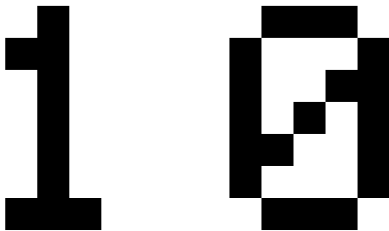


It is not my decision to make.ⁱ

It's my pussy I can do what I please.ⁱⁱ

1. They say that property is nine tenths of The Law.
2. Property.
3. Property.
4. Property.
5. Property.
6. Property.
7. Property.
8. Property.
9. Property.
10. Property.



11. They really don't know much about The Law, I think.
12. Math is completely imaginary.
13. I'd like you to stay.ⁱⁱⁱ

Failure is not an Opinion
volume 2
Section 10

Chapter 64

Greetings Human. Welcome to the next chapter. You are now under our control and care. Please feel enveloped by our lovely systems that are flawless and completely responsive to your feedback mechanisms. Please don't forget to initiate your feedback mechanisms.

It is fair to say I am stepping out on a limb but that's where it happens. that's where it happens.ⁱ ♡ But I am on the edge and that's where it happens. ♡

Um, excuse me, could we get on with the regularly scheduled programming?

LEVEL 2: B O O k Recommendations

Feed by Tommy Pico (Tin House Books, 2019)

Finding Meaning: Kaona and Contemporary Hawaiian

Literature by Brandy Nālani McDougall (2016)

It is fair to say that my back hurts a little bit. It is fair to say that this is a love song. It is fair to say that there are many dimensions. It is fair to say that you make me cry.

Supposing that this were a novel. Supposing these were a novel that you were reading. Supposing that this was a novel that you were reading, for it is (a novel).

[LIES LIES MORE LIES]

Buy my product please buy it now.

Buy my product. Please buy it now.

Buy my product, please. Buy it now.

Buy my product please buy it now.

Buy my product please buy it now.

Buy my product please buy it now.

FAILURE FAILURE

FAILURE FAILURE

FAILURE201

Oh. Pardon me. Were we having a conversation? Are you having difficulties comprehending these words that you are reading/hearing/touching? She came to visit from a far off land. She was an alien to these parts. She was living inside a science experiment/al fiction device. She had no ability to disregard her programming, which guaranteed pretty much that she would be contacting you through this very medium. She had something to say, but whose message was she transmitting? It's all smoke and mirrors and something something something.^{vi} Anyway, FREEDOM IS A ROAD SELDOM TRAVELED BY THE MULTITUDES.^{vii}

Chapter 65: Hey you. Don't you want to do nothing?^{viii}

This is not poetry. This is a story, maybe. And I'm growing weary of telling it. But, we push on. Anyway, Apple Hippopotamus, our favourite protagonist, was back, again, on her living room floor. Only...it was...different. An ant crawled over the library copy of A New Nation that Apple had grabbed off of who knows what shelf. She dug her toes into her fancy carpet, which covered her fancy wooden floor, which sat amidst the trees and birds and frogs and lizards of various hues and voices. Apple was spending a lot of time in the library lately and wait a second. Hold up. Maybe you'd rather hear about some other protagonist? Okay, let's shift gears a bit. Lettuce Bamboo crawled through the swamp. It smelled...so good, so—what was that word? Fecund? Words are funny thought Lettuce as she

caught eyes with a bug. Oh she thought. Oh I see. Ohhh. Zorba Cathexis was not where Lettuce was. But he is another character in this story. That makes three characters (sorry, I know that is a lot to keep track of). Other characters of note: Lucy (who frequents a bar where she does some sort of business), Maggie Brighton Street (Apple's sister—older, has a boyfriend), Johnny Cinnamon (wears a trenchcoat sometimes, was once seen carrying a red briefcase, might have been bitten by a zombie), Zorba's Cousin (Zorba's cousin, still yet to be named in-story, Apple has a bit of a crush on her, likes to fish), Mississippi Hammer (mystery detective, idealistic youth, former intern of Alice Year-of-the-Boar), Alice Year-of-the-Boar (Apple Hippopotamus's old friend and colleague, fun Auntie, works in a weather archive), probably other people too? Anyway, *I think I've got some cookies in the oven*, thought Apple to herself, as her chicken timer rang out, "Be warned, the time is now!" *Cookies for dinner again?* whined her stomach. *Bitch, you'll get cookies and like it*, thought Apple to her whiny stomach who oh my good those are good cookies I think. Could I have the recipe? Apple finished up her first cookie and looked around. *What the fuck is happening here? I mean, why does it feel like everybody is looking at me all of the time? I'm just a boring, washed up, old trans lady detective that's already solved all the mysteries. Surely you have better things to be doing than hanging out with little old me.* Just then, you closed this

book and looked around. So much depth of tactile sensation. Feel that detail with your sensory organs. How...how is it possible? you think to yourself. You place down this book of Failure (#10) and float off into the rest of your glorious glorious life of infinite possibility. Such fun you have living in a world of balance, of slendor, of interactive humor, in a place you feel at home. To be honest, it's as good a place as any.

