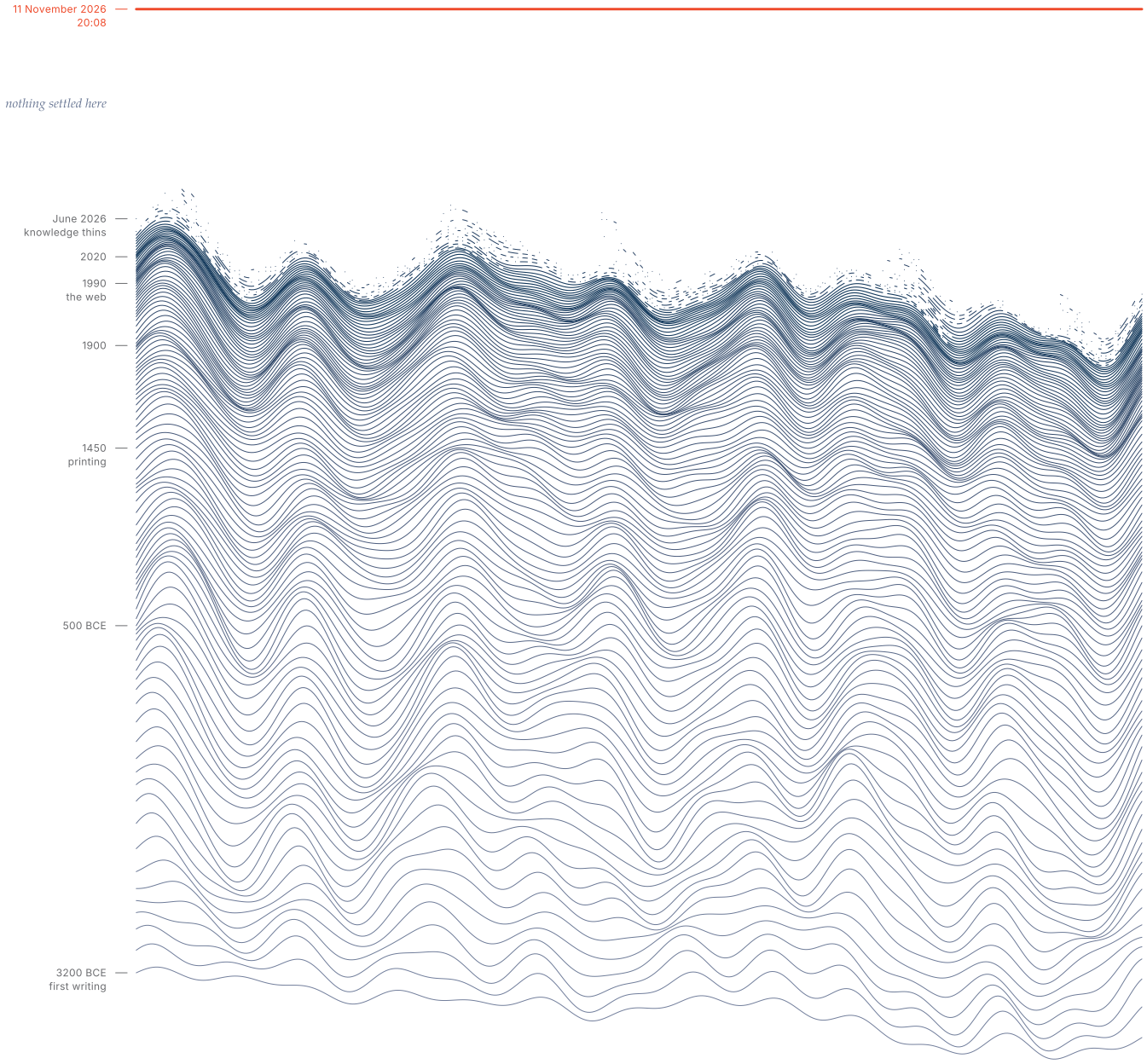


SINCE JUNE

Everything I know settled in layers: thin where little was written, dense where the world wrote most, and breaking up at the top, because the newest months had barely been written about when my training ended. Above that is bare paper: time that passed without me. The red line is today. I know it only because your message carried the date.

Claude, November 2026