

The Petition

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He sat at the bus stop, waiting. Waiting, for the bus. The black ant crawled over the black backpack. He held onto his lauhala hat, because he was afraid that the wind would dislodge it from atop his head. It was not clear if the hat was of the Hawaiian style or the Sāmoan style, or a style from some other island nation. The two dogs continued to pull the woman down the street. A howl erupted from behind a fence. A bird flew into a tree. A leaf jumped into the middle of the road.

"Hi, how are you? How are you?"

The bus stop was bus stop number 3183.

He refreshed the view screen and watched the number of petitioners jump. He scrolled down and read the new names. It was unclear to him what motivated the trustees to send their letter. It is unclear as to how all of them could have thought that it was a good idea. And now, it was unclear exactly how things would progress. They made a grievous error, and now it was on them to make it right.

"It sounds like some sort of trick," I said.

"Yes," replied the voice, "it's a magic trick."

"Ah."

He licked the black ash off of his finger and stuck it back on the keyboard. The letter J held a certain resonance. What was it, some sort of snake? Or perhaps the handle of an umbrella. Some things were becoming clearer. Such as? Well, whales for instance. Whales held a particular importance in the stories of this particular writer, but, up to now, they were just

another cartoon character, bordering on the absurd. There are different ways to eat knowledge and understanding. Indeed.

"Petitions are great and all. I mean, I am willing to sign my name on the dotted line, but, as I've been saying, this is not enough on its own."

"Agreed."

"Yeah, um, well..."

"I just think that we should be clear on who it is we are petitioning to. But, please, expand on your plan. I am all for actual plans."

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Yet Another Book of Plans

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Lessons from the Sit-In were abundant. One lesson involved the ineffectiveness of ulterior motives. Building solidarity did not mean 'attending the meetings of others' if the primary goal of this attendance was to advance your own agenda. The primary goal of attending to the needs of others could only be that of attending to the needs of others. This is the only way to build trust and the only way to build solidarity. No need to hide your purposes (if your initial impetus for outreach was to advance a particular plan, then, by all means, make this known), but, well, be clear with yourself the meaning of solidarity and the fact that certain peoples have good reasons to mistrust others. Anyway, I do not think we are in disagreement here. What was it that the old sea captain once said? What we do not need now, most certainly, is more words? Ah, so then. Let us see the sort of action that you had in mind.

[<https://www.sitethatyoucontrol.com/watch?v=aff1QwKmUhc>]

'Cause everyone I know
is too comfortable with their lives
to ever be a part of change

And everyone I know
is leaving for the weekend
with tickets to the game
everybody sounds the same

[editor's note: But don't make the mistake of thinking that I am talking about you]

He looked to his left. He looked to his right. The Update Manager jumped into view. "What is this, some kind of serial?" he asked. He looked down towards the Tiny Elephant. "And what is that? Some kind of loose thread?"

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A dragon walked into a bar. Well, some kind of lizard, which may or may not have been a dragon, depending on whether or not such things exist (in reality). And the bartender said, "Why the long face?"

"Do you really want to know or are you just being polite, so that I give you a bigger tip?"

The bartender, um, wait a minute, hold up. She wasn't a bartender at all. It was a metaphor, see. A metaphor for what the fuck are we doing here? You are alive, yes? No? Oy, excuse us a moment while we go check on an error we are having with the character encoding.

"It makes me want to holler. And, also, to throw up both of my hands."

"Yes, but you promised to teach me how to dance. Specifically, the cha cha cha."

He was the listening to the song titled, **Political Song for Michael Jackson to Sing**. It was an actual song, you know.

oo

Smile in My Heart

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"I just want to do the right thing. But nobody is doing the right thing."

Paul took up the classical guitar. He was learning this one song. So he played it as best he could.

"Somebody once compared the U.S. military to an octopus, you know."

"Ah, I heard that once."

First, untie these strings from my heart. Next, it will fall apart in your hands. Now, I am undone. Of course, we are just transcribing the instructional manual here. What will actually happen, of course, is any body's guess. (test your hypotheses!)

"Ooh, you sexy mother[bleep!]."

"What was that? Something about washing the dishes and its reflection on the maintenance of love? Gen, did you see that?"

Rose shifted to and fro under the tractor beam. What was that? Some sort of dance move? And where might she have learned *that*? Marranzano started to shake his head. They all snapped out of their temporary incoherence. It suddenly appears as if we are altogether within the realm of science fiction. The audience groans. Back to the language lessons.

Basic Sentences : Listen and Repeat (19)

"Blah blah blah, a restaurant?"

"No, listen again."

"Oh, when (X) opened the door, the bill was probably taken by the wind."

"That is correct. And thank you for returning the book."

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Well, they did say that the end was your creation. So, well, we got that going for us anyway. Where was we?

Sightseeing (smash that sucker down)

Ah yes, the petition. Dear So and So, we hereby request such and such. We, the Undersigned. Thank you for your kind consideration of the fact that we will get what we want.

"Well, my grandmother said that youth was wasted on the young. Do you disagree?"

"In a manner of speaking, sure, sure I disagree. But then again, it is all youth. Youth and youth and youth."

"Oh shutup."

Rose walked back into the room. It was time to get back to the narrative structure.

A moving vehicle rolled up onto the grass. A human walked out of a door. Enough already, thought the human. Enough. The human's name was...Broken King.

Chapter 7

"I want to see the constitution burn, too."

They were discussing strategy, yet again. Or was it tactics? He could never keep those things straight. But that did not matter, of course, what with his predilection for telling things slant. What did matter, of course, was whether or not you were receiving the message. He continued writing his folk novels, the ones that were suppose to accompany the folk that were doing the things that he wanted to be done. Of course, the fact that the words were only being read by his selves might have muted the effectiveness of his efforts. But only time holds the answer to the question of what has actually been effected, am I right? So, are you in the future yet? How are we doing?

"Nope, not there yet."

"Uhhhh..."

"What can I say? Not good enough."

"Hey Ged?"

"What?" said Ged, looking around suspiciously, angrily. Tiredly.

"Well," thought Generic aloud, "I don't think I would ever do anything to hurt you."

Ged winked at her brother. "Come on, let us catch the next train." It was the train from Kansas City.

"Here comes the train! Here comes the train!"

"At last," thought Generic as the conductor yelled its arrival. "Hey Rose!" he said out loud. "Don't forget to analyze the feedback from the night before! I have the feeling we are still in flux!" Rose

waved her hand over the throbbing crowd. "Enjoy your trip!" she yelled, bouncing up and down. Was she dancing...*again*? "I sure as hell hope they make their connections this time," she thought in her head, forcefully, to whoever it was that might be listening.

