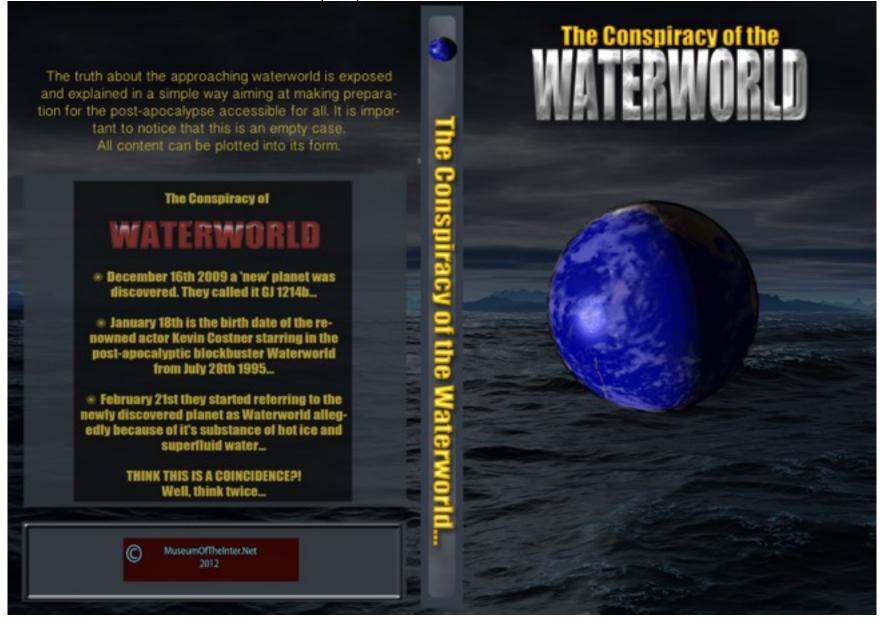
The Conspiracy of the Waterworld - DESCRIPTION:



AFTERMATH

A guide, not for preparation nor survival, but for proceeding within a post-apocalyptic existence.

We shall depart from vanishing shores.

It might sound a bit extensive
but I was thinking
of building a boat from the cork plugs of the red wine we drank,
or maybe you could be in charge of the construction?
I'm rather useless when it comes to physical work.

And so we shall depart from the vanishing shores.

On that boat
(simple wooden platform)
we shall be lying, resting
all day
and during the night, we shall continue lying, resting.
The heated wooden surface, though hard, is comfortable and a steady ground.

So we shall depart as Waterworld approaches.

Years will pass
surely time shall seem different from what we are used to.
But time shall pass undoubtedly
and in the end
time will have passed.

The odds of us (the two of us) dying at the exact same moment, though this would be quite nice and convenient,

are slim to none.

The one remaining shall be overwhelmed a sudden absence of the other.

But once again time shall pass with no further notice and with the end of that would be the end of all.

Resting is not easy This shall be explained:

The days (a week) as they appear in a small calendar:

It happens every day. I wake up at the beginning of a day. The beginning is marked by a new day. The notebook sized calendar tells me what day it is. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday. Daily time consumption inevitably leads to blank pages. Sunday is refill-day.

The days (one week) as seen on a green pill box

It happens every day. I wake up at the beginning of a day. The beginning is marked by daily routines. The rectangular green pill box tells me what day it is. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday. Daily ingestion inevitably leads to emptiness. Sunday is refill-day.

The days gone by as seen from the inside of a fridge.

It happens every day. I wake up at the beginning of a day. The day is marked by daily meals. The fridge presents, not the options, but rather the obligations. Lettuce, cabbage, carrots, cream, cheese, sausage. Daily ingestion inevitably leads to emptiness. Sunday is refill-day.

In Waterworld these markers will be obsolete, irrelevant.

Resting is easy.