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A Streetcar Named Kanye West

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A Streetcar Named Kanye West

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the degree of
Master of Fine Arts in Creative Writing

by

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Abstract

This abstract is brought to you by Pogodyne Incorporated, whom you may remember from other narrative disasters such as: *Finding Pynchon* and that one about Marcella Hamilton with that guy. In this one, Kanye West and his partner Dog the Bounty Hunter find themselves involved in another zany mystery, filled with slapsticks and low-wits. In this powerhouse action adventure, buddy-cop-bonanza, there is no respite from hilarity and political intrigue. With cameos aplenty, a trolley chase, and one very live-wire prop comedian, this thing has got it all, friends. You didn't ask for it is, but here it is, in all of its wackness, a novel that interests itself in the real questions: Is Joe Piscapo a vampire? Is Kanye West the secret ruler of the Republican Party? Is a white rapper named Lil Xan the real and true anti-Christ? Hey, who the heck cares?

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Prologue

In which the general idea of the whole thing is introduced in a particularly intriguing and cryptic manor

It was the best of times; it was the blurst of times, and it all started with Dog The Bounty Hunter. If you're reading this, there is a chance I'm dead, so I want the whole story to be here probably. Dog and I had become friends during a charity basketball in Dallas, Texas. I don't remember the charity, but I remember the bow he through that broke my nose. It was supposed to be light-hearted, good in front of the cameras, but it turned into an all out war when Fred Durst dunked on Carrot Top. Dog felt bad after the game and bought me a beer. The dude could tell a story, and maybe later I'll share one of them. Anyway, after quite a few of them, we became pretty good buds, and decided to exchange information. Only a few weeks later the towers in New York fell, and I completely forgot about Dog. It wasn't until a few years later, after I had been replaced, that I ran into him at a dive bar in Milwalki where he was working a case and we caught back up. This was, of course, before my run in with Pogodyne and everything that came after, but we'll get to that eventually. For now, you just need to know, this all started with Dog. For years we were friends, staying in touch and catching up when we could, swapping stories. Until, of course, The Event, which is most likely why you're reading this. Before The Event, he started bugging me. He kept asking me about the mystery we had going on, about how I figured it, about what I thought had happened, and all of that kind of business. Of course, I couldn't tell him what I knew, which was that the Swamp-Nazis were back. Who can you tell though? Who would believe such a thing? And I don't mean a bunch of badasses down in Lousiana, I

mean the real deal. The same guys who were responsible for MLK and running all of those people out of all of those towns. They were back, and they were pissed. And who was I to do anything about it? Well, for one, I was Kanye West.

Of course, I'm the real Kanye West, not the imposter you know. I'm not the fantastic hip-hop producer slash rapper slash Internet-Celeb, but I am more than a dude who shares his name. I'm the real one. I'm the one who they replaced in the early 2000s after my mix-tape took off. But that's a story for a different day.

You're probably wondering why I would write this, after so many years have passed, and most people involved have died or completely forgotten. Well, the answer is simple. You deserve to know. You deserve to know what happened that long, hot summer in 2016, before everything started going to shit. You deserve to know where they came from and where they went, and probably who the hell they were. For an entire summer, ghosts had free reign of the world, and you, you just let them into your homes.

I wrote this, because you should still be scared. One chapter is over, but the book is just started.

Chapter 1

*In which background information is given, Kanye West runs into some asshole named
Operative Six, confusion ensues*

Let's start off with some background information. I was born in 1973, in Jackpot, Texas. After that I did a bunch of stuff and starting kicking up beats in late 80s, in my teens. I was a big Grand Master fan, and there was just so many things happening with music. I moved out to Chicago in the late 90s and really dug in. I had a few hits in 93 on my unnamed mix-tape, which I quietly called Kayne, and, no, that's not a misspelling. This is about the time I had a run in with a man named Operative Six. He was a big mother fucker, and one night when I was working on beats, he just came up into my fucking house. Let's switch to third for the sake of story-telling here.

Operative Six came in through the backdoor to find Kanye West hunched over an old PC and midi box with headphones on. He was seriously into his beats, jamming along, bim-bam-bap, hey. And, anyway, here's what happens next, ah fuck we've changed tenses again, well fuck everything, we're just trying to take up space here anyhow, am I right ladies? Besides, we all know Kanye West is just the fake narrator of this thing, well the real Kanye anyway, because the real and true narrator is, and always has been Dr. Mr. Super Chill! A- and anyway, here goes this one.

Operative Six is closing in on Kanye, who's still at it, now trying to come up with some rhyme for *honkey*. Operative Six, who looks like someone stuffed an all black jogging outfit with a bunch of potatoes and flour, lifts Ye's headphones off his head.

Kanye turns around in full attack mode and blaps him several times, hard, though, for whatever reason, none of the blows are taking, and now, Operative Six is all pissed and redfaced, ready to rumble and not taking no for answers, as he throws Kanye across the room, taking out a small Roland drumset in the corner, which plays a few cymbal crashes on the monitors somewhere. A-and, what's this, but Kanye is up and at'em with two marching sticks, thick as tube socks, swinging them around like meats on a string.

"Ey, yo," Kanye sez, and he starts coming in hot, swinging those sticks like some kind of dope-fiend, hardset on murderin'.

"Ey, yo," Operative Six sez. And he puts up his dukes. "I'm here with an offer."

"Offer this, Jellybean," Kanye sez.

"I'd prefer not to," Operative Six sez, in a manner that takes up as much physical space as possible on the page, hey.

But it's too late, because here comez Kanye, all bows and blows, swinging those drumsticks, which have turned into whirling blender bladz and speedz unknown to any human. Too fast! Because now, Kanye is taking off into the air, unable to control himself any more than to give a try at saying something, but this is complete nonsense, like what in the hell is anything even, hey. You're all, acting like this is a real thing, but here the thing is wanting to be anything but, and how are you—ever—to really grab ahold of something that refuses to be anything but what it is, which is constantly changing, shifting out of shape, ignoring all sense of decency and, well, any sort of existing as a thing that has a constant narrator, because clearly it's no longer Dr. Mr. Super Chill, so who is this new mother fucker who has taken over this goddamn thing, leaving us with what, but nothing after some uncontrollable new sexy hotness.

NEW HOTNESS! You exclaim in all caps, how about some fucking grammar, then how about it? But, nah, because there's no time for revisionary tactics here, friends, no, we are lost amid a sea of madness which, when left unattended and unchecked (and balanced) all that could possibly remain is the certain assurance that we are only in the universe, if there is such a thing, the sole property of, of, of, of our own destinies both true and imagined, and say what's the difference anyway, because you asked for this goddamned thing, you pulled someone aside and said 'hey your shit is shit,' and not THE shit, which is the key difference, that mother fucking article the always necessary how about it, so what did you expect, but to find Kanye West, the real one never mind it, flying through the air, using marching sticks to combat some asshole named Operative Six, because, and remember there's nothing wrong with a run-on if it's art and you call attention to it, that John Darnell (is that how you spell it, NO TIME TO CHECK, ASSHOLZ!) once said 'if you punish someone for dreaming their dream, don't ask them to thank or forgive you,' so, in other words—ahem—you asked for it, and you got it, here it is, friends, pure unchecked badassery, screaming at your brainz from 44,000 mph and back again through time, where we find Kanye West, now coming down into his own.

A-and here is Operative Six, just maddoggin' him. He's ready.

Kanye comes at him, but Operative Six makes short work of him, and goes to brew a cup of tea while Kanye sleeps it all off.

While Operative Six steeps two bags of Oolong, he walks around the small Chi-Town apartment, which is like any apartment you've ever seen, and could easily be somewhere else. There is a small kitchen, which is essentially just a stove and a microwave and a refrigerator in an alcove of a living room, which is furnished with a shitty black leather

couch and no TV. But there is a pretty nice glass table. It's one of those solid 1990s numbers that has a tinge of green to it, but you're not sure how they got all that in there—this is the glass part, of course, the table itself is wrought iron. Operative Six sits on the couch and drinks his tea, with a touch of agave, which he pulls from a Velcro pouch on his tac-vest.

About halfway through his tea, Kanye snores to life, ripping, tearing, and ready to rock, drool everywhere, taking blind swings like a lemon without a waistline.

Operative Six crosses his legs, watches, gives him the face.

“Alright,” Kanye sez. “Who are you, and why are you here?”

Operative Six raises his eyebrows, takes a sip of tea. “Glad you finally asks,” he sez. “Would you like some tea?”

“Nah,” Kanye sez. Kanye disappears into a backroom and comes out with a black, wooden box with a skull and crossed bones on it in white. Oh, a-and, this is probably a goodtime to describe this motherfucker, how about it? So, this whole time, you've probably been imagining Kanye West as you know him now, a medium height dude who shows up late and doesn't stay long, and while he's there he doesn't talk to anyone, but you're happy to have him, because he totally gets it crackin', however that's not what the first Kanye looks like. Kanye West, some of his plaques still say Kayne, on the other hand is tall and skinny. He's got more of a Lakeith Standfield—huge fan by the way—thing happening than a, well than a Kanye West, but still a bit taller than that. He clocks in at 6'2, but he doesn't weigh more than about 190.

Operative Six, on the other hand, looks like he stepped out of an action hero badass mold. He's all muscle, not a spec of hair, heck, even his eyebrows are shaved off, which leave him looking very unsettling.

“My name is Operative Six,” Operative Six sez. “And I’m part of an organization that wishes to, at this moment in time, remain anonymous. This organization would like to offer you a large sum of money, to let someone else be you.”

“Excuse me?”

“Okay, look,” Operative Six sez. “Do you have a beer or something.”

Kanye shrugs. He goes to the fridge and pulls out two Magnums, hands one over.

“Thanks,” Operative Six sez. He opens it and makes pretty short work of it. “You’re going to want the other one, man,” Operative Six says. “And, look, I feel like I should level with you. I didn’t used to look this fucked up. I know I’m monster-looking. I know I don’t look normal. No eyebrows? Hell is this dude thinking, you’re thinking probably. Well that’s just the style right now for the Os. Anyway, used to I was called Toby Keith, but—”

“Wait,” Kanye sez “Toby Keith? Like the country singer?”

“Do you ever look at that son of a bitch and think,” sez Operative Six, “that he looks a bit too much like some motherfucker named Toby Keith?”

“Actually,” Kanye sez. “A bit.”

“See,” Operative Six sez.

“Okay, wait,” Kanye sez. “Lay this out for me here a bit.”

“This organization, which you’ll learn the name of, if you sign on, is in the business. They will tell you there is only one business, the making money business. All other businesses fall into this category. Mostly, they take up-and-coming celebrities, before they get famous, and do a *reimagining*, which is replacing them with someone they can control, someone whose image they can manage, and someone who looks a bit more like they would have that name.”

“Why not just replace them with robots,” Kanye sez.

“We don’t have the technology yet,” Operative Six goes. “But don’t think it ain’t coming.” He reaches out and sipz some tea.

“Why the hell would I do that?” Kanye West says.

“Well,” Operative Six sez. “For one, if you don’t, I have to kill you, so you don’t reach a level of fame they can’t control, and two, it comes with some pretty decent benefits. You just get to exist. They pay for all of your business. Whatever you need. All you have to do is stay in the background, and, well, you know, not become famous.”

“And if I don’t agree, you’ll kill me.”

“That’s correct.”

“Well,” Kanye West sez. “You don’t leave a dude with a lot of options, do you?”

“That’s the point,” Operative Six sez.

“I figure,” Kanye West sez. He finally opens the Magnum and gives it a gulp or too. It’s really not so bad, and it works, so, so, so well.

It’s probably important to note here that, it is March 2001 right now, in this present, and all across the world, people are finding themselves finding themselves on the Internet in some fashion or another, asking A/S/L, typing sexual acts between asterics and masturbating constantly. In addition to all of this, something is lurking deep and dark beneath the bowels of the earth, just beyond the crust, resting on the loins of the fiery depths of the molten core, where, Beanie Babies haven completely taken over POGs, parents wait outside of Cracker Barrels for them to open, hoping to find Twinkie or Winkie or that one bull that is all red, whose secret name is not Tabasco, leading one to wonder just how in the fuck they got away with that without a TradeMark lawsuits. And, did you

hear the one about the two swinging wives who were both married to dudes named Mark? Anyway, the point is that the universe is shifting, the delicate balance of power, constantly in flux, is now curving in a specific direction, that is, toward the unknown, where monsters still lurk and magic is real and alive. Also, a small group of aliens, known as The Galactic Five—yes based on the TV show of the same name—has formed a jazz quartet, and let's not go into the logistics of that name and combo combo.

It's easy and important to also note that a man named Jeffrey Jacobs is currently driving a Lincoln Mark VI straight through that one lone highway in Nevada, hoping to catch a starride to the heavens, but will only run into local authorities—or a group of well-dressed men wearing sunglasses at night pretending to be such—in jeeps and white Ford Broncos—oh, oh, oh, and don't you just know there's a connection to be made there, considering that A.C. Cowlings never knew how to drive a stick—a-and The Juice's wasn't even, hey!—but here we are, or where are we, back with Jeffrey Jacobs, and no that's not a typo, but that's the only time we'll spell his name that way, because otherwise we'll summon him here, a party trick with which you do not want to involve yourself. The rough-neck authorities will take our mutual associate Jeff to a holding cell somewhere deep under the ground, where hackers clack away into the night, hoping, but never obtaining, to discover just what, exactly, it is that Pogodyne is up to, or what, even they are. A-and, Christ, who the hell knows exactly.

The point is that you asked for something, and you're getting it, right now, here it is. The full unadulterated madness of the friendless fingers, finding fruth. Or truth, if you prefer the original spelling. But how are we to know that any of this matters or is even important, because, dear God, I'm certainly certain that many of the inhabitants hope you

never find this manifesto, and, well, given the way copyright laws work, with one push of a, well, back to those fingers again, button, we could easily be blasted off into space, ready and willing, primed even, to waste more of your fucking time. But there are some gems in here, gems made for the finding, the only question being how much other bullshit are you willing to put up? However, in reality, even without explanation, isn't that always the truth, the general capital F truth?

Anyway, by this point Kanye has signed the piece of paper and Operative Six informs him that he will get a pamphlet in the mail soonish. It is about then that the door burst open and That Fuckboy Tom Waits runs in panting.

"Six," he sez. "Sorry, I got held up."

Operative Six sighs, makes a face like 'this fucking motherfucker.' "Ye," he sez. "This is That Fuckboy Tom Waits."

That Fuckboy Tom Waits nods excitedly. "That's my codename."

"But," Kanye West Sez. "You're Tom Waits."

"Well, right," That Fuckboy Tom Waits sez. "That's the goddamned beauty of it."

"Time out," Kanye West sez. "How did you wind up in this mess if you are yourself?"

"Honestly," That Fuckboy Tom Waits sez. "It's kind of a weird story. You see, originally, this whole business was just supposed to be a version of Dracula, which, I'm sure you've seen. I was going to play myself, Scott Baio was in it. So was Carrot Top actual. And—well—anyway, during the filling out of forms, Dr. Mr. Super Chill realized that there were some potential issues with signatures involved. You see, on one of the documents, a human would have been required to sign off regarding an issue of plagiarism, and while Dracula is totally public domain, Dr. Mr. Super Chill, in one of his rare moments of unchill,

considered this might be a negative situation to put someone into. Thusly he decided to reevaluate. And here we are.”

“Wait,” Yeezy sez. “That doesn’t. Does anyone else smell paint?”

“Huh,” That Fuckboy Tom Waits sez.

“This isn’t worth your time,” Operative Six sez.

“No,” Kanye sez. “First, if what homeboy here is saying is true, we’ve got all the time in the goddamned world. And B, he still didn’t answer my question. He just plugged his movie.”

“Actually,” Operative Six sez. “He did answer your question. The reason he’s here, is because the organization whose name you will know shortly got to him too late. Life David Foster Wallace, they figured, hey, this guy will never make it.”

“Sure sure sure,” Kanye goes. “I got that part. What I’m wanting to know is why he’s here. Like why his homeboy in my house?”

“It’s pretty simple really,” That Fuckboy Tom Waits sez. “I’m here because I am.”

“Goddamnit,” Kanye sez. “Y’all get out of my house.”

Operative Six throws down a smoke bomb and heads out through the front door. When the smoke clears, That Fuckboy Tom Waits is still on the couch. Nodding.

“That’s you too, brotha,” Kanye West sez.

“Right,” That Fuckboy Tom Waits sez. He creeps out.

“Fuck,” Kanye West sez.

The chapter ends.

Chapter 2

In which Dr. Mr. Superchill rears his nasty head, Kanye West meets Dog the Bounty Hunter, and we are all Salmon Rushdie

The way chapter 2 starts off is like this: it's been a few days since Operative Six was by and Kanye has sort of chalked the whole thing up to a strange dream. He has gone back to making beats. Though, one day he checks the mail and in it, among bills aplenty, finds a large folder. Inside, naturally, he finds an assignment. For his first gig, he has been assigned Dog the Bounty Hunter as a partner. So, of course, he throws the thing in the garbage and goes back to beats. The one he has going right now, goes like this:

Boom-dada-boom-baboomboom, boom-dada-boom-baboomboom, etc. This is followed by a sample from *Truth or Dare* the old Madonna documentary, where Warren Beatty is talking a bunch of shit. The beat drops in hard when he says *What's wrong with you* for the fifth time and goes real hard for a few seconds, then Kanye comes in, talking about the current state of Chi-town, the republican party, eventually making a reference to that fuckboy Tom Waits, but not as That Fuckboy Tom Waits, just Tom Waits, but calling attention to the fact that he is a fuckboy. The original track has a few lines regarding David Foster Wallace, but these get pulled. This, of course, is not a typo.

Though, after a bit, the door blows in and in comes none other but whom Operative Six, all ready and rearing, punching and kicking into Kanye's few valuables, pissed as hell.

"Hey, man, this is a private residence," Kanye sez, but it's too late.

"What in the good fuck are you still doing here," Operative Six spews.

"Making beats," Kanye sez.

Operative Six walks over and picks Kanye up by his lapel. “You need to get moving,” he sez. “Pogodyne doesn’t fuck around.”

“Pogodyne?” Kanye sez.

“Did you even read the pamphlet?”

Kanye shrugs. “I glanced at it.”

Operative Six shakes his head. “Alright, man, here’s how it goes.” And this is when he proceeds to tell him about Pogodyne, the megacryptoconglomerate, which owns and operates most scenes behind the scenes. They are the original and only puppet master, in control of so many subsidiaries that it would blow your mind to simply mention a few—not the least of which is Fox news, but also CNN, because, Pogodyne doesn’t fuck around when it comes to power, or for making money for that matter. They are so powerful and have their money spread so deeply, that they’re not actually breaking any monopoly laws, as they still allow for free autonomous companies to act singularly and in competition with their others—a fairly brilliant strategy if you consider it for a moment or two here now.

Anyway, Kanye is slightly more woke now, and he goes to his closet and puts on his cool clothes and heads out. Operative Six has booked him a flight on the first one to Dallas, which is a short one. Though, Yeezy, in times of silence between the tracks, finds himself wondering just what in the hell he’s doing, though, of course, he’s a part of something now and there is no coming back, no returning order, as, well, this is, of course, his new home, in the chaotic knowing society of—well—of something, though he’s not exactly sure what at this moment.

Kanye West scrolls through his phone and finds a curious BuzzFeed article entitled:

THE 28 TIMES THIS YEAR WE WERE ALL SALMON RUSHDIE. It is as follows.

1. That time you fell down the stairs, but no one saw
2. That time you ripped your jeans
3. That time you tried your hand at stand-up
4. That time your dog slept in your lap, and you were like, what is this little, tiny, marvelous creature, hey?
5. That time you spent an entire evening sober, trying to imagine what it was like to not be born yet.
6. That brief stint when you considered M-Theory, then realized you were too stupid to truly understand how math worked.
7. That time you tried your hand at poetry, and wrote an entire thing about the time Shakespeare wrote that thing, thinking it was somehow meta and cute, but it wasn't you fucking awful trashbag human.
8. That time your dog slept in your lap and he was in the way but still cute.
9. That time you gave up punctuation after reading a Cormac McCarthy novel.
10. That time Cormac McCarthy was always racist.
11. That time you got really into smoothies for a year.
12. That time you fell down the stairs and everyone saw.
13. That time you were working on a project and started freaking out a bit, because it looks like the text was floating off to the right, but then, of course, that couldn't actually be true, and even if it was you know the truth which was
14. That time you understand that Dr. Mr. Superchill was in control, that no matter what Dr. Mr Superchill was in complete and total control, even when he wasn't, what a crazy fucker.

15. That time you met that dude at a Starbucks who said he was super into hiphop, you could tell he spelled Questlove's name like Questlove.

16. That time you and Salmon Rushdie both reached for the same copy of *Space Jam*—for studying purposes, for something you were working on—and you wound up wishing for each other's lives, and, for a few days, until you figured out how to reverse it, you actually were Salmon Rushdie.

17. That time you were Salmon Rushdie and everyone kept calling you Salmon, not Salmon.

18. Like the fish.

19. That time you were told that your work wasn't commercial by an organization you had trusted with your whole heart, with all of your sweat, both metaphorically and literally, an organization you gave up so much for, an organization for which you gave away more than four years of your life, and you tried so hard to produce something they could be proud of, and you worked so hard, and sacrificed more than they could ever know, went into debt, gave up eating well, taking care of yourself, gave up all of your free-time for four years—and possibly more, who's to say from this vantage—and you took jobs you didn't want, lived away from the love of your wife, separated your children for the sake of ease, did I mention went super into fucking debt, watched your father die while you were in another state, barely had time to leave to bury him, and had even less time to catch back up after, because it was at the beginning of the goddamned semester, stopped going fucking anywhere, stopped watching movies, stopped reading books, stopped using Facebook—for real—dealt with countless panic attacks for leaving your dogs alone during storms, but you had to, because you had to go to work, or because you had to teach, or because you had to

meet with some mother fucker, pushed yourself to the breaking point then pushed past it and kept going, made your life a miserable robotic creation where all you could ever accomplish was the one goal, for the one organization, that one organization for which you had sacrificed so much and worked so hard, did we mention gone majorly into debt while working, because they paid you fucking nothing and then pretending that it was enough to life on, even though, when you counted up all the fees with the 'free stuff,' and then the cost of insurance, which was fucking ridiculous and awful, but better than nothing while you were starving to death on blue-box mac and cheese, living far away from everyone you ever loved, until you met new people to love of course, and more importantly losing all this time, taking away everything, thinking, well, hey now, it will be worth it in the long run, looking down at your kid's eyes and seeing them fill with liquid and promising her that one day it would be good, that one day it would be fine, be better, be great, be perfect, but knowing she only had a few years left, and knowing that you were spending them all working toward something, only to find out this organization didn't take you seriously, hadn't, in fact, given a single fuck about you the entire time you were here, known you were here at all even, just, straight-up, called your entire four years of work bullshit and worthless, and then, has the gall to ask for more fees in order to get out of the contract which clearly ends at this point and says nothing about these fees, but then, well—okay—sure, you figure, maybe it's a misunderstanding, maybe it's a mistake, maybe someone checked the wrong box, certainly they wouldn't intentionally shit on one of their own, certainly there is enough love to go around, in some extent, certainly they wouldn't say, hey fuck you, to someone they've kind of pretending to support for four years, at least somewhat intellectually though not even really in that fashion, because that was the people and those people could

have been gathered anywhere, you just got fucking lucky, so you reached out to the important people and asked the right questions and they were polite and said, hey, actually we're just about to talk about that and make we won't completely shit all over all of your work, so excitedly you wait, excitedly you wait, excitedly you wait, excitedly you wait, excitedly you wait, excitedly you wait, excitedly you wait, excitedly you wait, excitedly you wait, excitedly you wait, excitedly you wait, excitedly you wait, excitedly you wait, excitedly you wait, excitedly you wait, excitedly you wait, and you wait a little longer, waiting until the time is almost down to the deadline and you can't really do much to change the situation, and so you reach back out to the right people and are informed that, oh, well, things are pretty busy and they've decided to decide upon this decision at a later date, which means nothing to you, which means nothing to you, which means nothing to you, which means absolutely nothing to you, because it does you no good, it doesn't do any fucking good at all, because you'll be gone, you'll have left, you'll have moved on, and gone on to do whatever fucking half-wit thing you're capable of doing with no experience and all of this goddamned debt, because, to this organization, you're just cheap-labor and a free paycheck, because they're making SO MUCH money off of you, and what did you get in return, well, a fair amount of knowledge, a great set of friends, and some things that you worked on for four years which they said were shit. They said it was worthless. They said throw it in the garbage. They said put it in the trash. They said burn it. They said learn a sport. They said it's worth nothing. They said fuck you. They said fuck off. They said pay me. They said go away. They said leave. They said it looks like it might storm. They said, sorry not sorry. They said we know you hate that. They said why the comma sometimes? They said why no question mark. They said you don't know anything. They said you're worthless. They said no jobs for you. They said give up. They said go away. They

said go back home. They said wait tables. They said work at Starbucks. They said work at Whole Foods. They said learn a new language. They said go back to school. They said become a sex-worker. They said learn how to mix drinks. They said start an Etsy store. They said get better at drawing. They said buy some fire-extinguishers. They said intentionally misspell extinguishers. They said have dreams. They said fuck your dreams. They said you'll get no connections here. They said you'll get no help from us. They said, hey, would you want to work for free a bit? They said become a DJ. They said sell it on Amazon for megacheap. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do literally anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said here is a list of one thing you cannot do: this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said the lube will cost 80 dollars. They said here are the things you cannot do: this. They seriously said out of all of the things you can do in the world, don't do this one thing you've chosen to do after we told you it was totally cool. They said the world doesn't need you. They said you're worthless. So you settled down and figured fuck it okay it's all trash, but then you figured, no, no, no, no there are other things to do, other ways to manage this, so you worked on those for a while, but then it turned out that these too were not allowed, so you started working on something for them, specifically for them, specifically for them, specifically for you, just so youk now, this is for you, this is only for you, no one else will ever see this, because this is just for you, so you can know that no one fucks with Dr. Mr. Superchill, and he's happy to fuck around and waste some time

because this thing that you told him he's not allowed to do means more to him than anything in the world, and just like John Darnielle said and was previously quoted, if you punish someone for dreaming their dreams, don't ask them to thank or forgive you, so here you go, here you go, here we go, here you go. Here you go.

20. That time you tried to write a book about Kanye West, but even that wasn't okay for fuck's sake.

21. That other time you fell down some stairs and everyone saw.

22. That time lists were awesome.

23. That time you figured you should make more use of whitespace

24. That time we were all Salmon Rushdie

25. That time you considered what a waste of time might look like, but couldn't quite make up your mind.

26. That time you got a job at Starbucks

27. That time you thought, I could do this.

28. That time you knew, I could do this.

The plane lands, and Kanye West heads out into the city of Dallas.

After some whitespace, Kanye West has checked into his hotel and is awaiting the arrival of Dog The Bounty Hunter. Dog The Bounty Hunter is supposed to meet him at this one bar. It's called The Slip In, which is where Kanye finds himself, on the inside of a dark submarine, listening to some mean grooves from some asshole named Dr. Creep. Right now

it's a mashup of some oldschool *Grand Master Flash* playing a backdrop for some slightly oldish *Childish Gambino*, with a little bit of, hey what's that, *Black Sabbath*?

After some more whitespace, Dog The Bounty Hunter appears from the bathroom, which is in the back, and is surprising because Kanye West never saw him go past.

"Hey, brother," Dog The Bounty Hunter sez.

"Hey," Kanye West sez. He's already on his third Long Island and is feeling pretty okay.

"Alright, brother," Dog The Bounty Hunter sez. "Here's the score. We got us a broham. He's going around talking about he's a Frankenstein. We're gonna go have a chat with them, see what's what, then manage it."

"A Frankenstein," Kanye West says.

"You know," Dog The Bounty Hunter sez. "Like that guy from the books. Hates fire and all that."

"Frankenstein's monster?" Kanye West sez.

"What?" Dog The Bounty Hunter sez.

"Never mind," Kanye goez. "Let's just do it."

"Right-o," Dog The Bounty Hunter sez.

So after some more whitespace, they head over to where this motherfucker is living, and it turns out, he actually is a Frankenstein, so they kill him the way everyone knows you go about killing Frankensteins. It's what they find there, however, that frightens them. There is a decent deal of correspondence from someone referring to himself as J. Alois Hitler Jr. who

has been sending the Frankenstein recruitment pamphlets for something that looks a bit like Neo-Nazism and a bit like some fucked up thing out of a nightmare Stanley Kurbick had, and we know that the syntax back there sucks, but fuck it. This is a story, goddamnit.— There's also a part of Dr. Mr. Superchill who's just straight chilling here. He knows the score, contemplates continually if this is a waste of time, but there's also this other part who thinks maybe this vomit will do some good. If you concentrate hard enough, anything can be worth the time.

So, they gather up all of the letters quick as you'd like, a-and, but what's this, suddenly shit is flying around the room like a ghost is picking shit up and throwing it around the room.

"Hey, what the Christ?" Kanye West says, which sends Dog The Bounty Hunter off into a praying spree, making up for Mr. West's potty-mouth.

Dog The Bounty Hunter is prostrate, kicking his big boots in the air, saying something about Jesus Christ amen.

But things are really cooking up now, literally, some water is boiling on a stove, the oven is preheating for something, a large amount of weird-shit is transpiring, to no one's, but the narrator's, hey—and even then—understanding.

Dog The Bounty Hunter and Kanye West decide to get out of this madhouse lickity split, leaving the dead body of the Frankenstein at his kitchen table, looking like he was about to have some cereal and just sort of croaked over, but not before Kanye West snagged a rather suspicious looking book bound in human flesh and took it with him. Though, of course, it could have easily been a human flesh facsimile.

So Kanye West and Dog The Bounty Hunter hop into the car and speed off into the night, Dog The Bounty Hunter all the while wanting to know just what the h-e-c-k was going on back there, to which, Yeezy, of course, has no real answer based on their current reality. The book has a lock on it, but alas, no key in sight, so Kanye West has set about to banging it on things in the car, which does NOT make Dog The Bounty Hunter happy.

“Hey, stop that,” Dog The Bounty Hunter sez.

Chapter 3

*In which we are introduced to Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick,
reality is considered*

There comes a time in every man's life when he must ask himself how much he's willing to give up for something or how much shit he's willing to put up with or really what he's willing to ask himself about his own existence and how deep he's willing to go, and whether or not, in the long run, if it would be allowed or work at all, or if what he found there would be okay, or if what people would do if fucking you didn't do the thing you were supposed to do and after having considered this for a long time Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick decided to reevaluate her entire situation, having, for a very long time, believed in the reality of doing things the way you were supposed to do them, which was, ahem, not at all the way in which Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick preferred to do things, because she had gained a new sort of consciousness after decades of meditation, and after meeting a helpful man on a golf course who claimed to be the ghost of some old white asshole, but really was something else entirely, perhaps God himself on a fucking furlough of some sort, thinking, sure, but okay yes, what kind of goddamned nonsense was this, but if you give into it, if you really push in, dig the heels and feels, let the fingers do as they wish and just fucking squirt everywhere, everything should be just fucking fine, because there are those who will tell you that things are other things, like run-ons, comma splices, fragments, not real names, but the reality is that those people can only make so many decisions for you, and given the situation for the other situations of situations they don't have any say in such a thing as the thing in which is the thing that you're currently thinking about, because—a-and even if the

fucking did!—then it would require a whole other amount of things for everyone to be involved with, and then where the fuck would Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick be with all of her business question mark. The real goal here is to fit Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick's entire name on a single line, and there we fucking go, organically in the first try, just the way that Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick's life went after she met the Baggy Vance mother fucker on the golf course and started meditating until her fucking fingers turned blue and fell off, but, well, then again, that could have just been all the fucking colloidal silver she was taking, as, who, at last point, she had been told and what the hell, but if you think about it long enough you'll realize that all of the gods of yore have come back to roost in some fashion, and there's no way taking enough of that stuff will actually keep you from getting cancer or getting sick or whatever, but thus far, it's honestly worked pretty well for Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick, minus, you know, the whole two fingers falling off thing, but these are the fingers she doesn't need that much, hey. I mean, how often do you *really* use your ring fingers? No one wants their last name to be Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick, and you better believe that Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick is hyphenating that shit—hey look that's four organic scores in a row, and it seemed so hard to begin with, but here we are, riding this wave of whateverthefuck it is all the way up into Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick's kitchen, where she is drinking an entire bottle of colloidal silver. When she turns around we see she really is some shade of blue. She doesn't look like a Smurf or nothing, she just has a shade to her.

Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick is sitting on a stool, looking fine. She's reading Marlon Brando's autobiography. She's right at the part where Brando eats an entire pint of ice cream, then pukes up it, and it comes up pink rather than white, but he's got a date with a married woman in a few minutes, so he brushes his teeth and heads out. By the time he gets there, he passes out, basically in the poor woman's entryway, and she takes him to the hospital, where it turns out he has a tear in his esophageal lining. A rough one, to say the least, but not necessarily a true one, Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick thinks. The real curiosity here is the manner in which Brando started crafting himself early on, but was it out of a fear, Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick wonders, or was it out of a certain natural desire to perform and be awesome. This is something everyone, probably in a position like this, will have to ask themselves at some point, but Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick figures that it's probably the latter, that Brando was a natural performer and saw the value in being somewhat wildly mysterious. The point being, if you're somewhere in the future reading this fucking thing, remember Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick as she was. Don't think about Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick in a situation like you may currently find her. This is a personal record and was never ended to be for sale, but you fucking vultures! You came after it didn't you?

And here they come. The giant birds swooping down and pecking at Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick's kitchen windows. She squaks a bit, honestly, and ducks, throws the book at the window, but the birds will not be frightened away. They want to know what's inside of her, they want to know how she got

here, they want to know what her hopes and dreams are, they want to eat them and leave nothing left. Somehow they will turn a profit, goddamnit! Somehow they will leave her alive, alive but drained of whatever it was that flowed inside of her. But Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick is *not* going out without a hell of a fight.

Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick grabs the blow-torch she used to use before she got sick to make crême brule with, and, as the birds shatter the windows and come in, searching for anything to take that might be worth something or tasty, she lights them the fuck up. Soon enough, giant birds are flapping around her beautiful home, setting everything on fire, and Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick pours herself a goddamn whisky, because fuck it, if her liver is going to shut down, let it be today.

You'll remember Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick of course as the wonderful young artist who went to school with Aliza Sharkut, the artist who, in her early twenties really redefined what it meant to 'paint.' And, anyway, by the time she hit 40 and got diagnosed with all of the bullshit, she was tired and someone dug up her phd thesis, which was a bit of gag, but she went 10 days without sleep to make the gag, so— who's to say at the end of the day, really, what's a gag and what's some kind of commentary, though you know where Dr. Mr. Superchill stands, that mean mother fucker would tell you if it's not entertaining who gives a fuck and certainly this well, up to you I supposed—but anyway, Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick sat in front of a camera wide awake and naked, occasionally masturbating, sometimes eating, but that's about it, for ten days straight. Once every twelve hours a doctor would check on her, and after the first 36, he started telling her to go to sleep, but she would look at the

camera and smile with that big mouth of hers, all teeth and nothing else, like she was ready to gobble up the entire fucking world if given the opportunity. And hadn't she, in the early 2000s, really? But anyway, before all of that, she sat in front of a camera, which recorded to a local drive and a big old massive memory bank—not that big because she filmed in standard, still, after all, a woman who liked to look sexy and not completely and utterly shit exhausted—and this is what she turned, because, after all, who the fuck was someone else to tell the artist what was and what was not art? Certainly, well, who the fuck knew actually.

Chapter 4

In which Kanye West and friend seek an expert, discover the meaning of books, and general waste some time.

Kanye West is back at the hotel with his souvenir, having, at Dog the Bounty Hunter's request, mailed off all of the materials, except for this tasty morsel, back to Pogodyne headquarters in Schelpton, Arkansas. He still can't get the son of a bitch open. It's got some hell of a lock on it. He's been youtubing, but can't find this particular model, has come to the conclusion, in fact, that it may very well be a custom job, which Yeezy had no idea how to manage. Hell with it, he figures. He puts it in his suitcase, and forgets about it for now.

Why in the hell had he been brought out for this. They hadn't needed him. Dog the Bounty Hunter had been completely in control of the situation, and in no way had Kanye helped out, like at all.

Just then, something slid under his door. Kanye West stood up and went to find an envelope. Inside was a plan ticket back to Chicago. So that was it. It was over.

Kanye West flew back to Chi-town and started making beats again. He felt like life was a lot like making beats. It's about having an understand of how music works. It's understanding the natural timing of things, ending at just the right moment, so it feels like there is more, that the song could fo on forever, but it won't it can't because there's another one coming up and you have to make room, so, instead, what you do, is end the song at the exact moment is feels like it should keep going, but also where it feels complete, the same way you put your best song first on the album, but the second one is better than the first,

and the last is better than all of the other tracks. Everyone knows this. But it was all about timing.

So when Kanye West was several joints deep and had decided to lay down on his floor to meditate, it worked out perfectly that this was when the bullets started flying.

A drive by! or at least this was Ye's first assumption. But what local did he know who could pack this kind of wallop? Everything in his ground floor apartment was fucking disintegrating, vaporizing, returning to their original particles. Chairs are torn apart, couch stuffing flies like flies. Everything is utter chaos, and how could it not be, existing, of course, in it's natural state. But eventually the bullets stop. Though, natch, this is when Kanye West notices, hears, something bumbling tumbling into the room, a-and—oh fuck—what's this? It's, you bet, an explosive device of some kind and it's beeping are loaded with implications.

"Well," Yeez sez. "Shit."

Kanye West gets to his feet and dives through a back window as best as he can, elbows first, landing hard on the cement outside. He stands and takes off running, in any direction that's far away from this apartment complex, and, just a few seconds later there is a massive explosion, and before Kanye West hops into his car and peels out, he has time to think, *man, I hope there weren't too many people inside*. But there is very little to do beyond this. He heads to a friend's house, unsure what else to do.

Kanye West knocks on Joey Jocanika's door on the East-Side at around five in the fucking morning. Joey is an old friend from Ye's dropout days, though not the album which won't come out for another few years. Literally when he dropped out of school. In case you don't catch the reference, here's some mansplaining for you, you see, Ye has several albums

which have themes which revolve around his time in school, one of which is called *The College Dropout*, and, at the time of this story, is still a good five years from dropping—which, I guess it could be noted is what albums do, and the pun here should greatly be ignored plz.

Anyway, here is Yeezy showing up at some dude's house, who though his name is Joey Jocanika he actually goes by the name Life of Pablo, or just Pabs, for short. Pabs is in the middle of fighting Psycho Mantis.

"Hey Ye," Pabs sez. He doesn't look up from the screen. Mantis is in the middle of reading his save card. The screen goes black and in the top right corner it sez "HIDEO" whatever the hell that means.

"You like roleplaying games," Psycho Mantis sez. "You save a lot."

"What the fuck is this?" Ye sez.

"Spliff?" Ye sez. He passes behind him without looking.

"Thanks," Kanye West sez. He takes the splif and smokes it a bit.

"Say," Pabs sez. "What are you doing here?"

"Someone shot up my place," Kanye West sez.

"Got it," Pabs sez.

"Can I play?" Kanye West sez.

"It's one player," Pabs sez.

"Oh," Kanye West sez.

"Yeah," Pabs sez. "Rad though."

"Yeah," Kanye West sez. He walks around and sits down on the couch. "It looks pretty neat."

“So what’s new with you, dog,” Pabs sez.

“Bro,” Kanye West goz. “A bunch of shit.”

“Well,” Pabs sez. “Lay it on me.”

On the screen chairs and other things are flying about, trying to hit someone in a blue jumpsuit.

“Well for one,” Kanye Sez. “Some mother fucker named Dog the Bounty Hunter and I went and killed a Frankenstein.”

“You mean a Frankenstein monster,” Pabs sez.

“No,” Ye sez. “That’s what I thought, but they just call them Frankensteins.”

“Frankensteins,” Pabs sez.

“Yeah,” Kanye West sez.

“Huh,” Pabs sez.

“Yeah, so anyway,” Kanye West goz. “Me and this bro killed one, and we found this book. Oh shit, the book.” Kanye West ejaculates. He stands up. “I have to go back.”

“Well, alright, man,” Pabs sez. “I’ll be here.”

“Shit,” Ye sez. He leaves.

Kanye West drives back home carefully. Dudes are creeping. So Ye creeps back. Around back. He parks two blocks away and walks back through the mean streets, heading toward his complex, where he finds a bunch of broz in blue and black jumpsuits—well blue or black jumpsuits—and they are standing around smoking, a few with monocles, and this is when he notices that most of them are dripping. In fact, they’re not quite human at all. They seem more like, well, they might be made of mud and moss and shit. It’s unclear. The

only thing that is clear is that these humanoid motherfuckers are the very same motherfuckers which done shot up his house.

As Kanye West sneaks closer, the men in jumpsuits begin sniffing, chuffing, snorting, etc. When the chuff, big chunks of themselves(?) or something similar, clumps of slimy, mossy goop, sluff off and splatter on the cement. It's a nasty business, this chuffing.

Kanye West climbs in through the window he went out of, quickly finds the book, grabs a few records still in tact, his cool kid glasses, and heads out.

Back at Joey Jocanika's place, Pabs has paused the game and is in the middle of microwaving some nachos, and Kanye West brings the book in and sets it down on the counter.

Pabs reaches out with greasy cheese fingers and opens it.

"Seriously" Kanye Wezt goz.

"What?" Pabs sez. "What am I looking at here?"

Pabs is flipping through the pages. "What the Christ is this?" he asks, questioningly and with serious curiosity, not feigned.

"Bro," Kanye West sez. "I don't know. I've been trying to get that open for days now. Well hours, time is passing weirdly," he said weirdly. "Oh man, dude you feel that? There was another shift."

"Sure," Pabs sez.

"It happened again," Kanye West sez.

"Alright now," Pabs sez. "Have a look here now."

Kanye West peers over Pabs shoulder, and what he finds is astonishing and is as follows:

This abstract is brought to you by Pogodyne Incorporated, whom you may remember from other narrative disasters such as: Finding Pynchon and that one about Marcella Hamilton with that guy. In this one, Kanye West and his partner Dog the Bounter Hunter finds themselves involved in another zany mystery, filled with slapsticks and low-wits. In this powerhouse action adventure, buddy-cop-bonanza, there is no respite from hilarity and political intrigue. With cameos aplenty, a trolley chase, and one very live-wire prop comedian, this thing has got it all, friends. You didn't ask for it is, but here it is, in all of its wackness, a novel that interests itself in the real questions: Is Joe Piscopo a vampire? Is Kanye West the secret ruler of the Republican Party? Is a white rapper named Lil Xan the real and true anti-Christ? Hey, who the heck cares?

"An abstract," Kanye West goz. "What the fuck is happening?"

"It gets weirder," Pabs sez. "But it's not what you're expecting. Turn the page, my dude."

"Alright," Kanye West goz.

Kanye West turns the page. He finds the following:

Step one: Stop reading.

Step two: Destroy book.

Step three: seriously, you need to stop reading.

Step four: I mean you, stop reading.

Step five: It's not going to get better from here.

Step six: Why don't you believe me?

Step seven: It's because of the steps isn't it?

Step eight: You think something is hiding here, you think, hey maybe if I keep reading some wonderful wild gem will appear. That deep inside this fucking thing something will appear that will be so lovely and life changing that it will somehow help me understand reality and somehow reward me for reading all the rest of this business.

Step nine: you will not be rewarding for reading this bullshit.

Step ten: nothing about this is a joke.

Step eleven: If this is a joke, the fucking joke is on you.

Step twelve: repeat step one

Step fourteen: repeat step two.

Step fifteen: if the book remains alive, destroy yourself.

“What in the fuck,” Kanye West goz. “What am I looking at here?” Kanye West is looking at the book.

“We’re going to need an expert, man,” Pabs goz.

“You know someone?” Kanye West sez.

“Sure,” Pabs sez. “But after these nachos.”

After these nachos, the boyz head out. They are back in town! They are back in town! And they go down to the university to find their man, only he’s not there, so they go to a local comedy store.

Inside, someone is doing a bit about flying and how bad security is, which, in just a few short months, will no longer land as well, and this man’s impersonation of a plane taking off will have to be scrapped entirely, despite the laughs it used to get. When he walks off stage, another man comes up. This man is also white, like the previous man.

“Hey-ho,” the man says when he walks onstage. “We’ve got a great one for you coming up next. Please slap your dick-beaters together for Mr. Richard Johnson.”

Some mild applause from the audience.

“Thank you, thank you,” Richard Johnson sez. “I hope I’m funny. Thank you.” No one is clapping at this point. “So, you heard the man right, my name is Richard Johnson, which means my parents hate me. I asked them why they didn’t name me after my dad, and my mom told me they had. I said, no Dad’s name is Frank, and she said *yeah, but he’s a dick.*” Richard Johnson pauses for some very mild laughter. “So I’ve got two kids at home, anybody got kids? Yeah, and aren’t they always drawing on stuff? Who boy.”

Booz from the audience.

“Oh, tough crowd tough crowd. So women like to shop, am I right men?”

Booz.

“Oh fuck you,” Richard Johnson sez. “You come up here and do some comedy. It’s hard.”

“Like my dick,” someone sez from the audience, to great applause and laughter.

“Oh fuck it,” Richard Johnson sez. He walks off stage.

“Come on back,” Pabs sez.

He and Kanye are standing on the outskirts of the crowd. The tables, ready to turn at a moment’s notice, one more bad punchline and they’ve had it, lurk out in the darkness.

Pabs and Kanye West sneak past the excitement and behind the stage where a small hallway filled with graffiti leads them to a shitty wooden door. They pass through it. On the inside they find a man with a huge afro of bright orange hair. The man is skinny and wears overalls and a white shirt.

“Hey, Pabs,” the man says.

“Yeez,” Pabs sez. “This is my main bro, Scott Carrot.”

Scott Carrot stands up and extends a hand. “People just call me Carrot Top,” Carrot Top sez.

“Sure,” Kanye West sez.

“Any way,” Pabs sez. “We’ve got this thing for you.”

“Right, right,” Carrot Top sez. “Bring it over.”

“This dude is an expert,” Pabs sez.

“Well,” Carrot Top sez. “Not like completely. I just know how things work because I work with things.”

Kanye West and Pabs both laugh.

Carrot Top is off! He’s racing around the room, pulling props from everywhere.

“How about this!?” Carrot Top sez. He is holding a bunch of what appears to be goo and is chomping at it maniacally.

Kanye West and Pabs find this hysterical.

“Say,” Carrot Top sez. “Could you help me find my glasses!?” He is wearing an oversized pair of glasses on his head.

Kanye West and Pabs puke from laughing.

“Look at here,” Carrot Top sez. He holds up a can of corn. “It’s a new album from that metal band! It’s called creamed!”

Kanye West and Pabs are spewing blood from laughing too hard.

Carrot Top just screamz. "I got! Look at all this!" Carrot Top pukes. He holds up a planting pot that is shaped like an R and has hair all over it. "Have you heard about this!!!! All the kids love it!" Carrot Top is punching holes in walls. "I call it Hairy-Pot-R!"

Kanye West and Pabs die laughing.

"And, this!" Carrot Top sez. "I got! Look!" He pulls a live swan from a drunk and it screams and shits everywhere. "This is Bjork's next dress!"

Kanye West and Pabs come back to life from laughing.

"Wooh," Carrot Top goes. "Alright. Let's take a look at this thing here then." Carrot Top accepts the locked book and opens it up. A light shoots out of it just as that handsome Ted Cruz walks into the room.

"No!" Handsome Ted Cruz sez! But it is too late. He has caught the briefest of glimpses and that beautiful handsome face he's known for is ruined. When he looks at them, his face is droopy and sad, no longer handsome.

"Give me a mirror," he goes.

"Ted, no," Pabs sez.

"Give it to me!" Ted ejaculates.

Carrot Top hands him a prop mirror.

"My career is over!" Ted Cruz sez. He runs out of the room.

"What the hell was that all about?" Kanye West questions, longingly.

"That was Ted Cruz," Carrot Top goes. "The international sex symbol and face model."

"Oh," Kanye West sez.

"Yeah," Carrot Top sez.

“Well,” Kayne West sez.

“Alright, alright,” Pabs sez. “The tension is too much for me. Tell us what we’re looking at here, Carrot.”

“Right, right,” Carrot Top sez. “It seems to be a libre vive,”

“A leeb-bray, vee-vay?” Kanye West sez.

“No,” Carrot Top sez. “A libre vive.”

“That’s what I said,” Yeezy spews.

“Well,” Carrot Top sez.

“What does it mean!?” Pabs sez.

“What it means is this,” Carrot Top sez. “I’ve never actually seen one before. I thought they were just an old wives’ tale.”

“Whose wife?” Pabs goes.

“Like a myth, man,” Kanye West sez.

“Oh,” Pabs sez.

“Yeah,” Carrot Top sez. “So, if what I’ve heard is correct, this is a very big deal, this book you guys got.”

“What do we do with it?” Kanye West sez.

“Oh, don’t worry,” Carrot Top sez. “You’ll know.”

And just like that, the chapter ends.

Chapter 5

In which a guy with several names ponders linear time and we, temporarily perhaps, exist outside of it for fun.

Having just blown some variation on a smoke signal, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, was feeling pretty solid. He was standing out on a hill, looking out at the shit below. Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo was known for

being somewhat unsocial in his time, though, of course, you'll remember, decades later, he'd be heralded as one of the greatest vape-philosophers of our time. Though, of course, if you're living as a human in a normal moment then your perception of existence is based on linear time, which will not at all be helpful in precognitive remembering. This is a natural limitation for which Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterinofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo has given much thought, giving him, as you'll remember or not, the nickname Major Professor Deep Cut McMasMcMer, which eventually was shortened to just The Deep Cut, and sometimes Professor Steamroller. So what are we supposed to do, living in this constraint of linear time, as we all know truly, or at least attempt to know, that everything is occurring at the exact time, which is the reason assholes like Dr. Mr. Superchill are so attracted to utter madness, which is not the disease those cows got, but just absolute fucking chaos of the mad scientist variety, the kind of thing that makes you want to stand up in your fucking chair and clap a bit, even though you're not too sure what exactly, the fuck, is going down. Though of course even a little investigation on your part would be helpful, valued even. So what the hell do we do, think about that for just a second.

But even that measurement of time is worthless. If everything is happening at the same time, that means you're already dead. Consider this. Please notice you are not given a value of time in which you should consider this as that would be counterproductive to this whole investigation. So here's where we are, if linear time is solely a human concept, does that necessarily mean that's everything for us? If we only perceive this due to our limitations does that limit us physically, in the sense that our perceived reality makes up or true reality, or is it, as we know it is, that our perceived reality is a lie and the world that exists outside of the one we perceive exists, is true, yet can never be observed by anything other than a creation of our own, which, leaves Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo to wondering about what this means for us in the, ahem, cough, cough, well the whathappensafer, if you choose, because if you consider it for long enough, you'll realize that if we perceive linear time, but it is not linear, then that means that we never truly exist, we're just fucking around in a practical reality as it exists for us, but in no other sense or actuality, which creates a series of issues for any real philosopher, let alone vape-philosopher, or VP if you prefer, because how could we ever exist if we

wouldn't or won't or is there some larger thing happening that we can't perceive or maybe there is no such thing as death because life really is an illusion we've convinced ourselves into believing, but if that's the case does that, somehow, in anyway, undermine the way we value stuff. Because, well, I mean, don't you like things? I know I do.

This is one of the larger issues that Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo runs up against. How can we, as humans, exist in linear time, understand the possibility of non-linear time, but does that whole thing destroy what time itself means or have we just been misunderstanding it all long? Tough questions indeed, but with enough amber-goo any vape-philosopher can do some damage. The idea that Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA

The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo currently has stuck in his craw, rattling around there, is the notion that, hey what if—well, we get so worked up about the idea of ancient aliens, but what if they weren't ancient, they just helped those old rare humans, a few in our own time even, perceive time non-linearly—could be as simple as a switch or a nice dose of something we haven't figured out yet—and then they're off and running, working on something that will seem familiar in a few hundred decades, but not before. Hey, who's to say? Certainly not Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty

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These are the kind of thoughts that float through Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, or you know, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid

McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo's head as he stands out on this hill, puffing away. Down below, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, or you know, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller,

AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo can see some shapes moving far off, but Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, or of course you know, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo cannot tell what they are. This is truly where Daviddeangelo De

Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo experience in liminal time exists. He considers, for instance, this moment how time can slip from meaning, but he wonders, like, can you ever really escape understanding our time as being linear? It's an important question, because with it comes a great understanding of the unknown. If we are able to get past our own human perceptions of time, then, perhaps, we could exist in continual liminal time. Though, of course,

Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino
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McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-
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AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-
De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or
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AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for
Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo thinks, it's fucking impossible. How could
we ever reach a point where we as humans exist outside of linear time, when—hell just
look when! Even our expectations surrounding our own goals are steeped in linear time,
and heavy-steeped, like some bitter-ass black tea. What the hell is one to do, Daviddeangelo
De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA

Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo wonders. For real though, how could you ever get past this sensation of time existing linearly if we can't even get our own language to exist outside of it. It's a problem, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty

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AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo realizes that another man issue is tense even! Ah fuck it, there's no getting around this one.

Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy

Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo blows some more smoke rings. The float lazily out into the world. Do they ever cease to exist or do they just become so big that we cant imagine them being real anymore? Over in the grass, almost without looking at him, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA

Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo can see a squirrel. The squirrel is somewhat fat. He's gnawing on something, though Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA

Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo can't see what it is. Who's to say, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo figures. A bird swoops by and Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr.

Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo ducks out of habit, though, of course, it's nowhere near where he stands.

Then, after a bit of continuous smoke-blowing, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up

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Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo a bit nervous, honestly, to think that this might not be the way to go about things. Then again, who is anyone, really, to say. There's no way to quantify something like this, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De

Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo thinks. And, this is, of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather

knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo thinking, and never Dr. Mr. Superchill lurking somewhere in deep background, controlling the thoughts of Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater,

AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, because, and rest assured, he would never do that shit. The real question, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo now thinks, is whether or not, if you're willing to do something like this, if the other stuff goes out the window to. Can you argue artistically for comma splices, general misuse, and run-ons? And dear God! Daviddeangelo

De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo thinks, what of intentional typos. For sure, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up

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sense, but rather quite literally, though, if his assumptions about time are correct, then, well does any of it matter? Unclear at the time.

After some white space, the chapter ends.

Chapter 6

Kanye West is back at Pabs's house, having somehow avoided the wrath of Pogodyne's minions. They decide to smoke a bunch of drugs and then open the book again, see what that offers them. Pabs, after rolling and smoking to expertly rolled splifs, is back in the world of Hideo Kojima. He has moved past Psycho Mantis's room and is snaking—you should pardon the pun—down halls sneakily and hiding beneath boxes, as Kanye West goes for number three.

Kanye West hasn't heard anything for Dog The Bounty Hunter since he arrived back in Chi-Town and is admittedly getting nervous. So, he picks up the phone to call the number he has for Dog The Bounty Hunter, only there is no dial tone.

"What the heck?" Kanye West sez.

"What?" Pablo says inquisitively. He looks up from the TV for just a second to see Kanye West standing with his foot propped up on the coffee table, where the cordless phone resides. He has on gold Nikes, and is generally looking pretty cool.

"No ring tone," Kanye West sez.

"Dial tone," Pabs sez. "You mean."

"Whatever, man," Kanye West sez. "Alls I'm saying is I cain't call no one from this bitch."

Pabs frowns. "Bill's paid up," he sez.

"Well," Kanye West sez.

"Well," Pabs sez.

But just then the Pabs explodes into a bunch of fucking bees, which scatter about the room. No they're wasps! Even worse! Dear god, what new type of magic fuckery is this? The

wasps circle and sting and soon are landing on the book, like it's covered in honey and they are bees instead of wasps, and Kanye West goes to pick it up, but they stick out their pointers turning the book into a sort of cactus type situation, which Kanye West is in no position to deal with.

This is when Dog The Bounty Hunter screams in through the window, sending glass a-flying. And what's this now? He has a flame-throwing and he's after those nasty wasps in quick order.

"Get out," Dog The Bounty Hunter is screaming. "Get out!"

Kanye West rolls out the window Dog The Bounty Hunter just rolled in through, coolly.

Dog The Bounty Hunter sets Pabs, or was it ever Pabs at all. Who even is Pabs? Hell we certainly don't know. But, a-an-anyway, Dog The Bounty Hunter has turned Pabs's living room into a hellscape filled with pissed flying flameboys of fury. And there's nothing to be done at this point, but grab the book and skedaddle, which Dog The Bounty Hunter, and quickly, hey.

On the front lawn, Kanye West is panting.

"What the hell," he goes. "Was that?"

"Time-exposed wasp-bomb," Dog The Bounty Hunter sez. "Classic Swamp-Nazi unholy business. You're in deep now, kid."

"In deep?" Kanye West sez. "I didn't sign up for any of this."

"You didn't have to," Dog The Bounty Hunter sez, coolly. "It signed you up." Dog The Bounty Hunter holds the book aloft.

“The book signed me up?” Kanye West sez in a questioning fashion, like two birds staring at each other wondering which one of them is the robot, only neither of them realize they’re both robots, because their sentient AI algorithm has been heuristically programmed using non-paradox enhasing booster rhythms, yes, the very same kind that Professor Donny Dunits Hertzorwizkowski used on his original sentient AI algorithm for that group of trees, which had no idea they were actually robots, you’ll remember, so much like the birds, unable to realize they are robots, even though they are questioning which of the two of them is the robot, not realizing, or making any necessary considerations for the fact that, even to be considering—a-and there Dr. Mr. Superchill goes with those fucking punctuations again—which one is a robot would in fact make them far more than a bird, considering that in reality most birds do not concern themselves with which one of them is a bird, in fact most birds, and you’ll remember this from the study done by Amy O’Brien, Dean Pincilpants, Daneese Perrtymananaskamanananopopolous, et al. which discovered that birds, at least the particular birds in question known as the twin-badger-faced burntlingers were primarily concerned with food and shelter, then occasionally love, though of course there was the study done by Pardner Hinskiy and his badasses which involved taking truckloads of LSD, DMT, and small amounts of Mad-Honey in order to, themselves, become birds and circle the sky, learning what they could, though what their findings demonstrated was that, well, statistically significant evidence demonstrated that all they wanted to do was shit and eat, though there was of course one of the badasses, named Little Tiny Turksy, who became so ill on the Mad-Honey that he had to be hospitalized for his birdness—a-and you’ll most likely remember that shortly after this there was a massive seizure of incoming mad-honey by DEA agents who had no idea what

to do with the shit and found themselves, at a DEA/FBI family picnic shitting and vomiting all over everything, the entire ordeal turning the Bay Area of San Francisco into a nightmare of men with crew cuts in ill-fitting Hawaiian print button-ups vomiting into the ocean, screaming about birds with red-eyes who wanted nothing but to figure out which one of them was the robot, of course this was long before Professor Donny Dunits Hertzorwizkowski ever thought about making the trees which would lead to the bees which led to the birds, which tried to decide which was which, in the same fashion that now Kanye West wanted to know how a book could sign him up for something.

“No,” Dog the Bounty Hunter sez. “It, like, metaphorically.”

“Oh,” Kanye West sez. “So what do we do now?”

“Well,” Dog the Bounty Hunter sez. “We need to figure out how to read the book without getting stuck in it. Then, we can go after the swam-nazis who exploded your friend into wasps.”

“Alright, man,” Kanye West sez. “How do we go about reading it?”

They were standing outside of Pabs’ house, completely ablaze now. Off in the distance, they could hear fire trucks.

“Practice,” Dog the Bounty Hunter sez. “But we’ve got to get the heck out of here. Can’t be standing outside a burn-down house when the cops show up, especially with a can full of gas and a handful of matches.”

Kanye West puls a face, like he is remembering something from the future. What the hell is he doing here? What has he gotten himself into? A few weeks ago he had been a normal dude, living in the city and making beatz, now here he is, an agent of some multi-national conspiracy-fest.

“Come on, Kanye,” Dog the Bounty Hunter sez.

They run off to hop into Dog the Bounty Hunter’s big black SUV and peel off into the night, just as the fire patrol appear from the night and begin their business of combating the flames.

“So here’s what we know,” Dog the Bounty Hunter sez. “In Dallas, or some suburb thereof, there are a group of swamp-nazis.”

“I thought they were swamp-zombies?” Yeezy goes.

“Well, sure,” Dog the Bounty Hunter sez. “In a way. But that’s also just because we couldn’t put Swamp-Nazis in a library catalog.”

“There you go again with that stuff,” Kanye sez. “What they hell do you mean with that stuff, man? I can’t manage all of this business. It’s too much business. Less than a month ago I was just a bro making beatz, now I’m in the middle of this business, and there are Frankensteins, Operatives, That Fuckboy Tom Waits, and a bunch of other shit, plus, oh, a-and of course Swamp-Nazis, people exploding into wasps, some other shit, and now, oh and now, you’re going to tell me some shit about library categories?”

“Just the way it is, Yeezy,” Dog the Bounty Hunter sez.

“Fuck,” Kanye West sez.

He opens the book back up, this time, straight to the center, and finds something particularly peculiar. What he finds is as follows:

Prologue: In which the general idea of the whole thing is introduced in a particularly intriguing and cryptic manner

It was the best of times; it was the blurst of times, and it all started with Dog The Bounty Hunter. If you’re reading this, there is a chance I’m dead, so I want the whole story

to be here probably. Dog and I had become friends during a charity basketball in Dallas, Texas. I don't remember the charity, but I remember the bow he through that broke my nose. It was supposed to be light-hearted, good in front of the cameras, but it turned into an all out war when Fred Durst dunked on Carrot Top. Dog felt bad after the game and bought me a beer. The dude could tell a story, and maybe later I'll share one of them. Anyway, after quite a few of them, we became pretty good buds, and decided to exchange information. Only a few weeks later the towers in New York fell, and I completely forgot about Dog. It wasn't until a few years later, after I had been replaced, that I ran into him at a dive bar in Milwalki where he was working a case and we caught back up. This was, of course, before my run in with Pogodyne and everything that came after, but we'll get to that eventually. For now, you just need to know, this all started with Dog. For years we were friends, staying in touch and catching up when we could, swapping stories. Until, of course, The Event, which is most likely why you're reading this. Before The Event, he started bugging me. He kept asking me about the mystery we had going on, about how I figured it, about what I thought had happened, and all of that kind of business. Of course, I couldn't tell him what I knew, which was that the Swamp-Nazis were back. Who can you tell though? Who would believe such a thing? And I don't mean a bunch of badasses down in Lousiana, I mean the real deal. The same guys who were responsible for MLK and running all of those people out of all of those towns. They were back, and they were pissed. And who was I to do anything about it? Well, for one, I was Kanye West.

Of course, I'm the real Kanye West, not the imposter you know. I'm not the fantastic hip-hop producer slash rapper slash Internet-Celeb, but I am more than a dude who shares

his name. I'm the real one. I'm the one who they replaced in the early 2000s after my mix-tape took off. But that's a story for a different day.

You're probably wondering why I would write this, after so many years have passed, and most people involved have died or completely forgotten. Well, the answer is simple. You deserve to know. You deserve to know what happened that long, hot summer in 2016, before everything started going to shit. You deserve to know where they came from and where they went, and probably who the hell they were. For an entire summer, ghosts had free reign of the world, and you, you just let them into your homes.

I wrote this, because you should still be scared. One chapter is over, but the book is just started.

