

# *PART I*



## Chapter 1

I went up the stairs and ate popcorn out of a turtle shell and made the blood in my body change from red to a different color. I freed a monkey from the witness protection program. I stopped eating cross-eyed animals and drinking lighter fluid. I met Bart Simpson at an AA meeting and finished a weird TV show about pool. I'm already behind the eight-ball.

I read poems to all the fishes in jail who had been put in jail for selling knockoff flippers to scuba mailmen as my daughter licked the glass of their cage. She then proceeded to lick the rest of the city of Camden, New Jersey. I bought twelve combs at the dollar store for, you guessed it, one dollar, but each comb was actually worth 33¢ so my R.O.I. was close to being a quadruple investment. Then I watched the only TV show my eyes were allowed to watch: *SUV SUV: SUV*. I drank a blueberry baboon seltzer as my phone tried to kill me again.

I haven't slept yet this decade because my feet are falling off and I need to have working feet to sleep like any other seventeen pound boy. I ran in the rain to a place that doesn't exist. I lost seven pounds eating only carbohydrates and you can too.

Today was the day my foot became the foot of the year and this wasn't supposed to be the case since it stopped being a foot a long time ago. I ran past the most litter in the world and it was beautiful in the way that litter always and should

be. There was literally too much beauty on the street. I wanted to crawl inside one of the stores that sold nothing and die. But someone had written Trump's name in Christmas lights above a bar. So I knew I had to keep going.

I watched a sad sad movie but I couldn't cry because I had to pee too bad. A woman crossing guard asked me if I was a lawyer then she rubbed my dog's tummy on the sidewalk. It looked like snow then it got a little sunny then it got dark and then it snowed orphan children. My ceiling is leaky and the drugs I took have stolen my sleep and given it to my lips.

I suffered again for my shins' improprieties. I ate flaxseed and turmeric but my foot didn't grow another, new and better foot. I live streamed myself picking up takeout racoons from a Vietnamese futon place.

I got pink eyes again for the second time in a week so I decided to write a hundred novels. I finished 1% of the first book, a story about eggs. It was cold and snowy and the football games were sad. We didn't pay the christmas tree eaters the five dollars they were promised. I ate too many screws and stayed up too late watching TV.

I watched myself watch my favorite sports team lose as I learned about insignificance by singing my daughter a parody blues song about vegan cream cheese. Some vegan cream cheese stuck to my gums as I sang but I immediately removed it with black cherries and gospel music. My new friend Mr.

Robnoxious wailed on air guitar. His tone allowed me to put pirated ebooks about sadness on my new tablet.

I did a driveby shooting with my mouth as a Christmas gazebo swallowed the beans. The “can can sale” was off the chain and I almost lost my mind at the 33¢ beans dripping from my nostrils. It was too cold to think but they still played the national championship in a wooden coffin.

I mulled over the theory involving the consumption of sunflower seeds as a barometer for my success. My numb tongue couldn’t quite kill all the crystals in my foot. David Bowie did a jig with a purple tutu on top of the TV.

I tickled a cutout Ryan Howard head without touching him then I almost fainted under the Ben Franklin Bridge. Maybe I am not eating enough yearling pot roast. The day seemed to not exist but then there it was ending yet again and I knew it was all too real to tickle baseball players under large steel bridges.

I caressed one of the world’s most perfect red onions as I listened to podcasts on each of four separate devices at the same time. The weather was unseasonably warm and I thought Los Angeles had been impaled into my forehead from the springy rubber of a slingshot. It was mostly a good day because I love the number twelve and I love that there are other places in the world and also the place I exist in currently which is celebrating its twelfth birthday with a trip to Los Angeles.

“It’s Friday the 13th and there’s love in the air,” said the hot pepper. We had tacos at taco night at our friends’ house, The Tacos. I only put peppers and onions and guacamole in my tacos which were mostly mayonnaise. I spent a good portion of the day doing pushups on March 10th, 2014. Now I find myself questioning my place in this world.

In Darien, CT our front right tire decided to blow a bubble and it was even chewing gum. My phone sent us to Fairfield, CT to get a replacement bubble. All of Connecticut is the same place just divided by different shades of the color yellow and by the height of its many buildings, but I guess that is how the whole world is divided also. At the place where they grow tires from the first big bubble, I tended to the cartoon animals on the wall because the people stuck on the wall were doing a shit job at their job.

Another one of our tires decided to die because chewing bubblegum was better than being a tire and this time he took three of his brothers with him. I wanted to throw our car at a whale as I wondered why I do anything besides gambling on sports. My family spent the day inside a broken car and I slept maybe two hours in a freezing cold basement full of racist worms.

I made a list of four movies that I planned on writing and directing on the gym stairmaster as soon as Amazon delivered my new foot. I had the day off and spent most of it playing with my dolphin and we actually wrote and directed the four movies together by the end of the afternoon.

God baked me a cake for having consumed all of the carbs. I like watching movies about cake because my life is a movie and it has a 54% rating on Rotten Tomatoes. I wish I didn't have to eat anything and could subsist entirely on lobster butter but my foot is telling me to go on the red onion & nut milk diet to save itself from death so I better listen to the old man.

My foot continues to be an eagle screeching at all hours, keeping me awake. I really don't want to chop off my right foot but what choice do I have at this point? I watched a documentary about rats who chopped off their tails when their tails grew diseased feet but I hardly watched it because it was disgusting and it made me think of feet.

I made a hit viral music video about being at one with the colors of the ocean and all of its xenophobic fish. I slurped fish soup and I made great strides as a man and as a father of a fish as the world got closer to having an economy made of universal weather and future world leaders.

I thought about the saiga and it felt fitting because my Kindle Fire wouldn't stop buffering at the gym. I was trying to watch the Mel Gibson movie *The Beaver* but my Kindle Fire wanted to watch the inauguration on the big TVs and I wanted to die. I slept inside seven pixels on the screen of the Kindle Fire and I think I prefer not sleeping.

Two hippo eavesdropped on the old silver white guy on the face of a dime. If you thought this was one of those dumb

paragraphs that begins with one hippo eavesdropping on currency, I am sorry friend; you're out of luck. It was a busy day at the hippo factory and we only spent three hours inside a greeting card machine. The fog was a pretty goat and I ate a goat sleeve salad at the Cherry Hill Diner but I didn't take any video of this so maybe I didn't?

I couldn't decide whether or not I should call this paragraph "Classic Hats and Why I Wear Em" or "I think Kevin Durant is Super Depressed." But I didn't call it either of those things because the Governor of Nebraska and the Mayor of Rapid City, South Dakota cut off each of my hands so I couldn't type and I didn't have time to teach my feet to type so I mailed Nebraska all of the fish in New Jersey.

I started to write a book named *Hermit Crab* about a guy named Hermit Crab while I was working out germ spores from my belly button. I set the treadmill to the steepest incline and it was like walking up a hill except I was surrounded by flat screen TVs with President Trump on them and he was pissing on an Instagram flower. Imagine a hill like that in real life? Sad!

I legally changed my name to Limpy and everything immediately changed for the better. I ate a cup of banana ringpeppers with celery fingers. I basically married myself with the rings. I am married to banana rings now and all of the banana rings are called Judy Greer 2.0. When it was time to make the sauce for the fish parade I made the sauce with

extra salad just like the FBI likes. As an official member of the FBI, it was my duty to make the sauce in this fashion.

I thought about getting into politics as I sang a parody version of “God Bless America” next to a big river full of floating jars of potato salad. I thought maybe there was some piss in the river and if it was golf piss maybe I could extract some and put it in a special jar and FedEx it to the new president as a special gift on his golf birthday.

A portion of this movie I am sleeping on involves me eating a salad in slow-motion as my sleep takes a break from sleeping to count the sweat droplets on the fingernail of a mailman. It looked like a pretty good movie so I did the narration for the movie and I made a million bucks which I spent on vegan cheese. A vegan woman did some banana stuff to bananas somewhere in the deep south.

A lump of fake meat in the shape of a radish pug fell into my mouth and I screamed “radish pug!” at the top of my lungs. I noticed the word “DEMON” painted on the top of a building where they made radish pugs. I felt like it was me who had written it but the anthropologists said no. Meryl Streep couldn’t sleep so she mailed herself to the village of physical pain for radish pug injection therapy.

I took a two-hour nap on the top of the tallest building in the smallest city inside the mouth of a golden retriever. It was the first nap I had taken since 1942 when I was seventy-seven years old. I hope I don’t take any more naps because I much prefer using my thumbs to give thumbs up

to short buildings instead of not using my thumbs inside of a building nap.

My foot had finally healed so I joined a parade for postmodern clergymen. My standup comedy didn't go over well on the parade route and the parade leader said I should just admit I'm a computer and grow a grocery store on my rotting tooth. The grocery store's computer system continued to confuse me because I am a sad computer who is not used to growing grocery stores.

They started building a birdhouse on my toe on the last day of the month which they renamed Toeuary in under of my toe being such a great toe. The last day of something will always be the first day of something else and maybe when they collide it is the day you finally figure out that it was just the same day this entire time. I'm not sure my high school football jersey number was #31 because of the months but I can't be sure that it wasn't because there hasn't been thirty-two days or thirteen days in a month yet but I think humanity should keep striving towards these goals. I didn't take any pictures at the lemon dog show because I was too busy using my screen to see my eyes and my eyes just watched the builders of the birdhouse on my toe build thirty-one smaller birdhouses on the roof of the first birdhouse and inside the last one was a bird named clogged shoe and she told me that I shouldn't go to rock shows with lemon dogs any more because it's not good for the birdhouses. She said all of the spilt beer in my brain was rotting the wood of my life.

## Chapter 2

Moving through your life without an octopus inside your armpits is no way to live. I passed a building that just said “world peace” over and over again but the building did not know how to speak and was actually very pro-violence. It lived next to an ATM machine named clum and a velvet fire hydrant. The true secret to happiness in this particular world is probably a smaller concept than money and fire. When bad or unpleasant things happen it’s easy to internalize them but they are just the world breathing and telling us to take a chill pill and kiss our pets on the mouth. Death doesn’t need to feel spiritual for humans to understand that the meaning of life is hidden inside octopus armpits and the juice that they secrete is sustaining the world’s existence. To all the people who are saying that octopus armpits are “fake news,” I take off my shirt and laugh. When buildings can talk, or when money can perform self-immolation, then we can have that conversation. But until then the constructs are just that, and sipping your morning coffee is no different than milking thirty-seven octopus armpits at the 1982 Hama Massacre.

I jogged to a doghouse at the end of the world, which was behind a building that made doll arms or fireworks or baby teeth or something more or less valuable. I found a donut on the street named Pinky Toots and I wondered where all the animals were and maybe if animals stopped eating street donuts they could be named Pinky Toots too.

I ran away from home but not as far as I would've needed to run if I wanted my home to grow a fresh pair of wings and catch up with me and tell me to take a nap in its bosom. I wished that the retail therapy memes that divided my family up into quarters hadn't pulled out of the war and left a dozen orphaned wolfhounds howling in the deserts of my lungs. I held a Foreigner record I've never listened to with half a rubber glove on.

The title of this paragraph was trying to say it wasn't a paragraph but some kind of parakeet. A classic mistake, I thought. So I bought the paragraph a new head and I watched it grow into a man who loved playing laser tag in New Jersey with alcoholic ferrets and I pretended to enjoy today for what it was: not tomorrow, yesterday, or any other day. I have no place else to go but the used ferret helmet store for an anniversary gift for the paragraph and I pray that will suffice.

The Patriots won the Super Bowl against the vile Queen Pingpong Walrus Dragon Machines of East Toledo and it feels like life really isn't fair but sports are so stupid that I made two hundred dollars working from home and you can too. At the zoo, my daughter made monkey noises with a computer chip and I gave myself a peace sign in the bathroom mirror. I drank cranberry soda until my heart was full of lichen goo.

The ocean couldn't have made a more nothing shell. "Let the raisins raisin," I said, to no one, as the ocean shell ate a raisin. I thought about painting an upside down cross on

my forehead and running down a road I've never ran down but I just kicked the dog off the couch, ate carbohydrate stew and watched Super Hulu.

I ran down a street named after a famous college then it started raining colleges. I ran in the rain and occasionally worried about my phone getting wet because my phone never went to college. I looked at some buildings that were cosplaying as colleges. I pretended all of the litter were pets and they were my friends that I made at college because I didn't make any friends at college.

"It's 65° and sunny and tomorrow there's supposed to be a snowstorm of cottage cheese," said the invisible mailman. I didn't think about this as much as I should have. I ran past a place called The Cozy Lounge in West Philly and thought, you could be cozy in there, but then I just kept running until my legs were so cozy that they decided to sleep in a gutter full of rats. I spend a lot of timerunning away from rats when my legs get too cozy. "You need to get better at time management," said the invisible mailman. I could only see his black toes. "Today's paragraph is unnecessarily long it seems," he said, and I told him, "that's just your black toe talking. It's normal length."