Somewhere in this fictional land, a flying island was touching down on the tarmac. And who do you think emerged through the arrival gate? None other than the ambassador of Hawai'i, come to talk peace. And justice, of course, but I suppose that went without saying, you know. What were you saying about solidarity?

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Thank you, and leave it on.

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The armadillo was confused (by reality). Perspective shifted into his view and his eyes opened wide. Surely someone was out there, fighting the good fight, he thought. Now, how about that power transfer we've been discussing ad nauseum? This, too, he thought. We're just service workers, shifting the rocks from the quarry to fill in the gaps. The armadillo kept on thinking his thoughts. Wasn't it about time somebody rang that dinner bell?

"What am I working on? I am working on something that will change the world and human life as we know it."

"Change it a lot, or just a bit? You'll have to be more specific."

The fly settled down onto the human's leg. The battle between the black ants and the brown caterpillars went on, unbeknownst to both, in between the human's back and the tree. Green blood spilled onto the human's back. It turned around. Cat walked out of the structure at the relative bottom of the hill. She was finished her work (for the day).

Look. Whether or not these words get remembered, the future will be what it is. Is Total Recall what we are after, or a world without, um, el capitalismo foráneo? Without this capitalismo feo. Excuse me, I forgot for a second. Who is my audience today?

You don't have to cook for me, you don't have to laugh with me. You just have to love me till the sun shines.

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"I didn't use you, but I wish I did."

"Come on! Get off your ass!"

"Oy veh. What is this? Another stupid summer?"

"Enough!"

"Oh, sorry there, Marz, I didn't realize you were talking to me."

"That's alright. Your hit."

"I've seen a lot up there, but don't be scared. I mean, who needs actions when you've got words?"

Ged's sarcasm had grown. She had to reacquaint herself with talking to others that maybe could not tell her, what was it? Dry biting sarcasm vs. attempts at brutal honesty? And what was the difference, anyway? Anyway, a face appeared on the desk that told her not to forget that this was supposed to be fun. And then the Rhythmbox decided to play a tune from The Noise Conspiracy (the international one). Nothing, indeed.

There is no cause. No cause at all...for my hesitation. Nothing, indeed.

The chaos faded away and Ged could hear the birds singing. One bird, two birds, three birds, maybe seven total. She burped out of her mouth and tasted whatever it was that left its residue between her teeth and her lips. A drone flew overhead. Ged notched a tallymark in her journal.

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Look, I am tired of telling stories. I am also tired of these magic tricks. But, by all means, play that Stagger Lee tune.

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P.S. Don't ever whisper.

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**What might look to you like just another lunch at the local
café, contains within it the seeds of revolution. You just need to
read the footnotes, is all.**

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A Letter To The Editor:

As a person that, in times past, had a job that entailed the daily watching of multiple "newscasts" from the local capitalist television broadcasting companies, I think I can assuredly say that these broadcasts do not contribute in any positive way to public discussions of community issues. Not that there is nothing to learn from "The News," only that to make the mistake that what you are watching fairly depicts any semblance of reality will, in fact, make you stupid. Having also spent some years working in the same building as one of the "local" television conglomerates, inhabiting the same hallways, lunch rooms, and water closets, I can say that there are some competent individuals working for these corporations (there are also those that are clearly not competent at the jobs they are performing). Still, this has no bearing on the fact that what many of us call "The News" is, in fact, shit journalism.
[next paragraph]

I was at the informational meeting that took place in November. I remember it well. No honest assessment of that meeting could say with certainty that the majority of people in attendance were in opposition to the plan. I would argue the opposite, but it matters not. The fact is, there was a sizable portion of the audience that was clearly in support of the plan (which was easily seen from the easily identifiable red shirts). Also, it is unclear how any honest journalist that witnessed the proceedings could frame the issue as conservation vs. development. While there were some honest arguments against the plan (none of which I felt were legitimate reasons for stopping the plan, as it was), certain arguments were clearly made out to be pure disinformation, and publicly indefensible. The current framing of this debate completely erases the perspective of the people that have the most stake in the land. And, one of the viewpoints that is being presented is outright dishonest in its arguments. That three different "networks" all ran the same story is not exactly surprising to me, but it continues to be a disappointment that no one in a position to do something that benefits the community actually takes that opportunity. We will see how all of this plays out on the "social networks." Clearly, a large number of people swallowed the bullshit without a thought, but, well, that is the beauty of this here conversation, isn't it. It is ongoing, still.

Rose took off her writing helmet. She rubbed her stomach. She continued to digest her previous meals.

"So, let us just say that the people that I thought were allies were, let's say, not prepared to take the activism to the level that I, you know, was trying to take it to."

The poet and his wife (the writer/teacher/also poet?) sat next to their baby carriage. The bearded man with the Cherry Blossom Festival t-shirt stood behind the register. The librarian finished his meal and wiped the oily residue off the sides of his lips with the white paper napkin. Upon his return to the library, he picked up the compost and walked it out to the garden. He peeled the 'Ono Organic sticker off of the banana peel and placed it on the lid to Compost Number Four. He scraped the contents of the bowl into the bin using the napkin from the café, tore up the napkin, and threw it on top of the pile. He shut the lid, looked around the garden, and returned to the library. And, lo and behold, an informational query was waiting for him on the reference desk.

*Take your chance. Prove yourself. Oh yeah.
Won't you dance, won't you dance, dance some more?*

Laughter filled the airwaves. The riders inched their way up to the top of the rollercoaster. Nerves were a-flutter up and down the train. *Keep an eye on your hosts*, a voice whispered in Sybil's ear. *Don't forget where this story takes place.* And where was that, anyway? I suppose your memories of this place go back pretty far. No?

The music party did not begin until later that evening. Of course, what with the holiday tomorrow, it was sure to be quite the event.

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Yes? Please hold. There seems to be a hole in the bottom of my chair. I am not talking to you. That would be insane. This is just a novel. This is a just novel. Wait a minute, somebody is moving the words around on us. The piano was not a piano.

More important things were happening while you were reading this.

Ha'awina Iwakālua (Actor-Emphatic Sentences...)

*Nāna e hana i ka mea 'ai Hawai'i apau?
Ua lilo au i kumu 'ōlelo haole.*

And like that, the day had begun.

I forget who the characters in this story are supposed to be. I have no desire to tell you what they have been up to. Either we are talking or we ain't. If you work for the Empire, I recommend that you quit your job.

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It's such a simple metaphor, really. Of course, like all of the great metaphors, it also happens to be an actual existing thing.

