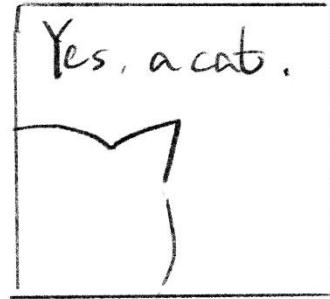
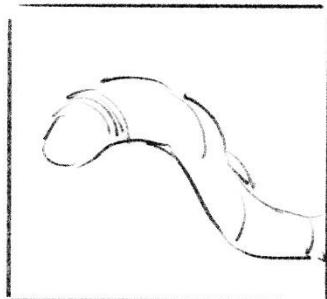


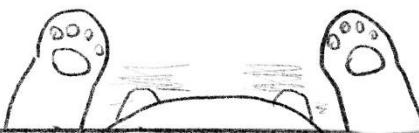


It's just like a dream...

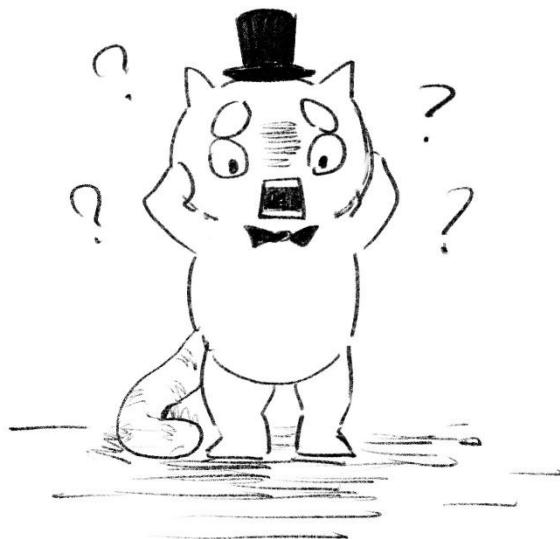


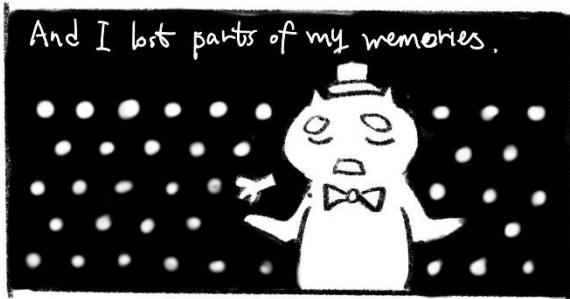
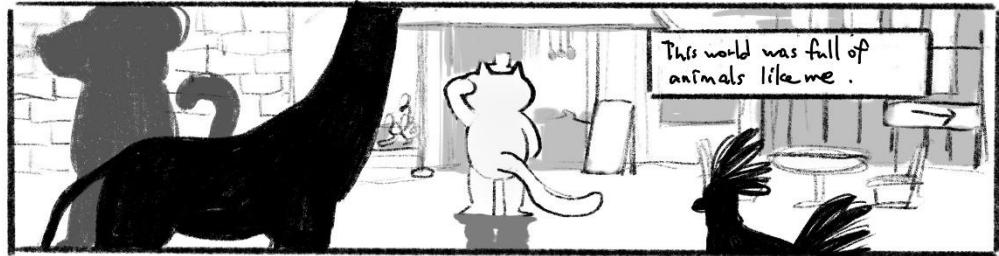
One day, I found
that I became
a cat when I
woke up.

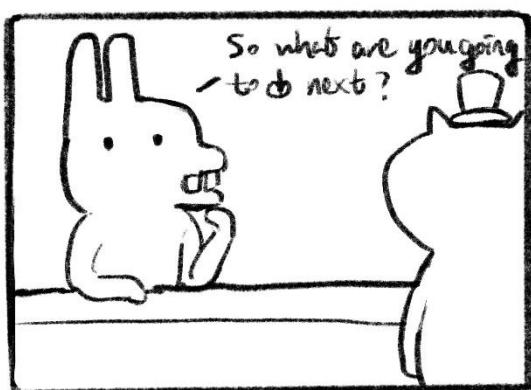
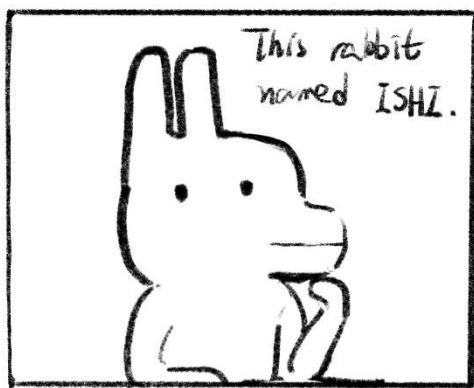
a cat which was...



...was very simple.







I'm sure he used to be a human
too.

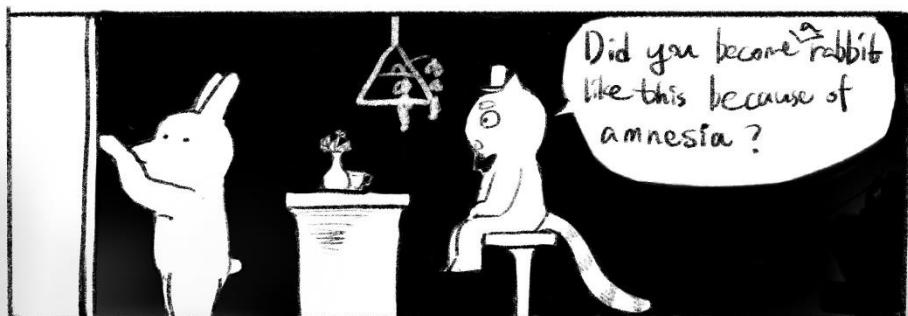
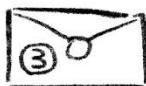
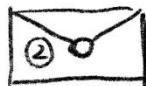
Because he
told me:



You became a cat because
You lost your memories.



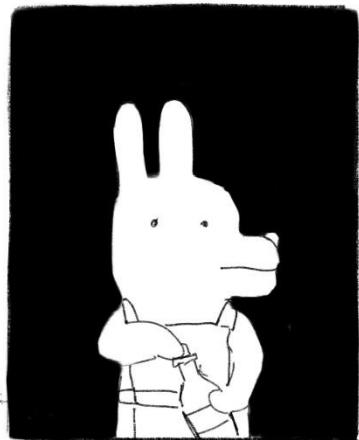
He also told me if I find those three memories back,
I can change back to human.



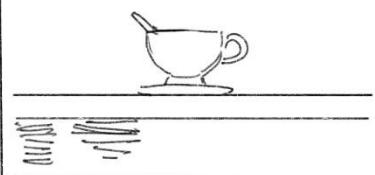
I asked him
this question.

But he was silent
for a while and then
immediately changed
subject of a talk.

