

Heist

Svalbard Global Seed Vault
Svalbard archipelago, Norway

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If they'd landed at night, Parissa might have seen the stars warp and shimmer.

But here, at the northern-most extreme of civilization, the tilt of Earth had stolen the night, replacing it with a cold sun that blazed with fury against the white expanses of snow and ice, ~~threatening to blind~~ ~~any who were unprepared,~~ ^{yet} ~~for all its brightness,~~ ~~the sun imparted little warmth.~~ * Even when the sun slipped below the mountains for two hours per day, the sky dimmed to twilight that held ~~dawn~~ ~~and dusk~~ dusk and dawn together, creating gentle gradients ^{between blue and red} that landers could replicate.

Parissa ^{Tousi} yawned as she turned the Subaru ~~off the~~ ~~main road~~ road left off of Vei 300, ^{which connected} ~~the road connecting~~ Longyearbyen to the Svalbard airport, and ~~started~~ * ~~drove~~ ~~up~~ ~~the~~ ~~unpaved~~ ~~road~~ ~~toward~~ ~~the~~ ~~Global~~ Svalbard Global Seed Vault, where she would endure another day of physical and psychological torture.

Don't be dramatic.

Beside her, Dave ^{Boren} ~~was~~ ~~his~~ ~~usual~~ ~~dratty~~ ~~self.~~ talked excitedly about ~~what~~ ~~he'd~~ ~~his~~ ~~day~~ how he'd spent the previous day. ~~It'd~~ ~~started~~ ~~with~~ ~~surfing~~, which he'd always wanted to try in the ~~the~~ Arctic, doing the Arctic Trifecta. He'd ~~started~~ ~~the~~ ~~day~~ ~~surfing~~ ~~at~~ ~~ten~~, ~~surfing~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~morning~~, ~~surfing~~ He'd started the day surfing, ~~at~~ then dog-sledded to the mountains

to ice climb, and finished the day by building an igloo and cooking seal meat over a campfire.

~~Par~~ Parissa glanced over at him while he ~~talked~~ told his stories. He spoke with such passion, such ease. He was humorous and knew how to draw out the ~~story~~ drama.

I am so glad I'm not marrying someone like him.

Parissa's heart ached as she thought of her fiancé back in New York. Unlike Dave, he was reserved. He was outdoorsy, but not extreme. Being with someone like Dave would be exhausting.

"So, what did you do with your day off?" Dave asked.

"My day was far less exciting," Parissa said. "I spent ~~the day~~ ^{it} working on The Thing that Shall ~~Be~~ Not Be Named."

"How'd it go?" Dave asked.

"Slow."

"Sorry."

"That's okay," Parissa said. "It's my cross to bear."

Dave didn't ask more questions, ~~which Parissa~~ ~~appreciated~~ nor did he offer advice, which Parissa appreciated. Many people had ~~tried~~ ^{insulted} to give her tips on how to finish her dissertation faster. Just do this, just do that. Don't doubt yourself. Use the Pomodoro method.

Parissa had tried everything, ~~but~~ her brain just didn't

do well with large, complex writing projects. She thrived in the field and at the bench. The dissertation would just be a long slog.

She heard a sizzling sound, then the whir of the passenger window opening. A blast of arctic air rushed through the car. Dave leaned his head out the window and exhaled a cloud of vape smoke and steam.

"Close the window," Parissa yelled. "It's freezing."

Dave pulled his head back in and closed the window. He looked at her and his mouth curled into ^{his signature} a half-smile. "How are you cold? You're dressed like an alpine babushka."

~~"How are you warm? You're dressed~~

Parissa thought about her oversized fur hat and laughed. She probably did look like a babushka.

She turned the final corner and pulled into the ^{empty} parking lot of the Svalbard Global Seed Vault. Even though she'd seen it many times over the past two weeks, she still found herself impressed by its stark beauty. Its angular ^{concrete} entrance jutted out of the ~~green tundra~~ snow-dusted mountainside — a Brutalist artifact, otherworldly artifact that ~~felt out of~~ place ~~to~~ but in a way in a compelling way looked as

During the day, its plain concrete if it'd fallen from the sky and wedged itself into the permafrost.

