

# Chapter Six

## *Awaken*

*xvi*

Oslo slips through a maze of memories. Wall to wall a reel of past experiences play, making it impossible to make sense of the bends and turns it makes.

“I have to be able to think about the memories I know for her. So I gotta think of moments Ocea and I share. Should be easy enough.”

It wasn't hard for Oslo to find memories, the problem is choosing which memory to explore,

“The family vacations. We had some of our best times—she must have something there.”

Oslo ponders, “When was that?...”

Oslo blinks rapidly as light flashed before him, “That's it—right there! I can see it!” In front of him, a grey mass appears moving towards him like a wave in the ocean.

He stretches his arms out in front of him, waiting for it to collide. The wave straightens out into a long line, a snake twisting and undulating towards him. As they meet, the long figure strikes Oslo through his forehead, fusing with his skin. Oslo's eyes go white as his mouth hangs open, losing control over himself, vibrant and hallucinogenic colors form around him. Blue, yellow, brown, red, pink, orange, green, lots of green, as a pathway appears before him. Sandy, rocky, hot. Oslo can feel the heat of the air form around him. He starts hearing chatter,

“Mom... Dad...” a high-pitched voice comes out of his mouth.

“Come Ossy, and watch your step.” Oslo's mom stretches her hand out in front of him. She towers over him like a giant, despite her being so petite.

The little Oslo grabs her hand, “Where are we?” He asks as he squints his sun blinded eyes.

“We're walking up the beach.” His mother continues to guide him up the path.

“Oh yeah, I remember this place.”

“Remember? This is first time here, silly.”

“Nuh uh—mom we’ve been here before.”

Sachiko yells ahead, “Ryu, you grab the sunscreen?”

Oslo continues to speak, “Remember we played poker and ate Sukiyaki?”

“Poker? Sukiyaki? You don’t know Poker. There will be no Poker played at beach.”

“But—” Oslo’s interrupted by a scream up ahead.

“Ocea, ocea it’s alright it’s just a moth.” Koji picks up the little Ocea to comfort her. Without much luck, he passes her over to her mother, Emily.

‘Ocea?’ Oslo thinks to himself. ‘Ocea’s a child—’

Oslo looks down at his little legs and arms.

*‘We’re at the beach. We did family vacations in other places before, but Ocea and I were too young to remember. If I remember right, this was when Ocea was stung by a—.’*

“WAAAAAAAAAAAAAH” little Ocea screams.

“...Jellyfish”

“I know baby—I know.” Ocea’s mother comforts her as Koji is swiping a credit card against her skin.

They stand beachside soaked from the ocean with sun-kissed skin. They’d been playing in the water for only about an hour or so.

“Koji.” Little Oslo clears his throat, “You know if you pee on it it’ll make it better.”

Koji looks back to Oslo and laughs hysterically, “Where’d you hear such a thing!” As he continues to chuckle.

“Uh—The Internet.”

“Internet?!” Sachiko yells, “Who let you know about internet? You too young!”

“Oh, ummm—I don’t know the internet.” Little Oslo rebuttals as Ocea continues to scream in the background.

*“I have a feeling I’m not going to find Ocea’s consciousness here...”*

Oslo stares down at her being held by her mother, hearing the sound of the ocean waves getting louder and louder. He lifts his head up and over till he’s looking out to the horizon. The sky is grey. The waves rapidly move closer and closer to him as everyone

around him and time itself slows down. Focused on the grey wave stretching out to touch him, it forms another needle that penetrates his forehead. White-eyed and lame, Oslo drops to the ground.

He hears a voice, “Are you okay??”

Oslo lifts his head, slightly dazed, he finds himself dropped to his knees in the middle of a forest. Hearing footsteps running towards him, he looks up to find a young Ocea.

“Ocea?”

“What’re you doing, you’re going to hurt yourself falling like that! Always a little too invested, Ossy!”

“Oh—I’m just getting into character!”

“Here, stand up.” She pulls on Oslo’s arm as they both look down at his knees.

“See, you cut yourself.”

“Oh well. More battle scars.”

“More battle scars from me saving you again?”

“What?! No! From me killing the big guys!”

“You’re right, I definitely *NEVER* have to save you.”

*Save you.* Those words echoed through Oslo’s mind.

“C’mon let’s go get medicine for your knees.” Ocea walks up a mound back towards their backyards.

