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MY-  
CBDFSR

Things You Didn't Expect Would Make You Cry But Did For Some Reason, Vol. I-Really-Should-Start-A-Series: Remembering to remove [REDACTED] from the Spotify family account, and going through the two-clicks process while ugly-crying.

I was listening to a documentary on YouTube as I read the news the other morning, when I suddenly remembered that I probably should remove [REDACTED] from our joint Spotify account. So, I nonchalantly brought up the Spotify website, and didn't really think twice about the twinge in my stomach that's become oh so familiar by now. But as I was clicking my way through to Account Settings, the twinge drew tighter and harder, and before I knew it, my eyes were brimming with tears.

*'ACTIVE'*, the status said.

I stared at the word for a long time. Tears were rolling down my cheeks, and my nose started getting stuffy, but oddly I wasn't sobbing, as if my physical reactions were independent from my brain's.

*'ACTIVE'*

The word made it appear as if [REDACTED] was still using his account. I couldn't stop looking at my screen. Could it be...? No, of course not. He wasn't using it, I have literal

physical proof in front of me that he wasn't. But maybe...? No. Obviously. Get a grip.

### 'ACTIVE'

It's funny how, just for a moment, a single word suddenly carried so much hope. I wiped my face dry, and clicked on through.

Oh wow dang. Okay, we're doing this.

*'If you remove this person from your plan, they will be downgraded to Spotify Free.'*

I'm not gonna lie, I really did consider cancelling the removal. You can laugh or tut-tut or shake your head, but in that moment, it felt wrong. 'Why should I enjoy an ad-less experience, and he can't?,' I reasoned. Well, dear self, that's probably because in reality, [REDACTED] isn't able to anymore.

I looked up from my screen, focused my bleary vision at his glasses laying on the lid of the jar his ashes rest in. 'I'm sorry,' I whispered. This time, my body remembered how to sob.

*"Are you sure?"*

I don't know, am I? I've been working on UI and websites for how

long now? I should have seen that popup coming. Somehow, though, it still managed to catch me off-guard. That confirmation modal felt so final: this is it, lady. No more shared anything for you!

Clicking '*REMOVE*' felt like losing another one of the links that made us a team. Every day that passes by is a day I move further away from the last time I saw, spoke, held him. Every day that passes by is another day I spend less time fighting for us and more time advocating for myself.

As painful, frequent, and random as these moments are, they're each and every one of them a lesson in resilience. I am constantly learning about myself, what my threshold for pain is, how I cope with my grief. I never knew some things about myself, such as how sentimental I'd become (or maybe always had been), or how easy it would be to remove myself emotionally from a situation to look at it objectively.

The biggest takeaway has been to just live slowly. Take in every moment and BE in the moment. Remember, document everything. Let myself feel. It's okay to cry in public, who gives a damn? Keep busy. Step out of my comfort zone and do. Remember ██████████ and make

him proud. Just because our lives aren't physically entangled intricately anymore doesn't mean he isn't going to be with me.

*Festina Lente*, Erasmus wrote. Make haste, slowly.

And hey, on the plus side, I save \$5/month to put into the VW bus fund we'd started. So there is that.

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*Ab Initio. Ad Infinitum.*

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RAM LIBRARY

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*The Randomly Acquired  
Memories Library*

is a collected series of  
epistolary echoes of the  
past from the impassioned  
cerebrum of the French  
Fury, the Void's Architect.

Together, they form the  
basis of the Void's  
illusiv and elusive  
macrocosm and will perhaps  
help shed a little light  
on its genesis.



ÉDITIONS  
DU NÉANT