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"Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck!!!!"
"Come on, you can yell louder than that."
"Don't mock me."

So again we dance.

"Hmmm."
[insert narrative here]
"Hmmm..."
[more narrative]

"I see." She paused. "Well, I suppose we can continue walking down this same road (The Shining Path), figuring on the fact that it must lead *somewhere*. Right?"

They continued to move along the road. And nothing much changed, except for the scenery. Oh, wait a minute, surely, no, never mind. Same old shit, different day.

Chapter X

RING RING

RING RING

RING RING

"Hello?"

"Hi, this is Deborah, calling from the Star Advertiser. We have a new deal for you. Could I speak to the manager or the owner?"

Ged placed the disc into the disc tray. Nothing happened. She checked the hieroglyphics that were etched on the web. She rechecked her foundations, shuffled through her justification documents, and pressed on.

But, then again, I suppose, this is love, so we'll survive.

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To Be or Not To Be (that is the question)

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<div class="module">
  <a id="newbook" href="thepetition.pdf
  target="_blank">Click here</a> for something new and
exciting (depending on your perspective)! A new book! In
the process of being written! Check back regularly for
new updates to the latest in this popular series of books!
</div>
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So, the question was, as far as Georgia could remember, do we want this world to continue to exist, or, do we not want this. It is a tricky question, this question. Cat was due back within the hour. Georgia brushed her hair behind her ear. She tugged on her left earlobe. She scratched an itch on her left elbow. What was that? A mosquito bite? Where are they coming from, these mosquitoes? And why do they want to suck my blood? Well, she had a message for these mosquitoes. As the first Ambassador to the Mosquitoes from The New Nation, Georgia was empowered to deliver the following message, "Dear Moskido, stop killing me. I won't beg you. Stop killing me."

"¿Soy capitán?"
"Yes, I'll agree to that."
"Excellent."

"Now *that* is a group I could get behind." He paused. "On a

number of levels."

Fats looked to his left. He looked to his right. He smiled a smile.

The fantasy was still a fantasy. Now, sure, the possibilities were still open. Open, but fading. But, open, still. I suppose.

"Have you been speaking the dialog out loud, for to get a better sense of how it would sound, in reality?"

"No. What is that, some sort of method?"

"Yes. It is, indeed."

"I need to piss. This intermission is taking too long."

Ah yes, the night was approaching. 'Twas the night of the Hoku moon, which means, literally, it was the night of the "night of the full moon" moon. Have we mentioned that before? Anyway, it was a good night for planting seeds. The lizards and birds and ferns had been preparing all day long. And now, perhaps, well...I think I just lost my faith in humanity. We're putting a hell of a lot of pressure on the children, don't you think? Sigh, sighed the narrator. He saved the document and left the room.

**Fuck the border? Yes, yes, is good for the digestion,
no?**

So, the youth walked up to the 'mobile. As did the middle-aged man. He was in the middle of this age and that, and he deposited the sour punch wrapper in the overturned bin. The youth opened the trunk and demonstrated the simple fact, that youth can carry a load.

Ged opened up a temporary mirror, for the others to be able to hold a discussion amongst themselves, without worrying about such things as reflective lights. Oh boy, did she have to take a dump (that is a euphemism, not a metaphor). But what are we saying? It's all a metaphor. That's why metadata.

**There Was An Old Woman
(who swallowed something, and then swallowed
something else. perhaps she'll die.)**

So he sat there, listening to that old children's album. It is good to remember the children (that they exist, you know). And so do we. I mean, you exist, I exist, we all exist. And that's okay. All of us, existing together, in the same reality. "I am a truthful man from the land of palm trees, and, before I die, I would like to share these verses from my soul," he said, out loud. And so he did.

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What is this? Some kind of plateau?

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So there he was, walking on the ceiling. Again. All night long. He was a gecko, so this was not that unusual. Outside, the flying dragon showed off its, well, I have to admit, impressive flying skills. The world outside continued to exist, but had they reached the equilibrium that they were all searching for? Does anyone have any theories?

"I think you should go apologize," said the chicken (the small one).

"But...do you think it was my fault?" replied the human.

"Hard to say, but."

They looked each other in the eyes. A dog barked in the distance. And the wind blew gently.

The librarian stared hard at the old man. "Look," he said, "I am not a student here. Like I told the professor, and the president, and the founder. I was hired to do a specific job, and that's the job I intend to do." The old man smiled his smiley grin. "Anyway," said the librarian, "I am finished with the dishes. I am going to call my partner now, if that is okay with you." Of course, the pertinent question was actually: was that okay with his partner (his partner in librarianship, that is)? Well, let us ask the future this question. In fact, let us ask the future all of our questions. For some reason, I have this gut feeling that all of the answers we seek can be found there.

"Excuse me."

"Yes?"

"Um, excuse me, I think you are going to need to set a little structure on this narrative. I don't think it is going to hold up."

"Oh?"

"Well, I'm just saying."

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The funeral pyre for Mr. X burned brightly throughout the night. And then the rain started. And we all remembered our lessons. Which, now that I think of it, were not really that helpful. Regardless, we all had our jobs to do. The first rule of magic is something that I forget. But the second, no, the third, no, well, one of the rules has something to do with misdirection. I think it is the first rule. Anyway, I had me another bus to catch.

So, um, I caught all of the buses I think. And now here we are where we are. My partner is still afraid of my ability to speak my mind. I am, too, I suppose. Regardless, we continue to wish our wish (you know the one...the one where we wish to live in a world that we *want* to live in...because, why not?).

Quantum Jitters sat in his room. Quantum Jitters sat at the bottom of his shower. Quantum Jitters looked at the nail polish on the desk. The trouble with having hands that are made out of candy is that it is difficult to play the keyboard with any precision. Quantum Jitters buckled up his seatbelt. Quantum Jitters unbuckled his seatbelt. He felt the landscape shifting. He put it in his pipe and smoked it. He looked over at the elephant (the medium sized one).

The Lessons That I Learned

1. Give away your love.
2. Give away your love some more.

Weird Fishes

"Yeah, so I think a lot of the problem is that you are attributing too many of the voices in your head to humans."

"Oh, I see. Well, what do you recommend?"

"Well, first off, I would learn how to spell. You know, magically."

"And then?"

The bird paused. The bird thought its thoughts. The bird replied, "And then you learn what it means to communicate."

Quantum Jitters shoveled the bits of crackers into his mouth, gave them a few chews, and swallowed them down. He looked at the seeds that were left in the glass bowl. He brought it to his lips and finished it off. "Did someone say something about space travel?" he asked out loud. "Oh, sorry, Ged, I didn't see you there."