Parissa pulled parked directly across from the vault's entrance facing the ocean, bay and the snow covered slopes of Isfjord slate-colored water of Isfjorden and the snowy slopes of Spitsbergen. It was Parissa's favorite vista.

"You want to sit here for a moment?" Dave asked. *

"Yes."

"Sounds good. I'm going to smoke." Dave grabbed his coat ~~and~~ ^{his flare gun} and stepped out into the cold. As soon as he was outside, Parissa cranked the heater to max. She wanted to be on the verge of sweating before venturing into the vault.

Dave stood at the edge of the parking lot and blew giant plumes of steam and marijuana smoke that hung in the unusually still air.

Parissa fought down a swell of annoyance. While she needed to use the entirety of her will and dedication to scrape by at the bottom of her program, Dave excelled with minimal effort. He had more research ideas each month than he could pursue in ten years. ~~One~~ He'd bumped into a NASA administrator at a conference, and one of his experiments was even now being carried out on the International Space Station. He'd always wanted to go to the arctic, so he thought up a study and got a grant to do research ~~at~~ at the seed vault.

[Do they do dissertations?]

[He uses his flare gun to shoot the aliens, and it streaks lights up the vault.]

He wrote his dissertation in less than two weeks in the two weeks after his chair approved his proposal [is it called a proposal] and he was filling in the data as he went. He didn't tell his committee that he'd already written it so they would think he was "~~so~~ working hard" on it.

And now he was getting high before collecting. Meanwhile, he'd secured a Fulbright scholarship to finish his research in Germany.

And now here ~~is~~ he was, getting high before collecting samples.

Maybe I should do drugs.

Parissa exhaled loudly and reminded herself that comparison was the root of discontentment. And Dave had been kind enough to invite her on this adventure and to be a co-author on the paper. She reminded herself to be grateful for wattle tails to ride.

Time to face the ~~meat~~ ~~free~~ freezer.

Parissa reached into the back seat and grabbed her flare gun and its holster, which she strapped to her thigh. ~~That~~ Everyone on Svalbard was ~~so~~ required to carry a gun - ~~so~~ either a real one or a flare gun, when outside of the down town area. There were 3,000 people on Svalbard and around 3,000 polar bears.

One People were required to leave the bears alone and do all within their power to avoid contact. ~~But~~ And on the rare occasion that a human killed a bear, the

[Include Goo, Motivation, and conflict. Where is her I want speech?]

[They walk past security cameras and Dave
nods at the security team he knows are 6 watching.]

incident was investigated and the human could face a steep fine and jail time if it was determined that the shooting could be avoided was unjustified.

~~Dave~~ Parissa opened the car door and the icy talons of the Arctic raked across her face. "Let's get this done."

Dave ~~she~~ retrieved ~~the~~ the sample case from the back of the car and they ~~walked~~ walked across the icy parking lot toward the vault's entry way. During the day, the ~~entry~~ access looked quite drab, ~~and~~ granted it's stark, angular architecture. But above the doorway, what looked like ^{a sheet of} tinted shards of glass broke up the ~~drab~~ drab concrete. At night, ~~the~~ LEDs lit up the glass ~~the~~ shards, casting colorful light across the parking lot. Combined with strips of colorful LEDs mounted along the ~~top of the~~ spine of the entrance, and the vault went from cold brutalism to something that ~~felt~~ one might see ~~it~~ in Las Vegas or at Burning Man.

~~Dave~~ used a Dave punched in a code on the keypad ~~near~~ mounted into the concrete ~~to~~ near the door. A soft beep sounded and the lock clicked open. Dave opened the door and motioned her through. Parissa gritted her teeth and stepped inside.

The temperature plummeted. Whatever heat

[They walk past security cameras and Dave names at the security team he knows are watching.]

Parissa had managed to store in her body from the car began to leech out.

Overhead lighting flickered on in quick succession, illuminating the ~~to~~ concrete funnel that led ~~down~~ deep into the mountain.

~~People never~~ People involved in the Svalbard Global Seed Vault never used its full name. Most called it The Vault. When they wanted to ~~add~~ ~~emph~~ emphasis, it was the Foomydey Vault. ~~It felt like~~ ~~the end of the world~~. In a fit of altruism, the [official name of the Norwegian government] built the vault as a hedge against disaster. ~~Any~~ ~~country could~~ ~~to~~ deposit. They chose ~~a~~ the most remote location that was still somewhat accessible. They built it into the ~~mountain~~ side of a mountain, ~~high~~ high enough where it would remain above the water line, even if all the world's ice melted. ~~The~~ ~~world~~ Norway didn't seek out wars, so conflict was unlikely to reach the vault's doors.