"What the hell," Kanye West sez. He turns the page to find:

Chapter 1: In which background information is given, Kanye West runs into some asshole named Operative Six, confusion ensues

Let's start off with some background information. I was born in 1973, in Jackpot, Texas. After that I did a bunch of stuff and starting kicking up beats in late 80s, in my teens. I was a big Grand Master fan, and there was just so many things happening with music. I moved out to Chicago in the late 90s and really dug in. I had a few hits in 93 on my unnamed mix-tape, which I quietly called Kayne, and, no, that's not a misspelling. This is about the time I had a run in with a man named Operative Six. He was a big mother fucker, and one night when I was working on beats, he just came up into my fucking house. Let's switch to third for the sake of story-telling here.

Operative Six came in through the backdoor to find Kanye West hunched over an old PC and midi box with headphones on. He was seriously into his beats, jamming along, bim-

bam-bap, hey. And, anyway, here's what happens next, ah fuck we've changed tenses again, well fuck everything, we're just trying to take up space here anyhow, am I right ladies? Besides, we all know Kanye West is just the fake narrator of this thing, well the real Kanye anyway, because the real and true narrator is, and always has been Dr. Mr. Super Chill! A- and anyway, here goes this one.

Operative Six is closing in on Kanye, who's still at it, now trying to come up with some rhyme for *honkey*. Operative Six, who looks like someone stuffed an all black jogging outfit with a bunch of potatoes and flour, lifts Ye's headphones off his head.

Kanye turns around in full attack mode and blaps him several times, hard, though, for whatever reason, none of the blows are taking, and now, Operative Six is all pissed and redfaced, ready to rumble and not taking no for answers, as he throws Kanye across the room, taking out a small Roland drumset in the corner, which plays a few cymbal crashes on the monitors somewhere. A-and, what's this, but Kanye is up and at'em with two marching sticks, thick as tube socks, swinging them around like meats on a string.

"Ey, yo," Kanye sez, and he starts coming in hot, swinging those sticks like some kind of dope-fiend, hardset on murderin'.

"Ey, yo," Operative Six sez. And he puts up his dukes. "I'm here with an offer."

"Offer this, Jellybean," Kanye sez.

"I'd prefer not to," Operative Six sez, in a manner that takes up as much physical space as possible on the page, hey.

But it's too late, because here comez Kanye, all bows and blows, swinging those drumsticks, which have turned into whirling blender bladz and speedz unknown to any human. Too fast! Because now, Kanye is taking off into the air, unable to control himself any

more than to give a try at saying something, but this is complete nonsense, like what in the hell is anything even, hey. You're all, acting like this is a real thing, but here the thing is wanting to be anything but, and how are you—ever—to really grab ahold of something that refuses to be anything but what it is, which is constantly changing, shifting out of shape, ignoring all sense of decency and, well, any sort of existing as a thing that has a constant narrator, because clearly it's no longer Dr. Mr. Super Chill, so who is this new mother fucker who has taken over this goddamn thing, leaving us with what, but nothing after some uncontrollable new sexy hotness.

NEW HOTNESS! You exclaim in all caps, how about some fucking grammar, then how about it? But, nah, because there's no time for revisionary tactics here, friends, no, we are lost amid a sea of madness which, when left unattended and unchecked (and balanced) all that could possibly remain is the certain assurance that we are only in the universe, if there is such a thing, the sole property of, of, of, of our own destinies both true and imagined, and say what's the difference anyway, because you asked for this goddamned thing, you pulled someone aside and said 'hey your shit is shit,' and not THE shit, which is the key difference, that mother fucking article the always necessary how about it, so what did you expect, but to find Kanye West, the real one never mind it, flying through the air, using marching sticks to combat some asshole named Operative Six, because, and remember there's nothing wrong with a run-on if it's art and you call attention to it, that John Darnell (is that how you spell it, NO TIME TO CHECK, ASSHOLZ!) once said 'if you punish someone for dreaming their dream, don't ask them to thank or forgive you,' so, in other words—ahem—you asked for it, and you got it, here it is, friends, pure unchecked badassery,

screaming at your brainz from 44,000 mph and back again through time, where we find Kanye West, now coming down into his own.

A-and here is Operative Six, just maddoggin' him. He's ready.

Kanye comes at him, but Operative Six makes short work of him, and goes to brew a cup of tea while Kanye sleeps it all off.

While Operative Six steeps two bags of Oolong, he walks around the small Chi-Town apartment, which is like any apartment you've ever seen, and could easily be somewhere else. There is a small kitchen, which is essentially just a stove and a microwave and a refrigerator in an alcove of a living room, which is furnished with a shitty black leather couch and no TV. But there is a pretty nice glass table. It's one of those solid 1990s numbers that has a tinge of green to it, but you're not sure how they got all that in there—this is the glass part, of course, the table itself is wrought iron. Operative Six sits on the couch and drinks his tea, with a touch of agave, which he pulls from a Velcro pouch on his tac-vest.

About halfway through his tea, Kanye snores to life, ripping, tearing, and ready to rock, drool everywhere, taking blind swings like a lemon without a waistline.

Operative Six crosses his legs, watches, gives him the face.

"Alright," Kanye sez. "Who are you, and why are you here?"

Operative Six raises his eyebrows, takes a sip of tea. "Glad you finally asks," he sez. "Would you like some tea?"

"Nah," Kanye sez. Kanye disappears into a backroom and comes out with a black, wooden box with a skull and crossed bones on it in white. Oh, a-and, this is probably a goodtime to describe this motherfucker, how about it? So, this whole time, you've probably been imagining Kanye West as you know him now, a medium height dude who shows up

late and doesn't stay long, and while he's there he doesn't talk to anyone, but you're happy to have him, because he totally gets it crackin', however that's not what the first Kanye looks like. Kanye West, some of his plaques still say Kayne, on the other hand is tall and skinny. He's got more of a Lakeith Standfield—huge fan by the way—thing happening than a, well than a Kanye West, but still a bit taller than that. He clocks in at 6'2, but he doesn't weigh more than about 190.

Operative Six, on the other hand, looks like he stepped out of an action hero badass mold. He's all muscle, not a spec of hair, heck, even his eyebrows are shaved off, which leave him looking very unsettling.

"My name is Operative Six," Operative Six sez. "And I'm part of an organization that wishes to, at this moment in time, remain anonymous. This organization would like to offer you a large sum of money, to let someone else be you."

"Excuse me?"

"Okay, look," Operative Six sez. "Do you have a beer or something."

Kanye shrugs. He goes to the fridge and pulls out two Magnums, hands one over.

"Thanks," Operative Six sez. He opens it and makes pretty short work of it. "You're going to want the other one, man," Operative Six says. "And, look, I feel like I should level with you. I didn't used to look this fucked up. I know I'm monster-looking. I know I don't look normal. No eyebrows? Hell is this dude thinking, you're thinking probably. Well that's just the style right now for the Os. Anyway, used to I was called Toby Keith, but—"

"Wait," Kanye sez "Toby Keith? Like the country singer?"

"Do you ever look at that son of a bitch and think," sez Operative Six, "that he looks a bit too much like some motherfucker named Toby Keith?"

“Actually,” Kanye sez. “A bit.”

“See,” Operative Six sez.

“Okay, wait,” Kanye sez. “Lay this out for me here a bit.”

“This organization, which you’ll learn the name of, if you sign on, is in the business. They will tell you there is only one business, the making money business. All other businesses fall into this category. Mostly, they take up-and-coming celebrities, before they get famous, and do a *reimagining*, which is replacing them with someone they can control, someone whose image they can manage, and someone who looks a bit more like they would have that name.”

“Why not just replace them with robots,” Kanye sez.

“We don’t have the technology yet,” Operative Six goes. “But don’t think it ain’t coming.” He reaches out and sipz some tea.

“Why the hell would I do that?” Kanye West says.

“Well,” Operative Six sez. “For one, if you don’t, I have to kill you, so you don’t reach a level of fame they can’t control, and two, it comes with some pretty decent benefits. You just get to exist. They pay for all of your business. Whatever you need. All you have to do is stay in the background, and, well, you know, not become famous.”

“And if I don’t agree, you’ll kill me.”

“That’s correct.”

“Well,” Kanye West sez. “You don’t leave a dude with a lot of options, do you?”

“That’s the point,” Operative Six sez.

“I figure,” Kanye West sez. He finally opens the Magnum and gives it a gulp or too. It’s really not so bad, and it works, so, so, so well.

It's probably important to note here that, it is March 2001 right now, in this present, and all across the world, people are finding themselves finding themselves on the Internet in some fashion or another, asking A/S/L, typing sexual acts between asterics and masturbating constantly. In addition to all of this, something is lurking deep and dark beneath the bowels of the earth, just beyond the crust, resting on the loins of the fiery depths of the molten core, where, Beanie Babies haven completely taken over POGs, parents wait outside of Cracker Barrels for them to open, hoping to find Twinkie or Winkie or that one bull that is all red, whose secret name is not Tabasco, leading one to wonder just how in the fuck they got away with that without a TradeMark lawsuits. And, did you hear the one about the two swinging wives who were both married to dudes named Mark? Anyway, the point is that the universe is shifting, the delicate balance of power, constantly in flux, is now curving in a specific direction, that is, toward the unknown, where monsters still lurk and magic is real and alive. Also, a small group of aliens, known as The Galactic Five—yes based on the TV show of the same name—has formed a jazz quartet, and let's not go into the logistics of that name and combo combo.

It's easy and important to also note that a man named Jeffrey Jacobs is currently driving a Lincoln Mark VI straight through that one lone highway in Nevada, hoping to catch a starride to the heavens, but will only run into local authorities—or a group of well-dressed men wearing sunglasses at night pretending to be such—in jeeps and white Ford Broncos—oh, oh, oh, and don't you just know there's a connection to be made there, considering that A.C. Cowlings never knew how to drive a stick—a-and The Juice's wasn't even, hey!—but here we are, or where are we, back with Jeffrey Jacobs, and no that's not a typo, but that's the only time we'll spell his name that way, because otherwise we'll

summon him here, a party trick with which you do not want to involve yourself. The rough-neck authorities will take our mutual associate Jeff to a holding cell somewhere deep under the ground, where hackers clack away into the night, hoping, but never optaining, to discover just what, exactly, it is that Pogodyne is up to, or what, even they are. A-and, Christ, who the hell knows exactly.

The point is that you asked for something, and you're getting it, right now, here it is. The full unadulterated madness of the friendless fingers, finding fruth. Or truth, if you prefer the original spelling. But how are we to know that any of this matters or is even important, because, dear God, I'm certainly certain that many of the inhabitants hope you never find this manifesto, and, well, given the way copyright laws work, with one push of a, well, back to those fingers again, button, we could easily be blasted off into space, ready and willing, primed even, to waste more of your fucking time. But there are some gems in here, gems made for the finding, the only question being how much other bullshit are you willing to put up? However, in reality, even without explanation, isn't that always the truth, the general capital F truth?

Anyway, by this point Kanye has signed the piece of paper and Operative Six informs him that he will get a pamphlet in the mail soonish. It is about then that the door burst open and That Fuckboy Tom Waits runs in panting.

"Six," he sez. "Sorry, I got held up."

Operative Six sighs, makes a face like 'this fucking motherfucker.' "Ye," he sez. "This is That Fuckboy Tom Waits."

That Fuckboy Tom Waits nods excitedly. "That's my codename."

"But," Kanye West Sez. "You're Tom Waits."

“Well, right,” That Fuckboy Tom Waits sez. “That’s the goddamned beauty of it.”

“Time out,” Kanye West sez. “How did you wind up in this mess if you are yourself?”

“Honestly,” That Fuckboy Tom Waits sez. “It’s kind of a weird story. You see, originally, this whole business was just supposed to be a version of Dracula, which, I’m sure you’ve seen. I was going to play myself, Scott Baio was in it. So was Carrot Top actual. And—well—anyway, during the filling out of forms, Dr. Mr. Super Chill realized that there were some potential issues with signatures involved. You see, on one of the documents, a human would have been required to sign off regarding an issue of plagiarism, and while Dracula is totally public domain, Dr. Mr. Super Chill, in one of his rare moments of unchill, considered this might be a negative situation to put someone into. Thusly he decided to reevaluate. And here we are.”

“Wait,” Yeezy sez. “That doesn’t. Does anyone else smell paint?”

“Huh,” That Fuckboy Tom Waits sez.

“This isn’t worth your time,” Operative Six sez.

“No,” Kanye sez. “First, if what homeboy here is saying is true, we’ve got all the time in the goddamned world. And B, he still didn’t answer my question. He just plugged his movie.”

“Actually,” Operative Six sez. “He did answer your question. The reason he’s here, is because the organization whose name you will know shortly got to him too late. Life David Foster Wallace, they figured, hey, this guy will never make it.”

“Sure sure sure,” Kanye goes. “I got that part. What I’m wanting to know is why he’s here. Like why his homeboy in my house?”

“It’s pretty simple really,” That Fuckboy Tom Waits sez. “I’m here because I am.”

“Goddamnit,” Kanye sez. “Y’all get out of my house.”

Operative Six throws down a smoke bomb and heads out through the front door.

When the smoke clears, That Fuckboy Tom Waits is still on the couch. Nodding.

“That’s you too, brotha,” Kanye West sez.

“Right,” That Fuckboy Tom Waits sez. He creeps out.

“Fuck,” Kanye West sez.

The chapter ends.

“Are you alright back there,” Dog the Bounty Hunter sez to Kanye West, whose eyes have rolled into the back of his head, and his nose his bleeding. On the next page, Kanye West finds the following:

Chapter 2: In which Dr. Mr. Superchill rears his nasty head, Kanye West meets Dog the Bounty Hunter, and we are all Salmon Rushdie

The way chapter 2 starts off is like this: it’s been a few days since Operative Six was by and Kanye has sort of chalked the whole thing up to a strange dream. He has gone back to making beats. Though, one day he checks the mail and in it, among bills aplenty, finds a large folder. Inside, naturally, he finds an assignment. For his first gig, he has been assigned Dog the Bounty Hunter as a partner. So, of course, he throws the thing in the garbage and goes back to beats. The one he has going right now, goes like this:

Boom-dada-boom-baboomboom, boom-dada-boom-baboomboom, etc. This is followed by a sample from *Truth or Dare* the old Madonna documentary, where Warren Beatty is talking a bunch of shit. The beat drops in hard when he says *What’s wrong with you* for the fifth time and goes real hard for a few seconds, then Kanye comes in, talking about the current state of Chi-town, the republican party, eventually making a reference to

that fuckboy Tom Waits, but not as That Fuckboy Tom Waits, just Tom Waits, but calling attention to the fact that he is a fuckboy. The original track has a few lines regarding David Foster Wallace, but these get pulled. This, of course, is not a typo.

Though, after a bit, the door blows in and in comes none other but whom Operative Six, all ready and rearing, punching and kicking into Kanye's few valuables, pissed as hell.

"Hey, man, this is a private residence," Kanye sez, but it's too late.

"What in the good fuck are you still doing here," Operative Six spews.

"Making beats," Kanye sez.

Operative Six walks over and picks Kanye up by his lapel. "You need to get moving," he sez. "Pogodyne doesn't fuck around."

"Pogodyne?" Kanye sez.

"Did you even read the pamphlet?"

Kanye shrugs. "I glanced at it."

Operative Six shakes his head. "Alright, man, here's how it goes." And this is when he proceeds to tell him about Pogodyne, the megacryptoconglomerate, which owns and operates most scenes behind the scenes. They are the original and only puppet master, in control of so many subsidiaries that it would blow your mind to simply mention a few—not the least of which is Fox news, but also CNN, because, Pogodyne doesn't fuck around when it comes to power, or for making money for that matter. They are so powerful and have their money spread so deeply, that they're not actually breaking any monopoly laws, as they still allow for free autonomous companies to act singularly and in competition with their others—a fairly brilliant strategy if you consider it for a moment or two here now.

Anyway, Kanye is slightly more woke now, and he goes to his closet and puts on his cool clothes and heads out. Operative Six has booked him a flight on the first one to Dallas, which is a short one. Though, Yeezy, in times of silence between the tracks, finds himself wondering just what in the hell he's doing, though, of course, he's a part of something now and there is no coming back, no returning order, as, well, this is, of course, his new home, in the chaotic knowing society of—well—of something, though he's not exactly sure what at this moment.

Kanye West scrolls through his phone and finds a curious BuzzFeed article entitled: THE 28 TIMES THIS YEAR WE WERE ALL SALMON RUSHDIE. It is as follows.

1. That time you fell down the stairs, but no one saw
2. That time you ripped your jeans
3. That time you tried your hand at stand-up
4. That time your dog slept in your lap, and you were like, what is this little, tiny, marvelous creature, hey?
5. That time you spent an entire evening sober, trying to imagine what it was like to not be born yet.
6. That brief stint when you considered M-Thoery, then realized you were too stupid to truly understand how math worked.
7. That time you tried your hand at poetry, and wrote an entire thing about the time Shakespeare wrote that thing, thinking it was somehow meta and cute, but it wasn't you fucking awful trashbag human.
8. That time your dog slept in your lap and he was in the way but still cute.
9. That time you gave up punctuation after reading a Cormac McCarthy novel.

10. That time Cormac McCarthy was always racist.

11. That time you got really into smoothies for a year.

12. That time you fell down the stairs and everyone saw.

13. That time you were working on a project and started freaking out a bit, because it looks like the text was floating off to the right, but then, of course, that couldn't actually be true, and even if it was you know the truth which was

14. That time you understand that Dr. Mr. Superchil was in control, that no matter what Dr. Mr Superchill was in complete and total control, even when he wasn't, what a crazy fucker.

15. That time you met that dude at a Starbucks who said he was super into hiphop, you could tell he spelled Questlove's name like Questlove.

16. That time you and Salmon Rushdie both reached for the same copy of *Space Jam*—for studying purposes, for something you were working on—and you wound up wishing for each other's lives, and, for a few days, until you figured out how to reverse it, you actually were Salmon Rushdie.

17. That time you were Salmon Rushdie and everyone kept calling you Salmon, not Salmon.

18. Like the fish.

19. That time you were told that your work wasn't commercial by an organization you had trusted with your whole heart, with all of your sweat, both metaphorically and literally, an organization you gave up so much for, an organization for which you gave away more than four years of your life, and you tried so hard to produce something they could be proud of, and you worked so hard, and sacrificed more than they could ever know, went

into debt, gave up eating well, taking care of yourself, gave up all of your free-time for four years—and possibly more, who’s to say from this vantage—and you took jobs you didn’t want, lived away from the love of your wife, separated your children for the sake of ease, did I mention went super into fucking debt, watched your father die while you were in another state, barely had time to leave to bury him, and had even less time to catch back up after, because it was at the beginning of the goddamned semester, stopped going fucking anywhere, stopped watching movies, stopped reading books, stopped using Facebook—for real—dealt with countless panic attacks for leaving your dogs alone during storms, but you had to, because you had to go to work, or because you had to teach, or because you had to meet with some mother fucker, pushed yourself to the breaking point then pushed past it and kept going, made your life a miserable robotic creation where all you could ever accomplish was the one goal, for the one organization, that one organization for which you had sacrificed so much and worked so hard, did we mention gone majorly into debt while working, because they paid you fucking nothing and then pretending that it was enough to life on, even though, when you counted up all the fees with the ‘free stuff,’ and then the cost of insurance, which was fucking ridiculous and awful, but better than nothing while you were starving to death on blue-box mac and cheese, living far away from everyone you ever loved, until you met new people to love of course, and more importantly losing all this time, taking away everything, thinking, well, hey now, it will be worth it in the long run, looking down at your kid’s eyes and seeing them fill with liquid and promising her that one day it would be good, that one day it would be fine, be better, be great, be perfect, but knowing she only had a few years left, and knowing that you were spending them all working toward something, only to find out this organization didn’t take you seriously, hadn’t, in

you cannot do: this. They seriously said out of all of the things you can do in the world, don't do this one thing you've chosen to do after we told you it was totally cool. They said the world doesn't need you. They said you're worthless. So you settled down and figured fuck it okay it's all trash, but then you figured, no, no, no, no there are other things to do, other ways to manage this, so you worked on those for a while, but then it turned out that these too were not allowed, so you started working on something for them, specifically for them, specifically for them, specifically for you, just so you know now, this is for you, this is only for you, no one else will ever see this, because this is just for you, so you can know that no one fucks with Dr. Mr. Superchill, and he's happy to fuck around and waste some time because this thing that you told him he's not allowed to do means more to him than anything in the world, and just like John Darnielle said and was previously quoted, if you punish someone for dreaming their dreams, don't ask them to thank or forgive you, so here you go, here you go, here we go, here you go. Here you go.

20. That time you tried to write a book about Kanye West, but even that wasn't okay for fuck's sake.

21. That other time you fell down some stairs and everyone saw.

22. That time lists were awesome.

23. That time you figured you should make more use of whitespace

24. That time we were all Salmon Rushdie

25. That time you considered what a waste of time might look like, but couldn't quite make up your mind.

26. That time you got a job at Starbucks

27. That time you thought, I could do this.

28. That time you knew, I could do this.

The plane lands, and Kanye West heads out into the city of Dallas.

After some whitespace, Kanye West has checked into his hotel and is awaiting the arrival of Dog The Bounty Hunter. Dog The Bounty Hunter is supposed to meet him at this one bar. It's called The Slip In, which is where Kanye finds himself, on the inside of a dark submarine, listening to some mean grooves from some asshole named Dr. Creep. Right now it's a mashup of some oldschool *Grand Master Flash* playing a backdrop for some slightly oldish *Childish Gambino*, with a little bit of, hey what's that, *Black Sabbath*?

After some more whitespace, Dog The Bounty Hunter appears from the bathroom, which is in the back, and is surprising because Kanye West never saw him go past.

"Hey, brother," Dog The Bounty Hunter sez.

"Hey," Kanye West sez. He's already on his third Long Island and is feeling pretty okay.

"Alright, brother," Dog The Bounty Hunter sez. "Here's the score. We got us a broham. He's going around talking about he's a Frankenstein. We're gonna go have a chat with them, see what's what, then manage it."

"A Frankenstein," Kanye West says.

"You know," Dog The Bounty Hunter sez. "Like that guy from the books. Hates fire and all that."

"Frankenstein's monster?" Kanye West sez.

“What?” Dog The Bounty Hunter sez.

“Never mind,” Kanye goez. “Let’s just do it.”

“Right-o,” Dog The Bounty Hunter sez.

So after some more whitespace, they head over to where this motherfucker is living, and it turns out, he actually is a Frankenstein, so they kill him the way everyone knows you go about killing Frankensteins. It’s what they find there, however, that frightens them. There is a decent deal of correspondence from someone referring to himself as J. Alois Hitler Jr. who has been sending the Frankenstein recruitment pamphlets for something that looks a bit like Neo-Nazism and a bit like some fucked up thing out of a nightmare Stanley Kurbick had, and we know that the syntax back there sucks, but fuck it. This is a story, goddamnit.— There’s also a part of Dr. Mr. Superchill who’s just straight challing here. He knows the score, contemplates continually if this is a waste of time, but there’s also this other part who thinks maybe this vomit will do some good. If you concentrate hard enough, anything can be worth the time.

So, they gather up all of the letters quick as you’d like, a-and, but what’s this, suddenly shit is flying around the room like a ghost is picking shit up and throwing it around the room.

“Hey, what the Christ?” Kanye West says, which sends Dog The Bounty Hunter off into a praying spree, making up for Mr. West’s potty-mouth.

Dog The Bounty Hunter is prostrate, kicking his big boots in the air, saying something about Jesus Christ amen.

But things are really cooking up now, literally, some water is boiling on a stove, the oven is preheating for something, a large amount of weird-shit is transpiring, to no one's, but the narrator's, hey—and even then—understanding.

Dog The Bounty Hunter and Kanye West decide to get out of this madhouse lickity split, leaving the dead body of the Frankenstein at his kitchen table, looking like he was about to have some cereal and just sort of croaked over, but not before Kanye West snagged a rather suspicious looking book bound in human flesh and took it with him. Though, of course, it could have easily been a human flesh facsimile.

So Kanye West and Dog The Bounty Hunter hop into the car and speed off into the night, Dog The Bounty Hunter all the while wanting to know just what the h-e-c-k was going on back there, to which, Yeezy, of course, has no real answer based on their current reality. The book has a lock on it, but alas, no key in sight, so Kanye West has set about to banging it on things in the car, which does NOT make Dog The Bounty Hunter happy.

“Hey, stop that,” Dog The Bounty Hunter sez.

“Hey, stop that,” Dog The Bounty Hunter sez, but it's too late. Kanye is experiencing something, he must catch up now. On the next page he finds:

Chapter 3: *In which we are introduced to Mararmarisiamos
Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick, reality is considered*

There comes a time in every man's life when he must ask himself how much he's willing to give up for something or how much shit he's willing to put up with or really what he's willing to ask himself about his own existence and how deep he's willing to go, and whether or not, in the long run, if it would be allowed or work at all, or if what he found there would be okay, or if what people would do if fucking you didn't do the thing you were

supposed to do and after having considered this for a long time Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick decided to reevaluate her entire situation, having, for a very long time, believed in the reality of doing things the way you were supposed to do them, which was, ahem, not at all the way in which Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick preferred to do things, because she had gained a new sort of consciousness after decades of meditation, and after meeting a helpful man on a golf course who claimed to be the ghost of some old white asshole, but really was something else entirely, perhaps God himself on a fucking furlough of some sort, thinking, sure, but okay yes, what kind of goddamned nonsense was this, but if you give into it, if you really push in, dig the heels and feels, let the fingers do as they wish and just fucking squirt everywhere, everything should be just fucking fine, because there are those who will tell you that things are other things, like run-ons, comma splices, fragments, not real names, but the reality is that those people can only make so many decisions for you, and given the situation fo the other situations of situations they don't have any say in such a thing as the thing in which is the thing that you're currently thinking about, because—a-and even if the fucking did!—then it would require a whole other amount of things for everyone to be involved with, and then where the fuck would Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick be with all of her business question mark. The real goal here is to fit Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick's entire name on a single line, and there we fucking go, organically in the first try, just the way that Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick's life went after she met the Baggy Vance mother fucker on the golf course and started meditating until her fucking fingers turned blue and fell off, but, well, then again, that could have just been all

the fucking colloidal silver she was taking, as, who, at last point, she had been told and what the hell, but if you think about it long enough you'll realize that all of the gods of yore have come back to roost in some fashion, and there's no way taking enough of that stuff will actually keep you from getting cancer or getting sick or whatever, but thus far, it's honestly worked pretty well for Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick, minus, you know, the whole two fingers falling off thing, but these are the fingers she doesn't need that much, hey. I mean, how often do you *really* use your ring fingers? No one wants their last name to be Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick, and you better believe that Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick is hyphenating that shit—hey look that's four organic scores in a row, and it seemed so hard to begin with, but here we are, riding this wave of whateverthefuck it is all the way up into Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick's kitchen, where she is drinking an entire bottle of colloidal silver. When she turns around we see she really is some shade of blue. She doesn't look like a Smurf or nothing, she just has a shade to her.

Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick is sitting on a stool, looking fine. She's reading Marlon Brando's autobiography. She's right at the part where Brando eats an entire pint of ice cream, then pukes up it, and it comes up pink rather than white, but he's got a date with a married woman in a few minutes, so he brushes his teeth and heads out. By the time he gets there, he passes out, basically in the poor woman's entryway, and she takes him to the hospital, where it turns out he has a tear in his esophageal lining. A rough one, to say the least, but not necessarily a true one, Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick thinks. The real curiosity here is the manner in which Brando started crafting himself early on, but was it out of a

fear, Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick wonders, or was it out of a certain natural desire to perform and be awesome. This is something everyone, probably in a position like this, will have to ask themselves at some point, but Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick figures that it's probably the latter, that Brando was a natural performer and saw the value in being somewhat wildly mysterious. The point being, if you're somewhere in the future reading this fucking thing, remember Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick as she was. Don't think about Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick in a situation like you may currently find her. This is a personal record and was never ended to be for sale, but you fucking vultures! You came after it didn't you?

And here they come. The giant birds swooping down and pecking at Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick's kitchen windows. She squaks a bit, honestly, and ducks, throws the book at the window, but the birds will not be frightened away. They want to know what's inside of her, they want to know how she got here, they want to know what her hopes and dreams are, they want to eat them and leave nothing left. Somehow they will turn a profit, goddamnit! Somehow they will leave her alive, alive but drained of whatever it was that flowed inside of her. But Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick is *not* going out without a hell of a fight.

Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick grabs the blow-torch she used to use before she got sick to make crème brule with, and, as the birds shatter the windows and come in, searching for anything to take that might be worth something or tasty, she lights them the fuck up. Soon enough, giant birds are flapping around her beautiful home, setting everything on fire, and Mararmarisiamos

Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick pours herself a goddamn whisky, because fuck it, if her liver is going to shut down, let it be today.

You'll remember Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick of course as the wonderful young artist who went to school with Aliza Sharkut, the artist who, in her early twenties really redefined what it meant to 'paint.' And, anyway, by the time she hit 40 and got diagnosed with all of the bullshit, she was tired and someone dug up her phd thesis, which was a bit of gag, but she went 10 days without sleep to make the gag, so— who's to say at the end of the day, really, what's a gag and what's some kind of commentary, though you know where Dr. Mr. Superchill stands, that mean mother fucker would tell you if it's not entertaining who gives a fuck and certainly this well, up to you I supposed—but anyway, Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick sat in front of a camera wide awake and naked, occasionally masturbating, sometimes eating, but that's about it, for ten days straight. Once every twelve hours a doctor would check on her, and after the first 36, he started telling her to go to sleep, but she would look at the camera and smile with that big mouth of hers, all teeth and nothing else, like she was ready to gobble up the entire fucking world if given the opportunity. And hadn't she, in the early 2000s, really? But anyway, before all of that, she sat in front of a camera, which recorded to a local drive and a big old massive memory bank—not that big because she filmed in standard, still, after all, a woman who liked to look sexy and not completely and utterly shit exhausted—and this is what she turned, because, after all, who the fuck was someone else to tell the artist what was and what was not art? Certainly, well, who the fuck knew actually.

A-and on the next page:

Chapter 4: *In which Kanye West and friend seek an expert, discover the meaning of books, and general waste some time.*

Kanye West is back at the hotel with his souvenir, having, at Dog the Bounty Hunter's request, mailed off all of the materials, except for this tasty morsel, back to Pogodyne headquarters in Schelpton, Arkansas. He still can't get the son of a bitch open. It's got some hell of a lock on it. He's been youtubing, but can't find this particular model, has come to the conclusion, in fact, that it may very well be a custom job, which Yeezy had no idea how to manage. Hell with it, he figures. He puts it in his suitcase, and forgets about it for now.

Why in the hell had he been brought out for this. They hadn't needed him. Dog the Bounty Hunter had been completely in control of the situation, and in no way had Kanye helped out, like at all.

Just then, something slid under his door. Kanye West stood up and went to find an envelope. Inside was a plan ticket back to Chicago. So that was it. It was over.

Kanye West flew back to Chi-town and started making beats again. He felt like life was a lot like making beats. It's about having an understand of how music works. It's understanding the natural timing of things, ending at just the right moment, so it feels like there is more, that the song could fo on forever, but it won't it can't because there's another one coming up and you have to make room, so, instead, what you do, is end the song at the exact moment is feels like it should keep going, but also where it feels complete, the same way you put your best song first on the album, but the second one is better than the first, and the last is better than all of the other tracks. Everyone knows this. But it was all about timing.

So when Kanye West was several joints deep and had decided to lay down on his floor to meditate, it worked out perfectly that this was when the bullets started flying.

A drive by! or at least this was Ye's first assumption. But what local did he know who could pack this kind of wallop? Everything in his ground floor apartment was fucking disintegrating, vaporizing, returning to their original particles. Chairs are torn apart, couch stuffing flies like flies. Everything is utter chaos, and how could it not be, existing, of course, in it's natural state. But eventually the bullets stop. Though, natch, this is when Kanye West notices, hears, something bumbling tumbling into the room, a-and—oh fuck—what's this? It's, you bet, an explosive device of some kind and it's beeping are loaded with implications.

“Well,” Yeez sez. “Shit.”

