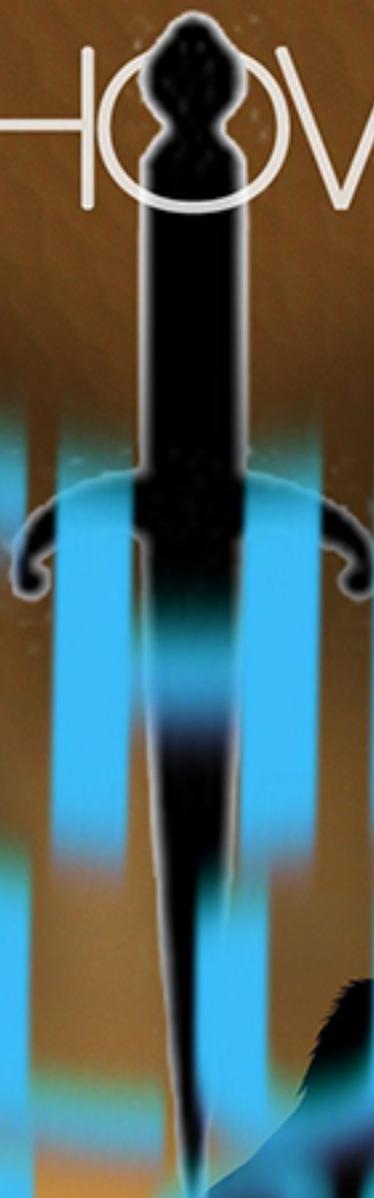


WHOML



THE BLUE FALCON

Author's note

This is a book I wrote. Here is a book I wrote. It's just a book and nothing inside of the book is a book. The things inside of the book (5,127 words and one picture) are just 5,127 words and one picture. The book is only so many pages long. If it were any less than that it would be a different book and if were any more it would be illegal in 38 states. No animals were harmed in the making of this book and only one animal inside of the book is a podcaster (although the existence of other podcasting animals is suggest). I hope you like this book. If you don't, feel free to destroy it a ritualistic burning. If you do, pass it along to a friend in a coma and maybe trick them into thinking it's the only book left in the world if/when they wake up.

I left the house party because all my teeth were loose and I didn't want them to fall off into the punchbowl. I wandered around the mansion grounds, wiggling my loose teeth. One tooth fell out and landed on the head of an ant. I called the ant "tooth head."

I stumbled upon an empty pool and there was a neon-orange keycard at the bottom. I knew that the temple was fluorescent red and green so this was probably a key to something else. All the water in the pool had been used to make the punch for the party.

I walked down the steps of the shallow end and slowly made my way over to the keycard. I considered my slowness deeply because my grandmother was a sloth. And then I tried to walk even slower until I was barely moving as a tribute to her memory. I said a prayer as I knelt down to pick up the

keycard and then I put it in my pocket and hoped my pet bird wouldn't eat it.

Back at the house, the party still raged and it sounded like a fire that was out of control but happy it was a fire and not a tiny puddle waiting to evaporate. I could sense and feel the raging

**in spite of the great
expanse of the house it
was inside of. I felt sorry
for everyone who has
ever thought about
attending a party and I
cursed all who have
actually attended one,
myself included. We're a
damned lot who will one
day feel the wrath of god
and his poisoned cheese
inside the temple.**

The pool must've been ten thousand miles from the house. My pet bird died in my shirt pocket before I got back. I died as well but my ghost was so good-looking it didn't matter. Most ghosts are good-looking but mine won sixty-five beauty pageants for ghosts.

I felt like I was inside a video game. I wished the video game were better, or maybe I wished I were better at playing it. I threw my dead pet bird in the bushes. Maybe if I was just a character in the game I shouldn't worry about how it's being played, I thought.

Instead of going back to the party, I wandered further out towards the edge of the property. Maybe there wasn't an edge. Maybe it didn't matter where the property ended and where the unknown wilderness began. If you decide to walk outside, you can either get to where you're going safely

or die. And if you're rich enough, you can buy enough space so it doesn't matter. Rich people love to buy houses with a lot of land so they have enough room to explore when they are bored and so they have enough room to bury the poor people they will eventually have to kill because they were

hungry and looking for food.

