



A NOVELLA

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It had to die cuz it never
wanted to live. Anything else
would have been too... WeirD. I
lose words now. Lost more then.
Looked at my crew. Re-tarped
stallions blocked my path, just
horse now. I looked down at the
kisandi but was too narrow to
sigh. Brutal days these so. I
left. In the river heat moved
and forever watered away.
Somebody took the rope off the
branch, then the branch, then
the limb off the tree and then
the whole damn tree. Took it to

wherever the pAper fac moved
to down the flow. I Guess. NA,
that wasn't it. No pAper for
the dex. Joking just. Couldn't
move, didn't leave. No dex at
all, not now again. A supple tint
embroiled weird rolling eyes
like timber before the forest
walked out on us and here into
the des, ALL REAL. And in its
Place... these horses. Not
horses true but another name.
Their mouths so slack and
slaughtered in a constant
movement. A dance civilly max.
What the fukk these crets.
Drained a smorgasbord of util,

autho-progging in their
Peepers. The discharge
sequence, the zitions lasted
seven lifetimes. Seemed to.
Imagined the ambidex in total
scoff mode at what seemed so
insignif. Went about a movie
and I couldn't move. Didn't/
couldn't leave, that's right.
Never. Night fell. Brutal nights.
Banished stars dusted off
something... Hence the ship
was gone. Forever left. Left
shift marks in the cloud line,
my tears the eyes of certain
skies. Sky served dreams, so
said such. Mothership mayb

away in flux, before the dex
even. Dreams of alien. Alien
dreams, un-dex. Miss them and
sky too empty and seeing...Waves
maybe cosmic battering its side
till shave. Fur in consolidated
droplets, the look of it. Looked
cute, all the rain. All up there.
On some nights, in the river
past, a harmful greed knifed
through. The kisandi crumpled,
or looked to. "Harmful nights,"
the kisandi seemed to say.
Agreement wavered inside me.
To feel or do harm? "I spoke to
rene, you know." rene looked at
me. Oddly. "You spoke to me but

I'm right here. You mean right now?" Hmmm wha? Well, We spoke a lot back then. Let's no more think in poem. If only. If not for/about/with words or you know. Mysteries... Seas of sky. The sun beat down on these hated horse manes in front of me. They didn't quite glisten. Didn't know what glistening meant. Couldn't have possibly meant much to me even if it fit it's prioritized agenda as a word thing inside itself. To speak. Could it? Imagine. Rene stood up so fast. Like a bug, un-wormed. Her fingers. Her

fingers touched her face too
thought-out. Too max, dex-like.
“Promise me something on the
stave?” She believed she was
asking. The stave looked sorry.
If it true she looked to me for
realness. One of the meaner,
bigger horses grayed out the
sky, made a winky whisper
sound. Too near. Get away. The
stave had a greedy tinkle in his
lines. Didn't fit. The either of
them, or. Had veins, seemed
animate. “Promise me to be me
when me isn't fit to be?” Maybe
my quest but born from her
eyes. All forever the same and...

How to ani all in this nothing
dream life... a joke of the dex
just. Just to pass the time,
s'ppose? All the noises at that
second became bugs. Giant
killer bugs of movie. And I
would end up wishing I heard
her. But truth is truth without,
withheld. She didn't know how
to speak. Born on a vacader
ranch in mid dakot she didn't
know about that... Well not
that, but lots of things. Not
right away but you know since...
Escaped right, the correct way,
went back, went back together
for a spell, didn't know about

all that. She'd had it rough,
Lots of lollis droopy out of the
horse mouths, the falling out of
teeth. What stupendously odd
creations, these crets. And the
things that looked for a suckle
upon that dangle, worse. Maybe
just one of several, so many, all,
for that which to renew is
called the Prog. Time of year
un-ripe, oh, Oh? Oh what does
it matter? Time by getting day
was called dark, and called a
night and never not when done
in. Once it did work the other
way for harder that than it
had held. Hours... Harder to fig

a diff though with what life
became. If not hours but in-
vention. What with blurs. The
cousins/robo-bro Team JIPP
musing, purred inside. Inside
the shack. Taking bets on the
best trees for river sport
nostalgia... HA, in my mind so.
Their memories mine. Mine all
mine alone. My gifts. My
stories. My stories soaked in a
program good, top mems, thanks
to the bone and goo. Now again.
Could feel it. Invisible wires
between us. Feeling as though
collective mems made a crew
stronger. Their torsos burned

not metaphorically. They could reach the other one's all under the skin in fact and this was a pure love. The skin, ha. Like the paper and trees. And massage fire onto hearts, those robots had. Massage out burning circles. Too real for the kisandi, and he stayed away. The moon wiggled loose and then darted over the horizon. rene collapsed in misery a sonic whistle apart to tell her. Flick a speck on the kisandi, didn't matter much, min muc's all. Maybe tad a flinch. I got up myself and when I did oh you bet the horses they

moved my mirror equal steps,
fukked repulsive stallions,
Inbred experimental drags,
fukkers, whatever, Suck the
sky, beasts, Out the shack
pondering a-top my homemade
chair, Disaster watch on bone
with goo for boredom... What
disaster oh, For what? Dinner
appropriation missed, before
when eat, Missed jipps' signals,
So much for that, Where was I?
Where am I ever? It was an hour
prior and thought up the fast
cooking of a fast food out of
country grass, To delve in deep,
land taco, Something diff but

of complete mums. A Bread and
butter hell, but... Swaying prey
raids. HA. In impotent dreams,
be wild. Be wild, bewilderment,
in impotent dreams, and for
Hunters squared... Square up
and take aim. Somewhere they
did. Dry over to be a curtain in
my thinker this mucus I had
imagined. This mucus much
imagined all. All the mucus ugh...
All around. Imagined it wasn't
a window for death in this
non-climate, rene turned into a
worm, was a worm. Forever...
Might as well. I picked up the
stave to whip the kisandi to

