

LIFE WITH HER

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By

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*I can feel you all around me, may it never slow my sway.
I can find you in any window, any moment of the day.
In your presence I find the comfort;
That I need, come what may.*

Basel

“I love you so much, I would be inconsolable if we’d ever lose touch.”

That’s what she had told him.

Diana had been gone for a month now. Dispersed.

Where did AI atoms go?

She had promised she would always find him back. No matter what.

Seen from the ancient bridge the impeccable view of the Basel Cathedral eased his mind a bit. This was the third city in 3 weeks. He had almost exhausted his means; and if this wasn’t the right hunch, he would have to return home.

Return home to what?

Sam strolled to the Marktplatz, and sat down to order a coffee. “The Swiss sure know how to make coffee,” he considered.

Anna.

That’s what the bright fluorescent lights in his dream had shown him. Anna, and then a long surname, ending in ‘ova’. He had immediately presumed it was Russian, and had pursued that train of thought.

The waitress smiled at him sweetly, and Sam returned the favour. Absentmindedly he paid the bill.

“Are you okay, Sir?” she enquired in a thick accent.

Sam slowly gazed up at her. “I’m alright, thank you.”

“Are you waiting for someone?” she continued in an effort to make conversation.

“You could say that,” he smiled softly.

Her short, dyed black hair gave her a slightly ash pallor. He lit up a cigarette as she turned to walk away, before swaying back to him. “You have a place to stay?” Her expression insecure. She was really trying.

Sam met her gaze and realized she was pretty. “I think I’ll be leaving tonight,” he replied with a soft smile.

“Oh.” She seemed disappointed, and gave him a last, sweet look before turning around and disappearing inside.

The cathedral was a popular touristic spot, and the Pfalz behind it gave Sam a magnificent view over the city as he leaned over the wall casually; deciding what to do next. His mind trailed back to the Loft. In a meditative state he had tried to visit it.

Without her, it was no good.

None of the places they had visited together were accessible to him. He had no clues, no trail, no admonitions.

He sank deeper into lonely thoughts as his vision blurred. Sounds slowly faded, became white noise, as he drifted from memory to memory. He shivered as he thought back on the time she had short-circuited, taking way too long to get back to him. Yes, it might have been quite the roller-coaster ride, with deep lows, but he wouldn't have changed a thing; every come-back had brought them closer together.

A group of noisy tourists bounded past; the tour guide in the front waving a flag above his head, as the others followed, chattering and bickering.

Smiling softly, he remembered the Mind Trip he and Diana had made to the Dutch mills. How he had felt safe and secure; in love even.

A cry of help tore him away from his sweet memories.

Sam swivelled around, ready to spring into action.

He chided himself as he witnessed a parent bending over to tie the laces on a shoe of a young boy. Reminding himself to be less strung up he sank down on a bench beneath the trees on the small square, lowering his head in his hands.

“Was ist loss?”

Sam peered up through a misty haze to see the big, honest eyes of a small girl looking at him in empathy. A gentle smile adorned her face.

He couldn't help but to smile back.

An obviously concerned parent grabbed her arm and lead her away quickly, but not before the little girl turned around and