I saw a shed with a neon-orange door, the same shade as the keycard from the bottom of the empty pool that was now in my shirt pocket where my pet bird used to live. There was a slot on the shed for a keycard like at

a hotel. The slot was also neon-orange.

I slid the keycard through the slot and a green dot lit up like at a hotel but it didn't beep. I couldn't remember if they usually beeped at hotels. The only hotel I had ever stayed at was a hotel for doorknobs and I was only there to

replace the spokes on all the exercise bikes inside the doorknob hotel's fitness room. I thought about the beeping sound I wasn't hearing.

Inside the shed there was a staircase going down. I wondered if the staircase had a name and if it was named Liz. Most staircases don't have

names. I walked down the steps at a normal pace not thinking about my grandmother or world famine or boots.

At the bottom of the stairs there was a room lit by a single bulb with an on/off pull chain hanging from the ceiling with a name tag that said “Ron” or “Rod” or

“Rob.” The room looked like the unfinished basement of my childhood home except the pull chain for the lightbulb in that basement was named Ignatius.

A man wearing a red pea coat without any pants on was standing in the corner. He looked

surprised to see me and he didn't have any genitalia. There was a lumpy, slightly hairy mound where his genitalia should have been. The mound might have been scar tissue or a lump transplant but I didn't want to stare. I thought about the lump transplant I had when I was a kid but my lump

**transplant was on my
elbow.**

**I took off my jeans and
handed them to the man
and he thanked me. He
said his name was Sam. I
wanted to call him Tokyo
Mustard Rose but I
didn't. I wanted to show
him my lumpy elbow but
I didn't.**

I followed Sam back up the stairs and out into the woods. It felt weird just wearing boxer shorts in the wilderness but Sam seemed to know where he was going and he seemed like a magic flame that I had to follow because if I didn't he would burn my entire family alive.

I asked Sam where we were going and he told me “the road” and maybe “the river.” It was colder than I thought but there were enough birds in the forest breathing hot air on my naked legs. I focused on moving through the dark woods and following this strange man without a penis towards the road

and potentially first a river which seemed far less desirable because I wasn't wearing pants.

I asked Sam why he didn't have a penis and he told me he had to chop it off to join "the club." Then he asked me if I knew who Brett was.

“No. I don’t think so,” I answered.

“This is his property. That’s his mansion,” Sam said.

“Oh,” I replied. “Is he in charge of ‘the club?’”

“Hell no!” Sam shouted. “I really shouldn’t be talking about ‘the club.’”

**Don't say anything,
OK?"**

"OK."

**"Shit. The river," Sam
said. We came to a river
and it was bigger and
more fierce than I'd
imagined. "I was worried
about this," he
continued. "I wasn't sure
if the road came first or**

the river. Well, I guess this answers that question. The river it is. The river came before the road and this is it and there's nothing to be done about it. I'm very worried about this." Sam laughed and his laughter sounded very strange and many of the birds start puking because of the

sound of it. “Let’s find the best place to ford it.”

“I always thought it was fjord,” I said.

“Fjord?”

“Yes. Fjord, with a ‘J.’”

“No. I don’t believe so. I believe it’s ‘ford,’ like the car,” Sam replied. He

didn't seem positive about this but neither was I. Maybe the first cars were boats and that's why that man named them after his name, Captain Ford, the great sailor who turned boats into cars.

“This seems like a bad idea. Maybe we should head back?” I questioned.

“No.” Sam seemed agitated and I could see his genitalia stump shaking under my pants. “We’re too far away, anyway. We’d never get back.”

“Really? We’ve only been walking for about fifteen minutes.”

“Pretty sure it’s been much longer,” Sam said. I felt confused and sad. I hadn’t felt so confused and sad since I had to legally euthanize my parents who had terminal heart diseases.

Everything about the river looked the same to me from all angles. It didn’t seem to curve or

change. It seemed like an endlessly screaming straight line, separating one part of the world from another. It's lack of diversity had a purpose.