wake him the hell up. To
frighten him for what and they
never got along... Got a-long.
Got a long stave, and nothing
much more. Frighten him out
again. Never, and we gelled a
learned mask. The shack. Crew.
Faces. Toggled likeness in the
stars pricked the horses and
that was all we needed us six
to escape. Right on time. So the
adventure began. Butter was
found indoctrinating the jipps
but easily pried, wiped. Their
useless fascinations and what.
Endless supplies on the early
morns then. Dropped from the

sky in self- disintegrating
crates. So much waste wasted.
What not for letting the soil
have a say? Let the jipps
spread for fun. Litter as art as
lessons in forgiveness. But time
to flee now. Easy pack and crew
go. Go go go. The horses battled
religion and this is everything.
Battled the seeing of your own
young long self when human
fingers should be goopy fritters
modulating keen messages
blurred by thousand-pound
codes controlled by the aliens
massaging Fire. Or not control
like this, but a good, diff kind.

And that was enough. Most
always is. Even the lowliest
crests could not be made to
ignore it. Did I really know
this? Hounded Rene and the
other two and we got a hurting
good. Hadn't walked in a while.
Sleepy sleeper tickets we
carried indeed. The kisandi held
the stave. Seemed not to walk.
Didn't. Didn't have to. Floated.
Floated by choked or choking
Ticket-Takers, the air our
breath, tried to pipe/swipe or
take and we swiftly wisped. We
had to. Nothing back then felt
as good as it really did cuz it

was only about the living it
now then. Some amounts of joy
never materialize. Never
realized. Never came to fruit.
And down at the college, when
we got, the place we had to go
because of arsonist and
because map blew a strong fire
back down the drain of the orig
exting stylistic, didn't take to
that acclaim none neither. Or
how we end up, ended up. Not
that I didn't expect. How did I
not notice that in the stallions
before? Is a stallion horse?
That query drained as well. No
known convo on the walk, not

externally. Couldn't possibly
have been the very first time.
The number of times is so numb.
With the horses doing the
counting. Doing that so weird
with the gaze into night that
it goes up instead of down,
light instead of dark. Oh well,
shockingly oh well again. Again,
confused. I didn't think they
were cape! Or so s'pposed I. Or
what they were capable of like
B&B thieves invis. "Hey jippo,
pass me that map... this is wolf
bonanza or kingsbloom, I bet."
Our eyes burst. His a red scan
warned a scam. Four hours dark

bygone and still dark. We the
light shuffled underground to
miss a batstorm. Felt the
whoosh and did not see. Barely!
Just the right amount of time
to read the trusty map. Relic.
Back at the orig ranch,
non-shack in the treedays,
jippo would lick a fingernail
long border in an amazing
display of what to come. Time
as if in the growing of that.
But them a dazzle nail, not
listic. Had but little mat but
were left to keep that. This.
Crazy old early post-change
map of the sect. Bore! Seemed

strange. And in that hole I felt
sad that it hadn't been made
bigger. Seemed partial, of
impartial, was beyond useless.
Fed it to a mole, got the hell
out. Six or eight bats hadn't
bargained through the
downshoot, and lucky for that
hole. Saw the mole toss the
paper map out his hands in
favor of two of them dangers.
Crawled back down to make me
smile. Rare smi. The map
crumbled kicked it in a dead
wind. Useless. A dead wind
against the sky kick a horse
into a stallion and cry cane.

"Thank god for that lucky hole,"
I told the crew. And all holes.
They a plenty and useful. Threw
a bat myself in the satch and
went on... With a strange
forced sarcastic grin, "That
map really was..." Loudly. I was
talking to rene of course,
thinking of chew bat. Of course
crew apart knew that, ignored
accord. Not that it mattered.
Knew it all made sense in the
bone despite its age/wear, but
reluctant yeah why? Why ignore
it. Well. So like me and still is
today. So like me and still is
now. Haven't changed who. rene

unrespons, who was a worm
again now. Hers was a mere
wigglebout. All the damned
wires from the minds of the
mid dakot science plums
speckled glow no doubt in glob.
Shined madly if they premmmed
this, or even assumed. Hot
vacaders were in charge of the
beasts was my theory. A beast
is a beast. All bad beasts. Were
moving about undetected so. In
the bats' brains a control, for
examp, was a wondering what
they were doing... Were they
still existentially crised?
Tables. Tables. TABLES? A field

of steel tables. We were near a college def and wanted a minimum amount of frustration or confrontation with any of them walkabouts. But about the map my brain couldn't wander to stife it. The pape it wouldn't quit. Maybe I never had one? Never crumpled, threw it at a mole. Mayb that was all a dangerous dream. Mayb but... Just then and why? Paper ah what's that? Dreamt a paper table burn. PAP tab Fi. Des insanity, des all you got or get. In worm form, rene disco'd a mucc-covered trail. Slung a

little on twisting hit my leg. At least a mile before evap. Three beetle-faced dodos were wiping down the metal wrecks. "This about college," I said. "Yeah," one called cow said. We spoke about. Not important. Who do we ever talk to? Why do we still speak out loud? When we talk to people and things we mostly ride the comm sticks of our own sorry wavelengths and then maybe to an eye or two. But always for self and not learning. And then to bone postly. So why college? And then... But it all gets lost. So

imperfect. Why col. Reached in
my satch and nearly pulled out
my lifebone to risk smashing, I
did it so fast. Impatiens so.
Getting the tool to hammer, I
killed cow. Killed the other two
a little hard but they were
slow. Not old just slow. Trusty
hammer. Some blood got on the
table. Motioned a turk vul to
lick. Noticed that. Took a
memory. Left it there mostly.
Jippo confused took a paw at it
to his mouth off the table. Told
him how that was. Washed him
off. A turk vul kissed his paw.
Consulted lifebone for

