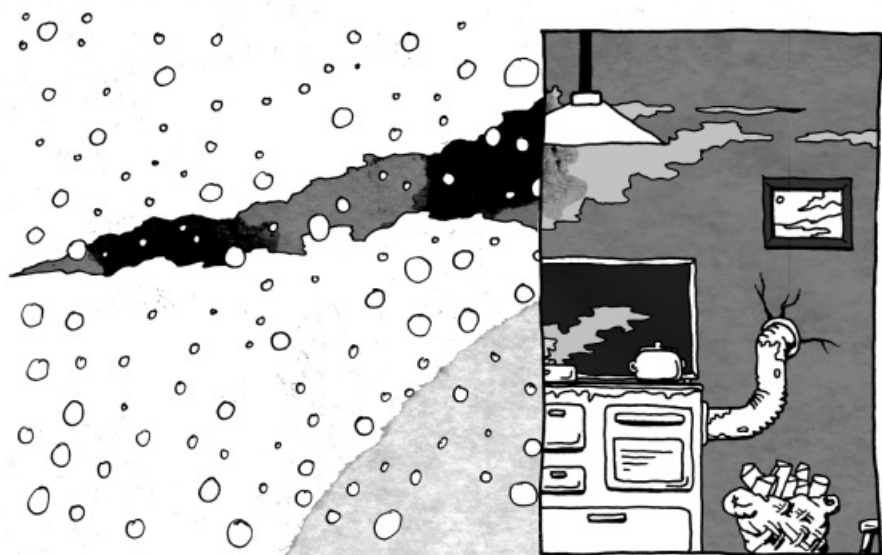


It was the night when radiators stopped working.





It is scenario I know so well. No one will come to mend the piece of old mechanism.

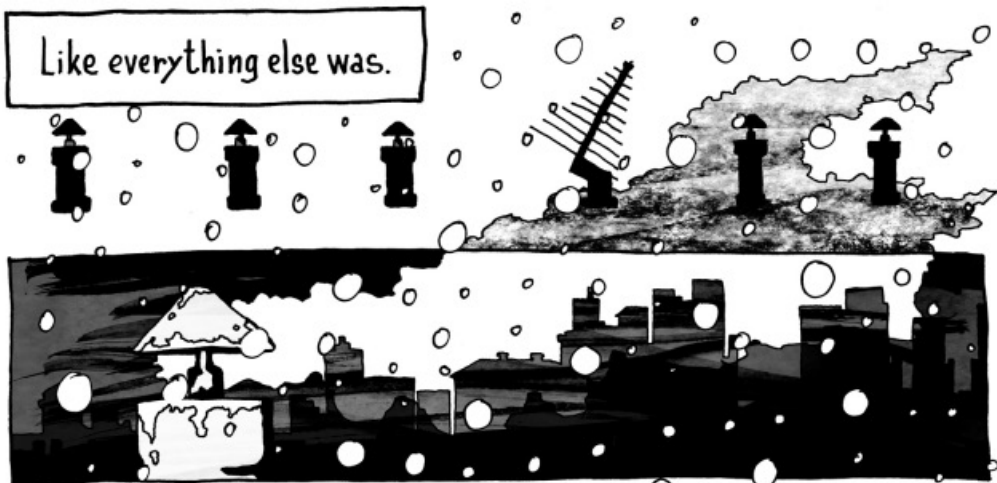


It is obsolete.

It died and the only thing to do now is to say goodbye.

It will be replaced with one of those new gadgets.

Like everything else was.



But the strongest sensation I cannot come accustomed to  
is that feeling that the air was replaced by something else.



Something more dense and kinda alive.



Something that transmits our connection, thoughts and interactions in a very concrete and palpable way.



I feel so sleepy. And I  
feel I slept for ages.



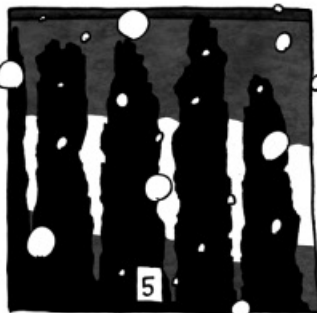
I remember Saturdays when I slept after parties  
and after the school week for twelve hours and  
my mother coming to my room to wake me up.



And I remember sun on her smiley cheeks  
and smell of pancakes from the kitchen.



