

# ONSLAUGHT IN *THE HYPERLIFE*

**jäke** officiates a moritorium on all things, thoughts and places in the USA part of America. Worst of all things is it's all here in black and white for certain peepers to gaze upon. If you are one of the unlucky to receive a copy of this. The State Dept of General Safety deems this zine of **short fiction**, **visual works** and **music notation** to be a danger to national security. Please relinquish a fistful of your penance in exchange for this contraband.....



**QUICK TURN THE PAGE**



**EVF**  
**LCD**

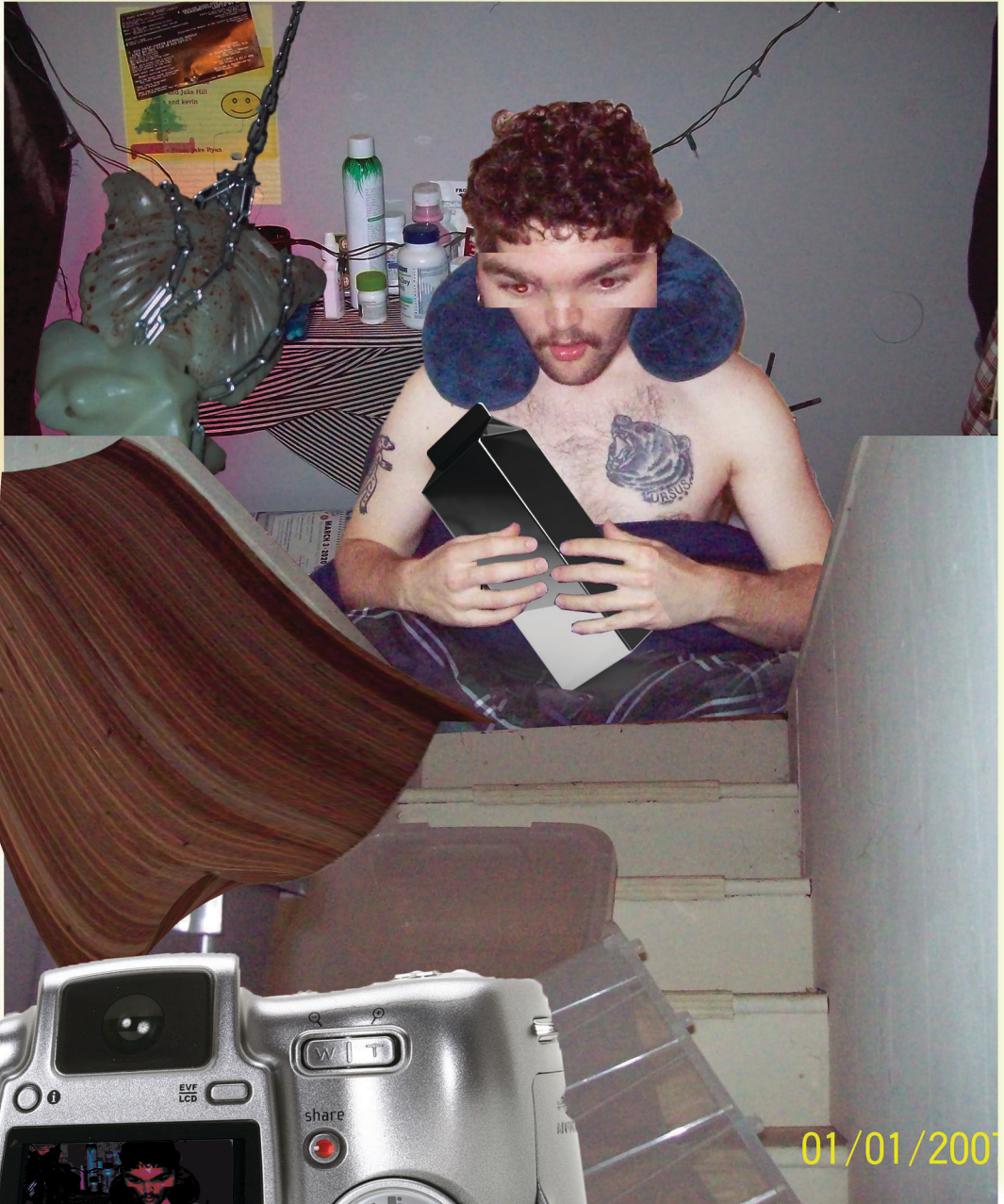


**Let's Zoom In!**

**Kodak EasyShare Z740**



who's that? and what's he got?



