

1. It (missing a bit)

The Surgeon can't get It to fit. It's too long for Her squat page, in need of portrait and not landscape. Trying to take It in means trying to pucker rubber down a trackpad. It's just a png, She can't absorb It into Her in one go. Perhaps in this case The Surgeon's experience is truer than it first seems. But this It is already adapted to deal with just sitting and not meeting body parts. It's been changed from its original, full being. There's a missing cushion that would comfort between It's harsh edges and The Surgeon's squidgy thumb drumstick muscle palm pads if ever there was to be such an event. Even with the extra layer of protective baggy hand skin coating, Her flesh would meet this thing awkwardly, should have had a mediator, a barrier between the harshness of It's sharp form and the sack of warm goop that would wield it. Holes where it would have once been secured.

The Surgeon could mime a piercing of boundaries and forcefields with It; slicing in, letting out, spilling guts, nearly wiping out the *thing from a grave and pot of Polyfilla* that are laid out on the operating table in front of her. Dynamic thing, whipping in the wind, precise, acute, gently scribed and with graceful poise. Lifting it from the interface, the surgeon could take Her finger, touch Her nose, blink three times, and (wait, wrong magic) get a waft of the latex coating of what was once a highly sensitised and sensitive instrument, and which now taps keys keys keys. She could pick back up the invisible item of Important Cultural History, get Her finger ready again, run it along the edge. This It is all about edge. The Surgeon gets into the zone, tries really hard to work out where the edge is. She thinks She's got it, has found the bit that's It and then the bit next to It that's not It, and then it gets all muddled, there's bits hanging around all over. She tries another zone, just goes with it, runs another finger along the important edge. It's the same as before, but then there's the real physical response to the imagined sensation, one of those mandolin slicings that are already in the past before they've even happened. It's too late. There's a breach. Sensory malfunction. Synapses have been fired and chemicals dumped in response. The surgeon assesses her gloved finger pad to see the new gouge of edge that's not really been added to the topography of Her middle finger. It is of course not there. She's mimed Her way through some layers of mediation and arrived at some kind of sensation in her body of an event that didn't take place. The Surgeon is thinking more about this in-ning and out-ing. She's used to going in, turning insides into leaky, gushing outs, but less familiar with being the thing that's been gone in to, having outsides enter in order to make an exit.

She re-returns It to its velvet cushioned root, files It in screenshotted sections under Nice Things, and sets It back to rest. Peeling off the old and stretching on a new outfit She gets back to the *Polyfilla*.