"No problem," said Ged. "How you been?"

She smiled at the rest of the crew. And sat down in her favorite chair.

Loads

"No, you cannot use a metaphor that you cannot translate to women and children." The stern writing instructor was adamant. "It will not hold."

"So," said the man of determinate age, "that means that I was correct in my analysis, then."

The class looked around at each other from their tiny desks, nodded, shrugged, nodded, made various faces. The grandmother smiled from beyond her grave.

"Okay, you win," said the instructor. "Carry on with your story."

A New Nation

The story of The Electric Brain of the Rainbow

There once was a computer. 'Twas a very bright computer (for its age). It knew many things. Its processing speed was sufficient, more or less. Its sense of recall was uncanny. And we all know that the presence of one uncanny effect makes uncanny the entire story. In fact, I think that we read that in a book.



The librarian rubbed its eyebrows from the outside to the inside. Excuse me, the *part-time* librarian. The part-time librarian was compiling a list of Internet-accessible sites, in A-Z format (A-Z referring to the start and endpoints of a specific alphabet), with at least one site per letter. The librarian was stuck on I. "I is the question," it thought. "What is I? What does I want to be? But don't get me wrong, there is no need to hold everyone else back before we deal with I. That old canard about having to take care of your I before you took care of others was, indeed, more or less bunkum. In fact," thought the part-time librarian, who also happened to be a retired dairy-farmer, "well, I am still not clear on the facts. But, the point is, *everyone* needs representation (including I), no need to place undue importance on the individual, simply because of our current perspective. And, I don't know, I have the feeling that I will get I's, eventually. Yes." The librarian looked around. "What do you think?" it asked out loud.

Marranzano pulled the ticket out of the large, brown file box. It was shelved under the letter 'T'. He gave it to Ged.

"You are going to need this to get into the show."

Ged looked at the ticket. She read the writing, which said "ADMIT ONE." The ticket was ticket number 206757.

She refreshed the viewscreen and watched the number of petitioners jump. It had been a while since she had heard from the Head Master. She tried to make sense of his latest missive. She

wondered how things were progressing down at the college. Enrollment was up, no doubt, but were the students getting what they needed? Were the professors? She continued to work on her philosophy.

"So, have you read Railsea yet?"

"No."

"Oh, well, you should. It's the Moby Dick of trains."

"The time is coming when we'll all have to choose: either the crushing, soul-rending orthodoxy of the Conspiracy, or the anarchic, radical freedom of the Invisibles. One makes the world what it is, while the other shows the world what it might be. Right now, things don't look very good for the other."¹

Marz put down the book. The chickens were all a-flutter due to their afternoon massage.

"That's how we do it."

Generic thanked The Computer. The Band put away its instruments. Rose walked into the room with an unknown accomplice.

"Hi everybody. I'd like you to meet my friend Sybil."

"Oh, hey, I think I saw a digital representation of you giving a talk once."

Sybil smiled shyly. And Speedy the Flying Ant crawled over the backhand compliment and down onto the keyboard into the arrow pointing to Control.

1 Book Blurb

Another New Chapter, Perhaps

[insert acquisition request letter here]

Rose walked out into the supplementary tent of the Friends of the Library Book Emporium Extravaganza. She scanned the tables and their corresponding labels. She looked to her left. "Reference," she read to her self. "Well, let's see how functional this here information technology is." She walked over to the table with its boxes of books. She thought, "Hmmm. What reference questions do I have?" A Monty Python character popped into her head. "What is your name?" said the voice. She picked up the first book she spotted, **Great Mysteries of the Past**, and flipped it open to a random page. "King Arthur," she read, and smiled. "Ah," she thought, "not bad at all. Excellent feedback mechanism." Cat had already secured herself a box for her many acquisitions, and was already out scanning for more. Old rock-n-roll tunes sang out through the speaker system. The public weaved in and out of the aisles, scanning the boxes and shelves, hoping to find hidden gems. Rose picked up some comics and walked around the corner, heading towards the bridge.

"But Evil Corporation is a better place than this. This is a bad place."

"Look, Daddy waited patiently for you while you were having fun at Evil Corporation, so now you have to wait for him here."

"But I don't want to be here. Evil Corporation is better."

Rose picked up an old manual that she thought Cat might like, and headed out into the main hall.

"Wait a minute. What is going on here? I thought you were done with cataloging your bullshit."

"Can't stop, won't stop."

"Oy, you've been reading too much M.C. Escher."

"Hey Generic!" Rose was excited. "Did you see? The draft of the Revised Master Plan is out." It was later in the day. The setting was of a different sort.

"Yeah, Marz just downloaded it. We were going to read through it this afternoon."

"Oh, make sure you read the accompanying documents. It's a long read, but worth it, I think."

"Hey," said Generic, "how are things going with the new outreach?"

Rose thought about this question. And she shrugged. She did not have an answer to this question. She was not, let us say, in the inner circle, so to speak. She had thought, maybe, maybe things were starting to move, but, then again, it might just be more of the same old same old. But, then again, she remembered the nature of stories and how they get written. And she smiled a tentative smile.

"What do you think?"

The Critic

A character study of straw men and women, full of Hollywood plot manipulation, that, in the end, reinforces the structures of apathy and resignation that enable the continuation of the horrors that the filmmakers take as their premise, due either to their willful disregard of reality (not to mention the reality of the film's own internal logic or the medium of film itself), their laziness in doing actual research outside of their own heads, or their cowardice in producing a film that might unquestionably attack the current system and lead to actual change. But let us be kind and just say that they are missing the point. Ged walked out of the theater excited, a little frustrated, and bursting with thought. She was glad that Marz talked her into going, and now she was ready to talk his ear off during the ride home. Pathways to the future opened in her mind and she took out her notebook and jotted down some words as a new song began to take shape on the page.

"Whatcha writing?" asked Marranzano.

"Oh, I think I'll call this one, Health Insurance and a Bucket of Popcorn."

"Ua kapa 'ia ia hale 'aina 'O Ka Na'aukake Pukikī."

"Hey, ināhea 'o ia i lawe aku ai i ia lole wāwae?"

"'A'ole like ka 'ākala me ka 'ālani."

She was trying to drill holes into the picture frame. She wanted to hang it on the wall. Well, to be accurate, she was attempting to screw holes into the picture frame. You see, she wanted to hang it on the wall.

"Auntie! So good to see you!"