Kanye West gets to his feet and dives through a back window as best as he can, elbows first, landing hard on the cement outside. He stands and takes off running, in any direction that's far away from this apartment complex, and, just a few seconds later there is a massive explosion, and before Kanye West hops into his car and peels out, he has time to think, *man, I hope there weren't too many people inside*. But there is very little to do beyond this. He heads to a friend's house, unsure what else to do.

Kanye West knocks on Joey Jocanika's door on the East-Side at around five in the fucking morning. Joey is an old friend from Ye's dropout days, though not the album which won't come out for another few years. Literally when he dropped out of school. In case you don't catch the reference, here's some mansplaining for you, you see, Ye has several albums which have themes which revolve around his time in school, one of which is called *The College Dropout*, and, at the time of this story, is still a good five years from dropping—

which, I guess it could be noted is what albums do, and the pun here should greatly be ignored plz.

Anyway, here is Yeezy showing up at some dude's house, who though his name is Joey Jocanika he actually goes by the name Life of Pablo, or just Pabs, for short. Pabs is in the middle of fighting Psycho Mantis.

"Hey Ye," Pabs sez. He doesn't look up from the screen. Mantis is in the middle of reading his save card. The screen goes black and in the top right corner it sez "HIDEO" whatever the hell that means.

"You like roleplaying games," Psycho Mantis sez. "You save a lot."

"What the fuck is this?" Ye sez.

"Spliff?" Ye sez. He passes behind him without looking.

"Thanks," Kanye West sez. He takes the splif and smokes it a bit.

"Say," Pabs sez. "What are you doing here?"

"Someone shot up my place," Kanye West sez.

"Got it," Pabs sez.

"Can I play?" Kanye West sez.

"It's one player," Pabs sez.

"Oh," Kanye West sez.

"Yeah," Pabs sez. "Rad though."

"Yeah," Kanye West sez. He walks around and sits down on the couch. "It looks pretty neat."

"So what's new with you, dog," Pabs sez.

"Bro," Kanye West goz. "A bunch of shit."

“Well,” Pabs sez. “Lay it on me.”

On the screen chairs and other things are flying about, trying to hit someone in a blue jumpsuit.

“Well for one,” Kanye Sez. “Some mother fucker named Dog the Bounty Hunter and I went and killed a Frankenstein.”

“You mean a Frankenstein monster,” Pabs sez.

“No,” Ye sez. “That’s what I thought, but they just call them Frankensteins.”

“Frankensteins,” Pabs sez.

“Yeah,” Kanye West sez.

“Huh,” Pabs sez.

“Yeah, so anyway,” Kanye West goz. “Me and this bro killed one, and we found this book. Oh shit, the book.” Kanye West ejaculates. He stands up. “I have to go back.”

“Well, alright, man,” Pabs sez. “I’ll be here.”

“Shit,” Ye sez. He leaves.

Kanye West drives back home carefully. Dudes are creeping. So Ye creeps back. Around back. He parks two blocks away and walks back through the mean streets, heading toward his complex, where he finds a bunch of broz in blue and black jumpsuits—well blue or black jumpsuits—and they are standing around smoking, a few with monocles, and this is when he notices that most of them are dripping. In fact, they’re not quite human at all. They seem more like, well, they might be made of mud and moss and shit. It’s unclear. The only thing that is clear is that these humanoid motherfuckers are the very same motherfuckers which done shot up his house.

As Kanye West sneaks closer, the men in jumpsuits begin sniffing, chuffing, snorting, etc. When the chuff, big chunks of themselves(?) or something similar, clumps of slimy, mossy goop, sluff off and splatter on the cement. It's a nasty business, this chuffing.

Kanye West climbs in through the window he went out of, quickly finds the book, grabs a few records still in tact, his cool kid glasses, and heads out.

Back at Joey Jocanika's place, Pabs has paused the game and is in the middle of microwaving some nachos, and Kanye West brings the book in and sets it down on the counter.

Pabs reaches out with greasy cheese fingers and opens it.

"Seriously" Kanye Wezt goz.

"What?" Pabs sez. "What am I looking at here?"

Pabs is flipping through the pages. "What the Christ is this?" he asks, questioningly and with serious curiosity, not feigned.

"Bro," Kanye West sez. "I don't know. I've been trying to get that open for days now. Well hours, time is passing weirdly," he said weirdly. "Oh man, dude you feel that? There was another shift."

"Sure," Pabs sez.

"It happened again," Kanye West sez.

"Alright now," Pabs sez. "Have a look here now."

Kanye West peers over Pabs shoulder, and what he finds is astonishing and is as follows:

This abstract is brought to you by Pogodyne Incorporated, whom you may remember from other narrative disasters such as: Finding Pynchon and that one about Marcella

Hamilton with that guy. In this one, Kanye West and his partner Dog the Bounter Hunter finds themselves involved in another zany mystery, filled with slapsticks and low-wits. In this powerhouse action adventure, buddy-cop-bonanza, there is no respite from hilarity and political intrigue. With cameos aplenty, a trolley chase, and one very live-wire prop comedian, this thing has got it all, friends. You didn't ask for it is, but here it is, in all of its wackness, a novel that interests itself in the real questions: Is Joe Piscopo a vampire? Is Kanye West the secret ruler of the Republican Party? Is a white rapper named Lil Xan the real and true anti-Christ? Hey, who the heck cares?

"An abstract," Kanye West goz. "What the fuck is happening?"

"It gets weirder," Pabs sez. "But it's not what you're expecting. Turn the page, my dude."

"Alright," Kanye West goz.

Kanye West turns the page. He finds the following:

Step one: Stop reading.

Step two: Destroy book.

Step three: seriously, you need to stop reading.

Step four: I mean you, stop reading.

Step five: It's not going to get better from here.

Step six: Why don't you believe me?

Step seven: It's because of the steps isn't it?

Step eight: You think something is hiding here, you think, hey maybe if I keep reading some wonderful wild gem will appear. That deep inside this fucking thing something will

appear that will be so lovely and life changing that it will somehow help me understand reality and somehow reward me for reading all the rest of this business.

Step nine: you will not be rewarding for reading this bullshit.

Step ten: nothing about this is a joke.

Step eleven: If this is a joke, the fucking joke is on you.

Step twelve: repeat step one

Step fourteen: repeat step two.

Step fifteen: if the book remains alive, destroy yourself.

“What in the fuck,” Kanye West goz. “What am I looking at here?” Kanye West is looking at the book.

“We’re going to need an expert, man,” Pabs goz.

“You know someone?” Kanye West sez.

“Sure,” Pabs sez. “But after these nachos.”

After these nachos, the boyz head out. They are back in town! They are back in town! And they go down to the university to find their man, only he’s not there, so they go to a local comedy store.

Inside, someone is doing a bit about flying and how bad security is, which, in just a few short months, will no longer land as well, and this man’s impersonation of a plane taking off will have to be scrapped entirely, despite the laughs it used to get. When he walks off stage, another man comes up. This man is also white, like the previous man.

“Hey-ho,” the man says when he walks onstage. “We’ve got a great one for you coming up next. Please slap your dick-beaters together for Mr. Richard Johnson.”

Some mild applause from the audience.

“Thank you, thank you,” Richard Johnson sez. “I hope I’m funny. Thank you.” No one is clapping at this point. “So, you heard the man right, my name is Richard Johnson, which means my parents hate me. I asked them why they didn’t name me after my dad, and my mom told me they had. I said, no Dad’s name is Frank, and she said *yeah, but he’s a dick.*” Richard Johnson pauses for some very mild laughter. “So I’ve got two kids at home, anybody got kids? Yeah, and aren’t they always drawing on stuff? Who boy.”

Booz from the audience.

“Oh, tough crowd tough crowd. So women like to shop, am I right men?”

Booz.

“Oh fuck you,” Richard Johnson sez. “You come up here and do some comedy. It’s hard.”

“Like my dick,” someone sez from the audience, to great applause and laughter.

“Oh fuck it,” Richard Johnson sez. He walks off stage.

“Come on back,” Pabs sez.

He and Kanye are standing on the outskirts of the crowd. The tables, ready to turn at a moment’s notice, one more bad punchline and they’ve had it, lurk out in the darkness.

Pabs and Kanye West sneak past the excitement and behind the stage where a small hallway filled with graffiti leads them to a shitty wooden door. They pass through it. On the inside they find a man with a huge afro of bright orange hair. The man is skinny and wears overalls and a white shirt.

“Hey, Pabs,” the man says.

“Yeez,” Pabs sez. “This is my main bro, Scott Carrot.”

Scott Carrot stands up and extends a hand. "People just call me Carrot Top," Carrot Top sez.

"Sure," Kanye West sez.

"Any way," Pabs sez. "We've got this thing for you."

"Right, right," Carrot Top sez. "Bring it over."

"This dude is an expert," Pabs sez.

"Well," Carrot Top sez. "Not like completely. I just know how things work because I work with things."

Kanye West and Pabs both laugh.

Carrot Top is off! He's racing around the room, pulling props from everywhere. "How about this!?" Carrot Top sez. He is holding a bunch of what appears to be goo and is chomping at it maniacally.

Kanye West and Pabs find this hysterical.

"Say," Carrot Top sez. "Could you help me find my glasses!?" He is wearing an oversized pair of glasses on his head.

Kanye West and Pabs puke from laughing.

"Look at here," Carrot Top sez. He holds up a can of corn. "It's a new album from that metal band! It's called creamed!"

Kanye West and Pabs are spewing blood from laughing too hard.

Carrot Top just screamz. "I got! Look at all this!" Carrot Top pukes. He holds up a planting pot that is shaped like an R and has hair all over it. "Have you heard about this!!!! All the kids love it!" Carrot Top is punching holes in walls. "I call it Hairy-Pot-R!"

Kanye West and Pabs die laughing.

“And, this!” Carrot Top sez. “I got! Look!” He pulls a live swan from a drunk and it screams and shits everywhere. “This is Bjork’s next dress!”

Kanye West and Pabs come back to life from laughing.

“Wooh,” Carrot Top goes. “Alright. Let’s take a look at this thing here then.” Carrot Top accepts the locked book and opens it up. A light shoots out of it just as that handsome Ted Cruz walks into the room.

“No!” Handsome Ted Cruz sez! But it is too late. He has caught the briefest of glimpses and that beautiful handsome face he’s known for is ruined. When he looks at them, his face is droopy and sad, no longer handsome.

“Give me a mirror,” he goes.

“Ted, no,” Pabs sez.

“Give it to me!” Ted ejaculates.

Carrot Top hands him a prop mirror.

“My career is over!” Ted Cruz sez. He runs out of the room.

“What the hell was that all about?” Kanye West questions, longingly.

“That was Ted Cruz,” Carrot Top goes. “The international sex symbol and face model.”

“Oh,” Kanye West sez.

“Yeah,” Carrot Top sez.

“Well,” Kanye West sez.

“Alright, alright,” Pabs sez. “The tension is too much for me. Tell us what we’re looking at here, Carrot.”

“Right, right,” Carrot Top sez. “It seems to be a libre vive,”

“A leeb-bray, vee-vay?” Kanye West sez.

“No,” Carrot Top sez. “A libre vive.”

“That’s what I said,” Yeezy spews.

“Well,” Carrot Top sez.

“What does it mean!?” Pabs sez.

“What it means is this,” Carrot Top sez. “I’ve never actually seen one before. I thought they were just an old wives’ tale.”

“Whose wife?” Pabs goes.

“Like a myth, man,” Kanye West sez.

“Oh,” Pabs sez.

“Yeah,” Carrot Top sez. “So, if what I’ve heard is correct, this is a very big deal, this book you guys got.”

“What do we do with it?” Kanye West sez.

“Oh, don’t worry,” Carrot Top sez. “You’ll know.”

And just like that, the chapter ends.

Except it doesn’t, because Kanye West is screaming now, or, well, that’s not quite right. He’s making a very loud and awful sound, sort of like the sound the red-headed dude from *John Carpenter’s The Thing* makes when he has those weird hands and is out in the snow and gets caught. That’s pretty close to the sound, because on the next page, surprise, surprise, he finds:

Chapter 5: *In which a guy with several names ponders linear time and we, temporarily perhaps, exist outside of it for fun.*

Having just blown some variation on a smoke signal, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, was feeling pretty solid. He was standing out on a hill, looking out at the shit below. Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo was known for being somewhat unsocial in his time, though, of course, you'll remember, decades later, he'd be heralded as one of the greatest vape-philosophers of our time. Though, of course, if you're living as a human in a normal moment then your perception of existence is based on

linear time, which will not at all be helpful in precognitive remembering. This is a natural limitation for which Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterinofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo has given much thought, giving him, as you'll remember or not, the nickname Major Professor Deep Cut McMasMcMer, which eventually was shortened to just The Deep Cut, and sometimes Professor Steamroller. So what are we supposed to do, living in this constraint of linear time, as we all know truly, or at least attempt to know, that everything is occurring at the exact time, which is the reason assholes like Dr. Mr. Superchill are so attracted to utter madness, which is not the disease those cows got, but just absolute fucking chaos of the mad scientist variety, the kind of thing that makes you want to stand up in your fucking chair and clap a bit, even though you're not too sure what exactly, the fuck, is going down. Though of course even a little investigation on your part would be helpful, valued even. So what the hell do we do, think about that for just a second. But even that measurement of time is worthless. If everything is happening at the same time, that means you're already dead. Consider this. Please notice you are not given a value of time in which you should consider this as that would be counterproductive to this whole

investigation. So here's where we are, if linear time is solely a human concept, does that necessarily mean that's everything for us? If we only perceive this due to our limitations does that limit us physically, in the sense that our perceived reality makes up or true reality, or is it, as we know it is, that our perceived reality is a lie and the world that exists outside of the one we perceive exists, is true, yet can never be observed by anything other than a creation of our own, which, leaves Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo to wondering about what this means for us in the, ahem, cough, cough, well the whathappensafer, if you choose, because if you consider it for long enough, you'll realize that if we perceive linear time, but it is not linear, then that means that we never truly exist, we're just fucking around in a practical reality as it exists for us, but in no other sense or actuality, which creates a series of issues for any real philosopher, let alone vape-philosopher, or VP if you prefer, because how could we ever exist if we wouldn't or won't or is there some larger thing happening that we can't perceive or maybe there is no such thing as death because life really is an illusion we've convinced ourselves

into believing, but if that's the case does that, somehow, in anyway, undermine the way we value stuff. Because, well, I mean, don't you like things? I know I do.

This is one of the larger issues that Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo runs up against. How can we, as humans, exist in linear time, understand the possibility of non-linear time, but does that whole thing destroy what time itself means or have we just been misunderstanding it all long? Tough questions indeed, but with enough amber-goo any vape-philosopher can do some damage. The idea that Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The

True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo currently has stuck in his craw, rattling around there, is the notion that, hey what if—well, we get so worked up about the idea of ancient aliens, but what if they weren't ancient, they just helped those old rare humans, a few in our own time even, perceive time non-linearly—could be as simple as a switch or a nice dose of something we haven't figured out yet—and then they're off and running, working on something that will seem familiar in a few hundred decades, but not before. Hey, who's to say? Certainly not Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller,

AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo has tried his hand at figuring this kind of shit out. And if linear time is an unnecessary constrain then the use of many-a-name is probably somewhat helpful in the sense that there is no such thing as wasting time if there is no such thing as time, so you cannot feel like the full use of someone's aliases is a waste, as there is no waste, there is only you. A-and, remember you're already dead! So you can't really complain too much, can you. No, you can't.

These are the kind of thoughts that float through Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, or you know, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty

(though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo's head as he stands out on this hill, puffing away. Down below, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, or you know, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater,

AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo can see some shapes moving far off, but Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, or of course you know, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo cannot tell what they are. This is truly where Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils,

AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo experience in liminal time exists. He considers, for instance, this moment how time can slip from meaning, but he wonders, like, can you ever really escape understanding our time as being linear? It's an important question, because with it comes a great understanding of the unknown. If we are able to get past our own human perceptions of time, then, perhaps, we could exist in continual liminal time. Though, of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid

McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo thinks, it's fucking impossible. How could we ever reach a point where we as humans exist outside of linear time, when—hell just look when! Even our expectations surrounding our own goals are steeped in linear time, and heavy-steeped, like some bitter-ass black tea. What the hell is one to do, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the

McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo wonders. For real though, how could you ever get past this sensation of time existing linearly if we can't even get our own language to exist outside of it. It's a problem, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller,

AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo figures. One we will probably never master. And just then, oh shit, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or

David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo realizes that another man issue is tense even! Ah fuck it, there's no getting around this one.

Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA

Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo blows some more smoke rings. The float lazily out into the world. Do they ever cease to exist or do they just become so big that we cant imagine them being real anymore? Over in the grass, almost without looking at him, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA

Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo can see a squirrel. The squirrel is somewhat fat. He's gnawing on something, though Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-

De-VirMcMimo can't see what it is. Who's to say, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo figures. A bird swoops by and Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the

McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo ducks out of habit, though, of course, it's nowhere near where he stands.

Then, after a bit of continuous smoke-blowing, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender

Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo wonders if this is something you can actually do. Like, is this okay? Of course only time will tell, but then we're sucked right back into the trapings of our own language. It makes Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-

De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo a bit nervous, honestly, to think that this might not be the way to go about things. Then again, who is anyone, really, to say. There's no way to quantify something like this, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils,

AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo thinks. And, this is, of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA

Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo thinking, and never Dr. Mr. Superchill lurking somewhere in deep background, controlling the thoughts of Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, because, and rest assured, he would never do that shit. The real question,

Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino

McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid
McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-
Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty
(though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable
super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller,
AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA
Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater,
AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-
De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or
David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy
Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA
Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA
Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather
knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA
Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA
Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo,
AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for
Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo now thinks, is whether or not, if you're
willing to do something like this, if the other stuff goes out the window to. Can you argue
artistically for comma splices, general misuse, and run-ons? And dear God! Daviddeangelo
De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA
Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils,

AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo thinks, what of intentional typos. For sure, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender

Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo thinks, these are the questions, and deep ones no less. There isn't a cloud in the sky though, and, really, isn't this what they were saying they wanted? It seems to Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-

De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo that it was. And at a certain point Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo realizes there has been an error in doubling-down, not in the metaphorical sense, but rather quite literally, though, if his assumptions about time are correct, then, well does any of it matter? Unclear at the time.

Truly flying now, no need for whitespace here, friends, Yeezy finds:

Chapter 6: Kanye West is back at Pabs's house, having somehow avoided the wrath of Pogodyne's minions. They decide to smoke a bunch of drugs and then open the book again, see what that offers them. Pabs, after rolling and smoking to expertly rolled splifs, is back in the world of Hideo Kojima. He has moved past Psycho Mantis's room and is snaking—you should pardon the pun—down halls sneakily and hiding beneath boxes, as Kanye West goes for number three.

Kanye West hasn't heard anything for Dog The Bounty Hunter since he arrived back in Chi-Town and is admittedly getting nervous. So, he picks up the phone to call the number he has for Dog The Bounty Hunter, only there is no dial tone.

"What the heck?" Kanye West sez.

"What?" Pablo says inquisitively. He looks up from the TV for just a second to see Kanye West standing with his foot propped up on the coffee table, where the cordless phone resides. He has on gold Nikes, and is generally looking pretty cool.

"No ring tone," Kanye West sez.

"Dial tone," Pabs sez. "You mean."

"Whatever, man," Kanye West sez. "Alls I'm saying is I cain't call no one from this bitch."

Pabs frowns. "Bill's paid up," he sez.

"Well," Kanye West sez.

"Well," Pabs sez.

But just then the Pabs explodes into a bunch of fucking bees, which scatter about the room. No they're wasps! Even worse! Dear god, what new type of magic fuckery is this? The wasps circle and sting and soon are landing on the book, like it's covered in honey and they

are bees instead of wasps, and Kanye West goes to pick it up, but they stick out their pointers turning the book into a sort of cactus type situation, which Kanye West is in no position to deal with.

This is when Dog The Bounty Hunter screams in through the window, sending glass a-flying. And what's this now? He has a flame-throwing and he's after those nasty wasps in quick order.

"Get out," Dog The Bounty Hunter is screaming. "Get out!"

Kanye West rolls out the window Dog The Bounty Hunter just rolled in through, coolly.

Dog The Bounty Hunter sets Pabs, or was it ever Pabs at all. Who even is Pabs? Hell we certainly don't know. But, a-an-anyway, Dog The Bounty Hunter has turned Pabs's living room into a hellscape filled with pissed flying flameboys of fury. And there's nothing to be done at this point, but grab the book and skedaddle, which Dog The Bounty Hunter, and quickly, hey.

On the front lawn, Kanye West is panting.

"What the hell," he goes. "Was that?"

"Time-exposed wasp-bomb," Dog The Bounty Hunter sez. "Classic Swamp-Nazi unholy business. You're in deep now, kid."

"In deep?" Kanye West sez. "I didn't sign up for any of this."

"You didn't have to," Dog The Bounty Hunter sez, coolly. "It signed you up." Dog The Bounty Hunter holds the book aloft.

"The book signed me up?" Kanye West sez in a questioning fashion, like two birds staring at each other wondering which one of them is the robot, only neither of them

realize they're both robots, because their sentient AI algorithm has been heuristically programmed using non-paradox enhancing booster rhythms, yes, the very same kind that Professor Donny Dunits Hertzorwizkowski used on his original sentient AI algorithm for that group of trees, which had no idea they were actually robots, you'll remember, so much like the birds, unable to realize they are robots, even though they are questioning which of the two of them is the robot, not realizing, or making any necessary considerations for the fact that, even to be considering—a-and there Dr. Mr. Superchill goes with those fucking punctuations again—which one is a robot would in fact make them far more than a bird, considering that in reality most birds do not concern themselves with which one of them is a bird, in fact most birds, and you'll remember this from the study done by Amy O'Brien, Dean Pincilpants, Daneese Perrtymananaskamanananopopolous, et al. which discovered that birds, at least the particular birds in question known as the twin-badger-faced burntlingers were primarily concerned with food and shelter, then occasionally love, though of course there was the study done by Pardner Hinskiy and his badasses which involved taking truckloads of LSD, DMT, and small amounts of Mad-Honey in order to, themselves, become birds and circle the sky, learning what they could, though what their findings demonstrated was that, well, statistically significant evidence demonstrated that all they wanted to do was shit and eat, though there was of course one of the badasses, named Little Tiny Turksy, who became so ill on the Mad-Honey that he had to be hospitalized for his birdness—a-and you'll most likely remember that shortly after this there was a massive seizure of incoming mad-honey by DEA agents who had no idea what to do with the shit and found themselves, at a DEA/FBI family picnic shitting and vomiting all over everything, the entire ordeal turning the Bay Area of San Fransisco into a

nightmare of men with crew cuts in ill-fitting Hawaiian print button-ups vomiting into the ocean, screaming about birds with red-eyes who wanted nothing but to figure out which one of them was the robot, of course this was long before Professor Donny Dunits Hertzorwizkowski ever thought about making the trees which would lead to the bees which led to the birds, which tried to decide which was which, in the same fashion that now Kanye West wanted to know how a book could sign him up for something.

“No,” Dog the Bounty Hunter sez. “It, like, metaphorically.”

“Oh,” Kanye West sez. “So what do we do now?”

“Well,” Dog the Bounty Hunter sez. “We need to figure out how to read the book without getting stuck in it. Then, we can go after the swam-nazis who exploded your friend into wasps.”

“Alright, man,” Kanye West sez. “How do we go about reading it?”

They were standing outside of Pabs’ house, completely ablaze now. Off in the distance, they could hear fire trucks.

“Practice,” Dog the Bounty Hunter sez. “But we’ve got to get the heck out of here. Can’t be standing outside a burn-down house when the cops show up, especially with a can full of gas and a handful of matches.”

Kanye West puls a face, like he is remembering something from the future. What the hell is he doing here? What has he gotten himself into? A few weeks ago he had been a normal dude, living in the city and making beatz, now here he is, an agent of some multi-national conspiracy-fest.

“Come on, Kanye,” Dog the Bounty Hunter sez.

They run off to hop into Dog the Bounty Hunter's big black SUV and peel off into the night, just as the fire patrol appear from the night and begin their business of combating the flames.

"So here's what we know," Dog the Bounty Hunter sez. "In Dallas, or some suburb thereof, there are a group of swamp-nazis."

"I thought they were swamp-zombies?" Yeezy goes.

"Well, sure," Dog the Bounty Hunter sez. "In a way. But that's also just because we couldn't put Swamp-Nazis in a library catalog."

"There you go again with that stuff," Kanye sez. "What they hell do you mean with that stuff, man? I can't manage all of this business. It's too much business. Less than a month ago I was just a bro making beatz, now I'm in the middle of this business, and there are Frankensteins, Operatives, That Fuckboy Tom Waits, and a bunch of other shit, plus, oh, a-and of course Swamp-Nazis, people exploding into wasps, some other shit, and now, oh and now, you're going to tell me some shit about library categories?"

"Just the way it is, Yeezy," Dog the Bounty Hunter sez.

"Fuck," Kanye West sez.

Prologue: In which the general idea of the whole thing is introduced in a particularly intriguing and cryptic manor

It was the best of times; it was the blurst of times, and it all started with Joe Piscopo. If you're reading this, there is a chance I'm dead, so I want the whole story to be here probably. Joe and I had become friends during a charity basketball in Dallas, Texas. I don't remember the charity, but I remember the bow he through that broke my nose. It was supposed to be light-hearted, good in front of the cameras, but it turned into an all out war

when Fred Durst dunked on Carrot Top. Joe felt bad after the game and bought me a beer. The dude could tell a story, and maybe later I'll share one of them. Anyway, after quite a few of them, we became pretty good buds, and decided to exchange information. Only a few weeks later the towers in New York fell, and I completely forgot about Joe. It wasn't until a few years later, after I had been replaced, that I ran into him at a dive bar in Saratoga where he was working a case and we caught back up. This was, of course, before my run in with Pogodyne and everything that came after, but we'll get to that eventually. For now, you just need to know, this all started with Joe. For years we were friends, staying in touch and catching up when we could, swapping stories. Until, of course, The Event, which is most likely why you're reading this. Before The Event, he started bugging me. He kept asking me about the mystery we had going on, about how I figured it, about what I thought had happened, and all of that kind of business. Of course, I couldn't tell him what I knew, which was that the Swamp-Nazis were back. Who can you tell though? Who would believe such a thing? And I don't mean a bunch of badasses down in Louisiana, I mean the real deal. The same guys who were responsible for MLK and running all of those people out of all of those towns. They were back, and they were pissed. And who was I to do anything about it? Well, for one, I was Kanye West.

Of course, I'm the real Kanye West, not the imposter you know. I'm not the fantastic hip-hop producer slash rapper slash Internet-Celeb, but I am more than a dude who shares his name. I'm the real one. I'm the one who they replaced in the early 2000s after my mix-tape took off. But that's a story for a different day.

You're probably wondering why I would write this, after so many years have passed, and most people involved have died or completely forgotten. Well, the answer is simple.

You deserve to know. You deserve to know what happened that long, hot summer in 2016, before everything started going to shit. You deserve to know where they came from and where they went, and probably who the hell they were. For an entire summer, ghosts had free reign of the world, and you, you just let them into your homes.

I wrote this, because you should still be scared. One chapter is over, but the book is just started.

“What the hell,” Kanye West sez. He turns the page to find:

Chapter 1: *In which background information is given, Kanye West runs into some asshole named Operative Six, confusion ensues*

Let’s start off with some background information. I was born in 1973, in Jackpot, Texas. After that I did a bunch of stuff and starting kicking up beats in late 80s, in my teens. I was a big Grand Master fan, and there was just so many things happening with music. I moved out to Chicago in the late 90s and really dug in. I had a few hits in 93 on my unnamed mix-tape, which I quietly called Kayne, and, no, that’s not a misspelling. This is about the time I had a run in with a man named Operative Six. He was a big mother fucker, and one night when I was working on beats, he just came up into my fucking house. Let’s switch to third for the sake of story-telling here.

Operative Six came in through the backdoor to find Kanye West hunched over an old PC and midi box with headphones on. He was seriously into his beats, jamming along, bim-bam-bap, hey. And, anyway, here’s what happens next, ah fuck we’ve changed tenses again, well fuck everything, we’re just trying to take up space here anyhow, am I right ladies? Besides, we all know Kanye West is just the fake narrator of this thing, well the real Kanye

anyway, because the real and true narrator is, and always has been Dr. Mr. Super Chill! A- and anyway, here goes this one.

Operative Six is closing in on Kanye, who's still at it, now trying to come up with some rhyme for *honkey*. Operative Six, who looks like someone stuffed an all black jogging outfit with a bunch of potatoes and flour, lifts Ye's headphones off his head.

Kanye turns around in full attack mode and blaps him several times, hard, though, for whatever reason, none of the blows are taking, and now, Operative Six is all pissed and redfaced, ready to rumble and not taking no for answers, as he throws Kanye across the room, taking out a small Roland drumset in the corner, which plays a few cymbal crashes on the monitors somewhere. A-and, what's this, but Kanye is up and at'em with two marching sticks, thick as tube socks, swinging them around like meats on a string.

"Ey, yo," Kanye sez, and he starts coming in hot, swinging those sticks like some kind of dope-fiend, hardset on murderin'.

"Ey, yo," Operative Six sez. And he puts up his dukes. "I'm here with an offer."

"Offer this, Jellybean," Kanye sez.

"I'd prefer not to," Operative Six sez, in a manner that takes up as much physical space as possible on the page, hey.

But it's too late, because here comez Kanye, all bows and blows, swinging those drumsticks, which have turned into whirling blender bladz and speedz unknown to any human. Too fast! Because now, Kanye is taking off into the air, unable to control himself any more than to give a try at saying something, but this is complete nonsense, like what in the hell is anything even, hey. You're all, acting like this is a real thing, but here the thing is wanting to be anything but, and how are you—ever—to really grab ahold of something that

refuses to be anything but what it is, which is constantly changing, shifting out of shape, ignoring all sense of decency and, well, any sort of existing as a thing that has a constant narrator, because clearly it's no longer Dr. Mr. Super Chill, so who is this new mother fucker who has taken over this goddamn thing, leaving us with what, but nothing after some uncontrollable new sexy hotness.

NEW HOTNESS! You exclaim in all caps, how about some fucking grammar, then how about it? But, nah, because there's no time for revisionary tactics here, friends, no, we are lost amid a sea of madness which, when left unattended and unchecked (and balanced) all that could possibly remain is the certain assurance that we are only in the universe, if there is such a thing, the sole property of, of, of, of our own destinies both true and imagined, and say what's the difference anyway, because you asked for this goddamned thing, you pulled someone aside and said 'hey your shit is shit,' and not THE shit, which is the key difference, that mother fucking article the always necessary how about it, so what did you expect, but to find Kanye West, the real one never mind it, flying through the air, using marching sticks to combat some asshole named Operative Six, because, and remember there's nothing wrong with a run-on if it's art and you call attention to it, that John Darnell (is that how you spell it, NO TIME TO CHECK, ASSHOLZ!) once said 'if you punish someone for dreaming their dream, don't ask them to thank or forgive you,' so, in other words—ahem—you asked for it, and you got it, here it is, friends, pure unchecked badassery, screaming at your brainz from 44,000 mph and back again through time, where we find Kanye West, now coming down into his own.

A-and here is Operative Six, just madJoegin' him. He's ready.

Kanye comes at him, but Operative Six makes short work of him, and goes to brew a cup of tea while Kanye sleeps it all off.

While Operative Six steeps two bags of Oolong, he walks around the small Chi-Town apartment, which is like any apartment you've ever seen, and could easily be somewhere else. There is a small kitchen, which is essentially just a stove and a microwave and a refrigerator in an alcove of a living room, which is furnished with a shitty black leather couch and no TV. But there is a pretty nice glass table. It's one of those solid 1990s numbers that has a tinge of green to it, but you're not sure how they got all that in there—this is the glass part, of course, the table itself is wrought iron. Operative Six sits on the couch and drinks his tea, with a touch of agave, which he pulls from a Velcro pouch on his tac-vest.