I do not  
remember  
the last time  
I saw sunshine.



I do not  
remember  
going out  
at all.



Oh, I really have to  
finish my book.

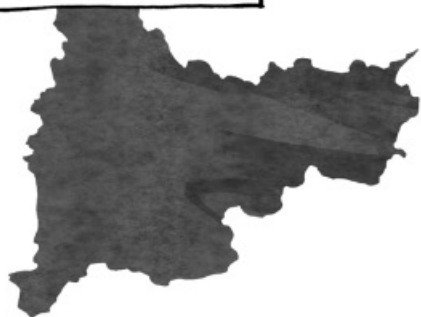
as their souls did recognize each other and decided by themselves  
they will continue the journey together, no matter what.

It always feels like I'm reaching the end  
but that something is missing and I need  
to write some much more meaningful ending.

But it's always escaping from my thoughts.

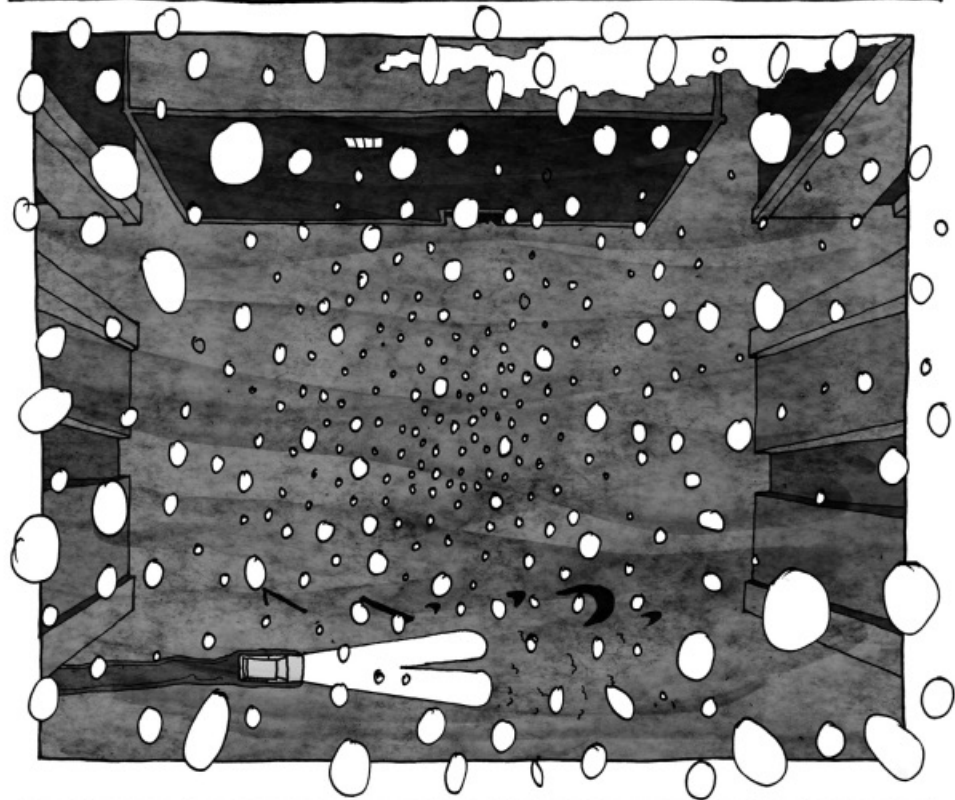


When was the last time I  
used the pipes anyway?



I visited Emma.  
In September.  
Or March.



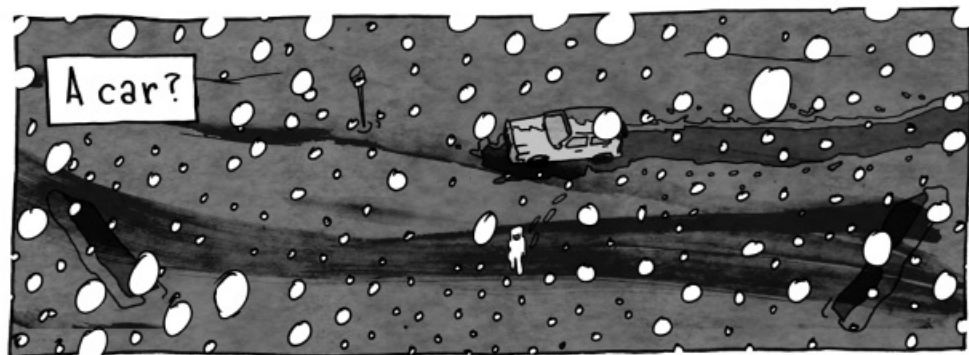




Can that be a real person using the streets?