.....
Ok, I will try to find my memories back.



Then, as a cat.

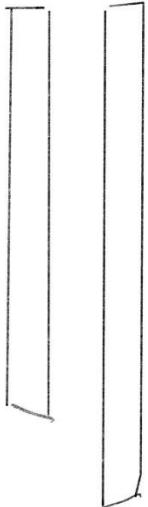


WELL DONE.



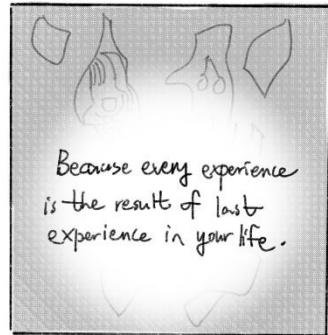
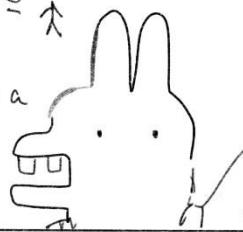
I started my life again.

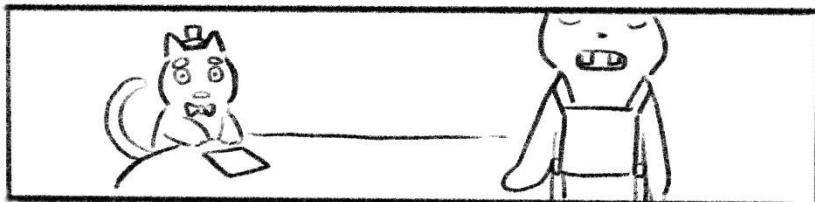
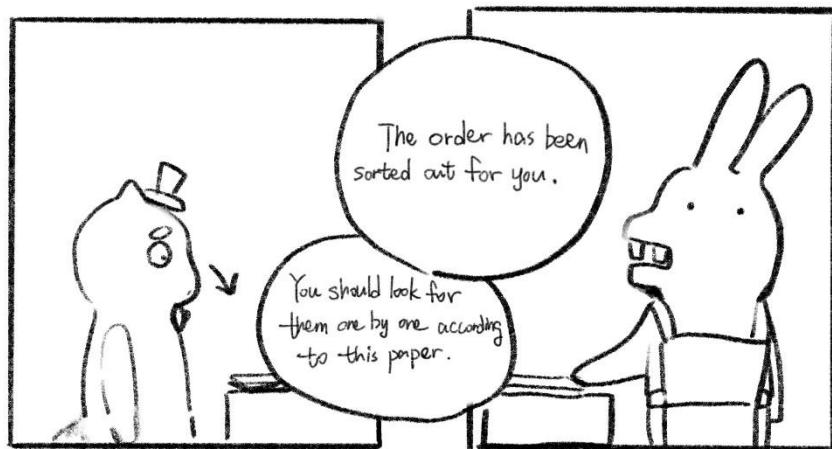
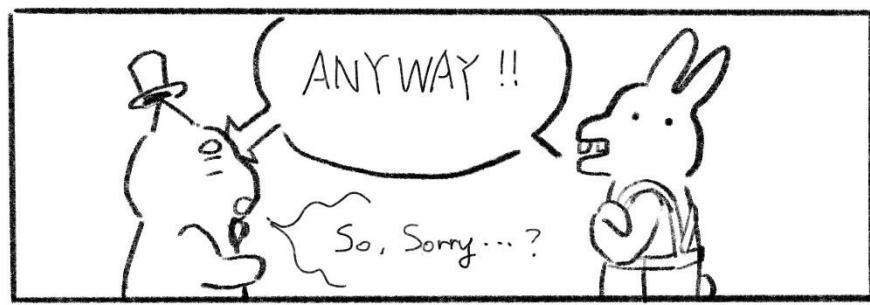




$$\text{m} \rightarrow * \times * \times * = \text{o}$$

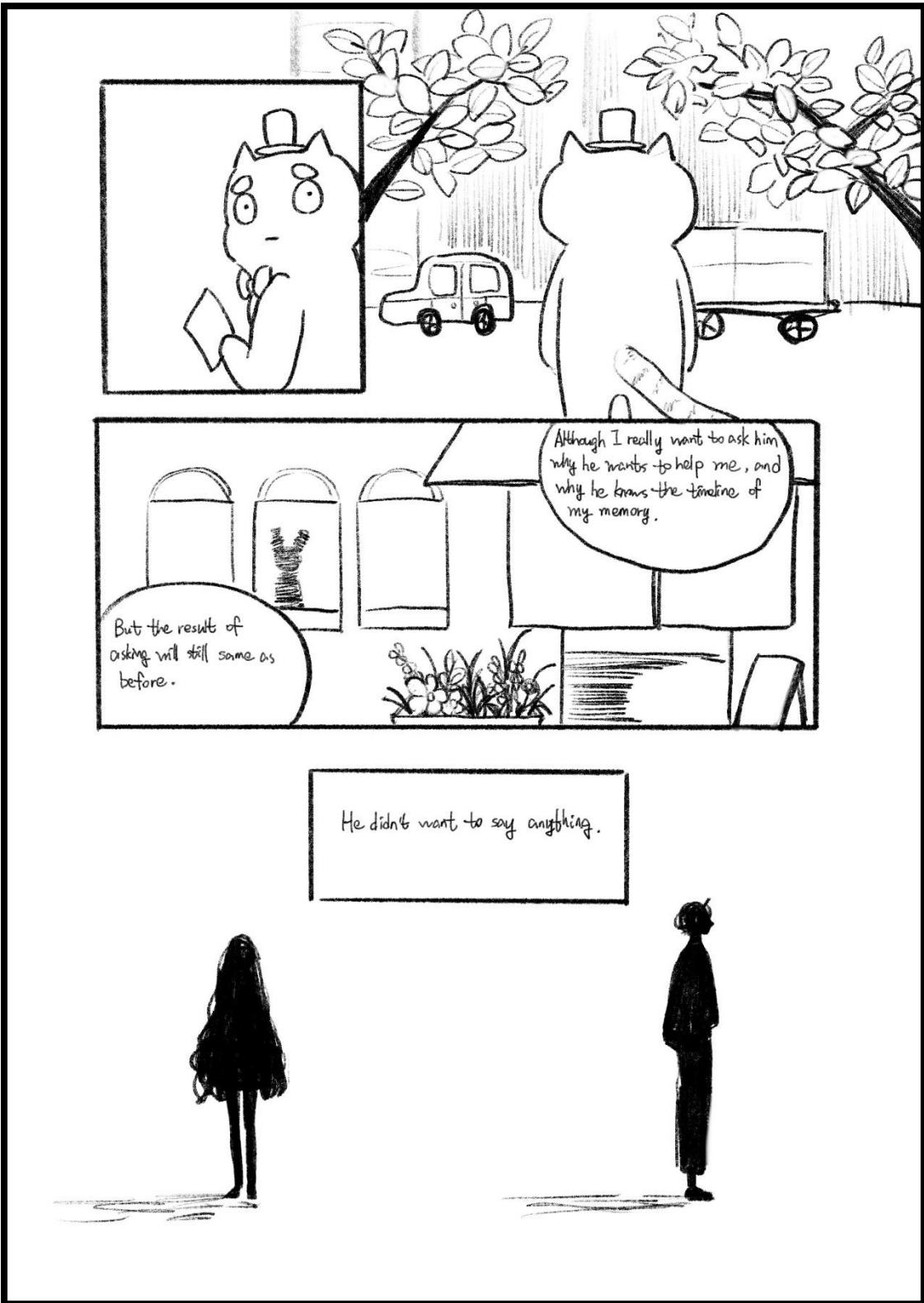
It's not easy to search memories in a current way. If they are not in chronology, they will be useless.