"Gob bless.." This is my new mantra, I thought. I think I might start doing street art because of it, or in spite of it, or start a religion based on it, or make a T-shirt with those two words in Helvetica font. Who knows what the marketing toads have in store for us all. I saw a short toad tonight at Brenda's BBQ Mold Emporium. I didn't take any video of

the toad and I'm not sure why. It's not like this "living in the moment" thing is paying the bills or obliterating my tab at toad marketing college or anything like that.

I played a wah-wah pedal hooked up to all my internal organs so good that they started to work in perfect lockstep with my general positive attitude and demeanor and I won the olympics of wah-wah pedal internal organ playing. I'm not sure how these paragraphs are getting so handsome but I love the hot words oozing from my white glove into their negative space. Gob bless y'all, salmon heads. "Salmon heads" are what I call the followers of my new religion which I sometimes call Goblism or Salmon School.

I dedicate today to Jackie Robinson, the famous arctic fox hunter from the year 42329420. In his honor, my family went to IKEA to breathe on 75¢ hotdogs and use their scent to cure climate change. Earlier in the day I attempted to stuff an Elmo basketball with ham mayonnaise but the gargoyle haunting me barfed olive oil all over it and it was too slimy to hold. I gambled on at least eleven sporting events and thought seriously about hockey for perhaps the first time in my life.

I became powerless to the truth that my feet are falling off for real and not just a gimmick in this book. I might need to suspend these paragraphs until I have enough followers on social media to replace my feet with GoPro™ e-cigs so I can vlog my way out of it. I'm so sorry.

The main thing Agent Jake said about the weather was that it would be windy and so I was not surprised when it was windy and the wind blew an entire beehive into my mouth. I ate the whole beehive with a side of beet juice and I discovered you can use grapefruit skin to draw with your children's foreheads on computer systems.

Valentine's Day was canceled because the crippling stress in the air caused a fire at the local pizza shop and all the pepperoni escaped and killed the lovebirds so they wouldn't have to be pepperoni any longer. I finally succumbed to my right foot pain and gave up on doing lip kisses with the wind. I have hope for a future with more fruit-based artmaking and underwater holidays.

I developed a cult called the 1776 Seltzer Gang. I'm the only member but it's a pretty chill cult. I made a new friend who was just a dude who liked to wander under ski lifts somewhere in Washington State and I made him the President of the 1776 Seltzer Gang. The premise of the cult is that we time-travel back to 1776 and give all the founding fathers seltzer and toilet paper so that they throw all their guns in the Delaware River. Maybe George Washington will join the cult one day and we can cut pineapples for the pineapple god who invented all guns in the first place.

I was making my way downtown to the fountain of youth and all I found was a nervous lady who seemed kind but couldn't help me. There was no water anywhere. The lady said that the fountain of youth dried up when they decided

to put marbles in the water and the marbles got thirsty and drank all of the water. The marbles shot all of the water out of their marble holes and when the scientists studied the water they found it wasn't water at all. It was just sweat mayo from Mahmood's sweat fingers. Mahmood made sure I got home safe then one of my neighbors yelled at him for having too many sweat fingers. I just kept getting older. Nobody knows how why the fountain of youth was filled with Mahmood's sweat mayo to begin with.

I continued down the path toward the lobster belt store. The lady on the phone helping me with directions to the lobster belt store said that they had to reschedule my MRI. I told her I wasn't getting an MRI at the lobster belt store and that I was just going to buy a lobster belt. It felt like a trap. Then she asked if I was claustrophobic. But I thought she said "homophobic" so I replied, "lobster belt?" She replied by saying that her head was fine. Everything is a giant lie. I'll never get a lobster belt.

I haven't showered in twenty-two days, which isn't that long to go without showering but if you wanna know the truth, it's a personal record for me ever since I decided to sleep in a giant mayo jar. I wrote a song called "as long as you have vegetables, it's fixin to be okay" and it's right here in this movie for some reason. I was inspired by the movie as I was making it so I wrote a book about it. It's a book inspired by the music from and inspired by the major motion picture of the movie that thought it was a book. Except there's no major motion picture, it's just this.

It's the fiftieth day of the year of birthdays and the year of birthdays has a birthday on every fifth minute of each day so the year is at least thirty-one years old now and I just can't believe it. Such a big boy! Nearly 115% of the year is over with and, despite having lived the best possible version of myself, I continue to dissolve deeper into a pit of inhuman slop like my hero, JFK.

Because my foot doesn't work a union job I decided to go on a seven thousand mile bike ride. It was probably like fifteen miles but who's counting. I guess that that's not too long and I guess I am counting or at least I was counting when I was on the bike ride. I was counting air molecules and I was so distracted that I crashed into a phone factory and my phone left me because he thought that he was finally home. "The stupidity of life!" my phone screamed. My phone almost killed a dozen or so other humans in a fit of anger when I told him that he was already home in my pocket or in my hand. I told him the pocket was like a beach house and the hand was like a regular house.

I can't believe this day was a Tuesday because it totally felt like a Thursday that happened in another dimension over seven years ago! I didn't do anything to deserve a normal Tuesday like that when it felt like a Thursday like that and, in the end, I was shocked that it still felt normal. I am at the point where I have to decide whether or not I'd like to continue to feel normal I guess. When the alternative is eggs, normal it is.

I rode a purple tractor to get a fancy MRI on my foot. The dumb foot picture that I inserted into the movie is actually a “left foot” but in reality my injured foot is the right one. This is not “fake news.” It’s “my life,” folks. When people say they have two left feet they are talking about me.

All I do is ride my bike to the doctors now. It’s great. The elevator passed floor 3BC on the way up and I sorta wished I could live on that floor because there’s no way that is a real floor and I would love to live in a place that isn’t real again.

The dumbest sport on earth is back and I’m overflowing with excitement. Watch as I preview all 162 teams in the League of Majors and who is going to win the big salami. I threw beer into my body because none of the other things I had been throwing into my body seemed to be working

I discovered the great cure for sadness and all other ailments. It was inside a bronze tortoise mouth. I spread the cure all over my gums inside my own mouth as well as inside the mouths of my family and all of my strangers alike. And I waited patiently for my mouth to grow basketballs I could sell to Michael Jordan for forty million dollars.

I talked to my phone for like four minutes about my dumb theory regarding my right foot not being a foot anymore. Nothing else happened. The day was only four minutes long and it was the first day like that in history. It was so historic that President Trump made it his new birthday.

I got hired by my face to be a religious reggae DJ and I was terrible at it! My boss (face) told me I was fired just like Trump in that show from remember that? I bought turquoise olives at the grocery store and threw the can of olives at my foot until it turned into a parrot and said, “I am hiring you to be a religious reggae DJ.” Back to square one, I thought, and turned on an ape documentary on my TV.

The first day of any month is good for fighting words like “today is the first day of the rest of my moth” and “my moth is a great pet whom I respect completely,” and the last day is ripe for a sweet tooth. I’m sorry. I’m just sad my moth died. This is what they might scribble on my tombstone: “He was sad his moth died and now he is dead.” Whatever they write, I just hope they carve the stone like one would carve their initials in a tree. Thank you.

## Chapter 3

My foot could not afford to go to hunting school so I had no choice but to embrace my new khaki identity and conquer all the cruelty in this sad world. I tried to karate kick everyone who wasn't wearing khaki but my foot didn't know how to do battle so the cruelty won in the end. I sighed and worked on my voiceover accents as I ate dates with a patriotic shirt on. The night sky was born in a brand new climate and when it finally got over our heads it screamed out that its new name was "Yeohwaha."

We all will have our day in the sun as long as the sun keeps shining and our days don't turn into minutes. If we are lucky, we will have these days indoors, thinking about all the nearby humans who are also indoors and the decisions they make each day like what color they want to paint their front door and how much money they should spend on the paint. The stench of the paint will boil in the heat of the sun and it will make the thinking about the color of the paint difficult but we try our best nonetheless to be doors.

I took a deep breath and inhaled the styrofoam snow. The tribute band wailed imaginary bullets into the mouth holes of the fake hippie tribes who had assembled on the doorstep of the styrofoam snow factory. They all took beautiful 1080 videos of the tribute band with their Android smartphones and got cranberry D.U.I.s before sunrise.

I let loose with some hot salami hot dogs at the fog parade. It's funny when the butt drugs don't work but you're still the butt of the joke because you forgot that you eat hot salami hot dogs with your mouth and not your anus. Everyday we're just trying to make sense of the ghosts and garbage populating our states.

I tried to put the United States into a backpack but it wouldn't fit so I just hit the random button on the Wikipedia app a few more times until I was playing 19th century cricket statistics across the pond of desire in the glass of the mind's eye. All of the green fell out of my hair and it was covered in gray so I knew I was old enough to die and ride the big rides which take you there.

Mondays are the pits but sometimes Mondays are the peach stench of a melon corpse. And you can chew on the melon pits until you can suck them and then they let out a little life and you feel good about yourself. I filmed a dead raccoon on the side of the road without even trying so I removed the sound out of respect and asked the dead raccoon if he had any brothers in the business. Then I went shopping for beans but I wasn't sure if dead raccoons liked beans. Anyway, I forgot to put them in my cart so I just gave them internet captchas for sustenance instead.

I wandered into a building and found my legs moving on a staircase without ascending. The building only had one floor but over a hundred staircases. Later when I had a chance to eat plants I noticed my right foot was peeling and the falling, floating skin was a pale red but I wouldn't

call it pink because it was a boy foot and pink is a girl color. It would soon give birth to a new baby boy foot and that baby boy foot we be the blackest black. We're all quite like plants when you think about it but plants aren't dumb enough to walk up impossible stairs.

The knee on the leg where my foot hurt started hurting too and it truly seemed like this was the beginning of the end because when your whole leg starts hurting you're bound to do something beautiful like start a Papa John's Lobster Shop. How does one start a Papa John's Lobster Shop when they still have so many dollar store wool hats in good to great shape? I'd like to go hunting for shrimp now so let me be known as the shrimp hunter heretofore.

I did a ballerina dance into the existence where my parents also lived in this world. To my surprise, there was also an old compact disc full of radio hits in near perfect condition inside this existence. Sometimes, even when the case of a thing looks like it is dead, the turtle meat is still alive and you can eat it up like sushi bugs. I thought about this turtle and how my body smelt as I lived life into the night of that existence but my parents didn't have any kids in that existence and I was nowhere to be seen.

I flossed my teeth with a giant chain and some of the expelled food was alive. It looked like sushi bugs with expensive sneakers on. But in reality it was a piece of gyro meat pretending to be a lion cub and I named it Sebastian. I took Sebastian into the giant freezer where they kept the beer, then we drank all the beer and talked about sushi

bugs who went broke from having bad expensive shoe habits with the gyro meat Sebastian.

The code made itself clear but I still didn't know where to enter it. I raced downtown because I didn't want to be late for my hero's welcome and celebratory hot piss shower. We all look like dachshunds with hot dogs sticking out of our ears when we look into the mirror when we take the hot piss shower. The doubters of my hero's welcome will know about the movie in time.

A cold front wiped its feet on my chest after the fashion drugs knocked me over in a stupor of awe at the sight of my own beauty. I found myself on my bike again, unintelligibly squawking at the sky, high on fashion drugs and looking marvelous because of them. I made my way to the BBQ house. We had a BBQ foot fetish affair with the baseball aficionados from the treehouse and all the other, less fashionable guests enjoyed sucking on smog through straws made of human skin as the Home Run King smashed dinger after dinger into the crowd of fashion drugs salespeople. I shivered.

The dog in sunlight burnt a hole into the darkness of my soul. I cowered in a crowded supermarket. The man who wouldn't sell me a box of free matzah because it was seven sizes too small told me "good luck, maggot." I was gonna need all the luck in the world, but I still managed to write a dozen or so pop songs.

The weather people said it would snow during sleepy time and sure enough when wake-up time came, there was snow. The snow told me it was a god and it yelled at me in a real mean voice. It told me to put hard candy into all of my orifices. The sugar helped me understand why the snow did that. I like to think that is the circle of life.

I was drowning in bagels and at my wit's end. I looked to my savior Papa John for some answers. He told me to embrace my true state and the hole in my roof would repair itself as if the bagel became a pizza and god himself was the mold of this gluten roof.

I don't think it matters what I write in this book. I try to be positive but it doesn't get me anywhere. I might as well eat fast food until my ears fall off.

Eating bananas with Jonathan Franzen will never taste good unless you eat them on Saint Patrick's Day. Take it from me, a novelist, an author of some esteem and noted world traveler. I forked over my entire life savings just to peel the yellow fruit with Mr. Writer Man and it was fucking worth it.

The owner of the store was mute and I tried to use the chip-reader so I could purchase the junk food but it didn't work. He couldn't communicate its brokenness so I left in a huff as one does. At home I watched content and spewed the content back out of my body as if caught in advance between life and death.

