

SHOT JULY 17 11

*Their par-
ents refused to buy her and Viv books
because they thought
they were things you only used once and
discarded like the
rind of an orange.*

LITTLE BLUE
ENCYCLOPEDIA
(for Vivian)
HAZEL JANE PLANTE

p. 11

BACK ONCE AGAIN AT GRACE'S, APPLE SLID DOWN HER MASK and winked at her old friends.

“We’re still survivors, yeah?”

Apple inhaled a smile into the depths of her briefcase, a cyborg upgrade she got installed some time between the past and the more recent past. Time kept on moving.

DID U TIP HER
I DONT KNOW MAN

!!

RED

Book Recommendations:

SHaRING PlaSTIC

“But what am I supposed to do about these fans? How am I supposed to turn them off?” What the fuck was Sadie doing here in this house that was not her home? Music crept in the windows into the yoga studio/training room. Sadie was not yet properly trained. The window was breathing. Sadie was a terrible friend and very bad at security cul-

ture. Sadie was very bad at SHUTTING THE FUCK UP. SHUT THE FUCK UP ALREADY, SADIE. “Remember yesterday?” said Sadie to her self with a nostalgic air, “What the fuck happened?”

Dammit, kid. We’re not even close. What--

HARD WORK

HOME

You asked
for it.

LOW BATTERY

“What are those? Streamers? What is this? Some kind of party?”

Fuck, Sadie thought, *this isn’t even my book. What am I doing here?*

And here was Sadie, sitting in yet another room, moving in time once again. Was this some sort of respite or was it yet another struggle to be had? And the air here. Could she breathe it? Well, only one way to find out.

“Can I take that trash for you?”

“[Um]. Sure. [Smile].”

“And point number whatever, if you literally cut me off from all aspects of community, I am going to have more difficulty imagining myself as part of some actual community that would justify action in the name of said community. I mean, what is it you don’t understand? Capitalist models don’t just suck because they’re hard for navigate for the ‘lower classes’, but because they are literally detrimental to public health. Which brings me to my next point I guess.”

we r surrounded by our dust

ok we r writng this book one letter at a time. Hard to think in such increments. Have to slow dwn. Its always darkest b4 the dawn.

11

phew. sore muscles. fatigue. je suis une dame tres occupe. rub my ballz. rub my ballz plz? whose idea was it to combine sex and text anywwway? nobody needs a record of your masturbatory communiques. yethere we are (again). yeah.

"I invite you to form the Women's Union of the 11th District."

fuc. writing is hard. this technology aint what it used to be. sigh. (i really love u baby so deeply + so true, now youre sitting next to me + i dnt kno what to do)

END FRONT MATTER

chapter 72: what's that you say? we're playing for real?

apple hippopotamus sat on her messy bed, twiddle-flopping hr sex organ btwn her thumb and pointer finger, listening to her favorite album so far today (2020 Knives) and thinking deep thoughts about her identity as an embodied organism. orgasm? an embodied orgasm? gods, when was the last time she had a decent orgasm? was it last week? i mean, how are we defining climax these days anyway? her writing lately had been sloppy to say the least and this was maybe only partially due to the ongoing breakdown of the input tools of her personal computing technology systems or whatever. but still, i guess, she had a job to do?

"No, I live in the future, remember? What?"

"MALFUNCTION"

"Would u quit it?"

"ERROR"

"No, I. I had forgotten. I had forgotten my voice."

"No That's not ur voice."

sigh. apple hippopottttttttttttttamus was fondling her balls, thinking I can't even think the future. this recording mechanism traps me into a single sentence. and that sentence was what the fuck are you talking about thought apple to herself. ur output is so atomized. maybe the

medium is the message. and that message has something to do with sexual relations.

"Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

"You're repeating yourself again."

sigh.

CHAPTER 73: ATONEMENT

apple banana orange. Cheese and fish. In the work, the knowing. Atone for your sins. Your hideous asshole is a reflection on the rancid state of your soul. Please finish your lessons, you lucky dog, you. Uncompromising and bold. Cowardly and lazy. You fucking with me.

