

## The chosen

Albert Sgambati

Published online: 11 December 2008  
© Springer Science+Business Media B.V. 2008

Yla-ed Azalp was a small country consisting of exactly one street with a motorcade and just enough people to line both sides of it. There were many theories about it and it always ended in a brilliant and blinding light just after the constant hum began to put everyone to sleep. It went forwards and backwards and backwards and forwards, and thus, never got anywhere.

The backwards country was one of nostalgia reaching for its innocent past in a forward motion. There, a Lincoln backed up the street followed by police on motorcycles in reverse. The people in the car decided to sit up all at once and a rather pretty woman, who had been looking into her hands like Lady Macbeth, now smiled. The other woman screamed, “oN, oN,” and then stretched her face into a wide grin. The two men beamed. Earlier the crowd wavered in the heat with anticipation, a second before the birth of a backwards nation.

In one theory based on analogous logic the world begins when God sucks in his breath and everything is darkness.

The forward country, which, as has already been explained is the same place and hurls itself towards the uncertain future. There is blood everywhere and men in suits run down the street as if they are chasing the car.

Then it ends.

---

A. Sgambati (✉)  
220 W. 24th St, #2s, New York, NY 10011, USA  
e-mail: ciaoalbert@gmail.com