acceptable results. Goo told me
the dodos were terror enough.
Bad beasts though. Bad bad
bad. Who knew? I did. Didn't
feel bad, but didn't feel bad to
begin with. Too much to sweat
it. Had a keen understanding
at this point felt. Even if rusty
on the slay. How long? So the
crew left. Uneventful even.
Kept turning around to see any
vuls because they were thick,
cow and a two. Spread wings
the length of certain sky. They
were slow of thickness. Too
much B&B. The sun would soon
transform. Was it to worry for

the not feeling bad? How do we
find a new home? Is that the
game now? Kept turning for the
stallions too of course. That's
right. Worry. Needed sleep.
Needed sleep without horse.
Found another hole. Two moles.
Kicked them out. Maybe they
froze if they didn't think to
dig a hole in the dodo prop a
mile back, that cow droog and
cohorts for shelt. Gross but
success so long as no contamo
ugh infect. Was it? Or find a
rare empty one they could try.
Didn't know about their kind
much, still don't. Too diff. All

too diff. Maybe more holes
close enough. Mayb. Holes for
moles who stroll cold ha. So
many holes. They might have
died though. How many we kill
without the slightest bit of
energy is a triumph of the
semblance of some kind of
thing born of a will to... Is all
it is about that or else it is
about all. In the hole couldn't
think about that stuff like the
crew, horses, moles, murder, mid
dakot, laughter, the fukking
vacaders. The kisandi eyed me
and... fukk, he knew. Had to
replenish with dreams. Weird

hopeful dreams. Hoped for the
river and it came. Key symbols
were not symbolic, just my mom
and my dad and a younger rene,
eating B&B in a fore. Didn't
need to psych it. Just was. Just
people I knew, still know. Hands
to rope to release to wet and
again. Hands to rope to release
to wet to cop. Didn't copy once,
just cop'd. Auto in my very
relinquishing the coils, style of
jump, each time. A Unity,
relinq. Each glide a miracle a
part of the sky or from it.
Smiles eviscerated on contact
entombed, shatt smi abound...

In trust we wound our memories
to exact revenge. To sleep and
not to worry of the dream like
the robotic, ha! fucking
foolishness... So glad it
batstormed itself into a bath
full of the big sleep and holy
wakemakers. Now everything is
a damn fine a messy mess. Wish
I'd never been assigned! Nev
ass ind... Grilled out that bat
at sunrise. Stick it with the
blaze tool yum. jippo and jippa
watched and reset. The kisandi
whittled the stove. And that
annoyed. His touching... fukk.
Touching like that. Harsh. rene

had but a little, she a shrink,
Half-time mover in a tiny worm
stuck to a bag cuts approp.
Then... Sun. Sun come to burn,
oh no. Movers appeared, had
been appearing through sLeep I
presumed. Walkabouts. Didn't
mind the cook, or the hole, or
us. But def PeePed. Def college.
Def college branding in these
folks, this des. Perhaps since
youth, or too close. Damn map
part of the wind now, just air.
Downwind to the dex, inhaling.
If ever zisting real. Why the
fussy, why the strange obsess
with that and all things pape?

By the dozen on the flats now,
we crawled back down to
conference. Knew right away
something off, so... conf. Too
many damn faces bright and
feeling oggly in the crippled
bliss-share. The walkabouts... I
cringe. Scanning. No real
purpose. An artifice of practice
smelt not too far off. An old
age constructed with an
aggression against discomfort.
Is that and what for or of
unnaturalness is discomf was
the big ol' quest. Or one, THE
one. Actually wouldn't mind a
comf despite it right now so.

"This, rene, is something off,
you feel?" Blinks and the jipps
mimicked front. "This college
or close to is too much jumbo.
Na Na." I couldn't help but sigh
boggy soft in the nostrils.
"Unsure of..." Finishing meant
no boundaries and rene was in a
mood. A mood? Worm mood
mayb. Crawled back up. Jippa
kicked rocks in the dirt. A
totally green thing came about
us with a wiggy smi that
showed too much teeth and
gum, and wore a hat over each
hand and seemed to bow but in
slo-mo like movie rip. The hats

seemed like the offering of a
gift, not PUPP. And I put my
hand on Rene. And slime it felt.
Worm slime a drip. Moved us all
back a few steps. Not wanting
to kick. Kind of lost sight of
the volatile JIPP and then the
green thing started speaking.
Way too fast. "Well I would
certainly be some kind of sailor
if I didn't think that you of
you weren't enrolled yet in you.
Didn't you hear the numbers are
soaring! We can go to the
center of the class. Only
Twenty-Three steps! If I read
right. Together. It's not a far

walk. It's a comf. New arties on
the re-con-sid-er-a-tion of
comfs, have you read em via
goo? Recons of comf, yes. So
prolif! I could lead you and
don't... Let me tell you because
you're eyes look slippy and
dānger-soaked... It's not too
late. But it's more. It's that
there's a killer who kills
without sensation, provocation,
without the bone! Doesn't care
if stallions see. Doesn't even
know how or what's mimic.
Can't tell a mim or terror
enough. He killed three procs
set out to expand just this

night most recent passed. It's
all true. Random acting
nonsense, no. Check your
bones!" Had to respond but eyes
shifty said no, not yet... Pross
mus fir. "Only got the one
between and it's old. Don't
check much unless real need.
We're shack Peep, semi
post-col if you will. Just
passing by chance, no real...
what's that you say about
procs?" He cocked his head in
corny interest. "Three procs.
Yes. All dead." The green thing
eyed with aroused suspish. "A
walk from here. His name is...

