

## Elegy.doc

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### Monday 15th March

8:30 pm

it's like when car crash happened on street seven storeys below so could watch carnage from safe birds-eye-view distance. was awful. quite traumatic—and sort of miraculous what with Restrictions and very few cars on road. then realised she was looking at me, which was nice—but also less nice because my face was in dismay-at-car-crash-below mode, not friendly-hello mode, so thought from her perspective it must seem like watching a bad horror movie (where horror movie = my own face). floor-to-ceiling windows in her flats = like mine, which = unflatteringly like 24/7 reality T.V. screens each set to different channel.

but somehow(!) managed to recover and shared pleasant wave of mutual acknowledgement. had not had a moment of pleasant human interaction since start of Restrictions—was like floating on air—like body/soul on opposite sides of screen/window for moment—like unreal/surreal.

think am writing because cannot cope with the stress. but also because feel deep sense of human duty to record last moments of other's life as am bound to watch. like when on online video deep-dive and end up watching compilations of victims' last moments when caught in tsunami or othersuch natural disaster. don't think this is just a me-thing—am not isolated phenomenon: TsunamiToob has 1.3 M subs, which means is normal in 1.3 M cases. so is okay—evidently okay.

due to pleasant wave of mutual acknowledgement feel she is friend, of sorts. and feel sad to see like this. sad to lose mutual knowledge of each other's presence in mornings when open blinds at 7:15am. feel like, can 'save' her, in a sense, even if, only 'saving' as in on Notes.doc.

the writing started five-ish hours ago and she has not stopped since. not even for brief yoga stretch sesh in front of floor-to-ceiling-expensive-flat window. not even to eat/drink/use bathroom. just sat on futon for hours not doing normal things, like ignoring cat which she always feeds at 6pm—but perhaps is normal for her not to do normal things once in while? perhaps work-based accident happened? perhaps works for slick tech start-up making six-figures but since the fungus hit has been working from home, as per guidelines and idiot co-worker 'lost' Very Important Files which she, being trusted and best co-worker (or boss? seems boss-type-bitch, which is not bitch = derogatory, but boss-ass-bitch as in has cat mouth to feed and don't need no mans) has been tasked with the recovery/reproduction of?

still is writing.

she was very accomplished at yoga. masterful. would do this thing where would use floor-to-ceiling front window as balance to get into headstand, with feet on window for moment which must feel like standing on nothing/air. think she was/is brave. must be. if could do that.

8:55 pm

she has gone to fridge!

she is not with fungus!

won't wake up tomorrow and find her on roof of flats chitinised into living/dead statue with phallus-like fruiting tip swelling from face!

but is—oh no.

she is writing on fridge.

9:59 pm

think she must have crashed laptop with speed of writing.

she? do not like 'she'. is too impersonal—disrespectful. am tasked with recording last details of expunging soul. should at least give courtesy of acquaintance on first name basis. have given cat courtesy of name—Brian—though was sort of joke when did because looks like brown felt slipper but with attitude. but is no joke now. is serious. is natural disaster like hurricane Lindy, which has name: so,

Janine

has covered entire surface of fridge now + has proceeded to contents. took less than five minutes to cover entire large sweet potato. even tried on ice cubes. think can make out 'cookie ice cream is my favourite' but perhaps wishful thinking—she is not really the cookie ice cream type: has a mango and kiwi smoothie (sounds gross but tried and is good!) breakfast at approx. 7.35am (on Sundays 8.45am) every morning. but perhaps am projecting own preferences onto final outpourings of a doomed self-consciousness.

perhaps am mourning her?

still, KNews says is 'measurable trend' re the afflicted's writings—strings of memories, major life/world events, likes, dislikes, fears, regrets, relationships, wishes, dreams, names. hypothesis is that this is human brain's defence mechanism against losing mind/identity to fungus—but also hypothesis is that fungus is 'getting to know' host. like dating game where blind dates ask questions except mind-control-fungus edition where game is to avoid date with mind-control-fungus that will take over whole identity.

is me? am like mind-control-fungus? perhaps am projecting own ice cream preferences onto Janine's otherwise illegible final outpourings. but is other way to do this? is better that i record her—that i save last details etc.—even if am not sure of exact accuracy? feels like doing bad job. but job for who? have never seen partner-looking person in Janine's flat. maybe for family? but have never seen 'family' types visit. but must have family? must have parental types of some kind? siblings?

but flats like ours = not for family

flats like ours = for people like us

can say 'us'?

Louis + Janine = we/us

so yes.

us(!).

but what is point of family anyway? is friend enough? has friend?

yes. has friend. i am friend. so perhaps is for me.

is just for me.

11:15 pm

Janine Friedman.

11:25 pm

Janine Orley-Friedman.