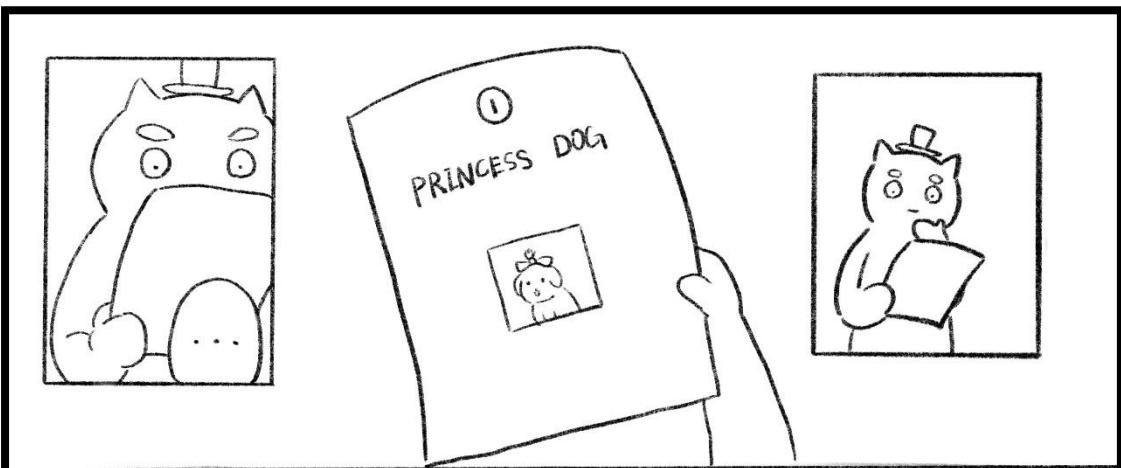




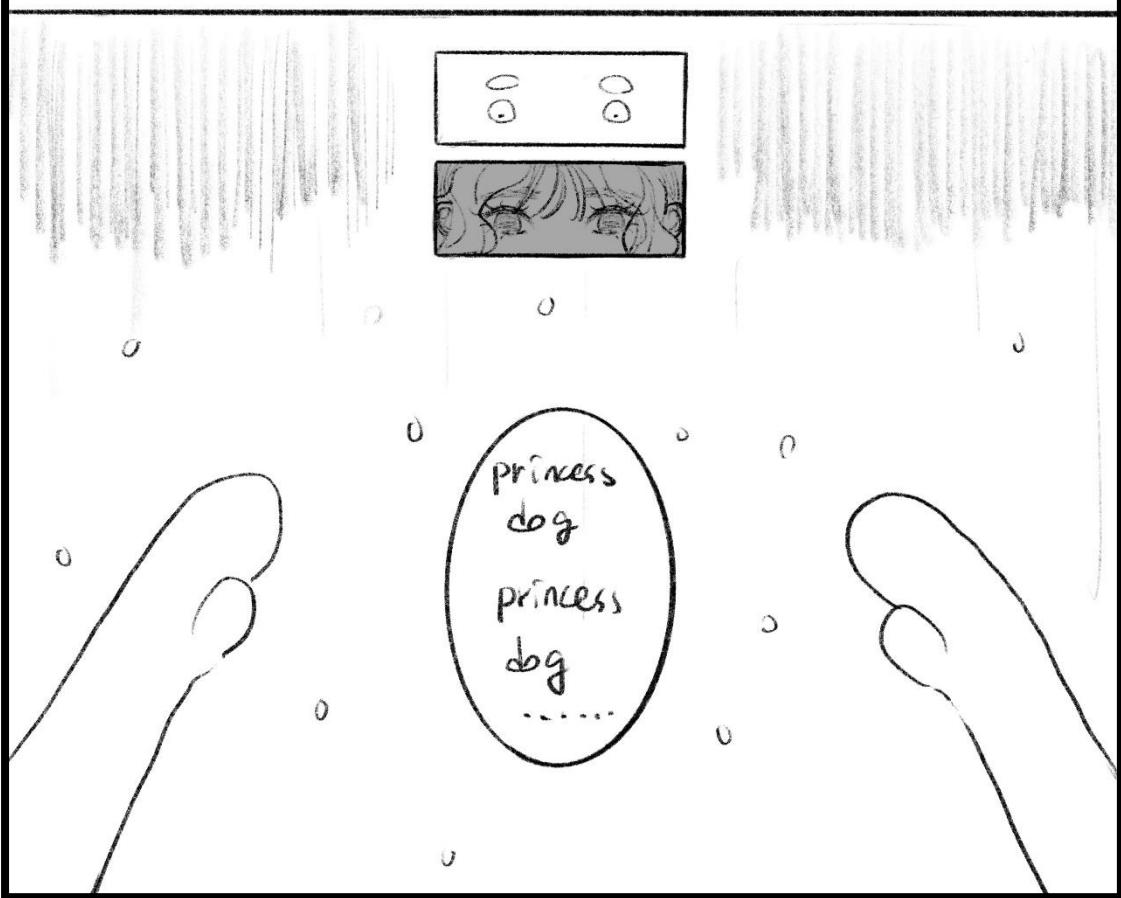
Every time you get a piece of memory, you will get a stamp - Come to me after collecting all three.

