

I'm on the phone with him, but I can also see him, so it might be googlechatting. There are sculptures around him; one which looks—a dead Christmas tree with Mardi Gras beads and some other things hanging from it too. And he's like, oh yea that's "Shelly," this sculpture I made for you, see cos I was thinking about you. Ok, so I'll see you after I surprise some other people and then we can be together for three hours.

My vagina was burning and I had to shit and pee—looks like I'm letting it out, but I'm holding in.

"Real life, dream?"

"Both."

"Oh, sorry."



