KNOWN

UNKNOWN

← ORDERED

CHAOTIC →

A

B

C

D

E

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H

I

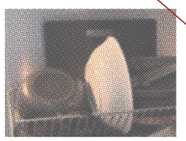
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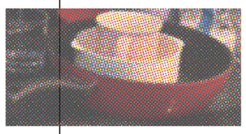
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(C)



(D)



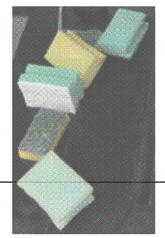
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(F)



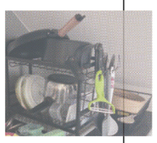
(G)



(H)



(I)





*Sometimes, when I'm in my room, I hear the microwave timer beep.*
*If I don't feel like running into anyone, I'll guess how long I should wait before going into the kitchen.*
*Other times, curiosity gets the better of me — but every time I rush over, there's no one there.*
*I wonder if the "beep beep" is real, or just a little trick of the mind... maybe something explained only by quantum physics.*

*That pile of kitchen stuff feels like the most distant thing in my life.*
*None of it belongs to me, so I've never really looked at it carefully.*
*I don't even know when it started growing, or who placed what there.*
*Even if I wanted to figure it out now, I wouldn't even know where to start.*

*I have to admit, seeing all those containers lined up so neatly brings me a weird kind of satisfaction. Some empty bottles have even been placed carefully in the line, like part of some silent ritual.*
*I don't know who arranged them that way — maybe someone with an unexpected sense of beauty.*

*But honestly, those bottles have been sitting there so long that some are covered in dust. Does anyone even use them anymore?*

*And then there's that ridiculously bright pink cloth, sitting among the sponges.*
*I've never seen anyone use it, but it keeps getting older and shabbier with each passing day.*
*I wonder: is it really easier to wash dishes with a cloth like that?*

*Personally, I'm not convinced.*

# *IN THE KITCHEN*

*I took a closer look today.*
*It's hard to even call them pots or bowls — there are some things whose purpose I can't even guess.*
*The way they're stacked reminds me of architecture: a delicate structure held together by pure luck. It feels like if you pulled out just one piece, the whole thing would come crashing down.*
*And the fact that these are all different people's belongings?*
*It's hard to imagine how anyone ever finds their own things in that mess.*
*I'm so curious — but I've never once caught someone doing it.*

*Then there's another dish rack.*
*I know exactly whose it is: a girl who generously lets everyone use it.*
*It's always wet whenever I pass by, which makes me think someone must have used it just moments before.*

*A few tools are lying around too — probably left behind by the maintenance guy who came to fix our sink last time.*
*Maybe he figured he'd be back soon anyway, since the sink always seems to break.*

*Sometimes the sink feels like a storage cabinet too—you can see bowls belonging to different people stacked one on top of another.*

*There are more and more sponges piling up in the storage basket—there might be over twenty by now. But who do they actually belong to? I can hardly recall seeing anyone ever taking one out.*

*The sponges are lining up, forming a little gathering zone by the sink—their relationships seem even closer than ours.*