

Mokuna 'Ekolu

“A completely unreal world can be constructed, in which asses fly and princesses are restored to life by a kiss; but that world, purely possible and unrealistic, must exist according to structures defined at the outset (we have to know whether it is a world where a princess can be restored to life only by the kiss of a prince, or also by that of a witch, and whether the princess’s kiss transforms only frogs into princes or also, for example, armadillos).”

Postscript: The Novel As Cosmological Event
in *The Name of the Rose* : Translated from the
Italian by William Weaver, Including the Author’s
Postscript, p.513
by Umberto Eco



“Um,” said Marranzano, “another coincidence it seems.”

Somebody farted. Somebody told a fart joke. And Ged laughed.

“What’s so funny?” asked the armadillo, who was now blind to sound, and spoke mostly telepathically these days. “Anyway, it all seems a little on the nose, coming from this writer who writes like some Professor of Communication and who loves to fill his books with complex conspiracies that turn out to be totally meaningless but then just so happen to lead to real world examples of impossible coincidence.”

“Burp.” (Somebody burped.)

“You’re a real world example of impossible coincidence.” (No, like, literally. You totally are.)

“Yawn.”

Fucking Kafkaesque. We fall asleep. Again.

THE PRINCESS OF ONCE MIGHTY CATS

once more with the growth by internal
disjunction

Once upon a time, there was an old princess, sitting, in a chair. This chair, an old chair, had a hole in its bottom, not so much a hole, but a sag in its woven mesh, a sag that threatened, periodically, to break. The princess sat on this chair, this chair which she covered with a padded patterned quilt, and did princely things, because her dictionary did not have an appropriately gendered corresponding term such as princessly or whatever, which would enable her to sit in her chair and do princess-y things. She was not *so* old, this old princess. More like, middle aged. Not that she lived in the Middle Ages, an era that connotes perhaps, certain, um, ideas in your brain, like um, castles and dragons. No, she lived BURP. BURP. Excuse me. She lived in a palace, though, this is true. And flying dragons, there be, in the moat that surrounded her palace, but, um, like, the princess didn't have any servants or whatever, and had to hand wash her own dirty laundry. Having servants or whatever was, like, a *totally* foreign and repugnant idea to the princess, of course, and certainly not something to be desired or aspired to, like, as if only she

could just have servants that do everything for her. No, it wasn't like that at all, her princess-ly thinking. NOT AT ALL. Except. Well. Here's the thing about that. Somehow, you see, her laundry would get washed and hung to dry, and her dinner would get cooked (and eaten) and the dishes washed and so on and so forth. Indeed, there must have been some mechanism, some sort of *machine beings* that allowed for all this. Elves, perhaps? She (the princess) didn't know. So, she did her princess-ish things, accepting the help of others, and the fact that, without their many labors, her world would not exist. These are the things she thought about, as a princess, while sitting on her old chair (a throne?)—like, what exactly does an entity owe to its constituent parts? Or, how must I treat others, if I would like others to treat me a certain way? So, she sat on her throne in her palace, and thought her princess thoughts, for the good of the realm in which she dwelt. Which, was not her own realm, by the way. For, you see, she was a princess from another world, living in exile in this fair land of regal, um, splendor. Or whatever. Anyway, here are some true facts about this world in which the princess found herself sat.

Over there be the voice of a mermaid counting her chickens—*ka moa kuakahi, ka moa kualua, etc., etc.* Over there be one of the palace dwellers, the facilitator of death, bribing the greenskeeper with exotic delicacies from lands afar. Over there

be, um, well, anyway, you get the point. Many things totally exist in this world that is perhaps not so foreign from your own. The princess takes a handful of sugar corn, and gobbles it down. The opening credits roll across the screen. Once upon a time. It begins.

“Hey there.”

“Oh, hey. Well, what do you think?” asked Sadie. “Not bad, right? I mean, this is good fucking writing, right?”

“Dude, watch your language. There be childrens afoot maybe. Or, um, young adults.”

“Oh,” said Sadie. “You are worried about the old gatekeepers, eh? Well, if our audience has made it thus far, they can withstand a bit more of the, um, content for mature audiences. I’m more concerned about our choice of ‘ōlelo.”

She then yawned and went to sleep, because she didn’t have anything she needed to do.

