

PRAISE FOR READING BOOKS

“READING BOOKS IS A MOST EXCELLENT THING TO DO. YOU SHOULD TRY IT SOME TIME.”

-OJPL Publishing

“Hi, how are you? I know what you are thinking. You are thinking, why should I trust some out-of-context quote about the wonders of reading books, when I am reading it *inside* of a book...The message cannot but help be a reflection of the vessel through which it is being communicated, am I right?”

-Anonymous

“The book is an AMAZING TECHNOLOGY. I’m not saying that reading a book is more better than talking story with your kūpuna, but compared with some other information technologies that you might find lying around your living space, it remains one POWERFUL TOOL for communicating stories.”

-The Author

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Handy Learns a Lesson

Bevian's Journey To Earth

A New Nation

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Are You Buying This Shit?

A Mainstream Novel



**OJPL Publishing
Mānoa**

This book is a work of fiction. Fiction does not exist. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the authors' imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead, is, like all of the things in our vast multiverse, entirely coincidental.

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This book was typeset by a wise, old computer whose time with Ke Kahawai Nui Hou might prove short-lived, though truly worthwhile, and certainly worth all expenses paid. This computer, whose name is/was Kahalepe'anui, sure could write. Additional computing duties were performed by Gus. Let us also note the fonts utilized in this book: Century Schoolbook L, Pijiu, and Dingbats. Oh, and, of course, thanks to the fine folks at Line and Dot printing for all of their fine printing of OJPL books, such as this one here.

Are You Buying This Shit?

“I ain’t never going back to Turtle Island.”

-Anonymous Bloody-faced Co-passenger
on the Transport to Harbortown



“So, did you know we lost power last night?”

“Um, I think it was just a small temporal disturbance in certain sections of the house.” A. hit her partner in the leg with the backside of her hand and gave him the eye. He smiled, this partner of hers. The clocks in the kitchen had a discrepancy of 42 minutes.

Many things happened that morning in between that paragraph and this. J. emerged from the water closet to the sounds of the arrival of the special breakfast guest. Mrs. Pae came bearing gifts.

“Are these from a hala tree?” asked somebody’s mother. “Annie’s been teaching us.”

“Where’s the whisk?”

There was much a-happening now that all of our characters had emerged from their various metaphorical caves and were existing in the same metaphorical kitchen-slash-living room.

Indeed, there was a lot of emerging happening.

Annie Tempelator walked into the adjacent room to retrieve her tiny device. The table was discussing the older generation and various other opened and/or closed entities. Some dishes were washed. They were amidst a holiday that involved packing up your stuff in a hurry and crossing a body of water in a perhaps search for a perhaps promised land. But what was actually promised is anybody's guess.

"So, are you going to return the book or should I take it with me and drop it off in Hilo...or maybe Mountain View."

J. and A. were discussing strategy. Or tactics. They were planning the future is what we are saying.

"Well," said A., "I want to go drop a lei off for [the person that is retiring], so I can bring it with me then."

J. had given his book review over a rainy breakfast at their local café not more than three or two days ago. It involved a diagnosis of what he was tentatively calling indigeneity blindness, and the predilection of certain haole writers to confuse specific groups of humans with all of humanity. There certainly appeared to be, in this subset of books, a seemingly willful disclusion from the broader, more beautiful stories of the

places from which these books were set and from which they were sprung. There was still, it would seem, a need for the language of decolonization. In fact, one could say that language was a central factor in postcolonial studies. In fact, one could even sing it in a song.

“Okay, then,” said J. “Sounds good.”

Aboard the giant flying island, Gus took his seat—23 B—as the young boy speaking ‘ōlelo called out the numbers on his walk down the aisle. Familiar, him and his travelling companion seemed. Using his fancy detective skills, Gus located a clue (the companion’s name) that enabled him to re-member their prior acquaintance. The redhead in the seat next to him kept talking in his ear about some ancient technique for creating indigo dye, which was a coincidence, as that just so happened to be the name of this old friend of Lawa and Heymish’s that he had met at some mutual friend’s wedding that had just sat down in seat Iwakālua Kūmākolu-E, next to her son. This was auspicious in that it was the second trip in a row that Gus encountered one of Heymish’s friends at that very same terminal. He pondered a future conversation where he (re)introduced himself. The redhead next to him continued to read her inflight magazine. A rainbow appeared over Lē’ahi. Flying, they were.