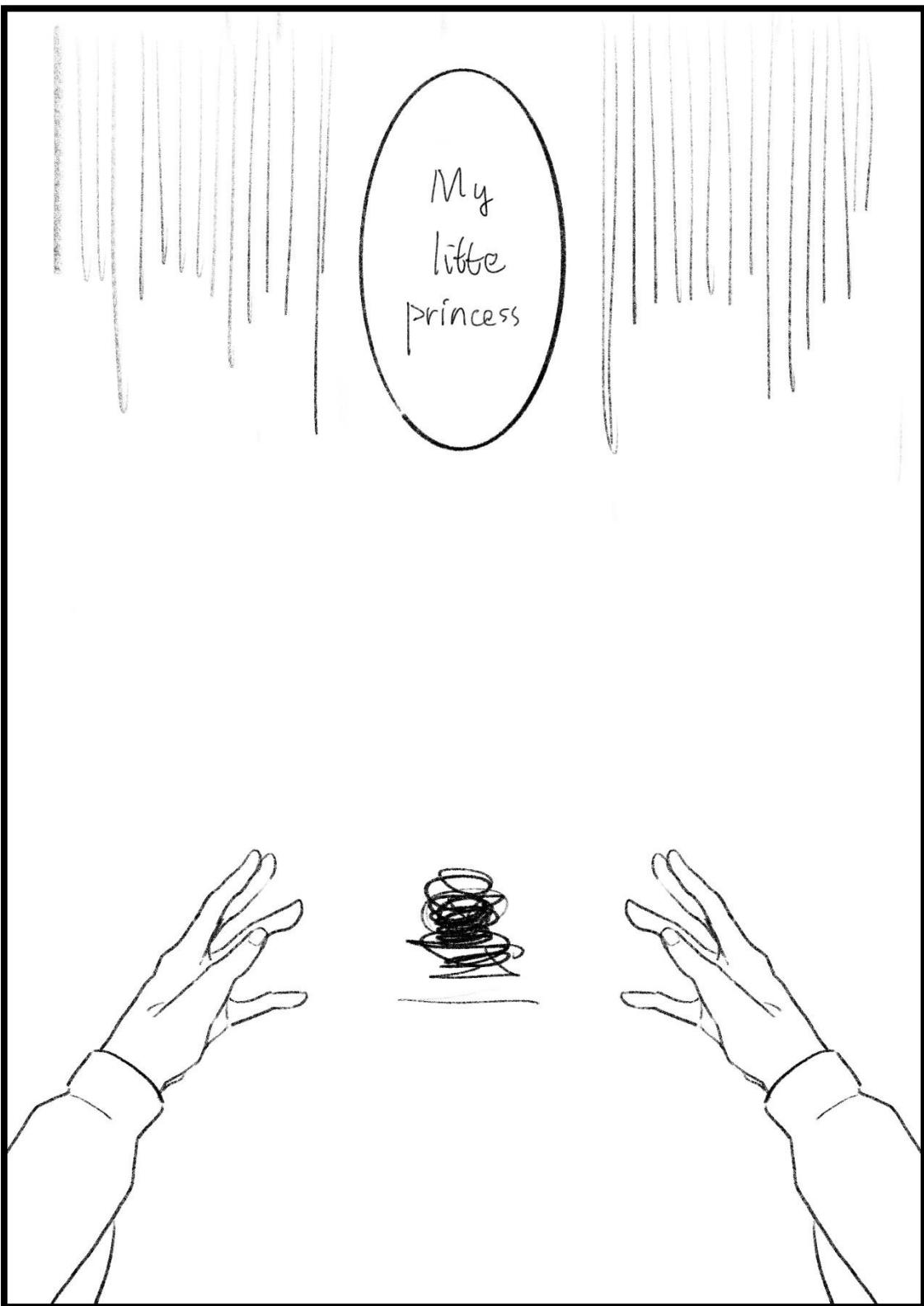






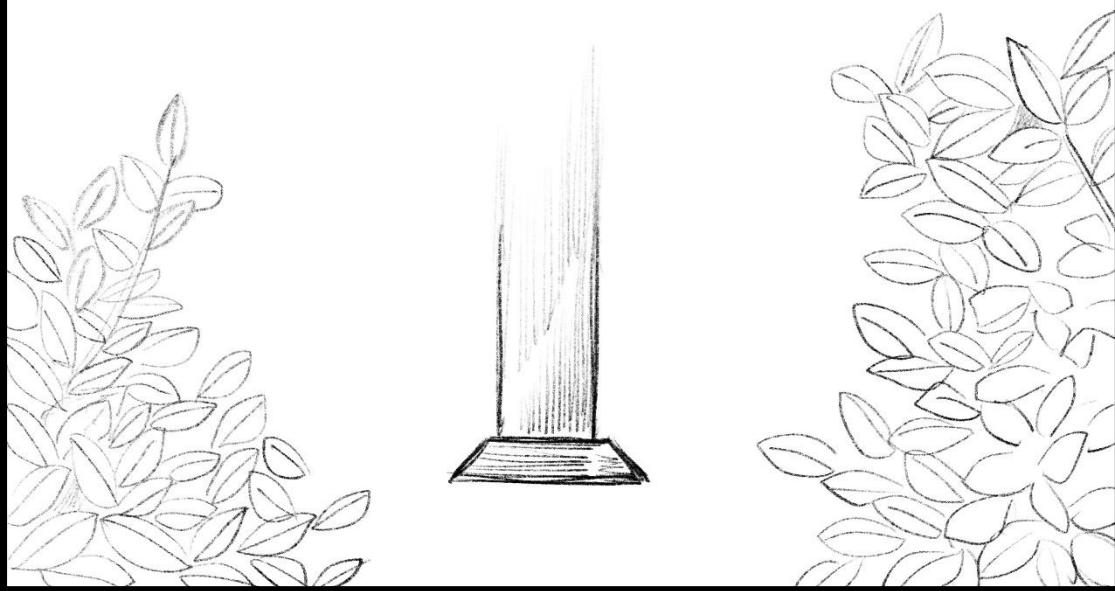
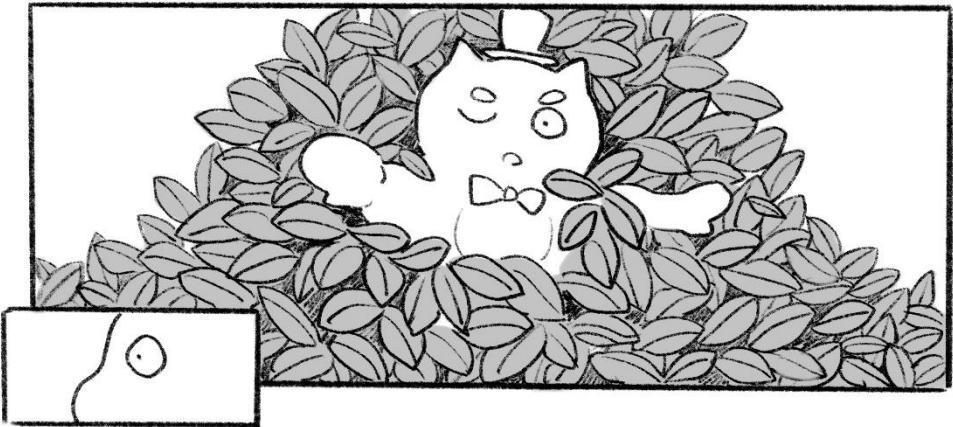
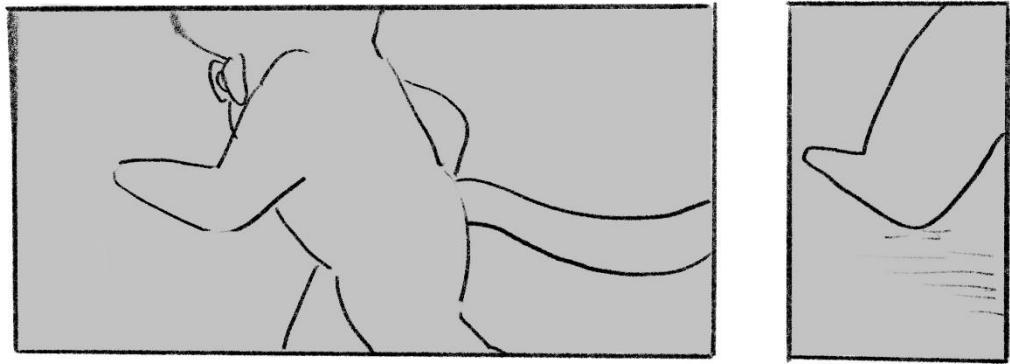
At that time, I realized one thing. This memory is not only sorted by time, but also by difficulty.