“No I’m good—let’s keep playing!”

Ocea sighs, “Okay fine,” she perks up, “I can use a healing spell on you.”

“Thank you. I feel better already.”

The two start back down the mound towards the open field on the other side of the woods.

*“This feels more like it. A place like this. There has to be a clue hidden here somewhere.”*

Oslo instigates, the same way he remembers,

“Ocea, do you have any secrets?”

“Mmm—I think so.”

“Secrets you haven’t told me even?”

“Mmm—Probably.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, all girls have secrets, Ossy.”

More shocked, “Really?”

“Yeah, that’s what my mom tells me.”

“Do you have any you want to tell me?”

“I dunno, do you have any you wanna tell me?”

“No.”

“Then I don’t either.” Ocea smirks and skips ahead of Oslo.

“Hey, wait!” Oslo runs to catch up, slowing his pace in front of her.

“Tell you what Ossy, if you tell me a secret, I’ll tell you one.”

The two stop in the middle of the trail,

“Okay okay, fine.” Oslo contemplates for a while, rolling a rock underneath the heel of his shoe. “Okay, I got it! I can tell the future.”

Disappointed, “...Really Ossy?”

“Yup.”

“Oslo that’s not a secret that’s a lie.”

“No, it’s not! I really can. Okay fine, if we go home and your mom offers us ice cream then you know I’m not lying and you have to tell me a secret.”

Ocea slaps her forehead, “My mom always offers us ice cream, you dummy!” She sighs dramatically, “Fine, here’s a secret—”

*“I remember this now. I remember exactly what day this is.”*

“...I’ve been writing books and stuff.”

“Really?”

“Uh-huh”

“That’s your secret?”

Ocea pouts, “I knew I shouldn’t have told you! My mom said I can tell you and you’d love it ‘cause you love everything I do’ but she was wrong!”

“No wait, I do love everything you do!”

“You know exactly what I’m talking about, you’ve completely ignored the letter I wrote you and you never said anything about it!”

“The letter you wrote me?”

*“That’s it. The letter she wrote me, she left it in the tree after we had that big fight.”*

“Forget it. Let’s just go have some ice cream.” Ocea turns around back in the direction of their houses. It’s silent the whole way through the woods. Oslo would occasionally tell Ocea to watch her step, trying to break the tension. They walk up the mound, and back to the tree line. They end up in Oslo’s backyard with the Oak tree on their right. Oslo stares at the tree in the fence as they walk past to go through Ocea’s front door.

*“The letter. How could I forget about that letter? I was just a stupid kid. I didn’t know the meaning of that letter. And now, I can’t remember for the life of me what it said.”*

As they reach the front door of Ocea’s house she stops just before opening the door. “It’s not here.”

“Huh?”

“You won’t find me here, Ossa.” Ocea turns around to look him in the eyes.

“What do you mean?”

Ocea’s voice is matured, “You have to look deeper. You have to remember. Try to remember.”

Oslo’s eyes turn white as he drops to the ground. A grey wire protruding through Ocea’s front door is connected to Oslo’s forehead. The wind gusts, blowing Oslo away with it. The room around him darkens. He’s warm. Sadness sits in the pit of his stomach. He could puke.

“I’m... I’m in bed.” The young Oslo sits cozy underneath a blanket atop his bed. A few moments later he hears a too familiar sound of a rock hitting his bedroom window. He runs to it, knowing exactly what will be on the other side.

Ocea sits in the window opposite of his, pointing down to the Oak tree between their yards. Oslo nods, running down as fast as he can to the backdoor and the oak tree with no concern about being caught.

Running out the back he almost trips over the porch stairs, and again in the yard. Leaning against the side of the Oak tree, Oslo looks around the corner into the hollow section of the trunk. He finds a letter.

*“This is it. This is the memory. She’s here!”*

Oslo grabs the letter, opening it as quickly as he can, until he hears a twig snap behind him. He jolts his head back to find Ocea standing a few feet from him.

“Oh—This is your letter, right?”

Ocea nods.

“Are you Ocea?”

Ocea nods.

“Have I finally found you? Can you wake up now?” Oslo steps toward her beckoning for one answer.

Ocea doesn’t move.

“Ocea—” He extends his hand to her, wanting to take hold of hers, but the closer he gets he notices her slipping further away.