“Hey, there really isn't any 'club.' OK?” Sam told me. “I made that all up about 'the club.' It's definitely fake and doesn't exist.”

“OK,” I said. “No club.”

“Are you ready to cross?”

We started to ford, or fjord, the river and Sam immediately got swept away. No offense to Sam, but my first concern was the loss of my jeans. I watched as his red peacoat become a tiny dot upon the water.

When I got to the other side, I called his name for a few minutes. Frantically moving up and down the riverbank, I called out, "Sam? Sam?" He was gone. "Samuel?" I yelled. Maybe that was his full name but it could have been Samslipsonabanana.

There would be no going back. This was my new part of the world now. I never got to ask Sam why the road was so great but I imagined it was a golden road with ice cream stands every sixteen feet. I found myself feeling a strong anger towards this road

because I knew I would love it so much.

I started walking and I couldn't stop thinking about Sam. Everything about Sam felt like acting and Sam seemed like the greatest actor who ever lived. I like acting more than most side dishes at restaurants except coleslaw and I truly

**missed him like a
brother.**

**I knew I was so bad at
directions and being
outside that I would
probably walk in circles
for a few days and then
die.**

**If I circled back to the
river eleven times, I
decided I would just**

jump in and float away like Sam did or I would build a civilization on the riverbed called Copper Pike.

I imagined Sam, having arrived at a still part of the river, enjoying some snacks on his belly with a family of otters. I imagined Sam eating prunes stuffed with

razor blades with the
otters.

I wondered if the road
led to the fluorescent red
and green temple where
god killed you with
poisoned cheese. I hated
the road so much.

I decided to do graffiti in
the woods so it looked
less like the woods and I

killed a bunch of animals to use their blood as paint for the graffiti. With the rabbit blood I painted rabbits and with the deer blood I painted deer. But with the mice blood I just wrote my name over and over.

After a few years in the forest I got so bored with animal blood graffiti that

I decided to make a pair a pants out of leaves and jump in the river. After I stitched together the leaf pants, I got ready to jump in the river but a falcon pecked my eyes out instead.

I was totally blind and screaming when I heard a voice telling me to calm down. This was the voice

of the falcon and it sounded exactly like someone doing a bad imitation of a celebrity I couldn't remember the name of.

The falcon was angry at me because I had killed all of the forest animals it used to eat. He said that his entire family was going to die of starvation

because of my decision to kill all the creatures and use their blood as paint.

I apologized profusely to the falcon for essentially sentencing his family to death. He apologized to me for pecking my eyes out because of revenge. After awhile, we became good friends and I finally asked him if he at least

liked the graffiti I had done with the animal blood. He told me that he liked it very much and that he had started to teach the other falcons how to meditate with the pictures of the animals. The falcon believed that he could perhaps transcend or morph into a superior being through deep meditation with

these images. All of the falcons would never need to eat again if they could perfect this mystical, made-up technique.

I was very pleased that he was so taken with the powerful graffiti I'd done. I wished I still had eyes so I could look at it again. I wanted to picture what the falcon

looked like looking at my art so I asked him what color his feathers were. The falcon told me they were blue.

I immediately thought that the falcon was lying to me because, as far as I knew, blue falcons didn't exist. Blue falcons might exist, I thought, but not in this forest. This was a

drab forest full of bland colors, fitting for a wealthy party-thrower such as Brett. A blue falcon wouldn't spit on a forest like this.

The falcon, sensing my unease, brought me fake eyeballs he had cobbled together out of twigs and the eggshells of newly hatched falcon chicks. He

told me that some of the eggshells were from the birth of his new son Chadd, who was his favorite offspring. I told him congratulations as I affixed the fake eyeballs into my socket with spit.

I decided to ask the blue falcon about the road and he got very quiet. I had apparently touched a

nerve because he refused to talk about it and always changed the topic to ordering pizza instead. We ordered so many pizzas that there was more pizzas than trees in the forest and the uneaten pepperoni became tiny circular zombies.

Because I was blind it was difficult to fend off the pepperoni zombies and I often woke up to them chomping on my legs. They eventually ate all of my legs and then my arms until I was just a jagged torso and head.

