Tomb Series AEON

0x6e31 June 14th, 2022

A fifth floor window at the north west corner of an apartment block. The internal window frame is substantial and supports a single pane of glass in 4:3 aspect. Moulded aluminium with glossy black industrial paintwork, the internal window frame protrudes into the room considerably. From the present position a direct perspective on the street below is only possible via a narrow columnal opening that descends from the upper left of the internal window frame and is defined at its left by the edge of the internal window frame and at its right by the south west corner of a monolithic corporate building that faces the apartment block on its north side. Beyond the apartment's internal glazing is a cavity whose depth corresponds to the width of the electric shutter mechanism mounted along its upper edge, housed in brushed aluminium casing with black componentry. The shutter is operated by a switch, out of view at the lower right edge of the frame. Now the shutter is fully open. The external window frame presumably dates to the apartment block's original construction. It is a thin cast iron design with clear pearlescent lacquer coating. Two panes of glass and a single vertical support centred in the frame. Now there is rain on the external window. The external window frame has been renovated judging by its condition and the condition of the plasterwork, roughly textured but skilfully rounded, that integrates it with the internal window frame. Now there is condensation on the internal window. This whole arrangement determines that the present position is withdrawn and, to repeat, the vantage on the street limited. The lowest vector that the eye can maintain reaches street level along the western facade of the monolithic corporate building. Visual information from the north and east sides of the apartment block can only be retrieved via reflection in the sheer glass south facade of the monolithic corporate building. Its surfaces are clad in opaque, tinted glass that recasts any and all light that makes contact with it in saturated oranges and warm pinks, as if it were emanating from a fictive, perpetual sunset.

Now there is animation at the north west corner. A disorderly squad of riders begin to cohere in the lower left of the frame. Something draws their attention to the north. Hoods up, their oversized oversaturated waterproofs neutralise their postures. Impossible to decipher logos and liveries from the present position and their shifting formation too vague to gauge intent. Now a foreign rider in full fluorescent pink waterproofs, moving fast, makes an incursion into the damp grey air against the soaking grey street at the upper left of the frame and descends parallel with the left edge of the columnal opening, approaching the apartment block from the north west. Leaning back on their escooter they decelerate suddenly, capably, into the corner, bringing them to within a few metres of the retreating squad. Their upper body twists away as they force a tight anti-clockwise curve, too close to the apartment block to be directly visible now. As they transition onto the reflective surface of the monolithic corporate building the fluorescent pink of their waterproofs, out of gamut, is re-rendered in deep rubine red and magenta. For two, three, four seconds their form

modulates rapidly as it traverses the facade of the monolithic corporate building then decelerates again, curving clockwise now, rounding the north east corner of the apartment block, blurring and disappearing. A sense that the buzzer is overdue intensifies the anticipation of its electricity uncomfortably. If locking the escooter to the railings outside the apartment block. If ascending one flight of stairs to the apartment block. If scanning the list of names on the buzzers at the entrance of the apartment block. Then perhaps the door held open by someone leaving. Then possibly one lift out of service. Waiting. Now in the doorway to the fifth floor apartment blood smears and streaks, virtually black on the sheer sleeve of the full fluorescent pink waterproofs held to their lip. They kneel and unzip their pack, its intensely silver foil lining blowing out under the artificial light. They lower their head to their left shoulder to keep pressure on the lip and prevent their hood from completely obscuring their view. Retrieving an object they mumble an apology for it being damaged, their wrist is fucked though so could … Otherwise they'll be on fucking pointless gigs for the rest of the night …

This text is part of an occasional, unauthorised series set in an extended universe based on David Rudnick's Tomb Series.

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Collected by 0xb5ee...9b8169

Tomb I – AEON 1/1. 4650px x 4650px lossless png.

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