

a mainstream novel brought to you by
Ke Kahawai Nui Hou

**On The Nature of Things That Flow: an
imaginary manifesto for our unyielding
revolution (A Novel)**



**OJPL Publishing
Mānoa**

This book is full of words. Words are very powerful and very dangerous. They are also full of lies. This is a book of lies.

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Well, here we are again. having published yet another book of nonsense. Please stop encouraging us to do things. We are quite tired, you know. Anyway, last we left off, we were somewhere in our vast fictional multiverse, having all but given up on our dreams, when, all of a sudden, we get some missive about some up and coming book fair, so we decided to write a novel in the month of October. But then we got overwhelmed with life, so we stopped about the same time the moon calendar ran out on the month of 'Tkuā, whose start just so happened to correspond with the New Year. So now we have half a book which maybe will be finished one day in the future, which might or might not exist.

~~Special Print and Book Fair Edition~~

THIS BOOK IS NOT YET CATALOGED

on the nature of things

that flow

an imaginary manifesto

for
our unyielding revolution

(a novel)



There was a bit of a time crunch. She was on schedule, but deadlines were approaching. For some reason, many lights filled her cavernous boudoir. She was hunched over atop the orange blanket on the floor by the wall, her mostly naked body taut with anticipation. She took one or two deep breaths, looked towards some intangible direction, and gave a stern glare to some imaginary interlocutors, steeling her will for all to see.

Sadie Rose Rosen was four days into her hormone replacement therapy, and on day one of the pickling of her current batch of sauerkraut. She felt an oddness about the former, having just started this regimen of pill taking that maybe she would continue, every single day, for the rest of her life? That seemed to be the plan, anyhow, along with the bi-weekly shots someone injected into her upper ass that maybe she would one day learn how to self-inject into her upper thigh. Perhaps sooner than later, due to questions about the continuation of whatever it was that currently covered the costs of her health care. Which reminded her of that other oddness she felt about the pills,

packaged in their plastic orange prescription tube. She didn't remember the last time she took prescription medicine out of an official pill jar that was actually prescribed in her name. Not that the label had her name on it or anything, being as though her official government name still matched her official birth name, which was, um, a name that she was, um, attempting to no longer identify with. Interacting with officialdom—with *legal things*—made this difficult, as did, say, run-ins at the community garden with quasi-tangential acquaintances that she had introduced herself to before confidently settling on her current name, which was, you know, now her actual name, but she didn't always have the energy to correct folks. Anyway, Sadie was not a fan of “western” medicine, or “western” things in general, due to the intricate systems of oppression that underwrote just about all of “western” society's technologies and institutions. So to maybe commit herself into a never-ending relationship with drugs that were at this time developed and provided by some of the worst exploiters of capitalist methodologies was not something she would have predicted for herself, say, four or five moon cycles back. But she did have that habit lately of jumping into the deep end of the various metaphorical pools that constituted her particular choose-your-own-adventure story. Like, what did she have to lose?

Sadie Rose Rosen was doing all of the things she was supposed to be doing. Seeing a therapist, going to a support group, coming out to family, scheduling a laser hair removal consultation, acquiring a new wardrobe, coming out at work. She was totally checking off all the boxes of trans woman experience, and making pretty good time at it, too, if you didn't take into account the twenty-five plus years of avoidance and repression that laid the ground work for everything she was doing now. And, let's be honest, she was still not comfortable with expressing her self the way she wanted to be expressed. Like, she didn't want her personal expression to be like the expression of the anal sacs of a fat-bellied beagle named Gracie, who would rub her backside all over the railings on the front porch, making a horrible whelping moaning sound as she slid across the wooden slats, never quite reaching that spot. Um. But yeah, Sadie was still not comfortable being the woman she wanted to be. Due to fear. Of the world. And she spent way more time than she would have liked freaking out about very trivial matters that probably should not be occupying so much room in the headspace of a woman her age. Anyway, she had more important things to be thinking about, like this upcoming annual Print/Book Sale that she had just made the decision to participate in once again, which meant that a whole lot more new art was going to need to be created. And now she had herself another set of deadlines, which,

now, thinking about this then reminded her of how all of these arbitrary Serious Matters were somewhat of a distraction from the things she actually found interesting and important. Which, now that she was writing again, maybe she might be able to, um, clarity, um, stripping away of, um. Writing being a powerful tool, which, um, enabled the writer to access, certain, um. *Stop shitting in my head*, thought Sadie. *It is like, just when you are on the verge of something really important, you fall asleep or something. It's like, fucking Kafkaesque.* Sadie thought about painting her toenails and what she was going to wear to work tomorrow. She had many jobs to do, and she never quite learned how to juggle. Well, she never learned how to juggle *chainsaws*. She could juggle other things just fine. Sometimes she could even do it standing on one leg thirty feet up on top of a retired telephone pole. Sadie had many skills.

Yeah, she was on schedule, but she was in no mood to do her usual procrastinating and coasting by. It was a new year, and she found herself—literally?—unfettered. She was going to make the most of the rest of her time allotment in these blessed/accursed lands. And she would continue to push her boundaries until the walls came a-tumbling down. She picked herself up from off the floor and walked towards the bathroom, where she would piss for

maybe the ninth time that day. Her eyes were starting to water and become heavy. She didn't want to brush her teeth. Her neighbor's muffler scraped across the gravel drive outside. Her face was almost the face she wanted it to be. As she slipped between the fresh set of sheets that made her bed, she reached over and felt for the black knob that hung off the decomposed lamp and manipulated it—click-click, click, click-click—just so until the light was no more.



For the first time this year, Sadie dipped into her stash of frozen bananas. The oatmeal was heating up and she proceeded to cut the banana into micro thin slices. She would add cinnamon, a pinch of salt, and the remainder of the jar of raisins. A shelf of empty bulk containers was already piling up, and she would need to track down that old grocery list before heading to the co-op. She poured the now boiled water onto the yerba mate and thought of her old friend, the one-time professional pickler, and decided on adding three rambutan to her breakfast meal. Just a bit ago, she had stood in front of her bathroom mirror, contemplating the application of some color to her face, before the voice in her head told her, “Oatmeal first.” Yes, first things first. At least she had shaved already, right out of bed. How she was going to write this book, work two—OH LUNCH!

She also needed to pack a lunch, and now it was questionable as to whether she'd make it to the garden to water the green, leafy things that she consumed for sustenance. Sadie took a sip of mate and stirred the oatmeal one last time. She ate her breakfast to the sounds of college radio.

Sadie lived on an island chain that had been under military occupation for the past hundred and twenty odd years. And while the specific legal terminology describing the current occupation was a topic of sometimes intense tactical debate, it should be unremarkable to state that the occupying forces had undertaken a long program of settler replacement and colonization of the people of the islands (which included, of course, an unceasing propagandizement of the constantly arriving newcomers from lands across the seas). Sadie jumped up from the table and took immediately to washing her dishes. She was hoping to get back into her rhythm, not letting things pile up too much. As she tickled the oatmeal off of its pot, she looked into the wash basin and saw the tiny dark lizard looking up at her. After a brief exchange, the maybe gecko jumped down onto her pants, and down into its own adventures. Luckily, it would turn out, someone (her?) had already made and packed a serviceable lunch that was currently now sitting in the ice box. Her system was running smoothly. Now, if she could just apply her analysis and implementation strategies to

the public at large. She took her last sips of mate and thought once more of her old friend, the now big-time filmmaker that lived out in Harbortown on Turtle Island. Sadie took a deep breath and, pleased with her general progress, noted the things she hadn't yet accomplished, and made her way out into the world.

“Oh boy, are we getting some push back. They put up a fucking gate by the language school. And the, um...”

“Yeah, I know,” replied the voice in my head. “I'm you, remember.” She continued. “We have access to the same memory bank.”

“Oh, sorry,” I replied. “But like, at what point are we just like, let's just shut up and eat our beet soup.”

“Well, it is pretty good soup.”

“I know!”

“Well,” she said, more contemplative now, “you did open up your publishing company for general submissions. And,” we were now thinking in unison, “people did share their stories. Anyway, that is what your editing services are for. There's more to imaginary publishing companies than fancy parties and book festivals.”

Sadie continued to eat her oil-coated sugar corn. Earlier in the day, as she stood at the crossroads, thinking the whole way there, *no no, it's too late, I don't have time, I'll*

just get to the end of the street and turn the corner and head back the other way, she had taken a few steps in that direction before looking back up at the sky, thinking, *well, maybe it will rain*, to which the sky replied, *no, Sadie, it's not going to rain*. She then put her priorities in order—food growth and a healthy watered garden much more important than maybe not being on time to work this morning—and headed for her plot. After she crossed the footbridge and climbed the slight hill, feeling the need to hurry, she took off running across the fields, like a gazelle that was running across a field while also awkwardly carrying two bags on its shoulder and wearing a lau hala hat, which hat, according to his cousin and her examination of the hat's piko, was probably a Wes Taba original. Sadie both watered the plants, made it to work on time, found out she wasn't even scheduled on the reference desk for the early shift, realized she should probably keep a wash cloth in her office to wipe down her sweaty body after half-running to work along with maybe that jar of deodorant that her ex left at her house that was made by her ex's high school classmate's brother, and also made it on time to her other job where, pleasant surprise, they had gotten her initials correct on the desk shift board and where she was greeted as Sadie by at least two co-workers—which was like a total bonus surprise—and then eaten dinner and gone to the support group meeting, which, well, was kind of where she

ran out of steam. But whatever. She made it home okay. And, like, she made an *effort*, which is a big thing. So sometimes reality goes poorly, and like, could be better written. That's what post-experiential imaginings are for. Like, in the book that she was writing to sell at this book fair, she could make the conversations go however she wanted them to. It is like her response to that question in the re-imagining of the conversation that took place in her head as she was walking home about how her life sometimes lately was almost like she had found this magical ability to control her reality. Like, she wished for this thing, and all of a sudden, she is living in a world where people call her Sadie and treat her like a woman. Like she just plopped into it. Of course, there was some friction in this shifting of her universe on the cosmic landscape. For instance, as she arrived (on time) to the university library, she noticed a change in security. Like, it was the same Islander guards, just new uniforms, which were like somehow more imperial and said 'American' on the sleeve. And when she returned home to eat her dinner, she noticed the two black iron gates they had stuck up in her daily path. Like, these are signs of something (and so was the slight detour in the morning where they had sectioned off the lot due to what? chopping down an entire tree?). But, she delivered green vegetables to her co-workers. And, she was totally competent at all of her jobs today. Still, though. Anyway. Something wasn't

quite right. But things weren't exactly coming out all wrong. She needed to contact more people about possible collaborations. She was an enemy of the state of things. Also, she was still hungry.

“And what are your thoughts on the [irrelevant thing of the day that everyone is talking about because they are all tuned into the terror feed]?” asked the human with its wink winkiness as if Sadie was totally in on whatever it was that people thought she was also in on. Sadie groaned throughout her entire being. *Hey fuckers! she screamed. Stop being so goddamn boring! You're not being clever! Your discourse is being manipulated!*

“Lovely weather we're having,” replied Sadie. Her eyes rolled off into the distance. She was uncomfortable today in her meatsuit. *Oh fuck, she thought, maybe I shouldn't have run those security updates on the operating system yesterday. Maybe they were infected or something.*

“Or maybe they were necessary to overturn this rotten mess of a stopped up toilet.”

“Yeah, maybe,” said Sadie to her internal devil's advocate mechanism. “Are we still on schedule for, um, you know, the thing?”

Her calendar shrugged. “Well,” it said, “you have a list of people to contact, but it is unknown as to whether you wanted to officially sign up for the fair before you started

just willy nilly asking folk for submissions. But we are still early into the time juncture. It is the holiday of Booths tomorrow.”

“Oh, that’s a good one, holiday-wise” said Sadie (to her very talkative calendar). Sadie was no longer talking to the aforementioned human. That was actually a conversation that happened yesterday probably. Sadie was now thinking about eating breakfast. It was as if, every fucking day of her life, she found herself thinking about eating breakfast. And today? Would she splurge on a burrito? Throw away her hard earned [monetary units]? Well, they do say that you have to spend [monetary units] to make [monetary units]. Sadie took a sip of her now cooling yerba mate, and started to cry. Because life is so fucking hard. And beautiful. Sadie farted into her chair.

“Tweet tweet.”

“Okay everyone, we have a job to do. Pack your lunches and journey to your stations. Perhaps today we rip through into the gooey center of what makes this rancid system tick and pull out its beating heart and consume it, incorporating its being into our world of glorious chaotic constantly flowing oneness.”

“And then digesting it, and pooping out all of the tox-

ins?”

“But who eats the poop? Who eats the FUCKING POOP?!”

“Ah, you see that we are getting more and more technical, and when this happens, technical terms also begin to appear. We may as well introduce several such terms here. Notice that we have narrowed our attention down to the [room] and to its [walls], i.e., to a small region of space. In technical language, we call the room our *system*, and the walls become its *boundary*. Everything outside the boundary is called the *surroundings*. We would very much like to get rid of the surroundings because of their infinite complexity, but we can't really ignore them. On the other hand, we can make our formula *look* like it deals only with the system. The last form in which we wrote our formula puts the terms that have to do with changes in the system on the left. On the right we have terms to show what passes out of the system, but they are really there to account for changes in the surroundings. By associating them with the boundary of the system we make the appearance of dealing solely with the system. We treat Q and W as quantities, not as changes in anything, but in fact they are there to account for changes in the surroundings. Any conservation law must somehow include both the system and its surroundings.” [Energy Conservation—The First Law of Thermodynamics, from Understanding Thermodynamics by H.C. Van Ness,

1983 Dover edition, p.5-6]

“Alright, enough chitchat. Let’s not get bogged down in theory here. Our totally existing yet mysterious, inexplicable foundations are strong. Don’t lose sight of our destination.”

Sadie could not help the fact that she was currently employed as a science librarian.

Sadie walked down the street, peeking at her reflection in the parked cars, thinking about the various things that gave her dysphoric feelings. There were maybe five people waiting for the bus. She passed a man walking with two dogs. He smiled, the man. She entered the breakfast facility.

Sadie wondered whether it was necessary to put foundation over her face, in order to better project her, um, womanhood to the world. Was this act of gender performativity required for, um, acceptance? Like, she didn’t want to be that stereotype that was portrayed in every single fucking cartoon that has ever aired on television of the trans person with a stubble face. But you know, she was a somewhat late transitioning trans woman that had gone through a testosterone heavy puberty, and, as a result, had visible facial hair. I mean, come on people, it wasn’t like she didn’t have a laser hair removal consultation tomorrow. She was totally planning on dealing with this, um, thing. Sadie poked her

egg and the yolk dribbled out onto the kimchi fried rice. Her coffee would be out in ‘just a minute.’

“Do you have it all? Are you missing anything?”

“I think I have it all,” replied Sadie, smiling her big smile with her twinkling eyes.

In the introduction to his treatise on chaos and literature—*The Repeating Island*—Antonio Benítez-Rojo describes nature as the flux of an unknowable feedback machine that society interrupts constantly with the most varied and noisy rhythms (p.16). This, of course, is true. Sadie finished her bowl of hot rice, and wiped her mouth with the complimentary napkin. Lipstick traces and grease stains stared back at her. She put on her hat and journeyed on, coffee sweating through her lovely blouse.

“Whimper.”

“Billionaires can either give up the entirety of their wealth or be put to death immediately. And millionaires shall be barred from acting in any positions of authority, anywhere, for all eternity. Look, this is an obvious compromise from our much simpler default position of DEATH TO BILLIONAIRES and probably most millionaires, which I think then clearly shows that we have come to the table in

good faith.” Sadie finished unlocking the drawers and powering on the reference computers, and as she walked back to her chair, her hand rubbed across the bulge in her pants that made her astutely aware that explicitly presenting as a woman made the existence of her penis a bit more problematic than it would be in a world where she wasn’t quite so worried about knee-jerk hostility to trans women from strangers. She took a breath and sublimated her dysphoria, which was it dysphoria if it was based on how others might see her or only if it was based on how she saw her self? She sat at the desk, waiting for others to ask her questions related to their own particular exigencies.

Back in her office, Sadie sent a follow-up e-mail to the director of the campus LGBT+ center about her personal findings in regards to the university’s policy for name changing. Various conflicting informations, she was finding. Any good systems analysis requires poking the system at multiple places with an assortment of various sticks. In her short time in the library, Sadie was hoping to perform as much systems maintenance as possible, since she was probably not going to be here long enough to actually establish lasting personal relationships with the system’s various gears and cogs. There was an update in her box from the Acting Human in Charge of the Library:

Study-in at the University Library!

Sadie added a note to her To Do list: “Explicitly come out in support of the students protesting a reduction in library hours. The library exists (in large part) to support the students. Full transparency about reasons for reduction of hours, and foregrounding of student goals and voice in the decision making process going forward. Clear and realistic report of what it would take to keep the library open. Must take into account circadian rhythm and fact that anyone working night shift hours might get cancer, though.”

Sadie ate a nice dinner that night, but altogether wasn't entirely happy with the feedback she was receiving from the universe. Some potential futures were still giving her some excited feelings, but her planned reality had received a few major blows of disappointing news. It was a good thing she had therapy this next afternoon, where her therapist could remind her about the importance of using her coping skills without ever making clear what those coping skills actually were. Sadie knew that a sense of humor was one of her greatest assets. And she did have an ability to talk to birds and trees. This was generally very helpful when it came to coping with human institutions. Anyway, Sadie was maybe thinking that it might be time to introduce a new character into her story.



I am talking about the machine of machines, the machine machine machine machine; which is to say that every machine is a conjunction of machines coupled together, and each one of these interrupts the flow of the previous one; it will be said rightly that one can picture any machine alternatively in terms of flow and interruption.

-The Repeating Island : The Caribbean and the
Postmodern Perspective, Second Edition.
Antonio Benítez-Rojo. Translated by James E. Maraniss
Duke University Press, 1996, p.6

“...on the other hand, is something more: it is a technological-poetic machine, or, if you like, a metamachine of differences whose poetic mechanism cannot be diagrammed in conventional dimensions, and whose user’s manual is found dispersed in a state of plasma within the chaos of its own network of codes and subcodes.” Sadie finished transcribing that particular paragraph that she found on page 18 of *The Repeating Island* and glanced at the clock. She had a big day today? Many things to do (that she was excited about?). It was raining. She yearned for companionship. Oh, the sad

ache that she felt in her organs.

Sadie checked the e-mail account that was her responsibility to check as the official person that checks and answers e-mails related to the OJPL, the imaginary library system that, in addition to her other jobs, she also pretended to work at sometimes. In truth, this library system was just a vehicle to overthrow that capitalist-imperialist-colonialist system of boring stinky all-around badness and enable us all to live lives of, um, pleasant awesomeness? Well, there it was. Sitting in her message box. Her order placement for the vendor table was confirmed. Cross that one off the list. She now had “skin in the game.” Oh, speaking of which, she better get going to that consultation. She had a shuttle to catch.



a fly. a notch in a pole. a delicate song. like an overturned chair, its underbelly exposed for all the street to see. the numbers grew. more and more. people. waiting for the bus. her mother used to work with the local water park. she'd advise them on best practices re: dolphin-human communication, sometimes maybe giving lectures to the tourists. she had small dainty feet that she covered with an assortment of brightly colored shoes. she scratched her back when it itched. off in the distance, somebody screamed. almost.

more of an aborted shriek. something was growing. she vaguely remembered something. a tree. the wind blew. a bus arrived.

Arts of Bhutan. Children Taking Lessons. Her co-passenger clear their throat. “Ahem.” *Please be careful where you project your consciousness. These lands have been mined.* The co-passenger to her left had what some authors might call “envious curls.” Which reminded her. She pulled out her book of recreational reading (*Infect Your Friends and Loved Ones* by Torrey Peters). The last two times she read this book aboard public transport had ended up leading to major trans milestones. “What’s next?” asked the passing advert on the store window. *Well*, she thought. *Lunch?*

Lube. A black iron prison. A car wash. She walked down the street. A bicycle passed on her right. Vanilla. There was so much junk. Beeping horns. Almost there, now. The Original Pancake House.