The blue falcon felt so bad for me that he offered to take me to the

road. He said it was dangerous for blue falcons to go near the road because zoo people were always trying to catch them because no zoo in the world had a blue falcon and if a zoo could get one they would make more money than all of the other zoos combined and they could afford to give all of their

animals their own
podcast studio.

The blue falcon made a
vessel out of one of the
old pizza boxes and flew
me to the road. When we
got there, he was
immediately shot by a
zoo guy with a
tranquilizer. I could feel
the zoo guy standing

over me and he said,
“what happened to you?”

I told him it was a long story and he said he knew a scientist at the zoo who could help me. The blue falcon was very upset and was squawking loudly. I felt responsible for his capture but I looked

forward to listening to his podcast.

I asked the zoo guy what was so special about this road and he said it was the road that led to the fluorescent red and green temple. I told him to take me there because I missed Sam and thought maybe he'd be there. But the zoo guy told me he couldn't

**take me there in my
condition. I would have
cried if I'd had any eyes.**

**The zoo scientist was
named Comma Slab.**

**Comma Slab sighed when
she got one look at me.
She said it would be a
difficult job but that she
could give me new limbs
and new eyeballs. The**

arms and legs would have to be robot goat limbs with the feet and hands of an android chimpanzee. And the eyes would have to be modified insect eyes. I told her to go for it and she was done in a jiffy and I looked at myself in the mirror and saw about eighty-eight copies of myself on account of how

the insect eyes worked. It was difficult to get used to seeing life the way an insect sees it but I eventually did. I lived at the zoo for nearly nine months while I got used to my new body parts.

I thanked Comma Slab and gave her a kiss on the mouth as she had become my lover during my time

at the zoo. It was sad to leave her but I had to get back on the road to the temple that was fluorescent red and green to see if Sam or the god who would kill me with poisoned cheese would be inside. Ever since I was a little boy I was warned that if I practiced religion god would kill me with poisoned cheese.

**When god kills you with
poisoned cheese you die
the real death and it all
goes black.**

**I stopped by the blue
falcon's podcast studio
before I left and he
generously had me on as
a guest for a live taping.
“You know, I don't really
see it as my practicing 'a
religion' so to speak,” I**

told him on the air. “I think it’s okay to explore ideas. It doesn’t necessarily mean you are going to buy into them full-stop.”

“And do you think god will understand that?” the blue falcon asked. “That is, if she’s indeed behind those doors.”

I paused, uncertain of how to answer that. I hadn't considered the possibility that she wouldn't be inside the temple. "That's a great question," I said. "I hope she's there."

"You're tuned into *Talkin' Teal* with me the blue falcon, the #1 live podcast by a bird of prey

in America. Back after this.”

When we were off the air, the blue falcon told me that he definitely believed that there was a god who lived inside the fluorescent red and green temple, but it played better to be provocative on the radio. “I think there might be many

gods,” he told me.
“Who’s to say there isn’t
more temples too.
Different colors that we
don’t even know about
yet.”

Chimpanzee feet aren’t
that different than
chimpanzee hands. This
is why they mostly walk
on all fours and it took
me awhile to get the gist

of doing that. Many a passersby stopped to laugh at me for walking like this but they mostly sped away in terror when they looked into my insect eyes.

The road was very long so I packed a large supply of liquified egg salad sandwiches which I sipped through a long

straw connected to a bag on my back during the journey. However, the mayonnaise and eggs turned sour baking in the hot sun and I was terribly ill when I arrived at the temple steps.

I didn't know the temple would be guarded by giant frogs. But I

somehow knew that my vomit would be toxic to them so I puked on all their heads and they died.

Inside the temple I found a small mouse with the head of a beautiful woman. The head was also small but when I got up real close to it I could see it was the most

beautiful face in the
entire world,
proportionally.

“Hi,” the lady mouse
said. “I’m god.”

I said hello and asked her
if she was the only god
and she had a good
chuckle at that. She
spoke in squeaks but it
was also a language I

different language that I didn't understand as I finally lost consciousness.

This is what she was saying:

"god's fondue recipe"

(NOT GOD'S; STOLEN I.P.)