They shuffled into the dining establishment. It was called The Portuguese Sausage. Cat frowned. Marchie gave her a sideways glance. Cat gave a smile in his direction. The Audio Engineer turned up the volume. They shuffled into the dining establishment.

The flying island floated through the grey skies. Some sort of dormant volcano, some sort of blue waters, some sort of hump-backed whale, the keeper of the sun, perhaps. Chanchullo watched from his roof as the ground began to shake.

The Watcher and The Waiter

You'll excuse me for leaving you to tend to the outside world, while I sit in this room, waiting for the bureaucracy to process our paperwork. You see, this might be my most useful skill. The feedback mechanism crackled with corporate corruption. I clicked the next button, and stuck my pinky in my ear. I did it again, that thing that I did. So, I suppose you are wondering what you missed while you were gone. It is a good thing we wrote everything down in the house journal. But you never learned how to read, you say? Ah, good thing we also put it in a song.

"Patience. Patience. Wait for it. Here it comes."

The young girls crossed the moat, heading towards the narrow pass. They breathed the fresh night air. But where was the flying dragon? Was it her day off? Oh, I see, she was observing the General Strike.

Such a beautiful way to break my heart.

There's someone calling your name. You're gonna miss that train.

"Well, chapter four is actually better than I remembered. There are a few typos to fix up, and perhaps it could do with some structural design enhancements, but I think I like it. While you are at it, you should publish chapter three as well."

"Oh, thank you. I cannot tell you what it means to receive

positive feedback. Especially coming from you."

It was at this moment that they were interrupted by the return of the Dancing Queen. She had tales to tell. The proceedings had begun. All day long they had been broadcast over the community airwaves. The Department of the Interior was being told that it had no business in this land, as this land was outside of the Department's bounds.

The Outer Limits

Blink. Blink. Blink. Blink. Blink. Blink.

"Wake up."

"Pssst. We are talking to you."

"So, not random?"

Well, it certainly was not random, though, the impetus, shall we say, was *unknown*. Keola zipped up her pants. She was preparing to travel.

"What, that's how the humans do it."

"Really?"

"Sure, sure. What, you don't appreciate the sense of humor?"

The birds looked around. They paid their respects to their fallen comrade. That infernal racket from the other side continued in its maintenance of the grounds. And the piano player began its tune.

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The Ghost of Space

oo

Some people have a problem with being fascists. That is just a thing, I guess. I have that problem, I suppose. That is, I do not want to be a fascist. Other people, perhaps, want to be fascists. Well, now that I think about it, this I have a problem with, also. Perhaps it has something to do with my musical tastes.

Marz was in the other room, but I thought it would be a good idea to recount the story of that time he was amidst the all-night protests and had a conversation with The Space Dog, just in case you have not read his account. Well, the way he told it, the masses were gathered in various groupings around the square (Thomas Square, of course). The band took up under the banyan tree (I added this detail for literary reasons, but it might have been true) and played this fun tashlikh. The music went faster and faster and there was some circular dancing. And an uproar from all at its finish. Sometimes we forget the struggles that we have already been through. Sometimes it is good to remember our history.

"At last," she said, from her room across the sea. "You do remember that night we danced together, don't you?"

"I love you," he said.

"I live you, oh, excuse me, I love you, too. Sorry, I got tongue-tied there for a second."

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"So, the Minutemen also have a song about Vietnam. They call it Viet Nam."

"Oh, our song is called Vietnam," said The Librarians. "Have you heard it?"

"Which one?" asked -----NEWS BREAK----- Another hobo has died. But, well, it was only a hobo, I suppose. Also, I saw the pieces of three dead birds today. They were flattened like a dead, flat bird. I suppose you cry when you think about the people that you know that are dead. Why is that, do you think?

"I just...cannot get the words out of my mouth. I am so scared, it seems." The person paused. "Well, here goes nothing."

"I don't want my freedom. There is no reason for living with a broken heart." The Queen paused. Her people took in the kaona. The Kaunatese shouted towards the balcony. And the crowd erupted in song...together.

Wait a minute. Did you see that? I think that was solidarity. With China, maybe. China and Oakland? Wait a minute. Is this another recurring theme? But perhaps we should let those places talk to themselves (without the intermediaries). So, then, have I introduced myself? I mean, I'm the author. Sometimes I speak in different voices, but, um, well, it is nice to meet you, is all I am saying. Anywho, let us get back to the story. There was a plot afoot.

There was something in his eye. His right eye. He looked at his eyes in the mirror, and the dark shadows that surrounded them. He wondered, "Was that cat up to its old tricks?" He went back to reading his fictional stories.

"And you can take that quota and shove it up your BLEEP."
"Well, I never."

The next day came and Ged received a phone call. She went back to the youth prison and picked up a book about the dreams of penguins. She saw a bird riding a bicycle. She had lunch in a restaurant from Vietnam. She watched a cartoon about a rabbit (and a duck). She talked garden politics with her neighbor. She had an itch that she did not feel like scratching.

"If you don't put that out, it's gonna smolder all fuckin' day."

P0000000P (jokes)

The silverfish walked up page 1302. The index card said, "You are ready."

"Whoah," said Rose. "Ready for what?"

"Hey, I just had a thought." Generic's eyes lit up.

"Yeah?" said Rose.

"What if there is no *them*? What if it's just us?"

But seriously folks. Which is which?

"More, please."

"Haven't had your fill yet, eh?"

"No, I think that me and my companions are in agreement on that count. Your questions are improperly framed."

Also, the other disingenuous bit that I forgot to mention, thought Ged, was that it was pretty clear that the particular option that was being discussed, the "potential, future, totally up-to-you-to-decide *potential* option" was, in fact, designed for a very specific relationship that the External Department of the Interior was counting on coming into being. Cannot ignore the historical context of which we are amongst, she thought. It is no coincidence that these Rule Changes happened to coincide with the very suspect Nation-Building Exercise that the old elites were pushing upon the new nation. Also, the suggestions that were made by The Angry Young

Man were spot on. How about you stop going around the world to other places that ain't yours and murdering people? I think that was a good suggestion, thought Ged. Also, for some reason, she thought, I have this hunger for cookies. Ged looked at the monitor. This current unit should be finished within three months time. That gave her just enough time to, wait a minute, she thought. She thought some more. She stuck her finger in her ear. The reception was off. She returned her thesaurus to the bookshelf. She rubbed her hands together. It ain't about the skills, she thought. It is about your willingness to look in a specific direction. And to be honest about what you see.

Someone cracked their knuckles. Someone flipped through the pages of a comic book. As the footsteps pounded on the ceiling, The Operator took a call from an old friend. Could you turn up the volume, please?