**Tuesday 16th March**

5:50 am

haven't slept.

have been finding sleep difficult since Restrictions enforced so have moved mattress right next to almost floor-to-ceiling window. when lying down can see flats opposite, and now, the four (soon five?) on roof. have found watching the four's fruiting tips swaying in moonlight soothing like nightlight in bedroom when was very small. are horrid/beautiful in scary/attractive way like old nightmare/nice dream where met SuperDon but turns out to be bad guy like TrekGun, not good guy and personal hero of all superheroes in Manter Comix. but also are cooler than nightlight because fruiting tips glow in the dark and go all kinds of colours. like mood ring i gave to third-crush Jemma at end of middle school. makes me think that they are alive, if can, have 'moods'.

Janine still writing—in bathroom now so cannot see.

6:30 am

have deciphered 'I LOVE NEW YORK', which Janine wrote in very big letters because was using red scented candle as giant crayon before found second pen drawer, and also maybe 10/07/20 (but could also be 10/01/20?). could tell more about her if found her on Socio but can't, because don't know her real name. she's just Janine to me. so can only tell you about Janine. but know a lot about my Janine.

some nights she would lie on her back by huge window and seemed to be looking up at the stars—though don't think it could be stars, because have tried doing the same and are lost in the city over-glow. Janine is dreamer then: an optimist. was very beautiful with her

hair laid about her neck—tinted blue by the city light, pooling about her head, like the waters of her mind.

9:15 am

think writing phase is over. has now covered almost every surface in house incl. desk, bedsheets, walls, parts of ceiling reached by standing on table (when finished with table), then covered sofa, pillows, and worked in neat little circle/spiral into centre of carpet, where stopped.

knew would happen soon. interesting to watch, like Nature Documentary except minus reassuring voiceover, and instead disorienting narration of rolling news from HomeScreen in living/kitchen room. is different than expected. slower. took her few hours but, slowly, slowly, made her way to window. why window? why not rooftop like others? have made hypothesis with help of KNews: fungus gets victims to go to roof tops so can express itself through sporulation to be carried by wind, so fungus uses light sensing capacity of human eye to guide victim(?), but has less motor control so cannot do complex action i.e. unlock door etc. hence Janine standing by window, looking up. perhaps is why she didn't write on window.

didn't see full process for others. just appeared on roof one day like Ancient Greek statues except not milky-white. instead darkish-grey—but smooth like real statues, with clothes plastered as in just-passed-moment of wind. seemed noble, frozen as if making decision. then next day woke to find that thick fruiting tip had smashed out their faces like eggshells, and understood reality that they were not noble statues to human individuality and decision making capacity, but instead chitinified commemorations of total overthrow of body/brain/mind in service of fungus.

man on far right was a CEO-type: rarely in flat, but when was there lived out of a suitcase. once saw him pacing round flat on phone apparently shouting until threw it across room, and sat down by suitcase all hunched and seemed to be crying/sobbing—looked a bit like dry heaving—then suddenly pulled out this tattered teddy bear from suitcase, and i realised that it wasn't business-deal-gone-wrong on the phone. it was wife/partner. they must miss him now. wonder if the kid knows? their teddy is still lying alone on the hard wood floor of that flat.

CEO-type's face—how to describe? extreme anguish—uncontrollable laughter? hard to tell from this distance.

Brian is gone. have not seen him. she's wearing once-lilac silk pyjama set. her face—her everything—is grey as cement. the warm peach of the morning sunlight on her neck, on her arms, makes me think her skin is still soft. still alive.

her hands are pressed against the window in a kind of open prayer—like the ikon of the Virgin receiving Christ behind the glass of my childhood church's altar. like in the dream.

Janine. Janine Orley. the most beautiful woman in the world. the only woman in the world.

the time is 10:15 am. i live in flat 27—i am, i am—i dream, i dreamt—the light falling upon her is brighter now. she seems made of pearl.

when she seems like this i know it is happening. i step through the window—this window—and then i'm bobbing in the air with the sound of great wings that i see are mine

—all grey and smutted like a pigeon with so many tatted feathers—but still i fly over the street below, my legs shaking in the upgust that brings me right to her, where i see her, like this—just like this—like the Virgin ablaze and pearlescent, beyond alive, but she doesn't see me. she never sees me; she is looking up, always looking up. but still, i wave. and suddenly she sees me.

and i am full of her.

i pass through her window. she stares—opens her mouth and says you have something to tell me. i don't know how to say it—something has overshadowed me, has come upon me, and as i turn, leaping back through the window, i know i'm naked—that i have been totally naked since the beginning—that i never had wings. and, turning in the air,

falling

falling

i look up and see the white tips of hers peaking through the window as shards of light.

some nights i feel the tips of her fingers touch my back just before i fall. and i am—i am—  
heavenly—i am—i am—Friedman. Louis Friedman.

Janine Janine