“Ocea, where are you going?” Further and further she goes, the faster and faster Oslo runs. “Ocea! Don’t go Ocea! You have to wake up now! You have to!”

Begging and crying, Oslo runs as fast as he can until his legs go numb. Even still, he runs with the wind as he wipes tears from his cheeks.

*“Deeper...I have to go deeper.”* Oslo thinks to himself as he slows his pace and looks down at the letter.

With Ocea gone, he sits against the trunk of the Oak tree and unfolds the notebook paper she wrote it on. He sobs. Acknowledging the exact words he’d been trying to remember for so long. He grips onto the paper, looking past each bead that rolls out of his eyelids.

*Ossy,*

*I didn’t mean to hurt your feelings today. I don’t mean to hurt your feelings at all. I want you to know, I’m not sorry for saving you. Even if it was just play pretend.*

*Because one day I really might have to save you, and I'm going to every time. Maybe you'll get to save me one day too.*

*I'm glad we have each other to play with. I hope we have each other always. You're my best friend, Ossi. I'm going to write a story about us one day. I don't know what it is yet, but I'm going to. And in it, I'm gonna have you save the princess. The princess won't save herself, I promise.*

Nervously scribbled down toward the bottom of the paper reads:

*Ossi, I think I love you. And I think you're going to love me too.*

- Ocea

Oslo mashes his face to the paper.

He weeps. He weeps. He weeps...

*"Ossy...Ossy...Follow my voice."*

The old familiar sound softly rings through Oslo's ears.

*"Her voice. I can hear her again. I missed her so much..."*

Oslo's heart accelerates. He feels a longing in his chest being calmed as her voice calms the thirst from her absence.

"Ocea, I found your letter; I remember everything! I'm sorry I ignored you before! I didn't mean to forget! Ocea! Are you there?" Oslo finds himself walking through the Ether, still holding onto the letter.

*"I know you're there. Please. Stay with me."*

"I'm not going anywhere, Ocea. I won't give up on you! I'm going to wake you!" Oslo looks down at the letter. "I know where your consciousness is now." Oslo smiles to himself. "It's in your stories. The things most dear to you. I'm coming to wake you now!"

*"Ossy."*

*\*drip drip drip\*.*

*"Ossy."*

*\*drip drip drip\*.*

"Corea—She must be the key, right? The meadow. That's like the meadow our house was in. And the tears growing trees, that was me. The prince and princess, that's us. Maybe I've been living out her story inside your mind." Oslo ponders the letter further:

*"...I'm going to write a story about us one day. I don't know what it is yet, but I'm going to. And you know what? You're going to save the princess once and for all..."*

*"Save the princess...Corea."*

Oslo folds the letter and places it in his pocket.

"I have to find Corea." He looks up to the empty sky, "I'm coming to find you! I promise."

The ominous grey goo returns, creating a landscape, but not one that's familiar to him. Orbs of goo stretch around him in massive scale like mountains, taking up most of



the space around him, leaving narrow ravines for him to walk through. He sees in the distance a yellow glow, beckoning to him.

“She’s still holding on.”

Oslo runs down the gooey pathway with the grey substance splashing and sticking underneath his feet. His footprints create a permanent print everywhere he steps. *Drip. Drip. Drip.* The sound echoes throughout the expansive ravine. *Drip. Drip. Drip.* It gets louder and louder as he approaches the golden light.

As he reaches a corner he sees the light glowing around it to his left. He turns, facing a giant wall of goo. Only this goo isn’t grey. It pulses vibrant golden rays with thin lines of a bright blue hue. He sees images of the blondish beauty reflecting off its surface.

*Drip. Drip. Drip. \*BANG\*. Drip. Drip. Drip. \*BANG\*.* The sound around him intensifies to a point he can’t even move, he covers his ears as he falls to his knees. He tries to crawl forward toward the golden wall but he makes little progress as the crippling sound intensifies.

*Drip. Drip. Drip. \*BANG\*. \*BANG\*.*

Oslo’s chest is heavy.

*Drip. Drip. Drip. \*BANG\*. \*BANG\*.*

Breathing is difficult.

*Drip. Drip. Drip. \*BANG\*. \*BANG\*.*

His vision is blurring.

