

COLLECTED KEY SECRETS

tags: 1966, mars2, mars3, spiro_mold

31 March, last year.

From beneath the runway the surface appeared to him as liquid glass, shimmering translucent sheets that he recalled skirting the grade school swimming pool, served forth from his ample memory of only yesterday. Spiro stared up at the imaginary, exposed rafters, wondering if, as it had lately come to seem, grade school really was the whole wide world, after all.

Was he dead? Or had he just fallen through the ground?

Something about TAB2. Man, fuck that guy.

Everything here was covered in black mold, like the wet, mildewy maintenance manuals he'd discovered stashed in the basement of his old apartment building, spread out on the floor of the worst utility closet ever. Spiro surfaced the runway, but it wasn't much help. He was pretty sure he could see the mold moving in the air. What did it want? Had it always been there? No wonder so many workers went home sick, or never went home at all.

He thought about MARS3, and just like that, he was back at MARS3.

Mom was out. Probably visiting her new new job. He didn't much feel like going to school, so he didn't. New apartment, same as the first.

He thought about MARS2, and just like that, he was back at MARS2.

Children at play in the melting snow.

Covered in mold.

Why was he seeing this?