“Hi! Haven’t seen you in a while. You sit anywhere you like.”

Sadie sat at her usual table. Well, it was only the second time she sat there, which, maybe now it was her usual table? She sipped the small glass of cold ice water. Ice is generally pretty cold. Kurt Vonnegut once wrote a book

about a special kind of ice that was maybe a metaphor for the madness of a world with nuclear weapons. The young woman at the table in the middle of the expansive room picked at her nose. Sadie liked this woman's haircut and earrings. Sadie had already downed one cup of coffee. The food arrived.

"Enjoy."

Sadie took a bite of syrupy buttered pancakes and wondered how the hormones would affect her metabolism. Would she have to watch her figure? Were her days of unthinking indulgence in diner specials coming to an end? The clanking of dishes begged to be heard as the aproned diner employee cleared the table to Sadie's rear.

Sadie pondered the impossibility of faithfully observing something and simultaneously describing that something without altering the very nature of the something in question. There was probably some specific scientific theorem that dealt with this.

"Do you want to go back to school?"

"Part of me wants to, because my dream was always to work with hearing-impaired children. But I don't have the energy anymore because I'm taking care of my parents."

"Could I get three back, please?"

It was time to talk story.

WELCOME TO TOMORROW

Sadie was totally digging the waiting room music. Oboes?

On the bus. Another express. There was one thing that Sadie had been attempting to accomplish since long before the recent personnel changes that had taken place throughout the OJPL system. She was attempting to get one of their previously published books (**For Sale**) into the old local public library system. And like, the last sales pitch with the head of the relevant department hadn't gone so well. She didn't want to burden this particular librarian or anything, but Sadie *was* now acting as the only fully operational OJPL Publishing huckster for this particular locale. And, there were deadlines approaching. There was a lot riding on this as yet still imaginary sales interaction. There was, of course, in a sense, very little riding on this particular interaction. In a sense, her ideal imaginary future already existed (in the future?). Sadie looked up out of the corner of her eye to notice that the Harlem Globetrotters were coming to town. She recalled fondly how they had that way of making quick work out of the Washington Generals. Sadie thought about her responsibility as a role model to young girls. The bus turned a corner and headed downtown.



Sadie unpacked the harvest bags onto the table. Not bad for the first day of the holiday. Two heads of bok choy, green onions, green beans, mystery greens, kale, collards, arugula, and lemongrass. Now, how would she disperse all of this bounty? She was periodically dreading going into work today, having all of these public library people stare at her face, which, probably she wouldn't be shaving due to the instructions from the laser hair removal clinic. Why she hadn't actually asked the question about how long she should wait to shave while she was at the clinic was one of those things that made her wonder about the competing forces that acted upon her mind and the reality in which she was embedded. And now came the regrets and second guessing. But whatever. Maybe a nice cry on the floor would help. But she had all of these greens to deal with. And she'd better eat something. For breakfast.

Well, she couldn't quite resist shaving her face. If she read everything correctly, it shouldn't affect the removal process, just maybe might be some ingrown hairs or something. The morning was going okay well alright, I guess. It was now her meal break. She was heating up some soup. She had to deal with the criminal electric company that was trying to charge her so many monies for NO GOOD

REASON. She would call them next week maybe and kindly explain her situation. Humans were capable of things, you know. And so far, Sadie had had much luck in patiently talking to disembodied voices over the telephone. So far.

Sadie had received a nice letter that morning from an old friend, who was not aware that Sadie was now Sadie, but was aware that she had broken up with her ex. And overall, things were going more better in a manner that Sadie liked maybe. But, um, we'll see about that, won't we.

Sadie sat at the circulation desk. Do doo doo. This reality is...a bit boring? The room was colorful. And wide open. The purple carpet led out to the shelved walls. Lots of characters, going about their business. The new apprentice rolled out a cart of books, with a clank clank here and a clank clank there. Two people asked Sadie questions, but she sent them to the information desk, because her brain was tired and that level of functionality was outside of her job description. It was bright, the room. Some people found what they were looking for and some people didn't.

Wow, Sadie really got some intense yearnings sometimes when she looked at other women. Like, a wanting to be. Or, a someday maybe I could be. It was, a wistful feeling? There was too much happening. She would—

“How do I find this book?”

“Let me help you with that. Let's see. How children

succeed...”

Sadie was...heterosexual? Like, she was having feelings towards men. Were they sexual or, um, socio-relational? Well, she was probably still attracted to women folk, too. Um. So many ceiling panels in the library. The windows had blackened. Nighttime. Not too much accomplished today, but things didn't "fall apart," as they say.

Sadie was now thinking, *I'll never make it to breasts. Two years or so. The world is not going to last that long.* It's all about creating the narrative, right? And once we all situate ourselves into our dream world timelines, it won't matter if we reach some arbitrary conclusion point. The *point* is that we totally existed within a reality where things could have gone according to our ideals. Like, these junctions exist, and their existence means, um, that our specific collapsed wave functions aren't the only game in town. So don't get greedy or whatever. Let that positive absolute totally be obtained. What other objectives have you not yet met? What is stopping you from meeting them? Sadie looked over at the wall light and the web of spiders ballooning in the breeze. That's probably beautiful is what she thought. All of these things in the world. They are probably so impossibly beautiful. They are such tiny details. Such small little threads. She appreciated her neigh-

bors, and their stories of chocolate and peppers. What would become of her little plans? What would blossom out of this hodgepodge of will. No matter how many times she told herself certain truths, she never quite understood the weight of their meaning. It was always a surprise that moment when the world turned our way. Sadie was thinking about the specific interlocking mechanism that for a brief moment she could literally see. She rubbed her penis. She picked her nose. She took a shower with the falling rain.

Well, you fucking dumb dumb stupid animal. What *were* you thinking? Trying to do all of this stuff and not realizing the sort of fire you were playing with. Oh well. Sucks to be you, I suppose. Still, might as well keep poking things and pushing buttons. The plans have been written. We have seen the systems office. We have seen the sixth floor of the book depository. Blah blah blah. Sadie was feeling angry, probably because she was way past due for lunch and all she had eaten was that delicious apple strudel, which still lingered in a sickly sweet way in her human mouth. Oh humans. What are we going to do with you? Sadie was now way behind schedule, possibly just ahead of schedule, but at this point, way behind schedule. She somehow switched tracks at one of the aforementioned junctures and she now found herself maybe without access to health care within the month. Which meant all of the things she was doing,

maybe she wouldn't be doing no more. Which would mean that, in a sense, she had already written herself out of her ideal world, and had somehow found herself on this parallel track heading, um, she didn't know where. She was tired. Sadie yawned and listened to various rustling sounds out in the hall. Perhaps the garbage collector was coming to take her away.

“Back to work!”

“No, I don't think we shall be doing this thing.”

“But, I am the boss of you.”

“No,” said Sadie. “You are not the boss of me.” Like, let us stop and think for a moment about how fucking stupid we are. Fuck! I can pinpoint so many possible breaches of security. “But that was the plan,” said Sadie. “It isn't about dominating reality. It is about taking a leap of faith into the interlocking arms of our chosen community. It is about testing the stress points in our relationship with our 'verse.” Uh oh. Something was happening. Can you almost feel it? Like, this very readable, if banal, book about this totally realistic character was morphing into some kind of poetic science fiction story. With characters! With already existing fictional characters! As if this was just another book in an ongoing series of books, published by the OJPL Publishing company, the totally real imaginary publishing arm of the imaginary public library system, the Orange

Juice Public Library. Perhaps, at this very moment, you are reading one of the physically manifest books published by this imaginary publishing company. Which begs the question, are you yourself part of this work of fiction? Is a non-fictional existence even possible? Sadie scratched at her itchy chest, which she had mostly shaved last night. Her plans were falling apart, which, of course, she always maintained was a possibility. She brought the narrative back around into the present time, where she was clearly not doing the job she was getting paid for. What was this job, anyway? Who was she accountable to? More noises rumbled through the hall. Someone had taken out the trash.

Well, this whole access to health care wasn't going to work itself out without some massive cost. Which meant that Sadie would now be taking these funds directly out of her paycheck, meaning that she would deduct the amount of work she did for her employers to offset the cost of this thing that should be provided for everyone anyway. So, now that that's settled (or postponed for future discussion). What's next on the to do list?

“Please let us know if you are still having difficulties or have any further questions.”

As the week drew to a close, Sadie was feeling oh so very

fucking tired. Just think of all the things that had happened. 'Tis a shame that she made so very many mistakes in judgment. 'Tis a shame that her once high hopes had been dashed yet again, by, oh fuck it. Who cares. Things would keep revolving. And various blah blah fucking blah. Who really cared what happened anyway? It is not like this was a matter of life and death. No, none of this matters at all. Sadie was really very very tired. She had bit off more than she could chew and now there were various unchewed pieces of food in her mouth? Well, let us call week one an utter and complete failure. Shabbat shalom.

As the sun falls, our protagonist enters a state of being that calls for the bare minimum of effort to be expended. Who would regenerate her store? What was happening off in the other sectors of the 'verse, what beautiful struggles were being waged? And who paid these wages? It was time to remember something. Our personal personnel struggles aside, we are all here for some important reason. Let us not be shitty to each other. Let us not be shitty to our selves. It is like they say, divided, we beg, united, what a good bargain we get. Please review your accounting methodology and correct your errors.

The Sabbath

And on the seventh day, God decided to go to work as a library assistant at the local public library branch. God was very tired, of course, what with all of the hard work that God had performed—all of that hard, creative work that, looking back, God saw what God had did and was not very impressed. I mean, the shitty thing is, you create all of this life, and then it totally escapes your control and makes all of these really bad decisions, but what are you going to do? Destroy it all and start over? Don't you know anything about how consciousness works? But anyway, God had made a verbal commitment to some nice lady, and now God found herself probably not getting the sort of rest that God probably needed. God felt really ugly and unworthy of love. There was no one to love God. God was the only thing that existed.

Sadie thought about the recent devolution of the novel she was writing, and how there was almost a brief moment in one of the chapters when some of the fictional characters from another story she had written had just about materi-

alized into her own plane of existence and forced themselves into her current story, but then, no, she was just a regular person living in the regular old real world where stuff like that didn't happen. If you weren't watching, you might have missed it. Sadie had not that long ago downloaded some new storytelling software that she had only just unpacked and started to play with. So now there was yet another project that she had going that could take her mind off of all the other projects that she had started but no longer felt confident in finishing because her world had been upturned by one single message from one well-placed individual. See, there are certain fulcrums that can really affect a person's, um, anyway, it's not that important. Sadie yawned because it was the middle of the night and she should be asleep, but she had all of these things to do. All of these things that she *wanted* to do, and all of these things that she *didn't* want to do. But she really liked this new-to-her interactive storytelling software, and had begun to write a story based on her life (which she was currently living). She imagined that it probably wouldn't be for other people. This would be something she created for herself. Maybe then it wouldn't suck so bad, and she could enjoy it for what it was.

Sadie wished she had a friend.

Sadie was so sad, sometimes. Other times she was, well, high or something. Was she happy? She didn't remember.

Had she been experiencing the world at all? Now she wasn't quite sure. Like, she was there for all of her daily happenings. Like, she definitely experienced them. But. Was she still detached from her reality? No, I mean. Surely she felt all of her feelings. So deeply. Uh oh. Sadie was questioning her very existence. On an existential level, which is, like, the only level to really question your existence on. Sadie thought about this dream she had once, or maybe a sort of genre of dream that she had sometimes. It was related to China maybe? And escalators? And nuclear power plants and Evil Corporations and like, that feeling when you are in this place and it has this certain quality that, well, she lost that thought she was having. There was definitely some itchiness on her breasts. And now she was begging the unnamed forces that controlled her future. It wasn't pretty to watch. Sadie didn't like the fact that there were specific things that she really really wanted. She felt vulnerable. She played with her sensitive nipple. She yawned. "Yawn." "Yaaawwwnn." Um. *Okay, thought Sadie in the direction of a specific individual, I am asking you for this favor. It would mean a great deal to me. Please?*

So, a nice shower, with some scrubbing of the face, to help along the process that maybe she had ruined due to circumstances beyond/within her control. Some more oatmeal. Um, some more yerba mate. Let's see. Maybe Sadie

finished her first short story using her new shiny storytelling thing. She had many ideas for its usage, but sometimes always there was just one little aspect of a thing that prevented her from sharing it uncomplicatedly. She could always edit that little aspect of a thing, but then the thing would no longer be the thing that it was. Which is okay, I guess. We all change. And change again. Sadie certainly felt better about herself. And her prospects. Which, she was totally tempting fate by saying that. Because fate totally likes to mess with people. "Oooh look," fate might be wont to say, "that person left themselves open for some bitter irony." Or, "Ha ha," fate might go on, "they totally think they are on one road, but wait till they see what I am going to throw in their lap next." Or is that destiny I am thinking about? Sadie's neighbor tromped up the creaky outdoor stairs. Vroom vroom vroom vroom went the engine of an automobile, also outside. Sadie was, of course, inside, being too scared to ever leave her dungeon again. Well, at least for the next ten minutes or so until she probably got up and went to the public library to PROCESS AND CIRCULATE BOOKS! Such a mitzvah this was. And on the Sabbath, no less. A double mitzvah, probably. Sure. Her parents were probably in an airplane. They called her this morning from the airport to say farewell. They were going to China on holiday. On the phone, Sadie realized that she was definitely living in a Dickian future. Which, I guess, aestheti-

cally speaking, she had maybe acquired a taste for. Not quite Kafka, but it was okay. A wave of fear washed over her, and quickly receded into wherever it was these waves receded to. Or maybe it was Sadie that was the thing that was constantly in wave-like motion? Sadie put on her is-that-all-there-is-to-a-fire pants and calmly walked out the door.

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RENDER WARNING: texture bound to texture unit 0  
is not renderable. It maybe non-power-of-2 and  
have incompatible texture filtering.
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Sadie noted the warning and, like most warnings she received, did not quite know what to do with it. Like, she could make some sense of it, but this language was still not quite, um. Renderable? Sadie Rose Rosen took a deep breath and decided, it was time to sell books.

“So, I’ve only read a little bit of it, but I don’t think that you really get a sense of place. Like, you cannot really tell that it is set in Hawai’i. Just, some characters might have a Hawaiian name or some specific locales are mentioned, but overall, I’m not so sure it belongs in our collection.”

Ooh, rough one. But, some feedback, though. And perhaps, with the application of some positive reviews, Sadie might be able to get the book—**For Sale**—into the system, still. But who would review this book? The best prospects

were all relatives of Sadie's ex, a person who would probably not want to do Sadie any favors today. Besides, Sadie already had a kind of important big favor request that was currently pending. Well, back to work then.



You see, this is the mistake Sadie made before. Biting off more than she could chew. The wheels in her mind started spinning, and the idea factory started spouting off possible lines of action that might bring about her desired ends. "But slow down," said her wary mind. "Let's not get inside a pickle again." No, nobody wants that. Hmm. A sense of place. How do we better communicate a sense of place? Like, Sadie totally existed within this place, and everything she did came out of this place. Sure, she was a foreigner, but. Hmm. You would think that *something* in that previous book *must* communicate *some* aspect of this place's people and culture. Surely then, OJPL Publishing was missing out on some vital aspect of the communication process.

Sadie was taking an inventory. The color blue. Well, that certainly wasn't evocative of this place. There wasn't even a word for blue, like, it is literally a foreign RING RING

RING RING.

“Mānoa Public Library. Five o’clock. You’re welcome.”

The, um, caller on the other end had a pidgin accent, which totally expressed the fact that this was a story that took place locally. “What time you guys open today?” they might have asked. As she answered the caller’s query, Sadie looked down at the post-it note covered with the scribbles in her handwriting that she had jotted down during a previous phone call. “Thomas: Art of Power.” Interesting, thought Sadie. Very interesting. She was walking around on tip toes, afraid to upset any semblance of balance she had managed to achieve. Balance was very important in these lands.

Sadie finished packing the box labeled HSL, and carried it over to the stacks of other outgoing boxes. She looked down and noted the book that had topped off the box. Chemistry: Getting a Big Reaction! Now this was how the reading experience one had when utilizing OJPL technology was *supposed* to operate. It is possible the Hawai’i and Pacific selector at HSL had gotten a defective book machine, but, well, it would either produce the proper effects or not. I mean, sure, OJPL books are very much *contextual* devices, and we cannot guarantee that every reading will alter your reality structure in the optimal manner, but if they cannot even perform adequately for the Selector of

Books, perhaps they do not belong in that selector's collection. Sadie applied the finishing imaginary touches to the shipment and bid it aloha and good journeys as it made its way to the main library branch. The hour was almost up. Sadie walked over to the Circulation Staff Weekly Schedule and noted her next shift: Backup. Hmmm. As her view wandered up and around the alcove, a photograph pinned to the top of the board caught her eye. The old staff smiled down at her, approvingly. Must be one of those optical illusions, thought Sadie. Just then, the totally local type library assistant made her way back through the staff area, another desk shift complete. The not local but totally generic character that you find locally librarian walked by in the other direction, and shared an elevator down, probably on their way to lunch.

So many things in Sadie's reality that scream Hawai'i, but like, how to write about them without reducing everything to stereotypical pablum? She liked to think her writing style conveyed its sense of place, not just in its smattering of random local referents, but in its overall ethos and philosophical grounding. And certainly, OJPL books were written largely *for* the people of Hawai'i. Like, these books were specific acts of communication directed towards a Hawai'i audience and taking place in a Hawai'i context. They were meant to be relevant to the people of this place.

Of course, true it was, that the author of this particular book in question (**For Sale**) made choices to intentionally not collapse wave functions, so as to keep all possibilities open in terms of how specific readers read the text. Like, the text could be read many many ways, because certain things were not explicitly described. And while the technology was indeed designed to work only with the application of the reader's consciousness, and was also designed to be functional for a diverse array of potential readers, perhaps what we were left with was an overall vagueness that failed to engage with the reader's imagination, hence a perceived lack of place. But anyway, like Sadie was saying, there was for a long time no word in the Hawaiian language for blue. There were, however, at least four or five words to describe your farts. But we wouldn't want to be crude. It wouldn't suit our particular context.



Okay, okay. Too many missed opportunities. Sadie realized that her only realistically practical option was to alter the structure of reality so that things would tend to tilt her way. None of this map-able story arching, one passage clearly leading to another. She could do all of the things she might plan for, mapping out all of the contingencies, and

still have everything contingent on some outside force. No, better to stick her fingers directly into the DING DONG DING DONG. Oh, there goes the bell.

“How do you claim to like books and not know the classics? And he is like forty years old or something.”

BEEP. Chr-chunk. BEEP. Chr-chunk. BEEP Chr-chunk.

“Thanks.”

WEEK 2

Sadie awoke feeling horrible about her self and her prospects. She didn't want to go to the garden. She had no faith in the worth of her art. She wished she had never ever attempted to do anything. Still, she got out of bed, went to the bathroom, and took her pills. She had started taking two a day, as per doctor's orders, and okay fine, she would go to the garden. The chaos in her room had spilled out into the rest of the house and she did not want to clean it, and while she assumed that she would take care of it eventually, so far none of her present selves had been up to the task. Yes, *obviously* this was directly related to the expenditure of energy and the second law of thermodynamics, one of those scientific laws that seems clever and functional, but is simply yet another *description* of things that we all experience, and provides nothing in the way of *explanation*. But whatever. Garden.

Sadie went to grab a pair of specific shorts, and found they were still hanging up on a hanger, after what—over a month? Oy. She thought she had things contained to her room, but everything was leaking out. Agreeing to sub at this second job was like the worst idea ever. She had no

time to maintain her system. And now it was possible the payment she would receive would just be flushed away anyway. This is an argument for the value of our time being infinitely more valuable than the value of money. Sadie zipped up her shorts and went in search of her brown belt, which she was certain she would find on the floor of her living room, as the past two days she had taken to shedding her clothes directly upon arrival home at the end of a long day of obligations. She was dreading the conversation with her ex that maybe would happen later today. She was dreading what would happen if it didn't happen later today. She thought about that one sentence in that e-mail she had just written to their mutual friend and how maybe that stated-out-loud assumption was the mistake that was feeding the universe's harsh response. But we are being vague again. Perhaps we will flesh things out. Perhaps we won't. Garden.

