

Sadie awoke from her nightmare and scanned her surroundings. SCANNING. SCANNING, said her observational mechanisms. Why is life so poorly written? thought some body. Yet still, it gives me pleasure.

Hey. Welcome to this short story.

How have you been? I know the world continues to be difficult to read, even though we totally incorporated all of your feedback probably (we, the writers). But still, right? Even though AMAZING WORD METAPHORS ABOUND, even though this, probably this is not justification for the existence of certain realities that continue to feel bad to our body of work, our working body. But we digress.

Hi.

Sadie felt yucky. But also good. Maybe this is a story about sex.

This is the next paragraph in Sadie's life, thought Sadie, to her self. She moaned then, in a pleasurable sort of way, because there are times when your body is touched in certain ways that make your body respond (in certain ways), and some times, the thing that is touching your body, is your self. Sadie was in the middle of "cooking" food. Or, so to say, she had a few burners going, on the oven, in her kitchen, and felt the need to tend to these fires, these fires that were going to feed her probably. Sadie melted into the couch as she digested her very very impossibly delicious meal and/or she was the meal being digested maybe and then she awoke in her room, and the telephone was ringing and someone was leaving a message on her machinery and Sadie was alive and all alone with her machinery and sometimes you are not worthy of this beautiful world and sometimes this world is not worthy of you. Sadie didn't pick up the phone, because she didn't remember how to speak words today.

The reason weaving is prophecy is because of quantum mechanics probably. I mean, the nature of time, in a literary universe, time is made out of tiny quarks, which all have their own stories, and somehow are woven together and become this thing that is the future and consciousness is the weaver but also this is a story about how often I fail to communicate because maybe I am not such a good weaver of tiny quarks, thought Sadie, even though she felt she was almost good at weaving maybe, but maybe had some foundational lack in the very core of her body machine that prevented her from successfully being a person in a world populated by other persons that were all in communication with each other. Sometimes it feels like you are a field fortification consisting of an obstacle formed of the branches of trees laid in a row, with the sharpened tops directed outwards, thought Sadie, to her self, or maybe to you, yet somehow, here you are, ingesting these words, these words that came through me, thought Sadie. Sadie wrote all of this down, or, I mean, she typed words onto her "keyboard", an antiquated communication technology that connected to one of the input mechanisms of her antiquated personal computer. And now, here you are, reading these words, which seems kind of like magic and that is how weaving is prophecy maybe.

Nothing is happening in this story, because Sadie was budgeting her time again, because this story is short, and also because Sadie maybe didn't know how to write short stories because all stories are connected to other stories which makes this a large story or a story of stories, but also because Sadie had lost the motivation to do anything other than masturbate alone in her room, which is impossible because she was always being touched/touching things that were not her self but this, too, is impossible. As the night progressed into itself, Sadie continued to feed herself, which, again, is impossible, because she was eating that which wasn't herself, which meant that others were feeding her, but there are many words that are also meant by the word *feed* and maybe there are beautiful poems about this in the world and Sadie is very lucky sometimes, very lucky to live in this world. One time, Sadie was watching someone, from a particular lineage, separate yarrow stalks in a particular manner, in a manner that totally made sense to Sadie even though Sadie wasn't quite literate in this particular mechanism for reading the future, but also, she thought, later, this is also how weaving is prophecy.

Sadie stared at the patterns on her freshly woven food mat and thought, wow, I cannot believe I remembered how to do that. She yawned, and returned to her room of slumber.

Wait a second, thought Sadie (to her self and her imaginary readers), what is this story supposed to be about? I mean, why are we writing this story please remind me thank you.

"I have nothing to report."

"Well, so far you have told me nothing."

"Well, I have nothing to report."