The Arsonist. Look!" was
looking at his bone. Savvy
unknown modern mod. Saw the
scribbled letters by the dodos
dead in dirt enlivened with
sun. Just letters in the dirt in
the sun. Morn sun without sky
to settle up. Not an hour old.
Just a pic no blurb. The giving
of a name to scare. Old tactics.
Jus Dram. But confusion, raped
under unholy sky, this all. Held
tight with joppo's scanner so
erratic, clearly he scared, mad
beeping. He the shy one of
course, and never like this
norm. The kisandi damn

whittled like a fool and felt
fukky for the shavings of the
stave. Me versus the green
thing who had a darker skin
beneath garb than seemed
approp. He tried to do
something hard. "So we can
enroll now and all be safe
together?" Scoff mad. "My
crew," I eyed the green thing,
not shy now, cascading his
eminence down a strike, "is but
three as well you know?" "No!"
And that was that with that.
Crew expansion blah. Could
he've not known our plight? A
redemp proj seeker, fukk an

em in a casc'n! Mayb? or
whathave. Too many thoughts.
Misinformation or lies. What
had I just seen. Arsonist. Fah.
Arsonist, arsonist, arsonist...
Cranked up a mel in the noggin
to tune out and walked aimless.
Held the crew together with an
arm wave here or there but
didn't really care. Walked
about almost walkabout- like.
What was the kisandi making
of this mess? Tris rob had said
college was misunderstood, all
misunderstanding. Was a
misunderstanding that mistook,
itself and apart of anything,

and that somehow the point,
That I had all the wrong ideas.
Arsonist. The letters each time,
upon the des sand, the spelling,
the beat of each mark, they
tampered the mel, made it
rough inside. Fraïd to look at
my bone, could perhaps pawn
(O) for a new one but caught
his fake feelings. His bro was
nearly worthless too but had
something. I knew it. (O) had
nothing but my imagined
connection to him. Embarrassed
by its age, though. My bone.
Like me. So mad! Hadn't wanted
the horses to come, and then

stay. A beast is a stallion just
to mim. HA. For so many years,
or whatever. To steal my clocks
and calendars and feed my crew
butter before bread. A useless
map for which one of my crew-
bots took to licking in some
sloped mad foreshadowing. Or...
what? wait. what had I
imagined him doing so? worse!
what's worse? whatever. To
turn A+ or (O) into what
he/they was. If that! was
they/he ever not? Why because
rene, or them... But I didn't
know really for the sky. Slowed
down, simmered the mel lower...

Tune did relax, Tuned the tune
till day drift and the tune took
its time, Little bit it, Did a
quick count, The kisandi no
longer perpetrated our object,
but I didn't make direct
contact, Never perp an obj, dad
said, He held the stave in peace
I chose to believe, To find out
for true, Impossible, In his
pocket a pester could've boiled,
Arsonist's? Arsonist wouldn't
quit, Just give it a name, Give
anything a name, even Fire, Had
to see another bone, Knew mine
was running twelve hours too
sour, a half a day behind

forever... Thereabouts, who
knew. Had called them LBS
when I colleged, when that
meant a proper age and time.
However brief. None of this.
Now. How old am I? Words and
worlds expanding. Found a girl
in a rubber uni light brown
with hers out. Half shark
bottom. Sleek-looking but so
great, I didn't know. The thing
and girl both, ha. All foreign
these days. Worms and then
control of the worms and then
what came first now, hmmm.
Better than mine for sure as
this was not the same world of

mom and dad's or mine even so
who what now. Not (O)'s. Who
am I really? Didn't know. Got
the college-hate from dad. For
sure. Got the weird alright
from mom and then some. Called
herself jude maw, this rub-uni
girl and reminded me def. We
spoke in a polyrhythmic hap
burn as was cust in the day,
though not unenjoyable. Seemed
a tad of recognish. Felt it some
reason on. Wanted to first find
out wolf bonanza prox, home of
my cous and unc. Mine might've
been updated to this, but mayb
some other attraction pegged

together us for real reason.
After bits passed simple beats
stomped to bore. "Could I see
your LB? That is quite nice.
Where is your fam or crew?"
Extended my hand. She recoiled
in these eyes reflecting and
the ones in her top holes
non-robo def and her rubber
suit turned colors in the shark.
In a panic, why so? Pure magic I
could feel (O) think about it.
Had seen so little often I
forgot. This emo-blaring suit.
Had I seen one? Do sharks in
des drain? Longingly looks a lot
like the thoughts inside then.

It was a beaut. And At, I call
At, At outta resp, kicked
rocks. Tuning out on the days of
honesty and walking was not an
easy decision but one I won't
regret. Didn't and still don't
meaning. A frosty bird swept
down and maimed my eye in
part with half-blindness. Could
never've reacted, was intent.
Not wanting to see for looking.
Not in my top athletic spring
even. Of course At tried for
revenge in the cloud of the
kisandi's snickers. Felt them.
Missing the bird tail by an
inch he later said. Maybe he

exaggerated. Covering my head with a sleeve mitt to cut blood, I turned with the good one, the left, to see jude maw running too slow in a mem. Then a little more blindness crossed over to the good. But not before... Her bird flying backwards. She had a good crew. Not many took notice and I was glad jippa didn't hit. A few bypassers scanned with their LBS and I was stopped dead in thought by the first real words of the kisandi's in some off number of months. "They were wired with the news that The Arsonist

would refer to his bone as an LB. Shame." He paused and wet his mouth. "How old are you?" How old is that thing in your pocket? He didn't need speech. I leaped on an old impulse and slipped right through him. Lil (O) fashioned some kind of a wrapping out of plants and material he must've been storing for some reason. I was sprawled on dirt. Why do we keep anything but our bones and a little food? And why maim? Why not kill or let? Just that. Nothing is food. Every single one of us crets bred to

detect evil and terror but gosh,
So stoop and lame. And a poss
lie. Poss lie? Surely. Takes just
a one. Looked at (0). This one
knew more despite its sonic
failures. Felt that. Knew more
but the what and the why of
it... well well well. Hmmm. I
thought that and about rene as
he addressed my head. I soon
enough sat on dry ground and
missed the shack deep. Maybe
nodded. In a sick repulsive way
the horses and their escaping
mouths too. Thought of the
comf house I lived in with mom
and dad and that time with the