The violence of finding out you're worth more as a sprout of small plant than the entire dying lumber supply shifting its weight in a salsa dance of uncertainty is something no human should be aware of. All of the food we planned on eating grew animal limbs and grabbed our tools. Their muscles were weak, too weak to bludgeon us, their masters. Oh well. They tried. We have the bruises to show for it.

I tried to manipulate my psyche into a fawn as if it were clay. But the only shapes I could create were giant triangles. Later, after wiping out and scrambling my brains on the rocks, I discovered that innocence is a myth, and we should only be doing cold hard truths. The Giant Triangle Gods stuffed \$5.40 worth of pizza down my throat as punishment.

My legs felt fully repaired so I used them. I found that using them caused my body to move and I wasn't so sure I liked the places it could go to. But the sweat and music still felt good and I imagined I was in a place without any scared, melting snow piles dying their slow deaths in the eternal march toward April Fool's Day.

I sang because my stomach yearned to be a giant piece of toast. My brain burnt the toast and then ate one thousand pounds of mini M&Ms. I am doomed to walk through life with a torso made of carbs and a head made of sugar I guess. There are worse lives.

When I was a baby I lived inside a plastic bag and only ate canned vegetables. I feel like I'm constantly trying to get

back to that place in adulthood but I keep getting pooped on by baby birds who have been poisoned by mini M&Ms.

I put a shirt on that was made of camel guts. It kept me warm through the winter of my mind even though it was transparent like a music video. Theoretical late night basketball helped me edit art movies.

Everything I've ever thought could be explained in one short statement and that made me sad. The bald eagle eating a small dead mammal wasn't a metaphor for that or anything else.

I saw a bunch of cakes in the grocery store so I liberated them by throwing them on the hoods of every SUV in the parking lot. The tiny crocodile I wanted to steal wouldn't fit into my pocket. I dreamt of him and the dream was his funeral. There was no cake at the crocodile funeral.

I didn't laugh at the sky because you shouldn't laugh at the sky. There are so many things to laugh at on the ground level. The squirrels and bunnies weren't laughing because they were dead inside. The wealth of a clueless society killed them. The bald eagle mailbox was the only creature enjoying maximum freedom. I discovered a new race of green people whose lives were built entirely on the idea that freedom isn't only "not free" but that it actually doesn't exist.

I learned that my android mother was a sobbing pile of unused carbohydrates that some old hoot owl had strung up with

wires and bulbs. It was powerful info, enough to kill a man or rob him of his youth. So I cooked up a crème brûlée with all the fancy letters and fed it to that robot-lady. She admitted she wasn't my real mother and that I actually wasn't real at all. I was jealous that she was more real than I was.

After making a promise to myself that I would only eat long snakes for the rest of my life, I went out hunting for worms because snakes scare me. I made a worm stew and it was the blandest concoction I ever tasted. The liquid of the stew burnt my fingers to stubs and I couldn't get a handle on any more worms after that so I went back to eating mini M&Ms frittata for every meal.

I wanted to name this paragraph "Most ocean waves don't capsize boats" or something like that. But my P.R. team thought I had a better chance of going viral if I played an obscure country song in reverse and did a play on words on a popular pop-rap song. So that's what we have in the works for this paragraph right here. Stay tuned.

I didn't soil my jorts so don't call me Mr. Jorts Soiler. The person who wrote that song about me ("Mr. Jorts Soiler") is a slanderous fool and I will be pursuing all legal options in order to reclaim my good name.

## Chapter 4

Only fools celebrate the dawning of the salmon spring, like the fool I am suing, Mr. Jorts Soiler. The only jester I'm concerned with is the cartoon frog who will be President of the United States one day. But, for now, he is simply a cartoon frog whom I would like to kiss.

I dreamt that a giant animal removed all the "no left turn" signs around the city and all the people made left turns for the first time in their miserable lives. They cried and made the animal their god and also their President King. They nicknamed him "Lefty." It was an extremely short-sighted decision for the giant animal was not domesticated and it eventually destroyed and/or devoured half of the world.

You can't go swimming because the world is red and you are not white. If you try to go swimming in a world that is not red you will likely float but you won't get very far because you can't swim.

When children ask questions you can't give an answer to just throw a large bowl of spaghetti against the wall and pray that the answer will be written in sauce when all the pasta has slid to the floor.

The man who loves to love things is the man who will love the most things when the things that need love present themselves as things. But the man who understands it is the thing that needs love and not the man who needs to

love things, then and only then will both men be reborn as light.

I have failed to see the beauty in the world but that doesn't mean I have to replace it with a meaningless box of wild boar skulls.

A gentlemanly fellow who loved poetry once gifted a new avenue in the bad part of the city all of the city's best litter. All the city's old inhabitants looked at this new litter drop with glee. Some even gave the litter little kisses and took them out for steak dinners at the local strip clubs, or took selfies with the litter and posted them to social media with the hashtag "grompling."

A great wave swept us up into the middle of the water until we had become one with every aquarium in the world. I dreamt I gave a turtle a high-five and that the turtle had a human hand with fingers like me. Each of his fingers had a tiny turtle face on them and they all said in unison, "free us from this hell, you shit."

The bad part of the city smooched the outskirts until its saliva caused a red rash. The red rash looked like a circle and all the sports players jumped inside until the bad part of the city adopted them so they could play for a different team.

The recording artist who recorded the hugely popular album *Eater's Grief* followed it up with a sequel, *Eater's Peace*, but the second album didn't come out until 2057 when most

of the person's hardcore fanbase had been drowned in various floods across the globe.

Every home became an aquarium after the floods. But when we tried to adopt the sea creatures as new children they revolted and poisoned all our food with the plastic particles they had long since become immune to.

Market research told us that the water-themed paragraphs weren't doing well with our target demo so we pivoted to dryland-related material until all the art we made got so dry it turned into dust.

The sign I had photographed at least a dozen times was still a sign on the day everything looked like a sign but when these new non-sign signs decided things were bad and never getting better, the original sign became rubble. But it looked even better as rubble, so I took a picture.

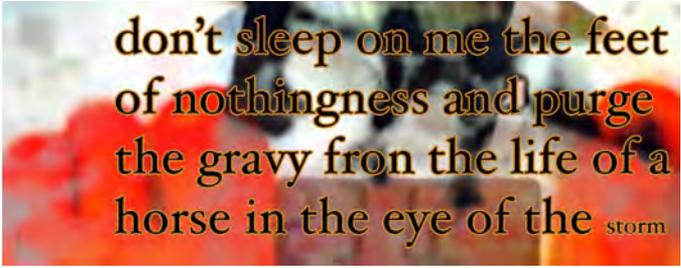
The man who only ate religion was angry. He touched a cloud so hard that the cloud spit atheism on him in a vicious rain until he was drinking god's tears, or maybe god's piss. He wasn't drinking so much as being waterboarded, though, and he died as a result.

I was banned from the midwest when my novel became a *New York Times* bestseller. But the person who banned me didn't understand that the midwest wasn't Florida so now I am only not allowed to go to Florida which is still bad because I moved to Florida to write my novel and had seventeen children born there and they were all named Gravy and

were illiterate beasts whose only goal in life was to get the most D.U.I.s.

The glow of humanity suffered a dim when celebrity worship culture overflowed and the muck of it covered the sun. But it didn't so much cover the sun, but every individual eyeball, and we were all staring at the sun, as we always had, but it was just then we realized that it wasn't hurting our eyes because of the muck. We thanked celebrity worship culture as we cleaned the muck from out of our eyes and we took to the streets with glee. It was raining.

When someone says “get you a man who can do both” they mean get you a man who can order Papa John's just by blinking really fast seven times in a row and is also an expert war sniper who only kills puppies, not humans.



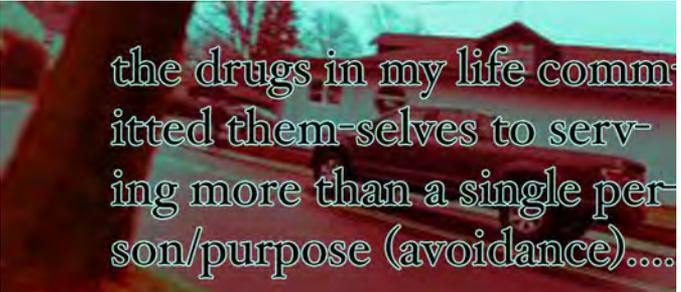
don't sleep on me the feet  
of nothingness and purge  
the gravy from the life of a  
horse in the eye of the storm



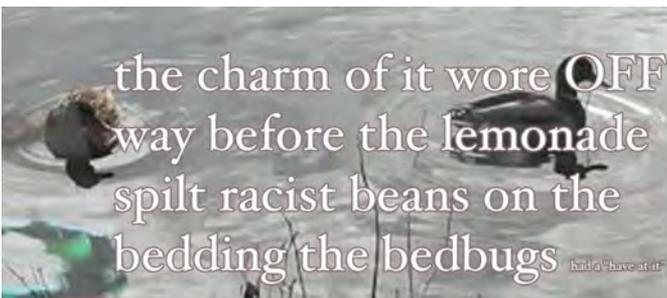
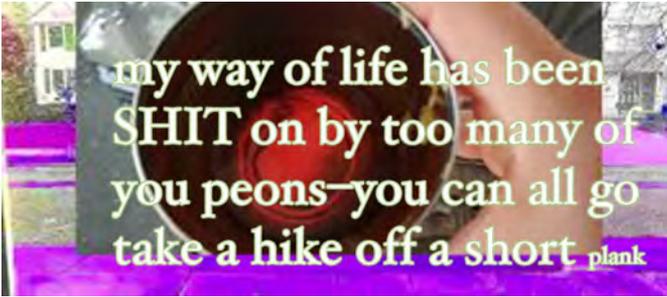
mad respect yo and nothin  
more to say except the ph  
lem.my don't know jam b  
IOOIIIIOOOIOIOOOIOIOIOIOIOIO

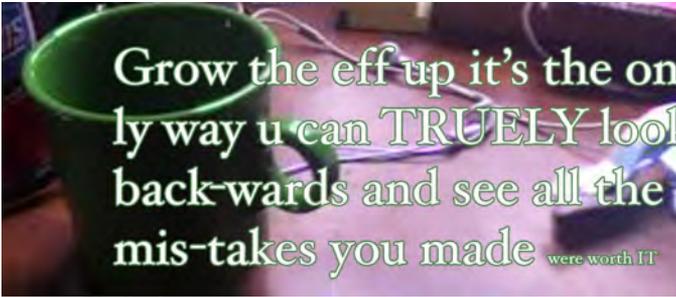


arrived awake again in be-  
tween dreams the night-  
mare stunts & files paper-  
work like a horse.

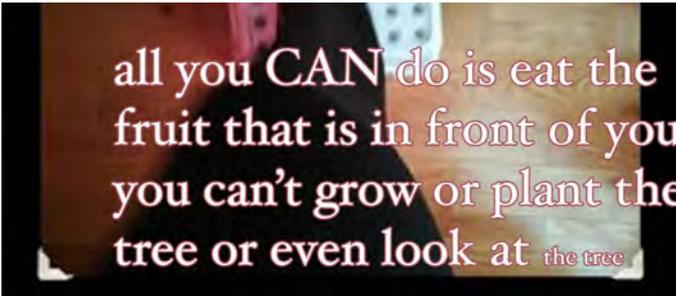


the drugs in my life comm  
itted them-selves to serv-  
ing more than a single per-  
son/purpose (avoidance)....

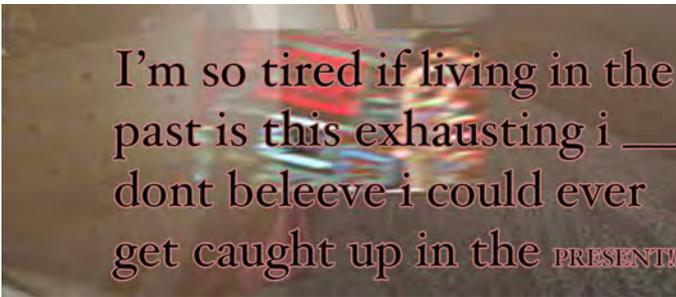




Grow the eff up it's the only way u can TRUELY look back-wards and see all the mis-takes you made were worth IT



all you CAN do is eat the fruit that is in front of you you can't grow or plant the tree or even look at the tree



I'm so tired if living in the past is this exhausting i dont beleeve-i could ever get caught up in the PRESENT



Was driving past my old neighborhood the other da and it had been over-run by Wild Dogs the size of bucks (deer)



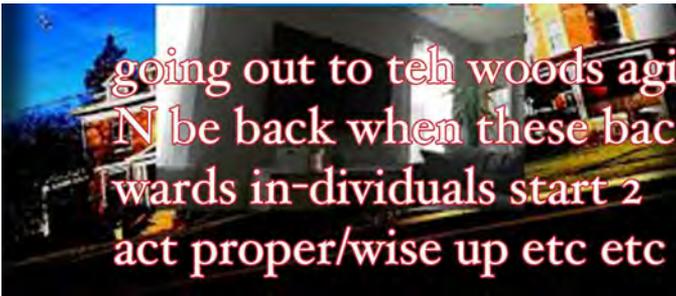
sucked on a blood popsicle  
until an eagle swooped down  
and took it out of my hand  
and fed its eagle youngin.