A car?

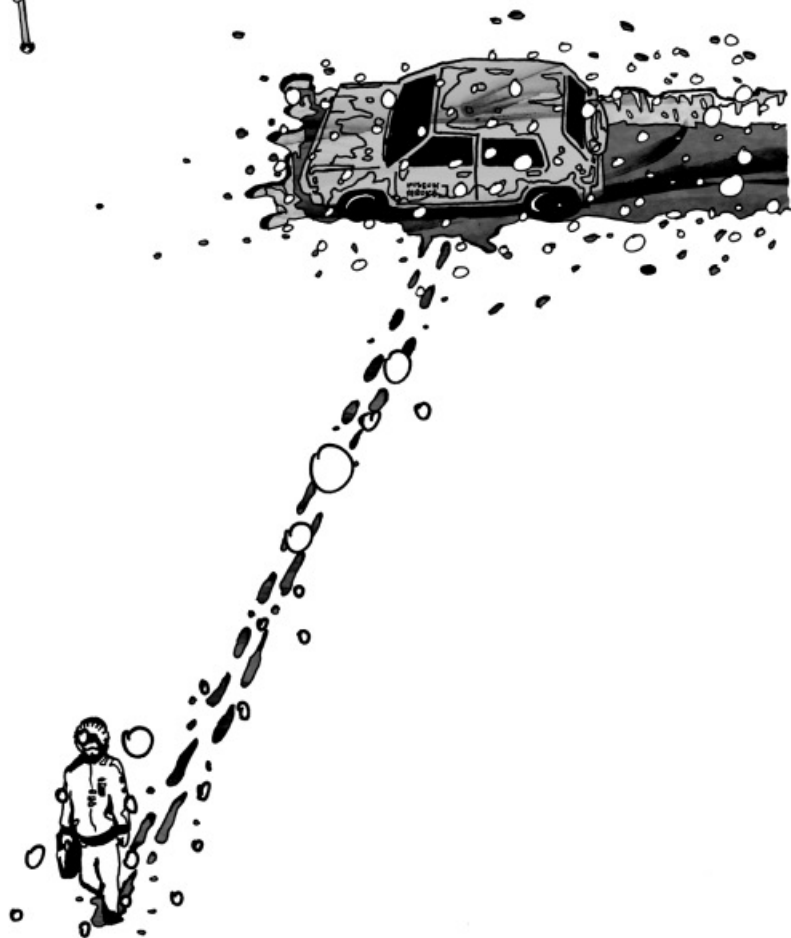


Maybe he is fetishist. Or rebel?  
I read about them. They said we  
are being turned into some weird  
slaves. Or some kind of food.  
I do not remember anymore.