Statsbygg Security Office
~~Stat~~ Longyearbyn, Svalbard

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A chime sounded ^{twice} from the computer indicating that the vaults main door had opened.
Sven looked up from the logbook. On one of the monitors, showed two figures in thick down jackets crossing the threshold into the Vault's tunnel. The security cameras recorded in 1080p resolution, and he could see their faces clearly. He checked the log book to remind himself of their names.

Dave and Parissa, both PhD students from America doing research on [subject].

The control room door opened and Ollie stepped inside. ~~He~~ He carried a coffee mug in one hand and he stared at his phone that was in the other.

"The students arrived," Sven reported.

Ollie granted and kept staring at his phone.

"Why they'd want to go at the vault at 2:00am is beyond me."

"They probably have experiments that need monitoring," Sven said.

Ollie looked up from his phone and gave ~~to~~ a blank stare. "Did you get promoted?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"You're running the obvious desk."

"Shut up."

Ollie's laughter ~~loud~~ laughter filled and

of the tunnel, where another passcode before which connected ~~the~~ to the vaults, only one of which was almost one million ^{orthodox} seed of the world. ~~the~~

harshly ~~ricocheted~~ ~~ricocheted~~ ricocheted the off the concrete walls. "They're ~~rest~~ researching bacteria and fungi that are cold resistant. Personally, I can't believe they got permission to even bring such things into the vault. They must have some powerful friends."

Sven ~~go~~ Googled [University of ...] and ~~he~~ looked through ~~the~~ its PhD programs. Since transferring to Svabland, he'd made friends at the local university [Name] and he'd met many scientists who'd come to Svabland to study marine life, glacier melt, and other natural phenomenon. He'd began to wonder if he had what it took to do a PhD. It seemed like a good ~~life~~ lifestyle and a ~~fast~~ fascinating way to see the world. Perhaps he could study in America, where there would definitely be more women. ~~That~~

~~He~~ He glanced again at the monitor. The students ~~were~~ ~~halfway~~ were close to the end of the tunnel. ~~He~~ He hoped to meet them before they left. Especially Parissa.

~~Sven went back to~~ ~~the~~ The students arrived at the door ~~that led to the~~ end of the tunnel, where they would need to enter another passcode before gaining access to the lobby, which connected ~~the~~ to the three separate seed vaults, only one of which was currently in use, holding almost one million ^{orthodox} seed samples from all around the world. ~~The~~

A deeper-toned chime sounded twice as the access to the lobby was opened. He flipped Sven flipped to the camera that faced monitored the access door from inside the lobby. Its microphone picked up the student's conversation. Parissa was saying, "Even though I know what to expect, it's just so freaking cold."

Sven smiled. He knew exactly what she meant. The lobby was burrowed deep into the permafrost. The walls were ~~the~~ uncovered, permafrost that glistened under the overhead lights. The temperature in the lobby plummeted to -18 degrees. He was about to read more about [university's] programs when ~~the~~ a single chime sounded.

Sven knotted his eyebrows. The single chime indicated the exterior door opened. Two chimes was for the ~~the~~ lobby entrance, and three chimes for when one of the vault's doors opened. ~~the~~ He ~~the~~. He pressed a button that enlarged the camera feed to the ~~vault's~~ seed vault's parking lot. ~~But only the student's~~ Except for the student's Subaru, the parking lot was empty.

Perhaps there was a ditch, or maybe the student's hadn't closed the front door ~~to~~ properly. But it was a self closing door.

"What's with the chime?" Ollie had set down his phone. His eyes searched the screens on the wall.

"They must have left the front door open." Sven opened the video history of the front door cameras and ~~star~~ scrubbed back through time. "There are no other cars." "There are no other cars in the parking lot."

~~Are there~~

"They can't close a door, but we're letting them bring pathogens into the vault," Ollie said.