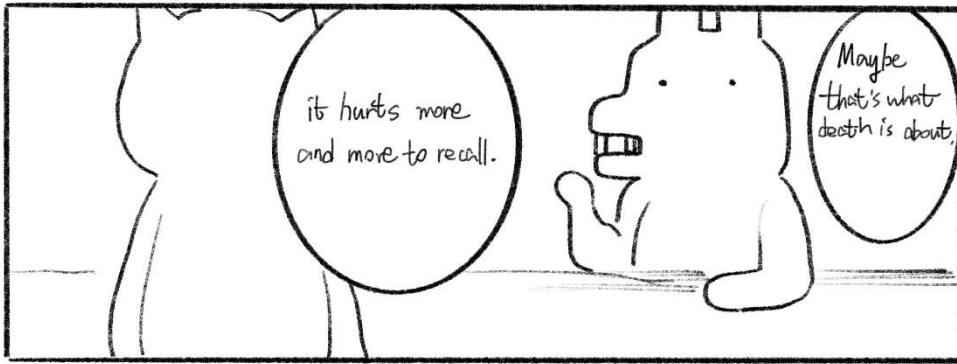
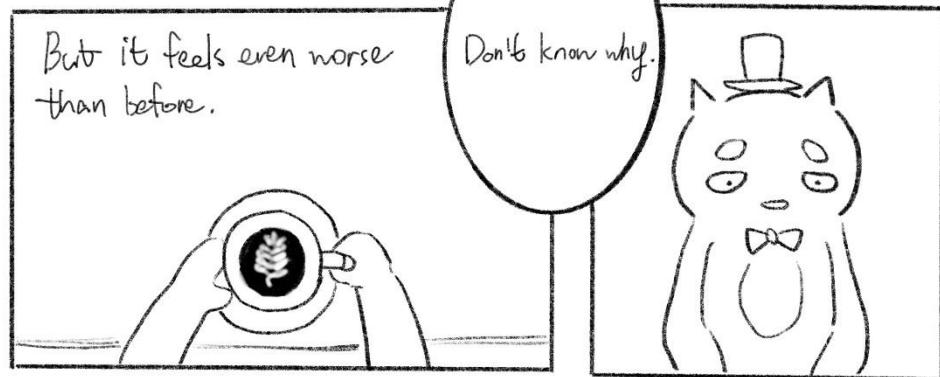
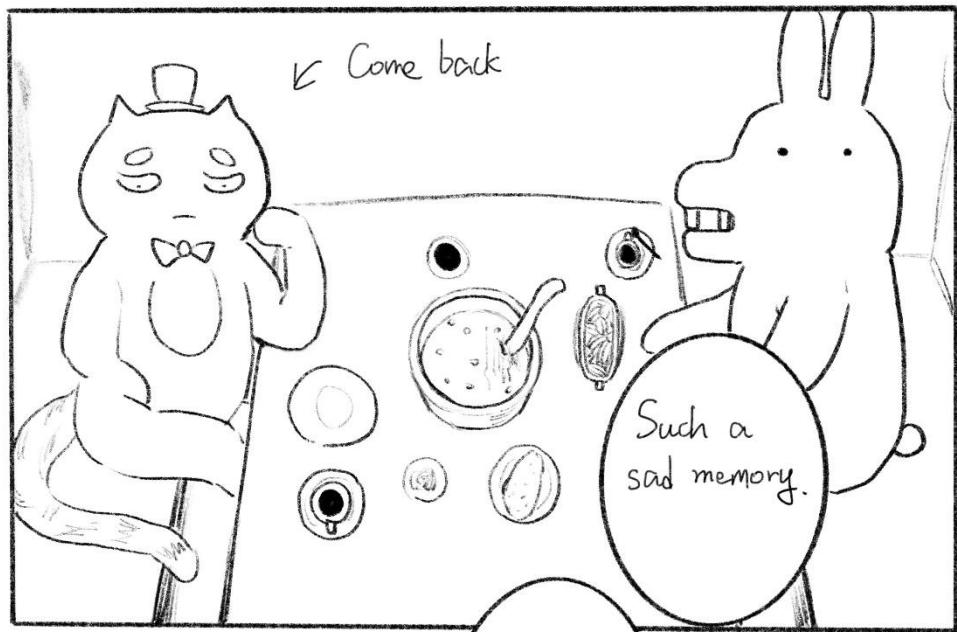


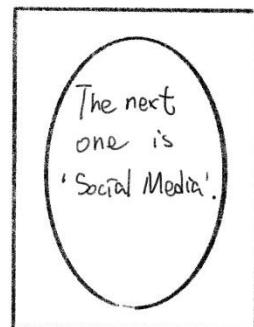
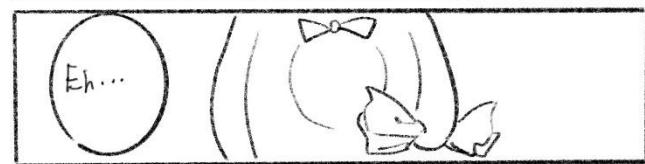
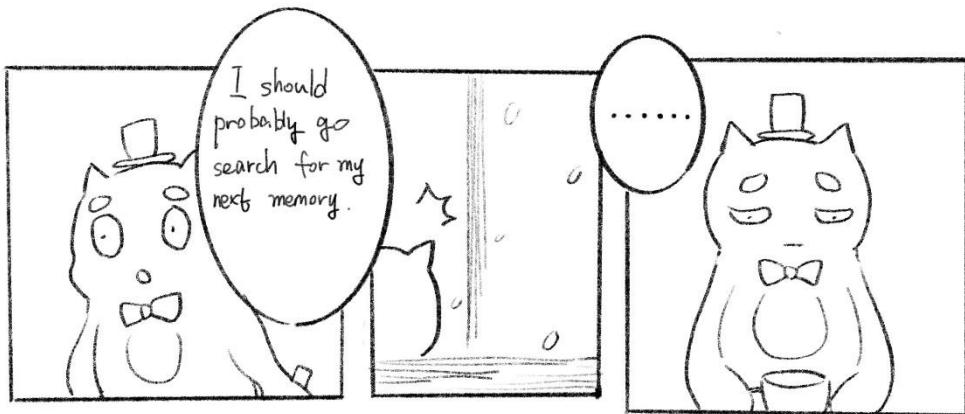




The 'treasure' in my life.