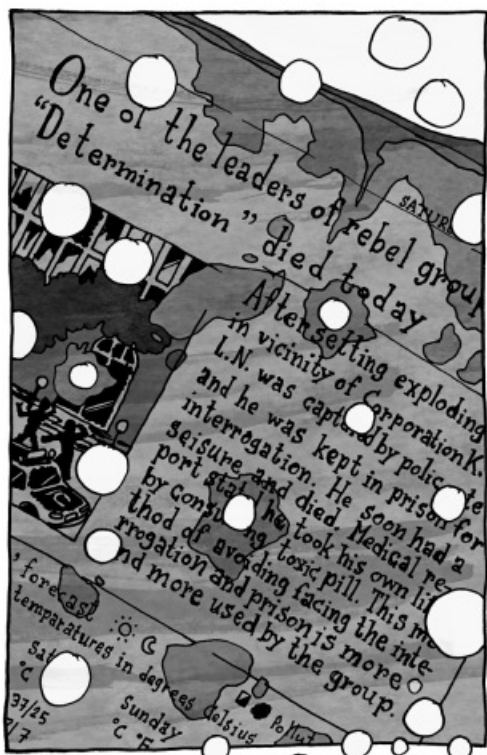


# Sleep Museum

Ella Gall writer Kostja Ribnik art

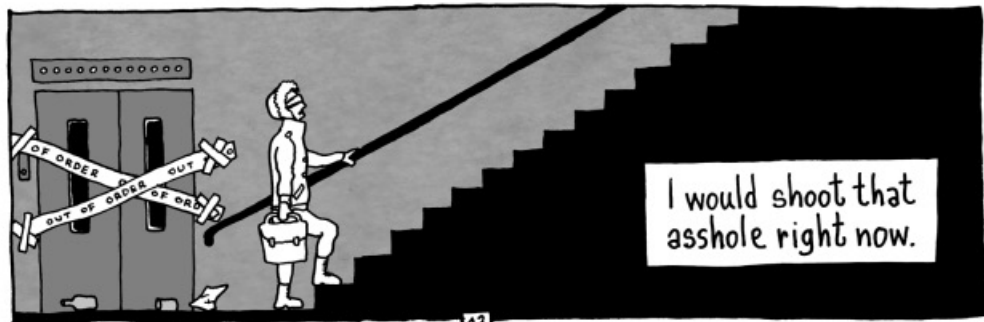
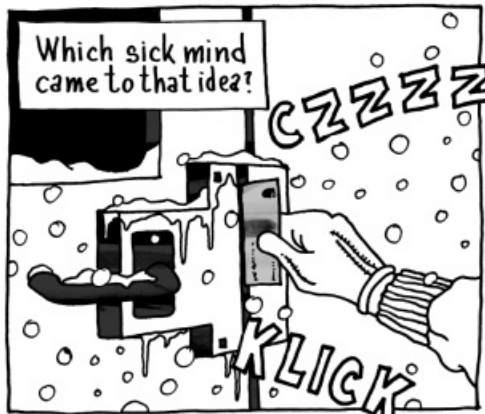
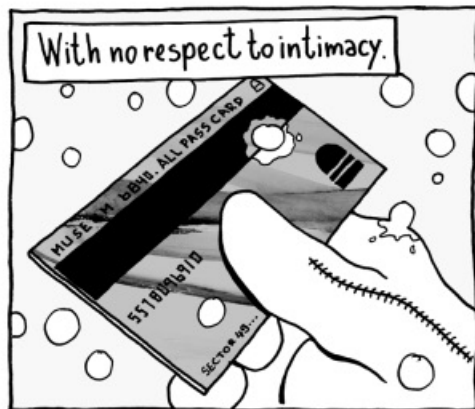
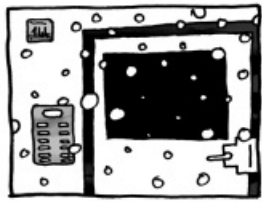
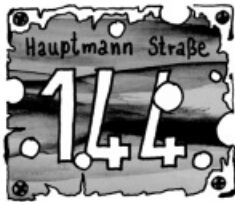
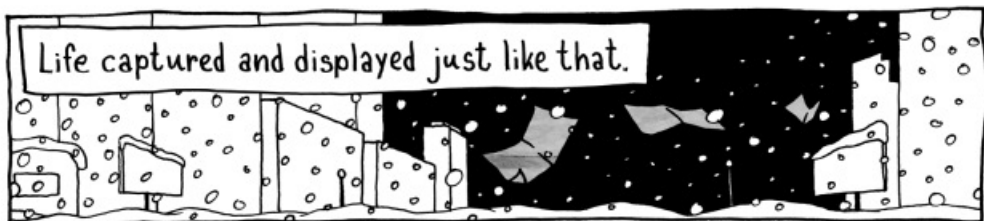
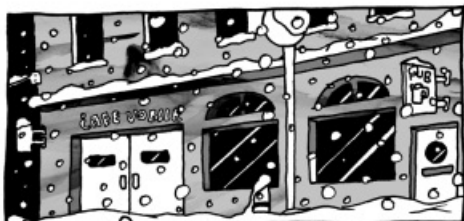
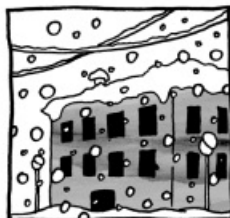






I hate museums.