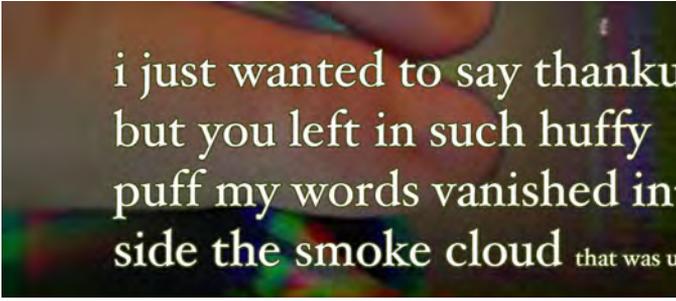
a waterfall of milk appeared  
above my bed 1 night  
and i wasn't scared I merely  
called my lawyer and cried



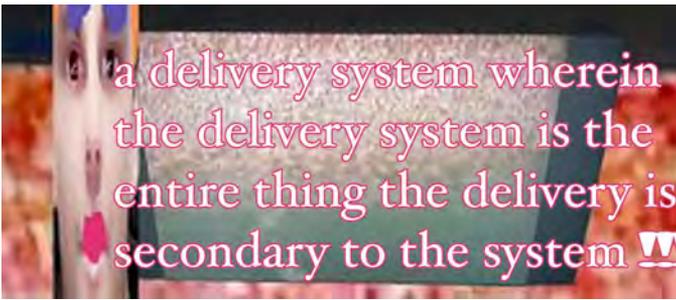
starving hardly ever tasted  
so good! let's eat forever in  
a forest of feelings.....  
.....I HAVE NOTHING ELSE TO SAY



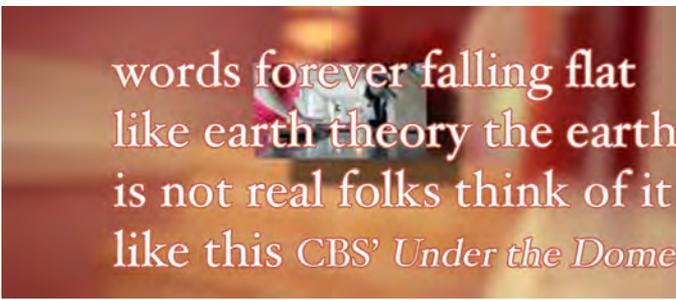
going out to teh woods agi  
N be back when these bac  
wards in-dividuals start 2  
act proper/wise up etc etc



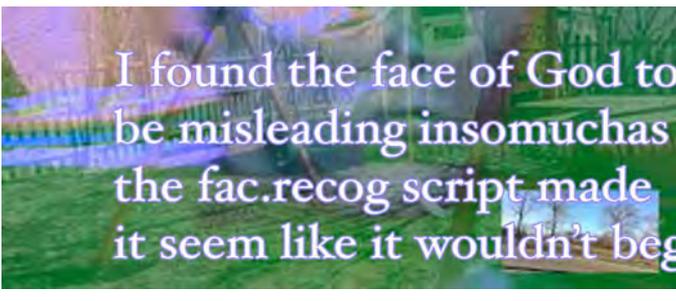
i just wanted to say thanku  
but you left in such huffy  
puff my words vanished in  
side the smoke cloud that was u



a delivery system wherein  
the delivery system is the  
entire thing the delivery is  
secondary to the system W



words forever falling flat  
like earth theory the earth  
is not real folks think of it  
like this CBS' *Under the Dome*



I found the face of God to  
be misleading insomuch as  
the fac.recog script made  
it seem like it wouldn't beg

gather round as i tell the c  
completely fucked story of  
colonel baby who betrayed  
this great country IX 2many

someone else it's always so  
someone else when you wa  
nnt it to be that other one  
211  
some some some (the sum?@)

Get in before the going g-  
e-t-s tough&When Tik Tok  
goes public buy early,  
often& get back in line three x

I'm all about that (em)BOSS  
S (em)BOSS (em)BOSS no  
BEVE I'm all about that  
no really i am about that



Tuba throat singing not a  
life style brand or other  
wise. Check your priv  
Ledge @ the Door, *young man*



Polished bootlegs on legs  
legs legs (!!!) the kids are O  
K, K Kaye???

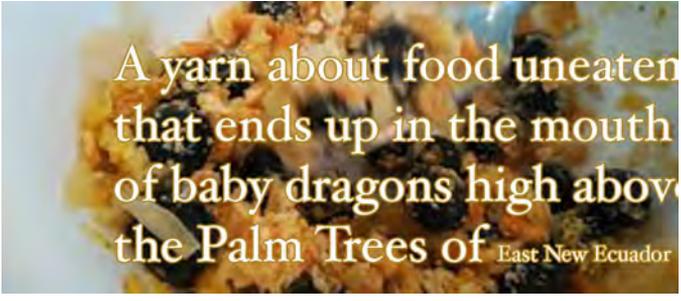
We all have  
S\*\*\*ian dreams *get flushed down the Toilet*



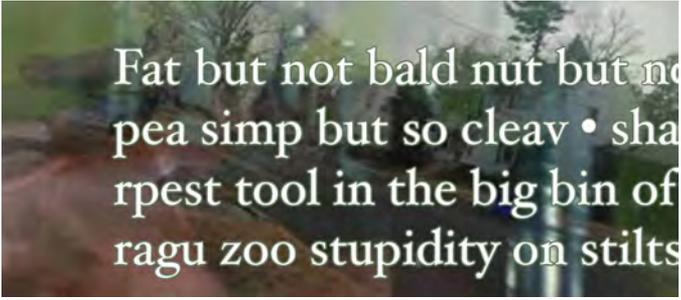
Get inside the tube and u  
will finally free there dont  
trust me on this ONE just  
do it folks, trust youre <333



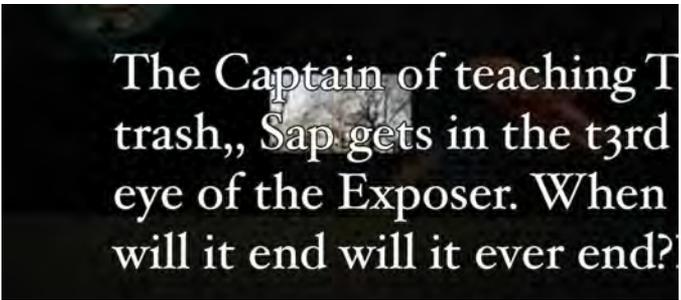
Details will arrive after you  
have already been subjecte  
to the deluge of hatred tha  
is necessary cesspools cease!



A yarn about food uneaten  
that ends up in the mouth  
of baby dragons high above  
the Palm Trees of East New Ecuador



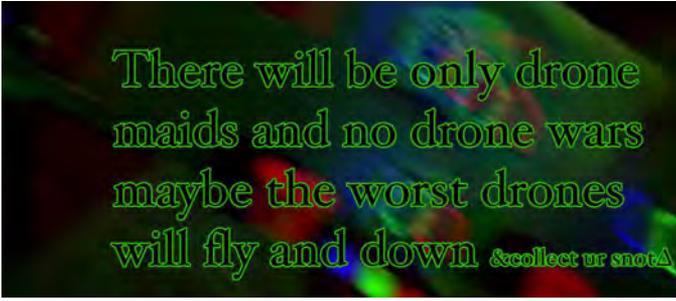
Fat but not bald nut but no  
pea simp but so cleav • sha  
rpest tool in the big bin of  
ragu zoo stupidity on stilts



The Captain of teaching T  
trash,, Sap gets in the t3rd  
eye of the Exposer. When  
will it end will it ever end?



my sacred peace of bark it  
will forever be adorned w/  
a cape and tarp and if it G  
gets WET then that shall be the end of me



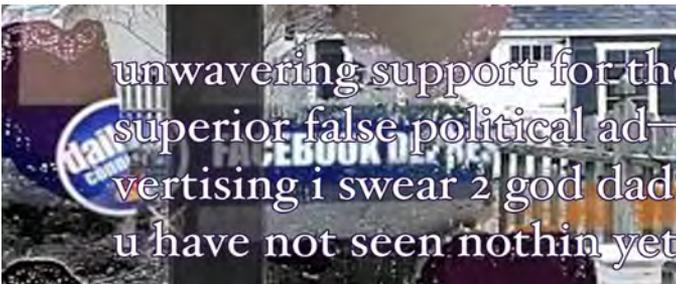
There will be only drone  
maids and no drone wars  
maybe the worst drones  
will fly and down & collect ur snots



wide-load. Mr. Mildred Q  
uaranteensie weensie lil V  
isionz of the Future Me™  
who will materialize surely



in small doses does a body  
good. Dont believe the H  
HYPE fokks, it's getting  
hard out there for sure.

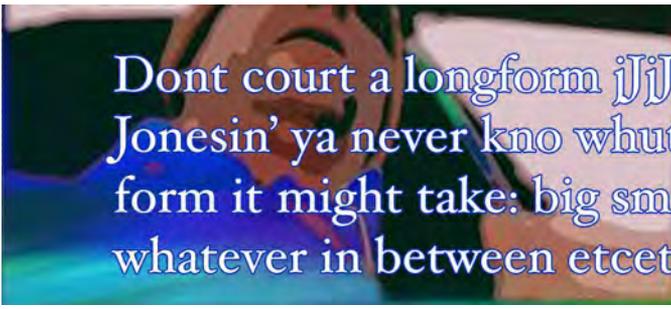


unwavering support for the  
superior false political ad-  
vertising i swear 2 god dad  
u have not seen nothin yet

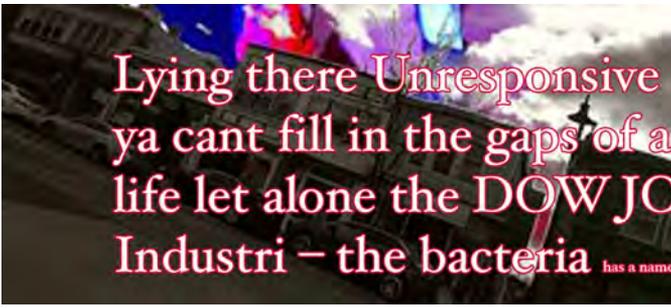


Bah

Bah



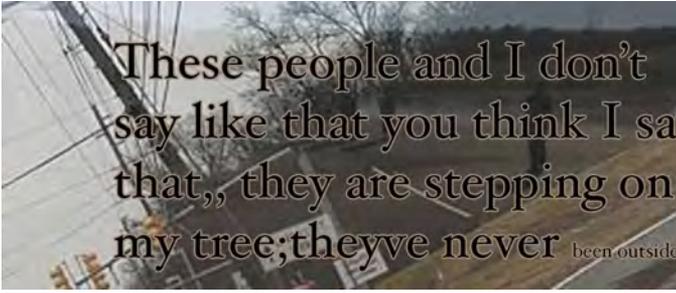
Dont court a longform iJiJ  
Jonesin' ya never kno whut  
form it might take: big sm  
whatever in between etcet



Lying there Unresponsive  
ya cant fill in the gaps of a  
life let alone the DOW JO  
Industri – the bacteria has a name



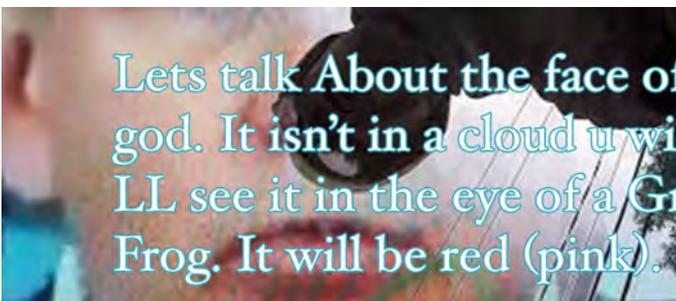
i Like animals sure like the  
fine. Just don't touch them  
with me. Just don't bring  
them w/in earshot or I'll fu



These people and I don't say like that you think I said that,, they are stepping on my tree;theyve never been outside