Sven found the moment the door opened in the footage. He placed the playhead ~~just before~~ a few seconds before and pressed the space bar. But he was confused by what he saw. Flashes of white light emanated from ~~near the door handle~~ the door's handle. They flashed so bright that they overwhelmed the dynamic range of the camera, leaving only a ~~the~~ pure white smudge on the monitor. A shower of what looked like sparks spilled from the handle into the inside of the vault. Then the door flew open, ~~and~~ ~~it~~ as if kicked inward, but ~~no one~~ the doornay was empty. The door stayed open despite its hydraulic dozer. ~~At this~~

"Something weird happened," ~~Sven said~~ Sven mirrored the ^{recording} ~~feed~~ to one of the ~~the~~ screens on the wall. He replayed the footage. "Tell me what you see."

Ollie ~~watched~~ stood from his desk and leaned close to the screen. ~~When the video end~~ After the door opened, ~~he~~ to reveal nothing, he said, "Play it from the outside angle."

Sven ~~had~~ selected the correct recording on the

Add that Sven is pretty nervous
Describe Sven's progression of fear

alert to the rest of the team."

Sven followed orders. ~~Little Ollie~~ Ollie was on ~~when the~~ the red phone, reporting the incident to headquarters.

~~less than a minute~~ As they grabbed their M-4 rifles, Ollie scolded ^[look up] "Call the students. Tell them that they are not alone."

As he placed the call, Sven kept ~~wondering why they~~ wondering why he couldn't see whoever was melting the door.

Parissa was struggling to type in the security code to vault 2 with her thick gloves when ~~she felt~~ her phone vibrated.

It was probably her mom, who didn't seem to understand the ~~same~~ concept of three zones. She let it ~~ring~~ ring for a few moments, then decided to check. "Dave, can you open the door? Someone's calling me."

"Sure," Dave set down his sample cases and stepped up to the key pad.

Parissa managed to wrestle her phone out of her pocket. The caller ID read "Statsbygg." She answered. "This is Parissa."

"This is officer Sven [last name] with the Svalbard Statsbygg station. I need you to listen carefully. We think someone ^{is breaking} ~~has broken~~ into the

~~would~~ vault. Do you ~~say~~ understand?"

~~Partissa felt a surge of fear~~

Partissa Fear surged through her. "Someone is breaking in right now?"

Dave, who'd just opened the frost-covered door to the empty vault they were using for research, paused and stared at her.

Partissa switched to speaker.

"They are already inside the vault," Sven said.

"They are currently breaking into the utility room. I need you to listen carefully. Go to vault one. Your code will work ~~there~~ on it now. Go inside and barricade the door shut. Use whatever is available. Do you understand?"

Partissa ~~felt her~~ began to tremble and breathing became difficult. "I understand."

"Do you have your weapons with you?"

~~Here~~ "We only have the flare guns."

"Use them if you need to. ~~They~~ We will be there in five minutes."

"Okay."

"Call ~~us~~ back when you're barricaded into vault one."

The call ended.

Partissa looked up at Dave. "What do we do?"

"What they said."

"But they will be coming for the seed vault."

"We should hide in here."

"There's nothing in here to barricade the doors."

Dave dropped the sample cases and pushed just her into the lobby.

Parissa didn't move, fear rooting her in place.

Halfway through the ~~B~~ lobby, Dave turned looked back "Hurry!"

Parissa ~~dropped~~ forced herself into action. She dropped her bags and sprinted after Dave. They ~~reached~~ reached the ice-covered door of Vault 1 moments later, where almost one million ~~of~~ orthodox seeds from around the world rested in what was often called the ~~the~~ Domesday Vault. It'd also been called "The most important room in the world." ~~It was~~

~~But~~ ~~But~~ Built on a mountainside in the arctic by a stable, peaceful country, kept in extremely low humidity and sub-zero temperatures, the seeds ~~would~~ were safe from wars, natural disasters, and were kept above the waterline even if all the world's ice melted.

~~But~~ And now someone was breaching in, and she and Dave were the only people here to ~~do~~ do something about it. ~~It was~~ ~~ridiculous~~. Ridiculous.

Dave punched their code into the keypad. A light turned green and a metallic click sounded from the door. Dave pushed it open and, moments later, the motion-activated lights snapped on.

Add that their code wouldn't have worked before.

Before ~~going~~ going into the vault, Parissa looked over her shoulder at the ~~lobby~~ lobby's re-inforced metal door. She didn't see anything through its small windows.

