

Suzanne got there.

She had a strange intense sensation, without knowing what it was, maybe temperature, maybe heat.

The surrounding atmosphere felt like glue, heavy like invisible water. She thought about the fact that she never had this sort of perception before, where she came from.

It is unsure how Suzanne ended up there. Maybe stuck on her uninhabited planet she simply started to dream, like humans. One of these dreams where memories are slowly mixed with fantasies and incoherent but logical thoughts.

Charlotte, whom Suzanne worked for during a few years, had loads of those.

Suzanne started moving around the dunes of dense dark sand. Each movement was harder than the usual. She could hear the gases streaming in between the pebbles and branches. It sounded a little eerie and was filling her up with vigilance and apprehension. But she also was very eager to discover.

This situation reminded her of Dante waking up in the *Selva Oscura*.

"So my journey started. While I was rushing downward to the lowland,"

All of a sudden, she saw a familiar element and felt what was probably an emotion, a discomfort inside her system.

Before her eyes were some of Charlotte's paintings. Sticking out of the sand like splinters in the body of the dune. As well as the reminiscence of an architectural white space. Humans called that an art gallery which in most cases did not make any sense as they looked nothing like corridors... This one was etymologically OK, but why was it there? she thought. She started imagining a giant black squirrel playing around with it as if it was a juice box.

Discussions Suzanne and Charlotte used to have thousands of years ago about chaos and death came back to her mind like a slap. After playfully painting Charlotte would indeed often have these excessive thoughts about when would the sun stop and if the atoms of her own body had been recycled from a baby sperm whale born dead - which would be a good explanation why she loved whales so much as well as her fear of abandonment. And later, after procrastinating a serious amount of time, Charlotte would look back at the paintings she just made, and feel relieved that they were so simply about organised colors and shapes and painting.

So Suzanne was there, long after the sun stopped, wandering calmly and looking at Charlotte's paintings, thinking: "as this wave from my memories flows in, the dune soaks it up like a sponge and expands."

The dune, however, does not tell of its past, but contains it like the lines of a hand. And the present determines the future, but the approximate present does not approximately determine the future.

She kept moving on, and perhaps would encounter some giant animals.