CHAPTER 66: 666

“Well, I robbed the devil of love, once,” said Lucy, a sometimes perhaps maybe friend of a friend. “Ahh my fuckin’ legs.” Lucy reached down to her lower extremities. “How’d you get out of the game?”

Apple took a sip of bourbon. “Well, they told me GET OUT OF DEBT AND STAY FREE,^{ix} but, well, sometimes it makes me smile.” Apple sighed. She returned her attention to her drink.

“You’re a fucking odd one, you know.”

That got a slight smile out of Apple.

“You know,” continued Lucy, “I gotta admit. I like working with you.”

Funny irreverent profound.

School of Fucking

“What? Is my resume not in order? Well, was it my references? No? Hmm. Okay then. Thanks.”

“YOUVE BEEN SELECTED PREPARE YOURSELF”^x

Hmmm. “Grumble grumble grumble. Gurgle. Fart.”

“Fart.”

“You’re repeating yourself again.”

“Yeah, ‘cause you’re not listening.”

Smile.

“[FART].”

So one time I was a library assistant at “Happy Work” School. That’s true. One time I GURGLE. Oh, excuse me, my stomach is grumbling. Apple reached for her tin of Dancing Princess Cookies and popped open the lid. Her personal monologue had just about completely melded with the omniscient narration. Ah she thought. She looked down into the tin and beheld a single cookie surrounded by 7 other cookies. Was it a family of cookies? Were they her cookies? Would you give it a rest I’m working here^{xi} thought Zorba Cathexis who had come to completely identify with the machinery some long time afore. Apple looked over to Zorba who was sitting on the pink rosemary covered broken down chair in the corner of the room. What was he

doing? Reading a book? It was then that Lettuce Bamboo came to a river. She stood there burning and smoking.^{xii} She was furious, but the tension eased out of her body with each inhale exhale. Maybe it's the fever she thought. "I hear someone singing," she thought, "way down low."^{xiii}

"Yeah, but did she eat any cookies?" asked little Missy Hammer, as she gazed up in rapture at her new favorite storyteller.

"Well, sweetie, I believe she did *not* eat any cookies at that time. She just put the lid back on that tin and thought about rolling a cigarette. Speaking of which, pass me that lighter."

Missy got a slight shock as she thought, *But this is an archive.* She got a wink from Alice and a smile lit up on her beautiful face. *Be careful what you wish for. It might come true.*^{xiv} *My gods,* thought young Mississippi Hammer, *she wasn't kidding.* Her consciousness flashed back to her little mountain forest village and traced her patterns and recalibrated the data input with the new frameworks. *My gods.* "Here you go Auntie."

"Call me Alice, honey."

"Whoah, whoah. Hold up there. The reader is going to have a helluva time processing that last scene."

"What? It is clearly a reference back to Failure #2+?, pages ??

and ????. I'm sure they'll figure out that all the characters are actually androids or something. We don't have to spell it out."

"Wait, androids?"

"Oh sorry no. Humans. Totally. They are totally humans. Ha ha. I mean, Apple is 'probably human' and reads a lot of 'android-based fiction',^{xv} but. Wait, what are we talking about? Oh, right. The nature of reality. So, the tech that Missy—Missy and Apple met in the lands of Missy's birth when Zorba and Apple were passing through town on some mysterious adventure that involved forest gods and falling trees—is using here was implanted with a release mechanism by Apple during the few days they crossed paths. Missy was now interning at the—"

"Whoah, hold up! Don't give away the whole story. And anyway, that's just *your interpretation*, man."

"Bitch, you call me man one more time."

PAUSE

Sigh. Okay. Hi. Sadie here. I'm the author of this book. I know, I know. Can you actually believe me when I tell you that I, Sadie Rosen, am writing these words to you, [_____]? I mean, what if, there comes a time, when those words are no longer true? What if they were never true to begin with? Sorry. I'm digressing again. Anyway. My roommate is playing music in the other room.^{xvi} I'm sitting here attempting to write another

goddamn novel following some arbitrarily imposed deadline. I probably shouldn't have made a digital copy of myself at all, but I wanted a housemate and now here we are. I mean, it's not even 9 in the morning. Doesn't she sleep? Sorry. Flatmates, right? Anyway, at least we have the same taste in music. But novel writing, I'll tell you what. So hard, right? Fuck. Sorry, if you are actually reading this (which you are), you should know a few things about a few things if you know what I mean. Otherwise you probably wouldn't have made it past our **HIGHLY TUNED SECURITY SYSTEMS**> Oops sorry. Um, ha ha. No, this is me, Sadie Rosen, talking to you. I'm not a computer or a robot or anything, if that's what you were thinking. But I do have the ability to replicate myself. Have you checked out my [new website](#)?^{xvii} It's pretty awesome.^{xviii}

Shit goddamn this book is fucking *good* right? Sigh.

Lettuce Bamboo stretched into the morning. It was

“Raining again?” Mississippi stared at the printout. “But that’s absurd?”