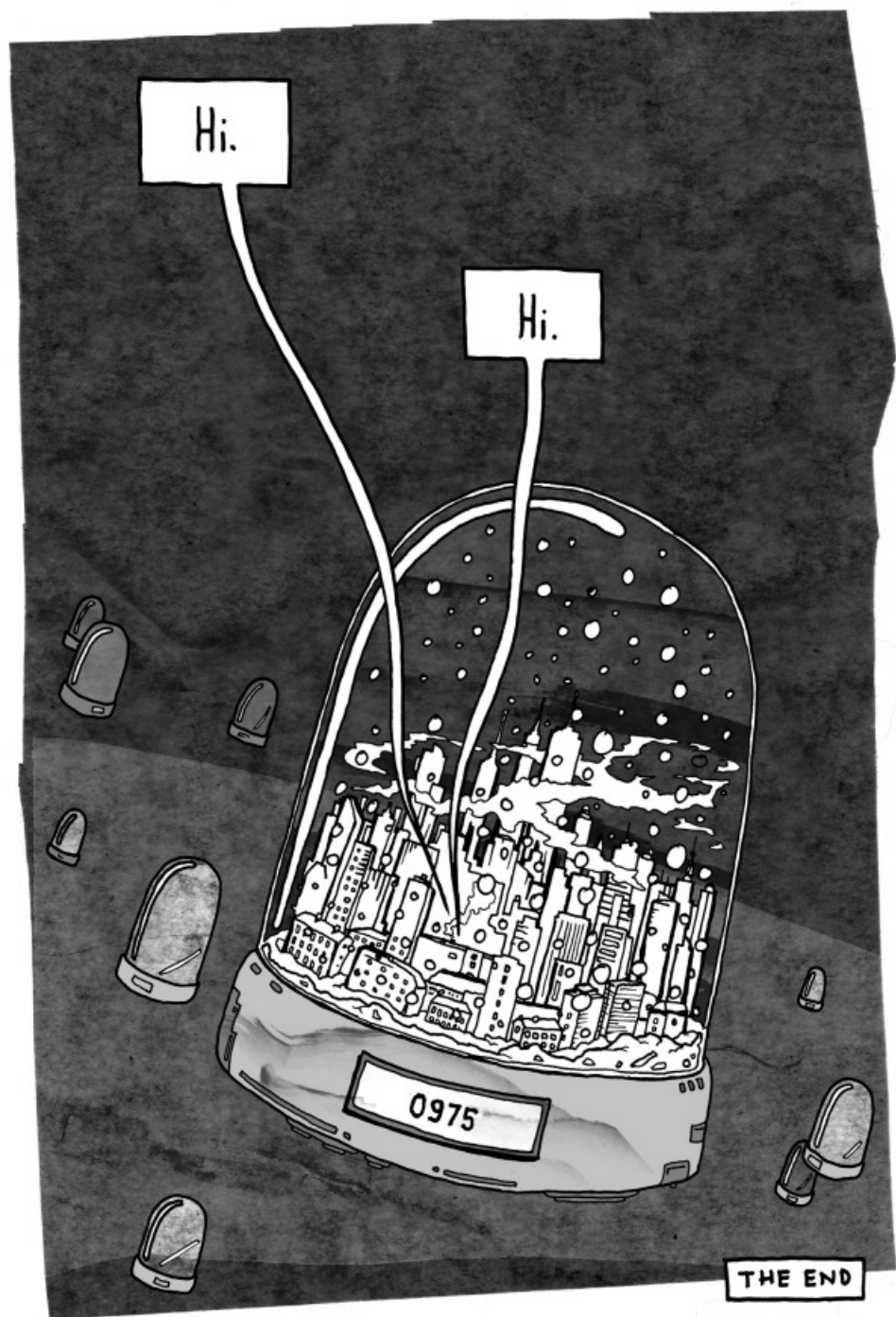
And why the hell did that person wake up!

They said the machine works perfectly and almost no one comes back.

