAT'S AN IDEA!







She
was carrying
some of those papavire
yellow flowers. God
knows what they're called
but they come how always
are the first to come out
in Spring. She turned
off Tverskaya.

There must have
been a thousand
people on it but I am
sure she saw none but me.
She had a look of suffering
and I was struck by the
extraordinary loneliness
in her eyes.