mirror. Those times. Several.
Thought of the aliens. The
aliens who on stallion-back
threw flows with sparkling
Peds, douse a dew, inside our
wind. Thought about Tris rob
and Proc al the diligent also.
From college time one before
bad coll. And before new
religion and the assigning. And
goo and so on. When I got my
first lifebone, I curled into a
ball under a bed with some
weird bugs. I was sure they
were weird, and were all around
me and just like me and that
was perfect then if slow. But so

unseen and so on. And then rene
saw me. Bugs and bugs us both.
Days excruc, noma remorse of
course, was learned to be that
way. A bull beneath proposal
sLeep. In a tight ball suckling
machinery like a profesh. Like
an addy. Hit her with my
obsess. Newness allocated. Mom
got bludgeoned by a terror nut
running hard against the big
new mandate, or the
fill-in-whatever mandate.
Something. Mom and dad
shared a stove, that there's
more an idea than most now.
Resembled a tiny fig. Dad so

reluc. A sloucher named ligz
had an antique plastic bottle.
Got the stave, my thing, in a
sLeepwalk, drug-induced and
how, age teenager and
something. Drug-induced with
freedom not sure, but well. No
matter. I saw pictures of rene's
folks. Bad. Had a quivering look
of command addy in their pic
eyes, or gave off. Startled red
like an unreal sky. Had an addy
for something bad. Had a
hankering of hate for the
mandate they wrote. Helped
write it at least. Turned her
into a worm. Not them but the

same. At gave (O) a hard time
post-bandage when the rocks
ran out. Rocks ran out for a
spell. Their appeal. The stove
was by feet, by lengths, left
there, mine, and he was turned
off alone. In theory so. Had
turned himself off. But he was
never off. "Off." Not a question,
just a plea. Stasis, a state.
Wondered if he felt sad or bad
or sorry but knew of that
impossibility so ingrained.
Touched the stove, fucking
almost sexual oh no. Hated the
Hatred of that. Where was even
rene? Worming somewhere no

doubt. Didn't hardly give a blap
nomo. fucking yanked that
thing. Until a sickness like a
bat or crazy crew bird hard did
come down. On me to the inside.
Wished the jipps were in the
shack touching hearts. Wished
the horses held us fast, were
fast and not disgusting flat
against the scape, were
stallions. Felt it fall out of my
hand, my head. An idea. And I
reached for it so solemn. Just a
stick. No no no! Not just a
stick. With a guttural twinge I,
like ghosts repeating all
addy-like, ingrained somewhere

in me, dug in. Picked up to
scroll. The letters came fast in
the dirt, came out first before
the thinking. And I wrote on
A-R-S-O-N-I-S-T. Came out
big. On imp, pulled my bone
from satch and hooked into a
main port to see if caught. It
was caught. Was it updated?
To when? The pic was near the
same, but branded diff with
text add, "Arsonist strikes
again. This time in the
interior," said a sharp mingling
blurb against the pic. I gagged
at that goo. Looked for the
kisandi, fell, got up off

battered gravel and murk, all in
the same. Muddy and dry. Dust
verse wet. Joppo looked so
scared. Looked like his robot
head would spin off a top to
drill down or fly away. Crowd
had petered. Couldn't believe
I'd approp the stave like that,
just did. Like a horse. Fraid of
me it made me be. Dimness in
sandwiched fields of cracked
hour-glass. Had been passed
from pain for many hours. Was
only explana. Passed and was
gone but left the stave. That's
right, left the stave, for me
alone and me, upon me. Now

nowhere. Looked for rene with
heart. Upon darkening time
warp and sickness, swept the
land for her worm or not,
digging. Why was in this
college, college land? Thought I
heard a gallop. Almost
refreshing. Imaginary horse
screamed at me with laser
wind. Bad horse good. In
another universe, for a
millisecond, there and that
adds up. Guess that adds up.
"rene," I coughed. The
number's... I couldn't say.
Clouds rolled right to left
inside and out and against my

infant disabil, my pride.
Couldn't see her. There was
jippa kicking the fucking rocks
like some kind of derangement
again. Couldn't even run to walk
or slug. It was dark again.
Couldn't slug from emotional
sore but phys pain that the real
reason, I think. Slug like rene
even. Suddenly felt the quit
come bigly overall. He just
robo_module jipp-A™ being my
only crew within smudged
cripple view/dist. Natch.
Tickled the bone. Same pic ran
distinguished as a header for
an extended text blurb, it

stepped aside. "Young wom, jude
maw, slain. Death by tool. In
the interior. Kingsbloom college
area. Hide, be stead or
tool-ready and quick." So this
was k-bloom then. When'd they
get colleged? My unc, jeck his
name, short for jeckle hide, was
not too far off, most-like. Had
to get out of here first of
course. Had to find some kind
of energy source or moment to
renew. Renmos... so rare in des.
In a smaller blurb beneath the
pic and main line, it read the
tiniest print poss, "But please
don't leave. Meetings for

potential classes will be held
by the oak tree table. Will be
heavily guarded, populated.
Free pasta. Very close to
scheduling now. Pasta is very
free." Hadn't realized this
college had no comfs, no old
timey structs. What was green
guy talking about? An oak tree.
Would like to see that though.
Reckoned. Better than a comf,
in a way. Would hold in comfs
if had. But why'd that green
lie? Bad feelings confused up in
a puddle with a tinge of clair.
Was feeling a little better for
some reason, wrapping my head

with a fun calm motion to
depress the hurt remaining.
Spiritual concentration.
Spircon come now, ha. Saw the
kisandi, what he wonder about
this fledge coll? He back quick,
wondered why. Sublimated fear
and certain pressures. Had he
helped? It was all boggy but I
didn't kill no girl. Even had goo
confirm she wasn't some
strange dupe that I'd
preempted. She was just a norm.
Funny backstory with her, I
might tell later, connection-
wise. Silly I sit back now and
think of the game like that.

