



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

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

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

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



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

As of today, Sadie was feeling somewhat better about

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

RING RING
RING RING
RING RING

"Hello?"

-silence-

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

-silence-

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

-silence-

“How about making public transportation/actual functional bicycle lanes/safe and convenient pedestrian walkways the focus?”

-silence-

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

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

Ah fuck it. We’ll do it live.

START COMMUNICATION PROCESS

ENGAGE PROTOCOLS

ACTION

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

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

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

Nope.

Cabildo? Really? The name of this band is No Longer Jake. Please update your contact info. Fuck! Lost my faith in another day or whatever. Push. Push harder. Push!

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

A Love Supreme

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

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

A revolt of the students!

What?

What a stupid world.

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

Seriously?

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

One more, please.

Eh, whatever. Tired.

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

She yawned again. She could barely see in front of her nose. She was almost...

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

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

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

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

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

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

Something has changed within me. Something is not the same. I'm through with playing by the rules of

someone else's game. Too late for second guessing. Too late to go back to sleep. It's time to trust my instincts, close my eyes, and leap. It's time to try defying gravity. I think I'll try defying gravity. And you can't pull me down. (I hope you're happy)

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

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

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

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

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

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

Next.

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

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

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

this future, it is only a few (metaphorical) pages ahead.
All you need to do is turn the page.

THE FUTURE

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

Sadie Rose Rosen never felt so lonely.

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

Chapter 2

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

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

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

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

“Aloha kāua.”

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

“Who gives a fuck.”

“Pardon?”

“Oh, excuse me.”

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

The Next Page

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

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

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

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

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

Try Again, Try Again, Try Again

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ged Pae walked down the street.

I Ain't No Goddamn Patriot

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

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

"But we still don't have access to sustainable health mechanisms. And like, in a few months, we could be, like, in a sticky situation. Or whatever." Somebody farted.

“Excuse me.”

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

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

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

“Do you not remember your dreams?”

“Um, really, if...”

What's that about your impossible dreams?

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

“Done.”

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

“That’s a nice red.”

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

“In business, they are always wonderful hands. But

sometimes, things can be made terrible because of their strong heart.”

RABBIT OR HORSE

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

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

“Uh...oh.”

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

“And...?”

“What were we talking about?”

“Um...”

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

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

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

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

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

past/present/future.

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

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

So...

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

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

Sadie Rose Rosen barfed all over the place. Fuck! I mean, come on. Ged Pae looked her in the eyes. *Are you me?* she thought. *I mean, did I write you or...* Something really weird was going on. This book didn't make any sense. Stop making sense, already. Tower of babel or

whatever but still, though, Ged was thinking, *we push on. Motherfucker, we push on.* Ged looked at the armadillo, who was off in another space continuum. "I cannot hold it together," she thought. But wait. Um. Where was the Electric Brain of The Rainbow? *No. We will not submit to this law.* Something was not quite, um, something was, well. Oh. Hi there. "Hi there." Hey. You. Hello? "Hello?" Are you still there? Anyway, how honored we am to have you with us. You see, we are afraid of the future and all that might be, because, um, you are all so very beautiful and superb and amazing, and, well, fuck. "No, no. What I am trying to say," said Ged, to you, the reader, "is—"

"Fart."

"Excuse you."

"Sorry," said Sadie.

"Hey," said Rose.

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

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