

A bright ray of sun spins out unexpectedly from the white sky and illuminates the trees still carrying leafy remnants in gold and red, though many are now spilled. I still haven't answered Mel's question about the geezer but he doesn't seem to mind. We both are in our own thoughts, walking together along the slippery waterside path, arm-gap-arm. In the light I examine my thumbprint, its labyrinth, its whorl, my own marking, not available to anyone else. God's fingerprint coming through mine: this is your life, Ellie, your archaeology, your ground, your stars, your story. I imagine the thumbprint as an energy pattern, a field that I live in, which I have had no choice about. It is given, it is pressure, it is stamped upon me, body and soul. God's eye upon each of us, a crop circle hidden at the top of our thumb-field. "Can't spell? Don't know your name? Can't write? Print your thumb here please."