

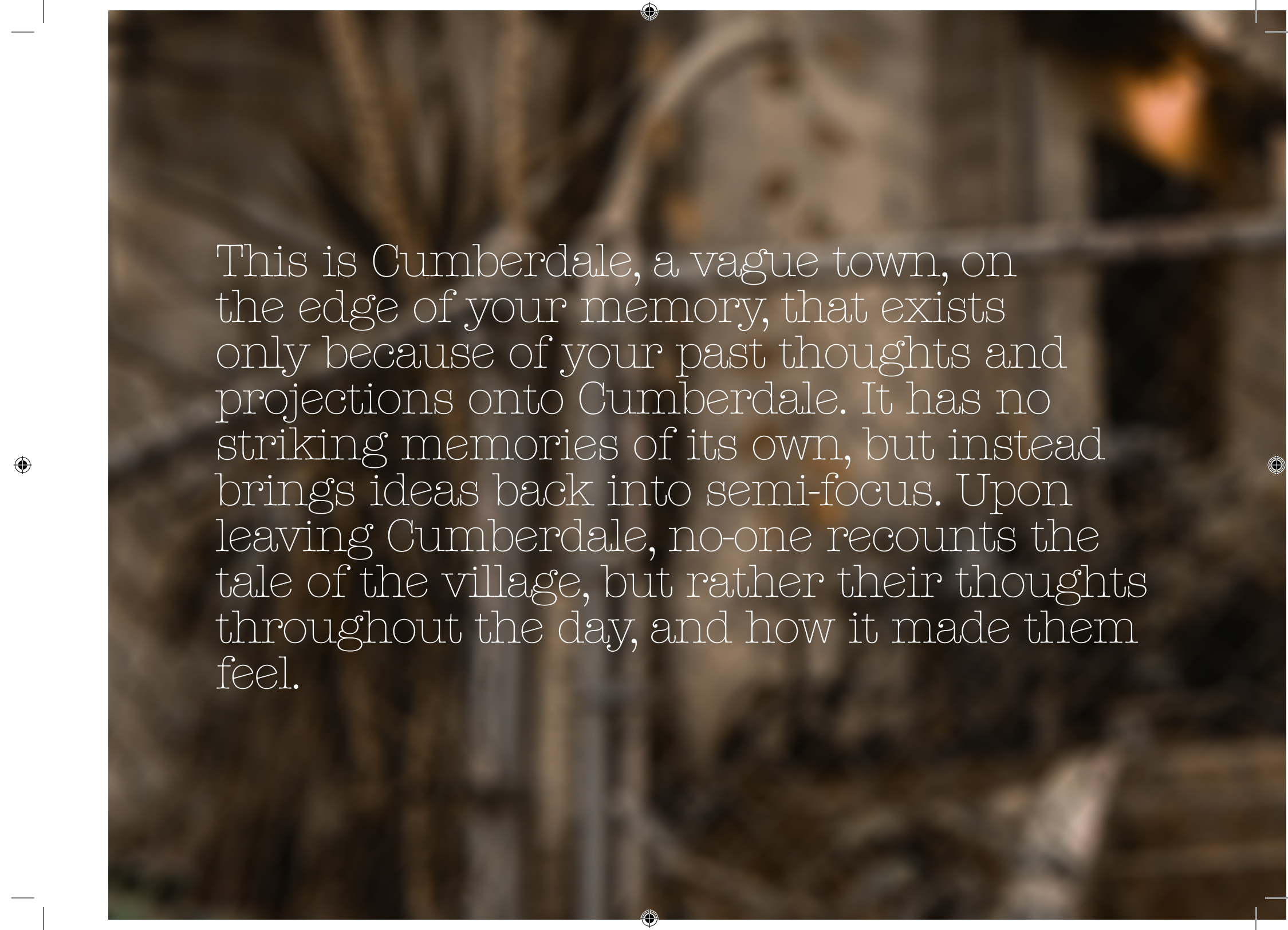
Four tube stops along you come to the market village of Cumberdale. A place that is not part of any ordinary map, and to the visitor this fact seems wholly strange, as the road bustle and markets heave with goods from all over the world, chinese pears, okra, Mediterranean fish, and exotic plants from Cuba, and South America.

You journey through these busy streets, and carnival atmosphere, noticing every cobble, and paving stone beneath your feet, the detail of the drains, the moss that grows along the gutters; as you look up, there are people hanging their washing out from their windows across the streets, and calling to each other whilst smoking on their balconies; looking further up wisps of clouds pass by in the cooling breeze that you did not notice before.

Your name resonates from a stall that you recognise from a time you vaguely remember; a merchant standing behind the counter calls you over, but you do not notice what he is saying; the words make sense, and you can reply, but without thinking about your answers.

A transaction is made, and you look down to see you have bought a series of postcards, each completely grey, with no markings what-so-ever; you rub your eyes and look back to the stall, and merchant but neither are there; turning the cards over you read messages from friends and family, but you do not really read them, the markings where text should be is a jumble, of hieroglyphs, characters and scribblings; yet you understand it perfectly.

Turning the cards back to see the grey pictures again, you see a landscape photo of a small fishing town in the south of France on one, on another, a map of Brazil with points marked in biro, this brings a smile to your face, as memories flow back to a time when you had been to somewhere like the photo of the fishing village, and travelled around similar parts of Brazil. Setting the postcards in your bag, you look around for the people that came with you on the tube, but you can only catch glimpses of them through the crowd, and feel re-assured that they are having as good a time as you.



This is Cumberdale, a vague town, on the edge of your memory, that exists only because of your past thoughts and projections onto Cumberdale. It has no striking memories of its own, but instead brings ideas back into semi-focus. Upon leaving Cumberdale, no-one recounts the tale of the village, but rather their thoughts throughout the day, and how it made them feel.