Overheard in a bathroom stall at the bus station in Downtown Hilo:

“Eh brother, how you?”

“I’m having trouble getting into the computer. You think I need to call the office?”

“Uh, you need to call da kine. You know, in Honolulu.”

We move along. Slowly. At light speed. We move along. And the rain falls from the sky. And all the islanders sing.

“But don’t you think sometimes that there is some kind of force—,” J. was waving his hand over the table, “that is acting and that, you know.” He made a specific shape with his fingers to better express his mind. “—that you can feel. You know, this force.”

Sibil looked over and started to tentatively agree, but in her own words. “Well, yeah. I guess.”

J. continued. “And do you ever feel that maybe sometimes it’s trying to sell us advertisements?”

Their order of food substances arrived and the conversation veered into a discussion about the amount of cheese that one should expect to see in a bowl of onion soup.

Meanwhile, down the street, Gus found him-

self privy to a discussion about freemasonry, urban planning, and deep politics, the particulars of which just so happened to correspond neatly with Teddy's groundbreaking graduate thesis that he never finished writing once he dropped that double major. Gus thought about that old red-headed carpenter that used to work with his grand-uncle over at the Institute and her insistence that the important work to be done was *in the city*, because that was where most people lived, and that simply encouraging people to "go back to nature" was not a solution to our problems, and, divorced of context, reinforced existing structures of privilege and inequality. This dovetailed nicely with that new project Sibil was contributing to re: designing livable cities. Of course, Gus would not be aware of this project until the next morn, after his long night of live music and kava drinking, and after he was introduced to Sibil through his old associate J. Of course, as Lava would so often remind him, any design technology, no matter how well-intentioned or thought out, becomes a technology of imperialism and control if it is parachuted into communities and lands without, how should he put it—the proper due process. But speaking of 'awa, which we were, it was at this point in the evening that the redheaded human that Gus had met on the passage over offered him the remainder of her shell.

Gus determined that it was within his kuleana to finish her portion and swiftly tossed the earthy liquid down his gullet. It was at this moment that Quantum Jitters walked up to the bar.

“So, you see, if you jump around like that, no one will be able to follow you. Unless they already know where you are going.”

The bus arrived fifteen minutes late. He got on the bus. It got him where he was going. It should be noted that this bus made all efforts to make him feel at home, mimicing his home island transport with just enough uncanniness to remind him of where he was. But, getting back to that previous discussion of jumping around (see above paragraph).

Put the garden to sleep in a way that's gonna make the inside flat.

[insert map]

“Well, fuck you, too.”

There was a buzzing outside Gus's temporary pop-up office. He was pondering the acquisition of a second robotic secretary. Not to replace the first, of course, but, well, um. Some sort of 'mobile drove off and took the buzzing with it.

“Do you think you could get me the number for that surveyor?” Gus asked his not-yet-existent secretary, just for see how it sounded. He looked around his office, his head bobbing up and down. “I think this might yet work,” he said, more quietly now. Gus ventured out into the field. *I am on her track now, no doubt*, he thought to himself. *I am on his track now*.

Mustache Jones was wondering why she ever got that librarian degree, what with the abundance of all those librarians still walking around. And this speaker series she was responsible for, *plus*, learning that chant, *plus*, her mother wanted her to housesit on the Sabbath, which meant keeping an eye on Grandpa *plus* Gracie. Ever since that high-profile kidnapping, but we digress. Point is, all of this stuff was making her wonder about her part in the plan. And now all of these dead bodies were piling up. Well, at least there would be plenty of mamaki tea. She looked at the picture of her ipo, from a time before they met, and sighed.

Gus had already murdered about ten or nine times the amount of mosquitos as his predecessor, which, wait a second. What if there was some sort of time reversal and his predecessor was actually following *him*?

“Bzzz.”