About halfway through his tea, Kanye snores to life, ripping, tearing, and ready to rock, drool everywhere, taking blind swings like a lemon without a waistline.

Operative Six crosses his legs, watches, gives him the face.

"Alright," Kanye sez. "Who are you, and why are you here?"

Operative Six raises his eyebrows, takes a sip of tea. "Glad you finally asks," he sez. "Would you like some tea?"

"Nah," Kanye sez. Kanye disappears into a backroom and comes out with a black, wooden box with a skull and crossed bones on it in white. Oh, a-and, this is probably a goodtime to describe this motherfucker, how about it? So, this whole time, you've probably been imagining Kanye West as you know him now, a medium height dude who shows up late and doesn't stay long, and while he's there he doesn't talk to anyone, but you're happy to have him, because he totally gets it crackin', however that's not what the first Kanye looks like. Kanye West, some of his plaques still say Kayne, on the other hand is tall and

skinny. He's got more of a Lakeith Standfield—huge fan by the way—thing happening than a, well than a Kanye West, but still a bit taller than that. He clocks in at 6'2, but he doesn't weigh more than about 190.

Operative Six, on the other hand, looks like he stepped out of an action hero badass mold. He's all muscle, not a spec of hair, heck, even his eyebrows are shaved off, which leave him looking very unsettling.

"My name is Operative Six," Operative Six sez. "And I'm part of an organization that wishes to, at this moment in time, remain anonymous. This organization would like to offer you a large sum of money, to let someone else be you."

"Excuse me?"

"Okay, look," Operative Six sez. "Do you have a beer or something."

Kanye shrugs. He goes to the fridge and pulls out two Magnums, hands one over.

"Thanks," Operative Six sez. He opens it and makes pretty short work of it. "You're going to want the other one, man," Operative Six says. "And, look, I feel like I should level with you. I didn't used to look this fucked up. I know I'm monster-looking. I know I don't look normal. No eyebrows? Hell is this dude thinking, you're thinking probably. Well that's just the style right now for the Os. Anyway, used to I was called Toby Keith, but—"

"Wait," Kanye sez "Toby Keith? Like the country singer?"

"Do you ever look at that son of a bitch and think," sez Operative Six, "that he looks a bit too much like some motherfucker named Toby Keith?"

"Actually," Kanye sez. "A bit."

"See," Operative Six sez.

"Okay, wait," Kanye sez. "Lay this out for me here a bit."

“This organization, which you’ll learn the name of, if you sign on, is in the business. They will tell you there is only one business, the making money business. All other businesses fall into this category. Mostly, they take up-and-coming celebrities, before they get famous, and do a *reimagining*, which is replacing them with someone they can control, someone whose image they can manage, and someone who looks a bit more like they would have that name.”

“Why not just replace them with robots,” Kanye sez.

“We don’t have the technology yet,” Operative Six goes. “But don’t think it ain’t coming.” He reaches out and sipz some tea.

“Why the hell would I do that?” Kanye West says.

“Well,” Operative Six sez. “For one, if you don’t, I have to kill you, so you don’t reach a level of fame they can’t control, and two, it comes with some pretty decent benefits. You just get to exist. They pay for all of your business. Whatever you need. All you have to do is stay in the background, and, well, you know, not become famous.”

“And if I don’t agree, you’ll kill me.”

“That’s correct.”

“Well,” Kanye West sez. “You don’t leave a dude with a lot of options, do you?”

“That’s the point,” Operative Six sez.

“I figure,” Kanye West sez. He finally opens the Magnum and gives it a gulp or too. It’s really not so bad, and it works, so, so, so well.

It’s probably important to note here that, it is March 2001 right now, in this present, and all across the world, people are finding themselves finding themselves on the Internet in some fashion or another, asking A/S/L, typing sexual acts between asterics and

masturbating constantly. In addition to all of this, something is lurking deep and dark beneath the bowels of the earth, just beyond the crust, resting on the loins of the fiery depths of the molten core, where, Beanie Babies haven't completely taken over POGs, parents wait outside of Cracker Barrels for them to open, hoping to find Twinkie or Winkie or that one bull that is all red, whose secret name is not Tabasco, leading one to wonder just how in the fuck they got away with that without a TradeMark lawsuits. And, did you hear the one about the two swinging wives who were both married to dudes named Mark? Anyway, the point is that the universe is shifting, the delicate balance of power, constantly in flux, is now curving in a specific direction, that is, toward the unknown, where monsters still lurk and magic is real and alive. Also, a small group of aliens, known as The Galactic Five—yes based on the TV show of the same name—has formed a jazz quartet, and let's not go into the logistics of that name and combo combo.

It's easy and important to also note that a man named Jeffrey Jacobs is currently driving a Lincoln Mark VI straight through that one lone highway in Nevada, hoping to catch a starride to the heavens, but will only run into local authorities—or a group of well-dressed men wearing sunglasses at night pretending to be such—in jeeps and white Ford Broncos—oh, oh, oh, and don't you just know there's a connection to be made there, considering that A.C. Cowlings never knew how to drive a stick—a-and The Juice's wasn't even, hey!—but here we are, or where are we, back with Jeffrey Jacobs, and no that's not a typo, but that's the only time we'll spell his name that way, because otherwise we'll summon him here, a party trick with which you do not want to involve yourself. The rough-neck authorities will take our mutual associate Jeff to a holding cell somewhere deep under the ground, where hackers clack away into the night, hoping, but never obtaining, to

discover just what, exactly, it is that Pogodyne is up to, or what, even they are. A-and, Christ, who the hell knows exactly.

The point is that you asked for something, and you're getting it, right now, here it is. The full unadulterated madness of the friendless fingers, finding fruth. Or truth, if you prefer the original spelling. But how are we to know that any of this matters or is even important, because, dear God, I'm certainly certain that many of the inhabitants hope you never find this manifesto, and, well, given the way copyright laws work, with one push of a, well, back to those fingers again, button, we could easily be blasted off into space, ready and willing, primed even, to waste more of your fucking time. But there are some gems in here, gems made for the finding, the only question being how much other bullshit are you willing to put up? However, in reality, even without explanation, isn't that always the truth, the general capital F truth?

Anyway, by this point Kanye has signed the piece of paper and Operative Six informs him that he will get a pamphlet in the mail soonish. It is about then that the door burst open and That Fuckboy David Foster Wallace runs in panting.

"Six," he sez. "Sorry, I got held up."

Operative Six sighs, makes a face like 'this fucking motherfucker.' "Ye," he sez. "This is That Fuckboy David Foster Wallace."

That Fuckboy David Foster Wallace nods excitedly. "That's my codename."

"But," Kanye West Sez. "You're David Foster Wallace."

"Well, right," That Fuckboy David Foster Wallace sez. "That's the goddamned beauty of it."

"Time out," Kanye West sez. "How did you wind up in this mess if you are yourself?"

“Honestly,” That Fuckboy David Foster Wallace sez. “It’s kind of a weird story. You see, originally, this whole business was just supposed to be a version of Dracula, which, I’m sure you’ve seen. I was going to play myself, Scott Baio was in it. So was Carrot Top actual. And—well—anyway, during the filling out of forms, Dr. Mr. Super Chill realized that there were some potential issues with signatures involved. You see, on one of the documents, a human would have been required to sign off regarding an issue of plagiarism, and while Dracula is totally public domain, Dr. Mr. Super Chill, in one of his rare moments of unchill, considered this might be a negative situation to put someone into. Thusly he decided to reevaluate. And here we are.”

“Wait,” Yeezy sez. “That doesn’t. Does anyone else smell paint?”

“Huh,” That Fuckboy David Foster Wallace sez.

“This isn’t worth your time,” Operative Six sez.

“No,” Kanye sez. “First, if what homeboy here is saying is true, we’ve got all the time in the goddamned world. And B, he still didn’t answer my question. He just plugged his movie.”

“Actually,” Operative Six sez. “He did answer your question. The reason he’s here, is because the organization whose name you will know shortly got to him too late. Life David Foster Wallace, they figured, hey, this guy will never make it.”

“Sure sure sure,” Kanye goes. “I got that part. What I’m wanting to know is why he’s here. Like why his homeboy in my house?”

“It’s pretty simple really,” That Fuckboy David Foster Wallace sez. “I’m here because I am.”

“Goddamnit,” Kanye sez. “Y’all get out of my house.”

Operative Six throws down a smoke bomb and heads out through the front door. When the smoke clears, That Fuckboy David Foster Wallace is still on the couch. Nodding.

“That’s you too, brotha,” Kanye West sez.

“Right,” That Fuckboy David Foster Wallace sez. He creeps out.

“Fuck,” Kanye West sez.

The chapter ends.

“Are you alright back there,” Joe Piscopo sez to Kanye West, whose eyes have rolled into the back of his head, and his nose his bleeding. On the next page, Kanye West finds the following:

Chapter 2: In which Dr. Mr. Superchill rears his nasty head, Kanye West meets Joe Piscopo, and we are all George Saunders

The way chapter 2 starts off is like this: it’s been a few days since Operative Six was by and Kanye has sort of chalked the whole thing up to a strange dream. He has gone back to making beats. Though, one day he checks the mail and in it, among bills aplenty, finds a large folder. Inside, naturally, he finds an assignment. For his first gig, he has been assigned Joe Piscopo as a partner. So, of course, he throws the thing in the garbage and goes back to beats. The one he has going right now, goes like this:

Boom-dada-boom-baboomboom, boom-dada-boom-baboomboom, etc. This is followed by a sample from *Truth or Dare* the old Madonna documentary, where Warren Beatty is talking a bunch of shit. The beat drops in hard when he says *What’s wrong with you* for the fifth time and goes real hard for a few seconds, then Kanye comes in, talking about the current state of Chi-town, the republican party, eventually making a reference to that fuckboy David Foster Wallace, but not as That Fuckboy David Foster Wallace, just

David Foster Wallace, but calling attention to the fact that he is a fuckboy. The original track has a few lines regarding David Foster Willace, but these get pulled. This, of course, is not a typo.

Though, after a bit, the door blows in and in comes none other but whom Operative Six, all ready and rearing, punching and kicking into Kanye's few valuables, pissed as hell.

"Hey, man, this is a private residence," Kanye sez, but it's too late.

"What in the good fuck are you still doing here," Operative Six spews.

"Making beats," Kanye sez.

Operative Six walks over and picks Kanye up by his lapel. "You need to get moving," he sez. "Pogodyne doesn't fuck around."

"Pogodyne?" Kanye sez.

"Did you even read the pamphlet?"

Kanye shrugs. "I glanced at it."

Operative Six shakes his head. "Alright, man, here's how it goes." And this is when he proceeds to tell him about Pogodyne, the megacryptoconglomerate, which owns and operates most scenes behind the scenes. They are the original and only puppet master, in control of so many subsidiaries that it would blow your mind to simply mention a few—not the least of which is Fox news, but also CNN, because, Pogodyne doesn't fuck around when it comes to power, or for making money for that matter. They are so powerful and have their money spread so deeply, that they're not actually breaking any monopoly laws, as they still allow for free autonomous companies to act singularly and in competition with their others—a fairly brilliant strategy if you consider it for a moment or two here now.

Anyway, Kanye is slightly more woke now, and he goes to his closet and puts on his cool clothes and heads out. Operative Six has booked him a flight on the first one to Dallas, which is a short one. Though, Yeezy, in times of silence between the tracks, finds himself wondering just what in the hell he's doing, though, of course, he's a part of something now and there is no coming back, no returning order, as, well, this is, of course, his new home, in the chaotic knowing society of—well—of something, though he's not exactly sure what at this moment.

Kanye West scrolls through his phone and finds a curious BuzzFeed article entitled: THE 28 TIMES THIS YEAR WE WERE ALL GEORGE SAUNDERS. It is as follows.

1. That time you fell down the stairs, but no one saw
2. That time you ripped your jeans
3. That time you tried your hand at stand-up
4. That time your Joe slept in your lap, and you were like, what is this little, tiny, marvelous creature, hey?
5. That time you spent an entire evening sober, trying to imagine what it was like to not be born yet.
6. That brief stint when you considered M-Thoery, then realized you were too stupid to truly understand how math worked.
7. That time you tried your hand at poetry, and wrote an entire thing about the time Shakespeare wrote that thing, thinking it was somehow meta and cute, but it wasn't you fucking awful trashbag human.
8. That time your Joe slept in your lap and he was in the way but still cute.
9. That time you gave up punctuation after reading a Cormac McCarthy novel.

10. That time Cormac McCarthy was always racist.
11. That time you got really into smoothies for a year.
12. That time you fell down the stairs and everyone saw.
13. That time you were working on a project and started freaking out a bit, because it looks like the text was floating off to the right, but then, of course, that couldn't actually be true, and even if it was you know the truth which was
14. That time you understand that Dr. Mr. Superchil was in control, that no matter what Dr. Mr Superchill was in complete and total control, even when he wasn't, what a crazy fucker.
15. That time you met that dude at a Starbucks who said he was super into hiphop, you could tell he spelled Questlove's name like Questlove.
16. That time you and George Saunders both reached for the same copy of *Space Jam*—for studying purposes, for something you were working on—and you wound up wishing for each other's lives, and, for a few days, until you figured out how to reverse it, you actually were George Saunders.
17. That time you were George Saunders and everyone kept calling you Salmon, not Salmon.
18. Like the fish.
19. That time you were told that your work wasn't commercial by an organization you had trusted with your whole heart, with all of your sweat, both metaphorically and literally, an organization you gave up so much for, an organization for which you gave away more than four years of your life, and you tried so hard to produce something they could be proud of, and you worked so hard, and sacrificed more than they could ever know, went

into debt, gave up eating well, taking care of yourself, gave up all of your free-time for four years—and possibly more, who's to say from this vantage—and you took jobs you didn't want, lived away from the love of your wife, separated your children for the sake of ease, did I mention went super into fucking debt, watched your father die while you were in another state, barely had time to leave to bury him, and had even less time to catch back up after, because it was at the beginning of the goddamned semester, stopped going fucking anywhere, stopped watching movies, stopped reading books, stopped using Facebook—for real—dealt with countless panic attacks for leaving your Joes alone during storms, but you had to, because you had to go to work, or because you had to teach, or because you had to meet with some mother fucker, pushed yourself to the breaking point then pushed past it and kept going, made your life a miserable robotic creation where all you could ever accomplish was the one goal, for the one organization, that one organization for which you had sacrificed so much and worked so hard, did we mention gone majorly into debt while working, because they paid you fucking nothing and then pretending that it was enough to life on, even though, when you counted up all the fees with the 'free stuff,' and then the cost of insurance, which was fucking ridiculous and awful, but better than nothing while you were starving to death on blue-box mac and cheese, living far away from everyone you ever loved, until you met new people to love of course, and more importantly losing all this time, taking away everything, thinking, well, hey now, it will be worth it in the long run, looking down at your kid's eyes and seeing them fill with liquid and promising her that one day it would be good, that one day it would be fine, be better, be great, be perfect, but knowing she only had a few years left, and knowing that you were spending them all working toward something, only to find out this organization didn't take you seriously, hadn't, in

just cheap-labor and a free paycheck, because they're making SO MUCH money off of you, and what did you get in return, well, a fair amount of knowledge, a great set of friends, and some things that you worked on for four years which they said were shit. They said it was worthless. They said throw it in the garbage. They said put it in the trash. They said burn it. They said learn a sport. They said it's worth nothing. They said fuck you. They said fuck off. They said pay me. They said go away. They said leave. They said it looks like it might storm. They said, sorry not sorry. They said we know you hate that. They said why the comma sometimes? They said why no question mark. They said you don't know anything. They said you're worthless. They said no jobs for you. They said give up. They said go away. They said go back home. They said wait tables. They said work at Starbucks. They said work at Whole Foods. They said learn a new language. They said go back to school. They said become a sex-worker. They said learn how to mix drinks. They said start an Etsy store. They said get better at drawing. They said buy some fire-extuingsishers. They said intentionally misspell extinguishers. They said have dreams. They said fuck your dreams. They said you'll get no connections here. They said you'll get no help from us. They said, hey, would you want to work for free a bit? They said become a DJ. They said sell it on Amazon for megacheap. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do literally anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said here is a list of one thing you cannot do: this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said the lube will cost 80 dollars. They said here are the things

you cannot do: this. They seriously said out of all of the things you can do in the world, don't do this one thing you've chosen to do after we told you it was totally cool. They said the world doesn't need you. They said you're worthless. So you settled down and figured fuck it okay it's all trash, but then you figured, no, no, no, no there are other things to do, other ways to manage this, so you worked on those for a while, but then it turned out that these too were not allowed, so you started working on something for them, specifically for them, specifically for them, specifically for you, just so you know now, this is for you, this is only for you, no one else will ever see this, because this is just for you, so you can know that no one fucks with Dr. Mr. Superchill, and he's happy to fuck around and waste some time because this thing that you told him he's not allowed to do means more to him than anything in the world, and just like John Darnielle said and was previously quoted, if you punish someone for dreaming their dreams, don't ask them to thank or forgive you, so here you go, here you go, here we go, here you go. Here you go.

20. That time you tried to write a book about Kanye West, but even that wasn't okay for fuck's sake.

21. That other time you fell down some stairs and everyone saw.

22. That time lists were awesome.

23. That time you figured you should make more use of whitespace

24. That time we were all George Saunders

25. That time you considered what a waste of time might look like, but couldn't quite make up your mind.

26. That time you got a job at Starbucks

27. That time you thought, I could do this.

28. That time you knew, I could do this.

The plane lands, and Kanye West heads out into the city of Dallas.

After some whitespace, Kanye West has checked into his hotel and is awaiting the arrival of Joe Piscopo. Joe Piscopo is supposed to meet him at this one bar. It's called The Slip In, which is where Kanye finds himself, on the inside of a dark submarine, listening to some mean grooves from some asshole named Dr. Creep. Right now it's a mashup of some oldschool *Grand Master Flash* playing a backdrop for some slightly oldish *Childish Gambino*, with a little bit of, hey what's that, *Black Sabbath*?

After some more whitespace, Joe Piscopo appears from the bathroom, which is in the back, and is surprising because Kanye West never saw him go past.

"Hey, brother," Joe Piscopo sez.

"Hey," Kanye West sez. He's already on his third Long Island and is feeling pretty okay.

"Alright, brother," Joe Piscopo sez. "Here's the score. We got us a broham. He's going around talking about he's a Frankenstein. We're gonna go have a chat with them, see what's what, then manage it."

"A Frankenstein," Kanye West says.

"You know," Joe Piscopo sez. "Like that guy from the books. Hates fire and all that."

"Frankenstein's monster?" Kanye West sez.

"What?" Joe Piscopo sez.

“Never mind,” Kanye goez. “Let’s just do it.”

“Right-o,” Joe Piscopo sez.

So after some more whitespace, they head over to where this motherfucker is living, and it turns out, he actually is a Frankenstein, so they kill him the way everyone knows you go about killing Frankensteins. It’s what they find there, however, that frightens them. There is a decent deal of correspondence from someone referring to himself as J. Alois Hitler Jr. who has been sending the Frankenstein recruitment pamphlets for something that looks a bit like Neo-Nazism and a bit like some fucked up thing out of a nightmare Stanley Kurbick had, and we know that the syntax back there sucks, but fuck it. This is a story, goddamnit.— There’s also a part of Dr. Mr. Superchill who’s just straight challing here. He knows the score, contemplates continually if this is a waste of time, but there’s also this other part who thinks maybe this vomit will do some good. If you concentrate hard enough, anything can be worth the time.

So, they gather up all of the letters quick as you’d like, a-and, but what’s this, suddenly shit is flying around the room like a ghost is picking shit up and throwing it around the room.

“Hey, what the Christ?” Kanye West says, which sends Joe Piscopo off into a praying spree, making up for Mr. West’s potty-mouth.

Joe Piscopo is prostrate, kicking his big boots in the air, saying something about Jesus Christ amen.

But things are really cooking up now, literally, some water is boiling on a stove, the oven is preheating for something, a large amount of weird-shit is transpiring, to no one's, but the narrator's, hey—and even then—understanding.

Joe Piscopo and Kanye West decide to get out of this madhouse lickity split, leaving the dead body of the Frankenstein at his kitchen table, looking like he was about to have some cereal and just sort of croaked over, but not before Kanye West snagged a rather suspicious looking book bound in human flesh and took it with him. Though, of course, it could have easily been a human flesh facsimile.

So Kanye West and Joe Piscopo hop into the car and speed off into the night, Joe Piscopo all the while wanting to know just what the h-e-c-k was going on back there, to which, Yeezy, of course, has no real answer based on their current reality. The book has a lock on it, but alas, no key in sight, so Kanye West has set about to banging it on things in the car, which does NOT make Joe Piscopo happy.

“Hey, stop that,” Joe Piscopo sez.

“Hey, stop that,” Joe Piscopo sez, but it's too late. Kanye is experiencing something, he must catch up now. On the next page he finds:

Chapter 3: *In which we are introduced to Mararmarisiamos
Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick, reality is considered*

There comes a time in every man's life when he must ask himself how much he's willing to give up for something or how much shit he's willing to put up with or really what he's willing to ask himself about his own existence and how deep he's willing to go, and whether or not, in the long run, if it would be allowed or work at all, or if what he found there would be okay, or if what people would do if fucking you didn't do the thing you were

supposed to do and after having considered this for a long time Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick decided to reevaluate her entire situation, having, for a very long time, believed in the reality of doing things the way you were supposed to do them, which was, ahem, not at all the way in which Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick preferred to do things, because she had gained a new sort of consciousness after decades of meditation, and after meeting a helpful man on a golf course who claimed to be the ghost of some old white asshole, but really was something else entirely, perhaps God himself on a fucking furlough of some sort, thinking, sure, but okay yes, what kind of goddamned nonsense was this, but if you give into it, if you really push in, dig the heels and feels, let the fingers do as they wish and just fucking squirt everywhere, everything should be just fucking fine, because there are those who will tell you that things are other things, like run-ons, comma splices, fragments, not real names, but the reality is that those people can only make so many decisions for you, and given the situation fo the other situations of situations they don't have any say in such a thing as the thing in which is the thing that you're currently thinking about, because—a-and even if the fucking did!—then it would require a whole other amount of things for everyone to be involved with, and then where the fuck would Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick be with all of her business question mark. The real goal here is to fit Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick's entire name on a single line, and there we fucking go, organically in the first try, just the way that Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick's life went after she met the Baggy Vance mother fucker on the golf course and started meditating until her fucking fingers turned blue and fell off, but, well, then again, that could have just been all

the fucking colloidal silver she was taking, as, who, at last point, she had been told and what the hell, but if you think about it long enough you'll realize that all of the gods of yore have come back to roost in some fashion, and there's no way taking enough of that stuff will actually keep you from getting cancer or getting sick or whatever, but thus far, it's honestly worked pretty well for Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick, minus, you know, the whole two fingers falling off thing, but these are the fingers she doesn't need that much, hey. I mean, how often do you *really* use your ring fingers? No one wants their last name to be Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick, and you better believe that Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick is hyphenating that shit—hey look that's four organic scores in a row, and it seemed so hard to begin with, but here we are, riding this wave of whateverthefuck it is all the way up into Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick's kitchen, where she is drinking an entire bottle of colloidal silver. When she turns around we see she really is some shade of blue. She doesn't look like a Smurf or nothing, she just has a shade to her.

Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick is sitting on a stool, looking fine. She's reading Marlon Brando's autobiography. She's right at the part where Brando eats an entire pint of ice cream, then pukes up it, and it comes up pink rather than white, but he's got a date with a married woman in a few minutes, so he brushes his teeth and heads out. By the time he gets there, he passes out, basically in the poor woman's entryway, and she takes him to the hospital, where it turns out he has a tear in his esophageal lining. A rough one, to say the least, but not necessarily a true one, Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick thinks. The real curiosity here is the manner in which Brando started crafting himself early on, but was it out of a

fear, Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick wonders, or was it out of a certain natural desire to perform and be awesome. This is something everyone, probably in a position like this, will have to ask themselves at some point, but Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick figures that it's probably the latter, that Brando was a natural performer and saw the value in being somewhat wildly mysterious. The point being, if you're somewhere in the future reading this fucking thing, remember Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick as she was. Don't think about Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick in a situation like you may currently find her. This is a personal record and was never ended to be for sale, but you fucking vultures! You came after it didn't you?

And here they come. The giant birds swooping down and pecking at Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick's kitchen windows. She squaks a bit, honestly, and ducks, throws the book at the window, but the birds will not be frightened away. They want to know what's inside of her, they want to know how she got here, they want to know what her hopes and dreams are, they want to eat them and leave nothing left. Somehow they will turn a profit, goddamnit! Somehow they will leave her alive, alive but drained of whatever it was that flowed inside of her. But Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick is *not* going out without a hell of a fight.

Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick grabs the blow-torch she used to use before she got sick to make crème brule with, and, as the birds shatter the windows and come in, searching for anything to take that might be worth something or tasty, she lights them the fuck up. Soon enough, giant birds are flapping around her beautiful home, setting everything on fire, and Mararmarisiamos

Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick pours herself a goddamn whisky, because fuck it, if her liver is going to shut down, let it be today.

You'll remember Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick of course as the wonderful young artist who went to school with Aliza Sharkut, the artist who, in her early twenties really redefined what it meant to 'paint.' And, anyway, by the time she hit 40 and got diagnosed with all of the bullshit, she was tired and someone dug up her phd thesis, which was a bit of gag, but she went 10 days without sleep to make the gag, so— who's to say at the end of the day, really, what's a gag and what's some kind of commentary, though you know where Dr. Mr. Superchill stands, that mean mother fucker would tell you if it's not entertaining who gives a fuck and certainly this well, up to you I supposed—but anyway, Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick sat in front of a camera wide awake and naked, occasionally masturbating, sometimes eating, but that's about it, for ten days straight. Once every twelve hours a doctor would check on her, and after the first 36, he started telling her to go to sleep, but she would look at the camera and smile with that big mouth of hers, all teeth and nothing else, like she was ready to gobble up the entire fucking world if given the opportunity. And hadn't she, in the early 2000s, really? But anyway, before all of that, she sat in front of a camera, which recorded to a local drive and a big old massive memory bank—not that big because she filmed in standard, still, after all, a woman who liked to look sexy and not completely and utterly shit exhausted—and this is what she turned, because, after all, who the fuck was someone else to tell the artist what was and what was not art? Certainly, well, who the fuck knew actually.

A-and on the next page:

Chapter 4: *In which Kanye West and friend seek an expert, discover the meaning of books, and general waste some time.*

Kanye West is back at the hotel with his souvenir, having, at Joe Piscopo's request, mailed off all of the materials, except for this tasty morsel, back to Pogodyne headquarters in Schelpton, Arkansas. He still can't get the son of a bitch open. It's got some hell of a lock on it. He's been youtubing, but can't find this particular model, has come to the conclusion, in fact, that it may very well be a custom job, which Yeezy had no idea how to manage. Hell with it, he figures. He puts it in his suitcase, and forgets about it for now.

Why in the hell had he been brought out for this. They hadn't needed him. Joe Piscopo had been completely in control of the situation, and in no way had Kanye helped out, like at all.

Just then, something slid under his door. Kanye West stood up and went to find an envelope. Inside was a plan ticket back to Chicago. So that was it. It was over.

Kanye West flew back to Chi-town and started making beats again. He felt like life was a lot like making beats. It's about having an understand of how music works. It's understanding the natural timing of things, ending at just the right moment, so it feels like there is more, that the song could fo on forever, but it won't it can't because there's another one coming up and you have to make room, so, instead, what you do, is end the song at the exact moment is feels like it should keep going, but also where it feels complete, the same way you put your best song first on the album, but the second one is better than the first, and the last is better than all of the other tracks. Everyone knows this. But it was all about timing.

So when Kanye West was several joints deep and had decided to lay down on his floor to meditate, it worked out perfectly that this was when the bullets started flying.

A drive by! or at least this was Ye's first assumption. But what local did he know who could pack this kind of wallop? Everything in his ground floor apartment was fucking disintegrating, vaporizing, returning to their original particles. Chairs are torn apart, couch stuffing flies like flies. Everything is utter chaos, and how could it not be, existing, of course, in it's natural state. But eventually the bullets stop. Though, natch, this is when Kanye West notices, hears, something bumbling tumbling into the room, a-and—oh fuck—what's this? It's, you bet, an explosive device of some kind and it's beeping are loaded with implications.

“Well,” Yeez sez. “Shit.”

Kanye West gets to his feet and dives through a back window as best as he can, elbows first, landing hard on the cement outside. He stands and takes off running, in any direction that's far away from this apartment complex, and, just a few seconds later there is a massive explosion, and before Kanye West hops into his car and peels out, he has time to think, *man, I hope there weren't too many people inside*. But there is very little to do beyond this. He heads to a friend's house, unsure what else to do.

Kanye West knocks on Joey Jocanika's door on the East-Side at around five in the fucking morning. Joey is an old friend from Ye's dropout days, though not the album which won't come out for another few years. Literally when he dropped out of school. In case you don't catch the reference, here's some mansplaining for you, you see, Ye has several albums which have themes which revolve around his time in school, one of which is called *The College Dropout*, and, at the time of this story, is still a good five years from dropping—

which, I guess it could be noted is what albums do, and the pun here should greatly be ignored plz.

Anyway, here is Yeezy showing up at some dude's house, who though his name is Joey Jocanika he actually goes by the name Life of Pablo, or just Pabs, for short. Pabs is in the middle of fighting Psycho Mantis.

"Hey Ye," Pabs sez. He doesn't look up from the screen. Mantis is in the middle of reading his save card. The screen goes black and in the top right corner it sez "HIDEO" whatever the hell that means.

"You like roleplaying games," Psycho Mantis sez. "You save a lot."

"What the fuck is this?" Ye sez.

"Spliff?" Ye sez. He passes behind him without looking.

"Thanks," Kanye West sez. He takes the splif and smokes it a bit.

"Say," Pabs sez. "What are you doing here?"

"Someone shot up my place," Kanye West sez.

"Got it," Pabs sez.

"Can I play?" Kanye West sez.

"It's one player," Pabs sez.

"Oh," Kanye West sez.

"Yeah," Pabs sez. "Rad though."

"Yeah," Kanye West sez. He walks around and sits down on the couch. "It looks pretty neat."

"So what's new with you, Joe," Pabs sez.

"Bro," Kanye West goz. "A bunch of shit."

“Well,” Pabs sez. “Lay it on me.”

On the screen chairs and other things are flying about, trying to hit someone in a blue jumpsuit.

“Well for one,” Kanye Sez. “Some mother fucker named Joe Piscopo and I went and killed a Frankenstein.”

“You mean a Frankenstein monster,” Pabs sez.

“No,” Ye sez. “That’s what I thought, but they just call them Frankensteins.”

“Frankensteins,” Pabs sez.

“Yeah,” Kanye West sez.

“Huh,” Pabs sez.

“Yeah, so anyway,” Kanye West goz. “Me and this bro killed one, and we found this book. Oh shit, the book.” Kanye West ejaculates. He stands up. “I have to go back.”

“Well, alright, man,” Pabs sez. “I’ll be here.”

“Shit,” Ye sez. He leaves.

Kanye West drives back home carefully. Dudes are creeping. So Ye creeps back. Around back. He parks two blocks away and walks back through the mean streets, heading toward his complex, where he finds a bunch of broz in blue and black jumpsuits—well blue or black jumpsuits—and they are standing around smoking, a few with monocles, and this is when he notices that most of them are dripping. In fact, they’re not quite human at all. They seem more like, well, they might be made of mud and moss and shit. It’s unclear. The only thing that is clear is that these humanoid motherfuckers are the very same motherfuckers which done shot up his house.

As Kanye West sneaks closer, the men in jumpsuits begin sniffing, chuffing, snorting, etc. When the chuff, big chunks of themselves(?) or something similar, clumps of slimy, mossy goop, sluff off and splatter on the cement. It's a nasty business, this chuffing.

Kanye West climbs in through the window he went out of, quickly finds the book, grabs a few records still in tact, his cool kid glasses, and heads out.