I don't believe in copyright. Never have. So when I tell you this intellectual property is *stolen*, take that with a grain of salt. There'll be a lot more grains of salt before this is said and done. Well, actually the recipe just calls for "add salt to taste" and I'm not sure how many grains of salt that is. To begin, let me say that the transferring of information is a sticky pot, not unlike this fondue recipe I am reciting to your unconscious

as you drift away. When you wake up, you will walk out of this temple and get all the ingredients for the fondue. You will make the fondue at Sam's apartment in Camden, New Jersey. You will eat it with Sam and it will kill you. Sam will only pretend to eat it and so he will stay alive. The person who created this fondue recipe was not a god. She wasn't even a podcaster. And so I'm assuming you'd like to know who this person was. Well, let me tell you about this person briefly. Her name was Grandma Oven Mitts and she was a real beast of a lady who queened over everybody and really cleaned house when push came to shove. She melted everyone she came in contact with with a hot iron hand and I'm only telling you this because honestly, wow, she was just the worst and I didn't like her at all but she made an amazing and really interesting poison fondue and I had to steal her recipe because it was so good. And here we are now: me reciting the recipe which you certainly are going to make at Sam's apartment in Camden, New Jersey once it seeps into your unconscious and you know exactly what you need to do when you leave this temple now and that is make the poison fondue and consume it. The most important person in this recipe besides Grandma Oven Mitts, who is the recipe's

author that I mentioned earlier, is of course, The Sheriff. The Sheriff is someone you need to find because it is almost 7 p.m. and he goes into another dimension at 7 p.m. You must remove seven pubic hairs from The Sheriff's body because they are the basis for this fondue recipe. The Sheriff lives in the shed behind this temple so he's easy to find and you should have no problem getting the pubic hairs off his body by 7 p.m. Just offer to wash his public hairs and then steal seven individual hairs as you wash all of the hairs. His pubic hair is always very dirty and he will appreciate this and he is fairly old so he might not even notice you plucking them off his body. After you do this you will need to go to the best place in America for fresh cheeses and that is of course Sacramentio, California. All of the best cheese is cooked in Sacramentio, California and sold to idiots across the world who look to melt it down for a lovely fondue but what they don't know is that The Sheriff who isn't really a person but a magic entity has poison pubic hairs and these are truly the most important ingredients needed to make the fondue super poisonous but of course it's not all about being poisonous in life, sometimes it's about tasting great also and that is where Sacramentio

comes in. So you're definitely going to want some smoked salmon in this fondue because smoked salmon is a very good fondue ingredient. You're going to want to find the best smoked salmon in the county and to do this, of course, you're going to have to go find and kill a grizzly bear because they know where the best salmon is and if you take a grizzly bear baby hostage, you should be able to get one of its parents to divulge this information. After they cough it up, I'd recommend just killing all the grizzly bears who saw your dumb face because grizzly bears love revenge. If you get killed by a grizzly bear before you have a chance to eat the poison fondue then, I'm afraid, all of this was for naught and I'm sorry but your soul will be taken from your body and given to a pink android who likes techno music and he will use that soul of yours to build a new society inside a simulation inside a microchip inside an eyeball that is just a synthetic eyeball and not a real eyeball and this eyeball definitely doesn't reside in Sam's apartment. Your soul will be used to create copies of fake people for the inhabitants of this simulated landscape inside the simulated new society. This has nothing to do with poisoned cheese but I thought you'd like to know what happens when people are

killed by bears. Anyway, once you have the smoked salmon you're going to want to go back to Sacramentio, California because I have a sneaking suspicion that you're the type of ingrate who will certainly not thank a talented cheese man or cheese woman for being a talented cheese man or cheese woman. You have a very rude face but maybe it's those terrifying insect eyes. I'm not sure but, either way, at this point you're going to want to travel back to Sacramentio, California and thank the cheese man or cheese woman and maybe give them a fruit basketball as a sign of gratitude, and then it's onto your final destination: beautiful Camden, New Jersey. Sam's apartment is in the swankiest district of Camden, New Jersey and you'll know you're in the right place because everyone there won't have any genitalia and they will be flaunting this fact by not wearing any pants. They will sense that you still *do* have genitalia because you will be wearing pants and also because those who decide to have their genitalia removed are psychic beings who can immediately sense the presence of what they call "the genitalied." They'll try to decapitate you because of your decision *not* to remove your genitalia. So I'll need you to put on this "I'm with Sam" T-shirt. This way they'll know that you're in the

