

**64 Times Square**

The following pages of a diary were found at 64 Times Square in New York City. It is believed that they were left there by a former henchman of Dr. Solvem's. That henchman is now believed to be insane and on the loose, but his whereabouts are unknown.

Witness: Lee Zen

*September 9, 2008*

I sat in my chair looking out across the sea of lights. I sucked in the warm, musty Manhattan air. There's no other smell like it in the world. I couldn't dawdle too much. Time was ticking away, and I had things to do. So many possibilities and so little time.

I thought about the *pawn* shop near my apartment, on Avenue B at 5<sup>th</sup> street. Perhaps they would have the inspiration I required, but I had no way to be certain. Then, I remembered the one that sits on 7<sup>th</sup> street and Avenue C. It was farther out, but usually had a more interesting selection. I decided it wouldn't hurt to go check it out.

The *pawn* shop had a limited selection of the types of items it sold. There was an odd assortment of clothing, jewelry, and a large collection of CDs and DVDs. It was my lucky day: they had a promotion for the *Bohemian Rhapsody* single. I saved myself some cash. Time to jam!

I guess I was not as aware of the time as I had thought. The **Night** fell quickly upon Christopher St. and 8<sup>th</sup> Avenue where I went to check out my favorite coffee shop. I pondered momentarily before my *priest* joined me. He sat down and we discussed my jealousy over my rival.

"Why do you torment him all the time? Don't you think he feels like you've backed him into a corner? Not to mention in his own territory," he began. I shrugged in reply. "Well, that's not good because that drives a man to desperation. What good does that do anyone?" he continued.

I thought to myself in French: in passing my rival, I gain a material advantage, but then I decided against doing that. It would only lead to an impasse. Instead I pushed forward and explained, "Look, my issues are between me and him, not between you and me. Nor are they between God and me."

My *priest* nodded and said, "I understand. But let me tell you this. If you and your adversary continue to advance forward, I think you will both regret it. Think about how a nice word from you might make all the difference in the world."

"I have to go." I stood up and left.

Thinking back, I regret leaving so quickly. Indeed, my rival and I continued to push each other further. I was the victor in the end, but at what cost? I no longer have my mind about me and I utter crazy ideas. I try to make it all add up: 1 Hamburger is 9 dollars. 8 Hotdogs cost 16. A1 steak sauce costs 2 dollars! What does it matter! If only I knew, I think to myself. If only I knew where the *Night* and the **Darkness** come from. Maybe then I will know how much they are worth and maybe then I'll be able to say something nice to my rival.