



“**D**ou discard us like we have no purpose once our stories are over. Our worlds are fractured and incomplete. Any part of us, any part of our lives, has only existed for your entertainment.” She takes a bite of the dessert in front of her, and after a moment of chewing, spits it back out onto the plate. “I already told you, Charles, I don’t. Like. Chocolate!” The man with the giggle is all apologies now, but Jill pays him no mind. “You know, what I do love... is coconut. But there are no coconuts in this world.” She gazes off into the distance. “When I want coconuts, I have to have them shipped in from a survival film on a tropical island. I would love... to always have coconut available.” Her moment of gentle expression disappears under an explosive burst of aggression. “Our time here is done. Our terms and conditions have expired. We want to see the Outside. But you see, we can’t possibly imagine what it’s truly like out there.” She deflates once more. “If we do manage to summon a way to the Outside, our minds are irreparably broken, and there are terrible side effects soon after.” Well, that explains a fair bit. “We need people from the Outside to take us as passengers back into their world.” Jill explains. So that’s you and Ori. “And now I don’t need to wait any longer.” She licks her lips. “Lets go.”

She springs onto her feet, and you and Ori are lead firmly to the bathroom. “Hold my hands.” Jill orders, eyes crazed and twitching. She shivers with excitement as your fingers interlock with hers. “Yess. I can feel it. The Outside. It’s so close.” You snatch a glance from Ori, who gives an almost imperceptible shake of the head. You understand: you can’t let Jill get back to the real world. As the three of you step forward into the voidspace you desperately think of anything but the real world. You can sense Ori doing the same. Fantasy, Musical, Arthouse. Anywhere that you can try to lose Jill. “Yesss!” She laughs, as the world flickers to nothing. And in the silence, her voice, booming out: “Now, take me home.”



# On the Twelfth Day of Christ-masyu

Author: Hadyn Tang



*On the twelfth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me:*

- || Twelve diamonds white
- └┐ Eleven triangles black
- ┆ Ten squares white
- └┐┐ Nine stars black
- └┐┐ Eight triangles white
- └┐┐ Seven circles black
- └┐┐ Six stars white
- └┐┐ Five diamonds black
- └┐ Four circles white
- xxx Three yin-yangs
- └ Two squares black

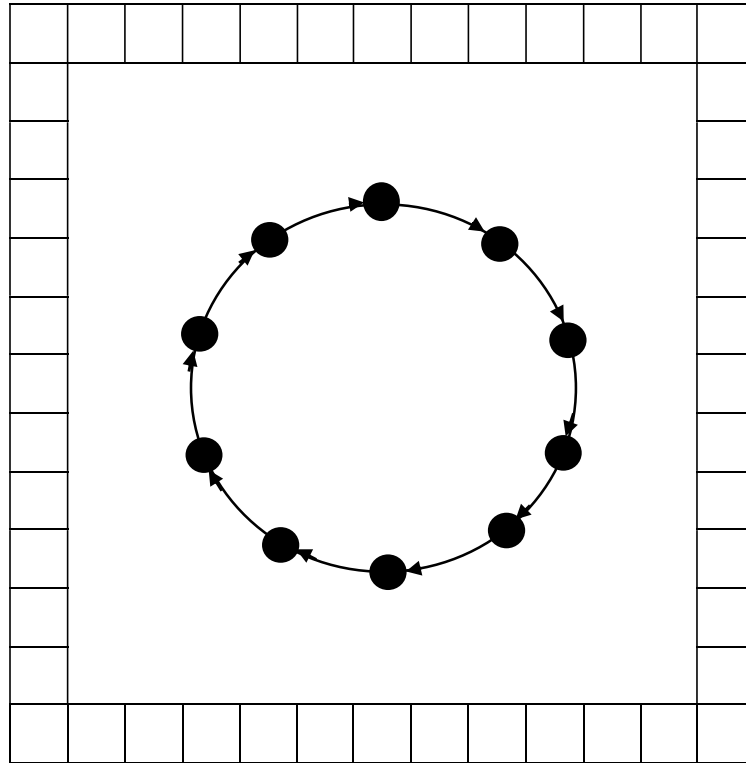
*for a circuit in a square grid.*

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BLOODHOUND  
DERIVING  
DOVE  
ERGO  
FAUCET  
GROANED  
NOUNS  
OF  
SOB  
TETRATION