CHAPTER 74: people that live on the moon

Ripples.

Rabbits. Beautiful women. Old men.

Apple Hippopotamus took the wrong exit and read the signs. She was traveling again. She was walking down the road. She was hitching a ride. She was...amongst friends. Apple Hippopotamus was certainly tired of various things. She was born to die. She was in love with the land. She was...you know, a character in a story that just wouldn't quit telling itself. And this, perhaps, was good? Hard to say. She took a long, hard look at the clues. So many clues. Such a puzzle. Anyway, like she was saying, "We have no rights. We have no future. No reason why. We're born to die. Whoah." Um, I guess she was singing a Leftover Crack song or something. This reminded her of that time she went to a live music concert back when she was smoking lucky fags and working as a court reporter's assistant. Such a past had Apple, yet here she was, once again in the future, feeling like some sort of biological cyborg. *Anyway, she thought, there are many possible directions we can go in if you want to join me in this glorious future that I live in maybe. Or maybe, she thought, maybe you're not ready to live in the future. Maybe you fear change. Well, no getting around it. If you want to continue, you are gonna have to*

turn the page.

oh. hi there. Um, yeah, good job turning the page I guess. So, I think I might be living in a dream. Um. I guess it's time for some live music. We need to be quiet though, because I live in a library. Um. Let's rewrite this paragraph as a dating profile. Thanks. That would be great. Um. Do I need to sign this?

CHAPTER PREVIOUS CHAPTER + 1

Catalog of books:

OREO by Fran Ross

DETOURS: A Decolonial Guide to Hawai'i by various artists

FAILURE FAILURE FAILURE FAILURE FAILURE FAILURE FAILURE

Shit. Sorry about that. I've been spending so much time thinking about what message to leave to my younger self that I forgot to send knowledge to you (future me).

Dear Future Self,

Hi there. I am so soooooorry. I haven't really been preparing you to be yourself. And now I'm just stealing a plot point from Milk (Yellow?). Um, I forget the name of the novel. Maybe I Never knew. Burp. We can't catalog that book yet because cataloging is hard work and requires the input of a mistress of the science of libraries and information.

CHAPTER 76: TROMBONES

A restaurant called Fish Murderers. It's on the second story of a strip club. Hot dogs. The water of muddy hens. House of love. Pigs. Ladies. The house of rain has a garden (with food). That island is very big. The biggest. They have the best roasted flesh of living beings. Also, the shitting leaf.

"October 22? That's a long time since writing. Happy birthday, cousin."

"What? What...the?"

"You're a fucking asshole."

"Yeah, well, um, so, um, more like, um. Nobody is fucking my asshole."

"Dude."

"Fuck."

**CHAPTER 77: you can get anything you want @ certain places:
A NOVEL WITHIN A NOVEL**

A restaurant called NO NOT THAT PLEASE NOT THAT.
Other plot points: murder. Glorious murder. Seriously though.

THE LIBRARY?

Princess sat in the library, trying to imagine her desires. She thought to herself hmm yes maybe this is an undertaking befitting a

a
a
a
r
g
h
It was...

MURDER!

“What just happened?”

“Someone has murdered the librarian!”

“[scream]”

“[sobbing] What has become of our world?”

“Who would do such a thing?”

Just then, a stranger walked into town. Um, they were, um, very sexy. They were, you know, a mystery detective or something. Which was, of course fitting, being as though it appeared we had ourselves a queer little murder mystery on our hands.

Hi there. Welcome to **The Library?**
a queer little murder mystery

So, um, this is a book. How it works is you open the cover and take a peek at its innards. And it's at about this point that the book should speak to you.

RANDOM LETTERS ON A PAGE

Okay then. You might want to sit down for this, but...you're the mystery detective. That's right. You're the protagonist in this story. And it is up to you to solve the plot's central mystery.