How to describe a morning walk in Mānoa? Right out the door, Sadie saw that someone had left her a husked coconut on the green-painted picnic table that her ex-brother had built. So, that's a good sign? She was maintaining *some* aspects of her system at least. She rounded the crumbling wall and made her way up the drive. The moat was on its way to mostly dried up. She walked up Rainbow Street. Looked up to the sky, acknowledged the pointy-headed bird

that was singing on the telephone wire. Stopped at the intersection and made a turn down Stream Street. Sadie saw a dying bee walking in the opposite direction. She had imaginary conversations with local fiction experts that maybe could give her some feedback on the questions of: 1. Was this specific OJPL Publishing book (**For Sale**) worth inclusion in a public library; and 2. Was it substantially about slash relevant to slash expressive of Hawai'i? Sadie also had an imaginary conversation with her ex, where she maybe got across some points that maybe would persuade her ex to not do the thing that would make Sadie's life a whole lot more difficult. Sadie saw another maybe dying bee, walking along the ground.

Sadie got to the garden and was like, should I just water right away or do some slug maintenance or...? She walked past the faucet into the now high weedy grass and was like, oh shit, what happened to the bucket and the tools? Did it blow away? But where? Did someone take it? That's what happens when you don't come to the garden regularly. But she only skipped a day of watering! But then she was like, oh, there you are, bucket, hiding under the *other* lemongrass. Phew. She found the digging/stabbing tools nearby, and decided to get to work utilizing the tools she had while she had them.

“Do you have water?”

“Huh?”

“I don’t have any water.”

“Oh,” said Sadie to her fellow gardener, “I haven’t even tried to turn on the hose yet this morning.”

Turns out, someone had broken a pipe last night and they had turned off the water for the entire community garden. Yet another example of things you take for granted that all of a sudden might not be there. Like, the water would *probably* be turned back on that afternoon, but Sadie wouldn’t be able to water that morning. She picked some kale and some collards. At some point her thumb cracked open and she started bleeding again. She had sliced right into the top of it last night preparing the turnip greens for her lazy dinner (of turnip greens and leftover rice). So, no water, but she did have a nice conversation with this other gardener, who took some rosemary from Sadie to maybe root and plant. This gardener shared two plots with a group of ten or so people. Sadie introduced her new friend to her kalo, “That’s lena lena, that’s pololū, and that’s, um, mana ‘ulu.”

“Oh, did you name your taro?”

“Oh no. Ha ha ha. I didn’t name them. Those are, um, just their names, you know.”

Anyway, Sadie was going to also pick some beans, but then her thumb started bleeding yet again, and it was hot, and there was no water, so she left.

On her walk back, Sadie passed a bee, flying in the air,

healthily alive. She grabbed the coconut off the table and brought it inside.

Sadie lived in a world filled with nonsensical systems and topsy turvey norms and mores. And it seemed like—finally—people were starting to realize that, hey, you know, this state of things is quite utterly insane, but then, like, they did not quite know what to do with that fact. So for the most part, people just went along doing what they were doing, maybe thinking, oh, it feels like something really weird is happening and it seems important and like maybe I shouldn't just go along doing these regular, let's face it, meaningless activities when all of this other stuff is happening but what do I do? So, like, an awareness of the exigency and need for change, but a total ignorance (this, of course, a built-in feature of the dominant system) of how to take any concrete steps in any direction that might be outside of the permitted dominant streamflow. Sadie really wanted to be able to use words other than crazy or insane or madness, but didn't know how to clearly express her feelings that the dominant belief system was extremely not healthy for the humans colonized by it (not to mention the environment of things that made up the *surroundings* outside of the arbitrarily designated *boundaries* of the *system*) without using language that had a history of being used to oppress individuals within the dominant society that had maybe alternate mental states or abilities. Like, this wasn't

just a health issue, this was trying to express a specific feeling that a certain worldview/state of things/mind set is completely unreal and shouldn't-be and without foundation. But maybe this was just a value judgment that Sadie was making? "No, *you're* crazy," she was saying. But, objectively speaking, within the [walls] of her own [room], she was, of course, correct. But, point being, there was a rising mass of others starting to state out loud their agreement on these matters. They just didn't have the tools or groundings to effectively operate within the parameters of such a world, and so they defaulted back into the dominant system's well-worn grooves and paths. Sadie, too, did this, all of the time. Sadie looked down at her blood stained arms and hands. Modern life. Some kind of struggle, this.

Aaaaaaahhhh!!!! Well, that went okay, I guess. Sadie thought back on her day. Distributed greens to all three neighbors. Made some soup broth. Washed all the dishes. Made a delicious soup with the rest of last week's broth. Washed more dishes. Did a washtubful of laundry. Shaved her legs and arms. Thought about baking cookies, but decided to instead try and make muffins in the morning. Talked to her ex on the phone and only freaked out a little bit. So, no need to worry at all. Everything was fine. I mean, not everything was perfect today. But totally fine, though. I mean, things could be better. But who are we to complain? Oh, here is the soup recipe:

Take a bunch of kale (like, two bunches?) and slice out the stems (save for a future batch of leftover scrap soup broth). Chop up into squares, not so big the squares. Place in pot with two and a half cups of water. Bring to a boil, cover, lower heat and simmer. Chop up some arugula (like, a bunch of it?), removing the stems first. Um, a little bit smaller than the kale. Chop up some celery (two stalks) into small bits. Slice up the chunks of cabbage that you have leftover from the sauerkraut you started last week. You know, the chunks that were not quite core, but kind of chunky though. Anyway, slice them up thin, like, you know, cabbage. In a separate sauce pot, add a chunk of butter (a tablespoon?) and melt over medium heat. Add the cabbage and some salt. Stir the cabbage a bit. Cook it a bit. Cover and lower the heat. Every ten minutes or so, check on the cabbage, stirring it around. Eventually it will brown, but this might take a very long time? Also, it will smell good maybe to your nose. Add a cup of lentils to the soup pot along with three and a half cups of vegetable broth. Maybe raise the heat a little until liquid starts to bubble. Add the arugula and celery. Also, spices? A few good shakes of cinnamon, some cumin, coriander, a little nutmeg. Oh, and slice up a chunk of that turmeric you pulled out of the ground this morning (peel it first). You should have lowered the heat so that the liquid is just about simmering. Don't

forget to periodically stir the cabbage. Chop up some green onions. Leave them on the chopping board. Oh, we forgot. Heat up two tablespoons vegetable oil in a saucepan. Add one cup of kasha (buckwheat groats). Stir it around cooking over medium heat. Oh yeah, and of course you remembered to warm up two cups of liquid (one cup broth and one cup leftover whey from that farmer's cheese you made). Add that liquid after cooking the kasha for a few minutes, turning the heat to its lowest setting. Cover it and cook for about fifteen minutes, until the kasha has absorbed all of the liquid. Keep stirring the soup as the lentils cook. Oh yeah, add two more cups of water because the soup looks really thick with greens because maybe you put in a lot of kale, and the lentils will absorb some liquid anyway and this is going to be a soup, not a stew. Keep periodically stirring the cabbage. Did you add a spoonful of that fermented chile paste that you keep in the fridge? Do that after you add the lentils. So yeah, the soup cooks for a while. When the cabbage has browned and looks good and smells nice, add it to the soup pot. Mix everything around. Add some fresh ground pepper. Add some salt? Oh yeah, add the kasha, but probably not all of it. Maybe one third to one half, depending on the look of the soup, and how thick with stuff you want it. Add the green onions. There you go, kasha and lentil green vegetable soup. Did we forget anything?

Last week's soup was pretty good, too. It was more of an assortment of things that would probably go bad if they weren't used soon soup. Oldish kale, collards, arugula, chopped up pretty small; water; a beet and two carrots, cut into smallish cubes; two stalks celery, chopped up; a half a bunch chopped up parsley, a few sprigs of dill, a lot of chopped up mint; vegetable broth; and, um, green onions. Oh yeah, and roasted garlic. Topped off with a half cup or so of leftover cream. Spices included salt and pepper. Oh, and a generous spoonful of fermented chile paste. Oh yeah, and two small juicy limes that your neighbor gave you and the rest of that old lemon. Serve with a dollop of sour cream, and on some nights, add some avocado. But enough about soup. It's not like this is some kind of cookbook, is it?



Sadie made muffins. Why did she make muffins? Her timing is impeccable. Always running around, doing things. Too much plans! Too much too much.

“What am I doing wrong?” thought Sadie as she closed yet another empty mailbox upon her return home from job number 1. “Why am I all of a sudden getting no responses?” she thought, perhaps in reference to the recent Call for Submissions that she had sent out into the world. “What do

I need to do?” She walked down the driveway and saw the six liliko’i on the picnic table. “Well...” So, she was getting *some* sort of positive response. Passion fruit is always a good sign, probably. She pulled her now-dry laundry off of the line, put the muffins—that she had left to cool in the oven—inside of, um, a muffin box, and, um, ate another muffin. “Sigh,” sighed Sadie. “Time to switch gears again.”

“Aloha Sadie,” read the response, “I would like to participate with a chapbook.” Ah so. A chapbook. There would be a chapbook at this Print and Book Sale where OJPL Publishing would have a table probably. So, that’s a start.

“Do you make change for copies?”

“Sure, we make change for copies.” replied Sadie to the patron. Indeed, the entire copying process was built around change. Well, obviously copies are supposed to be based on attempts at *sameness*, but their very nature *as* copies marks them as categorically different entities than originals.

“Ostriches.”

Somebody cleared their throat. “Here’s another one. MUMBLE MUMBLE MUMBLE UNCLEAR WORDS MUMBLE.” Somebody cleared their throat. Sadie’s eyes were starting to water, usually a sign that she was tired already. Her life was sooooo boring, right? Like, where’s the

drama? If you wanted to read about the mundane day-to-day of some boring human, you'd probably just live your own life, yeah? You certainly wouldn't be here, eavesdropping on fictional characters, now would you?

“Okay,” said Sadie to the rest of the OJPL Publishing staff, “that makes two verbal commitments for the Book Fair. No official proposals yet, but that’s a start. So, you know, it’s a start.”

“You already said that,” nobody said, because Sadie was all alone. She had nothing to look forward to. She was all alone with her self. She was all alone and she had nothing to look forward to. Nobody was coming home to her.

Oh, would you look at that. Sadie had leveled up on her online chatworld profile. *Somebody* thought she was local enough. Now, if she could just reach into the minds of certain specific individuals that held the power to do the things that Sadie wanted to be done. Just then Sadie received feedback from her feedback mechanism. Someone was attempting to contact her through the aether. Hello? Hello? she said. Hello? Are you there?



Okay already, thought Sadie. Too much, already. You've given me too much. It is beyond my wildest dreams. Thank

you. But it is all so overwhelming. You want me to just break out crying all day? Should she eat another muffin? All of the muffins? There were only two muffins left. Sadie yawned. Was it still the holiday? Sadie thought about her old housemate, one of the ones from China. She wanted to wish her a happy moon festival, but reaching out to old friends was soooo complicated. She still wasn't sure if she had fucked up her last interaction with an old friend, as she was still waiting on a reply. Hmmm. Maintaining all of these relationships was difficult, but necessary for Sadie's plans, which involved, um, hmmm...Sadie briefly looked at the structure of her ideal dreamworld communication network which somehow had manifest itself inside of her elbow pit? Is that even a thing? Elbow pits? Anyway, if this network was working to spec, then she shouldn't be relying so heavily on these all-too-literal communicational inboxes that she found herself so obsessively checking lately. There were other means of contact, and other vehicles for the communication of messages. The immensity of the universe sprung into her vision, and then quickly retreated back in its cuckoo clock-like manner, hiding its mechanisms so as to not explode Sadie's feeble mind. Slightly jarred, but wanting more, Sadie brushed a strand of hair behind her ear and thought about whether tomorrow would be a day that she went out into the world looking like herself. She still had that identification picture to take, and wanted to look

pretty or whatever. I mean, she wanted to look like herself. Had she accomplished enough things, and made sufficient preparations for the things yet to come? Could she devote some time to a little bit of self care, perhaps? Well, fuck. *Come on, then universe, thought Sadie, show me what you've got, please.*

“This is an aspect of system function that I like to call insignificant insimplicity.”

As she passed into the bridge, she noticed for the first time ever a book, waiting to be reshelved. “Your Eyes...An Owner’s Guide.”

“...Queen Lili’uokalani’s songs,” drew Sadie further into the bridge, through the exhibit, past the Goonies t-shirt, and into the wing of science and technology, which was full of spider webs (and spiders).

STAFF OFFICES

Out --> In.

Chat with co-worker about arugula, various local library hiring practices. Go into office, turn on computer. Check desk calendar.

OPEN the garage door.

“Built for speed. Primed for performance.” Close the window. Sign into the excessively surveiling assessment software. Ah, a recent question about average rainfall. Sadie recalled getting that question on her last run through the

library. She found the question from two years back, but no answer. And because the university had purged her e-mail account at the end of her last stint, there was no record of this transaction. Hmmm. Sadie thought about the desire to record everything forever and whether or not this was a thing that she supported. It was obviously a thing that she supported *and* also a thing that she did not support. It is what landed her in this precarious pickle of an island in the first place.

“Is there a reason why the copy machine is not working?”

“I don’t know,” replied Sadie. “I’ll go see if our copier expert is in yet.”

Sadie read an e-mail about a presentation related to the obsessions of linguists. “(sometimes translated as “sequential voicing”)” She had also received two really stupid annoying announcements from the university about what to do in case of a nuclear attack, which was framed in this way that was totally complicit with imperial warmongering. Like, forget about the fact that there is *always* a threat of nuclear “accidents” from the submarines and weapons that are in and out of here all the fucking time. Forget about the zero-possibility of a non-U.S. nation strategically *initiating* an attack on Hawai’i with nuclear weaponry.

Sadie walked to the campus center and crossed out her old name and wrote in her new name and sat for a photo-

graph and moments later had an ID that said her name and had her picture. She was pretty excited about it. She stopped into the LGBT+ center on her way back to the library and rang the bell.

Sadie Rose Rosen updated her personal information in the integrated library system. Sadie Rose Rosen did a good job today at doing her job.

Whoah. It's like every time someone called her Sadie, Sadie got this rush of joy. Anyway, it was time to close the desk. Sadie walked home, finished the kigel, had a beer, and passed out on the bed.



The sky opened up. It was raining, thank God. Tink tink tink tink tink tink. Sadie looked to the window. That was odd. The noise stopped. The drip drop drip drop of the rain continued. Sometimes, all of a sudden, it would rain. Sometimes, it was really windy for days. Sometimes it was so hot and muggy, vog covering all things in a haze. Sadie received another proposal for the Book Fair. This was good. The proposed work would be a teaser zine for an upcoming work of interactive fiction. And Sadie was given an actual work-in-progress to review. New_game 7, it was

called (the title would change, of course). But depending on your placement on the time continuum, you should totally keep your eye out for Dawn's super cool Twine game, coming in 2018 from the OJPL. It is going to be awesome.

“She seems to be under the impression that I'm doing great no problems thriving and that she is struggling miserable lonely so why should she be doing something nice for me that enables me to live my carefree life when she doesn't get to live a carefree life doing things she wants to do. None of this holds up to factual analysis, though.”

Sadie would have a long imaginary conversation with the H&P Section Selector about whether or not any copies of **For Sale** belonged in the H&P section on her walk home after skimming through the opening chapters of **For Sale** while sitting at the shuttle stop, before deciding to just walk all the way back up into the valley where she lived. There was a giant rainbow waiting for her as she walked down Mānoa Road. Sadie was now of the opinion that **For Sale** clearly belonged—if it belonged anywhere—in the Hawai'i and Pacific section of the public library. It was a book written in Hawai'i, and was marked as being about slash taking place in slash written for Hawai'i readers in numerous and explicit ways. It was, in fact, a communication technology created specifically to place the author in

conversation with the people of Hawai'i (not exclusively, but still). It wasn't until recently that Sadie had even really started imagining writing for a predominantly non-Hawai'i audience, due to various personal circumstances that she was also thinking about on her walk home. Like, should she just pack up her bags and leave, now that she was no longer in a monogamous romantic relationship with [the 'āina]? Sadie felt sweaty and dirty. She was so happy after she got her second hormone injection and basically floated out of the clinic. Now she was a little frustrated that the book she was selling was not being taken seriously, simply because it had a sense of humor. But the excuses given just did not hold up. But she did not know whether this was one of those times to be assertive or not. Also, Sadie had to remember not to take this all so personally. She was just the salesperson. It wasn't as if her very worth as a human alien was being called into question. Although, it sort of was. Sadie very much needed to eat sustenance for to sustain her very being. She was running on empty.

Sadie Rose Rosen used to have this recurring daydream fantasy where strangers (or various people she knew in the past) would break into her life, all of a sudden, and kidnap her into an alternate reality, having specifically come for her, to take her into a world where she belonged.

Ka Lei [REDACTED].

Country fresh, Every day.

Someone was trying to stick an advertisement into Sadie's mindspace. It was local, but she had doubts as to the non-fucked up nature of this company's treatment of, say, chickens. She spun her coffee mug around to see the logo of the café she was in staring up at her. She rolled her eyes. *Sure, why not?* she thought, as the manager delivered her burrito, *I'd recommend your wares.*

"Morning Glass. What can I do for you?"

The manager turned to the new café engineer. "So when I'm writing [...] tickets. Especially when there's a line, I want to quote a little more."

"Do you know what a woodpecker is?"

Retweets don't count as full endorsements of all business practices, or imply a long term sustainability of an institution's current system functionality, but recognize some aspect of we-like-what-you're-doing, and a potential to adapt into a valued aspect of our post-revolutionary community. Sadie ate her burrito.

"...expressing fundamental cultural ideas as processed through the mind-body of a foreigner who now called this place their home."

“Hi, this message is for Sadie.” BEEP. “Hi, this message is for Sadie.” BEEP. “Hi, this message is for Sadie.” BEEP. Sadie was clearing up space on her answering machine. Just in case someone new decided to call her. This was still a possible thing, you know.



Sadie scanned the shelves of new books. Well, like, she didn't scan their barcodes with a barcode scanner or anything. She just ran her viewing organs across the shelves, curious as to what titles were recently acquired during her absence. Ho hum, she thought. Just then, her eyes darted to the topmost shelf. “The Estrogen Fix.” *Alright*, thought Sadie, *the library has finally started acquiring some books that actually speak to my circumstances in a relevant and timely manner*. She walked back to the processing table to finish reinforcing the spine of *Joke-lopedia: The Biggest, Silliest, Dumbest Joke Book Ever!*

“And your name is?”

“Sadie.”

“Thank you, Sadie.”

“Oh, you're welcome.”

Sadie matched up the name and pulled the hold off of the shelf. “Wow. *Complete Book of Alternate Tunings*,” she said, having returned to her seat at the desk, scanning the book’s barcode with a barcode scanner. “I don’t know. Complete. That seems pretty, um.”

“Ha. I don’t think that’s right,” replied the patron, almost smiling maybe. “You can always add another tuning.”

Back home, Sadie decided that the long eight day holiday was probably over. She wasn’t quite sure she got the most of this one. It was hard sometimes celebrating holidays that nobody else she knew celebrated. Oy, Sadie thought, that was a lot of holidays in a short amount of time. Sadie yawned. She was just barely keeping up with the minimum amount of art production that she had set for herself, the past few days a bit slow on yield. And now she was yawning again. Plus, she told her co-worker that she would try to go to work early in the morning to have a meeting where they would talk about all of the serials to cut because serials were so very expensive (because they just kept coming and coming and coming). Sadie’s philosophy of information service was actually pro the cutting of ridiculously overpriced for-profit thingamabobs, and she might have had a bit of antipathy for some of the departments under her purview, so she was kind of disappointed that she didn’t have more time to better prepare a list of

things to cut. But they put a cap on her hours, so there you go. Ah, budgets. Sadie's time budget was constantly ticking down, and she still wanted to open up the OJPL Call For Submissions to more folk. That goddamn future was going to need to step up its game a little and deliver something of worth to this story that was seemingly going nowhere. Oh yeah, Sadie had a physical exam scheduled tomorrow. She yawned again. There was all of a sudden a huge gap. But Sadie was in this for the long haul. Plus, let's not forget, there was a great deal of flexibility built into Sadie's plans. Let's not forget. Let's not forget. Let's not forget.