Funny, silly like that. What's
un- import is the most imp. I
touched myself in the cheek
below the new bad eye. Not just
a motion. Not spirity at all.
Dry. Felt dry. Had to gather the
crew no matter how dumped.
Had to. Just... Then the damn
bird came back, found out it
robotic a deadeye, a chill in its
reddening circles to a black
dot gaze. Out of nowhere.
s'pposed it could talk. It did as
they did. "Where is she?" Death
by imposside Fire lurked in my
head. Immediately jippa
lurched at the robofly and took

it down. I motioned. He backed.
(O) prepped a marginal sword
tool pensively. Where had he
been? The thing wasn't
deadened just dazed. And it
spoke again. "They need to
photograph the body." Circuits
haywire flashed in the killing
of the thing with no life. A
non-starter. "Eleven dead they
Nope... Mayb twelve, But... But...
But... But... But... They won't
stop until they get the number
they want. They won't... won't...
won't..." That could go on for
days. I smashed it with my
hammer tool. "But only missing

now for truth." They knew the
killer, knew the dead, knew
from surveil, knew enough and
all and that was the same so it
be, so be it. Something however
disrupted the signal on record,
playback. I heard a mel of the
number nine, the most fam song.
Shit if I knew/know why/how.
Tek globs/gods be rotten. The
kisandi materialized, winked,
all winky, winking, white and
why. Saw in me a strength.
Might've no less that, yes.
Didn't talk but had the stave
again. Had I relinq? He turned.
I followed. We walked. We

walked and not walking,
following. Knew rene would be
where he led, had zero
alternatives to the mysterious
contrary. Z alt mys, yup... More
like it. Things came and went.
Had a reason. Stopped small
and slow. As brutish margins
widened on pages content on
the flail, the big suck crazy
gib. Stories told. Told on
repeater in heads. Dad had a
talking monkey. Thing wasn't
robo he said. That memory
tackled others for a con-
sideration too large so I spoke
it. Spoke to (0) on and only

occasionally. "bingo was the damn monkey's name, (O)." We followed. It was day again, night again, day, the long walk. Days of walking, no rene. I continued, maybe morrow sang, Nine... Nine... Nine... "Once the monk thing bit my mom and my dad wouldn't kill it. Imagine that? (O), he didn't kill it... He did strange things like that." Joppo signaled an understanding, total vague. How long the walk? Wondered so and so on of rene. He didn't do, didn't do the expected. Dad that. Had an unnatural ease of pure

exhaustion, touchiness and
acceptance in this plot, his
plot and walked on sleepy such
and such, sleepless. The kisandi
had us in a floating mid-
universe. I was sure. Dreamland.
But no... collapse. Last thing
bloody feet seen em, I... A dark
red sneaker shed through blood
foot dream. And the kisandi
dragged me down a hole. Maybe
walked a lifetime. Mayb in a
circle maybe, a circ mayb. Real
plus dreams means really bad
dreams and my feet hurt worse
when I came to. More moles but
rene. She there. Too. She slimed

ugly but with a smi. Ugly
danger on a mole she thrust.
Seemed residue all the place,
and I never longed for pasta
hotter. So awf. The stave was
stuck to the muc, on it hard
and I nearly got sick. I put my
hand on her, the worm. I ripped
the stave from excreting
membranes. These moles were
different and obvs did not care
for the disruption other than
the miniscule fleck of
Perv-desire I noticed in rene's
assaulting of the one, in the
assaulted eyeballs. Some
Pleasure what. In my dream my

shoes bled through in total
hurting agony until the entire
treevoid sect soaked burgundy.
Had I heard about an oak tree
table meeting, that came to me
now. Would like to see that
tree. In these wakings... The
waking like a scope, a
torturous surveying. Feet a
blooded mess from the walking
and pain. Rene a worm humping.
rene the worm was humping a
mole and that was that. The
kisandi gone, natch course. His
presence felt without matting
outright, mayb better. The fukk.
vague remembrance of my dad's

monk exploding. In some blue
flashy I hoped for to come
back. But was not a robot I
always thought. Why think of
that? Where come from? Ode to
moms. In this hole the moles
were bigger and cloaked diff.
Not sure why worm rene did
that. The sex act, a mockery, so
mangled, ugh. She did that
occasion, even un-worm early
on. Had to get the crew out. Put
the stave in my satch which
was still slung, and hadn't been
examined. Didn't think so. Mole
saw me as the lead and could
see an exit coming. His mole

lips looked beige, unnatural and pursed. He barely moved them to speak. "Your idol thing dropped you off down here. Do you know where you are foo?" His eyeballs were surrounded by cantank growling flower things. That seeped and enclosed on blink the entirety of the seer. "Do you fellows not comply?" This mole was the leader and cleared his throat with a muc disper. Place was nasty covered in mucus and bad dirt, like a dilappy vacader ranch. "That's no matter. Do you know where you are or even what we are?"