something by -----

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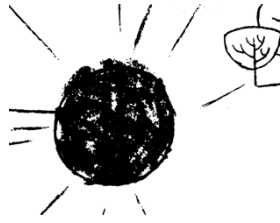
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--> jake little

# OTHER CAT LAMITIES





**contorting** my general presumed axis towards the supernova dripping out of—ok it wasn't a supernova, it was a puddle of filthy old sink water that coagulated into a mess that leaked onto the floor when the sink was ripe with a clog—the wood paneling (with a cloth). At that time the phone rang, and I banged my skull against the porcelain, I replaced my froth of water with a cup filled partly with Alka-Seltzer and partly with orange juice:



picked up the phone to something familiar. Telemarket screech, long distance call made on my behalf (so many different lines wired up in the attic, think I called myself). Then the door started getting knocked upon, my Alka-Seltzer foamed over—supernova filth river turned pond—. There

stood a sweat mongering mongrel, his hair matted perfectly shit brown with the gleam of sunlight making a blonde halo with streaky slits.

“Are you—” he kept stopping. Why is he stopping so much? When will he ask me the question in full? “—are you the guy that sells telephones?”

“Wired. Very clear about that, wired phones—”

“Yeah telephones,” wireless phones, smart phones, tiny little computers with digital hacky sack are telephones too bub. You save your shower tokens for a landline? In the 21st century, this has to absolutely be the pits. Phone started ringing again, cat walked out the front door, “Well if you didn’t believe me before, you certainly must now! Also grab him, he can’t go outside, he’s not spayed,”


The sweaty man used his fingers like they were detachable, almost like tongs, he’s got some sort of infection happening in his joints, or





he's cold (I check the weather in my mind...sunny). Eventually placating Douglas (the cat with more than one name)'s journey to an akimbo clutch betwixt gormless digits clinging by the purple knuckles of the man with a shimmering nimbus of sweat and gunk, "Aren't male cats neutered, not spayed?"

I didn't hear him say that, but I imagined he was saying that, I was running up to my attic, I tripped over a stair, I near launched my teeth forward into a wrought piece of wood. About two or three years ago I sauntered into a construction site, I figured what better



place to get gravel (I had a great idea, prehistoric looking phone, covered in gravel, bone and wood. Sounds moronic to me now, absolutely

fucked, but it was hip at that time that I thought of it, and I hope I never think of it again) and I ripped every article of clothing I had on that chain link. I stared up at the homunculus mass of

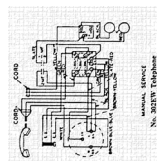
cobbled metal, twisted into perfect edges, wood slats reamed with the weight of the layers compacting to create such a large and simous vessel that would erect into god knows what. I tapped on my phone (no I don't have a landline, I sell them) it was going to be a lodge. I was on a golf course after all, that's where I first saw a landline. I was four years old, I had just eaten a shrimp cocktail and from that experience I learned I was allergic to shellfish. I immediately vomited and swaddled my throat because suddenly it was shut tight like a tourniquet, my mom ran up to the front desk and grabbed the receiver of the phone. An ambulance arrived to put me in a metal vestibule throwing me forward into the fluorescent clad parlor of a hospital, a place I did not have many memories of before then. I started filling my pockets with gravel, I turned and saw a man smoking a cigarette and eating half of a hero sandwich. He grabbed a piece of strewn bark next to



him, making his way towards me, “You can leave, or I’ll start feeding you this plank,”

Gravel telephone never happened. I was now trying to fruitlessly string all the loose wires back into a neater bundle than what was present at the base of my feet. I had a customer waiting, but I needed to make my product in a position where it would be something more inviting to a potential buyer. I came downstairs, oh how pastoral, really something for Grant Wood, the man clutching Tridja (the cat with more than one name) patting the top of his head like the good little rodent chipper cacophonous spool he is. “I have a...I have a,” suddenly I felt paralyzed, almost like the man washed his hair, “I’m sorry how rude of me, do you need to use the biffy?”

I sold him three phones and he left some laternalia that said “FUDBLUMP HAS MY SON” and I spent half the afternoon trying to crack that code.







the supercomputer works! Uncle Todd gave me a few baseball cards, twenty assorted vinyl records and a Lonex the Hero Dog collectable (non-refundable) tin lunch pail in exchange for the innards of my computer tower, “For what Todd?”



“Joe, I’m building a supercomputer,” the thing works, I hear my voice on an incredible slap-back delay and then the laughing unfurled from what unmistakably was Todd’s maw.



“Todd! You made the thing sing, it’s your supercomputer isn’t it?”