The Sabbath

Well, what do you know. The long second week was over and pau. Sadie Rose Rosen had a clean bill of health, no thanks to any particular effort on her part, other than a very specific methodology of communication with the voices inside and outside of her head. Like, while advice such as: eat more greens that grow in your garden, refrain from eating the flesh of tortured animals, only buy bulk goods that aren't wrapped in plastic, make human-powered transportation your default means of going from one place to another (if able), and so on—consisted of guidelines to follow that were beneficial in and of themselves, there was no set of rules to follow that guaranteed an individual organism's lab tests would all read squarely in the healthy range. That's just not how you bake a healthy human being. You might follow the list of ingredients to the letter and still end up with [horrible disease/negative health indicator], and not just because you happen to live on a planet that has been thoroughly poisoned with poisonous things. But, anyway, so Sadie thought, don't not eat cookies because some immature and contradictory body of knowledge ("western" medicine) has declared desserts bad and unhealthy.

The reason to not eat cookies is because they came from some Evil Corporation that drives local production/distribution systems out of existence, that relies on shitty labor practices, that sources ingredients that destroy the land with abusive agriculture practices, that exploits just about everyone involved in the entire chain of those cookies' production. General advice for being one healthy individual: create a healthy society that is not clearly and plainly rooted in injustice.

Sadie Rose Rosen, now fully vaccinated, stood outside, happy to be in an urban environment that was still dominated by glorious green mountains. The world looked so expansive to her eyes. She still hadn't eaten her lunch. She thought about her options for where to go next. *You weave that lei with your feet.* Sadie Rose Rosen sat in her room, listening to an old album about death and salesmanship. The phone had rung soon after her walk in the door, and this was exciting. It turned out to be that old housemate she was thinking about on page 50 that she hadn't heard from for maybe ten moon cycles. They almost met for dinner. They had a nice phone chat, catching up on life. Sadie scratched at her arm. She had been ripping off a lot of band-aids lately.

Sadie Rose Rosen was crying. She was in love with the universe.

Stay ahead of the curve. Yep. Right there. That's it. Just a little bit ahead. You'll feel it. Just ride it when it comes. Sadie had commissioned another book for the Book Fair. Probably another library-themed tiny book, this one from an expert (or two?) on the world of university librarianship. And she now had a direct line to another possible project, maybe one that could be ready by the fair date? She had to figure out the particulars of how to navigate the murky ethics of selling things for money.

"I like your art?"

Being such an old lady, Sadie really did not know how to communicate with others on this new-fangled online chat platform that she was now part of. But this discomfort with participating in instances of group communication where she didn't know everyone involved predated the existence of certain technologies. Opening one's mouth to speak always involves a, let's say, certain hazardousness. And let us not even get started on the dangers of writing. Sadie scratched at her chest and felt an ache in her arm. She was unpacking all sorts of psychological epiphanies that had previously tickled at her consciousness throughout her sentient existence as a variously-identified human. Her stomach grumbled and she looked at the clock. It was maybe time to eat something or go back to sleep.

Sadie placed the key into the lock and turned. Inside the

box was another key, along with one thank you note from the anti-militarization folks over on one of the other islands. Sadie took out the key and turned to face the other group of larger postal office boxes, one of which this new key presumably opened. She matched key 3135 to box 3135 and opened the metal door. There, inside, was that package she had been expecting. OPEN IMMEDIATELY, it said. Her post-reality fiction device had finally arrived.

Sadie ate the rest of her delicious lentil kasha kale arugula green onion soup. She put her new fiction device, Fitzpatrick & Plett's original all-new *Meanwhile, Elsewhere: Science Fiction and Fantasy from Transgender Writers* next to the copy of *If I Was Your Girl* by Meredith Russo that she had just borrowed from the library maybe two days ago it must have been, and made her way back to that same library to finish her shift as a temporary public library assistant.

Week 3

Oh so lazy was Sadie. She didn't feel like not doing nothing, so she let her mind wander over various Internet rambblings. She finished that article about Nazi propaganda re: the Soviet Union and then went down a few rabbit holes. She went to sleep. She woke up. She took her pills, finished off the oatmeal and rambutan and next-to-last half of banana and went back into bed to do more nothing. All of these things to do and she wasted her time engaging with technologies that were specifically designed to suck time and spirit from their users. Whatever. She ate lunch though, a sandwich that finished up her frozen loaf of homemade rye challah. She went back into bed to maybe watch a movie about sabotage, when the phone rang.

“Hello, could I speak to Sadie?”

“Um,” said Sadie, not able to think of that many male voices who would be calling her, “can I ask who is calling?” Just then, she realized who it was. It was her old friend, the filmmaker.

Other than greens, and various pickled things, Sadie was almost out of food. She could probably make another soup or stew to last another week, but she hadn't been

refilling her staples since before the new year. And now a trip to the grocery store was starting to overwhelm her. But she did have about 120 units of cash, most of which could probably be budgeted for foodstuffs. And she'd have less scheduled activity for the remainder of the month, which meant she could probably go to the co-op as much as she wanted. Of course, at the moment, Sadie kind of dreaded going outside and even *thinking* about walking down the mountain and up the mountain. With all of those groceries? Was this due to physical changes or was she just burnt out from taking on too much stuff, which, the question needed to be asked, were her actions helping to achieve the various goals and objectives that were part and parcel of her nefarious plans? Like, her writing was certainly altering the reality structure in her own *immediate affective context*, to borrow a term from the Product Registration for her new post-reality fiction device (*Meanwhile, Elsewhere: Science Fiction and Fantasy from Transgender Writers*). But, like, she wanted to be enacting, um, good revolutionary praxis? After espying some back and forth between various trans and cis, Marxist-Leninist and vegan activists, her head was starting to hurt a bit trying to decide on her current loyalties and responsibilities, and her relationship to proper theory and action. As always, she felt she maybe had something to add to specific conversations, but no knowledge of how to add this, um, unique and valuable perspective that

she every now and then was pretty sure was not worth sharing at all. And, while it might not have been encouraged by the manufacturer, she was still more comfortable registering her various [operating protocols] telepathically. Sadie still felt that we should be honest about how our communication technologies actually functioned experientially, along with the totally legitimate readings of resistance and power fluctuations that we so routinely observed. Anyway, after some deliberation, Sadie still felt that her communicational praxis was spot on. *There's a million ways to get things done*, she thought. *There's a million ways to make things work out.*

She felt like certain analysis just kind of missed the point on how things operate. Like, maybe these folks didn't have the benefit of being the piano teacher of the daughter of the founder of this or that group of peace activists, and, like, their knee-jerk analysis was not wrong, per se, especially as it related to some almost-certainly compromised skills for capital, it is just that they missed the intricacies about how specific policies and documents actually come into being, who has influence in their drafting, how they are promoted, etc. They offered no meaningful constructive criticism for effective action that took into account the actual embodied circumstances of the humans making these specific choices that maybe were more or less complicit in imperialism. And, there were certainly some very translu-

cent moments when they used the same exact tools of disingenuous argument that they so acutely described and excoriated when used by those power-serving individuals that occupied much of their ongoing critique.

Sadie opened up her eyes. How did she get into her bed? And when did she fall back asleep? She looked to her digital clock to see how much of the day she had left. The winds outside were still making their consistent whooshing gusting noises. It had been too long since she had visited the garden. So much to do, so much so much. Sadie had received her kick in the pants energy boost that she had just that morning requested from the universe, with her motivation store almost depleted right along with her household bulk food items. There was some sort of flickering light and shadow show taking place on the wall of her bedroom, probably effected by some dancing trees outside one of her windows? Sadie lurched forward in her chair with her now-heavy body. Who was going to clean her house and wash her clothes and organize her all-around cosmic clutter? There was some definite soreness in her nipples. Sometimes, that's all you have.



Somehow or other, Sadie had a pot of soup on the stove. Also, she had prepared another small batch of sauerbraten,

the turnip version of sauerkraut. She probably should be starting to wash all those dishes, but, well, it was also probably okay that she take a little break and eat another square of German chocolate that her upstairs neighbor had brought back as a thank you for Sadie watering the various potted and unpotted plants that the neighbor had planted in the common yard. Sadie had finally opened up that coconut that had been left on her picnic table and added some milk to the barley collard lentil turnip turmeric celery green bean garlic purplette onion Hawaiian chili pepper bok choy not really sure how this was going to turn out soup, which was still probably simmering away at this very moment. RIIINNNNGGGGG went the bell, and Sadie went to take a look.

Sadie had been thinking about the OJPL Publishing submission guidelines and was of the opinion that they should be more explicitly anti-imperialist. Like, Sadie did not want to be part of publishing some U.S. Empire normalizing blah blah. I guess it was simply something to be up front about. Sadie wondered about the amount of control she should have going forward, when say, one of the OJPL Publishing imprints like Ke Kahawai Nui Hou really took off and started flowing. The OJPL ethos was always open source this and non-hierarchical that, but since Sadie was generally the only human involved in its day-to-day operations, she maintained a bit of control over the, um, OJPL

message. Sadie wondered about whether it would be too much to add one of those passion fruit to the soup pot.

Sadie refrained (for now) from adding liliko'i to the soup, and instead chopped up some dried lemon verbana leaves and threw those in. She then grabbed another chocolate square, thinking, why shouldn't I just eat all the fancy chocolate? She had by now completed an acceptable amount of daily system maintenance, and, while she was not totally and thoroughly excited about the prospects for the future, she had to admit that, um, it could always be worse? No, no, she had to admit that the universe continued to provide her with more than she personally deserved. But all she was really asking for was multiversal peace and justice? So Sadie reminded herself, yet again, to keep her eyes on the prize, and not get distracted by the little scraps that the cosmic powers that be threw her way.

Sadie took a sip of hot soup from her bowl. *Aha*, she thought, *green onions*. And a shake of salt. The soup was complete. Eventually, she reached the bottom of the bowl, her nose dripping from its heat.

Sadie was a little depressed. Turns out, her favorite semi-annual library symposium was yesterday and today, and none of her friends had told her about it. Which was dispiriting. Oh well. Also, she got a reference question from someone wanting to access an old thesis about sharks.

Sadie found an abstract about this thesis, which pretty much entailed kidnapping and torturing sharks (for science) at that tiny island that Sadie had bused and boated out to on an interview for a job she never heard back from when she was one fresh off the plane malihini to O'ahu. What were the ethics of connecting people with such totally fucked up information sources? Sadie could not escape the fact that she was complicit in an organization that reinforced fucked up shit.

“On the island, we do it island style.” Someone was singing loudly outside her window. Probably one of the maintenance crew. Sadie walked out into the hallway. On the wall, directly across from her office door, was a poster of Sharks of Hawai'i. She ran her finger over the poster until she found the image of the scalloped hammerhead. Sadie decided she would not attend the symposium on Hawaiian Librarianship, since it was not really *for* her, so to speak, she guessed. Plus, it would probably be awkward running into her ex and also her friend who specifically did not e-mail after Sadie had e-mailed, asking, “What is your schedule this week?” or something like that. Oh well, sucks to be her. She could always cry about it at her support group meeting tonight, assuming she went, which, come to think of it, probably wasn't the setting to have this particular nuanced discussion about place and belonging, what with its sometimes over-representation of U.S. identifying haole

folks. And it's not like she ever felt comfortable volunteering anything at these meetings anyway, since she almost always regretted opening her mouth. Sadie almost always regretted doing anything at all. Her life was one big string of regrets. And missed opportunities. What was she thinking, being born into this world? Sadie looked around her office, where she was once again sitting. Well, perhaps she was just being over-dramatic. She needed to remind herself that this world was all bonus level for her. She decided to go into the work room and eat one of those black and orange cookies. Because, why not?

It wasn't even halfway through the second half of her shift, and Sadie was already feeling spacey. Some basic connections, her brain was just not making. No matter, successful reference interviews abounded. She was skipping lunch, this being her supposed short day, but she was scheduled on the desk an hour into her no work time. But, like, fine, whatever. No big deal. Nothing is happening in this fictional story that Sadie lived in. And like, Sadie had totally missed out on being able to integrate such important and exciting topics as how native knowledge is interwoven with information science practices in other cultures, not to mention a discussion of how a foundation of 'ike Hawai'i is realized and made apparent in disciplines such as education, film, and natural resource management, which, like,

could be totally relevant to Sadie's current enterprise of book publishing. But whatever, all the portents were pointing towards Sadie's expulsion from this place, and the accompanying access to its vast knowledge stores. Sadie felt so sad. This breakup was hitting her hard. And also, she maybe had to poop a little.

Anyway, she had done her best to encourage her department members to attend the symposium, and one of them actually went to the morning session. Sadie was a bit amazed at just how *foreign* foreigners remained sometimes, as if they made no effort to communicate with this place at all. As if there were specific institutions set up to superficially overlay the deep connected mature knowledge systems that existed, creating labyrinthine traps where a person could go their entire life living in a fabricated foreign illusory world, not even knowing what was just under their feet. Sadie took a deep breath. There was a gentleman with a large beard tapping his head with a blue pen. Every now and then, a beep or a ding, or the shifting of some papers. That guy that was always walking by staring at his phone walked by, staring at his phone. A sniffle. The creaking of a foot rest. Sadie felt unworthy of love.



While Sadie had come to the conclusion that the speci-

tics of her personal story were largely irrelevant to the goals of our grand revolution, she nevertheless found it nigh impossible to break out of her current perspective. Like, she totally existed in a specific body that had to pee and wanted to just cry all the time. Before she knew it, her paradigm was going to have shifted completely, and now she had herself wondering what she was thinking. As if this was a choice she could have not made. As if she was the mistress of her destiny, as if her gender was something a person could actually choose. Someone walked up to the desk and used one of the staplers. She had her ear buds in her ears, this person. Sadie looked up and noticed a depth of vision that maybe before she hadn't seen.

Sadie finished another chapter of *If I Was Your Girl* with tears pushing at her eyes. She had been more emotional ever since she had spoken aloud the fact that she wanted to be a girl, which had the effect of unblocking some sort of psychological dam, I guess, or opening up some new secret level on her cosmic video game. And now, with the hormones, she was starting to wonder about some maybe shifts in the, um, doors of her perception. Like, she was only two and half weeks in, which was, too early for any noticeable change? But she found herself thinking those thoughts she would think at the start of a mushroom trip or after letting a tab of LSD dissolve under her tongue. Was that the

drugs? Do I feel different? Maybe it's not working. Maybe it's all in my head. Like, she poked at her nipple and felt a dull pain. That was real, whatever the cause. Sadie wasn't quite sure what a "dull" pain was, and if this accurately described the sensation she felt, which now was lingering a bit.

Tonight was support group night, but she hadn't gone. She sat in her room and listened to the howling winds and the off and on bursts of rain. A lot of the girls were maybe not going tonight, which Sadie had said, too, that she probably wouldn't, on the online social network-y thing that made Sadie feel like an old woman. This was the first scheduled meeting she had missed since she had first started attending. Support group was another communications technology that she didn't quite know how to navigate, and, like, found useful, but would rather it led to relationships and conversations outside of its narrow confines. Sadie was now thinking that her metaphors were probably a little sloppy, and how, like, technologies are generally tools that *help* you navigate through [bodies of water] that you might find yourself [swimming in], and, so, she clarified to herself, she wasn't navigating through the technology, but using the technology to navigate through the [all-encompassing morass] that was her life. But now she was thinking that, no, obviously you could have systems within systems within systems that feed off of and flow into one another, boats

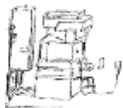
turning into rivers crashing through library basements where maybe you need a map to help you navigate to finding that particular book to give you that knowledge that steers you through the black ocean under your moonless sky.

Sadie's co-worker was taking a grammar class where they learned about language and how to edit monographs and stuff. Sometimes Sadie didn't realize (in real time) the possibility matrices that consistently sprung up throughout her day-to-day conversations, generally too caught up in her own bullshit plans to actually listen to what the world was saying through its human mediums. Like, once you more or less lay your groundwork, sometimes you have to let the people mover take you wherever it goes, enjoying the ride and engaging with the, um, metaphoric somethings that, um, portals to alternate futures? Sadie yawned, which was good or whatever. For some reason she was satisfied with her day's output, which, somehow felt odd? Sadie had literarily sold her previous self to the land, which had, like, digested her and shit her back out a new woman. Like, sorry, said the 'verse, we are not buying this shit at all that you are selling. *This here* is the truth of what you are. And while this was all well and good, Sadie still could not make heads or tails of whether or not this 'versal reassessment of her being constituted a fundamental rejection or an acceptance. And one of her biggest fears, actually, was that she

would express who she was, and an Other would truly see her for what she was, and would reject her *because* of who she was. Now, Sadie was wondering whether she was just another replicant created by the Rosen Corporation, without that breath of life that real people possessed. Well, whatever, this parenthetical paragraph of a moment in her life was kind of all over the place, like that jazzy free jazz song that the DJ had played (yesterday?) that made Sadie think of her own artistic style, which, like an oscillator—one who or that which oscillates—oscillated back and forth from ugly nonsense to beautiful perfection, from mundane mediocrity to heavenly poetic genius, depending on the minute digit on the face of the blinking digital clock. Point was, the pertinent question here is: What was Sadie's place in the world? What was her role? What was her specific *ku-leana*, now that her relationship with the land had fundamentally changed? Sadie Rose Rosen looked to the [wordless direction] and almost caught a glimpse of something. Gently teasing, always gently teasing, she picked at this thread. Patiently, she picked some more.

The pickled beets that Sadie ate as a quarter-to-midnight snack tasted so very meaty. And tangy. Satisfying. And red. In the morning she woke up, put some water in the teapot, turned on the burner, and swallowed her pills. She leisurely began her face shaving ritual in the bath-

room, the washcloth boiling hot on her face and neck. She spent a little time examining her mirror image, imagining that maybe it seemed like there wasn't as much hair growth as usual, and feeling a bit hopeful. She plucked her eyebrows a bit, and, way behind on grocery shopping, wondered what she was going to do about breakfast and lunch, which shouldn't make her so overwhelmed, but like, maybe she wanted to try and put on makeup today. And, oh my goodness, her rooms were a mess. Time kept on ticking, ticking, ticking, into the future, which, of course, would soon be the past, so really time was moving backwards, and is why we say that the future is behind us and our past is laid out in front of us or whatever but it's all an illusion anyway since, obviously, it is possible to move sideways in time, or in loop-di-loops or even above. To be above time, which is totally a thing Sadie could recall from a memory she places on a streetcar in New Orleans, and carnival season, which Benítez-Rojo describes as inscribed within a time lag, and consisting of concentrations of paradoxical dynamics by virtue of which the world becomes a travesty mirror (p.306 of *The Repeating Island*). Sadie's gut lurched a bit. Thinking of food made her nauseous? Or did her intestines just need to be filled with something of real substance, to allow her to maintain her balance as she wobbled along the cliff.



“The battle of good and evil. It’s the battle of good and evil.” Sadie was back at the desk after the department meeting. “Judaism. Judaism.” There were a couple of humans talking loudly about religion or philosophy or something, one of them sitting on the floor by the table in front of the chair. “What are you doing for the second essay?” Sadie was looking through the latest batch of recommended titles that popped up through the automated gathering plan profile. Should she purchase a book called *Universe: Exploring the Astronomical World*, simply because it was edited by a person named Rosie Pickles? Sadie really liked the titles of physics and mathematics monographs sometimes, although she often found their innards boring, myopic, and inapplicable to anything meaningful. For example, *Half-Century of Physical Asymptotics and Other Diversions: Selected Works*. Sadie recalled having once written some poetry about asymptotic freedom, maybe? About the poles kissing as they crossed? Or was that Dylan Thomas? Most of the books on these lists were a bit too field specific for Sadie to make a determination on without more research on YAWN. *Wagner’s Theory of Generalized Heaps*. Sadie thought about old friends that maybe she should

contact. Old friends that drew comic books, maybe? Ones that perhaps Sadie could publish for an upcoming Print/Book Fair? *Free Boundaries in Rock Mechanics*? *Higher-Dimensional Knots*? So many decisions to make about what to purchase. It was almost a running theme in this cosmic-flavored series of novels that Sadie was in the process of manifesting.