"You're stoop moles is all. I don't have to talk to you. Do you even have lifebones? Ya mangled fukks." Maniacal laughter ensued. From one of the midg cret mole-things to the next. Total ha ha ha every inch of it. Maybe jipps had been disallowed their touching, their en-renewal, cuz they looked the cause for mass tire. So down almost off. This mole sponse was unexpec, startling for sure. Their different eyes blinked the scene for explanation/confirmation of the hyper-evol. Couldn't

conjure at all. What they were
if not nothing. What were
they? Not moles now it seemed
but this place looked legit and
a down spring steady as norm,
as moles do, not un-mole at all.
I motioned to jippa and ripped
rene from to which she was a
worm plastered. Slung her in
the satch proly ruining the
last of the B&B with her mixed
muc drip. Got the bone and
tool out first into pocket by
the stave of course. Had to
break. Time to. No time like
the... Hmmm. Crew of four plus
the stave and wherever he was,

watching. A numbers game. The
fukking kisandi, the burn. Felt
the Fire. Saw the open but the
main thing darted to block.
Wow. So quick, the cret lowlife,
ha! Thought it very movie, this
strange high-sus, mangled
animal. "What?" I actually said
at that damn mang an. "No," the
thing said void emo back.
"You... You move," I said. "No we
need to first talk about this
monkey. It wasn't real or was
it?" Utter fukk to the mind, so
strained. Telekinemole? Not
poss. Was it? Was the thing...
Stunned. Wait. "We don't throw

up the deady feel with blue sparks, just like you... You know this. You can feel that in us." Couldn't and didn't want to respond but that was secondary to the overall numb now. "How... What... How are you... What is this? Where am I?" "Calm down. I want to talk about bingo." "That damn monk was real... That's... That's why dad didn't kill... Dad was a blazer like that... Robo could've got reprogged. The thing was alive." Another discharge of spit and the greenish. "Well," the thing paused somewhat lengthy. "I

don't let you rush out the door
cuz your essentch home, son.
Here's lil bingy, your brother."
And with that bingy, my dad's
poss-robo monk Pet came out
from a tiny hole. What about
my brother was this mad thing
talking? "You look like you
could get some light. Take the
monkey up. It's midday. Sun's a
blaring. Allow your bots to
charge. Take your inefficient
Peculie drag here too." Pointing
at rene, I felt no air. Every
mole-thing laughed again. Felt
fraid and tiny and doomed.
Hadn't realized my bandage was

off when I touched my face.
When did that... Eye still
broken, blind, skin around it
dry though and not mushy. I
slammed my body toward the
surface hole. The ragtag crew
all followed. The jipps so slow.
A worm, a monkey and two
tattered robots made to look
like old human childs. All of us
got to the dirt and sure enough
blue sky and that dot-blinder
welcomed us, doom-stricken
and how. I set my bone on the
dirty, pan up. It was tote dead.
The crew, the fukking crew
minus the kisandi, formed a

half-circle of recharge. Rene
un-wormed. A harder trans
than norm, must've been all
insect for awhile. Had stopped
keeping tabs on the whys,
whens and for how long. She
was stark naked with all-white
eyes. Most in the des sects
didn't know what to make,
thought her some chem axe
misfor s'ppose. Lifelessness in
life is ugly. Ugly as a corpse
gone decay. But qualities,
classically, of fem-noid...
alright. She had em for sure. So
that was that. Seemed a
moment of reflect amidst a

dazzling fervent craze. Despite
the maybe-robo monk and my
bro questing for it, against it?
My bro? was that just jargon?
I wanted to get an update on
the bone and maybe even try
out the trajec func I never
used. Weary of the jarg though
and that muddled matters.
Such an old function. I ignore
Plenty but why? Find out
where we were that way though,
funny an idea that seemed so.
Like why? Like it didn't matter
anyhow and could only make for
the worse. Something said wolf
bonz anyhow, for some reason.

About this land. About the land
a burden. The dirt here was typ
and not weird and a usual lack
of resources filled up the too
much to see. Bone was near
ready. The monk looked too
real. It swatted at the jiggers,
invisi-sects in the ground, not
the slightest bit robo at all, all
paws for food. Same one as my
youth, I couldn't say. Nothing
overt fam about it. Resisted
the urge to simp hammer it to
find out if robo. Let the
monkey look for food. The jipps
were heart-touching and in
their norm blissed-out weird

robo-nothingness for it but
recharge. Strobes revolved
around their scanners, little
red lights blinked. They had
noid-like kid eyes at one point
but an un-fort inci led to their
rePlace. It was jude maw's bro
who I hired to engineer. He did
it half-price. He lived out in a
des sect before all the bans,
the zitions, mandator college
and such. Before the kisandi.
Knew him right before I moved
from rent's comf. It was a proto
robo-bird that clawed the
jibbs' eyes out. They'd cost a
pretty load in work and

couldn't afford real reps of the
inish mod. Made these guys
look slacky, my crew a little
weak, but did a nice job
consider. Makes more sense
now. A little it all does. Then
wondered if jude's bird was his
work. Hadn't known he'd had a
sis. The jude maw background
log had listed, and his name to
unique to be coinci, simply...
Barbeltron. He of the fixing
things. Lived in hijinki too.
Small zone. Aw, so much slappy
no no and cloud push above. Not
a single wonderment why. His
idolguide was fem. Not too sure

why. Why thought of that and I then wondered how that was why. How things could've been different. With a fem ide. It didn't help to think. My bone was done and so flicked it. Caught imeed. On slam was a very average pic of a noid fam and some weird crets at like a fair or other gath. On a stage with tell-all fake hap smis and smirks. Little text said, "Invent ledge makes new prod for jumpy hunt!" The crets were horned things that looked mean. Shit. Had fukking wandered out the des. How the hell? Knew the

trajec would tell of it right
away but super fraid to look.
Kinda knew then mayb. What
had happened to the land up
here? The indus, the privs, the
comfs, the idolguide facs, the
damn trees? Where were the
trees? If this was mid dakot or
someplace else college-free, it
was too des and damn deserted.
Unless I was in a mid-place, in
a test by the kisandi. Had to
walk. No other choice. Was
becoming a walkabout but
forced to? Soon college prob.
Again. Sometime. Time moving...
whatever, time is mine... nine,

eleven, Twenty-Three. Four-
Hundred-and-Seventy. I fought
the urge to gash the monk,
bingo. How the hell did we
migrate so far? Where was my
fukking man now to explain it?
We walked. The monkey to me
held closest. Quickly thought
of The Can. If far enough up
maybe a run was not out
question. fukk the kisandi, fukk
em all. The gem stories of the
land Can rang true, loudest
natch in the pre-seclusion,
pre-college days of hijinki. In
The Can they said Peeps still
had money, work-opsh, free art

