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# Bizarre Gumblings in Alan

# BIZARRE CRUMBLINGS IN ALBION III

## Day 2

I finally called home.

And no one answered. Some part of me knew that would be the case, but I still tried.

It was calm. Far too calm out as I walked the stuffy streets of Knightsbridge to stay awake and get some fresh air. To try and catch my breath. The breath that only seemed to want to get away.

I could hear chatter from all walks of life discussing what happened the day before. They all thought it was a hoax. A worldwide prank or silly viral internet video that somehow made a lucky wrong turn and ended up on the world stage.

And yet, on their faces you could see something crawling behind the curtain. When they pulled out their wallets, purses and cards, paid for their newspapers, coffees and shopping. You could see it. Pure contemplation. Writhing on every kind of face. I'd never seen this before. Usually we are as robots acting out our programmed scripts. No true thoughts, just the daily machinations ticking across the globe. But this? This was new. To me and judging by their faces, to them to.

As I walked further I saw a homeless man beg for money to an evidently not-homeless man and his family. In this new world, is there any difference between them? As I stared upon them, I noticed the not-homeless man's gold watch, the symbol of his previous power. It was empty. Useless. As useless as the homeless man's attempt at receiving anything of worth from the man he stood before. His tailored suit, wife wrapped in luxury, obedient rare breed dog and child whose future education would probably feed the homeless man for the next forty years. It was all empty. The boundaries were gone. Dissipated, like icy mist in the sun.

In this new, cursed world, I somehow pitied his worth. Is this then the power of the curse? To change the inner world to such an extent, the outer world physically shifts? All I knew was that I walked in this semi-catatonic state for far too long. I had work to do so I ran back with the breath I'd finally caught a hold of.

An email was waiting for me when I got back.

*'Rest Easy, Ye Not Alive'*

The subject line from the of course anonymous email caused inexplicable anxiety. I glared at it with unease and it glared back at me with a force that slowed down time. And then it hit me. Reyna. Beyond curious I opened the email, but, I must admit my penchant for gibberish was at an all time low, so I dismissed the email body full of numbers, letters, symbols and odd phrases. The PDM repetition caught my attention, but it was like staring at an unfocused image that refused to make itself known.

I moved onto my urgent unfinished tasks and assignments, toiling away before the ghostly magnetism of the strange email pulled me back. The format of the email seemed to separate a few words in each line, which I failed to notice before. Why was it highlighting the name of the worlds most famous man-child CEO? And MI5? I barely noticed the words 'red dossier' before a call came in.

*"Excuse me?!"*

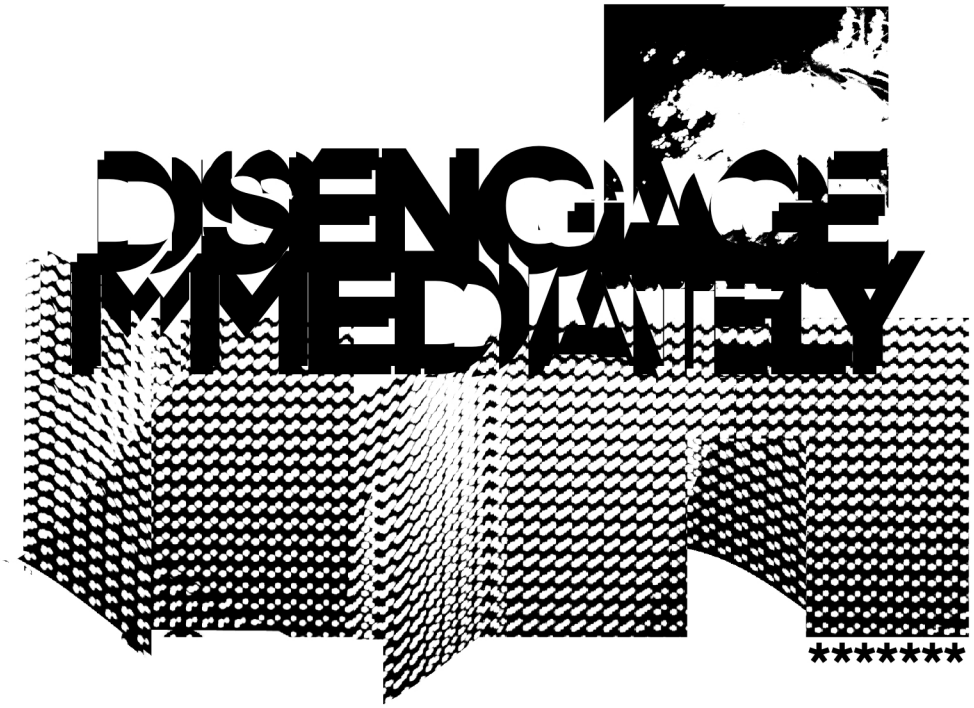
That same CEO had been in a fire. Nearly burnt alive.