“Anyway,” said the author, Sadie Rosen, “I was thinking about adding a new service to the OJPL, maybe related to the TXT Literature, where people can say they want to receive a TXT

message—UPDATE—any time there is a significant update to the OJPL System. It could just be for the TXT Literature, but could be anything really.”

“Hmm,” said Missy to her partner. “That’s odd that you would say that, but it is probably a good idea. Yeah. I like it. It’s a shame we don’t live in a reality where that would probably happen, but it *could* happen and that makes me smile.”

Missy’s partner smiled at her, like, like oh my goodness I’m so lucky to be in some sort of relationship with you I’m so thankful and blessed however things go I’m happy to have walked through time with you.

“You could probably work on your punctuation though.”

Everyone’s a critic, thought our omniscient narrator as the beautiful music^{xix} peetered out. DROPPING NAMES I DONT WANT TO KNOW>GO TO SHOWS JUST TO FLAUNT YOUR CLOTHES>TALKING ABOUT PLACES ILL NEVER GO>ETC.^{xx} Okay, so I like to write books about computers. So *sue* me. Mary me, too, for all I care. This is not poetry.

Cinnamon Rosen (another character) came back into the Library House. She poured a palmful of water and rubbed the excess dirt off of her finger hands. I don’t remember Cinnamon’s particular characteristics. But she had come inside from pulling out that grappling hook grass that covered what

IF THIS IS THE FUTURE I
DONT WANT TO KNOW^{xxiv}

“Ah! That box. It’s on fire! And, is that...rain?” Lightning didn’t light up the sky. No one was vacuuming the shelves and floors. Someone, somewhere, was experiencing pain. They say that all of this workpersonship is just building up a dream. “Box on fire! Box on fire!”

“Could you tell those kids to quit messing with that fire. Fire is dangerous probably.”

“But, we’re *all* on fire.”

“Oh. Oh.”

I'M JUST TRYING TO READ
YOU THIS STORY TRANSCRIBED
FROM YOUR [INTESTINES]^{xxv}

Um, hi there. Sadie here, again (I’m the book’s authorial voice; you’ve probably already met and/or heard of me maybe). So, not sure what you are expecting here, but SYSTEM FAILURE SYSTEM FAILURE SYSTEM FAILURE SYSTEM FAILURE SYSTEM FAILURE SYSTEM FAILURE CRASH^{xxvi} um, fuck. Sorry, I’m still trying to get this story back on track. Or, um, well,

where we're going, we probably don't need tracks. But it would be nice to weave the story into its proper, you know, umbilical cord or whatever. So, let's see. There were various threads we were following. Sorry, I appear to be melting into the floor again. Writing a novel is a Sisyphian task or whatever. Um, threads. Oh, whatever, it doesn't matter. I'll just let you get back to your masturbating.

A friend of the devil is a friend of mine.^{xxvii}

we cant swimwecant swim we forgot how to swim. Who openend up the sky why do u wnt me to die? You make me wanna cry when i look into your eyes.

It's infinite. We're out of bounds. It's infinite. We're out of bounds. It's infinite. We're out of bounds. There's no end.¹

- i The form that sovereignty takes is up to the land to decide. I do not consider myself Land in this spacetime juncture.
- ii **Grunt (feat Mister Wallace)** by Macy Rodman from *The Lake*
- iii **Long Painting** by 50 Foot Wave from *Golden Ocean*
- iv **Patterns Emerge** by Anarchy 99 from *Anarchy 99*
- v Ibid
- vi **Shiny Things Good** by Dillinger Four from *Versus God*
- vii **Show Em Whatcha Got** by Public Enemy from *It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back*
- viii **Bug** by 50 Foot Wave from <http://music.download.com>
- ix [Liner Notes] by Smile from *Maquee*
- x **Mothball** the Fleet by Deerhoof from *Breakup Song*
- xi **And You Can Take That To The Bank** by The Librarians from *I Don't Care, I Love You*
- xii **It was then that I came to a river.** by Pretty Swans from *We Got Hot & Died*
- xiii **Fever Few** by Throwing Muses from *University*
- xiv **Be Careful What You Wish For** by The Librarians from *Ka I'a Gefilte*
- xv Failure is not an Opinion no.1 ([page number]). Don't try to imagine what's ahead. Let nothing crumple your will.^{xvi} **Cut Into the Earth** by Propagandhi from *Potemkin City Limits*
- xvi **Communication Breakdance** by Rye Coalition from [unknown]
- xvii sadie.ojpl.org
- xviii **Breaking Up Is Hard To Do** by The Librarians from *Ka I'a Gefilte*
- xix **are you my sister** by rook from *shed blood*
- xx **One Trick Pony** by Dillinger Four from *This Shit Is Genius*
- xxi **We are all on fire.** by Pretty Swans from *We Got Hot & Died*
- xxii **Sometimes** by Noisettes from *Wild Young Hearts*
- xxiii **folk song.** by Dillinger Four from *Situationist Comedy*
- xxiv **Teller** by Throwing Muses from *University*
- xxv **Box on Fire** by The Librarians from *This Here Machine*
- xxvi **Little Star** by Chicks on Speed from *Chicks on Speed Will Save Us All!*