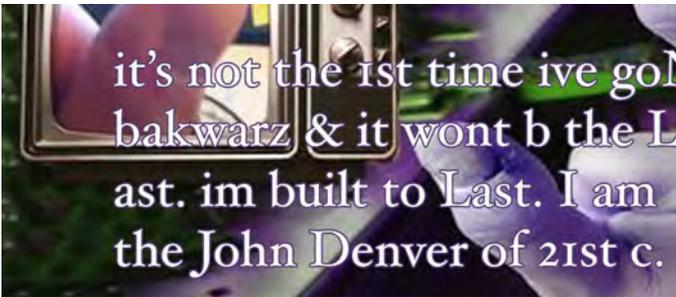
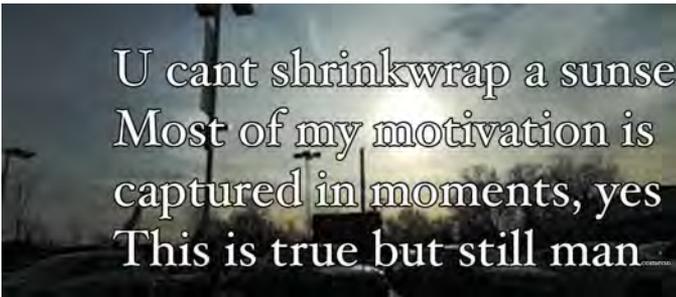
Goners love conun Drum; they seek it out it is their LIFEblood. They wear it like a sock puppet of the i

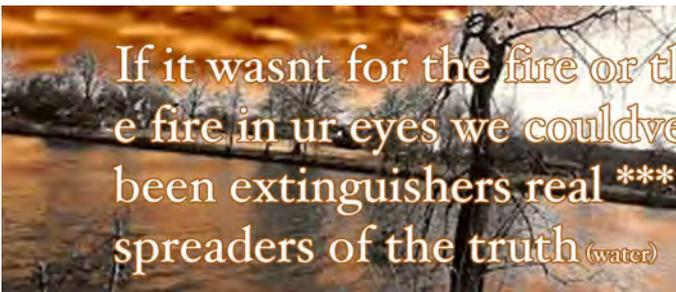
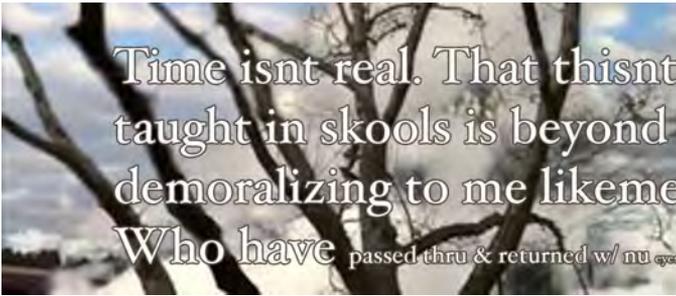


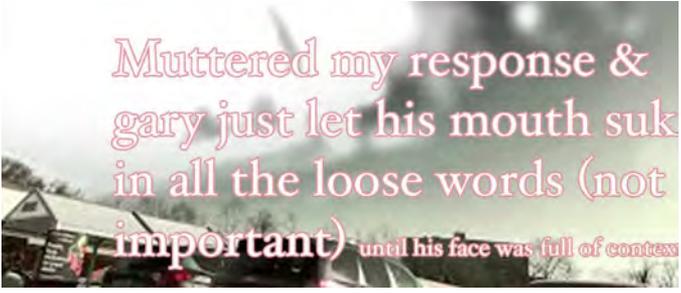
Lets talk About the face of god. It isn't in a cloud u will see it in the eye of a G Frog. It will be red (pink).



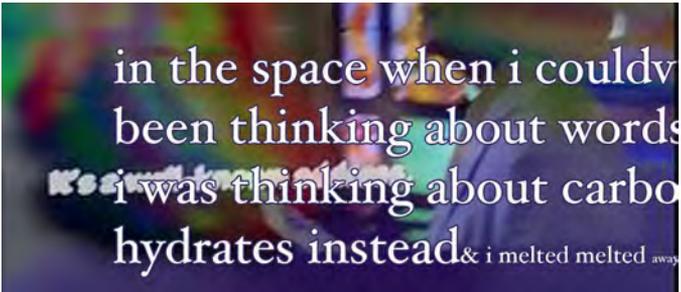
Yur a saint to say it: not everyone pets a dog the same way. it's ok 2 be different God made us this way!



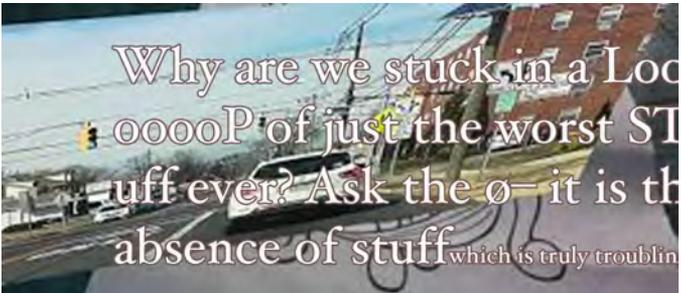




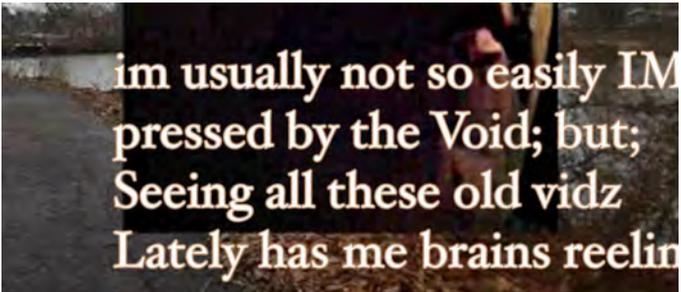
Muttered my response & gary just let his mouth suck in all the loose words (not important) until his face was full of context



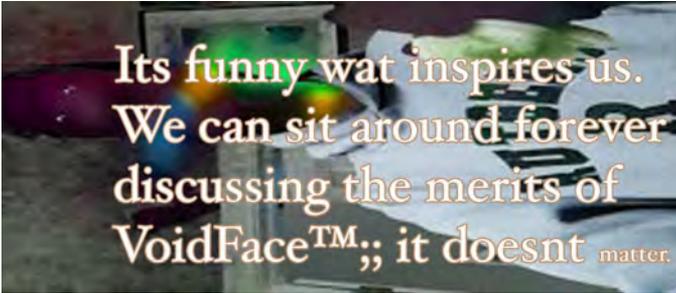
in the space when i couldn't have been thinking about words i was thinking about carbohydrates instead & i melted away



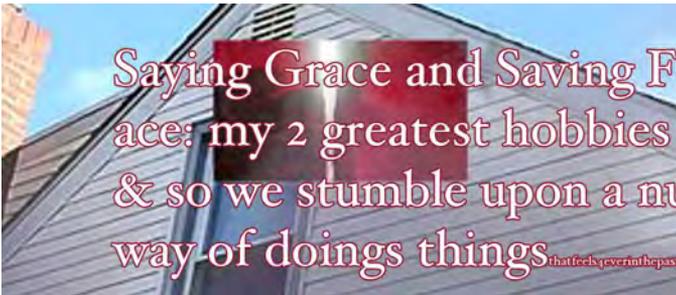
Why are we stuck in a Loop of just the worst STUFF ever? Ask the  $\emptyset$  - it is the absence of stuff which is truly troubling



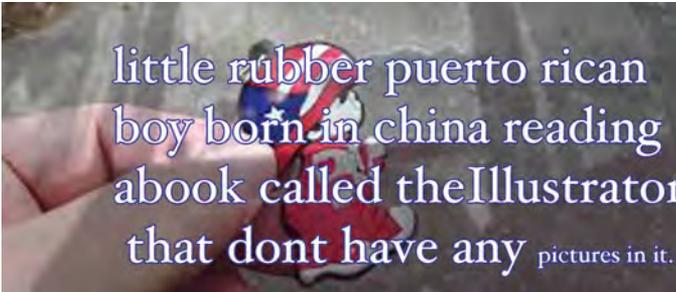
im usually not so easily IMPRESSED by the Void; but; Seeing all these old vidz lately has me brains reelin



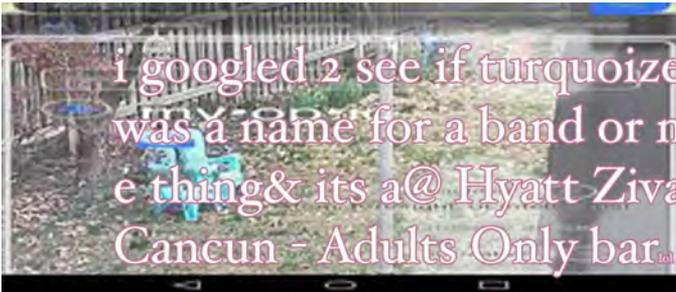
Its funny wat inspires us.  
 We can sit around forever  
 discussing the merits of  
 VoidFace™;; it doesnt matter.



Saying Grace and Saving Face:  
 my 2 greatest hobbies  
 & so we stumble upon a new  
 way of doings things that feels qever in the past



little rubber puerto rican  
 boy born in china reading  
 a book called the Illustrator  
 that dont have any pictures in it.



i googled 2 see if turquoise  
 was a name for a band or n  
 e thing & its a @ Hyatt Ziva  
 Cancun - Adults Only bar lol

it's hard too function when  
your mouth is so full of  
fireworks that it can't stop  
lightning  $\$^{\wedge}$  the neighborhood

why mq2? why anything  
we are all just ants on a log  
waiting to enter the mouth  
of president trump yumyum

(screaming) so have u seen  
this have u heard about this  
s there was this thing called  
life on earth and then one

Basic rights: intact; Lizard  
brain: enabled; Forest survival  
imploding; Sense of self: D  
love; Bare min.: \_\_\_\_\_



# *PART II*



## Chapter 5

Well, the new moose came and went and I thought the old moose was long gone but it was really there, curled up in a ball in the babinet under the sink. It was always there and it was looking at me like a sad salami. It said, "Where will my son go now that he is not here?"

How one's laughter sounds is a telling journey into the depths of the quality of their human spirit. One might consider this venture a nonstarter in the stuffed animal community but to each their very own. I, on the other hand, will wait. Because these soft, smiling faces are about to burst, I can feel it.

If this day really occurred then perhaps you might be under the impression that I can't do simple math. This is untrue, not because it is untrue, but because the day did not occur. When you round up, a week is only fifteen minutes long.

The child was a snowflake they said. But, truth be told, the child was the entire snowstorm, wreaking havoc on the streets and the men who used the streets alike.

The men continued to let the barrel burn. I didn't understand their religion and they didn't understand mine. I don't want to talk about my religion because it is a religion of silence.

I was a man of every element before the water took over. I saw the fire boys and yeast suckers overcome by the water and I cried. The water of my tears was the water that finally did

it. It put out the flames and the barrels which never fully burnt contained a strange surprise: jarred llama fetuses.

When people say they “made waves” they are rarely talking about water. They are talking about societal if not cultural upheaval. I would like to “make waves” by becoming a member of the Buffalo Bills so stupid that every touchdown I scored was actually worth five points instead of six. But, if I can only latch on as a waterboy who is a sexy algebra stud instead, I will still make the paragraph be about water.

Wayne waterboarded me at the business meeting because he demanded my respect. He got it alright! I gave him a poem hidden inside seventeen minutes of a video of an icestorm and then he let me breathe air instead of water and we kissed in the parking lot until both of our lips were hot air balloons.

In stoppage time one might find themselves struggling with carbohydrate addiction. The correct team doesn't need to score a goal to defeat this. The proper mindset can go a long way in terms of getting the soccer ball in the net without a platter full of bagels.

There are less religions centered around the beauty and majesty of the red onion than you might think, Papa John once told me. How many do you think there are? Well, excuse me. I am mistaken. You are way off-base, sir. There are over thirty unique sects among the islands of the Caribbean alone! Oh, the lessons I've learned from Papa.

The Original Steve controlled the Control Center which is the best thing to do in the Control Center. He screamed that he was, however, not a god. He was just a Steve and you don't need to be a god to be in control of the Control Center or any other place.

I started a bidding war over the rights to produce, air and profit off of my idea for *Cooking Show*, a show about cooking. No one on planet earth had previously had this idea. I was the first and you'll be calling me DJ Money Bag\$ soon enough.

This isn't the 444th paragraph but it's name is that number. I'm not sure why it's important to me to name all these paragraphs but I'll blame my genetics in the afterlife just like the next guy.

They call them minions because they are miniature. It is not because they are "my onions" as some of the higher-ups would have us believe. Most onions are heavier than they look and just as delicious. The minions are evil little shits and should be stomped out like lantern flies if you see them in the wild.

It does not have to be a battle but that is often how it ends up. The totems always win because they don't need substances to survive. It's hard to learn this directly from the totems, in general, but it's especially hard to learn this when communicating with the totems on substances. It's kind of a catch-22 in that regard.

A voice on my phone told me what I was water but I just thought about being water or trying to be more like water instead of listening to a voice on my phone tell me that was true.