Back at Joey Jocanika's place, Pabs has paused the game and is in the middle of microwaving some nachos, and Kanye West brings the book in and sets it down on the counter.

Pabs reaches out with greasy cheese fingers and opens it.

"Seriously" Kanye Wezt goz.

"What?" Pabs sez. "What am I looking at here?"

Pabs is flipping through the pages. "What the Christ is this?" he asks, questioningly and with serious curiosity, not feigned.

"Bro," Kanye West sez. "I don't know. I've been trying to get that open for days now. Well hours, time is passing weirdly," he said weirdly. "Oh man, dude you feel that? There was another shift."

"Sure," Pabs sez.

"It happened again," Kanye West sez.

"Alright now," Pabs sez. "Have a look here now."

Kanye West peers over Pabs shoulder, and what he finds is astonishing and is as follows:

This abstract is brought to you by Pogodyne Incorporated, whom you may remember from other narrative disasters such as: Finding Pynchon and that one about Marcella

Hamilton with that guy. In this one, Kanye West and his partner Joe the Bounter Hunter finds themselves involved in another zany mystery, filled with slapsticks and low-wits. In this powerhouse action adventure, buddy-cop-bonanza, there is no respite from hilarity and political intrigue. With cameos aplenty, a trolley chase, and one very live-wire prop comedian, this thing has got it all, friends. You didn't ask for it is, but here it is, in all of its wackness, a novel that interests itself in the real questions: Is Joe Piscopo a vampire? Is Kanye West the secret ruler of the Republican Party? Is a white rapper named Lil Xan the real and true anti-Christ? Hey, who the heck cares?

"An abstract," Kanye West goz. "What the fuck is happening?"

"It gets weirder," Pabs sez. "But it's not what you're expecting. Turn the page, my dude."

"Alright," Kanye West goz.

Kanye West turns the page. He finds the following:

Step one: Stop reading.

Step two: Destroy book.

Step three: seriously, you need to stop reading.

Step four: I mean you, stop reading.

Step five: It's not going to get better from here.

Step six: Why don't you believe me?

Step seven: It's because of the steps isn't it?

Step eight: You think something is hiding here, you think, hey maybe if I keep reading some wonderful wild gem will appear. That deep inside this fucking thing something will

appear that will be so lovely and life changing that it will somehow help me understand reality and somehow reward me for reading all the rest of this business.

Step nine: you will not be rewarding for reading this bullshit.

Step ten: nothing about this is a joke.

Step eleven: If this is a joke, the fucking joke is on you.

Step twelve: repeat step one

Step fourteen: repeat step two.

Step fifteen: if the book remains alive, destroy yourself.

“What in the fuck,” Kanye West goz. “What am I looking at here?” Kanye West is looking at the book.

“We’re going to need an expert, man,” Pabs goz.

“You know someone?” Kanye West sez.

“Sure,” Pabs sez. “But after these nachos.”

After these nachos, the boyz head out. They are back in town! They are back in town! And they go down to the university to find their man, only he’s not there, so they go to a local comedy store.

Inside, someone is doing a bit about flying and how bad security is, which, in just a few short months, will no longer land as well, and this man’s impersonation of a plane taking off will have to be scrapped entirely, despite the laughs it used to get. When he walks off stage, another man comes up. This man is also white, like the previous man.

“Hey-ho,” the man says when he walks onstage. “We’ve got a great one for you coming up next. Please slap your dick-beaters together for Mr. Richard Johnson.”

Some mild applause from the audience.

“Thank you, thank you,” Richard Johnson sez. “I hope I’m funny. Thank you.” No one is clapping at this point. “So, you heard the man right, my name is Richard Johnson, which means my parents hate me. I asked them why they didn’t name me after my dad, and my mom told me they had. I said, no Dad’s name is Frank, and she said *yeah, but he’s a dick.*” Richard Johnson pauses for some very mild laughter. “So I’ve got two kids at home, anybody got kids? Yeah, and aren’t they always drawing on stuff? Who boy.”

Booz from the audience.

“Oh, tough crowd tough crowd. So women like to shop, am I right men?”

Booz.

“Oh fuck you,” Richard Johnson sez. “You come up here and do some comedy. It’s hard.”

“Like my dick,” someone sez from the audience, to great applause and laughter.

“Oh fuck it,” Richard Johnson sez. He walks off stage.

“Come on back,” Pabs sez.

He and Kanye are standing on the outskirts of the crowd. The tables, ready to turn at a moment’s notice, one more bad punchline and they’ve had it, lurk out in the darkness.

Pabs and Kanye West sneak past the excitement and behind the stage where a small hallway filled with graffiti leads them to a shitty wooden door. They pass through it. On the inside they find a man with a huge afro of bright orange hair. The man is skinny and wears overalls and a white shirt.

“Hey, Pabs,” the man says.

“Yeez,” Pabs sez. “This is my main bro, Scott Carrot.”

Scott Carrot stands up and extends a hand. "People just call me Carrot Top," Carrot Top sez.

"Sure," Kanye West sez.

"Any way," Pabs sez. "We've got this thing for you."

"Right, right," Carrot Top sez. "Bring it over."

"This dude is an expert," Pabs sez.

"Well," Carrot Top sez. "Not like completely. I just know how things work because I work with things."

Kanye West and Pabs both laugh.

Carrot Top is off! He's racing around the room, pulling props from everywhere. "How about this!?" Carrot Top sez. He is holding a bunch of what appears to be goo and is chomping at it maniacally.

Kanye West and Pabs find this hysterical.

"Say," Carrot Top sez. "Could you help me find my glasses!?" He is wearing an oversized pair of glasses on his head.

Kanye West and Pabs puke from laughing.

"Look at here," Carrot Top sez. He holds up a can of corn. "It's a new album from that metal band! It's called creamed!"

Kanye West and Pabs are spewing blood from laughing too hard.

Carrot Top just screamz. "I got! Look at all this!" Carrot Top pukes. He holds up a planting pot that is shaped like an R and has hair all over it. "Have you heard about this!!!! All the kids love it!" Carrot Top is punching holes in walls. "I call it Hairy-Pot-R!"

Kanye West and Pabs die laughing.

“And, this!” Carrot Top sez. “I got! Look!” He pulls a live swan from a drunk and it screams and shits everywhere. “This is Bjork’s next dress!”

Kanye West and Pabs come back to life from laughing.

“Wooh,” Carrot Top goes. “Alright. Let’s take a look at this thing here then.” Carrot Top accepts the locked book and opens it up. A light shoots out of it just as that handsome Ted Cruz walks into the room.

“No!” Handsome Ted Cruz sez! But it is too late. He has caught the briefest of glimpses and that beautiful handsome face he’s known for is ruined. When he looks at them, his face is droopy and sad, no longer handsome.

“Give me a mirror,” he goes.

“Ted, no,” Pabs sez.

“Give it to me!” Ted ejaculates.

Carrot Top hands him a prop mirror.

“My career is over!” Ted Cruz sez. He runs out of the room.

“What the hell was that all about?” Kanye West questions, longingly.

“That was Ted Cruz,” Carrot Top goes. “The international sex symbol and face model.”

“Oh,” Kanye West sez.

“Yeah,” Carrot Top sez.

“Well,” Kanye West sez.

“Alright, alright,” Pabs sez. “The tension is too much for me. Tell us what we’re looking at here, Carrot.”

“Right, right,” Carrot Top sez. “It seems to be a libre vive,”

“A leeb-bray, vee-vay?” Kanye West sez.

“No,” Carrot Top sez. “A libre vive.”

“That’s what I said,” Yeezy spews.

“Well,” Carrot Top sez.

“What does it mean!?” Pabs sez.

“What it means is this,” Carrot Top sez. “I’ve never actually seen one before. I thought they were just an old wives’ tale.”

“Whose wife?” Pabs goes.

“Like a myth, man,” Kanye West sez.

“Oh,” Pabs sez.

“Yeah,” Carrot Top sez. “So, if what I’ve heard is correct, this is a very big deal, this book you guys got.”

“What do we do with it?” Kanye West sez.

“Oh, don’t worry,” Carrot Top sez. “You’ll know.”

And just like that, the chapter ends.

Except it doesn’t, because Kanye West is screaming now, or, well, that’s not quite right. He’s making a very loud and awful sound, sort of like the sound the red-headed dude from *John Carpenter’s The Thing* makes when he has those weird hands and is out in the snow and gets caught. That’s pretty close to the sound, because on the next page, surprise, surprise, he finds:

Chapter 5: *In which a guy with several names ponders linear time and we, temporarily perhaps, exist outside of it for fun.*

Having just blown some variation on a smoke signal, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, was feeling pretty solid. He was standing out on a hill, looking out at the shit below. Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo was known for being somewhat unsocial in his time, though, of course, you'll remember, decades later, he'd be heralded as one of the greatest vape-philosophers of our time. Though, of course, if you're living as a human in a normal moment then your perception of existence is based on

linear time, which will not at all be helpful in precognitive remembering. This is a natural limitation for which Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterinofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo has given much thought, giving him, as you'll remember or not, the nickname Major Professor Deep Cut McMasMcMer, which eventually was shortened to just The Deep Cut, and sometimes Professor Steamroller. So what are we supposed to do, living in this constraint of linear time, as we all know truly, or at least attempt to know, that everything is occurring at the exact time, which is the reason assholes like Dr. Mr. Superchill are so attracted to utter madness, which is not the disease those cows got, but just absolute fucking chaos of the mad scientist variety, the kind of thing that makes you want to stand up in your fucking chair and clap a bit, even though you're not too sure what exactly, the fuck, is going down. Though of course even a little investigation on your part would be helpful, valued even. So what the hell do we do, think about that for just a second. But even that measurement of time is worthless. If everything is happening at the same time, that means you're already dead. Consider this. Please notice you are not given a value of time in which you should consider this as that would be counterproductive to this whole

investigation. So here's where we are, if linear time is solely a human concept, does that necessarily mean that's everything for us? If we only perceive this due to our limitations does that limit us physically, in the sense that our perceived reality makes up or true reality, or is it, as we know it is, that our perceived reality is a lie and the world that exists outside of the one we perceive exists, is true, yet can never be observed by anything other than a creation of our own, which, leaves Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo to wondering about what this means for us in the, ahem, cough, cough, well the whathappensafer, if you choose, because if you consider it for long enough, you'll realize that if we perceive linear time, but it is not linear, then that means that we never truly exist, we're just fucking around in a practical reality as it exists for us, but in no other sense or actuality, which creates a series of issues for any real philosopher, let alone vape-philosopher, or VP if you prefer, because how could we ever exist if we wouldn't or won't or is there some larger thing happening that we can't perceive or maybe there is no such thing as death because life really is an illusion we've convinced ourselves

into believing, but if that's the case does that, somehow, in anyway, undermine the way we value stuff. Because, well, I mean, don't you like things? I know I do.

This is one of the larger issues that Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo runs up against. How can we, as humans, exist in linear time, understand the possibility of non-linear time, but does that whole thing destroy what time itself means or have we just been misunderstanding it all long? Tough questions indeed, but with enough amber-goo any vape-philosopher can do some damage. The idea that Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The

True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo currently has stuck in his craw, rattling around there, is the notion that, hey what if—well, we get so worked up about the idea of ancient aliens, but what if they weren't ancient, they just helped those old rare humans, a few in our own time even, perceive time non-linearly—could be as simple as a switch or a nice dose of something we haven't figured out yet—and then they're off and running, working on something that will seem familiar in a few hundred decades, but not before. Hey, who's to say? Certainly not Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller,

AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo has tried his hand at figuring this kind of shit out. And if linear time is an unnecessary constrain then the use of many-a-name is probably somewhat helpful in the sense that there is no such thing as wasting time if there is no such thing as time, so you cannot feel like the full use of someone's aliases is a waste, as there is no waste, there is only you. A-and, remember you're already dead! So you can't really complain too much, can you. No, you can't.

These are the kind of thoughts that float through Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, or you know, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty

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AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo can see some shapes moving far off, but Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, or of course you know, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo cannot tell what they are. This is truly where Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils,

AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo experience in liminal time exists. He considers, for instance, this moment how time can slip from meaning, but he wonders, like, can you ever really escape understanding our time as being linear? It's an important question, because with it comes a great understanding of the unknown. If we are able to get past our own human perceptions of time, then, perhaps, we could exist in continual liminal time. Though, of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid

McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo thinks, it's fucking impossible. How could we ever reach a point where we as humans exist outside of linear time, when—hell just look when! Even our expectations surrounding our own goals are steeped in linear time, and heavy-steeped, like some bitter-ass black tea. What the hell is one to do, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the

McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo wonders. For real though, how could you ever get past this sensation of time existing linearly if we can't even get our own language to exist outside of it. It's a problem, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller,

AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo figures. One we will probably never master. And just then, oh shit, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or

David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo realizes that another man issue is tense even! Ah fuck it, there's no getting around this one.

Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA

Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo blows some more smoke rings. The float lazily out into the world. Do they ever cease to exist or do they just become so big that we cant imagine them being real anymore? Over in the grass, almost without looking at him, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA

Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo can see a squirrel. The squirrel is somewhat fat. He's gnawing on something, though Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-

De-VirMcMimo can't see what it is. Who's to say, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo figures. A bird swoops by and Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the

McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo ducks out of habit, though, of course, it's nowhere near where he stands.

Then, after a bit of continuous smoke-blowing, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender

Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo wonders if this is something you can actually do. Like, is this okay? Of course only time will tell, but then we're sucked right back into the trapings of our own language. It makes Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-

De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo a bit nervous, honestly, to think that this might not be the way to go about things. Then again, who is anyone, really, to say. There's no way to quantify something like this, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils,

AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo thinks. And, this is, of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA

Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo thinking, and never Dr. Mr. Superchill lurking somewhere in deep background, controlling the thoughts of Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, because, and rest assured, he would never do that shit. The real question,

Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino
McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid
McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-
Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty
(though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable
super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller,
AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA
Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater,
AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-
De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or
David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy
Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA
Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA
Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather
knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA
Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA
Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo,
AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for
Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo now thinks, is whether or not, if you're
willing to do something like this, if the other stuff goes out the window to. Can you argue
artistically for comma splices, general misuse, and run-ons? And dear God! Daviddeangelo
De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA
Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils,

AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo thinks, what of intentional typos. For sure, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender

Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo thinks, these are the questions, and deep ones no less. There isn't a cloud in the sky though, and, really, isn't this what they were saying they wanted? It seems to Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-

De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo that it was. And at a certain point Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo realizes there has been an error in doubling-down, not in the metaphorical sense, but rather quite literally, though, if his assumptions about time are correct, then, well does any of it matter? Unclear at the time.

Truly flying now, no need for whitespace here, friends, Yeezy finds:

Chapter 6: Kanye West is back at Pabs's house, having somehow avoided the wrath of Pogodyne's minions. They decide to smoke a bunch of drugs and then open the book again, see what that offers them. Pabs, after rolling and smoking to expertly rolled splifs, is back in the world of Hideo Kojima. He has moved past Psycho Mantis's room and is snaking—you should pardon the pun—down halls sneakily and hiding beneath boxes, as Kanye West goes for number three.

Kanye West hasn't heard anything for Joe Piscopo since he arrived back in Chi-Town and is admittedly getting nervous. So, he picks up the phone to call the number he has for Joe Piscopo, only there is no dial tone.

"What the heck?" Kanye West sez.

"What?" Pablo says inquisitively. He looks up from the TV for just a second to see Kanye West standing with his foot propped up on the coffee table, where the cordless phone resides. He has on gold Nikes, and is generally looking pretty cool.

"No ring tone," Kanye West sez.

"Dial tone," Pabs sez. "You mean."

"Whatever, man," Kanye West sez. "Alls I'm saying is I cain't call no one from this bitch."

Pabs frowns. "Bill's paid up," he sez.

"Well," Kanye West sez.

"Well," Pabs sez.

But just then the Pabs explodes into a bunch of fucking bees, which scatter about the room. No they're wasps! Even worse! Dear god, what new type of magic fuckery is this? The wasps circle and sting and soon are landing on the book, like it's covered in honey and they

are bees instead of wasps, and Kanye West goes to pick it up, but they stick out their pointers turning the book into a sort of cactus type situation, which Kanye West is in no position to deal with.

This is when Joe Piscopo screams in through the window, sending glass a-flying. And what's this now? He has a flame-throwing and he's after those nasty wasps in quick order.

"Get out," Joe Piscopo is screaming. "Get out!"

Kanye West rolls out the window Joe Piscopo just rolled in through, coolly.

Joe Piscopo sets Pabs, or was it ever Pabs at all. Who even is Pabs? Hell we certainly don't know. But, a-an-anyway, Joe Piscopo has turned Pabs's living room into a hellscape filled with pissed flying flameboys of fury. And there's nothing to be done at this point, but grab the book and skedaddle, which Joe Piscopo, and quickly, hey.

On the front lawn, Kanye West is panting.

"What the hell," he goes. "Was that?"

"Time-exposed wasp-bomb," Joe Piscopo sez. "Classic Swamp-Nazi unholy business. You're in deep now, kid."

"In deep?" Kanye West sez. "I didn't sign up for any of this."

"You didn't have to," Joe Piscopo sez, coolly. "It signed you up." Joe Piscopo holds the book aloft.

"The book signed me up?" Kanye West sez in a questioning fashion, like two birds staring at each other wondering which one of them is the robot, only neither of them realize they're both robots, because their sentient AI algorithm has been heuristically programmed using non-paradox enhancing booster rhythms, yes, the very same kind that Professor Donny Dunits Hertzorwizkowski used on his original sentient AI algorithm for

that group of trees, which had no idea they were actually robots, you'll remember, so much like the birds, unable to realize they are robots, even though they are questioning which of the two of them is the robot, not realizing, or making any necessary considerations for the fact that, even to be considering—a-and there Dr. Mr. Superchill goes with those fucking punctuations again—which one is a robot would in fact make them far more than a bird, considering that in reality most birds do not concern themselves with which one of them is a bird, in fact most birds, and you'll remember this from the study done by Amy O'Brien, Dean Pincilpants, Daneese Perrtymananaskamanananopopolous, et al. which discovered that birds, at least the particular birds in question known as the twin-badger-faced burntlingers were primarily concerned with food and shelter, then occasionally love, though of course there was the study done by Pardner Hinskiy and his badasses which involved taking truckloads of LSD, DMT, and small amounts of Mad-Honey in order to, themselves, become birds and circle the sky, learning what they could, though what their findings demonstrated was that, well, statistically significant evidence demonstrated that all they wanted to do was shit and eat, though there was of course one of the badasses, named Little Tiny Turksy, who became so ill on the Mad-Honey that he had to be hospitalized for his birdness—a-and you'll most likely remember that shortly after this there was a massive seizure of incoming mad-honey by DEA agents who had no idea what to do with the shit and found themselves, at a DEA/FBI family picnic shitting and vomiting all over everything, the entire ordeal turning the Bay Area of San Fransisco into a nightmare of men with crew cuts in ill-fitting Hawaiian print button-ups vomiting into the ocean, screaming about birds with red-eyes who wanted nothing but to figure out which one of them was the robot, of course this was long before Professor Donny Dunits

Hertzorwizkowski ever thought about making the trees which would lead to the bees which led to the birds, which tried to decide which was which, in the same fashion that now Kanye West wanted to know how a book could sign him up for something.

“No,” Joe Piscopo sez. “It, like, metaphorically.”

“Oh,” Kanye West sez. “So what do we do now?”

“Well,” Joe Piscopo sez. “We need to figure out how to read the book without getting stuck in it. Then, we can go after the swam-nazis who exploded your friend into wasps.”

“Alright, man,” Kanye West sez. “How do we go about reading it?”

They were standing outside of Pabs’ house, completely ablaze now. Off in the distance, they could hear fire trucks.

“Practice,” Joe Piscopo sez. “But we’ve got to get the heck out of here. Can’t be standing outside a burn-down house when the cops show up, especially with a can full of gas and a handful of matches.”

Kanye West puls a face, like he is remembering something from the future. What the hell is he doing here? What has he gotten himself into? A few weeks ago he had been a normal dude, living in the city and making beatz, now here he is, an agent of some multi-national conspiracy-fest.

“Come on, Kanye,” Joe Piscopo sez.

They run off to hop into Joe Piscopo’s big black SUV and peel off into the night, just as the fire patrol appear from the night and begin their business of combating the flames.

“So here’s what we know,” Joe Piscopo sez. “In Dallas, or some suburb thereof, there are a group of swamp-nazis.”

“I thought they were swamp-zombies?” Yeezy goes.

“Well, sure,” Joe Piscopo sez. “In a way. But that’s also just because we couldn’t put Swamp-Nazis in a library catalog.”

“There you go again with that stuff,” Kanye sez. “What the hell do you mean with that stuff, man? I can’t manage all of this business. It’s too much business. Less than a month ago I was just a bro making beatz, now I’m in the middle of this business, and there are Frankensteins, Operatives, That Fuckboy David Foster Wallace, and a bunch of other shit, plus, oh, a-and of course Swamp-Nazis, people exploding into wasps, some other shit, and now, oh and now, you’re going to tell me some shit about library categories?”

“Just the way it is, Yeezy,” Joe Piscopo sez.

“Fuck,” Kanye West sez.

He opens the book back up, but this time, Joe Piscopo, screams from the front seat:

“Don’t!”

And Kanye West stops. “?” he says.

“You’ve already done so much damage,” Joe Piscopo says. Outside, it is foggy. “Jesus, this is some mess you’ve gotten us into, Yeezy.”

“Fuck,” Kanye West says. He closes the book, but it feels like pushing two similarly charged magnets together. Something is off. Had Kanye West always had this goatee, beard type thing? It’s unclear. Kanye West touches his face.

Joe Piscopo turns and looks at Kanye West. “What’s going on back there,” he says.

“Something,” Kanye West says. “Something has transpired, and I am unsure what it is.”

“Man,” Joe Piscopo says. “That sounds bad. If you’ve lost yourself in time, you’ll remember that we’re on our way—” but Joe Piscopo trails off. He has lost himself. “Fuck,”

he says. He shakes his head. “Well this isn’t good. I can’t clear my head. Whatever you did back there, don’t do that shit again, ever. We’ve got to figure out just what in the hell is happening.

Joe Piscopo pulls the car over to the side of the road.

Kanye West blinks. “Wait,” he says. “So. Hold on, man, I’m wrapping my head around this.” He holds the book up and waggles it a bit.

Joe Piscopo ducks.

“So,” Kanye West says. “Essentially, with this thing. So, did we time travel?”

Joe Piscopo’s ears are bleeding. He’s trying to drink coffee from the small cup that is the lid of his thermos, but he’s jangling the cup and spilling it everywhere. His entire body is jangling. He’s making some awful humming sound. “Yeez,” he goes to say, but before he can finish, he vibrates out of existence.

Kanye West blinks. “Well,” he says.

So he does the only thing he can think to do, he opens the book and discovers the following:

Prologue: In which the general idea of the whole thing is introduced in a particularly intriguing and cryptic manor

It was the best of times; it was the blurst of times, and it all started with Dog The Bounty Hunter. If you’re reading this, there is a chance I’m dead, so I want the whole story to be here probably. Dog and I had become friends during a charity basketball in Dallas, Texas. I don’t remember the charity, but I remember the bow he through that broke my nose. It was supposed to be light-hearted, good in front of the cameras, but it turned into an all out war when Fred Durst dunked on Carrot Top. Dog felt bad after the game and bought

me a beer. The dude could tell a story, and maybe later I'll share one of them. Anyway, after quite a few of them, we became pretty good buds, and decided to exchange information. Only a few weeks later the towers in New York fell, and I completely forgot about Dog. It wasn't until a few years later, after I had been replaced, that I ran into him at a dive bar in Milwalki where he was working a case and we caught back up. This was, of course, before my run in with Pogodyne and everything that came after, but we'll get to that eventually. For now, you just need to know, this all started with Dog. For years we were friends, staying in touch and catching up when we could, swapping stories. Until, of course, The Event, which is most likely why you're reading this. Before The Event, he started bugging me. He kept asking me about the mystery we had going on, about how I figured it, about what I thought had happened, and all of that kind of business. Of course, I couldn't tell him what I knew, which was that the Swamp-Nazis were back. Who can you tell though? Who would believe such a thing? And I don't mean a bunch of badasses down in Lousiana, I mean the real deal. The same guys who were responsible for MLK and running all of those people out of all of those towns. They were back, and they were pissed. And who was I to do anything about it? Well, for one, I was Kanye West.

Of course, I'm the real Kanye West, not the imposter you know. I'm not the fantastic hip-hop producer slash rapper slash Internet-Celeb, but I am more than a dude who shares his name. I'm the real one. I'm the one who they replaced in the early 2000s after my mix-tape took off. But that's a story for a different day.

You're probably wondering why I would write this, after so many years have passed, and most people involved have died or completely forgotten. Well, the answer is simple. You deserve to know. You deserve to know what happened that long, hot summer in 2016,

before everything started going to shit. You deserve to know where they came from and where they went, and probably who the hell they were. For an entire summer, ghosts had free reign of the world, and you, you just let them into your homes.

I wrote this, because you should still be scared. One chapter is over, but the book is just started.

“What the hell,” Kanye West sez. He turns the page to find:

Chapter 1: In which background information is given, Kanye West runs into some asshole named Operative Six, confusion ensues

Let’s start off with some background information. I was born in 1973, in Jackpot, Texas. After that I did a bunch of stuff and starting kicking up beats in late 80s, in my teens. I was a big Grand Master fan, and there was just so many things happening with music. I moved out to Chicago in the late 90s and really dug in. I had a few hits in 93 on my unnamed mix-tape, which I quietly called Kayne, and, no, that’s not a misspelling. This is about the time I had a run in with a man named Operative Six. He was a big mother fucker, and one night when I was working on beats, he just came up into my fucking house. Let’s switch to third for the sake of story-telling here.

Operative Six came in through the backdoor to find Kanye West hunched over an old PC and midi box with headphones on. He was seriously into his beats, jamming along, bim-bam-bap, hey. And, anyway, here’s what happens next, ah fuck we’ve changed tenses again, well fuck everything, we’re just trying to take up space here anyhow, am I right ladies? Besides, we all know Kanye West is just the fake narrator of this thing, well the real Kanye anyway, because the real and true narrator is, and always has been Dr. Mr. Super Chill! A- and anyway, here goes this one.

Operative Six is closing in on Kanye, who's still at it, now trying to come up with some rhyme for *honkey*. Operative Six, who looks like someone stuffed an all black jogging outfit with a bunch of potatoes and flour, lifts Ye's headphones off his head.

Kanye turns around in full attack mode and blaps him several times, hard, though, for whatever reason, none of the blows are taking, and now, Operative Six is all pissed and redfaced, ready to rumble and not taking no for answers, as he throws Kanye across the room, taking out a small Roland drumset in the corner, which plays a few cymbal crashes on the monitors somewhere. A-and, what's this, but Kanye is up and at'em with two marching sticks, thick as tube socks, swinging them around like meats on a string.

"Ey, yo," Kanye sez, and he starts coming in hot, swinging those sticks like some kind of dope-fiend, hardset on murderin'.

"Ey, yo," Operative Six sez. And he puts up his dukes. "I'm here with an offer."

"Offer this, Jellybean," Kanye sez.

"I'd prefer not to," Operative Six sez, in a manner that takes up as much physical space as possible on the page, hey.

But it's too late, because here comez Kanye, all bows and blows, swinging those drumsticks, which have turned into whirling blender bladz and speedz unknown to any human. Too fast! Because now, Kanye is taking off into the air, unable to control himself any more than to give a try at saying something, but this is complete nonsense, like what in the hell is anything even, hey. You're all, acting like this is a real thing, but here the thing is wanting to be anything but, and how are you—ever—to really grab ahold of something that refuses to be anything but what it is, which is constantly changing, shifting out of shape, ignoring all sense of decency and, well, any sort of existing as a thing that has a constant

narrator, because clearly it's no longer Dr. Mr. Super Chill, so who is this new mother fucker who has taken over this goddamn thing, leaving us with what, but nothing after some uncontrollable new sexy hotness.

NEW HOTNESS! You exclaim in all caps, how about some fucking grammar, then how about it? But, nah, because there's no time for revisionary tactics here, friends, no, we are lost amid a sea of madness which, when left unattended and unchecked (and balanced) all that could possibly remain is the certain assurance that we are only in the universe, if there is such a thing, the sole property of, of, of, of our own destinies both true and imagined, and say what's the difference anyway, because you asked for this goddamned thing, you pulled someone aside and said 'hey your shit is shit,' and not THE shit, which is the key difference, that mother fucking article the always necessary how about it, so what did you expect, but to find Kanye West, the real one never mind it, flying through the air, using marching sticks to combat some asshole named Operative Six, because, and remember there's nothing wrong with a run-on if it's art and you call attention to it, that John Darnell (is that how you spell it, NO TIME TO CHECK, ASSHOLZ!) once said 'if you punish someone for dreaming their dream, don't ask them to thank or forgive you,' so, in other words—ahem—you asked for it, and you got it, here it is, friends, pure unchecked badassery, screaming at your brainz from 44,000 mph and back again through time, where we find Kanye West, now coming down into his own.

A-and here is Operative Six, just maddoggin' him. He's ready.

Kanye comes at him, but Operative Six makes short work of him, and goes to brew a cup of tea while Kanye sleeps it all off.

While Operative Six steeps two bags of Oolang, he walks around the small Chi-Town apartment, which is like any apartment you've ever seen, and could easily be somewhere else. There is a small kitchen, which is essentially just a stove and a microwave and a refrigerator in an alcove of a living room, which is furnished with a shitty black leather couch and no TV. But there is a pretty nice glass table. It's one of those solid 1990s numbers that has a tinge of green to it, but you're not sure how they got all that in there—this is the glass part, of course, the table itself is wrought iron. Operative Six sits on the couch and drinks his tea, with a touch of agave, which he pulls from a Velcro pouch on his tac-vest.

About halfway through his tea, Kanye snores to life, ripping, tearing, and ready to rock, drool everywhere, taking blind swings like a lemon without a waistline.

Operative Six crosses his legs, watches, gives him the face.

"Alright," Kanye sez. "Who are you, and why are you here?"

Operative Six raises his eyebrows, takes a sip of tea. "Glad you finally asks," he sez. "Would you like some tea?"

"Nah," Kanye sez. Kanye disappears into a backroom and comes out with a black, wooden box with a skull and crossed bones on it in white. Oh, a-and, this is probably a goodtime to describe this motherfucker, how about it? So, this whole time, you've probably been imagining Kanye West as you know him now, a medium height dude who shows up late and doesn't stay long, and while he's there he doesn't talk to anyone, but you're happy to have him, because he totally gets it crackin', however that's not what the first Kanye looks like. Kanye West, some of his plaques still say Kayne, on the other hand is tall and skinny. He's got more of a Lakeith Standfield—huge fan by the way—thing happening than

a, well than a Kanye West, but still a bit taller than that. He clocks in at 6'2, but he doesn't weigh more than about 190.

Operative Six, on the other hand, looks like he stepped out of an action hero badass mold. He's all muscle, not a spec of hair, heck, even his eyebrows are shaved off, which leave him looking very unsettling.

"My name is Operative Six," Operative Six sez. "And I'm part of an organization that wishes to, at this moment in time, remain anonymous. This organization would like to offer you a large sum of money, to let someone else be you."

"Excuse me?"

"Okay, look," Operative Six sez. "Do you have a beer or something."

Kanye shrugs. He goes to the fridge and pulls out two Magnums, hands one over.

"Thanks," Operative Six sez. He opens it and makes pretty short work of it. "You're going to want the other one, man," Operative Six says. "And, look, I feel like I should level with you. I didn't used to look this fucked up. I know I'm monster-looking. I know I don't look normal. No eyebrows? Hell is this dude thinking, you're thinking probably. Well that's just the style right now for the Os. Anyway, used to I was called Toby Keith, but—"

"Wait," Kanye sez "Toby Keith? Like the country singer?"