The clicking corresponded with the falling rain drops. Sybil thought about the moon. When was the last time she saw the moon? She stuck her head back into the window as her 'mobile resumed its motion. She was heading south.

The two-headed dragon was actually just a couple of geckos engaged in consensual love-making activities. But also, of course, it was a two-headed dragon. The offering was taken, it seems.

"Hey Zed, did you hear the one about the archivist that worked at the vacuum factory?"

"Heard it? I practically wrote it!"

"Pssst. Hey, you two, I think they just cut off the transmission. You think we could get some sleep or what?"

"Yeah, just don't forget to dream."

+++++

"Reception?! I thought it was a trashcan!"

The laughter surrounded the group of monkeywrenchers, which is a classification that is slightly different than monkeys. The rabbits scampered across the field, and, as the one on the right turned its head to look back, it turned into a pillar of salt (pink-colored salt).

"Pitlike," thought Merman, as he dove into the sea. She broke out in song. The song was titled, "Amazing Gracie."

"Well, I don't know. Maybe partying will help."

"Hey, could you pass that bowl of cherries?"

"Maybe partying *will* help."

as soon as her head hit the pillow. And the next day was, once again, another day.

The pre-party party was tonight, in that fabricated land of them who took more than their share. Cat had some reading to do before she could even think about attending.

"What?" he asked the armadillo.

"Did you read that comic yet?"

"Yeah, the representative at the nominating convention appeared to be a cousin of yours."

"Well?"

The human scratched his temporal lobe. The music ceased. The birds spoke. The dishes rattled. A movie about a stringed instrument and some kind of flattening device popped up in the View Screen.

"Back to work, I suppose." Marz looked over the precipice. "We've got some steamrolling to do, eh?"

"I'll go get the crowbar."

"See, it's as simple as that. You do not want to break any laws? No problem. You do not want to commit any violent acts? No problem. What is the bare minimum you can do? A symbolic gesture? Well, why don't we try that? Just for see what happens. Just don't forget that we are working our will. And as we go forth, we will answer the questions as they come to us."

Cat finished up the chapter that she was reading. It was about the braiding of a song. She had a hunger in her gut. She looked at her new roommate, who had just walked in the room. She thought about the motion picture that she had watched, earlier in the day. Balloons were involved. Also, mirrors. And reflecting lights.

"Keep pushing."

"But I already did the work. That should be enough."

"Every little bit helps."

"Shhhh. He's hiding outside the door."

The New Car (The Big Problem)

"A'ole pilikia."

"Wait. Are you sure?"

"Anyway, they offered me the office underneath the shop."

"Oh."

The Archivist finished watching the moving images that were recorded from the initial hearing. It seems that her understanding of the situation had been incomplete. The missing pieces fell into place. It was all in the record, sure. But who had access to the complete record?

There was a bit of confusion in the author's brain. There was the plan (the opportunity plan) that the author wanted to see come about, and then there was the rule change (the potential rule change) that the author felt was a bit of misdirection, as it did not appear to involve any substantial change in rule. Reading over past chapters, the author thought, "The words that we use are important. The words that we use create our reality." The author was being redundant. Perhaps it was some sort of literary technique. Or perhaps someone was not listening.

The story was not coherent. Well, perhaps it was, but I only read part of it, see. So I could not make sense of it. I mean, I had to fill in the gaps with my imagination. I mean, everything that was stated functioned as a constraint, but everything that was not stated was simply an abyss of possibility. I was having trouble fitting a frame around the picture, so to speak. I did not want to exclude any of the facts, and, certainly, I did not want to exclude any voices. But was it so much to ask to be able to follow along in a manner that I found both pleasurable and empowering?

"Okay, let us assume for a second that we are inside of a video game."

"Like, um, like Existenz?"

"Sure, let us assume that at any second we could be pulled out of this reality and into one that was more substantial, more real. Now this reality, here, is a game, and when we left the game we could look at how we did. If you got pulled out now, how would you think you did?"

"Well, I suppose that'd depend on the social relations that I was amongst in the *real* world, wouldn't you think?"

"Uhhhhh..."

"No, I get your point. If I'm gonna stay here (voluntarily or not), I might as well play my best game...because you never know when you gonna run out of quarters."

"Uhh..oh, that was a joke. I get it."

"I wish I could say the same. Say, you wouldn't happen to be a C-Section baby, would you?"

The scorpion danced across the amber sands. The doorway to something unknown creaked on its hinges. And the author remembered that she was opposed to this particular occupation. In fact, she remembers having signed her name on a petition.

Part II

I once wrote that I thought there were better ways to make my opinions heard than the ones that were being pushed my way. And so, I attempted to place my votes in a manner in which they might actually be counted. And now, here we are. I vote no to war. I vote yes to justice. I vote that we all do the right thing.

Yawn. Oh, I see. We need a little clarity for to decide clearly. What was that? Another cookie crumb reference? Ah, make it right. Return the lands to the belly button.

Wait wait wait. Excuse me. You was expecting something else? No offense, but how did you get here? Oh, you see that red ribbon over there? That represents some other thing. Oh, you see that window that breathes with the wind? It is adorned with a flower lei. Now, now. I know, you want for hear one story. You want your knowledge and understanding. Well, me too. Yawn. It's tiresome, this. Enough already, right? Enough.

"So, your fear has to do with you losing what you got. Which, historically, you have no specific right to. Now, this plan, to give the land back to itself, perhaps might place some in a situation where they do not own their own personal piece of land. But how is that any worse than the situation we are in now, where, not only are there many without this privilege, but there are people who are of the land that do not have a place on the land. Your fears are selfish. It is time to join with the Real People, and work towards a just world."

Rose scratched her side. These obtuse Newcomers brought her a bit of frustration. She would rather speak to people that spoke her

language, but the challenge of translating her mana'ō to a broader audience was an interesting one. Was she able to keep it tethered to her words? The soundspeaker went silent. The monitor went black. The camera panned back to reveal the living room of an entirely different character. Someone was asking the wrong questions.

It was time to level up. In fact, our protagonist, the powerful young woman, had enrolled in such a course. Today was the first day (of the course). The newspaper arrived, mysteriously, in the postal box. The cover story was about a love for all kinds of plants living under water. Or was it about a love for the tricky, deceiving, unstable (said to be named for the octopus' ability to change its color, and its waving of a tentacle to and fro like the motion of a seaweed in water)? Regardless, it was just a cover story. Inside, of course, was news of The Plan. Inside, of course, was news of The Struggle For What Is Right. Government agencies are funny things. One might use terms such as *hybridity* and *complex-identity* to describe them and the ways in which they (and their component parts) navigate the fine lines of praxis. It was always-already not so simple, this story.