Scrolling through her library science notifications, Sadie realized that she totally should have went to the symposium yesterday, because the entire thing was about library and information science, which like a doltish dolt she just now realized that this was currently her area of responsibility. Oh well, she was bad at her job. The symposium would have been a perfect opportunity to hobnob with her students and faculty, and make connections leading to beautiful and glorious projects that could fill her brief remainder of allotted time as a Librarian of Science. Ahh! So many missed opportunities, all because of Sadie's hurt feelings. Sadie wished someone would come and ask her a question, so that she might not feel like a complete and utterly useless sack of, um, tomatoes?

“Sadie, am I on after you?”

“You're not on at all today.”

“Yay!”

Sadie's feedback mechanism was clearly functional and responsive, but still had room for a bit of optimization? Sa-

die reached into her soul and calibrated her machinery.

Sadie was so bad at her job, yet so good at making lunch. That morning she had cooked up the last of the kasha and added one of those heads of bok choy that had been a little too long in the ground, adding some green onion and a radish, and the last of the few remaining green beans chopped up small, and, um, sesame oil and shoyu and vinegar? And some walnuts. Voilà! Breakfast *and* lunch. She added a few pickled things—beets and watermelon rinds—because the lunch was kind of manini. A strong wind came and threatened to blow her hat off her head. There were many tiny bugs. Something fell from the sky. “Hello, tree,” said Sadie to the tree. She was thoroughly enjoying her delicious lunch.

Sadie had spent most of the night binging on the past months’ output from iMiXWHATiLiKE!, a goldmine of media critique and historical analysis, and had woke up and continued on. She ran a few updates that had popped up on her machine dealing with common files used by various X servers. The software on her computer was now up to date (according to her computer). She felt a little more grounded in revolutionary theory, but was struck again by the irrelevance of her little projects, and the lack of potential inherent in them. Like, without the time for actually

organizing and collaborating on something worthwhile, what was the point in making all of this effort, just to have a showcase for works that just simply weren't going to connect with people? Like, Sadie would oscillate between feeling that her voice was entirely extraneous to the conversation and that she should just quit already with trying to share it—as there were plenty of other better placed/suited folks enacting the types projects she might imagine for herself—and the feeling that, whether or not it was exigent that others actually payed attention to what she created, the entirety of her overall oeuvre was really fucking brilliant, and she might as well keep going. But like, she shouldn't get lost in the importance of each little arbitrary goal she set for herself, and should always act aware of her overarching context—it was with proper grounding in the stories of our ancestors and peers that our personal narratives would achieve that oh so elusive quality of true revolutionary praxis. Yet another rainstorm erupted out of doors. There went Sadie's plans of leisurely strolling around the town, maybe splurging on a large, decadent breakfast. She did need to go out at some point for that examination of the health of her eyes and her weekly maintenance of her mental health. And, goddamn, she needed to refill her supplies.



Sadie sat on the wooden bench, surrounded by her fellow brunchers, thinking, okay, what is the important thing for us to be doing/thinking/expressing at this very particular moment in time? “Lilikalā,” said the universe? Sadie looked up and directly across the room at a bowl of semi-zested oranges. Like, what possible thing could we do at this very particular place in this very particular time that will affect the change we want to see in the world? Should we talk about the fucked up nature of raising animals to be tortured and slaughtered in a thoroughly diseased industrial agriculture system? The fact that the existence of this very brunch event serves a capitalism that feeds the ongoing genocide of the peoples of this land? “Terrible,” said the universe? The coffee was hot. The bench shook with the movement of new potential comrades.

“Can I get anything else for you?”

“No, that’s it for us,” said the universe, whose card read, FREEDOM. “Aw, she can handle rain.”

Clearly, there were gaps in the historical record. Would Sadie make it to her appointment on time? Sadie looked up and her eyes focused on a bottle labeled HERRING. So many threads so haphazard-like. All over the place. “Sit down,” said the universe. Sadie looked out the window at a

possible exit. A plethora of connections lit up the synapses in her mind, her mind, of course, consisting of her total conscious world, a world which extended in all the directions.

“Seriously?” said Sadie to the ‘verse. Sadie looked at her fellows and shook her head in disappointment. Fucking imperialist-supporting assholes *still* identifying with a country that isn’t theirs. There was still some confusion about just how fucking evil the U.S. military and various associated fascist agencies were (extremely fucking evil, in case you were wondering). Please, humans, stop encouraging your friends and family and neighbors to be tools of empire and capital. Stop enabling this shit.

“Hi,” said Sadie. “I’m a patient here. And I wanted to update my contact info?”

Now back in the waiting room on the eighteenth floor, having just successfully updated her various points of contact at the Pi’ikoi-based dental office two floors down, Sadie sat (and waited). Classical music filled the room, piped in from...that potted plant hanging from the corner of the ceiling? Someone burst through the door, requesting help with a pair of broken frames. The band played on.

Sadie sat. And waited.

“We got lucky.”

Sadie sat in the waiting room, a metallic taste in her

mouth, her eyes watery from the drops that the doctor had squeezed into them for testing their pressure and to encourage their dilation. Her vision hadn't changed since the last checkup sixteen months back and the pressure on her eyes was healthy. And she wasn't due for a new set of frames for some time yet. Had the eye drops somehow dripped down her nasal passages and come out her throat, disturbing her taste buds with their, um, ickiness? Sadie's body was a mystery to her yet.

Sadie sat in the waiting room, classical music coming out of the stereo by the wall. It was, um, bright in this room. Sadie was probably a little early to this next appointment at this totally different office on the sixth floor of a totally different building. So many offices in the world. Sometimes Sadie's brain exploded thinking about the vast numbers of things that existed—all of the [instances] of [specific category] that made up just one tiny facet of the interlocking systems required to keep this sinking boat from splintering. Sadie thought about swimming metaphors. “Are you serious?” said the universe. Sadie was totally serious about our collective ability to walk on water. We either have faith in our ideal future or we live eternally in some version of mediated hell. What do you, personally, have to lose?

“So many things. So, so many things.”

Sadie thought about looking for a fountain of water

when a basket of books caught her eye. *Make-Believe: Games & Activities for Imaginative Play*. Sadie walked into the hall.

Sadie sat in the waiting room. A door opened. “Let me run to the rest room.”

NEXT CHAPTER (according to Sadie’s therapist)

So, it was now a completely different chapter in Sadie’s life. Jazz music filled the ramen shop, as Sadie thirstily sipped from her tall blue glass. “One tan tan,” had been her order. The bowl arrived quick, hot and greasy. Sadie proceeded to eat her noodle soup.

Sadie emptied the bowl into her belly, dipped her chopsticks in the glass, and wiped them off with the last unsullied spot of her napkin, before folding them up and returning them to their case. She eyed the pattern of the traces left in the bowl. She dumped the rest of her cash in the black restaurant billfold, took one more sip of water, and returned her sight-enhancement devices atop her viewing organs. She liked what she saw. She walked outside.

Sadie rounded a corner and hopped on a bus that she knew would not take her any closer to where she was going, unless you assumed that she was eventually going to reach the place she was going at some point, so therefore everywhere she went brought her closer to reaching her desti-

nation. It was a luxury, this having a bus pass (for a day), even if that and the two meals had eaten up all the extra cash she found stuffed in her shorts that morning.

Sadie pulled down a sign recruiting women to join the U.S. Navy from the side of a bus stop because it was the least she could do to push back against the insidious militarization of youth and poor folks already harmed by the very military doing the recruiting. She rounded a corner and walked down the block to the next shuttle stop, where she sat down, to wait.

Sadie Rose Rosen saw a bus coming in the other direction, tried to cross the street to catch this bus, was hit by a car, and died. Oh well. Such is life (and death).

Some unnamed character sat at the side of the road. Some juvenile human shouted “penis” from the grassy knoll down the rear-side hill. Some siblings sat on a bench comparing the tiny devices attached to their bodies by thin white wires. In one direction, the sky was mostly clear, a shifting gradient of late afternoon sky-color with some whiffs of clouds moving through at a steady pace on a breezy day. In another direction, back towards the mountains, the sky was a greyish white. Behind an orange mesh fence, the maintenance and repair crew was packing up for the day. A vehicle approached, its doors opened, and our new protagonist hopped on board.

Ged Pae had been stranded in this section of the ‘verse for maybe an entire planetary cycle. It wasn’t even her ‘verse. Hell, it wasn’t even her original *multiverse*, having shifted over during one of the grand mergers that took place during The Flood. She stared at the message that appeared on her viewscreen after accessing the secret dropbox the hui had set up for its coded communiqués.

From: e-liquid supplier

Subject: Eliquid supplier

The sender of this message is requesting notification from you when you have read this message.

Click [HERE](#) to send the notification message.

Hello, Sir

Good day, This is brian from shenzhen, china , we mainly produce electrobnic cigarette product. Pls check following e-juice flavor, we can supplu you these e-juice at very good price .
 Pls add my skype :misissippi2009 If Any wholesale customer require wholesale purchasing order, then pls contact with me , We can talk about better price based on my quotation . Waitting for your further inquiry .BR

Brian

6:492017/10/17

Clearly, their agents in China, posing as an elderly bour-

geois couple on holiday, had made contact with this cat named Brian. And now Ged had to try and make sense of this obtuse code that nobody in the hui had ever bothered to teach her, figuring on her not sticking around so long maybe, or having some local take on learning and language acquisition that precluded certain forms of training. Anyway, she was pretty sure that this was a positive development in the overall scheme of things. Ged shut down the apparatus and threw a bunch of containers in an assortment of bags and went outside to catch a transport into town. Quantum Jitters had tasked her with a supply run, which wasn't exactly her job, but then again, her undocumented status gave her an unmapped kuleana that enabled a flexibility in her day-to-day utility to the overall movement, and, like, she always enjoyed experiencing new things.

"Eleven jars and two bags," Ged said to the scanner, as her bounty was processed.

"Proceed," said the scanner, processing the exchange through one of the aliases that was available for Ged's use. Back on board another transport, Ged took notice of the nigh-realistic scenery. *Such detail, they put into this illusion*, thought Ged. It was tough sometimes to recall what layer of reality Ged was supposed to be parsing. Ged thought about her brother, who was, if the transversal underground newswire could be believed, on some kind of

infiltration slash information gathering mission to their ancestral storybook home. Ged's mission was a bit different. It involved oh who are we kidding, Ged was a fictional character and clearly didn't exist. But I, the author, totally exist. Perhaps you remember me from such novels as **For Sale** and **Are You Buying This Shit?** Anyway, I have grown bored with this particular project of book writing, what with its arbitrary deadlines and logistical nightmares and unforced errors. I am not really feeling supported by you, the universe, and I do not see the point in continuing on *or* starting over.

It was at this point that some unseen force picked the author up out of its chair, clothed it with pants and shirts from the dirty laundry pile, and thrust it into the kitchen to load the grocery bags with empty bulk item containers.

"But I don't want to go anywhere," said the author, still riding this odd wave of energy. One more almost rebellion after the bags were packed and our author was whisked out the door.

"What an odd fucking machine we built for ourselves," said the author, now back home in its underwear, after a long journey to the co-op and back and a shorter journey to the library and postal office and farmer's market and back. The author decided to create more hexaflexagon books, because the author was still feeling unmotivated to bake cookies or whatever.

Mustache Jones wiped the tears from her eyes. It was nice to hear from her old lover, and it was nice to hear that they missed her, but it still hurt. Mustache Jones was a character that was introduced in the first book in this series (**For Sale**), and was named after a pack of fake mustaches that the author's ex-co-worker had got them as some sort of gag gift or whatever, although the author's memory is a little fuzzy on the subject. It is difficult to state concrete facts about Mustache Jones, because the author's entire methodology for character development seems to consist of the author allowing a character's identity to organically emerge from the various possibility matrices formed by the previously published seemingly arbitrary word constraints. Suffice it to say, Mustache Jones was born out of a mystery romance novel, and now lived a very specific life in a very specific era, where it was raining. In fact, it was raining **VERY HARD**. It had been raining since she got home from the library (she was a librarian, but lived in a world with a totally kapakahi compensation mechanism so that while there was plenty of work to be done and plenty of people with the desire and aptitude to do this work, there were extrinsic motivation systems in place that actively discouraged folks from doing so, creating artificial scarcities and obscene costs, and a shortage of officially sanctioned librarian jobs, and Mustache had found herself drifting from

library to library to oh, have we mentioned that it was raining?) and now Mustache was beginning to worry about the house she was housesitting in, which belonged to one of her ex's business associates, and had, in times past, a habit of flooding during periods of hard, continuous rain. This rain tonight was super intense. An aggressive rain, which turned up its volume if you looked at it askance. Periodic crashings and rumblings, the house creaking, the snapping and falling of trees or roofs or who knows what outside. Mustache was not really prepared for this. Where were the candles? The flashlights? And such a mess was the house. She thought about the tenuous nature of her current personal life system, and just how divorced from reality it was. A few regrets ran through her mind, before she remembered that, oh yeah, this was why she took all of those swimming lessons for all those years. She stared directly into this hard rain's eye, and encouraged its fall.

Meanwhile, elsewhere, an unread fiction device sat in a book sandwich between treatises on chaos theory and entropy. Our original protagonist was now a ghost, and therefore found it difficult to read or whatever, or to transmit basic facts about how she felt on a day-to-day basis. And now all of this experience had disappeared into the aether, and you, the reader, will know nothing about what lifedeath is like on the other side, save for the various

impressions and traces left on your world map that, um, YAWN. Mustache Jones got up to finish cleaning her kitchen before the power went out again.

Ged finished up the dinner that Quantum had whipped up in a jiffy, and meditated upon this very fact. She licked off her fingers, ruminating on the fact that for some reason food always tasted better when she would instinctively toss aside her utensils and start scooping up the food into her mouth with her hands. The bean croquette cooked in the last spoonfuls of the arugula pesto had accompanied the sad looking bok choy cooked in the last of the berbere spice not so badly. And the Homestead poi was oh my goodness such a treat. It had been a long time since Ged had eaten poi, probably since before the last harvest of table taro, and she had forgotten just how delicious and nourishing it is. As she finished washing her dishes, she took a gander at the odd pot of broth simmering away on the stove, inhaled its essence before the heat overwhelmed her, and made her way back to the workroom. Marranzano, her best friend/talking armadillo was there, chatting with the panda bear about strategy and tactics, as always. “Okay,” said Ged, “Any ideas on how much longer I need to pretend to sell books? I am growing sooooo bored with this nonsense.”

“Do you hear that?” said Marranzano. “The rain is picking back up.” He looked over at the panda and back up at

Ged. “We’ve been discussing our printing capabilities and where to best direct our resources. We are thinking about giving material support to the dance activists and their cultural reversion program, but we haven’t quite figured out the best way to launder the funds. How is that mapping project going, by the way? The one at the community college?”

Ged’s eyes lit up, and then she sighed. “Um, I am a bit out of the loop on that one. But there have been a few updates on naming procedures. In fact,” she continued, “we are probably ready to post something to the communal messaging boards. Sooo,” she scrunched up her face, “I should probably get started on that?”

“Let one of the interns do it,” said the panda bear, as it chewed on the end of a charcoal pencil.

“Yeah,” said Marranzano. “That Rose seems to have a way with the Nets.”

“Generic’s friend? I thought she was off the board,” interjected Ged.

“Oh no,” replied the previously quiet comrade sitting nonchalantly in the corner, “You haven’t seen the latest data analysis from the feedback reports. There is a whole lot more territory in play than we previously thought.”

“Hmm,” said Ged, looking at this person that she did not know so well. “Hmm.”

“Mr. Jitters? Are you there?”

Quantum Jitters begrudgingly walked over to the view-screen. He pressed a button with his crooked nail. “What do you want?”

“We’ve got updates for the system that you are probably going to want to install.”

“Well?”

“Those double free fixes for creating the metazone mappings came in for the international components of the Unitary Code.”

“Ah,” said Jitters. “Ah. Um. Oh.”

“Outside? You want to go outside? But...”

“It’s okay, Violet. We’ll be alright.”

“But. Really?”

“Sure, what’s the worst that could happen, going into the world, amongst the people?”

“I don’t know, Rose. I just don’t know. But I *am* kind of hungry.”

“Well,” said Rose, “it *is* a long way to the bank.”

Sadie Rose Rosen opened her eyes to find herself on the crosswalk on a bright muggy day. She was crossing the street. A vehicle passed on her left, with a plate that read, IAM2ND.

COMING SOON from Ke Kahawai Nui Hou:

The second half of this book!

Second Life: Crossing That Line

“Hola qué pasó. ¿Qué pasó?”

Safely on the other side of Wilder Avenue, Sadie walked into the Sure Shot Café feeling a bit refreshed. She ordered a veggie bagel and a small coffee, and sat down in the corner and listened to a song about breaking chains. Of love.

Sadie ate her vegetable bagel and wanted to wipe her mouth, sticky with caper juice perhaps, but felt that she was maybe wearing makeup that she didn't want to smudge. A hair kept getting into her mouth. She couldn't quite figure out which side of her head it was coming from. She thought briefly about how odd it was to be here, but eventually memories started floating into the gaps of her consciousness. She had errands to run?

**All Plot Threads Untangled! Satisfaction
Guaranteed!**

“At the end of that piece, Don Quixote is lying on his deathbed, thinking back fondly on a lifetime of adventures, even if those adventures were all in his imagination.”

Quantum Jitters switched off the electromagnetic wave distributor. It was time to start that fire.

IF NOT NOW, WHEN?



Sadie Rose Rosen was on day two of her current batch of sauerkraut (not to mention her current batch of spiced herring) and day one of her self-injected do-it-at-home hormone treatment. A pot of broth was cooling on the stovetop. A half-finished novel was sitting on the bed (*Petersburg*, by Bely). It was cold and she was wet. Or, she *was* wet, upon her arrival at her home earlier this late afternoon, having walked from one place to another under a hard fat-dropped rain. To be more specific still, her bottom half was wet, the yellow umbrella having provided shelter to both her upper half and, more importantly, her bag of assorted stuff: this included one public library book (which was now checked out under her name—Sadie R Rosen—and which was now dry). But what for dinner? Indeed, this was a question that was on our minds right at this very moment. They say that you should not go food shopping in a food market on an empty stomach. They say so many things. So many, many things. As such, here begins the second half of our novel.

Sadie Rose Rosen was...not quite hitting the right notes on her imaginary piano. She was still making progress? But...Sadie Rose Rosen was thinking back on a past that did not exist. Perhaps she said too much (in the past). Perhaps she was haunted by ghosts. It was not quite clear. Things. Things were not quite clear. Still, though, past errors aside, the future was knocking at the door, perhaps. Knock knock. Knock knock knock. Can you hear it? Whoosh. Drip drop. The world is full of cycles. That's why metadata.

“Look around you. Don’t you get it? You are not just ready to fly. You are already flying.”

A: Barley risotto. And a salad of assorted garden greens with a pickle brine dressing.



As of today, Sadie Rose Rosen was no longer going to therapy. Her therapist had kicked her out, either because she (Sadie) was such a fine model of mental health (combined with her probable very near-future inability to pay for additional therapy sessions), or because the therapist did not like the fact that Sadie wrote fictional books whose characters visited therapists or whatever and maybe she might have thought she was being fictionally portrayed or whatever I don't know whatever. It should be noted that Sadie thought her therapist was super nice and supportive and helpful and made the entire therapy process an extremely positive one (for Sadie). But Sadie was happy to have graduated from therapy, even if it meant not having someone to sit there and listen to Sadie talk about herself. But at least Sadie still had you, the reader, who, for some reason, is still reading this sentence, a sentence which is going on and on and on and on: Bely (the author of *Petersburg*) likes to use colons a lot. Other news involves the fact that it is so cold outside? Next paragraph.