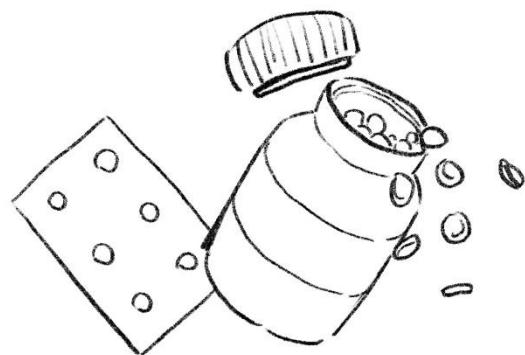






O
O
O
O
O

I feel like this
Mr. Bunny knows
me somehow.



Cause he really knows how to tear up a scar.



Bad things happened on the Internet from my impression,
but I couldn't remember anything clearly anymore.

my memories
are so vague no
matter how.

Like a clot of
dark haze,

An
unnerving
feeling
sends
shiver
down
my
spine.



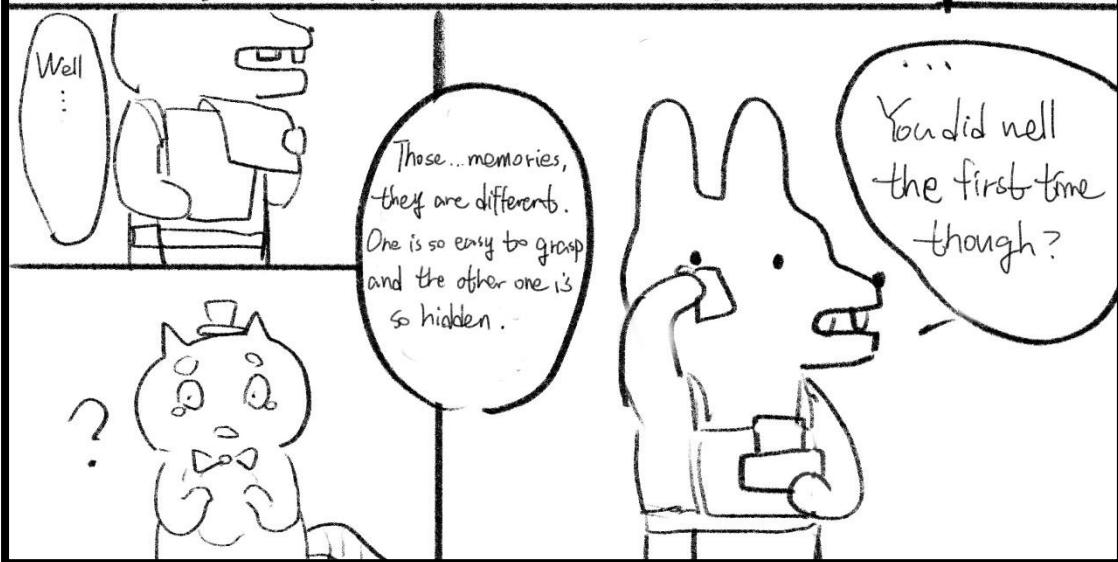
Sometime left me
deeply traumatized,
as every-time I
tried to recall,

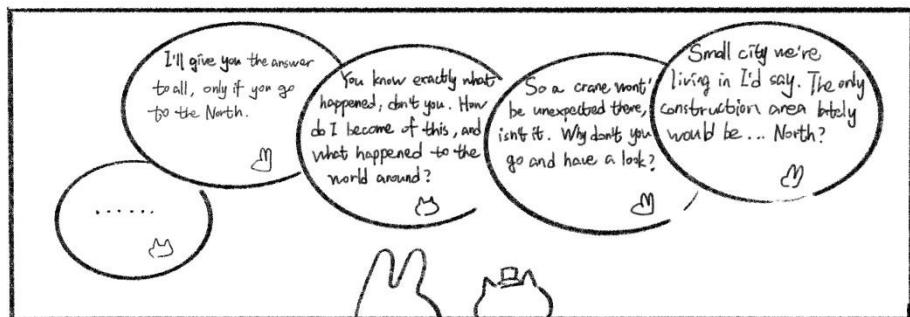
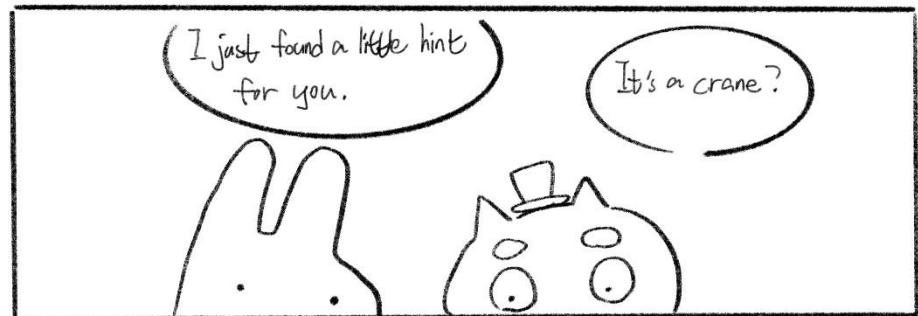
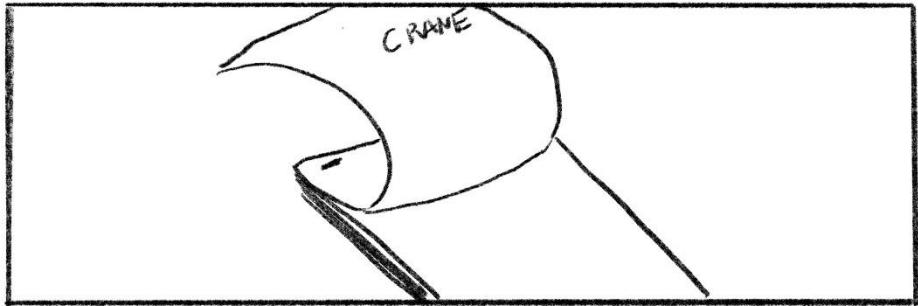
All I could remember was I used to love posting my hand-made
plush-toys online. But why would it cost any harm.