“Joe,” ultra piercing feedback stirring stick, his voice must be so loud coming through each of the phone lines that they’re all crashing into each other absurdly, like something infinite and unquenchable. “Are you still selling phones, is your name still Joe?”

I hung up at least three of the phones, I looked across the aisle down into an alcove where a window lay, there was a woman hunched over sunglasses, behind she was staring right through the window,



“Putting you on hold Todd, I am and I might right now,” I shouted and danced my arms in gestures indicating my tohubohu with this lurker. I opened the window, fear of defenestration, I backed up she spoke about wanting a cordless phone. “I don’t have—” old style cordless.

She wore a blue shawl that covered half of her head and the corner of one of her shoulders. I was flustered not just because Todd might want to talk on the cordless, gosh could he even tell what phone I was talking on right now? I bet Todd knows all my phones, he used to work at a home appliance store and he

sold a lot of CRT televisions and chromium microwaves. I found the cordless phone, Kurosawa (the cat with more than one name, but only one last name which is Kurosawa) was perched on it, I think he was about to urinate so I pretended to be a loose raccoon so he would scatter in a playful manner. I wound the thing amidst itself and truded the load down the attic stairs, I came close to death as my shoelace's aglet was lodged between the third to last stair and the second to last stair, I stared death in the face and then shoved my leg hard enough to sever the trap. I appeared in front of the woman, she was crowded by telephones, they all sat dormant under the sill like they were waiting to receive some bounty she was to unload. "I talked to your Uncle, he's a very nice man,"

From the corroded sound like a megaphone speaking directly into a microphone, “Transaction went through, I just need a photo signature,” I gazed down upon the gizmo I was ready to transfer and Joe stared back at me, in night vision, through the small screen meant to display digits and caller ID. I put the phone up to her face and she smiled, “The phone is yours, thank you so much.”



And like an animatronic she leaned with calculated movements and received the deliverance from my hand. I said goodbye, and she sunk slowly, like crouching or falling into another landscape that was through the floor that lay beyond my window. Is the coffee done? Smells like burning, the coffee must be burning, one of the phones exhausted a white-hot brume, so I chucked it in the pail. I was about to pour myself a coffee, and ready the milk for Chiaroscuro, but the liquid

felt goey like there was something turning the generally fluid beverage into a paste, “Joe, I have something to talk to you about, it regards me and the computer,”

I turned around to face the phones emulating my dear old uncle, mother’s brother and she’s my mother by marriage to my father and my father is a man who I don’t talk to anymore. Not because I don’t like him but because he can’t talk, large buccal abrasion due to chew tobacco and its resulting cancer. This morning (and I forgot to mention this, because I was just so damn distracted by the fungus in my kitchen) I pulled a chunk of hair out of my head, I think I’m getting cancer...or does alopecia only happen after chemo, am I on a chemotherapy drug? “Todd, what’s in those supplements you sent me,”

“Why can’t I call you your first name—”

“Joe *is* my name Todd,”

“Yvon Joe—”

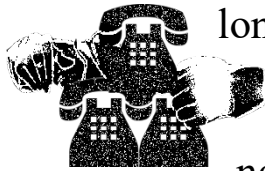


“Don’t say Yvon to me, I don’t like that word, it smells like cat piss,”

“You still have that cat, Douglas?”

“Chiaroscuro is his name right now, but this morning he was Douglas,” I lifted my head after a

prolongation of scratching the area where my baldness was emanating from. I was having trouble with the itching on the account that I had some nails I could no



longer masticate, I had bitten them to numbs at the beginning of the week, now my hand is

hemorrhaging. I gazed up to see three phones stacked on top of each other in perfect alignment, this telephonic dybbuk uttered the voice of Todd, “Can you please plug me into that socket over there on the wall, right now it’s me...all my digits...and Drewery H. Pleason’s photograph and information,”

“Is that the woman who bought the phone?”



“Yes. As for business ethics, the problem is she’s wanted a phone for so long, but you only succeed in small margins—”

“Bullfuck—”

“Wait sir. Your ticker tape of loose leaf ads across the small circle you live gets you little to no business. But your attic is filled. It is filled with phones Yv— Joe,”

I craned my head deasil at gazed upon the lonely wall, that was barren of decor or a mantel and just about missed the newel cueing the attic, he saw an



ethernet port, “You can’t have my port, you can’t give me a trading card for it, you’re in the phone Todd!”