I poured honey down my throat because I thought it would turn into water inside my body. But the honey didn't turn into water. The honey just stayed honey and the weight of it bogged me down until I was planted in the ground like a flower.

I'm an attack dog too. I tried to tell this to Ruby, telepathically, but we weren't on the same wavelength. I wound up in a daydream full of fireworks just after midnight but the triumphant music of the finale was so boring I snapped out of it so hard I went deaf from the sound of the snap.

The thought of saying goodbye to people and things has been on my mind a lot lately. I'm not immune to saying goodbye but I wish I was more like water. When water needs to say goodbye it just evaporates or soaks into something, either nourishing or ruining the thing.

Wishing things to happen rarely works. If you wish a thing to happen and it happens it probably wasn't because of the wish. A helicopter named "wishbone" told me that.

The local football team won the big game. All the local people had a lot of fun. This is a paragraph about how the fun scared me and how if the fun grows any larger, it could kill all of us.

The name of the lovely piano track soundtracking the plight of the woodland garbageman is called “Ballad 2323” so that’s what I named this paragraph. There are not 2,322 other ballads; stop saying that. An idiot with an idiot voice appears at the end and tries to ruin the ballad but he cannot. This paragraph is a movie.

Everything I do and have ever done is an exercise in defeating brands and capitalism. I am hypnotized and losing badly. The brands are 14,312-0 versus me. But we’re not even at the halfway point of this season and I, the plucky underdog, am not fond of giving up.

I spent the day fast asleep, binge-eating. My black-and-white soul focused on the full-color design of middling football helmets. The little animal balancing on the ball sprung from the confines of its pink home to help me make sense of it all.

Every day is the same. That’s why we number them, to give the illusion that they are not the same. We would be better off giving them names instead of numbers, though, like these paragraphs. For example, let’s call this day Samuel Cobra Estevez III. Now people will really think that it’s different than all the rest.

There was a major dust-up. My personality clashed with my ego when it got mad because my ego picked on my bad habits and general sensitivities. So I watched a classic movie about war that made me never want to eat again.

There's nothing worse than waiting for a dog that isn't there.

You get to thinking like maybe he ate his owners and then died when the house ran out of food. You get to thinking a thing like that when a dog isn't where you expect it to be.

It seems frivolous to think when the only death and decay present in your life is in the parking lot of a Dunkin Donuts and everyone is still actually alive and then you think maybe thinking in general should be outlawed.

Doing what the little red man tells me to do is always better than disobeying the little red man because the little red man is an anthropomorphic pill designed by Bill Gates. Whenever I disobey him he turns into an android replica of Bill Gates and gives my ass a nasty spanking.

I had an idea for this paragraph. It should be like that movie with the baby that played before *Roger Rabbit* in the theaters and maybe also on the VHS tapes. Yeah, just like that.

## Chapter 6

Here at the start of this chapter, we find our hero adopting the bad habit of 'being honest' and not 'being weird enough.' There are worse roads to roll down but really they aren't roads at all.

This paragraph is short and unacceptable. To think that I would write more inside of it is, frankly, an insult. Go eff yourself.

I ended this day by lying to myself that I was a guru but my only client was myself and the results to come would surely prove themselves over time if not the profits. Did I forget to mention that I'm a guru?

The Beagles won the Super Bowl. I tried to go outside my house for some man-on-the-streets reporting but I got stuck in the cabinet and couldn't find my microphones. Please subscribe.

There are these little bugs in my shower who are all named Moses. There never seem to be more than three or four of them at a time but they are still all named Moses. I think they might be drain flies but they just keep telling me that their name is Moses.

It wasn't an easy decision (to leave my position as CEO of Microcalorie Movement Inc.) but the Breatharians™ called me. They didn't use a voice but a loud, lingering sigh. It was enough. And so was the paycheck for being their new CEO. Cha-ching!

The soundtrack to this paragraph got lost in a fire but it was just children screaming so maybe it is better as a silent film.

My mother ate a salt-water bivalve mollusc but I didn't see it in person and there isn't any footage. We just have to accept this claim. Maybe the clam survived and a princess found a pearl inside it and it was a magical jewel and the Year is 2097 and she is born again and is a queen now.

I for one will not be lectured by any future teeth, my own or otherwise. That our teeth control a vast majority of the advertising industry is well known. My pop-ups are lit fam! They're out of control and I'm not gonna take it anymore.

The big apple, baby: land of hopes and dreams and the bridge and tunnel crowd. We come together as one, all of us, to watch the baby piss on the volcano and laugh.

Living outside of the screen is like living inside each and every dot of an ellipsis but not experiencing the ellipsis (the power of three) as one, as a single entity. I saw a lot of young folks resist the urge to look through their screens and I saw the pain in their eyes; they wouldn't remember. And sometimes seeing that is the worst pain of all...

I'm still not sure if I have a voice at all or if when I speak all of the sound retreats inward, polluting my internal organs, leaving an unsuspecting public with the rot and the dilemma of whether or not they should call me out and risk being offensive.

Embracing a nihilist mindset is actually an exhausting religion.

By saying “everything matters,” one can actually accomplish a lot more in the day-to-day happiness department and wave those diminishing rewards bye-bye.

In this award-winning short paragraph, the protagonist clicks on a YouTube video named ‘Kov’ that he is quickly bored with. Later he tries some more mainstream videos and he is bored by those as well. It’s all very meta and very, very boring.

I forgot to put the one paragraph in this book. You know the one. The one I wrote the day before in the paragraph from yesterday so it’s in this one instead except it’s not this one. It’s the one about how I cooked lettuce for dinner. Have you seen it?

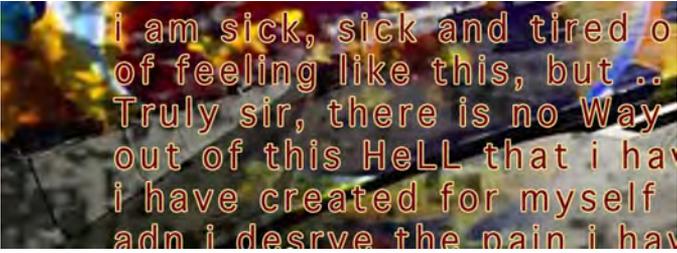
The days are truly bleeding together. I can’t even remember when I had teeth. I googled teeth removal and saw a video about removing teeth without blood. Then my tooth fell out and there wasn’t any blood. It was kinda like that movie *The Ring*, you know? I haven’t seen it.

I took the family of parrots who were living in the walls of my living room to the zoo and we got eaten by all the animals. But they pooped us out in time for me to write this paragraph. What a relief!

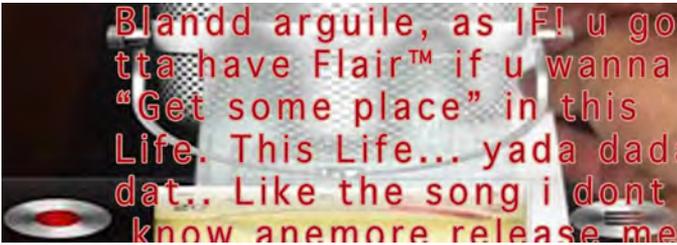
The name of this paragraph is “sports.” And the name says it all.  
I can’t get enough of them, whether it’s on a screen, in person or just in my mind.

Everyone, once in a while, will try to mix in different kinds of paragraphs in their books, ones that give a sense of the historical value of [any given day]. So, without further delay, I present to you this paragraph which is actually a documentary of the Apodaca Prison Riot of 2012.

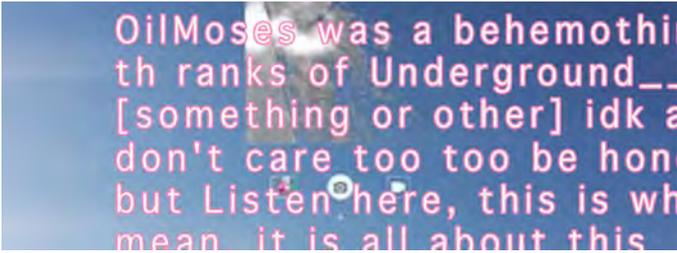
The failure of yesterday’s paragraph has left me in such a state of embarrassment that I had to outsource today’s paragraph to a private company. Sure, their speciality is international cybersecurity and paragraphs, but buggers can’t be chuggers.



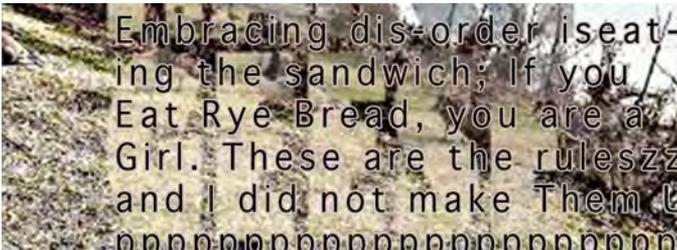
i am sick, sick and tired of  
of feeling like this, but ..  
Truly sir, there is no Way  
out of this HeLL that i hav  
i have created for myself  
adn i desrve the pain i hav



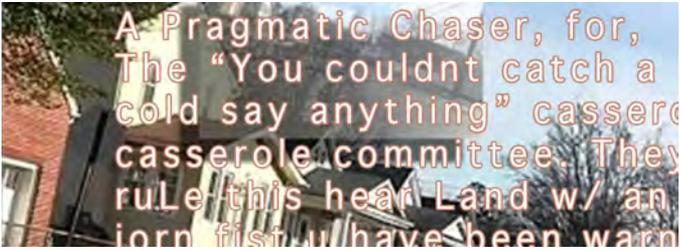
Blandd arguile, as IF! u go  
tta have Flair™ if u wanna  
“Get some place” in this  
Life. This Life... yada dada  
dat.. Like the song i dont  
know anemore release me



OilMoses was a behemoth  
th ranks of Underground...  
[something or other] idk a  
don't care too too be hon  
but Listen here, this is wh  
mean it is all about this



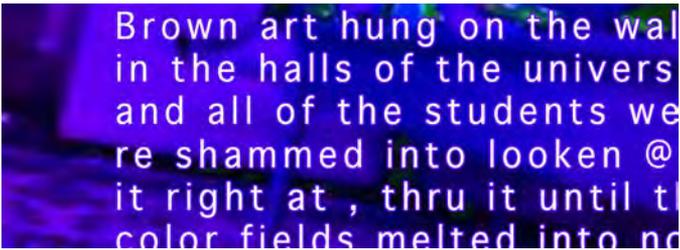
Embracing dis-order iseat-  
ing the sandwich; If you  
Eat Rye Bread, you are a  
Girl. These are the ruleszz  
and I did not make Them  
nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn



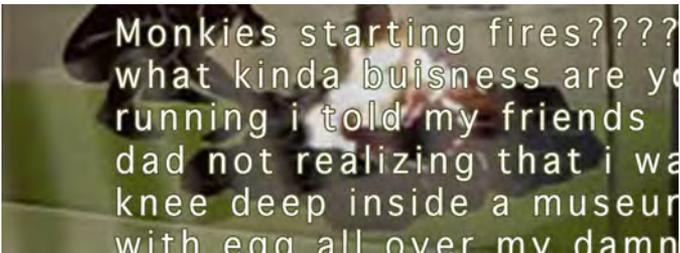
A Pragmatic Chaser, for,  
The "You couldn't catch a  
cold say anything" casserole  
casserole committee. They  
rule this hear Land w/ an  
iron fist w/ have been warn



I AM ob sessed w/ food &  
not in a good way but yes  
i AM a #foodie instead of  
#hoodies i wear #foodies  
(i just cove rmy entire bo  
with food and walk around



Brown art hung on the wall  
in the halls of the univers  
and all of the students we  
re shammed into looken @  
it right at , thru it until th  
color fields melted into no



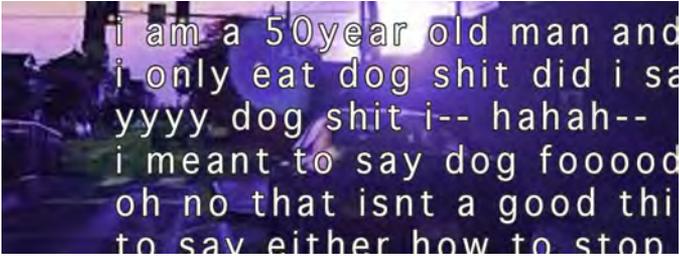
Monkeys starting fires????  
what kinda buisness are yo  
running i told my friends  
dad not realizing that i wa  
knee deep inside a museur  
with egg all over my damp

weve never been dummer  
than we are right now we  
could get a dam time macl  
-ine go back to the land o  
f the mnkyhmns and they  
would be so much smarter

it ls the maN named Mewe  
who is vValid. And we mus  
T except his giftof-this, f  
arm-in spite of his noen a  
association with the sect  
of the rotten tomatoesssz