TZSSSHERTZ  
PUFF



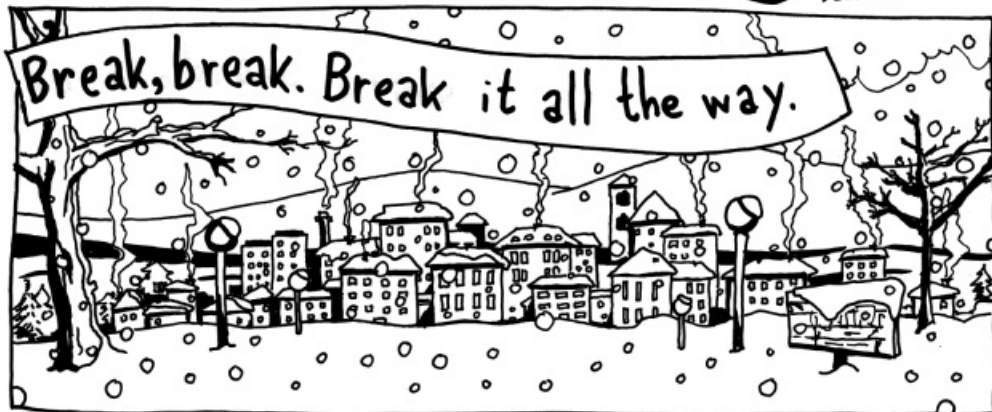






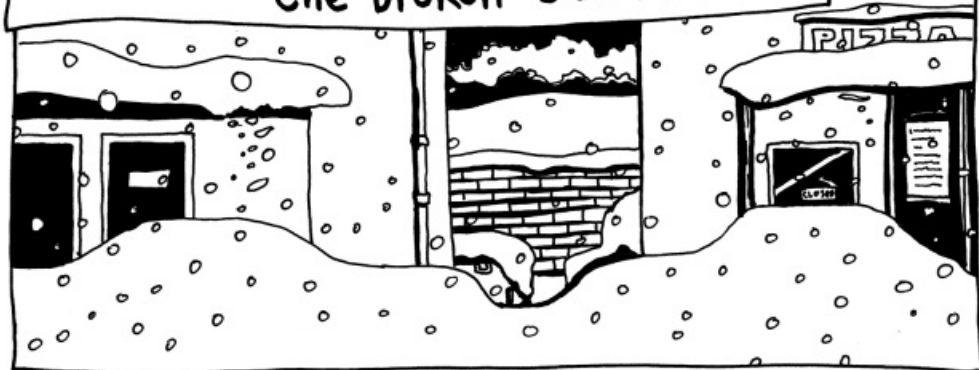
# Winter Song

LYRICS BY:  
Ella Gall  
GRAPHIC EQUALIZER BY:  
Kostja Ribnik  
DECEMBER 2012



As if nothing will come out of it  
in the end.

As if there is nothing after  
the broken sensation.

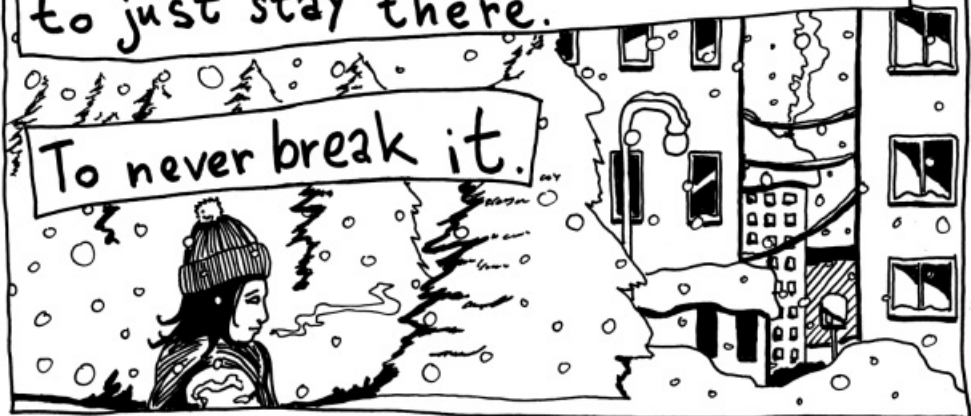


As if there is no new beginning.



But it does feel so comfortable  
to just stay there.

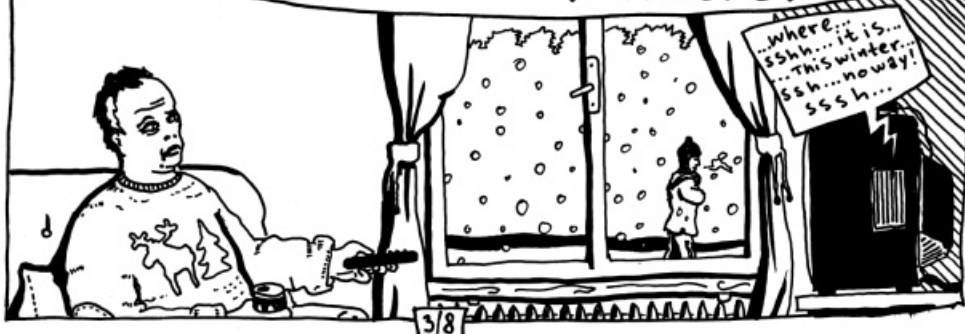
To never break it.



