

THE CIRCLE



ANNA LAURINE
KORNÜM



There is a place I always return to. It's deep within The Forbidden Zone. I don't know what I expect to find there ...

Maybe an explanation for what went wrong, how things could just dissolve and fall apart.

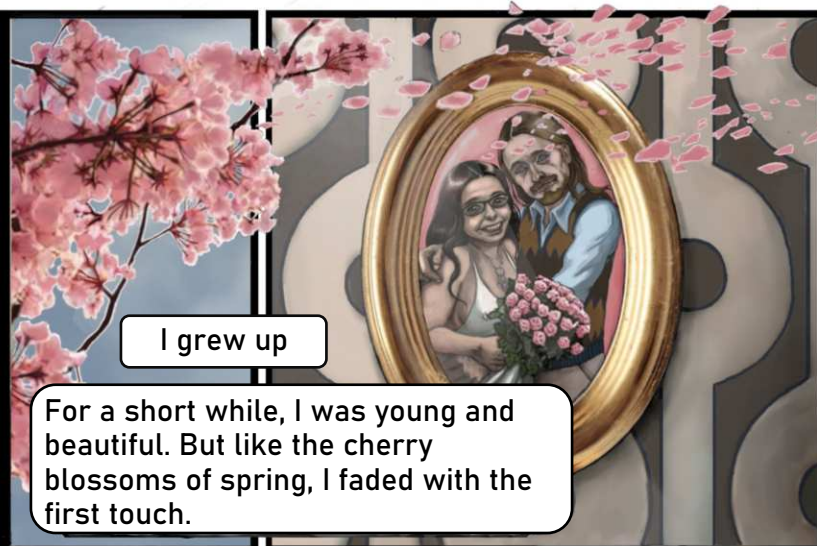


As if it was a crime scene, I risk, with every step I take, to contaminate the evidence and thereby obscure the true story about us. I might then never know, what really destroyed our home.

Exposure to these levels of radiation is potentially fatal.

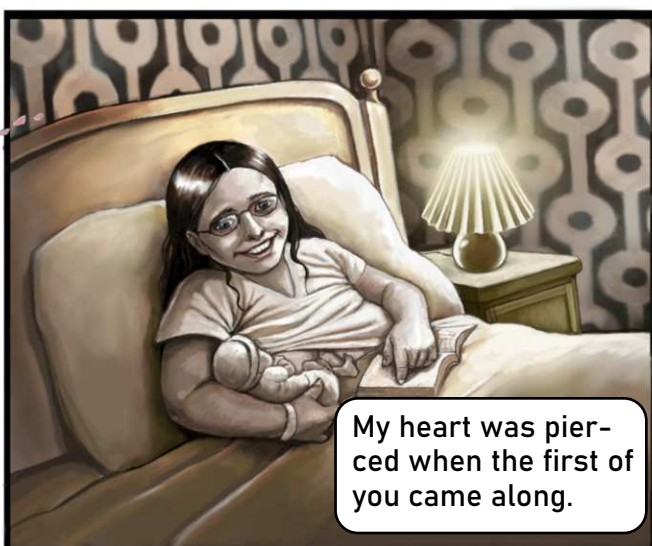
Despite the hazard, I find myself returning, over and over again.

This will be the last time.



I grew up

For a short while, I was young and beautiful. But like the cherry blossoms of spring, I faded with the first touch.



My heart was pierced when the first of you came along.



But I never felt the freedom of that seemingly eternal summer again. The weightless joy of diving with grey seals in the North Sea...



...was replaced by a nearly fatal monotony. Everytime I felt empty inside, I had yet another child. I would lose myself in their little round faces.



Precious faces

As the years rushed by me, I forgot the girl who swam with seals.



I was no longer the center of anything.



The man I had married gradually turned his back on me. But I did not need him anymore. My children were a constant source of wonder and joy.

It was as though I had known them always. They had distinct personalities. I realized that I had created something truly new and worthwhile.

But all things fall apart and so did I.



It's gonna thunder soon.



Something's very wrong. Can't you feel it?



