

Conspiracy has been disparaged here - the question of who rules the world or how a few could change it all in one night - and rightly so. Those are dead ends of the worst kind. But there is always another story, another way to end things.

The proposal tonight is for a few insignificant conspiracies, a few slight changes to minor events. A conspiracy carried out on the tiniest scale is possible and desirable, even if it doesn't carry a new world in its heart.

Plan **A** was Anorexia. Plan **B** was Burn Berlin. Plan **C** is Becoming Clergy. Plan **D** will be Death, once our future is squared away with G-d.

“There are only one hundred of us, so surely we can conspire against this ending,” he said. *“We don’t have much, so our methods must be rigorous.”*

She sighed, *“Fine, fiction it is then...”*

“Is it still OK if we leave?”