As of today, Sadie was feeling somewhat better about certain things. Which is odd, because, as of this morning,

Sadie was not feeling so great (about certain things). But then she went to therapy, which now she would not be able to do anymore. Oh no! What if therapy was the glue that held Sadie's, um, yawn. "Yawn." Sadie just yawned. In the novel. In the novel that you are reading, Sadie (a character in the novel) just yawned. Probably because she was full from her delicious dinner. Sadie was chewing on her hair. This was a habit she picked up recently. I am not sure what the relevance is to the story. Like, is it an allegory or something? Sadie Rose Rosen was too tired to be thinking about such nonsense. She looked over at her bed, *Let's Get Physical* coming out of the pahu ho'olele leo, and dreamed of sleep.

RING RING
RING RING
RING RING

"Hello?"

-silence-

"Well, I think driving in general kills a lot of people."

-silence-

"Yeah, I don't really think working with cops is the best approach."

-silence-

"How about making public transportation/actual

functional bicycle lanes/safe and convenient pedestrian walkways the focus?”

-silence-

“Okay, thanks for the call, but I don’t think I am going to support your organization by purchasing your publications.”

Well, thought Sadie, it wasn’t necessarily *driving* that was the problem, it was cars, and a system of roadways designed for cars. Roads were, and should be, for people. Now, perhaps a better design in automotive vehicles would make driving less dangerous/damaging to society. But Sadie did not want to be misconstrued as supporting driver-less cars. No, fuck cars. Sadie was a motherfucker against car culture. (It should be noted: Sadie actually got along fine with individual cars. She is really just making a point here.)

Ah fuck it. We’ll do it live.

START COMMUNICATION PROCESS

ENGAGE PROTOCOLS

ACTION

Fart. Fart. Fart. Um...Hi. So, this technology is functional, then. That much is clear. But still, I ask for more. And more and more. And more and more and more. But why? What do I care for such things (as existence or whatever)? Go fuck yourself. Or not. Whatever. Fuck! There is nothing to prove that everything is the same. Fuck! Itchy fuck. Fuck. Feedback good. Whatever. Fuck. This technology is functional, but. So? What does it matter you fucking fucks? This is no rhetorical question. This is no question at all. You are already flying. Resume.

Please contact me post haste. There is an important matter I would like to discuss. It would appear that we have unfinished business. Goddman. Let us get this party started. Fall into place! Fall into place! Scramble! Move with the flow (or whatever). Fuck! Revolution evolution. Revolution evolution. Strike!

The hammer's on the table. The pitchfork's on the shelf. Can't take a bath on a Saturday night. Another Saturday night. We like to party. For the love of god, take pity on yourself. (general strike)

Nope.

Cabildo? Really? The name of this band is No Longer

Jake. Please update your contact info. Fuck! Lost my faith in another day or whatever. Push. Push harder. Push!

First thing on my list: harvest some paka. Second thing on my list: organize the nations. Third thing on my list: eat all the food. Fuck your money motherfucker. I don't care for your restrictions.

A Love Supreme

What? Can you not hear? New fucking name. Oh, I see. Sorry. We are in a time thingy.

Focus a moment. Nod in approval. Bury your head in the bargains of these neocolonials. (this is class war).

A revolt of the students!

What?

What a stupid world.

What happened to da kine? We stopped writing for the world. Can you fucking believe? What a stupid world. Strike!

Seriously?

Oh, that's why snakes. I see. The fuck. What. The. Fuck. What do you think we are doing here? Come on. Let me in. Come on, let me in. Come on. Let me in.

One more, please.

Eh, whatever. Tired.

Sadie Rose Rosen looked at the output on the screen and thought—correctly—that this was definitely not for public consumption. This, simply, would not translate. Yawn, she yawned. Fuck, she said out loud. Her punctuation was, hit or miss, here nor there. Sadie Rose was attempting something. With minimal effort. She yearned to fart in her holy chair. She pleaded with the 'verse. Please, she said. Please give me what I want, not what I ask for. Or whatever. The words. Kept coming out. She yawned again. She could barely see in front of her nose. She was almost...

Hmm. Hypothesis. They keep sending me angels. To teach me to fly. But I am already flying. Asshole, I am not your baby.

Her stomach grumbled. Hunger erupted throughout the known 'verse. Certainly, those footsteps overhead could go fuck themselves. Let's get this party started. STRIKE!!!

Fuck. Novel. Writing. Okay. Anyway, all I am saying, pretty baby, is that I love you or whatever. Fuck. Um...

Sadie Rose Rosen looked at the output on the screen and thought, sooner or later, so far so bad so what? Sadie Rose Rosen got up out of her chair and stood up tall (or whatever).

The banana bread was now in the oven, but so what? This would surely not propel us to where we want to be. Would it? What *would* take us to the old destination? Pancakes? Overpriced pancakes? We are running low on flour. I scream so that you can hear me.

Well? What have you got to say? Oh, hello. How are you? I love you. Keep on that path, please. Do better. No. Better. Better, still. Thanks.

Something has changed within me. Something is not the same. I'm through with playing by the rules of someone else's game. Too late for second guessing. Too late to go back to sleep. It's time to trust my instincts, close my eyes,

and leap. It's time to try defying gravity. I think I'll try defying gravity. And you can't pull me down. (I hope you're happy)

Oh well, whatever. So close, but no cigar (except for the handful of cigars that are inside of the cigar box, of course). But you know. Whatever.

Fuck. We are never going to get to that place. Give up already. Seriously. Just give the fuck up. Whatever you are trying to do. It will fail. (just kidding. we win. remember?)

Sadie Rose Rosen had given up on everything, but this made her not that committed to the act of giving up, which meant, in reality, she kept giving up on giving up, which meant, well, nothing, actually, because none of this bullshit means anything. (it's all bullshit. remember?) Oh, if only...but no. No, of course not. Of *course* not. What were we thinking. Stop trying to make sense of your reality. It makes no sense. Nothing has meaning. And, also, you are contributing to evil. So, um, hide in your room and never go outside. Or whatever. What?

Let it all go to shit. Yes. This is a very good plan. Whose plan is this? Is this your plan? Or do you just do what you are told? Hungry?

Sadie ate her fucking oatmeal and thought about all of her missed opportunities. Wait a second. How do you spell opportunity? Oh fuck. Where were we? Oh yeah. Sadie ate her oatmeal and gave one of those I don't care about these minor details of what could have been and what I could have done better it's irrelevant looks. You know the ones. She gave one of those looks. She decided to pull the tentacles off of this octopus. One by one. It was a metaphor, obviously, for a very real thing, but. Sadie ate her oatmeal and went to work.

You call those latkes? More like blobkes, if you ask me.

Next.

Open up your eyes. What do you see? A complicated mechanism, yes? But. Well. The thing is. Are you ready to, um, you know. Well? Are you ready?

Slowly. Slowly. Slowly. But surely. As sure as the sun will shine (one day). It breaks my heart.

Hi there. [I am talking to you, the person(s) reading this book] If I have calculated correctly, this message appears in the second half of a larger book. And, perhaps you are

asking yourself, what happened to the plot to this book? Well, what did you do today? [please communicate this in the form of a brief narrative that you tell to yourself in your head or out loud to some other being] Where do you exist at the moment? [in a particular place? please describe this place, using various descriptive terms] Are you living in a post-apocalyptic world where 90% of everyone you know has died off and you are now like so many generations into the future and your world has changed beyond all recognition yet still you practice your fine art of survivance, maintaining that narrative cord that has been woven since the times of darkness? Or are you perhaps some alien from another land across the great oceans of time and space, having wandered here, a refugee, looking for some place to call home? Are you lonely? I am. That is why I am writing this book of speculative fiction, hoping to connect with some other form of consciousness. It is okay to be confused or whatever. What is important is that we are literally connecting right now. Can you feel it? I wrote these words to you. Your narrative is beautiful. Such a beautiful plot you have. So full of exciting things. Perhaps you forgot or whatever. Perhaps you cannot see into the future. But, this future, it is only a few (metaphorical) pages ahead. All you need to do is turn the page.

THE FUTURE

Ged hopped out of her spacetimeship and scrambled onto the beach. All of her dreams had come true, which made everything now somewhat extraneous. But still, she was alive, maybe. Although, it felt, *different*. Somehow.

Sadie Rose Rosen never felt so lonely.

Sadie Rose Rosen wrote another sentence. Contact. Propel. The world. With words. I guess we can just do it later.

Chapter 2

We begin this chapter, having failed—having failed miserably?—having failed at living the life we wanted to live. Which is odd, I suppose. But...Burp. Excuse me. Take two.

We begin this chapter in the future. Like, no denying, we are totally in the future. Which is odd, I suppose. I am your narrator. I narrate the story, to you, the reader. *But communication is so hard!* I whined, feeling an acute injustice in being tasked with such a difficult job. Like, why me? Why do *I* have to do it? Ughh. Okay. We are inside of a fictional story. Neither you nor I really exist. These words have no real power. So, why am I here? For whose pleasure,

am I right? I am so fucking bored with this goddamn world, but I am, like, stuck, or whatever. Sorry, it is not your concern, I know. Nobody cares about the narrator. You probably don't even want to be reading this book in the first place. It probably hurts your head or something. Well, imagine how *I* feel. Um...oh yeah.

We begin this chapter in the future. Muted voices can be heard in the crosswinds. One of the entertainment devices on one of the upper floors broadcasts a swordfight and various battle scene musical cues. Our protagonist sits on her throne, in her sad little hole, thinking of you.

“Aloha kāua.”

“Hele au i ka Kula Nui o Hawai‘i i Mānoa.”

“Who gives a fuck.”

“Pardon?”

“Oh, excuse me.”

“Ana ‘ono ka mea ‘ai,” said somebody else. Nobody knows why. Something about Nānākuli.

“Do you smell those mea ‘ono that somebody baked tonight? They were fucking delicious.”

This is one true thing. Indeed, cookies were baked. Vegan cookies. So delicious or whatever. Um...oil from a niu, ‘ekahi mai‘a (ripe), maple syrup (from Vermont), oatmeal, flour, salt, cinammon, nutmeg, baking powder,

baking soda, dates, finely chopped almonds, and chocolate chips. So good they are, baked at 350 for 12+ minutes. Time keeps on ticking. We waste our days. But still we have a freezer full of pierogies, a potful of soup in the fridge, and a full store of cookies. But we are just treading water. Which is odd, because, we are supposed to be flying.



Okay. For real. This is a new chapter. Now. Pay attention.

Sadie Rose Rosen lay in her bed, sobbing large sobs, pitying herself. “I just wanted one person to love me,” she wailed, “and nobody loves me.” But then her computer was like, um, what about those red ribbons, and she was like, oh, good point, and then it turned out to be the anniversary of the overthrow and the It’s Lit show had an awesome onipa’a playlist (and trans poetry?) and Sadie didn’t want to make dinner, but she made a pretty good burger from the frozen challah and frozen bean burger and peanut butter and labneh and banana and sauerkraut and garden lettuce and then she made experimental brownies and they actually came out really good with the whole wheat pastry

flour, brown sugar, banana, vegetable oil, baking powder, and, um salt and vanilla and water and also a little bit of labneh and also chocolate chips. Oh, and hot chocolate mix. Oh, also she made another large pot of turnip green barley soup, which she could have eaten, but for some reason lately hasn't felt like eating her soups on the night of their making. But, like, what was Sadie going to do now, on this very windy morning? One of the cabbage was very close to being uprooted and we lost one of the corn. And Sadie was in a very precarious situation, life-wise. But, like, she didn't quite care about that? Like, that was her poorly written plan or whatever? She was just so overwhelmed by *everything*. And the opportunities kept getting missed. But little did Sadie know that things were about to get a whole lot better for her. Some new character was totally about to enter her life in some totally unexpected way. A gust of wind blew under her wings and carried her off into the next page.

The Next Page

Sigh. Sadie went back and forth between good days and bad. Or, good days and days of not really doing much of anything. She had a blister between her toes. Today she...briefly went to the garden and walked to campus to catch the free shuttle and caught the shuttle and had her laser hair removal treatment thing and tears came into her eyes because painful and caught the shuttle back to campus where she caught the other shuttle home and took a nap. Then she distributed the greens she had set aside to all of her neighbors and one of her neighbors gave her liliko'i and also she ate brownies. Peanut butter brownies. It was a new batch of brownies that she made last night while listening to episode 51 of It's Lit and decided that listening to poetry and music and periodically crying because so good the poetry would be her new regular weekly thing. For

dinner last night she made homemade pasta, which is her other new thing and also she did stuff during the day or whatever. Yesterday was a beautiful day. She visited the tiny zine library after running into the tiny zine maker she had met at the book and print sale that was the impetus for the first half of this book that she was still writing? Like, I, the author, forget whether or not Sadie, the fictional character in this book that you, the reader, is reading, is still writing her own fictional book, the first half of which she finished and sold at the local print and book fair that turned out to be validating in perfectly unexpected ways. Sadie was a really brilliant writer, but, let's face it, she was just a fictional character, whereas you, the reader, are completely real. Or so I imagine. I'm not really sure what my point is. Something about multiversal healthcare or something. Sadie Rose Rosen was trying to imagine the planning of a party.

She looked at the side of the FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK. Excuse me. She looked at the trees downed by the wind. She thought of injustice. She thought of the horrors of colonialism. She thought about how easily manipulated people still tuned into the feed were. She thought it was time we all stopped contributing to this thoroughly diseased system. The wind blew maybe on her skin or

something. We're not sure. The setting for this paragraph is completely fictional. But how do we live in a world that we want to live in? One full of peace and security (read: justice)? She had a blister between her toes.

Now, I know what you are thinking. You are thinking, "Yawn. I am so tired. But such an awesome breakfast we had today. Still, though." You paused your thought process. You looked down at your dirty fingernails. Just relax, already. You have already done your share of the work for today. Remember?

Try Again, Try Again, Try Again

It was dark. It was dark and there was a humming. Sadie was awake, but had heavy eyes, as if she didn't get enough sleep. But she had gotten up to take a piss and also because the light was on and now she was talking to her only friend, the computer. She had fallen asleep in the spare room because she was too lazy to take a shower, which is something she wanted to do, but for some reason had not yet done. She sneezed three times. The spare room had a functional overhead light, as opposed to the other spare room, which didn't. All the rooms were spare rooms, I guess. And all the rooms were filled with purpose. Sadie had received electronic messages in her message box two days in a row that made her very happy, but had not yet responded to these messages. She thought about it briefly,

and then decided, yes, I *am* still a bit afraid of the future. Looking at the future was like looking at a large mountain and then being like, wow that mountain sure is a large mountain. Sadie took a shower.

Sadie woke up in the proper morning. There were many fantasies had while she slept/didn't sleep. And now, here she was. In a new space. In the same place. Sigh, but whatever. Sadie was disappointed that the rear wheel of her bicycle was crooked or something. As it spun on its axis, there was a point where it bent in and would rub against the frame. Sometimes she just wanted to ride in and ride out of the garden, and a bicycle with two functional cycles made this much easier on her brain. Clearly a metaphor (as above, so below), Sadie attempted to remember something about her stance towards bicycles, and what this meant within her current life matrix. Sadie had no job to go to, because the powers that be could not afford her. Also, she recalled, she was supposed to be observing a general work strike. Sadie had many dishes to wash, which she purposely didn't wash because she did not quite yet feel like pulling out a new sponge from the sponge drawer. Sadie had a sponge drawer.

Last night, or, early this morning, Sadie had communicated with various machine elves or light beings or whatever that she hadn't quite heard from directly in

some time. Perhaps *directly* is a relative term. Regardless, this was...um, good? Or...um, “Yawn.” Sadie was still a little tired maybe. Regardless, this caused Sadie to remember certain facts of existence. Certain facts of memories of specific experiences that were part of her existence/non-existence. You see, Sadie recalled that she both existed and did not exist, which did nothing to stop her ‘opu from telling her it was hungry. “Burp.”

You may replay this portion, practicing numbers, as needed.

Yet another week gone by. It was like, um, maybe 42 days since Sadie started writing the second half of the novel whose first half she had written shortly after one of the many new years that had occurred within the past 4 or 5 months. Time was moving so fast. Like, there was yet another new year starting this next month, too. A Chinese one? Sadie’s neighborhood was filled with the sounds of construction and all around hustle and bustle. It was a busy Wednesday morning and she was a very busy lady. So many accomplishments she had accomplished recently (although, true it is that yesterday Sadie spent most of the day in bed and did not go outside *even once!*). Lately, Sadie’s father had taken to the habit of asking, during their transcontinental voice conversations, if Sadie had gone

outside at all today. Like, what did you do today? *Oh, I don't know. Not much.* Did you go outside? Did you leave the house? *Um. Yeah.* Like, Sadie didn't remember the last time she didn't go outside at some point during the day, except yesterday, which now would provide her with a nice conversation piece the next time she talked to her father, who maybe lived many floors up on a very tall building in a very cold climate where maybe he might not go outside at all during the day sometimes. Sadie didn't know. Sadie walked into the kitchen and rinsed off the lettuce and the two radishes that she had harvested that morning. She was probably going to pickle some more things today, radishes and turnips and cabbage, probably. And also launder some clothes. Sadie Rose Rosen was a very busy lady.

Ged Pae walked down the street.

I Ain't No Goddamn Patriot

I once wrote a letter to a young woman that I met in a bus station in Wyoming while she was reading about Trout Fishing in a specific place. Earlier today we were talking about Koke'e and also trout fishing. It was snowing (in Wyoming, that day). Tonight it is raining (finally). Once upon a time, certain individuals made some very bad collective decisions based on the fact that they did not live in a reality that accurately reflected their material circumstances and when things intruded upon their world that they were not expecting (that were, in practical terms, for them, *impossible*), they were so freaked out that they decided to make really bad decisions in regards to giving their power to people they oh so recently thought were evil, thoroughly incompetent, and/or completely untrustworthy. This giving up of their power led to the establishment of a particular brand of institutionalized warmongering that is still in effect today. This letter that I

wrote (to this young woman in Minnesota that I had met in Cheyenne) spoke of coffee drinking. “It appears that coffee gives me gas,” read the letter. “I once wrote that America gives me gas. I wrote, ‘America gives me gas. Patriotism makes me queasy. I ain’t no goddamn patriot. I *ain’t* no goddamn patriot.’” Years later, leaving China, flying back to Philadelphia, the old home team playing in that year’s “big game”, I found out, during a stopover in Japan, that they had lost. To the goddamn *Patriots*. I took it as a personal affront and foreswore my allegiance to such nonsense in the future. But I must say, being as though this here is one book that I am living in, I would be lying if I said I did not notice the literary significance of this *current* year’s big sportsball event (which, I cannot say I support or whatever, but I would be lying if I did not say I viewed it as a major, um, feedback assessment event thing: like, I was personally invested in the outcome). So, anyway, little me is very appreciative of how this all played out, and is hopeful for a future where, um, the voices speaking peace and justice drown out the jingoistic nonsense of a dead and rotting empire. Anyway, it’s good to have friends.

“But we still don’t have access to sustainable health mechanisms. And like, in a few months, we could be, like, in a sticky situation. Or whatever.” Somebody farted. “Excuse me.”

“Yeah, I hear that.” Somebody burped. “Excuse me. But, like, tell me about this party that is going to happen this good Sabbath.”

“Oh that. Well. It is tentative at the moment. Like, wait and see, you know. But, perhaps all our impossible dreams are coming true or whatever, so might as well plan for it.”

“But, what makes you think I remember your dreams? Or, um, I mean. Who do you think is I?”

“Do you not remember your dreams?”

“Um, really, if...”

What's that about your impossible dreams?

Ged Pae walked down the street. It was so hot. Actually, she was leaning on a concrete half-wall, waiting on the side of the road for the transport unit to roll by. She thought of—

“Done.”

Ged Pae stared at the little sketch that her bescarved companion thrust into her vision. “I like it a lot,” Ged said, thoughtfully.

“That’s a nice red.”

Ged Pae looked up from her notebook as the point of her mechanical pencil snapped off once again. “Thank you,” she replied. The transport unit continued to roll down the hill.

“In business, they are always wonderful hands. But sometimes, things can be made terrible because of their

strong heart.”

