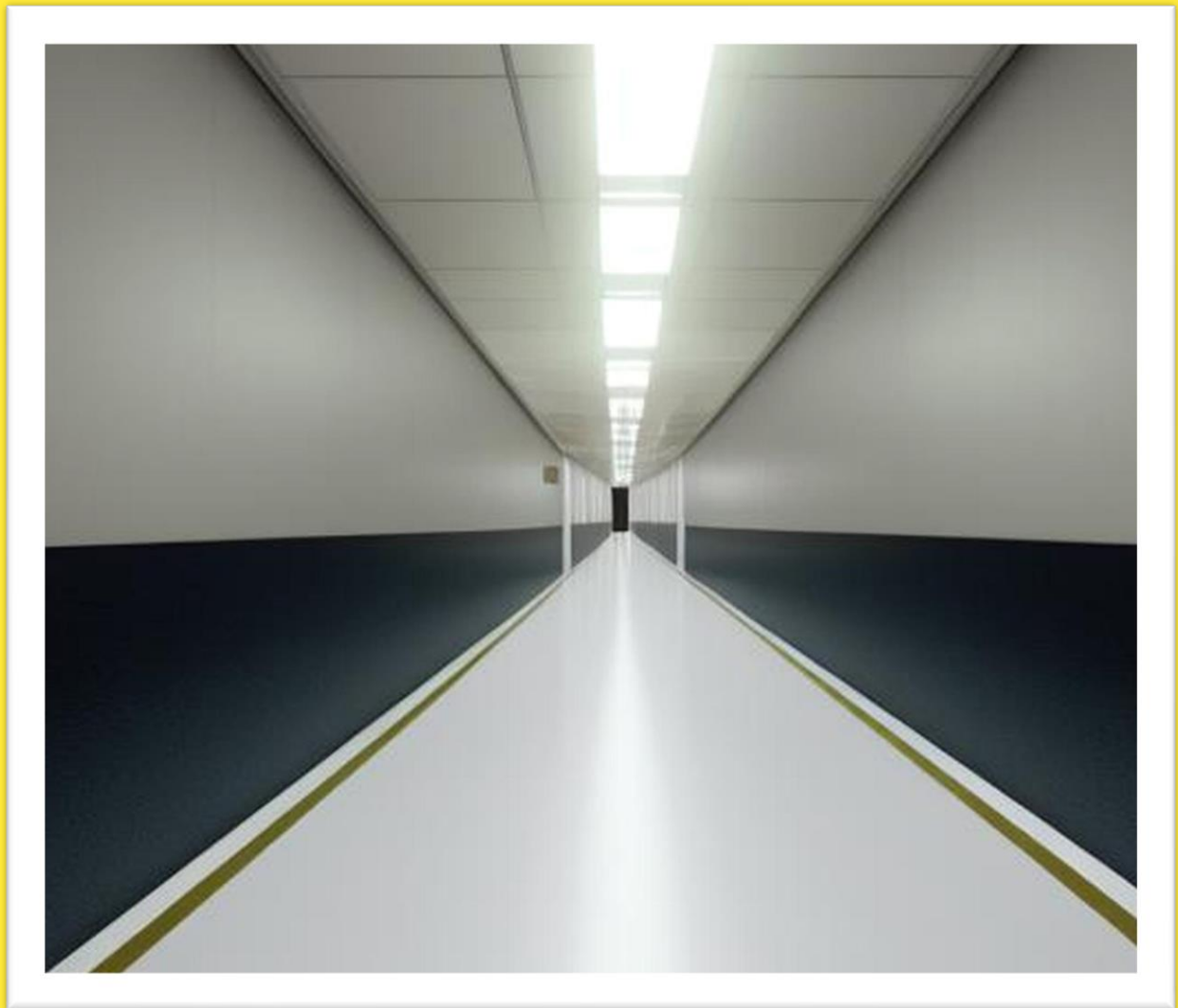
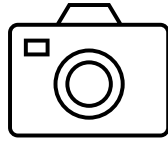


# Absent Echoes: Architecture in Downtown



A 33D Last Assignment





334digital presents:

# Absent Echos

## Absent Echoes: Architecture in Downturn

In late 2021, as our fair city faced the harsh realities of the recent economic downturn, we decided to commission one of our talented photographers to capture the essence of the urban landscape during this transformative period. This assignment was not just an exploration of aesthetics but also an attempt to document the city's resilience and adaptability in the face of economic challenges. Our photographer, well known to us for his high-quality documentary work, embarked on this mission, equipped with their camera and a keen eye for detail, determined to capture the city's evolving character. Through the lens of their camera, they set out to chronicle the subtle yet significant changes that had taken place, revealing the city's enduring spirit in the midst of adversity. But all was not well. As our photographer embarked on this journey, they began to experience something deeply profound, something that transcended the realms of art and documentation. What unfolded was more than just a visual narrative; it was a personal and emotional odyssey that would forever alter their perspective on the world. In the end, our photographer shared not only a collection of evocative images but also a heartfelt commentary, a reflection of the profound impact this commission had on their life and art. Little did we know that this would be the last assignment our photographer ever took, and the story that unfolds is a testament to the transformative power of loneliness, the fragile resilience of the human spirit, for us it became an the enduring legacy that changed lives.

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In the wake of economic challenges that swept through the Eastern European economic zone, a haunting transformation unfolded in the urban landscapes. Once vibrant and

bustling office complexes and shopping centers now stood as eerie relics of a bygone era, testaments to the region's tumultuous economic history.

As I ventured into these abandoned structures, I embarked on a journey into the heart of desolation. Empty corridors, once teeming with people, were now echoing with silence. The air was heavy with a sense of abandonment, a stark contrast to the past when these spaces reverberated with the hum of activity.

The first thing that struck me was the juxtaposition of decay and modernity. The architecture of these structures still bore the imprint of the economic boom that had once swept through the region. Gleaming glass facades, sleek metal beams, and avant-garde designs hinted at the aspirations of a thriving economy. But now, these architectural marvels stood frozen in time, their promise unfulfilled.

The offices, which were once hubs of productivity and innovation, now appeared frozen in a state of suspended animation. Desks were littered with papers, and abandoned computers bore the marks of hasty departures. It was as if the occupants had vanished overnight, leaving behind a poignant reminder of their once-bustling work lives.

In the shopping centers, once the epicenters of consumerism, storefronts were boarded up, and mannequins stood motionless in deserted fashion boutiques. Escalators that had once carried shoppers between floors now lay still, as if waiting for customers who would never return. The hollowness of these spaces was only accentuated by the occasional flickering light, casting eerie shadows on the abandoned storefronts.

As I toured these empty premises, I couldn't help but reflect on the broader implications of this abandonment. The economic downturn had left scars not only on the infrastructure but also on the lives of countless individuals who had once thrived in these

spaces. Dreams and livelihoods had been shattered, and the echoes of the past seemed to linger in the empty corridors.

In my journey through these forsaken places, I became an anonymous witness to the stories of economic resilience and vulnerability. The abandoned architecture stood as a poignant reminder of the cyclical nature of economic fortunes and the enduring spirit of those who had once inhabited these spaces. It was a stark reminder that, even in the face of adversity, hope and renewal could eventually breathe life back into these abandoned corridors, giving rise to a new chapter in Eastern Europe's economic history. Already Lost in the labyrinthine maze of endless office corridors, I couldn't help but feel a growing sense of isolation. The silence was oppressive, and the shut doors that lined the passageways seemed like gateways to forgotten realms. Overhead lights, which once illuminated the busy hustle and bustle of office life, now cast eerie reflections on the polished floors.

As I ventured further into this abandoned office complex, I found myself pondering a haunting question: Who maintains these deserted spaces, and who bears the financial burden when all the people have gone?

The pristine condition of the building's interior hinted at some level of ongoing maintenance. Perhaps a skeleton crew of custodians and security personnel patrolled these corridors, ensuring that time and neglect did not wreak havoc on the architecture. But their presence, if any, was elusive, leaving an unsettling sense of solitude.

I wondered about the financial responsibility for these abandoned structures. In the heyday of Eastern Europe's economic prosperity, these offices were undoubtedly expensive assets. Maintenance costs, salaries, and utility bills would have been covered by thriving businesses. But now, with those businesses long gone, who was left to foot the bill?

