

***In response to “Brink”***  
**Aurora Ortega**

The mist floats down around the piss colored map of locations unknown. Out of the map, a machination springs forth and dumps a gooey, magenta, non-Newtonian fluid on the map. Under these machinations, a lady formed of water leans forwards and a giraffe covered in red mist drinks the ladies river. A monkey sits on a rock looking into the depths of your soul and thinks only of bananas. The rocks sit for ages too lazy to move. Carl had sat on their brother rocks for so long yet there was no reason to move, not even to the changing environment. Their cousin, the pots, also barely moved except brother Kettle—Kettle moved every time when they were filled with water and Kettle was always excited for that water. This water would excite only brother Kettle though and not any of the other pots. The watery mass that Kettle sat on moved frequently but only to the will of the winds. The bird laughed as Kettle was thinking, the bird of course knew that Kettle was a ridiculous pot and would never be able to understand the reality of their situation. The virus under the bird awoke to the bird's rampant cackling and slowly moved towards its microscope, but was pestered by the blitzkrieg of birds. A cottage sat in the middle right snuggled between the red above and orange below. It had watched this scene repeat for ages on end and no change, but it always hoped that one day a virus would find that one thing it had lost when it first arrived in this strange place.