

H=3  
701

① Twisted shapes stared at him from the window-sill, their whiteness stark and brilliant. The blinding sun cast long static shadows onto the floor. He suddenly hated himself for the Pact he had entered into with the Other one.

The morning brought greater clarity; he discerned grotesque shapes by the window. Shapes made of paper. Their angularity and oddness made him feel secure, reminding him of a time when it had all made sense, when the topology of his existence seemed to him as ~~changeable~~ malleable as those shapes.

② He had thought he could twist it into something new. Something more permanent, everlasting and as timeless as the geometry, the very curvature and shape of the universe that he thought he existed in. Curvature. It had all started there. Something which would need to have no end since an ending was a contradiction to what that thing stood for. Did a circle have corners? Did a sphere have edges? He rejected the philosophies which spoke of everlasting rest after a shoddy go at existence. He also spat upon those who spoke of cycles of life and death. Similarity, congruence, the infinite. This was what he wanted.

③ He picked up a sheet lying on the floor. He tore a thin strip out of it. Its planarity insulted him. Disgusted, he brought the ends together in a circle. Something was still wrong, though. There was an outside and an

inside. The geometry of that humble strip was sadly restricted. Smiling to himself, he separated the two ends. A single twist. That was all it took. That was how he had met the Other one. After twisting the strip of paper, he brought the ends together. He then held up his little creation to the sunlight. The twisting stream of dust particles paid homage to his curious artifice.

④ With a start, he realized he had cut himself on the paper. A paper cut. ~~Disappointing~~ Frivolous. He brought the cut closer to his twisted strip of paper and let a pristine droplet of blood fall onto the ~~strip~~ paper. Which side did the droplet of blood grace? There was only one side. He dragged the fading mark of red over the strip of paper, following its twisting course. Before long, bright red met the fading mark. Convergence. This was how it was meant to happen. As acceptance ~~suggested~~ suggested his mind, the Pact took its toll. The Other one plunged a dagger into his heart. He perished in an ~~erotic~~ orgasm of perverse pleasure. The Other he became the new he.

⑤ ~~The Other he became the new he.~~ He marveled at the perfection of it all. He knew his days were unnumbered so long as the Pact ran its course. He ~~laid~~ laid the dagger by the side of his bed. He cleaned it. It was ready for when the other Other would need it. The terrible topology of his life would take some time to terminate its twisted tale. He stared at a bloodied strip of paper by the side of the bed. The violence took its toll on him. He glanced at the grotesque shapes by his window sill and ~~to~~ closed his eyes in momentary repose.