

Rosie, there is a spelling error in your speech bubble.

Goldie, I had a strange dream last night.

Grammar - the difference between "Knowing your shit" and "Knowing you're shit"

Oh dear. I guess I am feeling a little thrown off balance.

Are you attacking my character? I still feel quite befuddled from that dream. It was ... disorientating.



Really...?

...well, not exactly really, really... After all, it was a dream.



Right. Well, what was your dream about?

I am standing outside, and the Café looks deserted, but for some reason I know I will be able to get in through the door.



I dreamt that I am entering Café Answer.

Hmm...

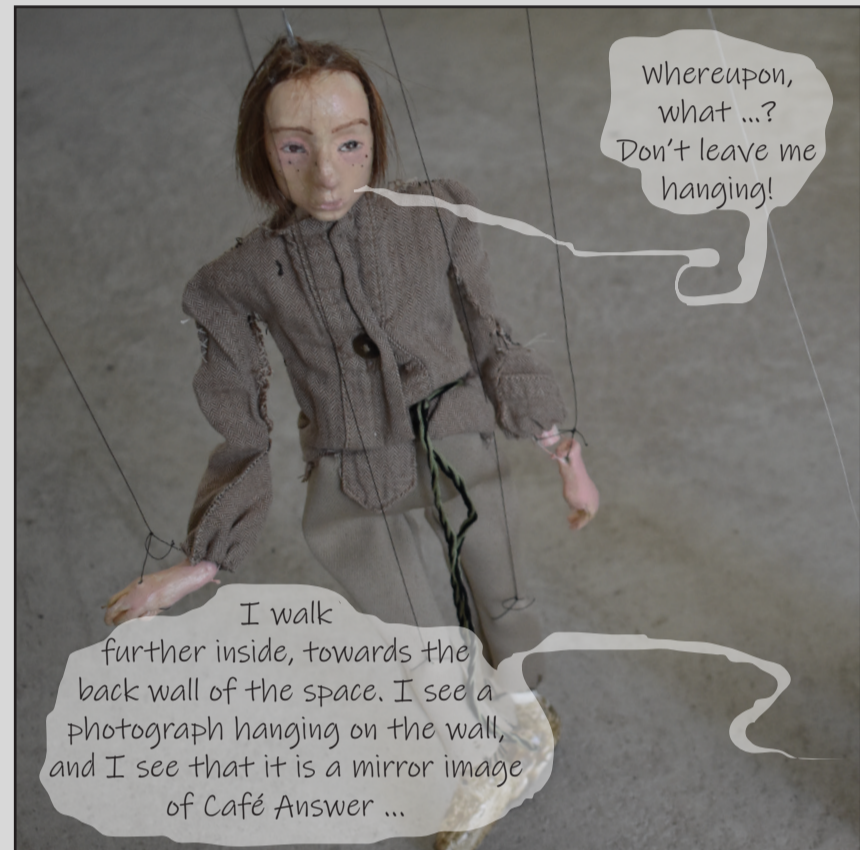


I feel as if passing through a mirror. I remember the door handle feeling moist and cold. Inside, I realize I cannot look out the window. All I see is myself, infinitely mirrored in the space around me. I feel as if imprisoned in time.

That's most captivating! Continue...



I look around and I realize the sound is muffled. All I can hear is my own bodily sounds.



Whereupon, what ...? Don't leave me hanging!

I walk further inside, towards the back wall of the space. I see a photograph hanging on the wall, and I see that it is a mirror image of Café Answer ...



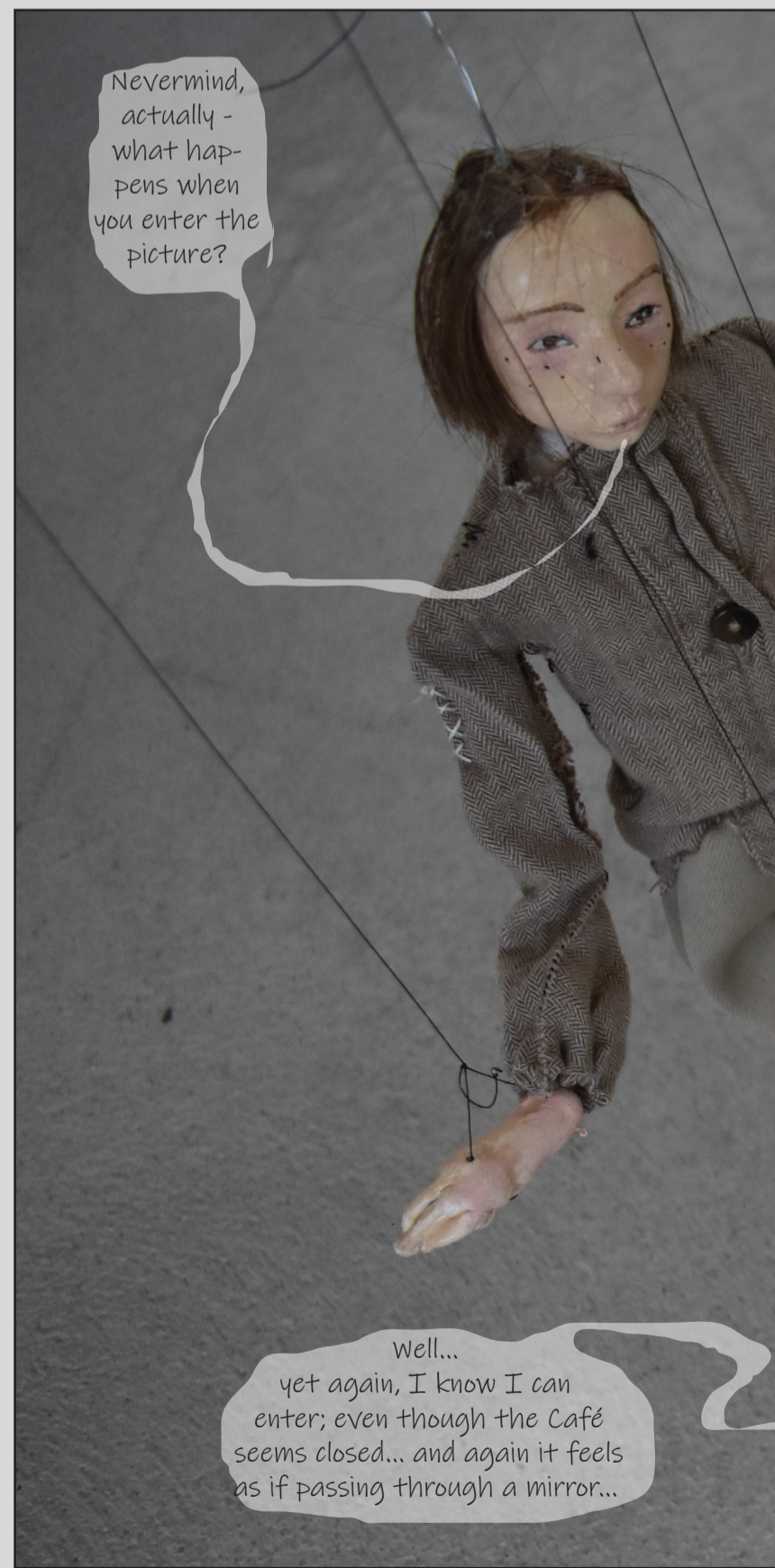
And then suddenly I realize that ... I AM SHRINKING!