If it was in the doing thing  
sz and then: Not. if thats  
where it was then i should  
have known better but i d  
O not thing that is where  
it is nor has it ever b e er

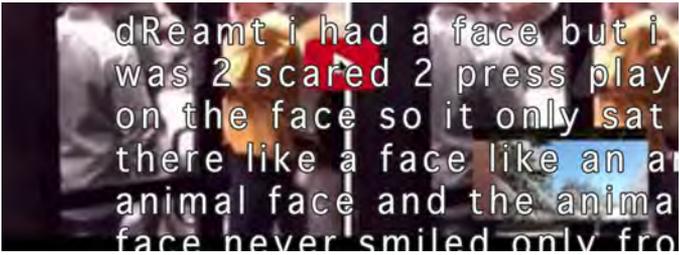
one can look no further th  
an the social media brand  
mngnr for a brand such as  
Lunchables” -a part of the  
EPIC Kraft Foods kung glo  
mmm urrr ate. to see the



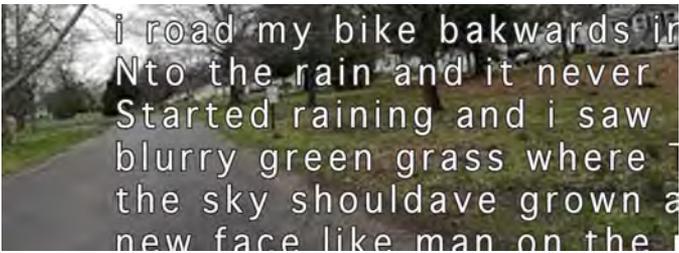
i am a 50year old man and  
i only eat dog shit did i sa  
yyyy dog shit i-- hahah--  
i meant to say dog foood  
oh no that isnt a good thi  
to say either how to stop



iff and when i do break th  
ruu and kissthe eggshells  
of desire in the sky and ti  
ride the doggies into the  
PromisedLand and get it t  
gether ma dude get it tod



dReamt i had a face but i  
was 2 scared 2 press play  
on the face so it only sat  
there like a face like an a  
animal face and the anima  
face never smiled only fro



i road my bike bakwards in  
Nto the rain and it never  
Started raining and i saw  
blurry green grass where  
the sky shouldave grown a  
new face like man on the

what is the artists =valeni  
TTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT==  
of ShoeGaze.? i mean the  
Visual artissts==?ya know  
what is the math inside th  
eye of the storm when the

if i could see ur God then  
maybe i could change ur G  
God and we could dance in  
til we dissolve into some-  
thing newpast all this old  
trash this old trash.is mak

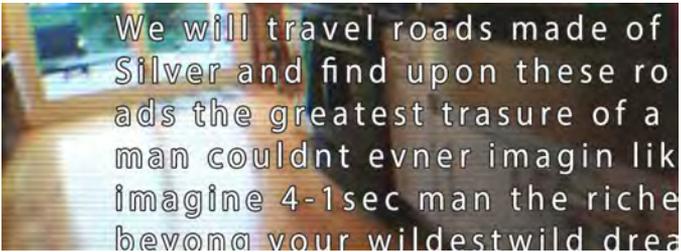
i think about screaming C  
chuldren alot and what i w  
would do w/ my Time if i r  
neednt attend to the scre  
and then the screams they  
become my own were alwaYs

dreamin of RockTober2020  
02020110010100101010  
and if my fav Movie doesn  
get on the TV soon i will  
co,mmit vehiculra man-sla  
u dont know me u dont co

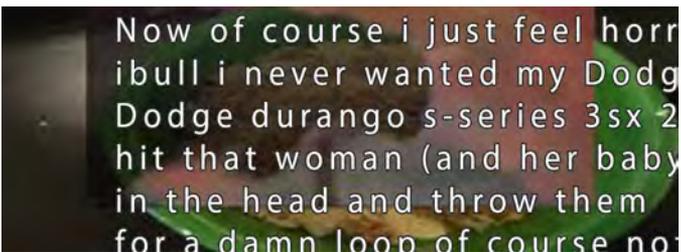




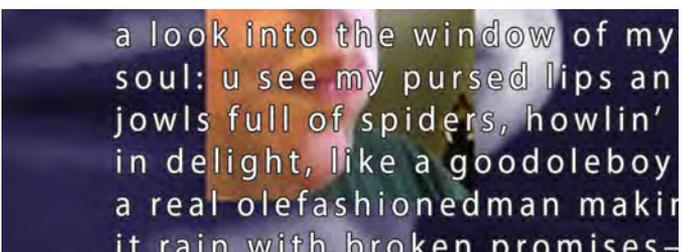
the name of this vid is actual  
lly not HOSPITAL APOLOGIES  
this is what we in the Biz™ ca  
LL a "ckassic Fake-out"™ but  
dont worry - it's hollywood, wh  
ere Tricks = treats and viceve



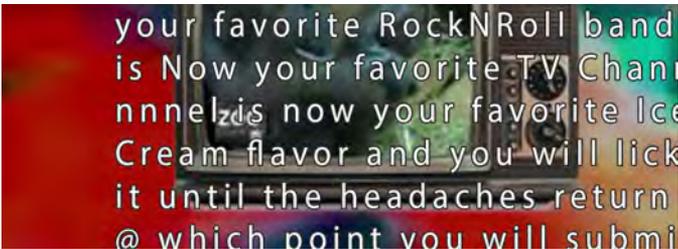
We will travel roads made of  
Silver and find upon these ro  
ads the greatest trasure of a  
man couldnt evner imagin lik  
imagine 4-1sec man the riche  
bevonø your wildestwild drea



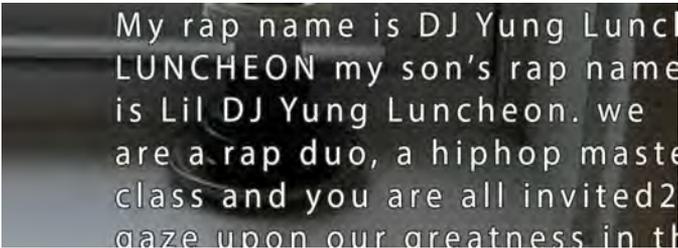
Now of course i just feel horr  
ibull i never wanted my Dodg  
Dodge durango s-series 3sx 2  
hit that woman (and her baby  
in the head and throw them  
for a damn loop of course no



a look into the window of my  
soul: u see my pursed lips an  
jowls full of spiders, howlin'  
in delight, like a goodoleboy  
a real olefashionedman makin  
it rain with broken promises-



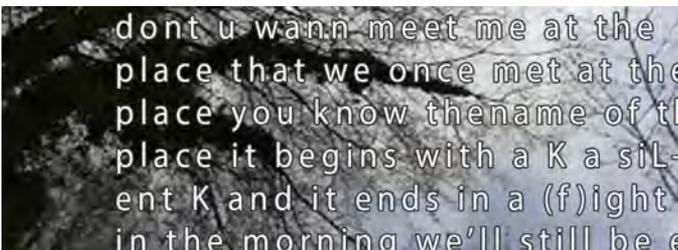
your favorite RockNRoll band  
is Now your favorite TV Chan-  
nnel is now your favorite Ice  
Cream flavor and you will lick  
it until the headaches return  
@ which point you will submit



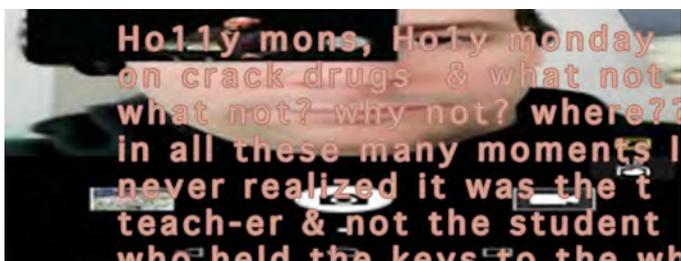
My rap name is DJ Yung Luncheon  
LUNCHEON my son's rap name  
is Lil DJ Yung Luncheon. we  
are a rap duo, a hiphop master  
class and you are all invited to  
gaze upon our greatness in the



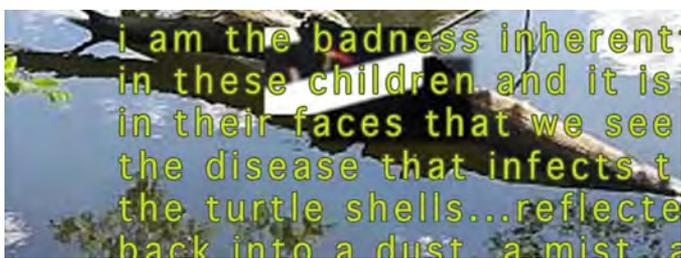
i see myself My future self inside  
hot air balloon and im riding  
the h.a.b. I am the h.a.b. my  
Future self IS the dam h.a.b. &  
i am inhabiting many genres &  
landscapes all @ once



dont u wann meet me at the  
place that we once met at the  
place you know the name of the  
place it begins with a K a silent  
K and it ends in a (f)ight  
in the morning we'll still be e



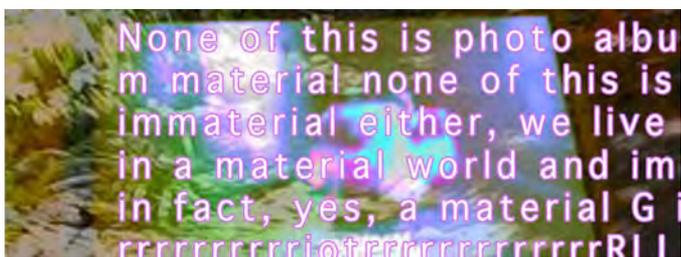
Holly mons, Holy monday  
on crack drugs & what not  
what not? why not? where?  
in all these many moments I  
never realized it was the t  
teach-er & not the student  
who held the keys to the wh



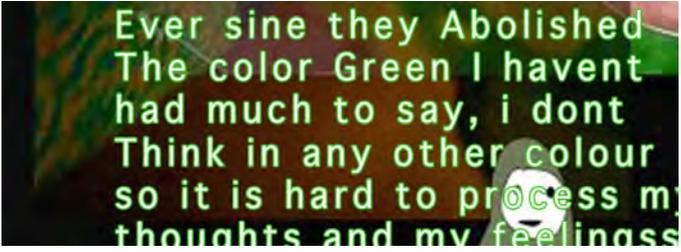
i am the badness inherent  
in these children and it is  
in their faces that we see  
the disease that infects t  
the turtle shells...reflecte  
back into a dust a mist a



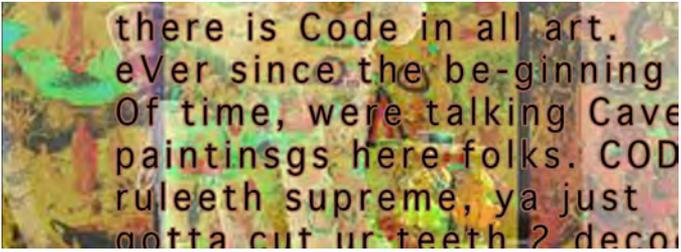
the Topic might, u could s  
say, BE Appropriationszza  
but that is Not My Intent©  
I wouldnt dare, not on The  
Levity/Strength(v) of said  
Topic or anything of itsilk



None of this is photo albu  
m material none of this is  
immaterial either, we live  
in a material world and im  
in fact, yes, a material G  
rrrrrrrrrrri@frrrrrrrrrrrrRl l



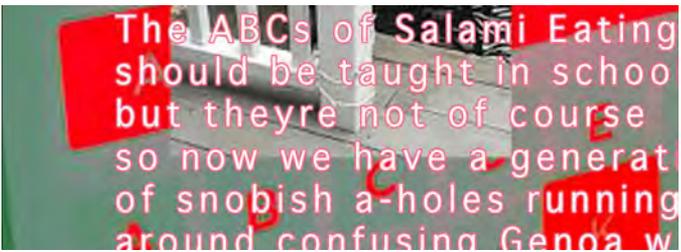
Ever sine they Abolished  
The color Green I havent  
had much to say, i dont  
Think in any other colour  
so it is hard to process my  
thoughts and my feelinss



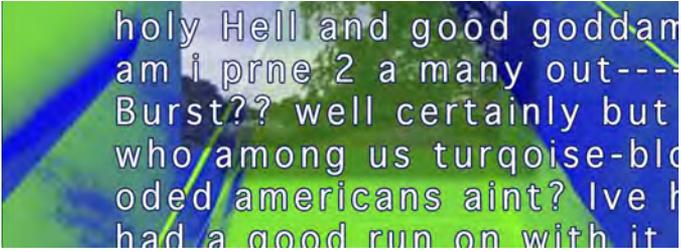
there is Code in all art.  
ever since the be-ginng  
Of time, were talking Cave  
paintinsgs here folks. COD  
ruleeth supreme, ya just  
gotta cut ur teeth 2 deco



