DAY 6:

Today I walked into a small shop that smelled very nice. They were selling a dark beverage under a variety of strange and familiar names: mocha, latte, cappuccino, frappuccino, frost, decaf, soy, caramel. I have heard of an unusual dark black beverage from Araby before, but I’ve never seen it. Is that where I am – in Araby? Anyway, people here are amazingly quiet. They exchange a few words with the sales girl, and then they take out little shell pads, or big shells, or tiny little shells which they plug in their ears, and once they wrap themselves around in them, they freeze in a silent pose. I think they are listening to voices. These voices must be very powerful if they don’t bother to talk to each other any more.