

## PRAISE FOR **THINGS THAT FLOW** (THE FIRST HALF)

“Seriously, this book is but good. And how! Lot’s of people say so. Don’t take my word for it.”

-Sadie Rosen

“ANOTHER QUOTE.”

-Person

“Yet ANOTHER quote. By a different person this time. About HOW AWESOME this book was and also how surprised they were that it was ACTUALLY REALLY GOOD.”

-Different Person

“Nothing is ever going to be the same again.”

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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)**



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Mānoa**

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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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1<sup>st</sup> Alternate Second Half Edition

First half: Written during the 'Ikuā Month, Year 5778. Previously published as Special Print and Book Fair Edition for the 2017 Nov. 22-23 Honolulu Book and Print Fair.

Second half: Year 5778, December-June?, Years of the Monkey and Dog. UNFINISHED.

Alternate Second Half: Conceived in another dimension? First installment released through the **OJPL Newsletter: Lazing on a Partially Sunny Afternoon (July Edition)**, Year 5778.

2<sup>nd</sup> Printing, \_\_\_\_\_

*Orange Juice Public Library Cataloging-in-Publication Data*

On The Nature of Things That Flow: an imaginary manifesto for our unyielding revolution (A Novel). 1<sup>st</sup> ed.

Includes bibliographical references and index.

1. Feminist Pedagogy--Libraries (Hawai'i). 2. Things that flow, the nature of. 3. Laziness and Lethargy. 4. Women--Trans. 5. Revolution (Unyielding). 6. Storms.

Cover design by [The Cover Design Team]

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an imaginary manifesto

for  
our unyielding revolution

(a novel)

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*THERE WAS A BIT OF A TIME CRUNCH. SHE WAS ON SCHEDULE, BUT DEATHLINES 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

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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

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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

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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

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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,

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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

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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 foot-bridge 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

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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!*

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"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.”

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“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 toxins?”

“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 Thermodynam-

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“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, womanness 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?”

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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

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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."

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*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.

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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.

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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.

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“Do you want to go back to school?”

“Part of me wants to, because my dream was always to work with deaf 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

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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,

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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

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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 neighbors, 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

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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

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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).

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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.

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## 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 materialized 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

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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

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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

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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, aesthetically 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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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.

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"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.

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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

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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

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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.”

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## 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

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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

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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

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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 lēna lēna, 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

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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.

Aaaaaahhhh!!!! 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

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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

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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

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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

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