The thought of an entire complex, once the symbol of corporate success, slowly succumbing to decay was a poignant reminder of the economic downturn's lasting impact. The burden of maintaining these empty spaces fell into an enigmatic void. Were government funds allocated to preserve these relics of a bygone era? Or did they become the responsibility of the banks and financial institutions that had once thrived here?

As I continued my solitary journey through these abandoned corridors, it became clear that these were not just spaces; they were repositories of untold stories, of dreams and ambitions left unfulfilled. The overhead lights, still faithfully illuminating empty hallways, seemed to beckon for a purpose, for the return of life that might never come.

The paradox of these forsaken offices was both melancholic and thought-provoking. It was a stark reminder that economic downturns could leave a lasting mark not only on individuals and businesses but also on the very structures that once housed their aspirations. The unanswered questions about maintenance and ownership hung heavy in the air, a testament to the complexities of economic decline and the enduring mysteries of abandoned spaces.

In the midst of the desolation, an unexpected discovery sent shivers down my spine. I stumbled upon a computer room buried deep within the labyrinth of corridors. Inside, rows of aging computers hummed softly, their flickering screens casting a ghostly glow. I couldn't help but wonder who or what was keeping these old machines alive. It was as if a digital relic of the past had somehow escaped the grip of abandonment, continuing to process data in a world where everyone else had moved on. The outdated technology added to the surreal atmosphere, as if time had fractured within these walls.

As I cautiously approached one of the computers, a sudden movement caught my eye. A woman, seemingly as lost as I was, appeared in the doorway. She waved in

acknowledgment, her face etched with weariness. Relief washed over me at the sight of another human being in this forsaken place. But my relief quickly turned to unease as she turned away without a word and disappeared down a corridor.

Paranoia began to creep in as I continued to explore. The flickering lights, the distant hum of the computers, and the fleeting encounter with the woman played tricks on my senses. Shadows danced at the periphery of my vision, and the silence seemed to whisper secrets I couldn't quite grasp.

I questioned my own sanity in this surreal setting. Were my eyes deceiving me? Were the machines truly processing data, or was it a figment of my imagination? The woman's abrupt departure left me wondering if she was real or a phantom of this forsaken place.

In the midst of my growing paranoia, I realized that the abandoned office complex had become a haunting reflection of my own psychological state. The line between reality and illusion blurred as I wandered deeper into the heart of uncertainty, surrounded by the enigmatic remnants of a once-thriving world. The echoing corridors, the old computers, and the mysterious woman all combined to create a surreal and unsettling experience, where the boundaries of reality became as hazy as the abandoned dreams that lingered in the shadows.

I pressed on, my footsteps echoing in the seemingly never-ending expanse of yellow-walled corridors. The uniformity of the colour became increasingly disorienting, and it was as if the very walls were closing in on me, suffocating me with their oppressive hue.

Desperation fuelled my determination to find an exit, but each turn only led to more identical corridors, each bathed in that relentless shade of yellow. It was as if I had entered



a surreal, monochromatic maze, and the repetitiveness of it all began to play tricks on my weary mind.

My camera had been a faithful companion, capturing the haunting beauty of this forsaken place, but now, its battery was failing. The dimming viewfinder and sluggish shutter served as a grim reminder that my connection to the outside world was dwindling.

Doubt gnawed at me. Would I ever find my way out of this yellow labyrinth? The sense of isolation intensified as I realized that I had ventured too far into this surreal world without a clear path back. The realization that I might become a permanent resident in this abandoned realm weighed heavily on my mind.

With each dwindling moment of battery life, I snapped photos more frantically, capturing every detail of the endless yellow corridors, as if the images themselves might serve as breadcrumbs to lead me back to reality.

My heart raced with anxiety, and I couldn't help but wonder if I had unwittingly become part of the abandoned architecture, a ghostly figure forever lost in the yellow-hued shadows. As the camera's display blinked its final warning, I knew that my situation had become dire, and the urgency to find an exit grew more desperate with each fading click of the shutter.

My footsteps echoed as I hurried across the abandoned space that had once been a bustling shopping center. The contrast between this open area and the endless yellow corridors was stark. Broken escalators stood as silent sentinels, and closed shop fronts were a stark reminder of the vibrant commerce that once thrived here.

The remnants of what had been a concert stage with grand pillars and fading posters hinted at the past glory of this place, now reduced to a desolate shell. I couldn't help but

imagine the lively performances and excited crowds that had once filled this space with music and life.