*Drip. Drip. Drip. \*BANG\*. \*BANG\*.*

His arm stretches out to the wall in one final attempt before the

*Drip. Drip. Drip. \*BANG\*. \*BANG\*.*

Oslo’s knocked out cold by the sound before he can reach the golden wall when shortly after the noise comes to a halt.

Moments later, only one sound creeps through,

“*Ossy.*”

Her voice, louder than ever before, explodes from the wall. Oslo wakes, lifting his head to the blinding light.

“*Ocea...*”

*“Ossy, follow my voice, Ossy.”*

As Oslo lifts his hand and stretches it toward the goo once more, another voice sounds from the opposite direction.

“You think you can escape me?” A voice from the darkness emits.

“K—Kanashibari...” Oslo whimpers. “Why are you keeping her from me?”

“You keep yourself from her, boy. I’ve tried to warn you.”

“Where are you? Show yourself!”

In the distance opposite the golden goo, a figure slides towards him without taking a single step. The figure is familiar with long black locks, a slender body, and two white dots for eyes. Oslo sees something, or someone, he’s holding in his arms.

“Ocea?”

The demon reveals a large grin, spanning across the width of his face.

“What’re you doing?!”

The demon pets her like a cat before slipping back into the darkness.

“Ocea!” Oslo picks himself up and runs from the golden goo towards the darkness. He continues calling for Ocea. The grey goo becomes so dark around him it fades to black, no longer visible to Oslo.

“I remember this place. This was the first place I entered in Ocea’s mind. A deep, dark expanse. Before the Ether.” Oslo breathes heavily chasing after the demon. The golden wall of light has completely faded at this point.

“Maybe I—I could still use—the, the—” Oslo trips.

Catching himself, he continues running, “—the power of the dreamscape.”

“There’s no access to dreams here, boy.” The deep bellow echoes through the darkness. “You’re in the darkest part of the mind. No breath. No life. Just darkness.”

The further Oslo runs, the heavier his body becomes. His legs start to give out, but Oslo is persistent. “Where are you taking her?”

The dark figure appears far in front of him again. Oslo stops in his tracks.

“Please, return her to me.”

“You think I hold her consciousness? That’s who this is?”

“Yes—” Oslo out of breath, “I need to take her to the golden gate—I saw her there. She’s still lying in the hospital.”

The demon stretches out his arms with Ocea lying in them. Oslo can hardly see between the darkness and the distance between them. He braces for what Kanashibari is going to do next, squinting his eyes. A grey and dusty powder lifts in the air, emitting from Ocea's body. Oslo's heart beats faster until he can't feel it at all. With a panic, he looks down gripping his chest with an intense breath. He drops to the floor, no longer feeling the weight of his heart in his chest. He looks back up to Ocea. More powder flies through the air as he sees her body slowly fading with it.

"Ocea! No—no no! Ocea!" He starts to choke until he hears in the distance behind him,

\*BANG\* \*BANG\*

Oslo's ears ring, forgetting about everything else around him. The dust that surrounds them gets caught in a strong wind, emanating from the golden goo wall. He turns to the wind, as the demon falls to his knees. The wall of light moves towards Oslo very quickly. It blinds him as it moves closer and closer until he feels sudden weightlessness, hearing the final cries of Kanashibari in the wind.

Covered in light, the wall swallows Oslo up. He dares not to open his eyes as he's suspended in the air within the golden goo. Veins of light surround him, beating to the pulse of his heartbeat. Slowly, he opens his eyes.

"Ossy... Please. Please, my dear Ossy."

"Ocea, I'm here." Is what Oslo is struggling to say. His mouth won't budge. His jaw feels tight, lips glued.

"Ossy."

He feels a warmth over his right hand. Floating still, he picks his hand up and looks at it.

*"What is this feeling?"*

"Ossy, just follow my voice. Like you used to. Remember how you'd come and save me? I need you to do that right now."

*"I'm—I'm trying, Ocea. I am."*

"Ossy. Ossy! OSSY!"

The light that surrounds Oslo becomes piercing white as he blinks until he comfortably can set his eyes open. His jaw is still tight, his mouth can't move.

“Ossy. Follow my voice.”

“*Ocea... Ocea—Did I find you Ocea?*” Oslo struggles to move his limbs, he tries with every ounce of strength he has. But he can’t.

\*DRIP\* \*DRIP\* \*DRIP\*

Oslo peers to his left, attempting to turn his head, but he can only see out of the corner of his eye.