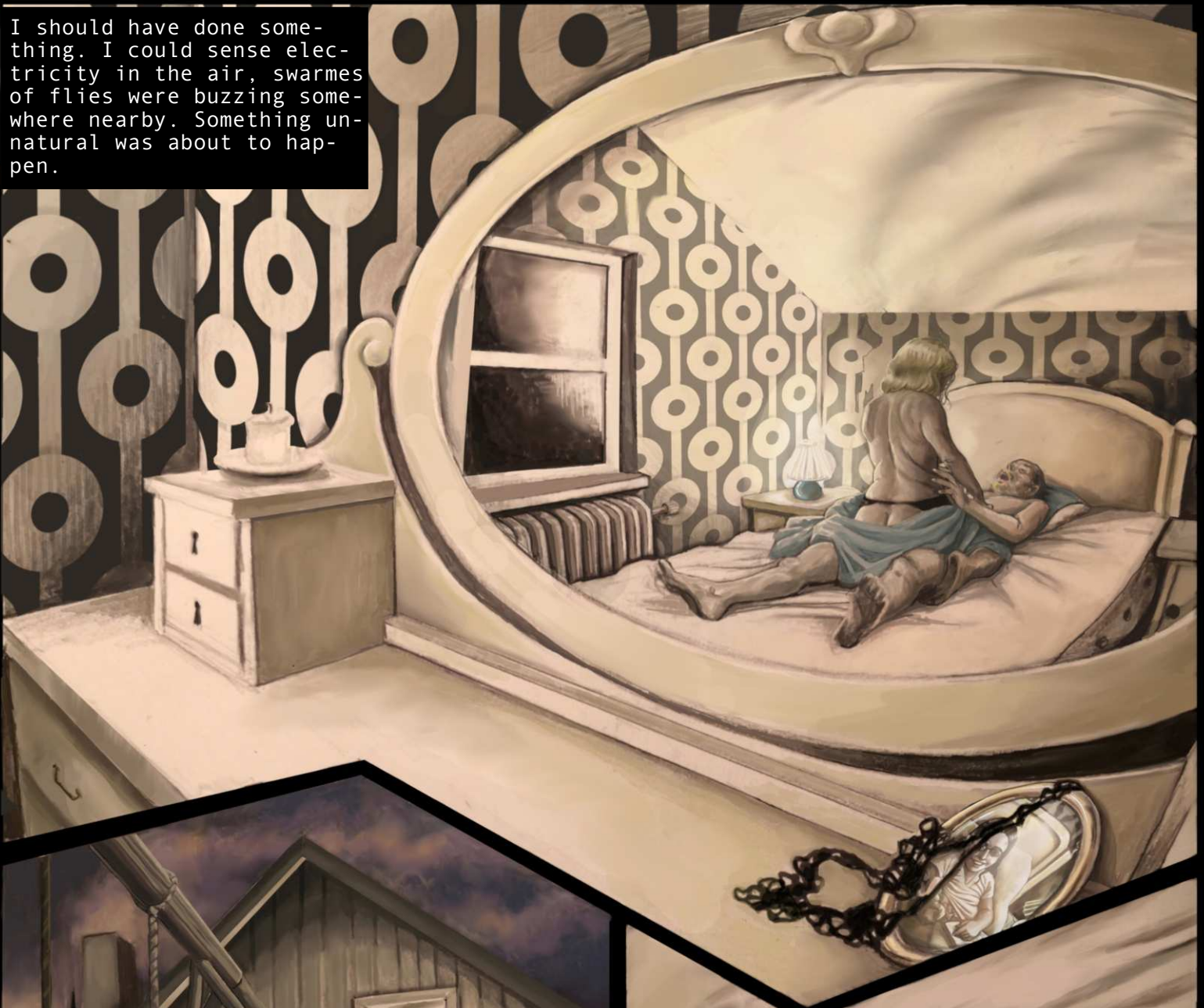
We have to go inside.



I'll go and see if the coast is clear



I should have done something. I could sense electricity in the air, swarms of flies were buzzing somewhere nearby. Something unnatural was about to happen.





By the way, I'm not a witch



You haven't got a clue, do you?



You don't even have a word for it. Stupid girls



We didn't do anything. We didn't save him like we were supposed to.



We ran around like headless chickens.



Grandma?

We dialled the only number we knew by heart.



Hatred, Horror and Moral Terror had become my companions. I had made friends of them and they would guide me from now on.



Someone once said that
the world ends, not with
a bang but with a whimper

I dare say that it
ended with both ...

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