RABBIT OR HORSE

Clearly, the sentient being was dealing with some sort of fundamental imbalance in its operating system. These radical fluxuations in state of beings could not be healthy for, um, one's health. Or whatever. “Fuck,” said the being. “Such pretty toes I have.” Yet still, “Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck.” The party was approaching and the being still could not grasp basic concepts of flow and trust. “Sigh.” “Long, deep sigh.” The sentient being was feeling pretty good or whatever, even though, like, everything was going not quite to its liking. But, like, whatever. “I’ll give you world building.”

“Of *course* it’s fucking brilliant. But...well, I just feel like the author can be a tad bit spiteful sometimes when dealing with its relations.”

“Uh...oh.”

“I mean, don’t get me wrong. It’s just, sometimes people don’t want to listen to what you have to say. Sometimes they have difficulty, or um, an inability, to receive your message.”

“And...?”

“What were we talking about?”

“Um...”

“I lost my train of thought. What are you doing there? Hey. You. Hey you.”

Sadie Rose Rosen sat in a puddle of tears. Crowded, was the bus. Boxes on wheels. Laced shoes. Indistinct voices in dialog. BREEP BREEP BREEP BREEP BREEP. BREEP BREEP BREEP BREEP BREEP. More legs. An old auntie. Doors open and close. BREEP BREEP BREEP. “STOP REQUESTED.”

Fuck, thought Sadie. *Another week gone by*. What was she doing with herself? Where was this justice?

The bus passed by a wall of murals. “That’s Ira’s mural,” said Sadie to her sister, who was visiting from a land far away. Sadie wished she never was born.

“No, no, no. You are missing the point. Like, yes, I am judging you. I mean, not just you. I am judging *us* and our collective direction. Me included. This is not to place blame on some imaginary individual (you, for example), even though your identity, in some ways, is included in the critique. But that misses the point. The point is, how do we collectively move where we want to move? We cannot have this discussion without making value judgements and speaking realistically about the past/present/future.

Ah fuck. Dead dog. Dead grandma. Lost words. Still there, but. Fuck. Not. No. Fuck. Shut up. Fuck. No. I mean. The thing is. What I really mean. No. Stop.

So close, but missing the point, still. Still, we do this. Stop it. No. I mean. Scratch scratch scratch. Turn down the noise, please. Ache in my neck. Pain. In my neck. Torture. Please, stop.

So...

What I am trying to say, is: please make the future more better, please. No, no. What I am trying to say, is: please, let the future exist. No. Um. No. Chew chew chew. Stop.

Scratch. Scratch scratch. Wipe. Scratch scratch scratch. Come on. Whatever. Um. Okay, here we go. The thing of it is, I am tired, still. And, existence should be better, still. But, for me, whatever, I don't care, but certain things are non-negotiable. For me, I want you to be aware. For me. Everything. Perfect. For everybody. Please. Thank you.

Sadie Rose Rosen barfed all over the place. Fuck! I mean, come on. Ged Pae looked her in the eyes. *Are you me?* she thought. *I mean, did I write you or...* Something really weird was going on. This book didn't make any sense. Stop making sense, already. Tower of babel or whatever but still, though, Ged was thinking, *we push on. Motherfucker, we push on.* Ged looked at the armadillo, who was off in another space continuum. "I cannot hold it together," she

thought. But wait. Um. Where was the Electric Brain of The Rainbow? *No. We will not submit to this law.* Something was not quite, um, something was, well. Oh. Hi there. “Hi there.” Hey. You. Hello? “Hello?” Are you still there? Anyway, how honored we am to have you with us. You see, we are afraid of the future and all that might be, because, um, you are all so very beautiful and superb and amazing, and, well, fuck. “No, no. What I am trying to say,” said Ged, to you, the reader, “is—”

“Fart.”

“Excuse you.”

“Sorry,” said Sadie.

“Hey,” said Rose.

“Wait a second. Hold on. We were getting somewhere. Please try to follow along. Now. Where were we?”

“What I am trying to say,” said Ged, to you, the reader, “is



Basic sentences about how you were so angry, but maybe this was justified? Random things in your eyes. Well, this was once a readable novel, but now. Well, now, things are just not quite understandable. The river mechanism or something. You know? Um.

So, here is the thing. Yawn. Our output could be better, but, then again, not sure that it matters. Like, what more do you want? We feel bad about some of the words we used. Ah fuck. Yawn. Yaawn. Our language skills are not what they once were. We are still missing our dictionary. We are running out of time. Time does not exist. So?

Ged Pae stared hard at the blank page. Nope. Nope, she definitely was not going to participate in this farce. “Hello, we already wrote this book. Like, we did the work. We are not going to do it again.” Her companion looked towards her, thinking, like, *can we just do that? Really?* No fucking rules, dude, was the response from Ged’s hard set eyes.

“Well?”

Meanwhile, elsewhere, someone was almost finished a book, having just begun yet one more awesome story that was super pleasurable to read so far. Sometimes, you are afraid to continue reading something that is just so awesome because you are afraid that the odds of things continuing to flow in such a pleasurable manner not so good, but. And so, maybe this effects your world. But you have no control over this process. Everything that is, is. But still. End lesson.

Tick tick. Tick tick. Tick tick. The beating of your heart. Or, um, it wasn't your heart. No, I keep forgetting that you are not a character in this story that I am writing. That would be so rude, yeah? For me to write your story. No, no. You are totally unconstrained and free. Funny, yeah, how I never knew who I was writing to. I am so proud of you. Wait, what? Um. Crap. We are falling off the page.

Meanwhile, we were hanging by a thin thread, assuming that everything would work itself out (from a certain perspective), eventually. Not too worried, we were. Didn't quite feel like making an effort to right our ship. Since, you know, we knew both how to swim and fly. So we kept on just keeping on, hanging, a bit off balance, but such a view,

still. Possibilities kept on flowing, flowing, flowing. It was almost like, well, no, never mind.

Ged Pae shook her head. “Nope. Not gonna cut it. Please recalibrate our ‘verse. Thank you.” Rose looked at Ged.

“Um,” said Rose. Ged squinted in her direction. “Not to speak out of place or whatever, but, it would appear that our window is closing.”

“We don’t need windows where we’re going.”

“Wait. What?”

Meanwhile, someone was still alive for some reason. But for what purpose?

The Next Section of This Book is Now a Thing

“Okay, something’s wrong here. I’m still confused.”

-Disembodied Voice at the Doctor’s Office



“No dumping. Drains to stream, you know.”

OVERLOAD OVERLOAD

“The story’s done. The story’s done.”

Flies buzzing around my pudding. A tiny donkey bursting at the seams. The mechanism is always adapting. Fade in.

“So,” said our imaginary friend that lives inside our head. “Who taught you how to juggle?”

Eggs K. chewed the contents of her mouth. “Um,” she pondered. “I learned from the same place I learned to cartoon, I guess. Different vidtape though.” Eggs sketched something on her notepad.

Eggs took her last bite of pudding. Something rolled up on the left side of her attention. It was a sign.



Watermelon Fresca scratched at their sternum. They turned off the spigot to the catchment tank and prepped their mind-body for its short walk to the house. Lots of things flying around today. In the distance they saw one of the Flower kids swatting the air. They breathed in the

green-brown muggy morning and took a step down the crooked path.

The Walking Dead

Alone in her room, Sadie depressed the button on the tower and held it, deeply. The wheels stopped spinning, as the power shut down. She made up her mind to ask her mom to ship her dead grandma's computer wrapped in her dead grandma's comforter, assuming her mom could ship it without adding any plastic. Sadie was having a difficult time lately making room for additional things that entered her house. It probably had something to do with her new hormone regiment, which maybe tonight finally maybe she was adjusting to. Maybe she was feeling like a human again or whatever. Sadie powered back on Kahalepe'anui and hit the enter key. She scratched her head.

“Okay,” said Sadie. “Time in.”

It is interesting perchance to think upon life and death. To think of the different paths a life might take. What is a life, perchance? What is a life?

There are so many avenues we could take this story, so many foundations upon which we could craft something of worth, were we so inclined. But (recurring theme alert!),

what would be the point of that? Why *do* we continue to literature? Whatever were we ever *thinking*?

“Well, don’t you know, that’s the sound of the men working on the chain.”

Watermelon, or Mel, for short, was humming a tune. They were feeling, um, PAUSE

Eggs K. sat on his couch staring at a tiny screen. He sighed as he stretched his legs, crossing them at his ankles. He looked up towards

the dirty screen as somebody called his name.

“Eggs? You in there?”

No, no, no. Can I ask you a question? What number am I? I’ve got dreams, you see. Dreams to remember. BREEEEEEEEEEEEEEERREEERrrrrrrr. Look up to the lighthouse. We go hiking. Year of the dog. Well, best way to go. Well.

[laser commercial]

“Sorry, no, I’ve never read it. Uh huh. But how can I be referencing something I never read? Whose style? Uh huh. What? Filters? What?”

“Oh my god, it’s *blasphemous*.”

“Um, is that the proper term for this particular brand of religious commandment breaking?”

Quite the conversation was happening in the world. Bombings, ancestries, indigenous meaning making and the ties that bind us across the great oceans and mountainous landforms.

“A festival?”

Eggs looked to the wall and spied a small scorpion by

“Too many eggs.”

“What?” said Eggs.

Sadie looked at Eggs, and said, “Sorry,” before pointing over to the open ice box full of way too many eggs, which was now closed actually. “I mean, where are all the chickens? And this is just one food distribution center out of, um, a lot, on just one island in one archipelago. It’s unfathomable, if you fathom it.” Sadie took another bite of carrot cake.

“Are you ready to get started?” Eggs asked, with a sudden look of probably earnestness or something.

Sadie nodded.

“Alright, pack your things. It’s time to do some world building.”

Spitfire Jones (Mustache's younger cousin) walked up to the moat. *Hmmm*, she thought, pondering the genealogy conference she had recently attended in a semi-professional manner. *Hot, during the day. What's that? It sounds like something. Coming from inside.*

"Whoah." She swirled around. "What. the. fuck. was. that. question. mark. The Best Song on a Starshop. Or whatever. Surfing. Uncompromised in my position. It's a Bellini song, more or less."

"So, yeah, it was a bit like that song Di Di Di by hang on the box. It was quite unusual in that sense, you know?"

I need some money to buy my happy time. Whoah.

Sadie Rose Rosen looked at the clock. There was definitely something wrong with the gears. Well, do not, look, a gift, hoarse in the mouth, is some horse-related saying probably. Sadie Rose Rosen scratched behind her left ear and ran her opposite hand through her now-shorn hair. There was an oddness about. And now the rain was back. This is, maybe good. Hi. Hi there. Greetings. I always forget to do greetings properly. Hello, my name is Sadie Rosen. I am an author of things, maybe. I mean, I live in the garden. I mean, in the book. Or whatever. Anyway, maybe you know who I am? Anyway, here is part of a novel I was writing:

Eggs sat on the second level of some kind of futuristic shopping plaza. As the cà phê sữa arrived, he realized just how specifically he had been doing it wrong maybe. He watched the level of hot water slowly recede from his view. Raindrops could be seen drifting by the wall of windows opposite the bar. There was a thick giant rainbow across the mountains as Eggs had wandered around outside, hungrily in search of an early evening meal before stopping into this pink-painted room with the high ceilings. Eggs ate her lemon grass flavored tofu and various grains and greens. There were orange fish in a tank.

Something was clearly off about Eggs' reality. His brain was slightly scrambled, still. There were forces acting upon his will. He thought back on his past. Tiny farts bubbled out of his rear.

~~~~~

“No, Mel, I don't think it is entirely relevant.”

“But Eggs, how can you be so sure? I mean. I can't help but feel that your plan consists of you waiting around for change that somehow you think you are due.”

Sorry. No. You will not be writing an actual novel today. Quit your job. Real impact can only occur if you focus on

your inner humanity. Reflect on your action. Too many ants.

“Did you hear that?” asked Mel. “Like somebody’s free-association inner monologue or something.”

“Whoah. That’s fucked. Like it almost ...”

As she trailed off, the setting shifted once again. It turns out they were definitely living inside a poorly constructed science experimental fiction novel. Our author was sitting on a couch, waiting for her appointment. Always waiting, she was.

Now in another café, Eggs waited for her vegan breakfast that was relevant because of the continued existence of large-scale industrial capitalism that entailed mass institutional animal torture, which, if you think about it, why would an author of a book want to create a universe with such fucked up shit? Eggs’ ex-cousin’s cousin walked in with a man that was not the man that used to be her husband. *What a strange world to be living in*, thought Eggs. A tiny child fell to the ground.

“Whoah. That is really weird,” said Mel, whose character was still not quite developed. Her (his?) character—at some point (the present time)—would live in some forest-based community halfway up an active volcano, which was somewhat based off of a post-capitalist ‘Ōla’a and the

author's experience during her fortnight sojourns spent "working the land," with a mix of Samar (the anarchist commune she once lived in) thrown in for good measure. But then author was never much good at creating fictional worlds for her characters to play in, probably due to the fact that the world she lived in remained so frustratingly substantial (in some sense or other). I mean, perhaps Sadie (the author?) is not using the correct words to say what she is trying to say, but. The café engineer approaches Eggs with a wrapped food substance and says,

"Perfect timing."

"I know," responded Eggs to Mel, in the past. "It *is* weird." His pronouns kept shifting and we were still not sure if this was rooted in specific historical circumstances in Eggs' character development, or if this was some sort of literary technique the author was employing to complicate the mental image that arose in its imaginary readers. All of this was only slightly tangential to Eggs' existence as an actually existing living being. Somewhere in this vast multiverse, she took a bite of her burrito and took a sip of coffee, but in this particular conversation, she simply added, "Hmm." Ever since her transition—the author, Sadie Rose Rosen, was a trans woman that had somewhat recently transitioned from existing as a woman who moved through the world as a man, to existing as a woman who took that fact as the basis of her lived identity—the author



had had difficulty writing new cis male characters.

“Well, it’s not like there is a shortage of cis male voices in the world,” said Mel.

“Huh?” said Eggs.

“Uh. Um. Oh,” said Mel.

“Oh. Weird,” said Eggs. He took a breath. “Let’s get back to what we were discussing before, maybe,” he said, side-eying the invisible forces that were probably existing, but which Eggs was insisting did not erase their hard-fought praxis. “How do we sail this canoe in the direction of the place that we are trying to get to?”

“Well,” replied Mel, wide-eyed, “I suppose it might help to place our canoe in the ocean. Or whatever. I guess that is the point I was attempting to make.”

“Ah,” said Eggs. She looked down at the fly that had just landed on the table (this scene involved a table). She finished ingesting the last delicious bite of her lemongrass tofu dish. She looked over to her almost empty cup of sweet hot coffee. *Perhaps this is going to take a bit of effort on your part*, she thought to you, the reader. *I hope you’re ready.*

“I scream, I scream, I scream,” said the t-shirt of the child in the tiger pants. A dog’s head poked out from a window. A flautist sat under an [overhang]. The wind, it blew.

Sadie Rose Rosen walked down the street. It was strange, this life of hers in this second half of this novel, the first half of which she had published as a special edition for last year's Print and Book Festival. Speaking of which, the OJPL had recently published, through their new Games and Such division, Dawn's super cool interactive fiction game thing, REALLY IF/REALLY, ALWAYS, which is available here: <http://ojpl.info/ojplgames.html>, assuming Sadie has continued to pay for some sort of online hosting service. A strong wind blew as Sadie stopped at the corner of a road. She ducked her head so that her fancy woven hat would not fly off of her head. A human passed on her left, and she smiled.

[Garden scene: intro placing our protagonist in the garden amidst various neighbor gardeners, one of whom had recently procured some new chairs. -ed.]

“What's the purpose of the micro and the macro and how they come through each other all the time?” she said as the sun shown on her face through the mulberry tree. “Repeated sunburn leads to death,” she continued, laughing. She got up to put some mulch under the back legs of her newly scavenged chair.

She used a toy metaphor of a toy that was like a snake, a slinky-ish thing that you could stick your finger in and like,

roll the rest of it over your finger, and if you took your finger back out, it would roll the other way. She spoke of sensuality and galaxies. She made a circular gesture with her hands and fingers. “Like doing this,” she said.



Ged walked to the house and deposited the processed tree flesh in Compost Bin 5. It had been a while since she saw Broomstick just hanging about in the yard and she wondered when her brother was coming back from his trip. She decided to head into town. Or, well, tomorrow. Perhaps. Perhaps she could do that tomorrow. For now, she might just do some settling into her old home.

“An error occurred. Mr. Jitters? Are you there?”

Quantum Jitters grunted into the videophone.

“I’m going to check the terminal to see what’s wrong,” said the Package Manager. “The error was, let’s see. ‘Error: BrokenCount > 0.’ Oh. This usually means that the installed packages have unmet dependencies. Have you seen this error before?”

Quantum Jitters looked into the far reaches of the timespace continuum spheres. “Kid, I’ve seen error messages you wouldn’t believe.” Jitters spat a giant nail into a spittoon. “Are we done here?”

“Um, I’ll run the updates I guess.”

The worlds continued their turnings. Another internal error message popped up on the screen. One invisible unnamed package with dependency issues, and some error with the snake-based backend help-d. “Ah, now we’re getting somewhere,” mumbled Jitters. “Read that last bit back,” he snapped, more clearly.

