

“I just want to get rid of this cock,” she said to begin this new section of FAILURE. “This cock is affecting my ability to ~~sleep~~ sleep/dream. I can’t get it out of my ~~mind~~ consciousness. And it makes it hard to masturbate, if you know what I mean.” It was a rooster, up in a tree, this cock. *These chickens*, thought Apple (Apple Hippopotamus, the mystery detective/protagonist that drives our plot sometimes when I’m too drunk to [write]), *I’ll tell you what*. What is it, dear reader? Haven’t you read sections I-I-I? We don’t need to give you another summary, do we?

# FAILURE 12

the new year begins anew



## CHAPTER 79: YEAR OF THE OX

The wind blew. This had an effect upon our observable world. “Your words are medicine,” she said to the beautiful poet that was oh my goodness speaking truth to all the dimensions (and more). [Zorba’s Cousin] finished her drinking of tea and gazed at the message embedded in what remained at the bottom of her mug. She said something like “Hmmpf” and took a sip of ice cold water. She had this need to express herself (pee). She tried to remember just what she was up to last we gazed in on her particular reality-story. She took a deep breath and prepared her mind-body for yet another trip up the mountain (the same mountain?). *Thank you for feeding me*, she thought at all of the entities for which she was most grateful.

Lettuce Bamboo was walking through the, um, woods? No. Um. More like a concrete jungle. It was almost as if she was walking and chewing gum at the same time, which was pretty impressive for an undead zombie girl, if you think about it. The sun was hot on her neck.

“It feels like my neck is on fire,” she said to the sun, pleasantly pleased as usual to be feeling feelings.

“We are all on fire,” came the reply.

“Oh, hello, Chicken,” she said to the cock crossing the road ahead. “Hello there, little birds,” she said to some other birds. Someone was sweeping the sidepath as Lettuce walked by, taking such care was this person that Lettuce was overcome with a desire to express herself (pee? cry?). Just then, the rain.

## CHAPTER 80: SURELY IT CANNOT GET ANY BETTER THAN THIS

The end of the story was not yet here. TYpe type tYPE. No. STop. not that. no.



## CHAPTER 81: A TRIP TO THE OTHER SIDE (of the mountains)

Typical. Just another typical day in the life of our protagonist, who was trying her darndest to have some other protagonists take some of that weight off of that burden that someone had placed atop her aching back. Surely, no, would you quit it. BUrp. No. I'm not ready yet. WE'RE TRYING TO TELL A STORY! Oops. Sorry. No, how rude of me to scream words in front of the children. I want to say my apologies. To you to you to you. To you to you to you. What were we talking about? I'm so sorry I can't give you a story that you want to hear, that makes this ride worth its price of admission. "Well, cock-a-bigurk grkk to you too." Oh. We begin again. (one more time for the people)





## CHAPTER 82: ONE MORE TIME FOR THE PEOPLE

"I don't know. I don't think that was the story I wanted to tell. I wanted a story where no one gets hurt, unnecessarily. I want you to heal this trauma. However, there's no justification for [engaging in/allowing for] that sort of behavior. I want that to remain clear. Um, are you hardening the Pharaoh's heart? Why would you do that? Can't we just try things my way?"

She wasn't quite feeling the rhythm yet. She was close. She was close to that flow. But she wasn't quite back into game shape. It was like when she forgot how to put the ball in the net. She forgot how to finish. But of course. That makes perfect sense. Uh oh, watch out. She was afraid of her own power. ORDER. ORDER IN THE COURT. (some body was out of order) NO. [scream]. "Who would do such a thing?" But when you say these things, are you properly trained can you be trusted why this need for perfection why am I being judged by higher standards than dot dot dot. We are a part of those concerned with CHANGE.

I JUST WANT TO GO TO SLEEP (sometimes I just want to wake up [editor's note: why am I here if everything is perfect?]). I can't help it. I can't not exist. I'm tired of these ruts. Why do we have to tell

it this way? Why do I have to play the same role over and over and over? (and over)

YAWN.