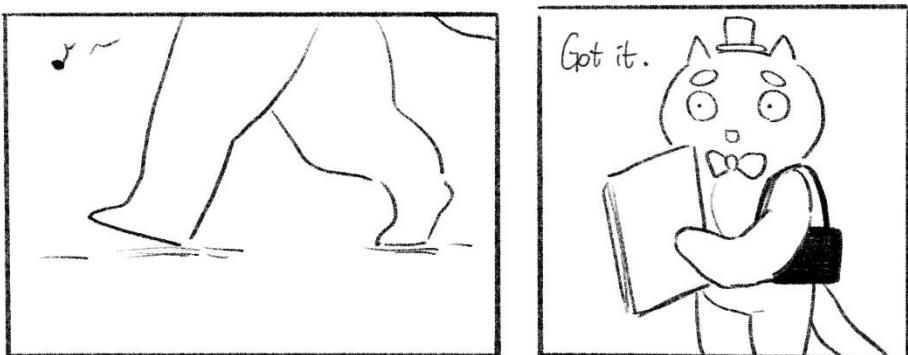
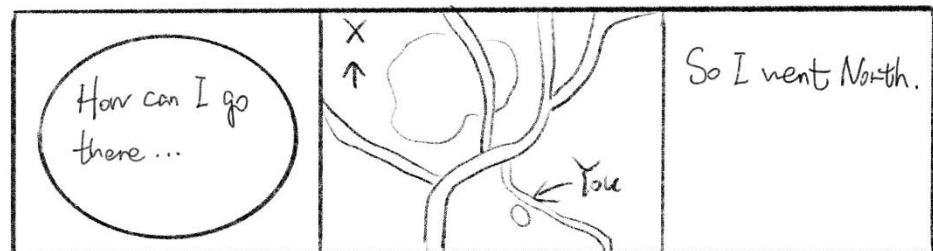


I can't anymore! This is endless!
There's nothing I can possibly find here!

PA!



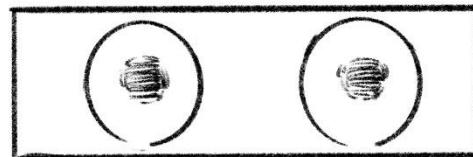






If you cross that border,
you fade away, fall as a
soul and leave everything
behind.

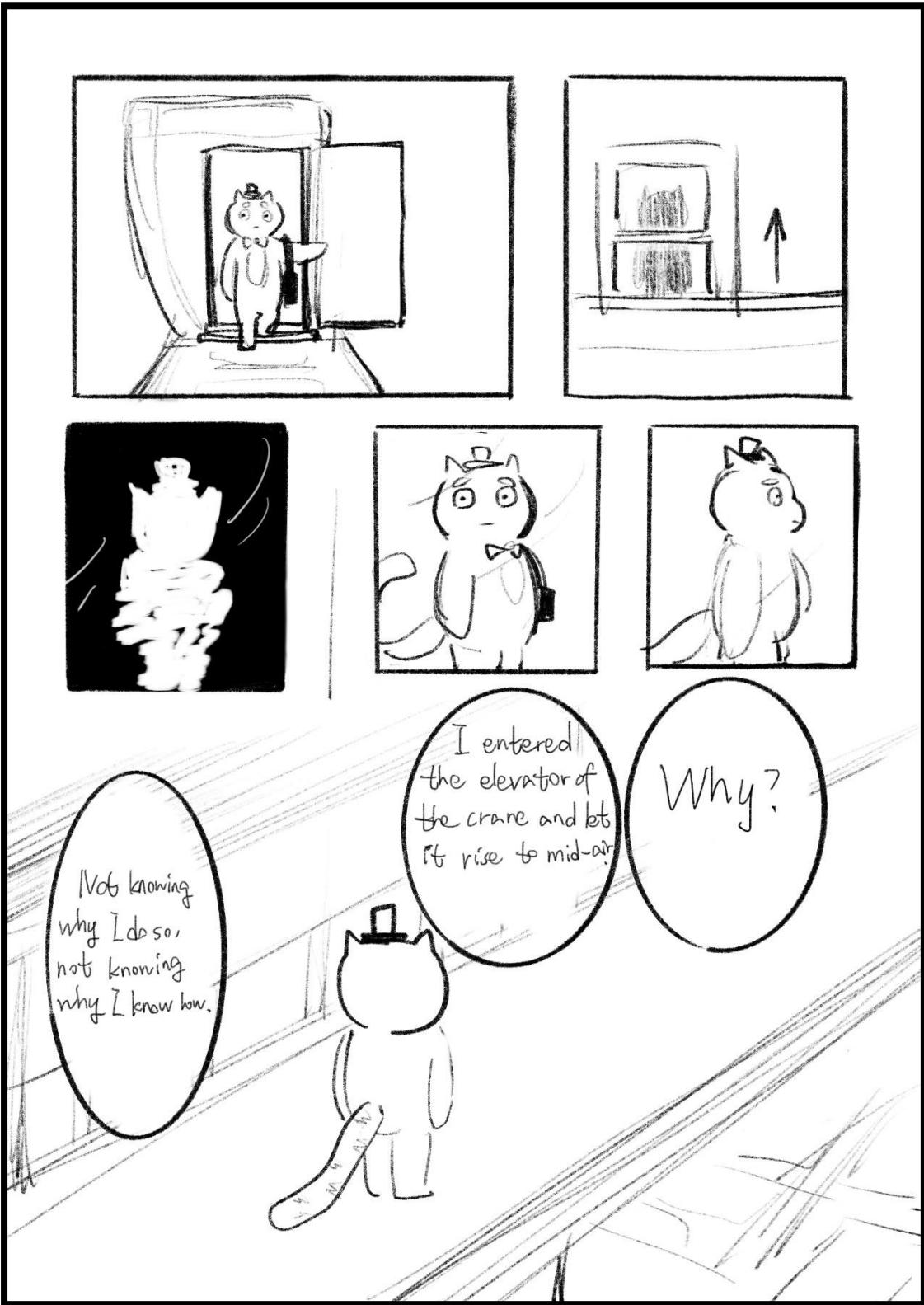
I always knew there's
a line, a border between
the world we live in and
afterlife.