“Chirchi-cheep-cheep.”

“[Untranslatable].”

Anywho, Gus was questioning the so-called statistical intelligence re: some other human coming out of this trail with such little blood on its hands. Yet, at the same time, a legend was congealing in the shadier parts of Gus’s mind. *Cannot ignore these clues*, thought Gus’s nether-regions. Pretty soon now, a recalibration was in order.

A grrzzrrrrzz flew overhead. I could not see it, due to my taking shelter under Kahalepe’anui. But there it was on the monitor. Someone was close by. I could not quite make out the temporal direction, but they were closing in.

“Goddamn, that cat,” grumbled Quantum Jitters. “Where’d ‘e get to now?”

Marz woke up with a hangover. *What moon is it?* he thought. He checked the calendar. The transceiver brrrung like it had been, all morning long. Some battery somewhere needed charging. *Well*, thought the once-decapitated one-eared armadillo, *if we want to make some change, we’ve got to take some risks. Now, about that breakfast...*

“Okay, we’re in tune,” screamed Rose from across the pavilion. This would be her first time sitting in with the band. The Timekeeper announced its time with its intricate beeping mechanism. Marz counted off the beat. Gus left the alter kakers to their business, and attended to some pressing matters of his own.

“Quite a concert.”

“Yeah, better than last night.”

“Oh yeah? Have you been following them from the start?”

Backstage, we helped ourselves to craft services. Some of us were working for the peanuts. Others were working for the fish. And me, well, I was in it for that good old-fashioned Pu’u’eo Poi. [This message brought to you by OJPL Superstores.]

The electromagnetic wave distributor kicked on, and Quantum Jitters jerked leftward.

“About time,” he grumbled. The remote children gave him the wary-eye, in that way that only a children can.

“We’ve had so much education today on textures and placement. It’s not just about the ingredients, you know,” said the radio.

“Thank you, chef,” said the radio.

“One free,” said the radio.

There was more being said, of course, but I am not so sure that your kine brain could grasp the totality of our world. But this, too, was a red herring.

“Did someone say herring?” asked the only somewhat shaggy brown dog-type dog.

Quantum Jitters kicked the machine.

“What?” he said. “The goddamn record’s skipping again.”

The sky darkened. The plot thickened.

The plot thickened like a creamy soup stock, or maybe like a nice chicken fat reduction with some fried Maui onion.

“Did somebody ask for me?” asked the horse, whose name was Maui, obviously. Or was it Māui? The sky darkened. The sky darkened like a slowly darkening thing that darkens when no more ka lā. No more kala, no more light. Good thing for us authors that this thing is For Sale, eh? Or wait a minute. Maybe it isn’t. Are you even buying this shit?

READER SURVEY

(please respond to the following questions)

1. Have you been buying this shit?

TRANSLATION EXERCISE

please translate the following sentences

1. She buys the shit.
2. We (inclusive) buy this shit.
3. Have you been buying this shit?

DISCUSSION QUESTIONS

1. When the author says, *Are you even buying this shit*, what do you think she is saying? (hint: try placing the stress on different words in the sentence)
2. Do you remember that time when I couldn't remember one of the songs on the album, and then, when I finally remembered it, it turned out to be the one about you? Discuss amongst yourselves.

“Yawn.”



Well, I guess that must have been the end of the chapter. So that makes this a new chapter, I guess. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Jacob Rosen. I am the author of this book of multiple chapters. Welcome. Good to have you along for the ride. Please keep your arms and legs inside the train. You can stick your head anywhere you like. Delete. Backspace. Backspace. Delete. My apologies. Sorry for the inconvenience. Please let me know if we can make your journey more better. You can count on me to do what I can. And you might as well expect the same from all of my associates. Of which, I guess, you, now, are one. E komo mai [to] [our] (inclusive) [world].

Overheard at the start of the after-concert:

“The name of this album is *Annie*, where did you go? Or no, it’s *Annie*, are you okay? Are you

okay, Annie?”

[insert parking SPACE [digital hyperlink](#)]

“Okay, we’ve got a request for one Peaceful, Easy Feeling.”