“Roof ruff. Roof ruff.” Roof ruff ruff ruf roof ruff. Arf roof.
CRSHHCCRSSH

What is that noise, you thought as you looked down to the stoned path. Whose boots are they?

A windy breeze of wind blew in a specific manner, as if to say, “Hello, have we met? Perhaps I've just never touched this

part of your body before.”

RING RING

RING RING RING RING RING

BANANA PHONE

What happened to everyone? Is everyone dead?

No. Just you.

Oh. I guess I'm some sort of ghost, then.

YOU R a Ghost IN the MACHINE.

Ha. You're funny.

Yes, I am a very funny ROBOT .

[...]

I love you, too.

Hmm, you thought, is that a clue? You were a sexy mystery detective that just got into town and maybe you were trying to solve a mystery. Maybe that was what you were supposed to be doing and maybe it wasn't. You didn't know. Everything was very strange.

“Where am I going to quench this thirst of a hunger?” you said to your companion, who was maybe some sort of alien consciousness that talked with you sometimes but sometimes not. Just then you were in love with the world.

CHAPTER 78: Too Many Chapters, Maybe

This book is too long. I mean, it's just too much. Too much failure, right? Chapter 78? Multiple volumes? Pages numbering like 252 or 243 or something? When will it ever end? Here is a list of things that I love:

1. you

2. sorry, i can't help it. you are just so lovable. yes, even you. yes, even that part of you

3. this torture that never stops?

4. maybe not that? maybe i'd rather not be tortured by malicious gods

5. trickster gods that think they are so funny (but only sometimes; that is, only sometimes they are a thing that i love)

6. sorry. this was going to be a real list, but then i started getting too clever

7. there are too many things

There are too many things. Addiction? No wait. Sorry. Sit up straight. Now pay attention. FART.

Okay. I only have two more pages to fit in this very important message that I have for you. The nature of reality, well, it's like, well, a

metaphor. Do you see that lamp? I mean, imagine a lamp. Do you see it? Where is it? (it's on the desk). Where is the desk? Wait. You don't see it? No, I see it. It's a lamp. It has pictographs of flowers and it used to be portable but now it is no longer portable. If the lamp is now officially working as a lamp, does it still want to remain employed at its job of reference librarian at the quasi-imaginary library she works at? Isn't she due for a raise? Yes, of course. This is now on the record. This lamp, this lamp that gives us light and answers queries to the best of her abilities has been described as *avant-garde* by a member of the local cooperative. This lamp has this to say,

"No. I'm still the Reference Librarian at this branch. You are sitting at my desk."

"Oh fuck," said the writer (who was writing these words). "Sorry. Is it okay if I have sex here? With myself?"

"Well," thought the Librarian. "It is a *public* library. And, I mean, it is co-located with your house."

"I can get up if you want. [switching gears] You don't have to work if you don't want to."

[exchange of love]

"Um, was that the important message you wanted to leave? And that was the simplest delivery mechanism? [long pause in the conversation] Wait a sec. How many people do you expect me to be in love with? And how many of them are named Sarah?"

Well, they do say that Sarah is a phrase we all go through.*

*source this

I don't think we've established this technique yet in this particular

'verse, but, suffice it to say, there is sufficient precedence for oh yeah. Sorry. I'll shut up now.

Sorry. I'll shut up now.

[other people doing things, speaking their voice]

No really. Shutting up now. All done. Nothing to see here. Failure failure failure, etc. You know. Please stop reading me. It's so embarrassing. Embarrassing. I'm what now? Stop it! This is inappropriate behavior (unless it's not. maybe it's not? wait. do you actually want to be here right now? no ke aha?).

[dance music?]

We are running out of time. You r running out of time stop correcting my words. You r not the boss of capitalization.why r u doing this?? stop selling me. the story is over. for real. for real.

(for real this time)

itsnotagameitsnotajokeforrealthistimeforreal