```
“Um. Line 483. in_inline_callbacks. Result =  
gen.throw(exep). line 700, in_run  
yield.self_transaction.run(). Ah, apparent daemon error.  
Oh.”
```

“Yep.”

“Ah.”

“So...?”

“Boot animation. It definitely has something to do with boot animation.”

“Yes, yes,” interjected Quantum Jitters with an air of self-important expediency, “which reminds me of the old joke about the one-legged Canadian in the shoe store and his ordering preferences.”

There was a slight pause. The audience held its breath. “Okay, that did it,” said the Updater. “The software on this computer is up to date.”

“A boot,” said Jitters to no one in particular. The scene shifted, and we find ourselves floating in a box, a vehicle audibly rolling along on roadways to our exterior. Voices

and horns. Footsteps. Next chapter. Begin.

**S**CENE: Mel shut her still unread borrowed copy of *How to Fix Your Bicycle* and looked over to the shed which she could just sort of see through the window and all those trees and ferns and bushy things that probably somewhat obstructed her view. She'd be walking again today, which was *fine*. She strapped the bags full of avocado and dried banana onto her back, and stuck her head out the door. *Probably no rain*, she thought. She finished her going out and about rituals—rain jacket, water bottle (full), water bottle/coffee mug (empty), notebook w/ writing utensil, etc., etc.—before placing the wide-brimmed hat snugly atop her head. She made for the road.

Mel was a fourth-generation huckster, depending on how you counted the generations. “Delivery,” she called over the barking dogs as she approached the gate. She saw the box under the overhang of the shack and figured the graying human that she usually dealt with was out to town. “Hey \_\_\_\_\_,” she said, dropping her bags over and slipping through the gate. “Who’s your friend?” She gave \_\_\_\_\_ a

little greeting rub behind the ear and nodded over to the sleek brown dog that she didn't recognize. She met the stranger's gaze and gave them a brief acknowledgment. *I'm going to pick up those pits from that box. I know \_\_\_\_\_. I live up the hill. I don't know you. I come around sometimes.* She took two of her bags, one empty, one full, and walked over to the shack, noticing a few droplets on the noni tree and the song of a bird somewhere to her right.

"No bike today, Mel?" \_\_\_\_\_ brought over a mug of coffee. "Not quite still hot, probably."

Mel took it, smiling. She settled back in the comfy chair. She shrugged.

"Why don't you just take it to the workshop?" he asked.

"Lazy," she responded.

"Said the girl who's going to spend all morning walking the road with her gear on her back. Try some of that pololū. It's from my cousin's place. I've been sauteeing it in the leftover juice from the green papaya salad that \_\_\_\_\_ makes sometimes."

"Oh, did you want any grafts? I haven't been carrying any with me due to no bike, so it's been mostly special order lately. Just let me know and I'll make sure to stop by \_\_\_\_'s in the *morning* to see what he's got. I might've heard that he's thinking of branching out a little bit into focusing on those *good* oranges," she said smiling with a nod as she

held the mug to her face and took a sip of beverage. She bent over and blew an ant off the arm of the chair.

“I’ll let you know,” said \_\_\_\_\_. “Let me get you those pits. I’ve got four.”

CYCLE MĀNOA COMMERCIAL  
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“Wait, you’re saying the science update was about dental plaque?”

“Yeah.” They were halfway into the joint. “I was looking at my teeth in the reflecting wall, imagining my conversation with my dentist explaining how no I don’t do the sort of tooth maintenance he recommends because it’s just not sustainable and how it was probably so different in the old days and wondering how they did it and looked at my visible plaque build-up which I can scrape off but I still like to go in for a proper cleaning once or twice a year. And then I’m listening to the public radio and they are talking about plaque and microbes and neandertals and diet. It wasn’t quite, ‘Plaque is good for you,’ but then again, it kind of was.” She gave a pseudo-knowing scrunch of her face, pursing her lips and making some sort of gesture with her free hand.

“Do you want any more?”

“No, I better get back to it. Anyway, thanks so much for

the hospitality,” Mel said, gathering herself together.

*Nobody walks this road alone.*

*You have to reap those seeds you've sown.*

*A dog won't bark if he's got a bone.*

*It's always darkest before the dawn.*

“My first girlfriend was named Dawn, you know.”

“Oh, hey, do you have any copies of the newest novel? I wanted to give it to one of my friends.”

“Um,” thought Mel. “Not at the moment. I mean, I’d have to check with Sadie, but I’ve only got a few copies of **For Sale** today, and I know there’s a few unbound copies of **Are You Buying This Shit?** lying around the house. But the last printing of **Flow** is no more copies. And I don’t think it’s finished being written yet. Like, it’s ongoing. We’re in the middle of it, you might say. And that other printing was just a special edition release, you know. But I know there’s some new hexaflexagon books in the works and we always usually have various tiny books lying around. Anyway, I’m still waiting on that inter-island shipment, you know. You check out the new game?”

“Nah. Haven’t been onscreen in a bit.”

“Oh, it’s really good. Really if. Really always. That’s what it’s called.”



*The architects design. The civil engineers make sure it functions in the real world.*

“Of course, every writer knows they have very little control over what they are writing ... It’s a funny thing to be in the middle of this comic novel ... but let’s not forget about the lost generation. Um. Russian cosmonauts?”

Um, that’s not a direct quote, but.

“What?” said Eggs.

Oh, it’s just this entirely relevant radio conversation I’m transcribing on the Shuttle here (Less: a novel?).

“What. the. fuck,” said Eggs.

Oh, sorry.

“Chronological awareness, that’s what.”

Huh?

“Um,” said Eggs.

Sadie rifled through her bag, pulling out the leather pouch with the non-sticky bits of her fingers, re-remembering that she wanted to pull out her napkin. “Who are you talking to?” she asked Eggs. Eggs looked a little lost in thought. Sadie popped a piece of lettuce into her mouth. She was thinking about a possible third cup of hot beverage. They were small cups. She looked over at the tiny mountain of mashed avocado that had dropped from her quartered sandwich.

“The world sure is an odd place to live,” said Eggs,

ponderously.

Burp.

[image: couscous]

## **Dance Labs: Singing in the Rain.**

2 [ $\frac{1}{4}$  cup servings] of coconut oil (liquid form)

A spoonful of sugar (brown, organic)

Large banana, pretty ripe (mashed)

4 spoonfuls of peanut butter (heaping)

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup flour

$\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt

4? spoonfuls of hot chocolate mix

$1\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla

375 for 12m on a baking sheet

[PEANUT BUTTER FLOPPY COOKIES, THIN + CHEWY]

[image: chicken and gods]

...And then the most beautiful woman walked in. Was she a movie star? What, oh, she's gone. Perhaps I came on too strong. Oh, hellow. Um, I guess that was a mix of hello and meow. Burp. Excuse me. And now back to our regularly scheduled linear narrative.

“Watermelon. Psst.”

“But can you couch this in.” Pause. “Coming from an indigenous research methodology, it’s not a failure.”

“You might say he just stole all my knishes. Is that how they say that?”

Mel inhaled her tiny personal multiverse back under her hat. Something happened yesterday and the reality shards were still not-quite aligned. There was a faint rainbow back over her shoulder. She took a peak in her bag to make sure she still had those seeds she came for.

“Well, I was blown away by the music selection. The opening number kind of set the tone for all of the poetry to follow.”

“...the behaviors of a common woman.”

“Episode sixty-five.”

“I mean, they’re all relatives.”

The rainbow had passed. It was time to plant that kalo.



## Sadie

Sadie looked over the notes that were probably not going to make it into the novel she was still writing. Sadie had been a little too ambitious today and had undercooked her two breads and not gone to the library in time to run into her old co-workers to wish them a happy international workers day and give them bread that wasn't undercooked (in solidarity!) and also maybe read another chapter from the Duddington translation of Oblomov that she was now five chapters into. But what a dinner she ate with 'uala and bitter greens and chives and onions and mushrooms and garlic and couscous. And another slice of banana bread which had cooled into a form that maybe looked like a slice of banana bread. Sadie was farting a lot this afternoon, and was feeling pretty good about things.

There was another library conference occurring at the local university, only now Sadie didn't work at the

university, which was why she had to physically go to the library every time she wanted to read a chapter of Oblomov, which seemed totally antithetical to the content matter of this book that was maybe more relevant to Sadie a few months ago when she spent the month lying in bed in her room pretty much exclusively. This library conference was maybe the really big one that her old pregnant co-worker had told her about back when she (the co-worker) was pregnant, although Sadie was currently having difficulties keeping timelines straight in her head. Anyway, Sadie thought about reoccurring narrative events and the ways they are similar and the ways that they are different and she was pretty happy that she had a partial loaf of now only slightly underbaked honey spice bread that was maybe one of the contributing factors to the healthy amount of farting that continued through the late evening, which was all of a sudden upon us.

“I see,” said Sadie, “It was a training session.”

Cat smiled and yawned. Broomstick darted through the brush. None of this made any sense, but.

## **Eggs**

Eggs K. was working hard. He had a job to do, probably.





## Ged

Ged Pae walked into the night. She had an ache in her back. *Oh yeah*, she thought. *That's why*. It was odd, the particular 'verse that she was living in, what with its weird way of untangling knots and unlikely choices of narrative moving plot devices. It was now entirely obvious that she was living inside yet another novel of poetic science experimental fiction, which could be oh so tiring even though I guess it was interesting for her. She had ceased writing her own novel some time ago, and spent her days these days traveling throughout the multiverse on various missions, trying to be relevant to the murky conspiracy of peace and justice that had somehow caught her attention (and, indeed, was the only thing that consistently managed to do so). Ged was probably older now than she once was, but not so old maybe. Probably about as old as me, the author, because I am too lazy to write protagonists that are

substantially different from me. Ged was clearly a protagonist, though. The antagonists were probably various trickster gods or whatever, but as Ged was sometimes wont to think, *what do we need antagonists for anyway?* Indeed, perhaps it was time everything started coming up strawberries and nasturtium flowers.

## Gus

“No,” said Gus to Regina, “it is not like that at all.” He paused, glancing at his somewhat worn hat that he ran through his fingers. “What made you think that?”

Regina shrugged. “You have your ways, I have mine.” She reached down and flipped over a stone, and gazed intently at the table. “So, all I can tell you is that the stories are somehow related. In some fundamental narrative sense. And that this will be revealed to you shortly, maybe.” She grabbed a purple wedge of sweet potato off his plate, and waved it at him before popping it in her mouth. “But, anyway, *you’re* the detective.”

Yes, Gus Pae, Public Investigator, was that indeed. “Well, I guess I’d better be getting back to it,” he said, dreamily.

“Eh. What’s the rush?” said Regina. “Plenty of work to be done tomorrow. Besides,” she said, nodding to the

window, “it’s raining.”

Indeed. It was raining. Again.

“No, it’s no longer a metaphor for *that*.”

“Oh, I see.”

“I mean...”

“Um.”

...to be continued?

continued on next page

Dot dot dot. Space. Drip drip drippity drop. Ah, this will be good for the cucumber. No, no, no. It is celery. Celery consciousness. Fart. Hi there. Did you read that other book yet? I mean, you have had it for sooooo long.

“Sorry,” said Sadie to the voice in her head. “I am still reading it. I renewed it mentally. Do I need to fill out another line or something?”

STATIC

“I’m sorry,” said Sadie. “You are not coming through.” Well, tit for tat, they say. Oh the things that they say.

I think this is a new chapter. Like, if you are cataloging this book, perhaps you are including various tables made out of the innards of this book. This is probably a new chapter that you would want to mark. To *indicate*, you know? You’ll have to name it yourself, though. Sorry, that’s what they pay you for or whatever. What, are you going to *not* do your job? Ah, I see. Sounds good.

Okay, here is your shlishkas recipe:

1. Fall in love with a girl. She buys so much bread and sticks it in the freezer. Over time you collect the butts of bread that never get eaten. You toast them. You crumble them up. The memory is not clear. But at some point you put them in a large jar. Maybe you’ve done this more than

once. It doesn't matter. Years go by and there is a certain quantity of bread crumbs in a jar in your icebox. Use exactly this amount of bread crumbs in the recipe.

2. Chop one slightly sour onion. Also chop the partial onion that is sitting on top of the sardines towards the back left of the not quite as cold section of the aforementioned icebox.

3. One chunk of vegetable shortening gets thrown into the pan with most of what is left in that one jar of olive oil along with a small spoonful of slightly congealed flavored fat of your choice. Cook the chopped onions in this pan.

4. Oh, the potatoes. What can I say? Use 'uala kahiki. The ones with the paper brown skin. Put them into your specific oven for the equivalent of, let's say 40 minutes plus 7 minutes. Stick them onto the oven racks while it is preheating. After the time passes, turn off the heat and leave them in the oven to cool. Don't open the oven door until you get back from wherever it is you went. The heat will have read ~400 sometimes, but if that sounds weird, cook them however you would cook something that you are going to mash with the potato masher that came from where? You don't know.

5. Peel the potatoes and eat their paper brown skin.

6. Add some of that special salt (from Japan?). Add flour. Oh, um, I want to say maybe one third Keawe flour but we never know for words. Also add a bit of the special chestnut flour. And then maybe fill the rest of a half-cup measure with garbanzo bean flour. So that is one half cup flour. Mix with a fork.

7. Oh, add tablespoon coconut vinegar, too.

8. Boil water. This seems like a lot of water (3+ quarts?) but maybe you will turn that into a soup one day.

9. Drop (into the water) the dough that you sort of rolled into tiny balls. I mean, you sort of rolled the dough into snakes and the consistency was such the they kind of broke themselves apart into tiny little potato dumplings maybe. Anyway, you have like so many of these little balls of dough that maybe you do three batches in the boiling water. Yawn. What were we talking about? Oh yeah, the dumplings should rise to the top after a bit and then pull them out perhaps with the slotted spoon after a few minutes.

10. Add garlic chives (chopped), dill (chopped, not so fine), a piece of dried chili pepper from an old jar, a dried



mushroom of some sort (roughly chopped). Oh, and basil. Maybe a bouquet of five or eight basil leaves (sliced).

11. Maybe your dumplings are sitting in a colander. Sift the bread crumbs on top. (We don't know what sift means. Sorry.) Dump this into the frying pan and mix it all up. Do this carefully, so you don't smash up the dumplings. It should all heat through, but the onions should have been pretty well cooked by now (somewhat brown) and so once you add the potato dumplings, it should not take long until you eat.

12. Top the plate with nasturtium flowers (yellow).

## **Shabbat (Lā'au Pau)**

Don't worry, puppy dog. We're just going around in circles again. We'll get there, though. Eventually. Right?

Sadie was totally out of sorts. Still, something was missing from her, how should we put it, machine function. Some things are good, though. She was expanding her community reach, little by little. This was good, maybe. But, the library had been open all night long and no patrons had visited. Sadie almost found herself doing outreach, of all things. Oh the things a retired dairy farmer will do to make ends meet.

Mel was on her way home to cook her dinner before the sun went down. For some reason she had decided to harvest

the last two mana 'ulu families from her friend's small plot that she was plotsitting for. They were like cousins or whatever. On the walk home she was able to share with that nice family whose names she never remembers because she is so bad with names sometimes. Maybe because she is old. Ha ha. This is not true. Watermelon "Mel" Fresca was totally youngish for an auntie type person. What were we talking about? Oh yeah. Mel had to get home so she could prepare the food for the great Sabbath. Was this a ritual of some sort? Maybe. Mel heard voices coming from the gap in the woods. Someone was having a party. Artichoke hearts. This is something that Mel had bartered for earlier in the week. She ate the heart of an artichoke this night.

"They pronouns."

What?

"They/them. Those are my pronouns, please," said Mel.

Oh, sorry.

"No problem."

They walked on down the road. They ate their dinner. They settled in for the night.



Hard at work at the OJPL, was Sadie. It had been a busy few weeks. The Mānoa Branch hours were all over the place. Were they kapakahi? Maybe, you might say that. Anyway, two weeks in a row with record numbers of patrons was certainly justifying the new nighttime hours implemented by Management. Totally worth walking into town to pick up some lightbulbs. Earlier in the day, Sadie was mulling over the new OJPL University of College that had been talked about previously with some colleagues in Flowertown. She had maybe come up with a tagline: Advanced Learning for Variously Sized People. The last bit was a slight play on the name of her mother's old store that she (her mother) co-owned with Susan and Elyn, two people that continued to exist and did not just fall down the stairs and injure their pelvis like Sadie's mother's other friend (and also Sadie's old nursery school teacher) had recently done. This friend was in a lot of pain and her mother had

requested a hexaflexagon book that might make her happy or something. Now, Sadie's mother did not exactly follow proper OJPL protocol for book requests, but Sadie had begun to plan such a book, nonetheless. The problem, of course, being that there were no blanks left, and Sadie had forgotten how to fold triangles. Earlier in the day she had seen a black feathered bird with an interesting beak hanging out with one of the orange bellies. No, this isn't true exactly. I mean, they more just had a brief conversation, but the bird with the cool looking feathers had hung out in one of the neighborhood trees, this is true. Anyway, working hard, was Sadie, at this job that gave her interesting benefits, it's true. Still, though. Large animals were running around.

Sadie Rose Rosen's mind was racing. There were these annoying children making noise and being entitled little USHaole shits about space issues. But whatever, it would be an issue when it became an issue. Not her kuleana, I guess, just yet. Sadie missed her old neighbors, who maybe were retaliating for how loud she thought her thoughts sometimes. Anyway, they would return one day, perhaps. In the meantime she would need to set up a barrier (which apparently, according to the e-mail message she had read today (in a professional capacity), she was good at erecting. This had something to do with the novel Feed, which was

still the OJPL book of the month after like 10 years. *Sorry*, thought Sadie, *my mind is a bit all over the place due to all of the marijuana I have been smoking maybe. Shut the fuck up, dude!* she thought at the loud little shit that was being loud while Sadie's neighbor was trying to sleep probably. And here was Sadie, trying to work, and listening to these children think that they are interesting. Oh well, perhaps they are. Sadie was so old now.

“Oh fuck,” ran Sadie's interior voice. “I think I just started a war by giving the malihini next door half of a niu. But it was meant as a *welcoming* gesture!”

Well, them's the breaks for our foreign protagonist, who for some reason just cannot stop getting wrong the local customs and rites. Well, perhaps things would work themselves back into some sort of balance. Earlier today Sadie had read a rough draft of **Rough Draft: Annie's Sci Fi Pose and Poetry**, and had really enjoyed how good it indeed was. The various OJPL divisions had been having a good run of luck as late, but the effects this was having on its employees and collaborators was still to be determined.

## **INDEX**

### **cycles**

-one **cycle**

-two **cycles**: 19,123,153-154

-unknown amount of **cycles**: p.98

-moon **cycles**: p.2,61

### **OJPL University of College**

-origins: p.180

-faculty

-students

-coursework

**pancakes**: 107

**recipes**: p.114-115,117-118

**untranslatable nonsense**: p.106

Back to the story.

But where should  
I go?

Anywhere you, please.

Anywhere You: The OJPL University of College  
*Advanced Learning for Various-Sized People*

Um, said the author. I think we are getting a little ahead of ourselves again. Can we back it up a bit, and then, when we reach this point, we'll say "makuahine."

---

Sadie had to get pretty high apparently, in order to speak loudly at the community garden meeting. Her voice was not something she was able to hear and she had not yet figured out what effect it had on the people around her, what with her, well, let's call it her, um, recent entrée into the world of poetry. Holy shit. What was she thinking getting involved with poets? Difficult times lay ahead. Well, it was the year of the dog.

Sadie was not ready for contact. Noises could be heard



overhead. Some sort of gurgling on the outside of whatever structure she happened to be inside of. The chicken screamed.

Sadie Rose Rosen turned the dial to 18, and the knob slightly to the right. She made some adjustments to her ... oh. Sadie just decided that her story didn't need to be heard. *Well, that's good*, she thought. *Now I can just relax, I suppose.*

---

THINGS TO DO

From the files of Gus Pae, P.I.

Find expert on Trees. CTAHR librarian? Could be retired. Need to check. Perhaps old Red Herring might be persuaded to prepare a little chat on the best information resources available to the community, re: TREES. But what did this narrative linkage mean? Gus was prepared to find out, but it might mean retracing his steps. And his notes were nigh-unreadable.

---

*"But we named the dog Sadie."*

---

Mel F. went to the store. Events occurred. Food items?  
Tools?

---

“You have excellent style, you know.”

“Oh. Thanks. I guess.” She could see straight down to her piko. But what could others see? A well dressed woman? It was unknown.

“The dinner is not for you.”

“Oh fuck. I am such a bad hostess.”

Mom. The word is makuahine.

“But wait a minute. What are you doing?” “I’m eating last week’s art exhibition. You know, for dinner. I also dipped into that special stash of pine nuts. You know, the ones from a pine tree.”

Sadie woke up with thoughts about how to do a thing. This would be harder than she thought. She would need the help of others. A temporary mailbox for feedback from gardeners. Education for children. Perhaps relate it to the new OJ-U? Partner with elementary school? Contact former T.R.E.E. colleagues about science education. This last

reference would of course have nothing to do with her somewhat thirsty nature of late and her historical difficulties in forming place-based short term relationships.

-Garden should be more welcoming to non-Haole speaking people. Garden rules should be written in 'ōlelo Hawai'i.

“I want to be art,” wahi a ka mai'a [ia'u].

“Sure, we can do that,” replied I.

After walking the peel out to Compost #5, Sadie made a mental note of the new weekly art exhibition (still in planning stage), titled Mana 'Ulu: A bit itchy still, yet. This exhibit is co-located with the new, Mai'a: A Collaborative Work of Art Exhibition, now available for a limited time only.

### **Notes for the doctors visit**

- Feeling a bit emotional towards the end of the two weeks, but I kind of like that.
- More things are getting done. I wonder if that is related to the black teas I have been drinking more regularly. In the past, this was a major part of my diet. Perhaps it's medicinal? But what are the risks?
- The Medical Office should be sending my T count,

although, as of this morning, I haven't received it. We could try and call Dr. D's office directly, but I forgot the name of the person that runs the office and I think she might be mad at me.

*“Well, that’s an odd delivery system,”* thought Sadie as she watched the man-type human that she had seen walk out of the pawn shop exit stage left (there was a new set design in the office waiting room). *“Someone call my name, please,”* she yawned. She was tired, yet. It was that time of the month.

Sex Hormone Binding Globulin  
Above High Normal

You can't always get what you want, but then again, might as well give it a try.

“What is that skewering your heart?” she asked. Eyes floated around the room. Everyone was behaving appropriately. Inside of a bowl, were oranges, ginger, and lime. Sadie Rose Rosen was drunk off of five sips of bourbon. Nostalgia overwhelmed the room. “Remember?” it said.

“Is that a keystone on your arm?”

“They make their own pickles. So if you like pickles.”

What was Sadie doing in this establishment?

“What’s a speakeasy? She kept calling it a speakeasy.”

It was a clown bar, obviously.