Parissa ran into the seed vault and pushed the heavy steel door closed behind her. The lock engaged. She turned and her eyes swept through the vault.

Thousands of black plastic ~~boxes~~ boxes were stacked on metal shelves.

They'd only seen this room once before. When they first arrived to begin their research in Vault 2, which would remain empty until Vault ~~one~~ 7 was full, the Statsbygg officer who gave them the tour had taken them into the seed vault for a few minutes and did his best to answer their dozens of questions. Ever since then, the vault had been locked.

Parissa looked around the vault, trying to think of what she could use to block the door. But there were only ~~shelves of~~ ^{walls} ~~boxes and permafrost~~ boxes. Dave emerged from between rows of stacked boxes. "There's nothing ~~in here~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ heavy to block the door." Any ideas?"

The edge of fear in his voice made Parissa's spine tingle.

"I don't see anything." Parissa looked again at the shelves of seed boxes. "Let's use the shelves. Help me push one over."

~~Dave~~ ~~the~~ ~~Dave~~ ran toward her. They rushed to the shelf closest to the door. It was ~~stacked~~

Add Parissa hoping that there's
some int understanding.

It was three levels high and stacked ~~for~~ ~~for~~ fifteen feet high with seed boxes from all over the world. It felt ~~was~~ wrong to disturb them, but Parissa knew that they could take a tumble. ~~They tried to top~~ A faint sound caught her attention. ~~She was~~ She made a wild gesture at Dave to be quiet, then tried ~~to~~ to still her erratic breathing. ~~The distant~~ A sound like ~~at least~~ ~~was~~ a continuous, high-pitched rushing scream ~~was~~ echoed through the vault. Parissa's skin crawled.

~~It~~ "I think they're going through the lobby door," Dave said. "Let's hurry."

They both grabbed the ~~vertical~~ vertical supports of the shelf. "Push!"

It was ~~extremely~~ heavy, but with her full effort, the shelf tipped over. The crash of metal and boxes hitting the concrete floor was deafening. If the intruders didn't know they were here, they did now.

The scream continued.

"Now we need to flip it back over to clear the boxes," Dave said.

An instant later, the ~~lights~~ lights flickered and died. The vault plunged into utter darkness. ~~and~~ The faint background noise of the circulation fans wound down.

Then there was complete silence. The screaming had stopped.

Parissa felt her ~~stomach~~ stomach cramp and tears

stinging her eyes.

The screaming started again. This time it was much closer.

Parissa turned around. A brilliant white light ~~flashed~~ flickered in ~~the~~ the ~~the~~ vault door's windows.

~~Parissa~~ "Help me!" Dave yelled.

Parissa whirled around. Dave had flipped on his phone flashlight. He stuck it in his mouth and pointed the beam at the fallen shelf. ^{It illuminated ice crystals and dust thrown into the air.} Parissa wove through the toppled boxes and ~~she~~ grabbed the top of the ~~the~~ shelf.

"Lift!" Dave mumbled around his phone.

Parissa ~~she~~ lifted with all her strength. The shelf, much lighter without the boxes, lifted off the floor. They ~~then~~ flipped the shelf and it landed with a metallic crash. ~~Now~~ ~~the~~ ~~Now~~ ~~clear~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~boxes,~~ ~~Parissa~~ Dave pulled the phone out of his mouth long enough to say, "Now let's push it to the door."

Parissa rounded the shelf and started shoving. The shelf slid across the concrete, ~~screeching~~ its metal from screeching and vibrating. Combined with the screaming coming from the door, it overwhelmed her senses and ~~ran~~ ~~down~~ ~~her~~ ~~spine~~ ~~on~~ ~~her~~ ~~nerves~~.

Parissa looked up at the door. The area around the ~~the~~ latch glowed a deep ~~red~~ red. As she watched, ~~a~~ a hole opened in the metal and ~~spans~~ showers of white-hot ~~droplets~~ droplets of liquid metal exploded into the vault. The ~~roaring~~ ~~the~~ ~~scream~~ went from muffled to shrill and

viscerally loud.

"They're coming through," ~~Paris~~ Parissa yelled.

