

[The footage starts here.]

A unique angle for the day. The phone rests against a window. Through it, view gives way to mostly a back parking lot, with a brick fence surrounding it. Beyond the fence there's a dense forest. Trees stretch to the heavens but the sun spills through the cracks. A glow does too.

"Every night, even if I turn off the lights, I had to use a pillow to block out the window. Can't sleep without that. Cause if I don't, and I'll show you tomorrow especially.. Well.. It's really bright and blue. The weird forest. But uh, anyway um."

[A jump.]

"Oh god the doorknob feels cold as hell."

She opens the door and sure enough 'hell' has frozen over. A snowy mountain-scape lays on the other end of the doorway. Nothing heard but the wind and snow shifting now and then. Trees wear their snow sweaters tight. The sun's rays mean jack shit on the winter wonderland.

"I didn't bring a jacket so uh.." (Reaching around in the dresser by her bed.) "Yeah I can just wrap myself in this."

With an extra blanket hugging her form she journeys into the cold. The phone is pressed between the two layers and the camera peaks out.

[A jump.]

Avery's found a large icicle and sports it as a weapon.

[A jump.]

She's gotten the icicle stuck in a tree somehow, and reluctantly moves on.

[A jump.]

"Okay so I've found a lodge I think? I don't know what's inside but it beats being out here."

A door opens, and a well-lit lodge is the setting. There's two floors to the place, all adorned with many different pictures of past residents. A fireplace crackles on the first floor. Tv static can be heard from the second. Chairs and couches are littered about haphazardly.

Click!

Television's just fucked.

Click..

Avery lays down on the bed in the leftmost upstairs bedroom. Wordy! She rests her eyes for a moment. Sleeping? Not yet. Just relaxing. Breathing in the warmth. Filtering out the freezing feelings.

Time feels like it's crawling by.

Tick.

But the bed's comfy so who cares?

Static on repeat.

What if she just stayed here for awhile, would anyone care?

Tick.

A change of scenery is nice, and maybe there's a surplus of food downstairs too.

Tick.

And then.

Tick.

In the moment.

Tick.

When you most expect it.

Tick.

Nothing.

Tick.

No, not a thing.

Tick.

So, something?

Avery sits up, and she's freezing like hell. The blanket's nowhere in sight and she's surrounded by a thick layer of snow. Can't see for miles, just fog. Bright fog! Cold, bright, unforgiving fog.

"Okay, is this the moment? Something to bring me back? I think after doing this shit forever I get the gist of it. Day two for you is day whatever-thousand for me."

The fog remains. The snow remains. Avery.. Yeah. She remains.

Shivering intensifies as her fur feels stiff.

"Fuck, I don't.. Where even am I?"

Could be nowhere, if she was unlucky.

She tries standing up but the snow clings to her. Falling back into it, it clings harder as she lays in it.

"W-What a lousy way to go.." (Breathing heavily.) "Freeze-freezing to death an-"

Before a finished sentence the snow piles over her in an instant.

Do you remember that field trip? Back in, what, seventh grade was it? We went to that play. I think it was some play set in the days of cowboys. There was a saloon in the first scene. Very cliché but hey big props to whoever built most of it. Gunfight in the second, singing in the third, a jail cell in the fourth, and so on. Beat by beat we sat through the play. No intermission because it wasn't long to begin with.

Avery are you there?

After the play the teacher took us to a park where we ate our lunches. My one friend spit on some kids apple and dared him to eat it. It was the dumbest of shot but that's how kids were.

Avery if you give up, then you'll never get out of here.. You can't that's not how it goes..

On the bus ride home I looked out the window the whole time and thought about summer. I think this year mom said I didn't have to go to camp, and that I could stay at home or go out with friends cus' I was old enough. What does a kid do with all that time? I could play video games most of it but she'd kill me.

The snow is silent as the fog. Nothing moves in its many layers.

I didn't think she'd REALLY kill me duh, but I got yelled at enough in school. And at home sometimes. I was a dumbass kid.

Maybe I'm still a dumbass kid.

[The video eventually jumps, after long silence and no visuals.]

Avery is passed out on the kitchen floor, her body shaking now and then. The phone is laying against the bottom edge of the counter, on its side.

" (Coughing) "

Barely there.

Footsteps can be heard nearby. Some figure passes in front of the camera, cloaked entirely in some purple fabric from head to toe. The hands of the figure are wrapped in the same fabric, but they hold something up to the camera. A snowglobe, showcasing a miniature lodge on snowy plastic ground. The figure shakes the snowglobe a bit and places it right next to Avery's face. As the figure heads out, the lights are turned off in the room. That's all for Tuesday's recording.