



1. We are taking simultaneous baths while contemplating the new year. These happen like parenthesis on the two extreme shores of a continent. One bath is a little more elaborate than the other, but the mirror presages the collapse of time zones as standard practice following our forthcoming, successful graphics campaign (please look forward to our posters, featuring in the upcoming *Springggg House*). Next year, when the campaign is successful, we will be able to celebrate our birthday together.

2. For now, in the water, we look back and realize that our birthday is the anniversary of my cynicism's permanent defeat— you won by distinguishing moistness levels between two identical yellow sponge cakes during the construction for the last celebration. So this is both our birthday and the anniversary of a historic victory.

3. This year we are building a Birthday House of perfect green tea sponge cake triangles baked by Henry. The cakes are ripped into the shape of those pale rocks found strewn across fields in Gozo in the form of a Girna, a stone hut. Matcha butter is the mortar that coheres the stones into the lone circular wall that forms the structure. A small triangular window is left open to serve as the only clock.

4. One crocus, out of tune, blooms yellow, unseasonally, by the door.