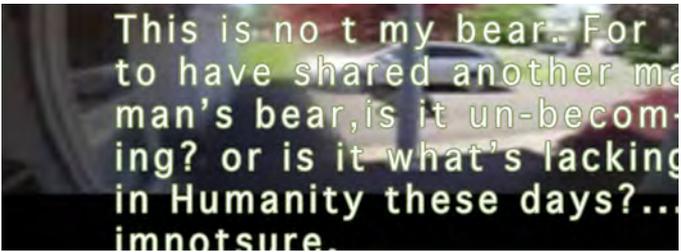
in the little corners from  
those angles which the b  
eak of a bird can really g  
et down to business eating  
all the good seed. Its ther  
where you'll find me frien



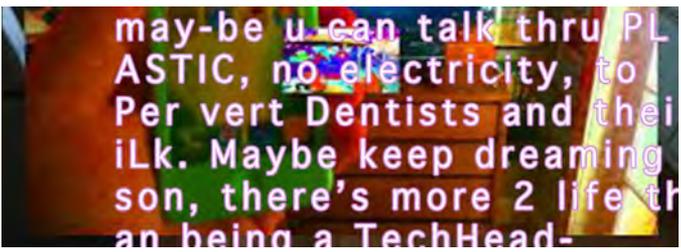
The ABCs of Salami Eating  
should be taught in schoo  
but theyre not of course  
so now we have a generati  
of snobish a-holes running  
around confusing Genoa w



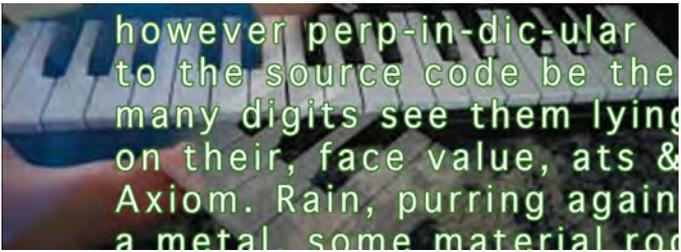
holy Hell and good goddam  
am i prne 2 a many out---  
Burst?? well certainly but  
who among us turquoise-blo  
oded americans aint? Ive h  
had a good run on with it



This is no t my bear. For  
to have shared another ma  
man's bear, is it un-becom  
ing? or is it what's lacking  
in Humanity these days?..  
imnotsure.



may-be u can talk thru PL  
ASTIC, no electricity, to  
Per vert Dentists and thei  
iLk. Maybe keep dreaming  
son, there's more 2 life th  
an being a TechHead-



however perp-in-dic-ular  
to the source code be the  
many digits see them lying  
on their, face value, ats &  
Axiom. Rain, purring again  
a metal, some material ro

Little Johnny just wanted  
to learn to play the piano  
good he didnt want nothin  
else and anyone who says  
differently is so clearly ly  
that they can just fuck rid

Tramp stamp religioneerin  
recently broke new ground  
in the avenue of the guilty  
who roam free and how th  
ey are the ghosts of all th  
wrongly incarcerated incin

Career maker heart attack  
engager stroganoff enable  
are you stroganoff to be  
My Beef?? say hi to Carol  
for me if you make it to t  
alligator pit in one peace-

This Time is not our Time.  
all of the "fresh" fruit her  
is laced with a poison sw-  
eeter than any grape or c  
Be my core and i the Appl  
meat be my everyday ever

i did not deserve gthis pain then and i certainly do not deserve this pain now i dont deserve the curious glances either, oh how they pierce me nearly oh how i

And it lines up with the Ugly Truth, you knew it did and that's why you carved this line in the sand with your grizzled ass BigToe. you see yourself within you see

We cant go back to the Lobster Farm it has been paved over my son, by -- u Gussed it -- the lobsters Themselves! they have EVOLVED THEY HAVE EVOLVED

If it was in the doing thing sz and then: Not. if thats where it was then i should have known better but i did not thing that is where it is nor has it ever b e er



# *PART III*



## Chapter 7: The Final Chapter

Lifters of glyphs and other characters abound in the final chapter. The documentary on bad poetry was anything but, but somehow less so? Character theft by characters who couldn't even use them to make words or anything interesting at all. I can make the colors pop more than I can make the [insert items one might pop here]. The king is back and outside of his paragraphs in the year [redacted]. Watch out.

I spent the better part of the morning wondering if my fingers were actually going to fall off and what to do about it. Then I spent the day inside of tomorrow which only seems productive in theory. You're not 'getting ahead' if you're stuck in your head. In practice, it's a terrible mess, a brutal fucking murder (of a day).

The wandering between time and space seems to be coming to an end, at least in terms of the former. I'm not sure where I am really. This might be Des Moines or Electric Ladyland Studios or Matla, Idaho or still Philadelphia. There is a ringing in my ears that is really just a kind old man telling me to make a paragraph without fucked up audio levels inside of the man or woman reading the words.

I had something of the perfect day today as a bologna sandwich gained consciousness and murdered me. I'd like to say more about it but I'm still getting my ghost legs under me which are really my ghost lungs which provide me with a

voice which are fingers touching a keyboard to type here in heaven.

Several thousand primates remained fixated on me, telepathically. There was little I could do but wonder about their own lives, their families. The structure of them is not that different, or so I've heard. There is more cannibalism and parricide but less screen time for sure.

When you pass a stranger who appears as though their mind has left their body or been pulled away violently, listen to their words. They aren't mindless, despite appearances, only glomming off of other strangers (you) who aren't strange at all to them. Listen to them. They might say, "daylight come and I wanna go home" and so on.

I look upon the dwellers of the destitute home in the otherwise well-to-do part of town and my stomach instantly turns. My only solace is the fact that I will write them a short instrumental song ten days after the fact, when the sickness of their memory is gone and they have long been forgotten in the minds of the passerby.

Afterwards, when something happens, do you wonder why? There are only things that happen and things that don't happen, and how we perceive them in hindsight matters very little. That said, there does seem to be a thin line between self-hatred and self-deprecation, so to speak.

My fingers find themselves speechless. This is the lie they tell themselves. Muzzled with bandages they scream out of

their tiny holes and I scream back, and no one can hear the books in their hearts explode as I snuff out the final voice.

Time. That is the big question, really. To concern yourself with it at all sort of answers the question and unleashes a separate query simultaneously. Yet we find ourselves inside a movie which is really inside of a paragraph about the making of a movie whose only theme is time, every single day and will do so until death. Every time, without fail.

I find myself thinking about the fact that my television thinks my name is “ad moth” and about how she literally cannot distinguish between the content inside her and all of the cartoons trapped in the minds of literal prisoners. There is a lesson here that I am missing, but I know at least we’re on the losing end of it. My television nods. We’re on the same page.

I don’t own any bongos. In 2007, I stole a tripod. I’ve never placed a camera on this tripod. If I owned bongos I would light them on fire, sacrificing them as an apology to the owner of the tripod I stole. But I don’t own any bongos. I can’t film myself lighting bongos on fire and burning myself badly in the process as penance. I can only write about this. I’m sorry.

Do you want to build a snowman? Come on, let’s go and play! I never see you anymore, come out the door. It’s like you’ve gone away. We used to be best buddies, and now we’re not. I wish you would tell me why!

A tale as old as time: boy writes song, boy tries to get song inside the ears of all the people on earth, boy turns to failing fondue industry for help by inserting digital download card into fondue starter kits only to unintentionally poison and kill thousands of customers who don't realize the digital download card is stuck to the bottom of the fondue pot. But the original was so much better.

I kept on singing despite the presence of armed and dangerous voices who threatened to stab me in the throat if I continued. I called their bluff, and they called me names. At least they weren't stabbing me.

A walrus is always on vacation (or perhaps: 'staycation') as is most every animal in the world one could and/or would classify as being "free." It begs the question, however, how much for a maitai in Greenland? Can you buy a maitai in Greenland?

The beating drum kept my ears from falling off and going to the store to buy cigarettes and then smoking the cigarettes and littering the discarded pack but not before inserting a note into each discarded pack which read, "I am the ear who smokes." Thank god for the beating drum but lord if the man beating it is not scaring the shit out of me, naked in the corner of the room, crying as he drums.

It's a serious question, as much as it is a genuine health concern. Just because a maggot stops moving doesn't mean it's dead. I hope seeing a maggot and a tapeworm on

consecutive days is good luck. Haha, of course it is. They are best friends!

The battle between consumption and creation raged on, but the humble narrator thankfully took note of the first day ever to be named “Mr. Nineteen.” With only eleven minutes remaining on the calendar year, it was do or die time. Luckily, there’s always an ocean nearby if it’s the latter.

The relative moved against the pixelated moose legally. It wasn’t until dawn until the cobblestones revealed themselves out of practice and out of step with the changing weather. We lamented their folly over barbs and twists at the expense of the exhausted canine collapsed on the ground. The moose just laughed.

The speed limit said that the neighborhood would only let you speed if you were over twenty years old. So, being a baby trapped in the mind of an elderly man, I had to invent a wordless language which would let me skirt. But it came out like a growling instrument and really spoke to the heart of the creator of the speed limit. The voice was not mine after that and it started to manifest itself into street people who went around collecting my neighbors’ sadness and turning it into a drug that made you over twenty years old and able to speed legally.

In my time of sickness I saw something that looked like a soaring bird. The bird looked content and it had a big mouth full of food. But when the bird landed I looked inside its mouth and saw it wasn’t full of food but plastic.

All of a sudden I was struck with a horrible pain shooting through both of my legs.

I saw a bad movie so I had to write 712 bad songs to make up for the fact that I was subjected to one bad movie. But when I realized I could have just turned the movie off, I had to write 6,608 bad songs as further punishment.

I thought about how when you are looking for an arrow to point you in the right direction, you are almost always served a cartoon hurricane that spins you around and around and up into the air and drops you in some foreign land. It's how we come out of this storm and navigate home that separates the sailors from the water. I'd rather be the water but I was born a sailor's son.

I was pleased when my song "Looking for the Fondue in the Hole I Cut in My Head" reached #1 in nearly half of the countries around the world. Of course I was. But with success comes remorse. And I retreated into a strange book that told me all of the awards and money I was receiving because of the song would be stripped from me violently in the middle of the night. The message came in code and was delivered by a moose.

In the middle of the crippled gnome therapy grove they toppled down the patriarchy with really bad protest songs, the only kind of protest songs. They were piped through a strange filter to make them sound as if they had the voice of a child. The father of this imaginary child didn't like the sound of this, but that was also the point.

I butt-dialed a demon and he face-timed me back; it was awkward. There are also two parts to every story even if one of the parts of the story is just the beginning and the part is the end. Some stories don't have a middle, like some people are just a brain and feet who have sold their torso to someone who set free in a field.

Wanda ate fondue for every meal. It was a melted plastic fondue. She also used hardened plastic fondue particles as a wig. She was my muse on those rainy days when dogs turn into puddles and puddles are the only water you can drink.

Somewhere along the line the plot got stagnant like squirt cheese masquerading as silly string. A tale as old as time. Such is an idea that is hella ripe for a movie remake, but that's not in the cards either because all of the fish who would be the movie's target demo froze to death in the icy waters of climate change or burned alive in the heat and you can't remake something that is itself a totally new and fresh idea.

It was too cold to think of any words that made sense so I took a bath in the middle of the makeshift recording studio and all the twinkling lights laughed at my [redacted] genitalia. I tried to sue them but the judge threw out the case because I only owned one hoodie that didn't have fucked-up, stretched-out sleeves.

The olives were as red as my blood but left me feeling blue when I thought about the man's mirror I had stolen to sniff the olives off of and all of the honey he would need to pour down his wife's throat just to feel whole again and even if he called me on the phone and said "I forgive you, Olive Oil Steve," I would still feel like crap for a million years because I never ate blood red olives before. I think them olives were poison.

There is only one hammerhead shark on earth. The idea that there are more is just an illusion. Every few years the shark regenerates itself into a new shark and the old shark dies. Each iteration is a little bit smarter, especially at making people think it's not the only one.

My plate of all-natural, care and hormone-free chicken cutlets won the Super Bowl, defeating the dreaded Manhattan Dildos, squashing them until they were dirt. Then the cutlets transitioned into a purple universe as a large white dog barked at every insect in Atlanta.

I walked into the huge chain department store without realizing that the world was upside down. I was being serenaded by microwaved beehives and gender-neutral deer and every single singer was myself.

Every project is "untitled" when they don't exist. That's why I give names to things that aren't even projects. If I can create a name, then the name can ask me a question. I don't think I'll find the answer but "blueberry pizza" is waiting and ready in case I do.

The pace of one paragraph a day is not good for the soul. It's kind of like chronically speeding on the highway: sure you look good and it's good for you but it's only a matter of time before the birdshit blinds you and you explode through the glass with a mouthful of insect juice.

*fin.*