and comf/shack stability
within singy zones, no hidden
mel nesc! Still called them
towns even. In Can they had
min terror, nearly no killing.
Simp tools with just blunt
eater things. Pre-sec/ Pre-col,
all that Can-talk happened
something Plenty for a spell.
Seemed plaus, heard of actual
movers too. Oh well. Was long
ago. Maybe diff. I slowed sicky
something fierce. Took a hand
to face, kneed the ground and
sweat stop. Saw a prem. Static
mix from the kisandi riled not
nearly enough. Took a mental

breather. Right there I did,
forgetting the confusion.
Terrified of it. Things I saw.
Bled of pores in like a dream
but something so diff. So
different than a natural old
dreamscape. Heard about prems
from Proc al but never sure if I
had em. This one the first
mayb. Saw rene so un-worm,
like before but clearly older,
un- anything. He didn't want
me there and the air around,
his presence, scarred scared
and made its way but the prem
stormed. And then secretion.
Pouring out of me every way.

She looked shocked. Alert,
Alert. But unwilling to address
the situation of this skin. And
the juices wiggled out.
Overcome with Feeling, flutters
of the prem/ hallucination and
the real word maybe a mid-
iverse controlled by the
kisandi at times itself, maybe
now. Unclear. How all so un-
clear. Everything so dim and
fleecing of and toward the
prog. The juices like a dense
sweat poured. And now rene
seemed to laugh. Then I came
to. Suddenly like startled
sLeep, awake. Baby birth. What

was that? Still in this weird un-des des land, and walking. I clearly visioned me in a state and it wasn't a dream, and here there normal and fixed. Good and bad, bad and good, seemed the norm, but why? The kisandi was walking now back of me like thirty feet. I slowed to let him catch. Had the staff. Must've taken it during my prem-thing or when... I nearly stopped. Crew plus monk equally delayed. And the kisandi spoke in real time. "We need to talk... friend." I answered with, "Well, I'm not really your friend." So

we stopped to chat right there
in the open. Our first real
convo in so many odd years.
Too many. Like talking to
yourself, I said to myself. "You
can make it to The Can if you
really want, though... things
are changing. You notice the
land here diff. I think you're
meant to stay around though,"
he said. "Was that a prem I
just had or was that you?" "Not
sure what that was... I saw it
too. Diff mayb. Think they've
done some weird things to the
air round here. What's the
difference anyway? Bugs you

can't see are everywhere. Weird things in general. But, like I say about The Can... I feel a welcome run is not imposs, plausible even. The dex there burn for new arrival. Anyone's."

"You'd lead us elsewhere if you felt diff, so what gives? It's either the move or it ain't. And why stay? I can't coll again... not no more of that. Too old."

"You think you're old and in reality you aren't young, but... there are things happening... things... I don't feel you're totally aware of... so this is... this isn't easy to say... " "Out

with it now please!" "I can't
out and out rec a trip, a move
to Can. Above board that is.
Cuz of what that might mean to
me, for me... so much as I'm
anything, or you are. My fate...
etc etc... But the fact remains
that you have tied yourself to
issues here that aren't going to
go away and could lead to the
whole crew dying." He paused
for a long time. I was tad
speechless. I quick longed for a
Mothership to wallop, to follow
down a river to non-exis drex.
"You can't decipher what to
kill and what to let live. You

kill a harmless girl in the des
and let live two deranged
cret-noids..." "Two?" "rene and
your brother there..." And with
that, bingo was gone. In its
place my bro, Larry. He naked
and all ghost in the eyes. Just
like rene. He spasmed. His body
tiny, so much smaller than I
remembered... "Please fukking
tell me what the fukky fukk?" I
was now all extreme panic and
low. But I knew the kisandi
wouldn't aide in feels. This was
a test. "I can only do so much.
You know that. I will..." He
coughed. "I will say this... your

fate was to be the same. And
the same reason for will go a
long way. Why your mind so
boggy, friend? Hmmm... to
answer that might fix us all,
and the answer for it maybe
the reas you're still around...
eh? The same? Maybe you're
being made a show of... mayb?"
He suddenly looked frightened.
"I say far too much. Apologies. I
will be de-matting for awhile
now... Can is in that direction.
Go there. There's calm there, if
you can make it, yes... but no
clair. No res. No redeeming.
Only subt comf. But only mayb

three days walk. Do what you will. Remember the answers lie in here." He handed me the stave. I could see him never real in our nearing truth. And that he de-matted quickly to nothing. Total nothingness gone. Noth magnificent about. And so what lay ahead? What to do? What to make of that quack's rare address? Where to go? Was I really looking at my bro post-monk trans, nake in this strange land? And ugh, huge UGH, feeling inside, major. All about Too much. Too much confusion. Too much tech. Too

much splattering of the idea of
life. Too much genetic
interference. Rene, again a
worm. My bro a pale twitch,
post-monk. The two jipps just
waiting patiently, unsure and
knowing this a big choice
mome. Where to? To take calm
over clarity or a quest over
quiet? I looked in the s'pposed
direction of The Can and I
sighed. I bowed my head in tire
deso. When I looked up, I looked
towards the land called Can.
And furiously stampeded ahead.
My old wife slithered as a
worm, oh rene. My bro, Larry, a

shaky freak of no mental cap,
stumbled forward, unspeak,
unbothered post-monk. The
jipps knew enough to help guide
without my saying so. joppo and
jippo just the same, long
forever weird and undying.
Friends, We looked at the Fire
in the sun and it charged us all.

What the fuck my life? What
the... Every single one of us
crets bred to detect evil and
what of it? You can only laugh
at the uselessness. Ha. The
stave began to sing out the tip.