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Her brain was filled with static noise and she was overwhelmed with uncontrollable waves of words and images. Though she was lying in bed, she felt as if she were trapped inside her unsuppressable brain.

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The man in the brown coat looked under his collapsible coffee board, then looked around, carrying his nervousness in a casual manner as he put the board back down again.

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The rural area was barren by the touch of winter and the sky was a low contrast grey, in no way could you tell that spring had arrived.

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The tall houses looked as if they were in transition to becoming an apartment block, too large for a pair of two, too ambitious for a single income family to live in. Around the place, miniature hills of sand and machinery decorated the place, as to demonstrate the city council's mindset that building exemplary neighborhoods was good for the city's image, but shouldn't cost too much to create.

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The direct breathing pattern coming from the left made her feel comfortably lonely. Her head hurt from the intellectual exercise of writing a too-little-word-count-for-it-to-matter statement on postmodernism. She had been going on until way after he had gone to bed and she hated not going together.

Her boyfriend 'hum hummed' and turned in his sleep.

Although she had a need for physical reassurance, she seriously needed some alone time in an attempt to reset her brain. Her eyes were pulling her down as she strained to read from her phone. Desperately covering her head under the blanket in an attempt not to wake her partner with the lcd screen she absentmindedly scrolled through her facebook timeline.