DAY 3:

Today I walked into a colossal building. It was the biggest building in town, as big a Notre Dame, and the people who were walking in and out were dressed up, so I figured it must be their temple. Inside was full of human sculptures, some without hands and legs, or even heads, and all decorated with sumptuous gowns and jewelry. Were these god figures or enemy scalps? In one corner a well groomed woman was inviting me to smell a bottle of liquid incense. It was indeed a godly fragrance. But most of all, the place was full of clothing. There were enough gowns to dress the whole France! Just where are all these people? In small niches inside the walls there were several tiny chapels decorated with flowers and ornamented with reflective glass. I peeked inside to see how the women were praying, but I only saw them changing clothes. They appeared neither exalted nor relieved. I think these chapels bring them a different sort of relief, unknown in my life.