As I searched for an exit, the urgency of my situation weighed on me. My heart raced with the hope that this open concourse might lead to freedom, a way out of the bewildering maze I had wandered into. But my hopes were dashed as I reached the far end of the concourse, only to find that it led to yet another corridor maze, like an endless loop of despair.

Frustration and anxiety welled up within me. It was as though this abandoned shopping center was taunting me, offering the illusion of escape only to trap me once more in its intricate web of corridors. My determination wavered, and a sense of hopelessness threatened to overwhelm me.

I realized that I had become a lost soul in this haunting place, where every path seemed to lead to more confusion and uncertainty. The boundaries between reality and the surreal had blurred beyond recognition, and the quest for an exit had become a desperate struggle against the relentless architecture of abandonment.

With my energy waning and desperation mounting, I stumbled upon a room, a respite from the endless corridors. Inside, I discovered a source of water, a small but life-saving oasis. I drank deeply, quenching my parched throat, feeling the cool liquid rejuvenate my weary body.

Days, perhaps even weeks, seemed to blur together as I continued to explore this strange and surreal realm. Time had become an elusive concept, and the boundaries between day and night had dissolved into a perpetual twilight.

As I navigated through the labyrinthine passages, a disconcerting realization began to take hold: it felt as though I was doubling back on myself, retracing my steps through

corridors that appeared identical to those I had traversed before. The architecture of abandonment seemed to be playing tricks on me, creating a sense of déjà vu that left me disoriented and increasingly paranoid.

The room with water had offered a brief respite, but it was now a distant memory, lost in the maze of endless corridors and twisted passages. I couldn't shake the feeling that I was caught in an inescapable cycle, an eternal loop that mocked my attempts to find an exit.

With each step, my resolve was tested, and my sense of reality continued to erode. The haunting thought that I might never escape this surreal labyrinth gnawed at me, and the relentless repetition of yellow walls and flickering lights began to drive me to the brink of madness.

As I pressed deeper into the labyrinth, the quality of the corridors deteriorated rapidly. The once-pristine yellow walls gave way to a layer of dust and neglect, and the floors were littered with debris and discarded remnants of a forgotten era. Wallpaper peeled from the walls like the decaying skin of an ancient serpent, revealing the decay beneath.

The flickering lights overhead added to the eerie ambiance, casting irregular shadows that seemed to dance with malevolent intent. The air grew heavy with the scent of decay, a stark contrast to the sterile cleanliness that had characterized the initial corridors I had encountered.

Each step I took was accompanied by the crunch of debris underfoot, and the sense of abandonment and isolation deepened with every passing moment. It was as though this place had been forgotten not only by time but also by the very forces of maintenance and preservation.

I couldn't help but wonder if I had ventured into the bowels of this forsaken structure, where the true extent of its degradation was on full display. The deterioration of the environment mirrored my own mental state, as the relentless repetition, isolation, and decay threatened to consume me.

In the midst of this decaying nightmare, the hope of finding an exit felt increasingly elusive, and I continued to wander through the crumbling corridors, haunted by the relentless degradation that surrounded me.

My heart pounded as I noticed a set of footprints in the thick layer of dust on the floor. I bent down to examine them, a growing sense of unease settling in. Were these my own footprints? Had I been here before and somehow forgotten? The possibility that I had been retracing my own steps in this nightmarish maze sent a shiver down my spine. Fatigue weighed heavily on me, and my thoughts felt muddled and disjointed. It was increasingly difficult to think straight in this disorienting environment, where time and space seemed to fold in on themselves.

Driven by a sense of desperation and a need to confirm whether these footprints were indeed my own, I followed them. The path they traced through the deteriorating corridors became a lifeline in the midst of confusion. Each step I took in pursuit of those faint tracks was a gamble, a hope that they might lead me to a different outcome, a way out of this never-ending nightmare.

As I continued to follow the footprints, the line between reality and delusion blurred further. The repetition, the decay, and now the unsettling mystery of these tracks conspired to unravel my sanity. But I pressed on, determined to unravel the enigma of my own existence within this bewildering labyrinth of time and space.