Very implausible!



And it gets more implausible, Goldie! I keep shrinking and shrinking until I have finally shrunk to a size small enough to enter the picture.

I wonder if one's body shrinks, does the soul shrink, as well?



Nevermind, actually - what happens when you enter the picture?

Well... yet again, I know I can enter; even though the Café seems closed... and again it feels as if passing through a mirror...



And again, I walk towards the back wall, and the sound is muffled, etc. etc. etc. ...

How discombobulating



And it continues like this for a while. Again, and again, I shrink, I enter, I walk towards the image, I shrink, I enter...

It's bamboozling just hearing about it.



Until finally, at some point, I find YOU, Goldie, standing in front of the next photograph!

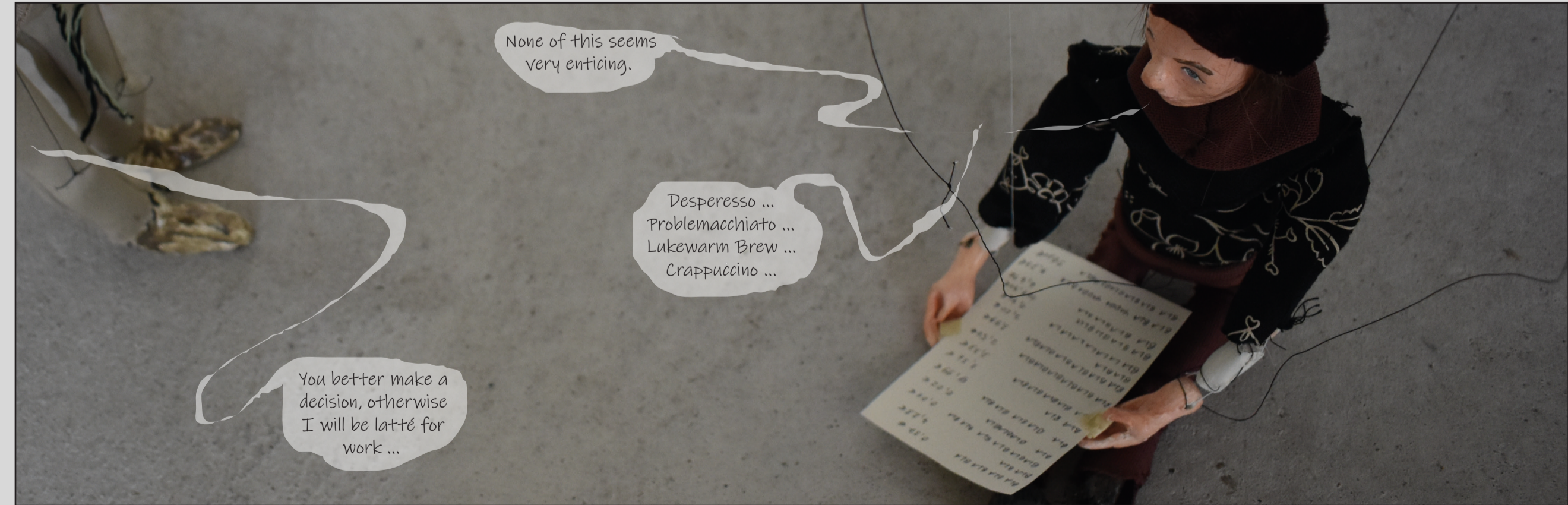
What, me ...? I am all ears - on strings.

And I ask you "What now? - Is this the end?" And you reply: "It just continues, love. It's Café Answer all the way down. You might as well stick around."



And I ask you: "But what's there at the end?"

And you repeat: "It's Café Answer all the way down, Rosie love ... You might as well stick around for a coffee. You look sleepy."



None of this seems very enticing.

Desperesso ... Problemacchiato ... Lukewarm Brew ... Crappuccino ...

You better make a decision, otherwise I will be latté for work ...