\*DRIP\* \*DRIP\* \*DRIP\*

Water drops into a bubble of water.

\*BANG\* \*BANG\*

Oslo’s ears ring. The blinding white surrounding becomes more clear as the haze begins to dissipate.

“OSSY!”

Oslo’s heart races. Ocea’s voice is louder and clearer than ever before, and yet he can’t move. When suddenly, his eyes shut. All he can feel is the warmth on his right hand. It’s moving. Something is squeezing his hand.

“Oslo. Come back! COME BACK!”

Oslo’s eyes open wide. He sees everything. Foam tiles in the ceiling. Tubes and monitors. Chairs. The IV dripping to his left. A door banging open and shut. Someone in a white coat enters the room, walking to Oslo’s side.

Most importantly of all, there she sits.

“*Ocea...*”

At Oslo’s right hand, squeezing it tight as tears roll down her face.

“Oslo! Oslo!” She weeps. “I don’t know if you can hear me! I don’t know but I hope and pray, please listen! Please follow my voice! I need you to come back to me now!” She stands, inching closer to Oslo’s face. “Can you hear me, my dear Ossy? Can you?”

“*What...What memory is this? Is this you, can I save you now?*” Oslo is unable to speak or move anything but his eyelids.

“I’m sorry, Ossy. It’s all my fault. It’s all my fault! I should’ve seen that car! I should’ve seen it coming! And now you have to pay for it! Oslo...Dear Oslo, please stay with me! Follow my voice!” She buries her face in Oslo’s chest.

Tears drip down Oslo's face, "Oh god."

Suspended in light, looking through a great wall before him, seeing the sweet face of Ocea begging and pleading for him.

*"It's me...Isn't it? Ocea's not dreaming..."*

*'I am.'*

“His eyes were open! He was awake again!” A tall slender blondish woman stands to the side of a hospital bed, sobbing to a nurse

“Yes Ms. Takayama. I’m going to call the doctor and we’ll reach out to the family.” The nurse thrusts her way out the door.

In the bed beside her lies Oslo. His skin clings to his bones and his face is covered with stubble. While the rest of his exterior looks a mess, his hair is trimmed clean and washed.

Ocea turns to the bedside crying, grabbing Oslo’s hand. She pulls a chair from behind her, and without letting go of him, she sits on the edge of the seat as she leans toward him. His breaths are steady. His hand is warm.

“Ossy. Keep following my voice. I knew you’d find me. I knew it.”

Ocea repeats this over and over until the Doctor comes in. As he does his examinations, she steps out of the room waiting by the door. Oslo’s family doesn’t show, but his mother, Sachiko, calls Ocea.

“Ohio, mama.” Ocea paces in the open hallway of the hospital.

“Hai, it was about a half hour ago.” Ocea smiles, “I think he’s coming back to us. I hope—I hope he is.” That smile turns into a quiver as tears roll down her face.

Ocea and Sachiko continue for a while.

“Oh—Work’s good. I’ve been working here mostly.” Ocea continues to pace the hall.

“*Hai*, that’s right, reading our writer’s entries—Most of the time they’re wonderful but I’ve gotten a string of, honestly, terrible books...” Ocea leans her head against the wall.

The doctor walks out gesturing to Ocea.

She takes the phone with her and places it on speaker as he details his examination.

“While his eyes did open, everything unfortunately looks the same...”

Her heart sank. As the doctor continues, Ocea drowns out every other word.

Shortly, the conversation ends. Ocea grabs her things, kisses Oslo on the forehead, and leaves. The sun is setting with the most beautiful splashes of orange and red.

“I hope wherever Oslo is, he’s seeing something as beautiful as this.”

Ocea stands outside the hospital door when a taxi pulls up in front of her. She slides into the backseat and tells the driver,

“Good to see you again—Yes, home please.”

The taxi drops her off in front of a large skyscraper with a sign above the door, ‘*Wonder-Partments*’. She greets the security guard as she presses the elevator button to go up to the twelfth floor, where she lives in room 1212.

“*Ohio*, Steve.” She shouts as she kicks her shoes off at the front, turning to slide her slippers on.

Walking back through the hall she turns into the kitchen and opens the fridge to Lagers and Stouts lining the bottom shelf.