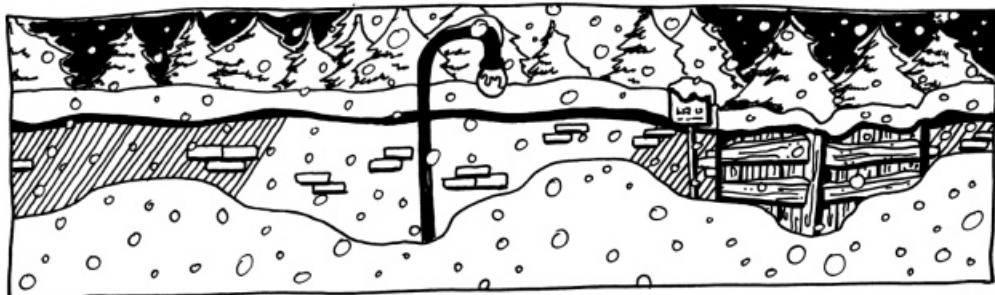
To sit in a warm room  
at snowy night...



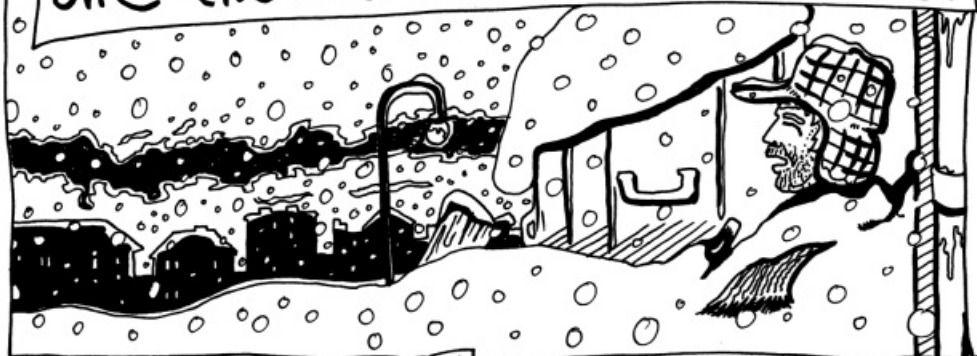
Eating chestnuts, solving crosswords  
with the comfortable one that  
you know by heart.



Your heart whispers you every step  
that will be taken in future  
endeavours. So comfortable.



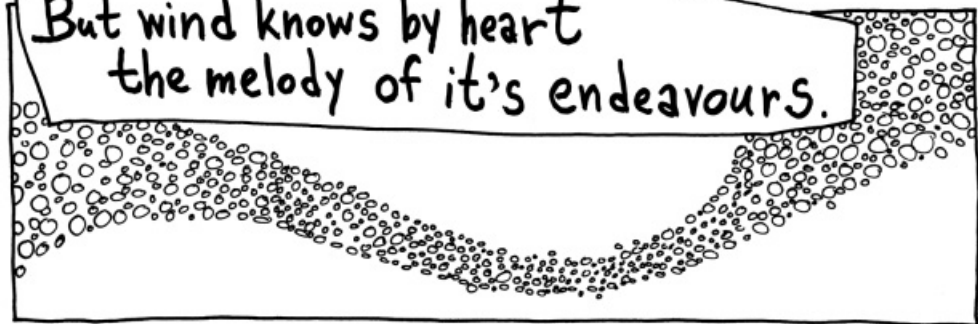
Wind sings outside like a lonely rider  
headed to a land far away, the  
one the rider never heard of before.



Without knowing why she is headed there,  
what awaits there and if it  
will be good for her.