My heart stopped as I turned a corner and was confronted by an apparition, a grotesque beast of a man, naked but for a sinister mask that concealed his face. His presence was jarring, a nightmarish intrusion into this already surreal world.

Startled and overcome with fear, I instinctively turned away and began to run, retracing my steps in a panicked attempt to escape. The memory of that masked figure haunted my every thought as I hurried back through the decaying corridors.

My breath came in ragged gasps, and my footsteps echoed loudly in the oppressive silence. The encounter had shattered whatever remained of my fragile composure, leaving me with a gnawing sense of dread that the boundaries between reality and nightmare had irrevocably blurred.

As I sprinted through the labyrinth, I couldn't help but wonder if the apparition I had glimpsed was a product of my own unraveling mind or a malevolent presence that lurked in the shadows of this forsaken place. The fear of encountering it again gnawed at me, and my desperate flight through the ever-deteriorating corridors became a race against the unknown, a quest for safety in the midst of relentless chaos.

Exhausted, frightened, and with hope all but abandoned, I finally collapsed onto the cold, dusty floor. My body gave in to the overwhelming fatigue that had consumed me, and I drifted into a fitful sleep.

In that restless slumber, my dreams were a chaotic swirl of yellow corridors, flickering lights, and masked apparitions. The boundary between reality and nightmare remained thin, and the line between the two became increasingly blurred.

Sleep offered a brief respite from the haunting reality that surrounded me, but it was a fragile escape, a temporary reprieve from the relentless torment of this forsaken place. As I slept, I couldn't help but wonder if I would ever awaken from this twisted

nightmare, or if I was condemned to remain trapped in this surreal and nightmarish world forever.

I awoke in a disoriented daze, unsure of how long I had been asleep. Cold and disheveled, I found myself slumped against the corridor wall, my body feeling frail and depleted. Slowly, I gathered my strength and managed to pull myself up. My throat was parched, and I desperately needed to drink. Searching for any source of water, I stumbled through the corridor, my steps faltering and unsteady. The weakness in my body was palpable, and I couldn't see well, my vision obscured by the lingering effects of exhaustion and despair. Finally, I discovered a small pool of water, and I drank greedily, feeling the cool liquid revive my flagging spirits. It was a meager sustenance, but it provided a flicker of hope and strength.

With newfound determination, I continued to shamble down the seemingly endless corridor, my every step a struggle against my weakened state. The flickering lights above cast eerie shadows, and the decaying surroundings seemed to close in on me, making each step feel like a journey through a never-ending nightmare. I was a mere shadow of my former self, a survivor in a world that had abandoned all semblance of order and reason. The relentless ordeal had left its mark on me, and the path ahead remained shrouded in uncertainty, a relentless test of endurance and willpower.

Days, or what felt like an eternity, later, I stumbled upon a small box hidden in the corner of a desolate room. Inside, I discovered a cache of supplies—a lifeline in this forsaken place. Among the items were stationary, batteries, and some confectionery. The sight of these simple provisions brought a glimmer of hope, and I devoured the sweets, feeling the surge of energy revitalizing my weary body.

With renewed vigor, I turned my attention to my camera, which had been dormant due to a drained battery. The batteries from the box breathed new life into the device, and I eagerly resumed my photography. As I captured images of the decaying corridors and their peculiar details, I began to flip through the photos, searching for any patterns or clues that might help me navigate this nightmarish maze. Each image held a piece of the puzzle, and I meticulously examined them, trying to discern recurring landmarks or distinctive features.

Gradually, a mental map began to take shape in my mind. It was an imperfect and fragmented guide, but it offered a semblance of direction in this bewildering labyrinth. I marked key points in my mental map, focusing on details that stood out—unique graffiti, damaged walls, or peculiar architecture.

With each photo and each observation, I felt a renewed sense of purpose. The act of mapping out my surroundings, even in this chaotic and disorienting environment, brought a glimmer of control and understanding. Armed with this newfound knowledge, I continued my quest for escape, hoping that the patterns I had discovered would lead me to the elusive exit from this surreal nightmare.

Armed with the pen and the newfound understanding of my surroundings, I began to draw on the wall. The intricate patterns I etched onto the yellow surface served as a visual representation of my mental map, cross-referenced with the photos I had taken with my camera. Slowly but surely, a plan to escape the corridors began to take shape. Each line and symbol on the wall marked a key point, a landmark that I had identified through my photographs. The graffiti, the damaged walls, and the peculiar architecture all became part of my intricate design, a roadmap out of this bewildering maze.