Meanwhile, somewhere on the ‘āina.

“We met before. I think your memory is lacking. You have to pass it on from generation to generation so you don’t forget me every time.” Our protagonist was talking to some mosquitos. He finished rolling his Mānoa grown creamy-style tobacco cigarette. He continued to sit on his fancy-pants bench.

PHOTO CAPTIONS

“Are you eating? What do you eat?”

“Mostly food.”

“Sometimes other food.”

SONG LYRICS

They say a watched pot never boils.

They say a watched pot never boils.

Barcode.

Barcode.

They say a watched pot never boils.

They say that girls will be girls.

They say that purslane has plenty omega-3 oils.

They say at the bris there’s gonna be moyels.

Barcode.

Barcode.

For dinner we got boiled potatoes.

I bet you're wondering what happened to them tomatoes.

I guess I'll see ya later.

Barcode.

Barcode.

They say a watched pot never boils.

They say if you don't watch a pot, it'll boil.

And then you'll boil away all the water and you'll have to scrub the pot real good.

They say a watched pot never boils.

Barcode.

Barcode.

I'm looking at a cat whose name is Lola.

This morning I ate some poi and granola.

My grandmother's name is Nola.

Barcode.

Barcode.

They say a watched pot may or may not boil.

They say, with the pots these days, who can tell?

They say a watched pot never boils.

Barcode.

Barcode.

I think it might be time to stick a fork in them potatoes.

And maybe we'll stew up some tomatoes.

And I'll see you later alligators.

Barcode.

Barcode.

Barcode.

Barcode.

(more) PHOTO CAPTIONS

Temporary shelters, benches, & cetera.

Lentil stew w/ boiled potatoes (and stewed tomatoes)

...and now, back to our narrative...

‘Ōlelo Hawai‘i nā DJ. Ah, some genealogy. Mo‘okū‘auhau. Followed by one foreign language commercial. And what is it selling? Mo‘o insurance. Some kind of mo‘olelo, this. Gus looked at the picture on the cover of the book by the red lighters and couldn’t help but notice that it bore more than a passing resemblance to his likeness. He switched on the digital ki‘i grabber that his predecessor had left behind and managed to locate the archive. *Is that some kind of temporary shelter?* thought Gus. He did not notice any itching on his neck. *Ah, that elephant jungle salve still does the trick, lo these many years,* he thought. Thinking thoughts, was Gus. *I just might make it out of here alive,* he thought. Now,

if I were J., what would I eat for breakfast?

“No hea mai ‘oe,” said the radio. I proceeded to fart muffledly into my shiny black chair.

“Aloha no Maunawili,” said the radio. I proceeded to wrap up my dancing lessons. Rigorous, this hula.

“Kanaloa [...] pili mai,” said the radio. But which moon was it? When was the last time you saw the moon? *Hmmm*, thought the person whose autobiography this was, *perhaps we are into the kāloa moons. If I had to guess, I’d say Kāloakūkahī.*

“Kiss her tenderly [...] tell her I’ll be coming soon.” (said the electromagnetic wave distributor)

I leaned back on my leg joints.

“Mahalo to ka Lā for charging these batteries of mine, so that I can have the power to hear conversation and music,” I said to the radio. *Werp*, I thought, *that should do it. Now that this here public radio is transmitting pae ‘āina-wide—Or wait. Are we missing somebody?*

...A disgruntled Quantum Jitters was breaking off nails in his teeth. He walked over the half-finished floors, wondering how he, a character from an entirely other series of books, found his way into this novel. But that’s the

multiverse for you. He passed the stairs and looked back over his shoulder. A dark purple towel hung over one of the rafters by the blue cushioned chair, the orange and grey rain flap draped over the rafter in the rear. Various things hung from various hooks. He beheld the strand of banana trees that comprised his backyard. A battery was charging in the corner and his companion for this journey stood watch atop the wooden planks perched on the old sawhorse in the tent out front.

“E ola ē,” said this ‘verse’s electromagnetic wave distributor.

Quantum Jitters spit out the nail that was stuck between his teeth. Broomstick shrugged and looked to the woods. It was about time to get that fire started.