"Do you ever look at that son of a bitch and think," sez Operative Six, "that he looks a bit too much like some motherfucker named Toby Keith?"

"Actually," Kanye sez. "A bit."

"See," Operative Six sez.

"Okay, wait," Kanye sez. "Lay this out for me here a bit."

“This organization, which you’ll learn the name of, if you sign on, is in the business. They will tell you there is only one business, the making money business. All other businesses fall into this category. Mostly, they take up-and-coming celebrities, before they get famous, and do a *reimagining*, which is replacing them with someone they can control, someone whose image they can manage, and someone who looks a bit more like they would have that name.”

“Why not just replace them with robots,” Kanye sez.

“We don’t have the technology yet,” Operative Six goes. “But don’t think it ain’t coming.” He reaches out and sipz some tea.

“Why the hell would I do that?” Kanye West says.

“Well,” Operative Six sez. “For one, if you don’t, I have to kill you, so you don’t reach a level of fame they can’t control, and two, it comes with some pretty decent benefits. You just get to exist. They pay for all of your business. Whatever you need. All you have to do is stay in the background, and, well, you know, not become famous.”

“And if I don’t agree, you’ll kill me.”

“That’s correct.”

“Well,” Kanye West sez. “You don’t leave a dude with a lot of options, do you?”

“That’s the point,” Operative Six sez.

“I figure,” Kanye West sez. He finally opens the Magnum and gives it a gulp or too. It’s really not so bad, and it works, so, so, so well.

It’s probably important to note here that, it is March 2001 right now, in this present, and all across the world, people are finding themselves finding themselves on the Internet in some fashion or another, asking A/S/L, typing sexual acts between asterics and

masturbating constantly. In addition to all of this, something is lurking deep and dark beneath the bowels of the earth, just beyond the crust, resting on the loins of the fiery depths of the molten core, where, Beanie Babies haven completely taken over POGs, parents wait outside of Cracker Barrels for them to open, hoping to find Twinkie or Winkie or that one bull that is all red, whose secret name is not Tabasco, leading one to wonder just how in the fuck they got away with that without a TradeMark lawsuits. And, did you hear the one about the two swinging wives who were both married to dudes named Mark? Anyway, the point is that the universe is shifting, the delicate balance of power, constantly in flux, is now curving in a specific direction, that is, toward the unknown, where monsters still lurk and magic is real and alive. Also, a small group of aliens, known as The Galactic Five—yes based on the TV show of the same name—has formed a jazz quartet, and let's not go into the logistics of that name and combo combo.

It's easy and important to also note that a man named Jeffrey Jacobs is currently driving a Lincoln Mark VI straight through that one lone highway in Nevada, hoping to catch a starride to the heavens, but will only run into local authorities—or a group of well-dressed men wearing sunglasses at night pretending to be such—in jeeps and white Ford Broncos—oh, oh, oh, and don't you just know there's a connection to be made there, considering that A.C. Cowlings never knew how to drive a stick—a-and The Juice's wasn't even, hey!—but here we are, or where are we, back with Jreff Jacobs, and no that's not a typo, but that's the only time we'll spell his name that way, because otherwise we'll summon him here, a party trick with which you do not want to involve yourself. The rough-neck authorities will take our mutual associate Jeff to a holding cell somewhere deep under the ground, where hackers clack away into the night, hoping, but never obtaining, to

discover just what, exactly, it is that Pogodyne is up to, or what, even they are. A-and, Christ, who the hell knows exactly.

The point is that you asked for something, and you're getting it, right now, here it is. The full unadulterated madness of the friendless fingers, finding fruth. Or truth, if you prefer the original spelling. But how are we to know that any of this matters or is even important, because, dear God, I'm certainly certain that many of the inhabitants hope you never find this manifesto, and, well, given the way copyright laws work, with one push of a, well, back to those fingers again, button, we could easily be blasted off into space, ready and willing, primed even, to waste more of your fucking time. But there are some gems in here, gems made for the finding, the only question being how much other bullshit are you willing to put up? However, in reality, even without explanation, isn't that always the truth, the general capital F truth?

Anyway, by this point Kanye has signed the piece of paper and Operative Six informs him that he will get a pamphlet in the mail soonish. It is about then that the door burst open and That Fuckboy Tom Waits runs in panting.

"Six," he sez. "Sorry, I got held up."

Operative Six sighs, makes a face like 'this fucking motherfucker.' "Ye," he sez. "This is That Fuckboy Tom Waits."

That Fuckboy Tom Waits nods excitedly. "That's my codename."

"But," Kanye West Sez. "You're Tom Waits."

"Well, right," That Fuckboy Tom Waits sez. "That's the goddamned beauty of it."

"Time out," Kanye West sez. "How did you wind up in this mess if you are yourself?"

“Honestly,” That Fuckboy Tom Waits sez. “It’s kind of a weird story. You see, originally, this whole business was just supposed to be a version of Dracula, which, I’m sure you’ve seen. I was going to play myself, Scott Baio was in it. So was Carrot Top actual. And—well—anyway, during the filling out of forms, Dr. Mr. Super Chill realized that there were some potential issues with signatures involved. You see, on one of the documents, a human would have been required to sign off regarding an issue of plagiarism, and while Dracula is totally public domain, Dr. Mr. Super Chill, in one of his rare moments of unchill, considered this might be a negative situation to put someone into. Thusly he decided to reevaluate. And here we are.”

“Wait,” Yeezy sez. “That doesn’t. Does anyone else smell paint?”

“Huh,” That Fuckboy Tom Waits sez.

“This isn’t worth your time,” Operative Six sez.

“No,” Kanye sez. “First, if what homeboy here is saying is true, we’ve got all the time in the goddamned world. And B, he still didn’t answer my question. He just plugged his movie.”

“Actually,” Operative Six sez. “He did answer your question. The reason he’s here, is because the organization whose name you will know shortly got to him too late. Life David Foster Wallace, they figured, hey, this guy will never make it.”

“Sure sure sure,” Kanye goes. “I got that part. What I’m wanting to know is why he’s here. Like why his homeboy in my house?”

“It’s pretty simple really,” That Fuckboy Tom Waits sez. “I’m here because I am.”

“Goddamnit,” Kanye sez. “Y’all get out of my house.”

Operative Six throws down a smoke bomb and heads out through the front door.

When the smoke clears, That Fuckboy Tom Waits is still on the couch. Nodding.

“That’s you too, brotha,” Kanye West sez.

“Right,” That Fuckboy Tom Waits sez. He creeps out.

“Fuck,” Kanye West sez.

The chapter ends.

“Are you alright back there,” Dog the Bounty Hunter sez to Kanye West, whose eyes have rolled into the back of his head, and his nose his bleeding. On the next page, Kanye West finds the following:

Chapter 2: In which Dr. Mr. Superchill rears his nasty head, Kanye West meets Dog the Bounty Hunter, and we are all Salmon Rushdie

The way chapter 2 starts off is like this: it’s been a few days since Operative Six was by and Kanye has sort of chalked the whole thing up to a strange dream. He has gone back to making beats. Though, one day he checks the mail and in it, among bills aplenty, finds a large folder. Inside, naturally, he finds an assignment. For his first gig, he has been assigned Dog the Bounty Hunter as a partner. So, of course, he throws the thing in the garbage and goes back to beats. The one he has going right now, goes like this:

Boom-dada-boom-baboomboom, boom-dada-boom-baboomboom, etc. This is followed by a sample from *Truth or Dare* the old Madonna documentary, where Warren Beatty is talking a bunch of shit. The beat drops in hard when he says *What’s wrong with you* for the fifth time and goes real hard for a few seconds, then Kanye comes in, talking about the current state of Chi-town, the republican party, eventually making a reference to that fuckboy Tom Waits, but not as That Fuckboy Tom Waits, just Tom Waits, but calling

attention to the fact that he is a fuckboy. The original track has a few lines regarding David Foster Wallace, but these get pulled. This, of course, is not a typo.

Though, after a bit, the door blows in and in comes none other but whom Operative Six, all ready and rearing, punching and kicking into Kanye's few valuables, pissed as hell.

"Hey, man, this is a private residence," Kanye sez, but it's too late.

"What in the good fuck are you still doing here," Operative Six spews.

"Making beats," Kanye sez.

Operative Six walks over and picks Kanye up by his lapel. "You need to get moving," he sez. "Pogodyne doesn't fuck around."

"Pogodyne?" Kanye sez.

"Did you even read the pamphlet?"

Kanye shrugs. "I glanced at it."

Operative Six shakes his head. "Alright, man, here's how it goes." And this is when he proceeds to tell him about Pogodyne, the megacryptoconglomerate, which owns and operates most scenes behind the scenes. They are the original and only puppet master, in control of so many subsidiaries that it would blow your mind to simply mention a few—not the least of which is Fox news, but also CNN, because, Pogodyne doesn't fuck around when it comes to power, or for making money for that matter. They are so powerful and have their money spread so deeply, that they're not actually breaking any monopoly laws, as they still allow for free autonomous companies to act singularly and in competition with their others—a fairly brilliant strategy if you consider it for a moment or two here now.

Anyway, Kanye is slightly more woke now, and he goes to his closet and puts on his cool clothes and heads out. Operative Six has booked him a flight on the first one to Dallas,

which is a short one. Though, Yeezy, in times of silence between the tracks, finds himself wondering just what in the hell he's doing, though, of course, he's a part of something now and there is no coming back, no returning order, as, well, this is, of course, his new home, in the chaotic knowing society of—well—of something, though he's not exactly sure what at this moment.

Kanye West scrolls through his phone and finds a curious BuzzFeed article entitled:

THE 28 TIMES THIS YEAR WE WERE ALL SALMON RUSHDIE. It is as follows.

1. That time you fell down the stairs, but no one saw
2. That time you ripped your jeans
3. That time you tried your hand at stand-up
4. That time your dog slept in your lap, and you were like, what is this little, tiny, marvelous creature, hey?
5. That time you spent an entire evening sober, trying to imagine what it was like to not be born yet.
6. That brief stint when you considered M-Thoery, then realized you were too stupid to truly understand how math worked.
7. That time you tried your hand at poetry, and wrote an entire thing about the time Shakespeare wrote that thing, thinking it was somehow meta and cute, but it wasn't you fucking awful trashbag human.
8. That time your dog slept in your lap and he was in the way but still cute.
9. That time you gave up punctuation after reading a Cormac McCarthy novel.
10. That time Cormac McCarthy was always racist.
11. That time you got really into smoothies for a year.

12. That time you fell down the stairs and everyone saw.

13. That time you were working on a project and started freaking out a bit, because it looks like the text was floating off to the right, but then, of course, that couldn't actually be true, and even if it was you know the truth which was

14. That time you understand that Dr. Mr. Superchil was in control, that no matter what Dr. Mr Superchill was in complete and total control, even when he wasn't, what a crazy fucker.

15. That time you met that dude at a Starbucks who said he was super into hiphop, you could tell he spelled Questlove's name like Questlove.

16. That time you and Salmon Rushdie both reached for the same copy of *Space Jam*—for studying purposes, for something you were working on—and you wound up wishing for each other's lives, and, for a few days, until you figured out how to reverse it, you actually were Salmon Rushdie.

17. That time you were Salmon Rushdie and everyone kept calling you Salmon, not Salmon.

18. Like the fish.

19. That time you were told that your work wasn't commercial by an organization you had trusted with your whole heart, with all of your sweat, both metaphorically and literally, an organization you gave up so much for, an organization for which you gave away more than four years of your life, and you tried so hard to produce something they could be proud of, and you worked so hard, and sacrificed more than they could ever know, went into debt, gave up eating well, taking care of yourself, gave up all of your free-time for four years—and possibly more, who's to say from this vantage—and you took jobs you didn't

want, lived away from the love of your wife, separated your children for the sake of ease, did I mention went super into fucking debt, watched your father die while you were in another state, barely had time to leave to bury him, and had even less time to catch back up after, because it was at the beginning of the goddamned semester, stopped going fucking anywhere, stopped watching movies, stopped reading books, stopped using Facebook—for real—dealt with countless panic attacks for leaving your dogs alone during storms, but you had to, because you had to go to work, or because you had to teach, or because you had to meet with some mother fucker, pushed yourself to the breaking point then pushed past it and kept going, made your life a miserable robotic creation where all you could ever accomplish was the one goal, for the one organization, that one organization for which you had sacrificed so much and worked so hard, did we mention gone majorly into debt while working, because they paid you fucking nothing and then pretending that it was enough to life on, even though, when you counted up all the fees with the ‘free stuff,’ and then the cost of insurance, which was fucking ridiculous and awful, but better than nothing while you were starving to death on blue-box mac and cheese, living far away from everyone you ever loved, until you met new people to love of course, and more importantly losing all this time, taking away everything, thinking, well, hey now, it will be worth it in the long run, looking down at your kid’s eyes and seeing them fill with liquid and promising her that one day it would be good, that one day it would be fine, be better, be great, be perfect, but knowing she only had a few years left, and knowing that you were spending them all working toward something, only to find out this organization didn’t take you seriously, hadn’t, in fact, given a single fuck about you the entire time you were here, known you were here at all even, just, straight-up, called your entire four years of work bullshit and worthless, and

some things that you worked on for four years which they said were shit. They said it was worthless. They said throw it in the garbage. They said put it in the trash. They said burn it. They said learn a sport. They said it's worth nothing. They said fuck you. They said fuck off. They said pay me. They said go away. They said leave. They said it looks like it might storm. They said, sorry not sorry. They said we know you hate that. They said why the comma sometimes? They said why no question mark. They said you don't know anything. They said you're worthless. They said no jobs for you. They said give up. They said go away. They said go back home. They said wait tables. They said work at Starbucks. They said work at Whole Foods. They said learn a new language. They said go back to school. They said become a sex-worker. They said learn how to mix drinks. They said start an Etsy store. They said get better at drawing. They said buy some fire-extinguishers. They said intentionally misspell extinguishers. They said have dreams. They said fuck your dreams. They said you'll get no connections here. They said you'll get no help from us. They said, hey, would you want to work for free a bit? They said become a DJ. They said sell it on Amazon for megacheap. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do literally anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said here is a list of one thing you cannot do: this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said do anything but this. They said the lube will cost 80 dollars. They said here are the things you cannot do: this. They seriously said out of all of the things you can do in the world, don't do this one thing you've chosen to do after we told you it was totally cool. They said

the world doesn't need you. They said you're worthless. So you settled down and figured fuck it okay it's all trash, but then you figured, no, no, no, no there are other things to do, other ways to manage this, so you worked on those for a while, but then it turned out that these too were not allowed, so you started working on something for them, specifically for them, specifically for them, specifically for you, just so youk now, this is for you, this is only for you, no one else will ever see this, because this is just for you, so you can know that no one fucks with Dr. Mr. Superchill, and he's happy to fuck around and waste some time because this thing that you told him he's not allowed to do means more to him than anything in the world, and just like John Darnielle said and was previously quoted, if you punish someone for dreaming their dreams, don't ask them to thank or forgive you, so here you go, here you go, here we go, here you go. Here you go.

20. That time you tried to write a book about Kanye West, but even that wasn't okay for fuck's sake.

21. That other time you fell down some stairs and everyone saw.

22. That time lists were awesome.

23. That time you figured you should make more use of whitespace

24. That time we were all Salmon Rushdie

25. That time you considered what a waste of time might look like, but couldn't quite make up your mind.

26. That time you got a job at Starbucks

27. That time you thought, I could do this.

28. That time you knew, I could do this.

The plane lands, and Kanye West heads out into the city of Dallas.

After some whitespace, Kanye West has checked into his hotel and is awaiting the arrival of Dog The Bounty Hunter. Dog The Bounty Hunter is supposed to meet him at this one bar. It's called The Slip In, which is where Kanye finds himself, on the inside of a dark submarine, listening to some mean grooves from some asshole named Dr. Creep. Right now it's a mashup of some oldschool *Grand Master Flash* playing a backdrop for some slightly oldish *Childish Gambino*, with a little bit of, hey what's that, *Black Sabbath*?

After some more whitespace, Dog The Bounty Hunter appears from the bathroom, which is in the back, and is surprising because Kanye West never saw him go past.

"Hey, brother," Dog The Bounty Hunter sez.

"Hey," Kanye West sez. He's already on his third Long Island and is feeling pretty okay.

"Alright, brother," Dog The Bounty Hunter sez. "Here's the score. We got us a broham. He's going around talking about he's a Frankenstein. We're gonna go have a chat with them, see what's what, then manage it."

"A Frankenstein," Kanye West says.

"You know," Dog The Bounty Hunter sez. "Like that guy from the books. Hates fire and all that."

"Frankenstein's monster?" Kanye West sez.

"What?" Dog The Bounty Hunter sez.

"Never mind," Kanye goez. "Let's just do it."

“Right-o,” Dog The Bounty Hunter sez.

So after some more whitespace, they head over to where this motherfucker is living, and it turns out, he actually is a Frankenstein, so they kill him the way everyone knows you go about killing Frankensteins. It’s what they find there, however, that frightens them. There is a decent deal of correspondence from someone referring to himself as J. Alois Hitler Jr. who has been sending the Frankenstein recruitment pamphlets for something that looks a bit like Neo-Nazism and a bit like some fucked up thing out of a nightmare Stanley Kurbick had, and we know that the syntax back there sucks, but fuck it. This is a story, goddamnit.— There’s also a part of Dr. Mr. Superchill who’s just straight challenging here. He knows the score, contemplates continually if this is a waste of time, but there’s also this other part who thinks maybe this vomit will do some good. If you concentrate hard enough, anything can be worth the time.

So, they gather up all of the letters quick as you’d like, a-and, but what’s this, suddenly shit is flying around the room like a ghost is picking shit up and throwing it around the room.

“Hey, what the Christ?” Kanye West says, which sends Dog The Bounty Hunter off into a praying spree, making up for Mr. West’s potty-mouth.

Dog The Bounty Hunter is prostrate, kicking his big boots in the air, saying something about Jesus Christ amen.

But things are really cooking up now, literally, some water is boiling on a stove, the oven is preheating for something, a large amount of weird-shit is transpiring, to no one’s, but the narrator’s, hey—and even then—understanding.

Dog The Bounty Hunter and Kanye West decide to get out of this madhouse lickity split, leaving the dead body of the Frankenstein at his kitchen table, looking like he was about to have some cereal and just sort of croaked over, but not before Kanye West snagged a rather suspicious looking book bound in human flesh and took it with him. Though, of course, it could have easily been a human flesh facsimile.

So Kanye West and Dog The Bounty Hunter hop into the car and speed off into the night, Dog The Bounty Hunter all the while wanting to know just what the h-e-c-k was going on back there, to which, Yeezy, of course, has no real answer based on their current reality. The book has a lock on it, but alas, no key in sight, so Kanye West has set about to banging it on things in the car, which does NOT make Dog The Bounty Hunter happy.

“Hey, stop that,” Dog The Bounty Hunter sez.

“Hey, stop that,” Dog The Bounty Hunter sez, but it’s too late. Kanye is experiencing something, he must catch up now. On the next page he finds:

Chapter 3: *In which we are introduced to Mararmarisiamos
Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick, reality is considered*

There comes a time in every man’s life when he must ask himself how much he’s willing to give up for something or how much shit he’s willing to put up with or really what he’s willing to ask himself about his own existence and how deep he’s willing to go, and whether or not, in the long run, if it would be allowed or work at all, or if what he found there would be okay, or if what people would do if fucking you didn’t do the thing you were supposed to do and after having considered this for a long time Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick decided to reevaluate her entire situation, having, for a very long time, believed in the reality of doing things the way you were

supposed to do them, which was, ahem, not at all the way in which Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick preferred to do things, because she had gained a new sort of consciousness after decades of meditation, and after meeting a helpful man on a golf course who claimed to be the ghost of some old white asshole, but really was something else entirely, perhaps God himself on a fucking furlough of some sort, thinking, sure, but okay yes, what kind of goddamned nonsense was this, but if you give into it, if you really push in, dig the heels and feels, let the fingers do as they wish and just fucking squirt everywhere, everything should be just fucking fine, because there are those who will tell you that things are other things, like run-ons, comma splices, fragments, not real names, but the reality is that those people can only make so many decisions for you, and given the situation fo the other situations of situations they don't have any say in such a thing as the thing in which is the thing that you're currently thinking about, because—a-and even if the fucking did!—then it would require a whole other amount of things for everyone to be involved with, and then where the fuck would Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick be with all of her business question mark. The real goal here is to fit Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick's entire name on a single line, and there we fucking go, organically in the first try, just the way that Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick's life went after she met the Baggy Vance mother fucker on the golf course and started meditating until her fucking fingers turned blue and fell off, but, well, then again, that could have just been all the fucking colloidal silver she was taking, as, who, at last point, she had been told and what the hell, but if you think about it long enough you'll realize that all of the gods of yore have come back to roost in some fashion, and there's no way taking enough of that stuff will

actually keep you from getting cancer or getting sick or whatever, but thus far, it's honestly worked pretty well for Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick, minus, you know, the whole two fingers falling off thing, but these are the fingers she doesn't need that much, hey. I mean, how often do you *really* use your ring fingers? No one wants their last name to be Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick, and you better believe that Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick is hyphenating that shit—hey look that's four organic scores in a row, and it seemed so hard to begin with, but here we are, riding this wave of whateverthefuck it is all the way up into Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick's kitchen, where she is drinking an entire bottle of colloidal silver. When she turns around we see she really is some shade of blue. She doesn't look like a Smurf or nothing, she just has a shade to her.

Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick is sitting on a stool, looking fine. She's reading Marlon Brando's autobiography. She's right at the part where Brando eats an entire pint of ice cream, then pukes up it, and it comes up pink rather than white, but he's got a date with a married woman in a few minutes, so he brushes his teeth and heads out. By the time he gets there, he passes out, basically in the poor woman's entryway, and she takes him to the hospital, where it turns out he has a tear in his esophageal lining. A rough one, to say the least, but not necessarily a true one, Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick thinks. The real curiosity here is the manner in which Brando started crafting himself early on, but was it out of a fear, Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick wonders, or was it out of a certain natural desire to perform and be awesome. This is something everyone, probably in a position like this, will have to ask themselves at some point, but

Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick figures that it's probably the latter, that Brando was a natural performer and saw the value in being somewhat wildly mysterious. The point being, if you're somewhere in the future reading this fucking thing, remember Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick as she was. Don't think about Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick in a situation like you may currently find her. This is a personal record and was never ended to be for sale, but you fucking vultures! You came after it didn't you?

And here they come. The giant birds swooping down and pecking at Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick's kitchen windows. She squaks a bit, honestly, and ducks, throws the book at the window, but the birds will not be frightened away. They want to know what's inside of her, they want to know how she got here, they want to know what her hopes and dreams are, they want to eat them and leave nothing left. Somehow they will turn a profit, goddamnit! Somehow they will leave her alive, alive but drained of whatever it was that flowed inside of her. But Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick is *not* going out without a hell of a fight.

Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick grabs the blow-torch she used to use before she got sick to make crème brûlée with, and, as the birds shatter the windows and come in, searching for anything to take that might be worth something or tasty, she lights them the fuck up. Soon enough, giant birds are flapping around her beautiful home, setting everything on fire, and Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick pours herself a goddamn whisky, because fuck it, if her liver is going to shut down, let it be today.

You'll remember Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick of course as the wonderful young artist who went to school with Aliza Sharkut, the artist who, in her early twenties really redefined what it meant to 'paint.' And, anyway, by the time she hit 40 and got diagnosed with all of the bullshit, she was tired and someone dug up her phd thesis, which was a bit of gag, but she went 10 days without sleep to make the gag, so— who's to say at the end of the day, really, what's a gag and what's some kind of commentary, though you know where Dr. Mr. Superchill stands, that mean mother fucker would tell you if it's not entertaining who gives a fuck and certainly this well, up to you I supposed—but anyway, Mararmarisiamos Mocococolokoalabamamissississippidick sat in front of a camera wide awake and naked, occasionally masturbating, sometimes eating, but that's about it, for ten days straight. Once every twelve hours a doctor would check on her, and after the first 36, he started telling her to go to sleep, but she would look at the camera and smile with that big mouth of hers, all teeth and nothing else, like she was ready to gobble up the entire fucking world if given the opportunity. And hadn't she, in the early 2000s, really? But anyway, before all of that, she sat in front of a camera, which recorded to a local drive and a big old massive memory bank—not that big because she filmed in standard, still, after all, a woman who liked to look sexy and not completely and utterly shit exhausted—and this is what she turned, because, after all, who the fuck was someone else to tell the artist what was and what was not art? Certainly, well, who the fuck knew actually.

A-and on the next page:

Chapter 4: *In which Kanye West and friend seek an expert, discover the meaning of books, and general waste some time.*

Kanye West is back at the hotel with his souvenir, having, at Dog the Bounty Hunter's request, mailed off all of the materials, except for this tasty morsel, back to Pogodyne headquarters in Schelpton, Arkansas. He still can't get the son of a bitch open. It's got some hell of a lock on it. He's been youtubing, but can't find this particular model, has come to the conclusion, in fact, that it may very well be a custom job, which Yeezy had no idea how to manage. Hell with it, he figures. He puts it in his suitcase, and forgets about it for now.

Why in the hell had he been brought out for this. They hadn't needed him. Dog the Bounty Hunter had been completely in control of the situation, and in no way had Kanye helped out, like at all.

Just then, something slid under his door. Kanye West stood up and went to find an envelope. Inside was a plan ticket back to Chicago. So that was it. It was over.

Kanye West flew back to Chi-town and started making beats again. He felt like life was a lot like making beats. It's about having an understand of how music works. It's understanding the natural timing of things, ending at just the right moment, so it feels like there is more, that the song could fo on forever, but it won't it can't because there's another one coming up and you have to make room, so, instead, what you do, is end the song at the exact moment is feels like it should keep going, but also where it feels complete, the same way you put your best song first on the album, but the second one is better than the first, and the last is better than all of the other tracks. Everyone knows this. But it was all about timing.

So when Kanye West was several joints deep and had decided to lay down on his floor to meditate, it worked out perfectly that this was when the bullets started flying.

A drive by! or at least this was Ye's first assumption. But what local did he know who could pack this kind of wallop? Everything in his ground floor apartment was fucking disintegrating, vaporizing, returning to their original particles. Chairs are torn apart, couch stuffing flies like flies. Everything is utter chaos, and how could it not be, existing, of course, in it's natural state. But eventually the bullets stop. Though, natch, this is when Kanye West notices, hears, something bumbling tumbling into the room, a-and—oh fuck—what's this? It's, you bet, an explosive device of some kind and it's beeping are loaded with implications.

"Well," Yeez sez. "Shit."

Kanye West gets to his feet and dives through a back window as best as he can, elbows first, landing hard on the cement outside. He stands and takes off running, in any direction that's far away from this apartment complex, and, just a few seconds later there is a massive explosion, and before Kanye West hops into his car and peels out, he has time to think, *man, I hope there weren't too many people inside*. But there is very little to do beyond this. He heads to a friend's house, unsure what else to do.

Kanye West knocks on Joey Jocanika's door on the East-Side at around five in the fucking morning. Joey is an old friend from Ye's dropout days, though not the album which won't come out for another few years. Literally when he dropped out of school. In case you don't catch the reference, here's some mansplaining for you, you see, Ye has several albums which have themes which revolve around his time in school, one of which is called *The College Dropout*, and, at the time of this story, is still a good five years from dropping—which, I guess it could be noted is what albums do, and the pun here should greatly be ignored plz.

Anyway, here is Yeezy showing up at some dude's house, who though his name is Joey Jocanika he actually goes by the name Life of Pablo, or just Pabs, for short. Pabs is in the middle of fighting Psycho Mantis.

"Hey Ye," Pabs sez. He doesn't look up from the screen. Mantis is in the middle of reading his save card. The screen goes black and in the top right corner it sez "HIDEO" whatever the hell that means.

"You like roleplaying games," Psycho Mantis sez. "You save a lot."

"What the fuck is this?" Ye sez.

"Spliff?" Ye sez. He passes behind him without looking.

"Thanks," Kanye West sez. He takes the splif and smokes it a bit.

"Say," Pabs sez. "What are you doing here?"

"Someone shot up my place," Kanye West sez.

"Got it," Pabs sez.

"Can I play?" Kanye West sez.

"It's one player," Pabs sez.

"Oh," Kanye West sez.

"Yeah," Pabs sez. "Rad though."

"Yeah," Kanye West sez. He walks around and sits down on the couch. "It looks pretty neat."

"So what's new with you, dog," Pabs sez.

"Bro," Kanye West goz. "A bunch of shit."

"Well," Pabs sez. "Lay it on me."

On the screen chairs and other things are flying about, trying to hit someone in a blue jumpsuit.

“Well for one,” Kanye Sez. “Some mother fucker named Dog the Bounty Hunter and I went and killed a Frankenstein.”

“You mean a Frankenstein monster,” Pabs sez.

“No,” Ye sez. “That’s what I thought, but they just call them Frankensteins.”

“Frankensteins,” Pabs sez.

“Yeah,” Kanye West sez.

“Huh,” Pabs sez.

“Yeah, so anyway,” Kanye West goz. “Me and this bro killed one, and we found this book. Oh shit, the book.” Kanye West ejaculates. He stands up. “I have to go back.”

“Well, alright, man,” Pabs sez. “I’ll be here.”

“Shit,” Ye sez. He leaves.

Kanye West drives back home carefully. Dudes are creeping. So Ye creeps back. Around back. He parks two blocks away and walks back through the mean streets, heading toward his complex, where he finds a bunch of broz in blue and black jumpsuits—well blue or black jumpsuits—and they are standing around smoking, a few with monocles, and this is when he notices that most of them are dripping. In fact, they’re not quite human at all. They seem more like, well, they might be made of mud and moss and shit. It’s unclear. The only thing that is clear is that these humanoid motherfuckers are the very same motherfuckers which done shot up his house.

As Kanye West sneaks closer, the men in jumpsuits begin sniffing, chuffing, snorting, etc. When the chuff, big chunks of themselves(?) or something similar, clumps of slimy, mossy goop, sluff off and splatter on the cement. It's a nasty business, this chuffing.

Kanye West climbs in through the window he went out of, quickly finds the book, grabs a few records still in tact, his cool kid glasses, and heads out.

Back at Joey Jocanika's place, Pabs has paused the game and is in the middle of microwaving some nachos, and Kanye West brings the book in and sets it down on the counter.

Pabs reaches out with greasy cheese fingers and opens it.

"Seriously" Kanye Wezt goz.

"What?" Pabs sez. "What am I looking at here?"

Pabs is flipping through the pages. "What the Christ is this?" he asks, questioningly and with serious curiosity, not feigned.

"Bro," Kanye West sez. "I don't know. I've been trying to get that open for days now. Well hours, time is passing weirdly," he said weirdly. "Oh man, dude you feel that? There was another shift."

"Sure," Pabs sez.

"It happened again," Kanye West sez.

"Alright now," Pabs sez. "Have a look here now."

Kanye West peers over Pabs shoulder, and what he finds is astonishing and is as follows:

This abstract is brought to you by Pogodyne Incorporated, whom you may remember from other narrative disasters such as: Finding Pynchon and that one about Marcella

Hamilton with that guy. In this one, Kanye West and his partner Dog the Bounter Hunter finds themselves involved in another zany mystery, filled with slapsticks and low-wits. In this powerhouse action adventure, buddy-cop-bonanza, there is no respite from hilarity and political intrigue. With cameos aplenty, a trolley chase, and one very live-wire prop comedian, this thing has got it all, friends. You didn't ask for it is, but here it is, in all of its wackness, a novel that interests itself in the real questions: Is Joe Piscopo a vampire? Is Kanye West the secret ruler of the Republican Party? Is a white rapper named Lil Xan the real and true anti-Christ? Hey, who the heck cares?

"An abstract," Kanye West goz. "What the fuck is happening?"

"It gets weirder," Pabs sez. "But it's not what you're expecting. Turn the page, my dude."

"Alright," Kanye West goz.

Kanye West turns the page. He finds the following:

Step one: Stop reading.

Step two: Destroy book.

Step three: seriously, you need to stop reading.