Well, well, well. We meet again, do we, dear reader. It has been a pleasure conversing with you so far (for me, anyway). For you, too, perhaps? Well, let me tell you about *my* day. It was SO FULL. Of things. Maybe. I cleaned my house. I blessed it with a spiritual offering. I thought of old friends. I planned a big party. You are not yet all aboard with my grand plans, but grand they are, you can rest assured. Please, rest, a bit. Assuredly. She wiped her nose with the side of her forefinger. Her fourth finger, in fact. Numbers were her speciality. So much so that she was to start a new job as a keeper of knowledge relating to things mathematical (amongst other varied fields) not too far in the near future (Wednesday). Wednesday was a day in the week in this particular 'verse in which she dwelt. What 'verse do you dwell in? Might you remind me? Oh, that one? That one is so boring. No, I mean. I didn't say that. Ha ha. I was *joking*. Must be all that magic joke juice I drank for dinner. Phew. Where were we? Oh yes, HI! We are communicating. IT'S A FACT! You like to think that you are just reading a book, but really, you are, in actuality, communicating with me,

the author of this book. Yes. A fact, it is. I totally fooled you, didn't I? You thought, maybe, maybe you were just escaping into some imaginary fictional world where you could willy nilly et cetera and blah blah blah. But no, this is not the case. NOT THE CASE AT ALL. We are having one serious discussion. ABOUT THE WORLD. And its nature. Which is a perpetual motion ass fucking machine? She then thought thoughts about getting fucked in the ass by some other person, and how maybe she might enjoy this thing? BURP. Oh the humanity.

“Nope, sorry. You’ll just have to do it yourself.”

“But, I don’t wanna!” whined sad little Sadie. “Why cannot everything just et cetera and so forth and blah blah blah? Why do I hafta do everything?” Nothing is ever easy, eh, dear reader? If at first you don’t succeed, go cry in your bed and awkwardly moan a bit. Then bake some cookies? No, no. Too late for that. But, wait a minute. We’re all [self-regulating persons] here. We can do whatever we want. Right?

What was I talking about? Oh yeah. We were reading a novel. Or, um, writing a novel. This was some kind of story. With characters. With characters who just didn’t want to YAWN who just didn’t want to face all of their fears which really in the scheme of things who really cares it’s not like anyone is really paying attention or like whatever. What is it that we want, exactly?

Oh yeah, we want a more just, peaceful, welcoming, fun, and exciting wonderful world. So then, I think we can manage this. Do not you think so, too? Back to our narrative (about the mighty princess of cats or something).

tHE PRINCESs of CatS or something

Right, then. The princess. This was, um, a story about a princess. And cats. That live in a

desert? Like, um, caracals or something. All of our mighty lions went extinct, maybe. Speaking of which, the new year approaches. Have we invited you to the party yet?

“Wait a minute.”

What?

“I don’t think the words follow each other. Like, um, I don’t understand how one thought follows another.”

Yes, it’s a paradox.

“No. That’s not—”

I know what you meant. I know everything. I meant to misspell that word. Misspell. Our new character’s name is Miss Pell. No! It is an old character. Kleev Erndi. Okay, so, for those of you (all of you?) that haven’t read the entirety of the series (and the series that came afore), Kleev Erndi is a character that appears in book one of our previous series, *The OJPL Presents a Series of Science Fiction*, with book one being, of course, *A New Nation : An Academic Treatise on the Nature of Nature as seen through The something something of National Novel Writing Month*. We cannot be bothered to look up the exact title. Besides, we’ve like totally sold out of that book. Indeed, we have totally sold out in general. No matter, the general strike pushes on. Towards what? Towards multiversal peace and justice, of course. We know the stakes. And we play to settle all of the scores. Some of you are still confused about how this here technology works. No matter. We scratch our armpits. We shake

our shaggy head. We comprehend jokes both cosmic and relative. We are a princess. And you? You are a cat and you're shitting in my garden.

Kleev Erndi looked back over her shoulder. She was always doing this, it seems. Like, it was one of her character flaws or something. Mostly though, she was a pretty together sort of gal. With, um, a head on her shoulders? There was a brutal tune drifting through the aether. Kleev took a whiff of something pungent and dove back under the sea. She wasn't quite there yet.

As she rounded the bend in the stream, she came across an outcrop of mossy rocks. *Ah*, she thought, *I sure hope that this is the place.*

"That was quite a bit of swimming you did there. I've been watching since you entered the fjord."

Kleev swallowed as she pulled herself on top of the bank. Indeed, it *was* a long way there. "You just have a habit of turning up places, eh?" she expunged through deep breaths.

"Why don't you dry off and follow me into the cavern?"

Now we're getting somewhere, thought Kleev. She winked at the audience. She exited stage left.

"Princess!" "Princess!"

The princess rolled her eyes. "I'm down here," she called up to her minder, who had somehow managed to invite himself in. *Just as I was*

making progress, perhaps. As usual, he would end up letting in all sorts of mischievous devils, but, like, what did she care? She was a princess of cats. And she dwelt amongst her people. And if there was an affliction they suffered, she, too, suffered this thing. This was no academic exercise for her. She adjusted herself in her throne and thought better of farting into its cushions. She swallowed an aftertaste of the sweet dark bread that had filled the oven room with its fresh baked smell, and smiled.

“Oh! Oh oh oh oh. Oh oh! Ohhhh!”

THE END

Well? Did you come?

A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

We have decided to end this book, because it just wasn't worth all the shit we had to put up with. Anyway, thanks for your patronage or whatever. I love you, still.

-Sadie Rose Rosen

P.S. Keep an eye out for our upcoming book, *On The Nature of Things That Flow : an imaginary manifesto for our unyielding revolution (A Novel)*