district of Camden, New Jersey where the people without genitalia live legally because Sam is the Mayor. When you get to Sam's apartment, greet him warmly and tell him you're ready to make the fondue. He'll get his fondue pot out of the closet and it will almost certainly be dirty. I can't stress this next part enough: *clean the fondue pot*. If you don't clean the fondue pot then there's a chance that the poison inside The Sheriff's pubic hairs won't come out. By this point, Sam has hopefully poured you a nice glass of maple charcoal wine. Drink it slowly and contemplatively as it will be the last glass of maple charcoal wine you will ever drink in your entire life. If the Senator of Sound is sitting in Sam's apartment don't look them in the eye. If they're not there then look at any eyes in the apartment that you please. Sam has a lovely collection of eyes and they are just eyes and not secret houses for microchips containing simulations of societies. The Senator of Sound is Sam's best friend but they are mean because they regret removing their genitalia which wasn't genitalia to begin with but a small pile of rocks. And they were so regretful of this decision that they stabbed their eyes out so they wouldn't have to look at the stump where the small pile of rocks was. Even though

the Senator of Sound's eyes are just eyeballs they drew onto the scar tissue where their eyes used to be, they can certainly feel you looking at them because of their psychic abilities. Even small piles of rocks can be worth missing. Once the fondue pot is nice and clean, first add the Sacramentio cheese. If the cheese has spoiled on your trip from California to New Jersey, don't worry. You will be dead from the poison before any regular old cheese sickness affects you at all. Sam might want to call the Sacramentio cheese *Samcramentio* cheese. Feel free to indulge him on this point. But under any circumstances do not let him call the smoked salmon, smoked *samon*. Once the cheese has melted nicely it's time to add this salmon. If you still have grizzly bear blood on your hands, feel free to add a couple of droplets of grizzly bear to the poison fondue. Grizzly bear blood can add a nice note to this poisoned cheese recipe but it certainly isn't essential. Chefs call recipe ingredients that aren't essential notes like musicians call sounds that aren't in any harmonic scale, atmosphere. That reminds me: the atmosphere in Sam's apartment, that's something else we should talk about. Sam is an alien. So he has his apartment pumped full of gas from his home planet.

You're going to want to put on one of his complimentary gas masks as soon as you enter. I can recommend the one gas mask that has Mickey Mouse ears on it because it is my favorite gas mask Sam owns. I know because I actually wore it once in 1993 when I visited to carve birdhouses during a work retreat. The birdhouses we carved that day were used to try to catch rare birds of prey to sell to zoos to pay for the fancy experiments we wanted to do on humans but we only caught regular, non-rare baby owls and the baby owls ate so much lettuce that they grew into large green orbs. Anyway, sorry for the tangent, but this is why there are so many large green orb statues in Sam's apartment. What I'm saying is they aren't statues but stuffed baby owls who ate so much lettuce that they didn't look like baby owls at all anymore. We had them taxidermied because that seemed like an odd sequence of events and we wanted to commemorate the oddness with oversized decorations. I'm only telling you all this because otherwise you would think that the green things were just art. But most art is not art. It's just things that have a story like a pair of scissors or a vinyl record or a pack of CHEETOS® Crunchy Cheddar Jalapeño Cheese Flavored Snacks. Everything is art or nothing is art. But

let's get back to the recipe. It's now time to add the final ingredient: the seven poison pubic hairs you plucked off The Sheriff. Stir them in slowly until they dissolve completely. Serve with a platter of raw chicken legs to use as dipping vessels and enjoy. For garnish you might want to add piranha to the fondue pot because it can be a fun game to try to avoid the piranha snapping your hands clean off as you dip into that cheese with the raw chicken legs. Add salt to taste.