Government as technology. Japanese sickle. Sickness in the machine. THE mACHine. Who governs this body? MEDIC. MEDIC.

Once upon a time, FART. Once FART upon a time. STOP IT! You are not funny. You think you are funny, but you are not funny. All my cards are on the table. Imagine a table. Why would you do that? Stop imagining things. Too much power. TOO MUCH! Look, gaze upon all of my cards (on that table. imagine a table; that's where all my cards are). Point being, this puts me at risk. Point being, it is a risk that I have determined is worth taking, even though I know not the outcome. Point being, there are certain facts that exist in this world. Point being, I am indebted to DANGER DANGER my peers. Point being, the rhythms are not mine. Point being, why am I here? Point being, where else would I be? Point being, can I trust you? Can I? Can I trust you with my [operating protocols]? I need you to prioritize the health of this land and its people. Point being, this is the only way forward to the future that we live in together. END CHAPTER.

## CHAPTER 83: boo[ks, bies,!,ooring,p boop bidoop,lean logic]

"I do," she said. And that made it official, I guess. We were now one unit. We had merged. We were a singular entity, a singular sensation, in fact. And that sensation kind of felt squishy. In a good way. She turned towards her partner (in crime). "I want to fall in love," she said. And with a whisper, "with you."

"STOP masturbating! Geez, you, already."

"But...I can't help it. There's no one else here. What's a human supposed to do? I have needs, you know?"

"Well, anyway. You're doing it wrong, you know. I know it looks like a cock, but I can assure you, it'll function better if you treat it like a lady."

*Oh chickens*, we thought to our self, with whom we were in love. So cliché, we were. But whatever. We had ourselves a job to do. Remember? Do you remember what we came here for?



## CHAPTER 84: consumption of [ ] may result in [ ]

"I like it here," she said, as she contemplated the mysterious puzzle that made her smile for some humorous and mysterious reason perhaps. "Still, though. I guess I would rather be fishing." She wiped at her nose. "...for you," she added, as she peered directly off the page and into your soul.

"Throw it back. Not big enough."

She turned to her companion, who had a mustache and grey hair and was the love 'em and leave 'em sort of guy. "Motherfucker. I'm just trying to eat here. But, point taken. Sigh." *All my love*, she thought at some unknown fish. "Hmmm." What a story, this.

FEEDBACK MECHANISM ENGAGED

Apple Hippopotamus thought about her past, and specifically that time she FAILURE FAILURE goddamn will you just let me write this story already? DEEP BREATH. ventilation -> Direct

Your direct source for ventilation products

[DEEP BREATH] "Sigh."

"Weren't there more characters in this story?"

"Huh?" Apple asked.

"This story. Like, it's good, but what happened to all the threads?"

"Um." Apple looked at her companions, who were now multiple.

"Are you drunk?"

"Uhhrr. Oh god! Oh GOD!"

"I didn't know you were so religious."

"Oh god, you devil you. Right. Fucking. There."

"Oh god oh god. Too much. Stop. I can't take it. I'm going to pop.  
Ahhheheh~!~"

"...who's my good girl? Eh? Who deserves a treat?..."

## CHAPTER 85: fly me to the MOON please

"You." It was true. We deserved some sort of acknowledgement for all of this [quote] progress [endquote] that we were making. But that's all in the past now. We can't live in the past, right? Time to live in the future, yes? Let's not romanticize those supermarket fast food porcelain shitter days. Where you could walk into some magic box and emerge with a food substance or doodab wrapped in sleek pollution. No, no, we can't go *backwards*. Time to live in this indigenous now or whatever the namers decided to call it and accede to the stubborn truth-fact that our stories are broader, deeper, and oh so so very very multitude. Even when they have been seemingly forgotten. Remember, the passing on of knowledge is not dependent on those outdated imperialist capitalist genocidal machineries (and it never was). It is indeed the collective knowledge and information systems of this [planet-land] that is (and has been) [most at risk/being murdered/being extracted] by that aforementioned machinery. And for what? A blip of a power rush? A cosmic awakening of some cosmic baby? "Can you feed me? I think I am hungry again. I need. More. I need more. I need." Death?