Step four: I mean you, stop reading.

Step five: It's not going to get better from here.

Step six: Why don't you believe me?

Step seven: It's because of the steps isn't it?

Step eight: You think something is hiding here, you think, hey maybe if I keep reading some wonderful wild gem will appear. That deep inside this fucking thing something will

appear that will be so lovely and life changing that it will somehow help me understand reality and somehow reward me for reading all the rest of this business.

Step nine: you will not be rewarding for reading this bullshit.

Step ten: nothing about this is a joke.

Step eleven: If this is a joke, the fucking joke is on you.

Step twelve: repeat step one

Step fourteen: repeat step two.

Step fifteen: if the book remains alive, destroy yourself.

“What in the fuck,” Kanye West goz. “What am I looking at here?” Kanye West is looking at the book.

“We’re going to need an expert, man,” Pabs goz.

“You know someone?” Kanye West sez.

“Sure,” Pabs sez. “But after these nachos.”

After these nachos, the boyz head out. They are back in town! They are back in town! And they go down to the university to find their man, only he’s not there, so they go to a local comedy store.

Inside, someone is doing a bit about flying and how bad security is, which, in just a few short months, will no longer land as well, and this man’s impersonation of a plane taking off will have to be scrapped entirely, despite the laughs it used to get. When he walks off stage, another man comes up. This man is also white, like the previous man.

“Hey-ho,” the man says when he walks onstage. “We’ve got a great one for you coming up next. Please slap your dick-beaters together for Mr. Richard Johnson.”

Some mild applause from the audience.

“Thank you, thank you,” Richard Johnson sez. “I hope I’m funny. Thank you.” No one is clapping at this point. “So, you heard the man right, my name is Richard Johnson, which means my parents hate me. I asked them why they didn’t name me after my dad, and my mom told me they had. I said, no Dad’s name is Frank, and she said *yeah, but he’s a dick.*” Richard Johnson pauses for some very mild laughter. “So I’ve got two kids at home, anybody got kids? Yeah, and aren’t they always drawing on stuff? Who boy.”

Booz from the audience.

“Oh, tough crowd tough crowd. So women like to shop, am I right men?”

Booz.

“Oh fuck you,” Richard Johnson sez. “You come up here and do some comedy. It’s hard.”

“Like my dick,” someone sez from the audience, to great applause and laughter.

“Oh fuck it,” Richard Johnson sez. He walks off stage.

“Come on back,” Pabs sez.

He and Kanye are standing on the outskirts of the crowd. The tables, ready to turn at a moment’s notice, one more bad punchline and they’ve had it, lurk out in the darkness.

Pabs and Kanye West sneak past the excitement and behind the stage where a small hallway filled with graffiti leads them to a shitty wooden door. They pass through it. On the inside they find a man with a huge afro of bright orange hair. The man is skinny and wears overalls and a white shirt.

“Hey, Pabs,” the man says.

“Yeez,” Pabs sez. “This is my main bro, Scott Carrot.”

Scott Carrot stands up and extends a hand. "People just call me Carrot Top," Carrot Top sez.

"Sure," Kanye West sez.

"Any way," Pabs sez. "We've got this thing for you."

"Right, right," Carrot Top sez. "Bring it over."

"This dude is an expert," Pabs sez.

"Well," Carrot Top sez. "Not like completely. I just know how things work because I work with things."

Kanye West and Pabs both laugh.

Carrot Top is off! He's racing around the room, pulling props from everywhere. "How about this!?" Carrot Top sez. He is holding a bunch of what appears to be goo and is chomping at it maniacally.

Kanye West and Pabs find this hysterical.

"Say," Carrot Top sez. "Could you help me find my glasses!?" He is wearing an oversized pair of glasses on his head.

Kanye West and Pabs puke from laughing.

"Look at here," Carrot Top sez. He holds up a can of corn. "It's a new album from that metal band! It's called creamed!"

Kanye West and Pabs are spewing blood from laughing too hard.

Carrot Top just screamz. "I got! Look at all this!" Carrot Top pukes. He holds up a planting pot that is shaped like an R and has hair all over it. "Have you heard about this!!!! All the kids love it!" Carrot Top is punching holes in walls. "I call it Hairy-Pot-R!"

Kanye West and Pabs die laughing.

“And, this!” Carrot Top sez. “I got! Look!” He pulls a live swan from a drunk and it screams and shits everywhere. “This is Bjork’s next dress!”

Kanye West and Pabs come back to life from laughing.

“Wooh,” Carrot Top goes. “Alright. Let’s take a look at this thing here then.” Carrot Top accepts the locked book and opens it up. A light shoots out of it just as that handsome Ted Cruz walks into the room.

“No!” Handsome Ted Cruz sez! But it is too late. He has caught the briefest of glimpses and that beautiful handsome face he’s known for is ruined. When he looks at them, his face is droopy and sad, no longer handsome.

“Give me a mirror,” he goes.

“Ted, no,” Pabs sez.

“Give it to me!” Ted ejaculates.

Carrot Top hands him a prop mirror.

“My career is over!” Ted Cruz sez. He runs out of the room.

“What the hell was that all about?” Kanye West questions, longingly.

“That was Ted Cruz,” Carrot Top goes. “The international sex symbol and face model.”

“Oh,” Kanye West sez.

“Yeah,” Carrot Top sez.

“Well,” Kanye West sez.

“Alright, alright,” Pabs sez. “The tension is too much for me. Tell us what we’re looking at here, Carrot.”

“Right, right,” Carrot Top sez. “It seems to be a libre vive,”

“A leeb-bray, vee-vay?” Kanye West sez.

“No,” Carrot Top sez. “A libre vive.”

“That’s what I said,” Yeezy spews.

“Well,” Carrot Top sez.

“What does it mean!?” Pabs sez.

“What it means is this,” Carrot Top sez. “I’ve never actually seen one before. I thought they were just an old wives’ tale.”

“Whose wife?” Pabs goes.

“Like a myth, man,” Kanye West sez.

“Oh,” Pabs sez.

“Yeah,” Carrot Top sez. “So, if what I’ve heard is correct, this is a very big deal, this book you guys got.”

“What do we do with it?” Kanye West sez.

“Oh, don’t worry,” Carrot Top sez. “You’ll know.”

And just like that, the chapter ends.

Except it doesn’t, because Kanye West is screaming now, or, well, that’s not quite right. He’s making a very loud and awful sound, sort of like the sound the red-headed dude from *John Carpenter’s The Thing* makes when he has those weird hands and is out in the snow and gets caught. That’s pretty close to the sound, because on the next page, surprise, surprise, he finds:

Chapter 5: *In which a guy with several names ponders linear time and we, temporarily perhaps, exist outside of it for fun.*

Having just blown some variation on a smoke signal, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, was feeling pretty solid. He was standing out on a hill, looking out at the shit below. Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo was known for being somewhat unsocial in his time, though, of course, you'll remember, decades later, he'd be heralded as one of the greatest vape-philosophers of our time. Though, of course, if you're living as a human in a normal moment then your perception of existence is based on

linear time, which will not at all be helpful in precognitive remembering. This is a natural limitation for which Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterinofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo has given much thought, giving him, as you'll remember or not, the nickname Major Professor Deep Cut McMasMcMer, which eventually was shortened to just The Deep Cut, and sometimes Professor Steamroller. So what are we supposed to do, living in this constraint of linear time, as we all know truly, or at least attempt to know, that everything is occurring at the exact time, which is the reason assholes like Dr. Mr. Superchill are so attracted to utter madness, which is not the disease those cows got, but just absolute fucking chaos of the mad scientist variety, the kind of thing that makes you want to stand up in your fucking chair and clap a bit, even though you're not too sure what exactly, the fuck, is going down. Though of course even a little investigation on your part would be helpful, valued even. So what the hell do we do, think about that for just a second. But even that measurement of time is worthless. If everything is happening at the same time, that means you're already dead. Consider this. Please notice you are not given a value of time in which you should consider this as that would be counterproductive to this whole

investigation. So here's where we are, if linear time is solely a human concept, does that necessarily mean that's everything for us? If we only perceive this due to our limitations does that limit us physically, in the sense that our perceived reality makes up or true reality, or is it, as we know it is, that our perceived reality is a lie and the world that exists outside of the one we perceive exists, is true, yet can never be observed by anything other than a creation of our own, which, leaves Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo to wondering about what this means for us in the, ahem, cough, cough, well the whathappensafer, if you choose, because if you consider it for long enough, you'll realize that if we perceive linear time, but it is not linear, then that means that we never truly exist, we're just fucking around in a practical reality as it exists for us, but in no other sense or actuality, which creates a series of issues for any real philosopher, let alone vape-philosopher, or VP if you prefer, because how could we ever exist if we wouldn't or won't or is there some larger thing happening that we can't perceive or maybe there is no such thing as death because life really is an illusion we've convinced ourselves

into believing, but if that's the case does that, somehow, in anyway, undermine the way we value stuff. Because, well, I mean, don't you like things? I know I do.

This is one of the larger issues that Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo runs up against. How can we, as humans, exist in linear time, understand the possibility of non-linear time, but does that whole thing destroy what time itself means or have we just been misunderstanding it all long? Tough questions indeed, but with enough amber-goo any vape-philosopher can do some damage. The idea that Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The

True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo currently has stuck in his craw, rattling around there, is the notion that, hey what if—well, we get so worked up about the idea of ancient aliens, but what if they weren't ancient, they just helped those old rare humans, a few in our own time even, perceive time non-linearly—could be as simple as a switch or a nice dose of something we haven't figured out yet—and then they're off and running, working on something that will seem familiar in a few hundred decades, but not before. Hey, who's to say? Certainly not Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller,

AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo has tried his hand at figuring this kind of shit out. And if linear time is an unnecessary constrain then the use of many-a-name is probably somewhat helpful in the sense that there is no such thing as wasting time if there is no such thing as time, so you cannot feel like the full use of someone's aliases is a waste, as there is no waste, there is only you. A-and, remember you're already dead! So you can't really complain too much, can you. No, you can't.

These are the kind of thoughts that float through Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, or you know, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty

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AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo can see some shapes moving far off, but Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, or of course you know, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo cannot tell what they are. This is truly where Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils,

AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo experience in liminal time exists. He considers, for instance, this moment how time can slip from meaning, but he wonders, like, can you ever really escape understanding our time as being linear? It's an important question, because with it comes a great understanding of the unknown. If we are able to get past our own human perceptions of time, then, perhaps, we could exist in continual liminal time. Though, of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid

McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo thinks, it's fucking impossible. How could we ever reach a point where we as humans exist outside of linear time, when—hell just look when! Even our expectations surrounding our own goals are steeped in linear time, and heavy-steeped, like some bitter-ass black tea. What the hell is one to do, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the

McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo wonders. For real though, how could you ever get past this sensation of time existing linearly if we can't even get our own language to exist outside of it. It's a problem, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller,

AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo figures. One we will probably never master. And just then, oh shit, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or

David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo realizes that another man issue is tense even! Ah fuck it, there's no getting around this one.

Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA

Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo blows some more smoke rings. The float lazily out into the world. Do they ever cease to exist or do they just become so big that we cant imagine them being real anymore? Over in the grass, almost without looking at him, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA

Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo can see a squirrel. The squirrel is somewhat fat. He's gnawing on something, though Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-

De-VirMcMimo can't see what it is. Who's to say, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo figures. A bird swoops by and Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the

McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo ducks out of habit, though, of course, it's nowhere near where he stands.

Then, after a bit of continuous smoke-blowing, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender

Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo wonders if this is something you can actually do. Like, is this okay? Of course only time will tell, but then we're sucked right back into the trapings of our own language. It makes Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-

De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo a bit nervous, honestly, to think that this might not be the way to go about things. Then again, who is anyone, really, to say. There's no way to quantify something like this, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils,

AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo thinks. And, this is, of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA

Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo thinking, and never Dr. Mr. Superchill lurking somewhere in deep background, controlling the thoughts of Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, because, and rest assured, he would never do that shit. The real question,

Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino
McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid
McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-
Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty
(though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable
super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller,
AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA
Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater,
AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-
De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or
David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy
Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA
Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA
Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather
knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA
Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA
Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo,
AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for
Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo now thinks, is whether or not, if you're
willing to do something like this, if the other stuff goes out the window to. Can you argue
artistically for comma splices, general misuse, and run-ons? And dear God! Daviddeangelo
De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA
Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils,

AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo, though of course, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender Impatient, AKA The Deep Cut, AKA Cryano de Bergerac, AKA Silverstar Felenstein, AKA The True Original AKA Jim Pimscapo, AKA Denny Sweetwater, AKA Tapes over the lake, AKA The Hinderson Award for Excellence in Killing It, AKA Dave-De-VirMcMimo thinks, what of intentional typos. For sure, Daviddeangelo De Verisimcmastmekmerasterson or David St Angelino McMasterminofeeno for short, AKA Dr. Feeling the Funk, AKA Hairy Johnson AKA That Kid McMasMcMer, AKA Colored Pencils, AKA SlurpieMcLurpie AKA Colonel Strawhat-Broadback, AKA Dizzy Denny and the McClusters AKA fruzzel-feet, AKA Baddick McNasty (though, this one was straight up plagiarized on his behalf from a rather knowledgeable super-source) AKA Fellas Slim, AKA The Walrus and the Wolf, AKA Professor Steamroller, AKA The Chiza, AKA Lavender

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Truly flying now, no need for whitespace here, friends, Yeezy finds:

Chapter 6: Kanye West is back at Pabs's house, having somehow avoided the wrath of Pogodyne's minions. They decide to smoke a bunch of drugs and then open the book again, see what that offers them. Pabs, after rolling and smoking to expertly rolled splifs, is back in the world of Hideo Kojima. He has moved past Psycho Mantis's room and is snaking—you should pardon the pun—down halls sneakily and hiding beneath boxes, as Kanye West goes for number three.

Kanye West hasn't heard anything for Dog The Bounty Hunter since he arrived back in Chi-Town and is admittedly getting nervous. So, he picks up the phone to call the number he has for Dog The Bounty Hunter, only there is no dial tone.

"What the heck?" Kanye West sez.

"What?" Pablo says inquisitively. He looks up from the TV for just a second to see Kanye West standing with his foot propped up on the coffee table, where the cordless phone resides. He has on gold Nikes, and is generally looking pretty cool.

"No ring tone," Kanye West sez.

"Dial tone," Pabs sez. "You mean."

"Whatever, man," Kanye West sez. "Alls I'm saying is I cain't call no one from this bitch."

Pabs frowns. "Bill's paid up," he sez.

"Well," Kanye West sez.

"Well," Pabs sez.

But just then the Pabs explodes into a bunch of fucking bees, which scatter about the room. No they're wasps! Even worse! Dear god, what new type of magic fuckery is this? The wasps circle and sting and soon are landing on the book, like it's covered in honey and they

are bees instead of wasps, and Kanye West goes to pick it up, but they stick out their pointers turning the book into a sort of cactus type situation, which Kanye West is in no position to deal with.

This is when Dog The Bounty Hunter screams in through the window, sending glass a-flying. And what's this now? He has a flame-throwing and he's after those nasty wasps in quick order.

"Get out," Dog The Bounty Hunter is screaming. "Get out!"

Kanye West rolls out the window Dog The Bounty Hunter just rolled in through, coolly.

Dog The Bounty Hunter sets Pabs, or was it ever Pabs at all. Who even is Pabs? Hell we certainly don't know. But, a-an-anyway, Dog The Bounty Hunter has turned Pabs's living room into a hellscape filled with pissed flying flameboys of fury. And there's nothing to be done at this point, but grab the book and skedaddle, which Dog The Bounty Hunter, and quickly, hey.

On the front lawn, Kanye West is panting.

"What the hell," he goes. "Was that?"

"Time-exposed wasp-bomb," Dog The Bounty Hunter sez. "Classic Swamp-Nazi unholy business. You're in deep now, kid."

"In deep?" Kanye West sez. "I didn't sign up for any of this."

"You didn't have to," Dog The Bounty Hunter sez, coolly. "It signed you up." Dog The Bounty Hunter holds the book aloft.

"The book signed me up?" Kanye West sez in a questioning fashion, like two birds staring at each other wondering which one of them is the robot, only neither of them

realize they're both robots, because their sentient AI algorithm has been heuristically programmed using non-paradox enhancing booster rhythms, yes, the very same kind that Professor Donny Dunits Hertzorwizkowski used on his original sentient AI algorithm for that group of trees, which had no idea they were actually robots, you'll remember, so much like the birds, unable to realize they are robots, even though they are questioning which of the two of them is the robot, not realizing, or making any necessary considerations for the fact that, even to be considering—a-and there Dr. Mr. Superchill goes with those fucking punctuations again—which one is a robot would in fact make them far more than a bird, considering that in reality most birds do not concern themselves with which one of them is a bird, in fact most birds, and you'll remember this from the study done by Amy O'Brien, Dean Pincilpants, Daneese Perrtymananaskamanananopopolous, et al. which discovered that birds, at least the particular birds in question known as the twin-badger-faced burntlingers were primarily concerned with food and shelter, then occasionally love, though of course there was the study done by Pardner Hinskiy and his badasses which involved taking truckloads of LSD, DMT, and small amounts of Mad-Honey in order to, themselves, become birds and circle the sky, learning what they could, though what their findings demonstrated was that, well, statistically significant evidence demonstrated that all they wanted to do was shit and eat, though there was of course one of the badasses, named Little Tiny Turksy, who became so ill on the Mad-Honey that he had to be hospitalized for his birdness—a-and you'll most likely remember that shortly after this there was a massive seizure of incoming mad-honey by DEA agents who had no idea what to do with the shit and found themselves, at a DEA/FBI family picnic shitting and vomiting all over everything, the entire ordeal turning the Bay Area of San Fransisco into a

nightmare of men with crew cuts in ill-fitting Hawaiian print button-ups vomiting into the ocean, screaming about birds with red-eyes who wanted nothing but to figure out which one of them was the robot, of course this was long before Professor Donny Dunits Hertzorwizkowski ever thought about making the trees which would lead to the bees which led to the birds, which tried to decide which was which, in the same fashion that now Kanye West wanted to know how a book could sign him up for something.

“No,” Dog the Bounty Hunter sez. “It, like, metaphorically.”

“Oh,” Kanye West sez. “So what do we do now?”

“Well,” Dog the Bounty Hunter sez. “We need to figure out how to read the book without getting stuck in it. Then, we can go after the swam-nazis who exploded your friend into wasps.”

“Alright, man,” Kanye West sez. “How do we go about reading it?”

They were standing outside of Pabs’ house, completely ablaze now. Off in the distance, they could hear fire trucks.

“Practice,” Dog the Bounty Hunter sez. “But we’ve got to get the heck out of here. Can’t be standing outside a burn-down house when the cops show up, especially with a can full of gas and a handful of matches.”

Kanye West puls a face, like he is remembering something from the future. What the hell is he doing here? What has he gotten himself into? A few weeks ago he had been a normal dude, living in the city and making beatz, now here he is, an agent of some multi-national conspiracy-fest.

“Come on, Kanye,” Dog the Bounty Hunter sez.

They run off to hop into Dog the Bounty Hunter's big black SUV and peel off into the night, just as the fire patrol appear from the night and begin their business of combating the flames.

"So here's what we know," Dog the Bounty Hunter sez. "In Dallas, or some suburb thereof, there are a group of swamp-nazis."

"I thought they were swamp-zombies?" Yeezy goes.

"Well, sure," Dog the Bounty Hunter sez. "In a way. But that's also just because we couldn't put Swamp-Nazis in a library catalog."

"There you go again with that stuff," Kanye sez. "What they hell do you mean with that stuff, man? I can't manage all of this business. It's too much business. Less than a month ago I was just a bro making beatz, now I'm in the middle of this business, and there are Frankensteins, Operatives, That Fuckboy Tom Waits, and a bunch of other shit, plus, oh, a-and of course Swamp-Nazis, people exploding into wasps, some other shit, and now, oh and now, you're going to tell me some shit about library categories?"

"Just the way it is, Yeezy," Dog the Bounty Hunter sez.

"Fuck," Kanye West sez.

"No more!" Dog the Bounty Hunter sez, and everything once again feels right with the world. "Don't open that fucking book again. Set it down on the seat beside you. Jesus Christ, I've been stuck in some weird limbo where they just play Hanson's selftitled album perpetually, and I'd been there my entire existence. Let's don't do that shit again."

Kanye West blinkz. "Alright bruv," he sez.

"Wait," Dog the Bounty Hunter sez. "Have you always been Britttish?"

"Far as I know, mate," Kanye West sez.

“Close enough,” Dog the Bounty Hunter sez.

After some whitespace, they pulled up at a large house and parked. They got out and walked up to the door. Before they got to the door, the door opened. A man stood there. He was a tall man. The man had gray hair. He wore glasses. His hair had not been cut recently. We know this because we know this. The man smiled at them. They smiled back at the man. The man was kind and smart. We know this because we know this. The man blinked his eyes. The man invited them into the house, and suddenly we are back in present tense, whoo, sorry there, Dr. Mr. Superchill sometimes needs a piss or beer break, and here he is back, back and readier than ever, ready for whatever comes at him or whatever he is ready to come at us. It remains unclear. But isn't that the truth always, I mean who is fair to truly say what is and what is not. Why just last week we were at the supermarket when that asshole Benjamin Button came bursting in talking about how he's really a 40-year-old man, like anyone should fucking care. Jesus Christ! Who thought that was a good idea. Holy moly here we go, we.

Alright, enough chitchat.

So Kanye West strollz in looking like a pimp from hell, and a long time ago in the document the processor told Dr. Mr. Superchill that it was done with his bullshit, that he was on his own, so he figured, hey, fuck it man, let's go bowling. You only get a few opportunities like this, and even with everything rushing around and time sandblasting away, you might as well make the most of it, hey?

So Kanye West strollz in looking like a pimp from hell, and-well-a-and how about this?

As far as we know, night is eventual. There's nothing to be done. The forms have been filed out. Names signed. This is the thing now.

So Kanye West strolls in looking like a pimp from hell and is invited to have a seat, to hand over the book, which the doctor calls the artifact. The artifact he says, like Yeezy is Indiana Jones and Dog the Bounty Hunter is the monkey who eats the bad date.

Kanye West hands it over.

The doctor takes it, but does not open it. He has gloves on—should have said that before. He has gloves on and his in his hands is the book now.

“Yes, yes” the doctor sez. His name is unimportant. Some old fucking white guy who spent his entire life doing whatever the fuck he wants with no regard for others. He'll tell you the score, but it won't be the real one, brothers.

“a libro vitaliscro,” he sez without using capital letters at the front of his sentence.

“A what?” Dog The Bounty Hunter is at the ready. He's aiming a giant can of bear mace at the book. His arm is extended. He somehow manages to both step forward and back away simultaneously like an incredible artisean dolly-zoom.

And like, hey, what the fuck if a few things are fucked up here. What is to be done?

“it's, well,” the doctor sez, still while not using capital letters at the front of his sentences, and it's kind of annoying. Like, do you get to choose what you use? I guess white dudes do, sure. Fuck you how about it.

“It's like,” the doctor sez. “It's like nothing I've ever seen before. May I” he sez, and he's going to open it.

Dog The Bounty Hunter sprays the mace at the book!

Kanye West screams no!

But it's too fucking late, the doctor is opening the book and this is what he finds:

Well, you can imagine.

"It's like," the doctor sez. "It's like nothing I've ever seen before. May I" he sez, and he's going to open it.

Dog The Bounty Hunter sprays the mace at the doctor's face!

Kanye West screams no!

Oh shit, does that mean?

But no! The doctor's face has been maced!

The doctor screams.

"For fuck's sake," Kanye West sez. "We've got to get a better lock on that thing."

"Why don't you ever get replaced?" Dog the Bounty Hunter asks questioningly.

The doctor is vomiting and screaming. He collapses.

"Don't I?" Yeezy goes.

"No," Dog the Bounty Hunter. "You're the constant. That has to mean something.

The book almost flops open, but Kanye stops it with a quickfoot. "Fuck," Kanye West sez, and the chapter ends in the middle of the chapter.

Chapter 7

In which the boyz consider what they should do now

This one picks up in the middle of the last one. The doctor is still screaming and puking everywhere.

“Great,” Kanye West sez. “What do we do now?”

Dog rubs his eyes. “Heck,” he sez.

Chapter 8

In which the boyz go on a road trip, there is a storm, some pages are left intentionally blank

Dog the Bounty Hunter and Kanye West, haven decided to attack the problem at the source, have gone straight to the layer of the beast, Halifax, Florida. They land in Tampa and make the drive to the tip of the state. Rains wash over them like water from the sky. They drive straight on through, heading toward where That Fuckboy Tom Waits told them they would find the swamp-nazis Head Quarters somewhere there, though they have no idea whether to trust his intel or not. They drive on nonetheless, into certain doom, wondering what awaits them, wondering what the purpose of anything is, wondering about the human condition, wondering just how in the hell one winds up in this position, wondering what would happen if Batman and Iron man got in a fight, wondering what they would do if zombies were real, which of course they aren't, wondering how long they could hold their breathe, wondering what art is, wondering if someone says something is art if that makes it art, wondering if art is real anyway, wondering how someone could be sure anything else exists—I mean, really we have no idea, just consider the fact that there is literally know way for you to know if anything is real, and give the current state of shit (whenever you find yourself stumbling this deep into the trenches, a-and, be careful, dear friends, as it's easy to get lost, though I think ultimately the real question is whether you can actually ever be lost, because really isn't wherever you are where you're supposed to be? Just because you had the intent of winding up somewhere else does that mean that you're not where you're supposed to be—and if that's the case, aren't all of us lost? Because did you ever really think this is where you'd wind up, reading this fucking thing, in the middle of the desert, surrounded by cactuses (yes, cactuses, motherfucker). I highly doubt

it; I fucking doubt that's the case, homey, theres' no way, so if that's the case, how do you know you're not always where you're supposed to be, and if that's the case, what the fuck does lost mean [other than, of course, that lovely show with all of those people on the island that's magic]) it's easy to think that *hey, maybe* this shit is just some terrible wonderful nightmare that never ends or it does it, but it ends with a run-on and when you least expect it, what exactly is a swamp-nazi and how it it differs from a regular nazi.

Kanye West's nose is bleeding. He wonders if the book hasn't somehow started leaking out, given how much they've opened it.

It's pouring now, and Dog The Bounty Hunter has to slow down a bit. The windshield wipers can hardly keep up. They slow to a crawl.

"This sucks," Kanye West sez.

A car screams past them.

"Not much we can do," Dog The Bounty Hunter sez.

"Are you kidding?" Kanye West sez. "What about that guy who just passed us?"

Dog The Bounty Hunter shakes his head. "He won't make it another mile. You wait and see."

And so they do, and sure enough, in less than a mile, they pass a car spun out on the side of the road, its driver, uninjured, but stuck in the pouring down rain. He waves at them to help, but Dog The Bounty Hunter keeps on trucking.

"Cold blooded," Kanye West sez.

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“We shouldn’t reward stupid behavior,” Dog The Bounty Hunter sez. “If we pick him up, if we help him, he learns it’s okay to do that dumb-ass-shit, because someone will always be there to fix the situation for him.”

Kanye West makes a noise, but it’s unclear how he feels about the whole situation. They continue driving. Soon lightening is crackling all around them, and tree branches are wrapping against the sides of the big SUV. Occasionally something large flies in front of them.

“What the hell are we driving into here, Dog?” Kanye West sez.

Dog The Bounty Hunter shrugs. “Could be a hurricane for all I know.”

“You mean you didn’t check the weather?”

Dog The Bounty Hunter looks over at Kanye West and sez nothing. Then he looks back at the road.

“Jesus Christ,” Kanye West sez. “I feel like there’s some kind of commentary here. Is there?”

“Who’s to say,” Dog The Bounty Hunter sez.

Kanye West pulls out a bunch of gum and chews it. They ride, together, into the storm.

Chapter 9

In which Dr. Sewenso reads from The Book Of Absolute Entities involved with the Creation of the Void

By the time the assholes arrive, it's far too late to worry about anything else but the assholes. Dr.—and it's important possible to note that it's a PhD, not a medical degree—Sewenso is trying to fall asleep, but it's so rainy outside it's damn-near impossible. It's also important to point out here that the feeling of the narrator is that education is fucking stupid, and is a waste of time, and ultimately the only thing that matters is how much money you make. What's the point of a PhD anyway, hey? Certainly not worth the time or effort or quasi-slave-labor necessary. I mean how much do those little fuckers pay in tuition, and you're doling out 10k fellowships like they're something to be proud of. Bah. This, however, is not the feeling of Dr. Sewenso, who will appear in something much more substantial much later, only right now there is only enough time for this.

Dr. Sewenso opens up a book, what he finds is the following:

When making all considerations for the super or unnatural beasts, one must consider the realities in check in place. Garagmoth, the 2nd Lt Commander under Feresith being of the utmost. When approaching or attempting to carees any of these unnaturals it is important to consider the considerations of having had not to do so prior so as to be able to do so in the present or future. Considering the impossibilities of such comandments it is apparent to smell how residual all futures are. Having gone before and gone after there is nothing in between except for this, however this is always passing between residual and perceived. Care for the beasts is likewise. Without deep ponderation of considerations, it is and can be seen that, however, not withstanding to want to ever even consider of mediation between both parties

having been brought into counsel, many-a-day, and season—except of course Fall, for obvious reasons—must be inherited in true and full, otherwise lest, and not withstanding, without parameters both apt and bow, must consider for the futheration of any subset thereof. This is too most importantly keeping in mind that these unnaturals are the super paradigm of unchangeable realities in question with all due consideration of the regulations, rulings, judgements, and superiorities of any person or persons in whose apparatus they are behold are beholden to within the spiritual parameters of any circuit in which the ancients have always not yet already established as haven been defended fruitlessly for the paradigm which cannot and will not, except for in cases of complete and total establishment forefatherism—haven given this consideration for the notwithstanding absence of therein—yield to anything other than that which they have not already awalys established beyond the claravoyent dead—they themselves having already established themselves in the precence of the everlasting void so as to not infinitely and ever presently cascade further into the absences thereof. Naturally in cases of super-universal masters or in the very rare case of multiple verse insinuation be in the complete and furthermore lost totalitarianistmous highway considering that which came before but never before or after or before and after allowing themselves to be forever present in the impossible void of anythingism—not allowing for any secondary clearing without any shrivment from The Eternal Entity, in whose presents all of the previous and following will continue to remain every-lastingly false—except for in the case of last tithings in which case we must refer to appendix b3 in whose regard one shall find any chalaces regarding or not regarding to the over-all intentional establishment thereof, leading to the continuation and nonestablishment of The Absolute One, in whose shadow The Eternal Entity shall tremble and become one with the laws of the ancients, having never itself been a

part of the regime itself, and therefore existing on a comprehension level beyond any kind of other entity save for the true and The Absolute One in whose presence the every-lasting word of establishment and laws shall be in total abided by.

The Absolute One will in all questions and sense maintain a spiritual connection to the individual and cogniscent governments of super functionality having been designated as an administrated assistant to the co-ordinators of the supreme everlasting He will enact all variations of Paradise, notwithstanding, when and if there are, in the presence of, creator creators who, in their own sense are the grand rulers of the known universe having they themselves never been given the opportunity to not withstanding do anything to even want to further themselves beyond the beyond, reaching the void being not at least the last of their weathered concerns. On multiple occasions when encountering these spirits of the overlord, one will act as a devoted servant to the experience of the unnatural entities, they having, in accordance with the supreme laws of the natural society of the multiple-verse, or multiverse, gone beyond and in between all void and notwithstanding have existed thereof.

Dr. Sewenso closes his book and wonders if he will get another chapter after this absolute fucking madness.

Chapter 10

And then, just like that, someone comes by, someone Kanye West doesn't know, and takes the book and lights it on fire, only it burns forever. And, as Kanye West limped off into the sunset, ready to open the book again, as the world fell apart all around him, bees buzzed angrily, and the world, for a few moments, was safe and as it should be, he mumbled something about the kindness of strangers.

Fin?