



“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



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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. BREEEEEEEEEEEEEERREEE-ERrrrrrr. Look up to the lighthouse. We go hiking. Year of the dog. Well,

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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, ances-tries, 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.*

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“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:

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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.

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"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.

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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 the 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

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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-eyeing 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 a canopy. 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

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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 dependen-

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cies. 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.

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SCENE: 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

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her gear on her back. Try some of that pololū. It's from my cousin's place. I've been sauteing 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
visit cyclemanoa.org for more info

"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 neanderthals 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.

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her gear on her back. Try some of that pololū. It's from my cousin's place. I've been sauteing 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."

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*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?).

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“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 [¼ cup servings] of coconut oil (liquid form)

A spoonful of sugar (brown, organic)

Large banana, pretty ripe (mashed)

4 spoonfuls of peanut butter (heaping)

½ cup flour

¼ teaspoon salt

4? spoonfuls of hot chocolate mix

1 ¼ teaspoon vanilla

375 for 12m on a baking sheet

[PEANUT BUTTER FLOPPY COOKIES, THIN + CHEWY]

[image: chicken and gods]

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...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.

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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

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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.

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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.

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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.

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“Oh, I see.”

“I mean...”

“Um.”

...to be continued?

continued on next page

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continued on next page

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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

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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

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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).

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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.

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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.

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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

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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 of late, but the effects this was having on its employees and collaborators was still to be determined.

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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.*

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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

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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.

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- 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.

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Sex Hormone Binding Globulin
Above High Normal

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“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.

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