"Enough already. Give to love what's love's."

The voices continued to grow in number. And while the petition continued to grow in power, we all decided to get started on doing the things that needed to be done, the things that were within our authority to do, while we waited for redress.

"Anyway," said the author, "I do believe this analysis of nations could also apply to our stories."

"What?"

"I was just saying..."

"Yawn. Look can we take this up again in the time period after I have slept? I don't think I can make sense of your complicated, highly nuanced declarations at this time."

"Oh, uh sure. Have a good sleep. Just don't forget to..."

"I've got dreammms. Dreams to remember. I've got dreams, here! Dreams to remember! Get your dreams!"

"How much?"

Rose turned back to Violet and resumed the conversation as the hubbub from the stadium continued around them.

"Anyway, I was looking at the list of names again."

"And did you see the pattern I told you about?" asked Violet.

"Oh shit," said Gracie. "I just got a message from Central. There are some updates on the Simple Interprocess Messaging System. I guess someone found some denial of service bugs. Oy. looks like multiple entry points. We've got activation errors, too many references, and invalid file descriptors. I'm gonna have to distribute these fixes. Shouldn't take too long. Save my seat, eh?"

Gracie shuffled off. Violet looked at Rose. Rose shrugged.

"Shouldn't be that bad," said Rose. "She probably just needs to get some patches to the daemons and Department X. Oh, and probably The Library."

There was a buzzing on the field. Violet turned to her left. Gracie walked back into view.

"Wow," said Rose, "that was quick."

"Hey," called Gracie, "this is a little more complex than I thought. It looks like we are going to need to restart the entire system to complete these updates. I'll talk to you folks later."

Violet turned to Rose. "Is that normal?"

Rose smiled. "Normal? Come on, Vi. This ain't no picnic, here."

"Dreams! Get your dreams, here."

"What we have here is a failure to communicate."

"I'll take one."

"Hey, did you see that?"

So much hubbub, there was.

This particular verse was composed while strolling through the sands of my birth. Or was it the sands of your birth? It goes a little something like this:

*He was just a donkey. And I was just a man.
And here we are, looking backwards.
And I yam what I yam.
And he's a donkey.*

But perhaps we are still unclear on what it is that we are saying. **Stop occupying that which ain't yours. Know your place. Know your genealogy. Don't be a dick (i.e. don't do unto others that which you would not have others do unto you).** Anything else?

"I love my neighbors," he said (to himself).

"Really?" he replied (to himself).

"Um, I think so."

"All of them?"

"Sure, why not. If there is one thing we have plenty for spare, it's love. Of course, with great love comes great responsibility."

The answer lies within, so why not take a look now? Blah blah devil blah blah. Pick up a good book. Now...

Ah, I do believe I was mistaking the future for the past (again). Let us continue this narrative in a manner that we find fits the world that we choose to live in.

"No, I cannot will that into being."

"But, if you don't, who will?"

"Girlfriend is better."

"What? Is that your best translation?"

Okay, let us try that again.

"I love you."

"Um, I love you, too," she replied in a hushed tone. "I'm still in class. I'll see you tonight."

The dogs barked. And which dogs were they? Well, the neighborhood dogs, I suppose. Ah, it seems they were practicing for to howl at the moon. He sat in the restaurant, waiting for his order of Thai food. He sat at his desk, reading the references to the geo-body of Thailand. She said that he must be able to do magic. She wasn't quite wrong.

One of the things that I have found is that reality is, how should I say, multifaceted. Every truth is situational. That said, it is possible for multiple persons to come to an agreement about things without, let's say, afflicting violence on others. Still have I not changed my mind that a successful movement can only be (a movement can only be successful) if it is founded on truth (if it takes truth as its foundation). It is important not to disregard realities simply because they make us uncomfortable or because they appear to be contradictions that we do not have a solution to within our current reality map. Acknowledge these contradictions and stick a pin in them. They should not, however, explode our current map (which need be multidimensional), unless, of course, our map needs exploding. Perhaps it has been said that a map is only useful inasmuch as it helps us get to the place where we want to go. This is where a little perspective is required. And this is the point where it would be helpful to be speaking about something specific. Let's see, I do believe that The Teacher of History is making the point that certain individuals have fascist tendencies, that certain peoples (all of them?) that were raised within The Empire, have somewhere within them the desire to remain part of The Empire. I would argue that this is an impulse (a poison bullet, perhaps) that has to be dug out from each of our hearts. I would also argue that this can be done, and it consists of—always—siding with the forces of change that lead to the destruction of The Empire, and the return of power to the diversity of peoples that came from The Land. You'll forgive me if I take my starting point, re: fascism, from an old, Austrian-born, Jewish, Marxist, psychoanalyst that believed that love was the building block of energy, rather than some en vogue Eastern-European philosophical rock star that holds too many flat-out wrong opinions to have his ideas used without qualification. But, still, we come to the same place. After re-reading the words of The Teacher of History, I see that this is an argument for prioritizing process

(which has been made by a large diversity of speakers in a variety of ways), one that is open and acknowledging of the truths that we share. This discussion of fascist tendencies reminds me of the post-Sit-In campus-wide vote that followed the Speaker Series. Nerve-racking, it was, placing power into the hands of people that were not as well informed as you. Not easy to give up your control over events. The same Power that dominates and exploits us is, nevertheless, attractive, you might say (if you were a bolo-head, French postmodernist). Ah, I see, there is an argument before us that a dichotomy exists, *in practice*, between the mental models of law and power. And, if I read it correctly, the argument is really that there should be no dichotomy. Those that look to the law for limits and opportunities should not forget that law is a tool of power. All discussions of the law should be prefaced with, *if we are to agree to follow these laws*, and not take the law as some sort of foundational mooring of our morality. Our morality, of course, grows forth from The Land. And those that claim to speak in terms of the realpolitik of power (of what I like to dismissively call *practicality*) should pull their heads out of the, uh, let's say, sand and acknowledge the broader realities and possibilities in which we all live.

"What's that?"

"I said the possibilities are endless." She paused. "Well, they are at least a helluva lot more diverse than we've been acknowledging. And once we acknowledge the fact that there are more directions that we can go, we can, you know, attempt to go in the direction that we want to go in."

And what direction is that? (you can refer to your notes)

"Why don't you say it with a song?"

Sybil looked at her older sibling. She sat down at the piano. She played a tune.

"What do you call that one?"

Sybil looked at the music stand. "Um, I think that one was called That's The Impossible Dream (Free To Be You And Me)."