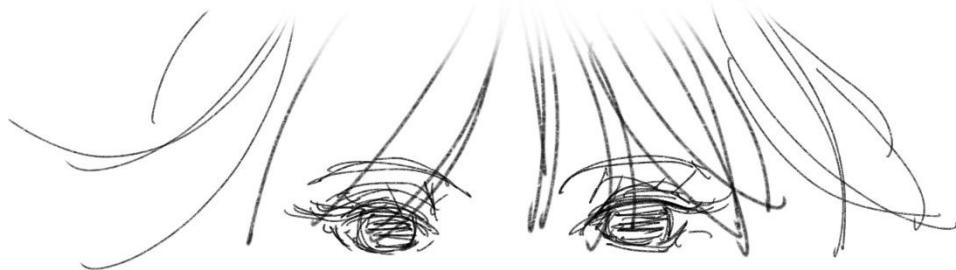
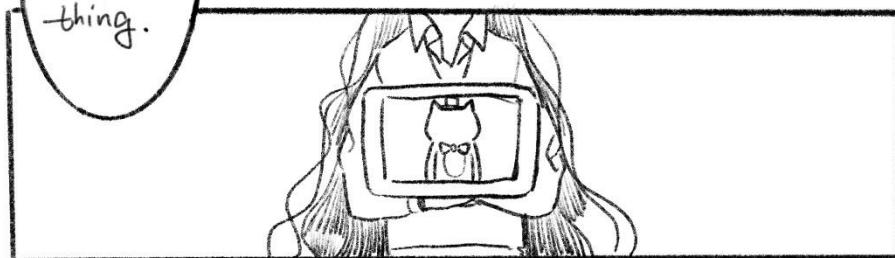
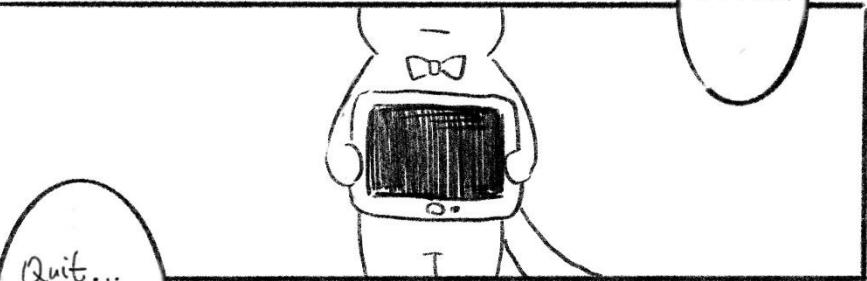
So close that the
suffocation is killing me.

That border is
close around I could
sense

I almost turned
around and gets running.



It's almost like how a wandering soul simulates the last thing it did before fading, over and over again.



How could I possibly be dead?









They didn't like my plush toys.



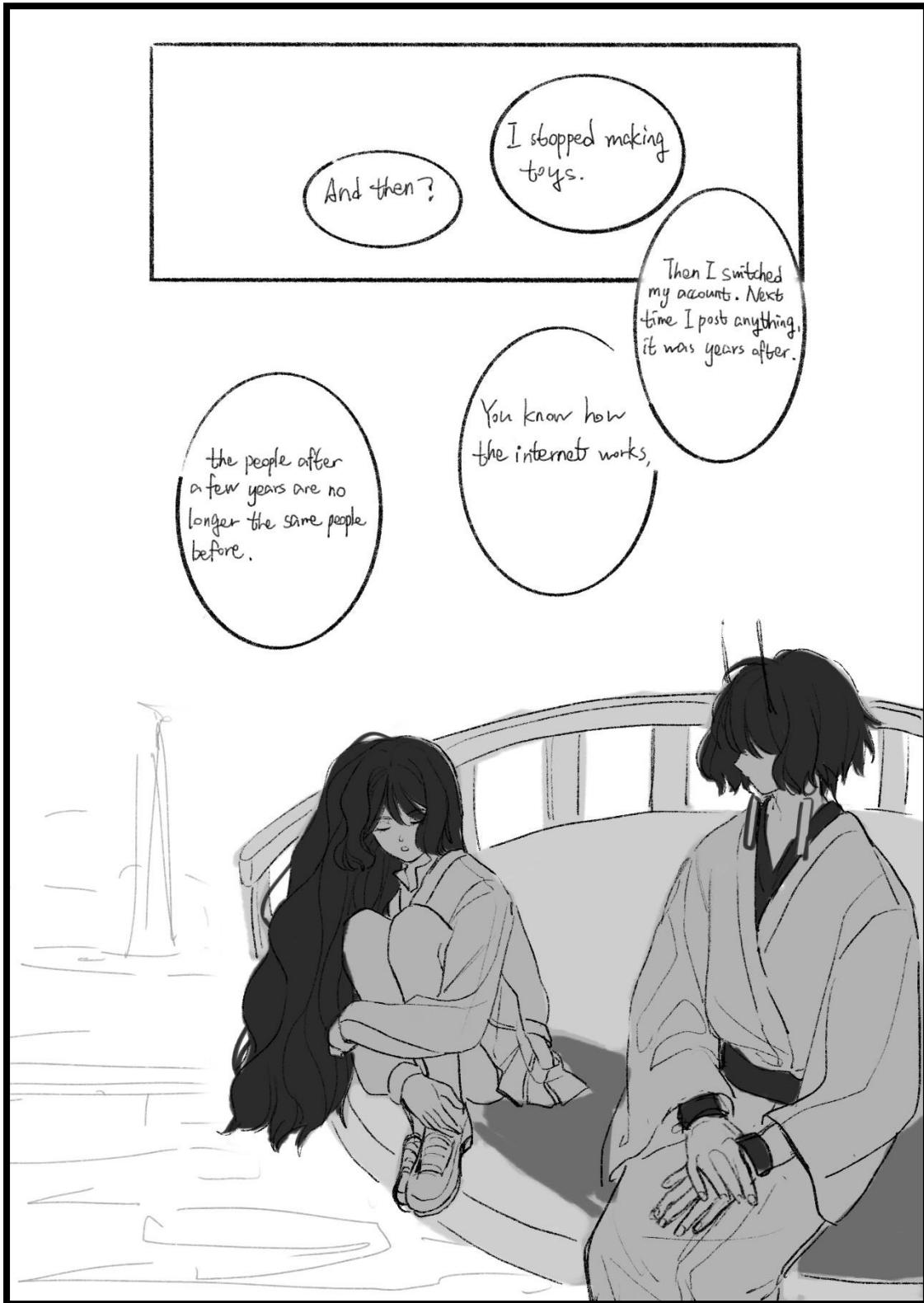
Saying that I am
shameless, even dare
to post such garbage
to disgust them.

cursed me along
side,

They mocked them,
cursed them,

They say I might as well just delete those
photos and go to hell with my toys.





I sew angels by my own hands, some say.



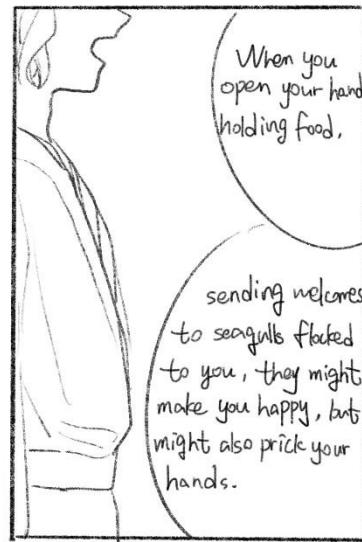
I was standing here that day.



And I saw the seagulls.
They were hovering close
to me.

There must be seagulls in this world, them people, all are.

But that kind
of joy, anger,
sorrow, and
vivid life belong
only the living
world.





Goodbye, my seagulls.



END

