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Cindy

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Cindy

I'm at home running the vacuum when Death arrives, the one from Bergman's *Seventh Seal*.  
His makeup looks smeared, damp.  
"Bengt Ekerot," I say (Death says nothing).  
I think: I'll fuck his world up.  
And: Chess, what a joke.  
Just then a trap door gives way and I'm falling, falling...  
or maybe floating, weightless in a void, in space.

I can hear the almost celestial, heavily-amped snorting sound of what might be a long line of coke going roughly up a red pair of proverbial nostrils.  
"Who's there?" I ask. "Cindy?"  
At this the Hooded One reaches forward, lightly tapping his bald Queen.