As I worked tirelessly, it became clear that the corridors were not an impenetrable labyrinth. They were, in fact, a repeating pattern, a twisted maze designed to disorient and

confuse. Armed with my makeshift map, I began to discern the underlying order in the chaos.

With each addition to the wall, my plan crystallized further. I could see a path emerging, a route that would guide me away from this nightmarish place and towards the promise of escape. Hope surged within me, a beacon of light in the relentless darkness of this forsaken world.

I knew the path would be treacherous, and challenges lay ahead, but armed with my map and the determination to break free from the suffocating grip of the corridors, I was ready to embark on the most crucial journey of my life.

In the dimness of what seemed like night, I allowed myself a moment of respite. My body, weary from the physical and mental exertion, yearned for rest. As I settled down, the surroundings faded into obscurity, and my eyelids grew heavy. However, in the stillness of the night, I became aware of a shuffling, shambling presence nearby. The unease I felt was palpable, and my instincts screamed at me to stay vigilant. Something in this forsaken place lurked in the shadows, and its proximity sent a shiver down my spine.

Despite the fear that gripped me, exhaustion claimed my senses, and I drifted into a fitful sleep once more. The relentless fatigue that had plagued me overcame my apprehension, and I surrendered to the darkness, hoping that when I awoke, I would be one step closer to breaking free from the nightmarish corridors that held me captive.

With the dawn of a new day, I rose from my restless slumber, determined to continue my journey towards escape. Armed with my makeshift map, I began to navigate the labyrinth of corridors, making careful choices at each junction—sometimes taking a left turn, other times veering right.



As I moved forward, I kept a watchful eye on the landmarks and distinctive details that I had already photographed. My mental map served as a guide, and I used it to ensure that I wasn't retracing my steps or falling into the same endless loop that had plagued me before.

Gradually, the pieces of this surreal puzzle began to fit together. The familiarity of certain landmarks and the alignment of key details in my mental map gave me confidence that I was making progress, that I was indeed moving closer to an exit.

It was a painstaking process, one filled with uncertainty and moments of doubt, but I pressed on, determined to follow this path to freedom. The relentless repetition of the corridors had become a challenge I was determined to overcome, and with each step forward, the hope of escape burned brighter within me.

In the late afternoon, as I continued my quest for escape, I made a decision to turn down a particularly dark and decrepit corridor. Faded fire safety and exit signs hung on the walls, their faint luminous glow providing a stark contrast to the prevailing darkness.

As I ventured deeper into this forsaken passageway, I noticed a peculiar sight—a distant red glow. It was different from the eerie ambient lighting of the corridor, more vibrant and unmistakably neon in its quality. My heart quickened with a surge of hope and curiosity. Could this red glow be the elusive exit I had been searching for? It beckoned to me like a beacon of salvation in the midst of the relentless darkness. With renewed determination, I hastened my pace, driven by the possibility that this mysterious red glow might finally lead me out of the nightmarish corridors and into the light of freedom.

Hesitantly, I approached the door beneath the sign that read "Backroom." It was an unexpected find in this desolate place, and my curiosity pushed me to open it and step inside. To my surprise, the room was not what I had anticipated. It was neither large nor

small; instead, it struck an odd balance in between. In the dim light that filtered through a high, dusty window, I saw a solitary chair—a relic of an old office, but there was no desk to be found. The chair stood alone, a lone sentinel in this enigmatic space.

Weary from my journey through the nightmarish corridors, I couldn't resist the temptation of the chair. It seemed like a sanctuary amidst the chaos that had defined my existence in this forsaken place. With a sense of relief, I walked toward it and sank into its worn embrace. As I settled into the chair, weariness washed over me. It was a moment of respite, a brief pause in the relentless pursuit of escape. I closed my eyes, allowing the weight of exhaustion to momentarily recede. The mysteries of the room, the backroom, and the eerie corridors could wait. For now, I simply sought solace in the solitude of this strange, forgotten chair.