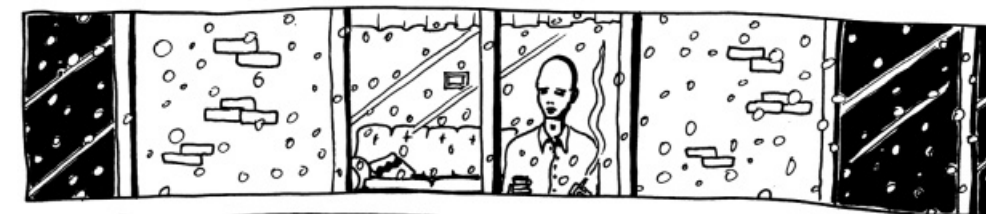
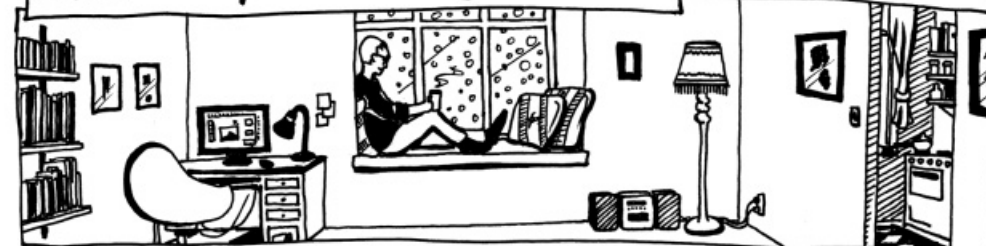


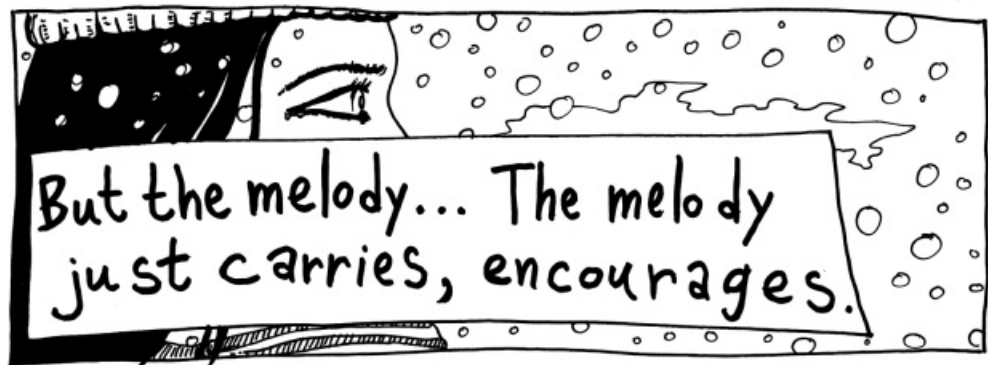
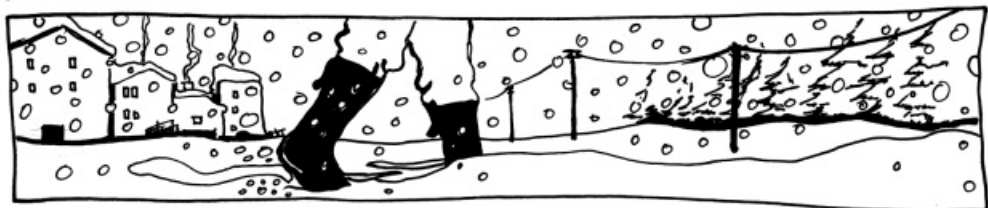
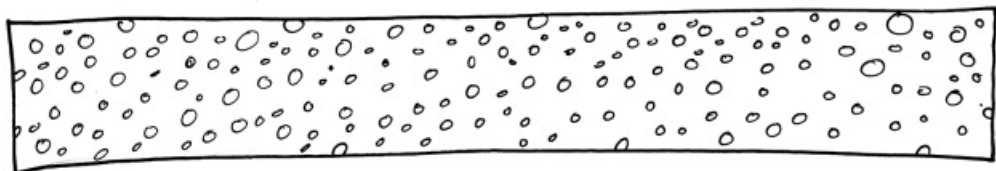
But wind knows by heart  
the melody of it's endeavours.



The things that are different  
are the lyrics. Those are scary.







Lyrics will be carried by the melody  
so the wind is brave to carry on.

As long as the melody is there,  
wind is strong to go.





Breathe.

Explore.

Leave.

Never stop.

The End