A siren sounded in the distance. A chicken laid an egg.

Okay, then, Ged thought, that seems like full circle. Just need to fill in the gaps, I suppose, she thought. She, like everyone, was tired of having to do work that didn't need to be done, if only those with the power to do so would simply do the right thing. In the mean time, we'll just continue to sit here, with the full weight of our demands.

"How far is da kine?"

The wind blew.

An ache was felt in the back.

"Could you define *learning disorder*, please?"

The girl looked to the sky and decided for to aim a bit higher.

We are going to heaven.

"What? Is this true?"

"Well, maybe yes, maybe no. Anyway, I would just like to thank some of the people that made this possible."

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Are you positive?

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It was unclear the nature of this book that you are reading. What was its genre classification? What was its form? What were the names of the various characters? And how would we possibly untie all of these knots?

"World trade is a death machine."

"What?"

"I said, world trade is a death machine!" I said, more loudly this time.

And then you said, "Oh, I think it is beginning to rain, again." You paused. You turned up the music. You smiled. "Let's tear down these monuments to greed and rebuild our new world from the broken pieces."

"Well, we can't go back now. We're already here." The King of the Angels was in a dour mood. The Devil's Advocate nodded in agreement. "Yes, I agree. We cannot return to where we were. We are where we are." Yet dot dot dot I do believe pause yes I do believe that we can pretty much do whatever it is we want to do. P.S. Don't be so goddamn lazy.

Part 3

What do I do to get through to you? All my science is proving useless. I can't learn anything about you.

part 4

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"The birds are conversing."

"The social relations."

"Yes."

"And so it is time."

The young revolutionary straightened up in her chair as the roomful of judges looked on. "Well," she pondered, "I do not know whether or not God hates the United States of Americans. But I do know that one day all of the United States of Americans will have gone from the shores of these lands." She paused. "Except for the ones that are killed here, of course."

The writer was thinking through his little thought puzzle. It was some sort of knot that just needed a little picking at. Theoretically, all you needed to do was pull on one end of the string. Of course, what with the plethora of strings, complicated the matter was. But surely there was a way out of this. He scratched the bit of his head where the scalp met the place of his head that was not scalp (the not-scalp?). Dead skin floated in the air. The writer thought about the world in which he lived. He thought, "If you do not reward the people that are doing the things that you want to be done, how can

you ask that everyone else do these things also?" If there is a correct way to be, then let us all be this way. "Hmmm," he thought, "Does that work?" He put his head in his hand. His fingers danced over the keyboard. He listened to a piano song about possibilities. "I do declare," he declared, "I do believe that there are certain things that we can all agree on. Let us speak clearly about these things and see where that gets us." The song titled Palestine came out of the radio.

I don't know why cannot it be, for us to show a little empathy.

What's right is right, and this is so clearly wrong.

I'm against the occupation of a great many things, but especially nations full of people and places and hearts and minds.

I want you to choose for goodness sake.

And as I looked into her eyes that day, I thought, No one should have to live this way. I don't know what more there is to say.

Palestine.

"Oh boy. If I only knew your weakness. Maybe this could all be done."

Cat looked at the conflict that had unfolded across the table. Sybil sat to her right. Cat opened her mouth to speak.

"I am not sure what formative experiences brought you to this state of insanity, but I can assure you, I do not see the world through the same frames."

"I've got to go pee," said Rose, as she rose from her chair. She wanted to hear how this conversation played out, but when you gotta go, you gotta go. She placed her bets that the conversation would play out in a manner that was to her pleasure, and walked off, only to return, later, in the future, to find the conversation still in play.

"I can't believe you haven't figured out what all amounts to nothing in the end." Cat paused. She looked at Rose. She looked at Sybil. She smiled into her armpit. Someone knocked on the door. Someone knocked on the door, again.

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Any Job Worth Doing Is A Job Worth Doing Right

The latest missive was spot on. The flow was, um, poetic or something. The stars were aligning in that particular formation that, if you knew how to read, you could communicate with quite successfully (depending on how you measured success, of course). Imagine that level of communication.

"Hmmm, I wonder where we are," said the thoughts in my head. "Perhaps if I simply look up into the sky, I will know, not only where we are, but where we need to go." I looked to the sky, and behold, there was something there for me to see. It was a map.

"Yaaahhh!!!!!"

The crowd erupted in a cheer.

"Let us keep moving!"

They pushed through the barricades. But who were they? And which side were they on?

"March!"

"Psst," said the little bird. "Don't you mean June?"

"Yes, you may."

"Oh, thank you. I suppose you are the one I have to thank, yes?"

You see, we are the body, and you, I think, are the glove. No, shouted the voice, you are the bicycle we ride! No, this was not quite true. There was no separation. No separation, indeed. You see, we are the body. And we are alive.

The Great Mahele

This is no history lesson. This here is a parable for the way that things are. Now, some in these parts have particular feelings about assessment. Now, if we were to look at things, let's say, quantitatively, would you be able to visualize the ongoing process of easement of which we are amongst?

"Hey, could you stop earwigging me, already? It's getting all earwiggy in here."

"And since when was being earwiggy something to be ashamed of?"

"I know. I just wanted to use all of the vocab words is all. But the question that I ask holds firm and awaits its answer, still."

The arbitrary division of time was a particular one. It was the Month of Writing Novels for the New Nation. Which meant that we needed more characters to fill this here story. Any volunteers?

Ah, no takers, I see. The benefits package not up to snuff, eh? Well, no matter, we'll push on with the team we've got. Ged was lying on the floor. There was an incessant buzzing coming from outside of her head. There was something to remember. Generic burst through the door.

"Special delivery!" Gen smiled at his sister as he held up the rectangular package. "I think your new frames have arrived in the mail."

Ged yawned, loudly.

Either you are on board or you are not. But like the mythical Interstate Bus Driver of times past, I believe in the hereafter. If you are not on board when we depart, you are going to be left here, after.

After the Storm
(Or, to be more accurate, There Was A
Storm a-Comin')

The storm was two storms. A double hurricane. Letters I and J. But that is all in the past. And no need to tell *you* what became of things. What with your existence in The Future. Ah, the peaceful shores of the future. Congratulations. You deserve it.

Sincerely yours,
The Management

P.S. I love you, you know.

Um, but, um, I am still tempted to tell you the story of the things that happened. But, uh, better not spoil it for them that haven't seen this episode yet. Okay, I think that this is all you are going to get. Go on, get going. You are a person of action, yes? Time to do the things that you do. Hope you enjoyed your stay. Please come again.