Sometime later, as if emerging from a dream, I woke to a gentle breeze caressing my face. Confusion and disorientation swept over me as I opened my eyes. To my astonishment, I found myself lying on the cold, unforgiving pavement of a street, the world outside the forsaken corridors.

Dizziness gripped me, and I struggled to my feet, my legs unsteady from the abrupt transition from the surreal to the real. It was a disorienting experience, like stepping out of a nightmare and into the waking world. Summoning all the strength I had left, I shambled out of the narrow side street and into the open expanse of the city. The sights, sounds, and sensations of the outside world enveloped me, a stark contrast to the oppressive confinement of the corridors. With each step I took, a profound sense of relief and disbelief washed over me. I had escaped the nightmarish labyrinth, leaving behind the haunting echoes of my confinement. The world outside felt like a vivid, vibrant reality, and the knowledge that I had broken free from the relentless grip of the corridors filled me with a

profound gratitude and a renewed appreciation for the simple beauty of life beyond those haunted walls.

Returning to the familiar comforts of my apartment felt like a surreal homecoming after the harrowing ordeal in the abandoned corridors. I fell into a deep, restorative sleep, finally free from the disorienting dreamscape that had plagued me for so long.

When I awoke, I found solace in the simple routines of daily life. I took a long, refreshing shower, indulged in a hearty meal, and gathered my belongings for the day ahead. Among them was the camera, a silent witness to my journey through the nightmarish maze.

With a sense of purpose, I headed to my office, eager to upload the photographic document of my harrowing journey. The camera held a visual record of the surreal landscapes, the haunting encounters, and the relentless struggle for escape.

As I began the process of uploading the images, I couldn't help but reflect on the profound journey I had undertaken. It was a testament to the enduring human spirit, the capacity to persevere in the face of unimaginable challenges, and the resilience to find a way out of the darkest of labyrinths. The photos told a story of fear, determination, and ultimately, survival. They were a record of a journey that had tested the limits of both mind and body, and as I shared them with the world, I hoped that my experience might serve as a reminder of the strength that resides within us all, even in the most haunting of circumstances.

The images I had captured during my nightmarish journey were indeed a reflection of the chaos, disorientation, and despair that had defined that forsaken place. They were coarse and indistinct, mirroring the relentless repetition and confusion that had haunted me. There was no clear order, no reason, and it was evident that I did not belong in that

surreal realm. The disquieting nature of the photos served as a haunting reminder of the sense of loss I had experienced in the corridors, the loss of time, of self, and of any recognizable reality.

Amidst the jumble of images, there were glimpses of the familiar and the bizarre. The familiarity, in particular, struck a chord with me—the remnants of a life I had once known, now distorted and fragmented by the horrors of long-term loneliness and abandonment.

As I sifted through the photographs, I couldn't help but feel a profound sense of melancholy. They were a testament to the resilience of the human spirit, but they also spoke to the depths of isolation and despair that one could experience when disconnected from the world for far too long.

These images, while disconcerting and haunting, served as a reminder of the importance of connection, of community, and of the need to reach out to those who may be trapped in their own metaphorical corridors of isolation. My journey had been a testament to my human capacity to endure, but it had also underscored the importance of empathy and support in times of darkness and uncertainty.

Publishing the images online felt like a way to bridge the gap between my own lonely experience in those forsaken corridors and the vast, interconnected world beyond. As I waited for a response, I couldn't help but wonder if anyone out there would care to engage with the haunting story the photos told.

It was a journey from one lonely place to another, a digital connection between the isolation I had endured and the potential empathy of those who might view my visual narrative. The uncertainty of whether anyone would respond weighed on my mind, a reflection of the unpredictable nature of the online world.

In the midst of that uncertainty, I hoped that my experience might resonate with others who had felt the profound effects of loneliness and isolation. Perhaps, in sharing my story and these haunting images, I could forge a connection, however fleeting, with those who understood the depths of despair and the enduring human spirit.

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Afterword: We were sorry to hear that the author of the story experienced such a challenging and haunting experience in real life. Furthermore, we were heartbroken to hear that the author's journey ended in such a way. Life can be filled with unexpected twists and turns, and every story, has its own conclusion. Loneliness and isolation can be incredibly difficult to endure. If anyone has any more details, or if there's anything you'd like to share or discuss, please feel free to do so. We are here to listen and provide information or support to the best of our abilities.









