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**From:**

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jeffrey E.

This paragraph is a masterpiece to me. I've been read=ng it over and over again. It's incredible how sometimes books perfect=y describe your inner feelings and perceptions.

"The cradle=rocks above an abyss, and common sense tells us that our existence is but = brief crack of light between two eternities of darkness. Although the two=are identical twins, man, as a rule, views the prenatal abyss with more ca=m than the one he is headed for (at some forty-five hundred heartbeats an =our). I know, however, of a young chronophobiatic who experienced something =ike panic when looking for the first time at homemade movies that had been=taken a few weeks before his birth. He saw a world that was practically un=hanged — the same house, the same people — and then realiz=d that he did not exist there at all and that nobody mourned his absence. =e caught a glimpse of his mother waving from an upstairs window, and that =nfamiliar gesture disturbed him, as if it were some mysterious farewell. B=t what particularly frightened him was the sight of a brand-new baby carri=ge standing there on the porch; even that was empty, as if, in the reverse=order of events, his very bones had disintegrated." - Nabokov