"Wait, are we saying that the cock is literally the death scream of the imperialist hegemon?"

No, I mean. Yes. I mean, obviously yes, everything is a stand-in for everything else. We all also mean some other thing than that which we are. It is only in difference that meaning is made. I guess what I am saying is, You complete me, bitch. And you fucking love it (maybe? let me know if you don't love it, and we can **RECALIBRATE OUR MECHANISMS**). Sigh. We were discussing something of importance, no? And sometimes a cock is just a cock.

"Hey sweetie. How's it going?"

"Oh my goodness," exclaimed Apple Hippopotamus to her old friend who had called her on the long-distance audio communicator at such a [potent] moment in time, perhaps indeed saving her very life maybe. "So good to hear from you."

"How are you?" asked Alice Year-of-the-Boar, who had recently moved to some new dwelling or maybe was thinking about moving to some new land or maybe or maybe or maybe um yeah.

"Not good," replied Apple, dreamily, now feeling loved and comforted beyond measure moments after reaching the limits of her wit's end. "How are you?"

The old friends made plans to talk in the future. Still on track for that future, they were, so it seems. *I told you my destination when we started this trip*, thought someone inside Apple's mind (Apple, maybe?). *It's a wish*. Ripples spread out across the [body of water]. We are bodies made out of water.

[Zorba's Cousin] sat on the shuttle, heading back towards Town City once again. She had entered an alternate time juncture at some point in her old future, and now here she was, taking this very familiar yet uncannily different trip that it seemed she was always taking all the time.



"It's a technology." *Who's that?* thought [Zorba's Cousin]. *Is that my cousin's friend?*

"What you mean it's just a technology?" came another voice.

[Zorba's Cousin] gazed towards the viewhole, off into the [sky/aether/medium through which their shuttle traversed] and had a vision of backwards words. *Words*, she thought. *Hmmm*, she thought. *We are passengers on a ship. We are moving through time-space. We are all in this thing together. We are running on an endless loop.* [Zorba's Cousin] thought about an old heavenly body associate that made her smile. She thought about old housemates and potential job opportunities. She thought about brunch. The shuttle turned a corner and entered a deep dark tunnel. *Hmmm*, she thought. *That's new.*

## PAUSE

Okay, this is the time in the story where we take a little break and check in with how you are doing, make sure we are not losing anyone that doesn't want to be lost. So. How's it going? I understand it might have been a little bit stormy recently.

"Oh yes," you said. "Yes, the weather has been, indeed, yes. But," you added, "I'm still here, I guess. And somehow or other, it seems we are still in contact with each other."

Okay okay. Let's get ready to **RESUME**. I believe we are about to reenter the atmosphere.

Mississippi Hammer walked along the beach, which was full of sand and sky and water and horizons. So many horizons. Water dripped down her mind-body. She farted. She smiled. She was in love with so many things. She was so angry at the world, still yet. She was the future. This all made complete sense. Everything fit in a certain

pattern. Everything made complete sense. TICK TICK. She was standing by a vast ocean. TICK TICK. Impossible to hold all of this complexity in a single mind. TICK TICK. *What the fuck is that ticking?* she thought. TICK TICK. So. Fucking. Beautiful.

SIGH

human. hey human. hey, YOU there. HEY IM talking to YOU.

SIGH

Psst. THE END> the end is coming. the END is a giant ORGASM. please. please.

PLEASE> enjoy the show

## CHAPTER 86: IF IT'S NOT ONE THING, IT'S AN OTHER

"**Y**ou. What are *you* doing here?"

"Um," said Missy. "Um. This is my story? I mean, it's not a story. I mean. It's my life?"

"Poetry?"

"Ugh. No, not poetry. Not everything can be beautiful all the time."

"Wait. What? What's that? Over there. Do you see it? Oh no. Not again. Here it comes. We'll never escape the, the."

"The what? What is it that you are afraid of?"

**the future. the future is coming. beware the future.**