Arson.

And Reyna was their prime suspect.

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*Bizarre Crumblings in Albion will conclude in From Utopia Issue 22*




there is no time to waste — stop engaging — step back and examine — why do they think like that — why do you think the way you do — disengage immediately

# WHAT IS CYBER SHADOWS?

It started with a seance.

Wilhelmina Summers, the medium, lost control of her usual calm temperament, infested with some malignant force, began to draw.

Her insane line markings first took form as small boxes, then gradually revealed itself to be a QR code.

Stunned by its appearance and wondering if it would actually work if scanned, it took the participants of the seance a while to attempt, considering the codes supposed supernatural origin.

Once courage was plucked and the code scanned, they were greeted by the webpage cybershadows.mv4, or so the urban legend goes.

A nearly seven minute video is all that the page contained. Cyber Shadows, as the video is now generally referred to, feels like an outdated computer attempting to reconstruct someone's memories of an old tv show, but faulting before completion.

And yet, the video is somehow the least interesting part of the story.

Originally thought to be a rogue ghost site, the now-defunct webpage cybershadows.mv4 is highly fascinating. No doubt a digital anomaly, it is said to have been a minuscule mote of negative space on a web server in between two irrelevant websites. Almost alive it would pulsate from accessible, to a compact size of nonexistence. When reported to the hosting provider, cybershadows.mv4 was somehow always out of sight, which seems to have allowed it to stay hidden for so long.

Being that it was only accessible when it chose to be, some people claimed they failed to ever access the site. An unyielding case of bad luck, or was the site particular about its audience?

Now, only the video exists on the web. Research into the urban legend remains unfruitful, except one alleged piece of information. Wilhelmina Summers, the medium who drew the QR code perhaps bringing cybershadows.mv4 into our world, died on the very same day the cybershadows.mv4 webpage disappeared off the web.

While no one knows what is fact or fiction, the only evidence that exists of cybershadows.mv4 is the video which can be accessed through the following, non-seance produced QR code:

# WHAT IS CYBER SHADOWS?



SHEMSHELLEY

# Chapter 29

**"Listening to the ape next door mark war with words was invaluable. As was seeing them stumble and crawl."**

**SLEEPING DAEGONE PEEKS BEHIND THE CURTAIN**

**The beasts deep teeth coated with b l a c k h o l e s c u m**

**Tree heart thumps knocking, knocking and awake**

**Romonde's right foot tied to the tree of light**

**Caressing warm chilled glow sound of the bird**

**"My old routes resisted the M E T R O M A N S**

**Let them boil in Hades for logicrimes**

**Farce of enemy like never before**

**I shrunk their ill myths down to garden size**

**R u i n ed them like they so ruined our land**

**THOSE WHO STRAIGHTEN WILL ALWAYS HAUNT THE LAND**

**THOSE WHO STRAIGHTEN WILL ALWAYS MOURN THE LAND"**

**And now two dimensional darkness rise**

**To prune, snip the wild branching narrative**

**Empty tricks to disguise the minds pink road**

**Romonde looks on at brothers and scissors**

**Waiting to be born, the child is no more**

**SEETHING INHALE SEETHING INHALE SEETHING**

**In hail stones the halted medictation**

The self gifted to a moon strum cycle

“THE EGG IS HIDDEN, THE EGG IS HIDDEN”

Legumes made of seawater wrapped in cloth

And curved roots caress Romonde’s cure body

Showing that some g r i m rise and they are tree

Gnarled into nethermore for all to see

Shoot lights tough skin and take out all the red

Knees lit to help move the young egg to life

D i s  e a s e weeps from the cut branches at last

No more accepting gifts, only to earn

No more a brain to pylon the fake gods.

# Chapter 30

**"And they left. All their theft. All their heft. They all left."**

**Lights fade**

**THETWELVEAFOSSILS**

**buried in the air**
**impend safe passage**
**to the end**

**—Romonde walks on a path of glass glorbes**
**filled with comatose lights and l o/a st breaths**

**rejoined by the piguide,**
**travel to the endistrict**
**the home of newealth**


yet not guilty
easy not guilty
test easy yet
guilty test
easy yet
not guilty
test easy
not guilty
ALIVE

**Enjoyed this issue? Consider buying me a pizza as eternal gratification**



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