Her hand hovers the lager with a sigh, “It’s been a long day.” Switching her hand over to the stout.

She shuts the fridge, walks around the bar, across the living room, and sits on her big cushy couch. Popping the tab on her beer, she then turns on the TV as a small grey kitten jumps on her lap and purrs.

“There you are, Stevie.” Ocea gently pets her baby kitten, Steve, six months old.

She flips through the *Plushyrock* app to find something to watch as she sips.

“Hmm...This could be interesting enough.” Ocea says several times in an attempt to find a good show to start. She’s been doing this routine every few months, getting lucky with a decent show here and there. Anytime she’s gotten excited about watching something, she usually stops herself from watching it.

“Oh wow—Oslo would love this...” She leans toward the TV. The trailer is filled with dragons, knights, and kingdoms. She clicks the + to save it to a playlist called ‘*To: Oslo*’, with over 100 shows and movies saved.

Ocea’s phone rings from the couch cushion beside her. She stretches over, picking up her phone as she leans her face against it. Lying on her side, she swirls the can in her hand.

“Hiiiiiii, Mom.”

“Hi sweetheart, how’d everything go today?”

She sips, “—Well...The same.”

“I see—”

“Other than him opening his eyes, it was still the same.”

“WHAT? He opened his eyes?!”

“Yeah... That was my reaction, too. But the doctor says nothing’s changed and he’s still in the same old coma he’s been in.”

“Oh... I see.”

Silence falls over them as Ocea’s eyes begin to well up.

“Honey, I’m so sorry.” Her mother grieves.

Ocea bursts into tears, sitting up against the back of the couch.

“It—It’s just, it’s just a slap in the face.” Ocea sniffles through her words, “You wait for something, *anything* like that for so long, to mean *nothing!*”

She drops her beer to the side of the couch as she curls up against its arm, weeping.

Emily lets her cry for a moment.

“...My love you are stronger than anyone I’ve known.”

Ocea’s crying slows as she props her head against the arm of the couch.

“To be so brave to face him every day. For YEARS. You are a rock. You are so beautiful and kind. And when Oslo finally does wake—”

“Mom—”

“Listen. When Ossa does wake, you will be there by his side and he will know that you’ve been there for him. There is no greater kindness in this world than that.”

“But Mom, what if he doesn’t wake up? What if he’s like this forever? I’m trying to get him out of this. I am.” Her voice cracks, “I wake up—6:30 in the morning, bring my work, bring my books, sit by his side, and read to him for hours. I beg him to hear me. I beg him to come to me, and then I get this news today. Nothing I’m doing is enough.”

Ocea scoffs at herself, “For a moment I really believed I was doing something. I thought I was making a difference.” She concludes, “How naive...”



Ocea's mother lets her breath for a moment, "My love, you've come so far. Don't give up on Oslo now."

Of course not, is what Ocea thinks to herself.

"—Stevie! No!" Ocea jumps up from her seat as Stevie sniffs around her spilled beer on the wood floor.

"Sorry, Mom. Steve was trying to get drunk tonight apparently!" She picks up Steve from his belly, taking him to the other room while she cleans the mess.

"Thank you for checking on me, Mom. It was good for me to talk." Ocea snuffles, "I should probably clean this up so I don't have a wasted Kitty on my hands."

Ocea's mother lets out a gentle laugh, "Alright, sweetie, I understand. I love you, your father loves you. We'll probably stop in to see Oslo sometime this weekend, okay? We'll bring some lunch."

"Thanks, Mama."

"Oh, and Ocea?"

"Yeah, Mom?"

"When you feel up to coming out here again, your father and I would love to have you."

Ocea takes a deep breath, "Thank you. Really. I love you, Mom. Talk soon."

Ocea taps to end the conversation as she grabs some paper towels from the kitchen to pat the floors dry.

"Here I am... Crying over spilled beer."

Steve walks back into the living room to Ocea's side. "*Meow.*"

"Yeah, not for you, little guy. Maybe when you're 21 months."

Ocea picks up the soggy paper towels and the empty beer bottle to dispose of them. As she opens the trash can sitting at the edge of the bar, she finds multitudes of tossed manuscripts.

She sighs, "I'll never get it right..."

She contemplates the words on each of those pages. She thinks about Corea, where she's going, and where she'll end up. She's hit a wall, complete writer's block.

"...Come back to me."