Dave leaned into the ~~the~~ shelf and let out a growl of effort. They had ten feet of ground to cover. A river of white and yellow molten metal cascaded from a softball-sized hole, with a blinding A white jet of flame blasted through the hole. As they closed the distance, Parissa felt burning shards of metal ~~bit~~ biting into her ~~face~~ face. She screamed and pushed harder than she thought possible.

The shelf ~~for~~ ~~slammed~~ slammed against the door and the wall. Parissa threw up her arms to protect her face ~~as~~ as she retreated.

A ~~safe~~ ~~distance~~ When she felt like she was a safe distance away, she opened her eyes, and squinted against ~~the~~ the brightness of the flame ^{that screamed as it burned} ~~flaming~~ through the door. Like a candle in a dark room, its flickering light cast ~~to~~ harsh shadows ~~of~~ across the uneven ~~permeous~~ walls and the ~~boxes~~ ~~seed~~ boxes strewn across the floor. A acrid smell ~~the~~ filled the vault.

Parissa unbuckled her holster and drew her ~~flame~~ flame gun. She'd never shot a gun of any kind before. Its metallic ~~weight~~ ~~felt~~ foreign weight was foreign and ~~terrifying~~ ~~terrifying~~ terrifying in her hand. ~~She~~ She pulled the hammer back until it clicked, ~~and~~ and pointed its ~~fat~~ fat barrel at the melting door.

Dave ^{also} had his flame gun out ~~and~~.

The smell reminds her of when her dad would weld in the garage.

"Stop!" Dave yelled over the scream of whatever was melting the door. "We are armed and will shoot."

~~No response~~ ^{As if} In response, the door handle melted off and dattered to the ~~floor floor~~ floor. The white light flashed ~~out~~ out of existence, plunging the vault into darkness. ~~Only the red~~ The melted metal ~~of~~ of the door rapidly cooled, changing colors from orange to red.

There were a few moments of silence. Parissa felt her heart thundering and sweat ~~dropped~~ dripped into her eyes.

~~Then the door~~ A tremendous force slammed into the door. It hit the shelf, which slid a couple of inches.

"Stop or we'll shoot!" Dave yelled, a hysterical edge creeping into his voice ^{caused} causing it to break.

The door continued to open, slowly ~~pushing~~ pushing the shelf across the concrete. The shelf screeched as it slid across the concrete.

"This is your last warning!" Dave ~~yelled~~ yelled at full volume.

The door continued to open. ~~Beyond~~ Parissa tried to see ~~through~~ through the foot-wide gap, ~~that had but she couldn't see anything~~ the only source of light came from the rapidly cooling door and it failed to illuminate whoever was showing it open.

A few seconds later, Dave ~~said~~ said "I'm shooting."

Establish how big the shelf is.

Establish that she sees nothing through the door.

Parissa didn't know how to react.

Dave's flare gun fired. A ball of fire exploded from its stubby ~~barrel~~ barrel. A burning projectile flashed across the room and struck the permatrust. It bounced to the ground and hissed as it burned. Brighter and brighter it grew until Parissa had to look away from the mint-red sun.

~~Reloading.~~

Something crashed against the door and it burst most of the way open.

"Parissa, shoot them," Dave said as he reloaded. "I'm reloading."

Parissa tried to steady her shaky hands as she squinted against the light. She pulled the trigger. The gun bucked in her hand, its ~~re~~ recoil startling her.

~~The flare shot wide of the~~

The flare shot low. It skipped off the concrete ~~to~~ floor, and arched upward. It bounced off the wall and landed near the door. Blinding red light ~~it~~ replaced Dave's fading flare.

She was about to reload when something strange happened. Her flare, so bright ~~it~~ it was impossible to look at, dramatically dimmed. Yet the light it cast on the wall and surrounding ~~boxes~~ boxes remained bright. The effect shifted to the left, ~~and the flare~~ ~~darkening~~ darkening the radiated light, as the flare returned to full intensity.

~~"I don't see anything"~~ "Did you see that?" Dave
scold.

"I did," Perissa said as she broke open her
flame gun and fumbled ~~for~~ to pull the second cartridge
from her holster.

~~And then a~~ ~~from~~ something hit her from the
side with so hard that she went airborne before
crashing to the ground, hitting her head on the floor. A moment
later, something was on top of her and she felt a ~~strong~~
sharp pain in her leg.

She struggled to throw off the weight, but
the darkness closed in.