

N Of 1 Michael J. Leach®

I take a convenience sample from the small sampling frame at the party. I sample one person - you. We talk over ice water before you take my hand and lead me outside, saving you have something to show me. As my eyes study the symmetrical beauty of your fire-lit face, cerebral matter recognises patterns and makes new discoveries: a wrinkle here. a scar there. I consider reaching out to touch your flushed cheek but the moment has already evaporated, transmuting into the next one. Suddenly, you are a body in motion. I step back to observe the physics of your physique dancing gracefully through space and time, cutting cleanly through free-floating atoms the elements of this country air that we inhale. Your wrists twist before me so dextrously that you could be working bright magic. I am transfixed by the show. That aluminium staff you brandish twirls rapidly before me, glowing warmly at each end as flaming wicks give off photons to a starry, moonless night. My eyes cannot keep up with the light;

the ring of fire that you twirl with practiced ease chases itself into infinity and back again

while undulating like a Möbius strip.

The smell is

the sound

the sight

aerodynamic,

combustive,

hypnotic. I close my eyes but still see your fire twirling on the backs of my eyelids. In this afterimage, I glimpse a familiar face lit by flames. I consider my sample size: n = 1.

School of Rural Health Monash University PO Box 666 Bendigo, VIC 3552 Australia e-mail: michael.leach@monash.edu