“I can give you people there everyday buying phones, when have you sold more than two phones in

one day? That was today,  
two phones, one day.  
Congratulations. I'm over  
here blowing my



supercomputer's wit on intercepting  
random mailboxes in your zip code to  
drop off your pasty little shitrag flyer.  
Now grab the other cordless from the attic,  
please Joe. Please Joe, I need this for the  
supercomputer, I need this and you need  
your—”

“You used your fucking military brain,  
that's where all the sales came from,  
those are your dear buddies from the  
barracks. What a nurse and a janitor?  
Those people—”

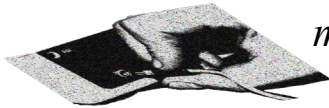
“Ok, you don't want to sell a  
thousand phones a day and then close up  
shop. You just want to pour milk all over  
your cat and eat fried chicken like a  
bum—”

“What if I don't believe you? What  
if it's worthless to reach out because  
they're just phones,”

“You realize how much. A supercomputer can do...?” he started heehawing and moaning with laughter, drawing an engulfing wave of static sounds, each phone clipping at their volume peaks, Todd must be on a headset, dipshit. I’m through with his lousy pranks, his tricks to make me look like a moron, all those years at school. Studying Euripides and entablature, had my head installed with Latin and compendiums of *agapē* to awaken my senses, plead with the tender rosebud stuck between my valves, the lifting melodies of modal music, somberly tranquil Dorian, brazen and boisterous Lydian, the ancient lyre, “A desiderio suo corde furentem, quid ca—” oh how heretic, Sappho was Greek, “kótti moi málista thélo génesthai mainóla thýmo, tína difte peítho”. Heart piercing, how I long to be a Grecian woman of lyre, the last stanza I had to memorize, I don’t even understand the translation, I’ll have to write to Professor Gobinekvik. This

amounting, this wealth, only to hear some  
hack on the world's most powerful  
supercomputer laugh through a dozen  
phones at me.

“Todd, can I trust you...to use your  
military brain, to make this great  
champion sing, *kótti moi*  
*málista th—*”



“No more Greek!  
Plug in the wire! This is your  
moment to be a champion of the new  
age!”

Yes, yes, he's absolutely upon the  
point I cannot doddle any longer, my mind  
transfixed on loose hairs, burning  
sensations in my nails, all sorts of other  
calamities, but not the one at hand. I stare  
back at the wall to a burst of orthostatic  
hypotension, in the shape of myself. My  
dweller on the threshold, harkening me to  
the port. I have to run up back to the attic  
again, “I have to run up back to the attic  
Todd,”



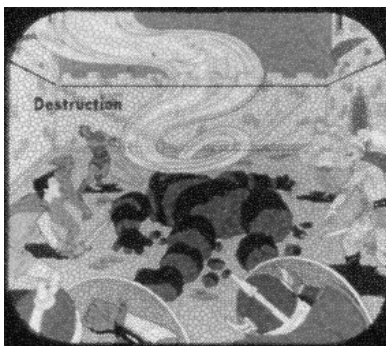
Tripping over my damn shoes again, but I have the blue cable that beams with the new age of technology radiating blue. Like a static electricity bolt streaming out from the tornado cutting through some small agrarian village. I snap the bungee into the opening, oh dear words of mine. My lawn is completely fucked, there are snails rolling over on themselves, gorges filled with beer cans,—the soil is so sensitive, I can't believe the fence is connected right to the dirt. That fence experiences so many vibrations coming from the freeway just on the other side, the plants must be traumatized—my begonias and peonies upset with grey instead of warm blossoming colors, “Todd I can't do this, I have to buy mulch—”

“You don't have to do anything. Joe I'm proud. Joe it's done. I'm in,”

Douglas sat there, cord in his mouth, the other end in the back of the wireless, Joe's pleasant smile filling the blip. I was elated, I could buy mulch, I could watch

Joe's supercomputer, and I could have some breakfast. My bike was fastened to tendrils of pluming vegetable plants, I hopped on the seat and began to pedal, the kickshaws adhered to the front basket wobbled and bobbed as I went over bumps and cracks and all sorts of phantasmagoric inventions of decaying infrastructure. I sat in the mulch store for almost twenty minutes deciding if I should get "two times sun refraction" or "new plant formula". It all was a dwindling effort that spurned no serious matter. No serious growth, I would return to something so chthonic I would have to repent for days. Before that all began to dawn on me I shook loose gravel and mulch across the beds of my plants, matted it with water from the hose (can you blame me for taking a few sips). The TV began to blare an emergency alert, I never even turned the mechanism on, but here it lay screeching like a falcon. Nuclear launch codes. Military readings turned off. All

credit card numbers siphoned for every cent. A total cataclysm unpredicted by science itself. Only thing powerful enough to produce it would be an infinitely intelligent supercomputer, sourced to an IP address: 458.34. Holy mother, that's mine.

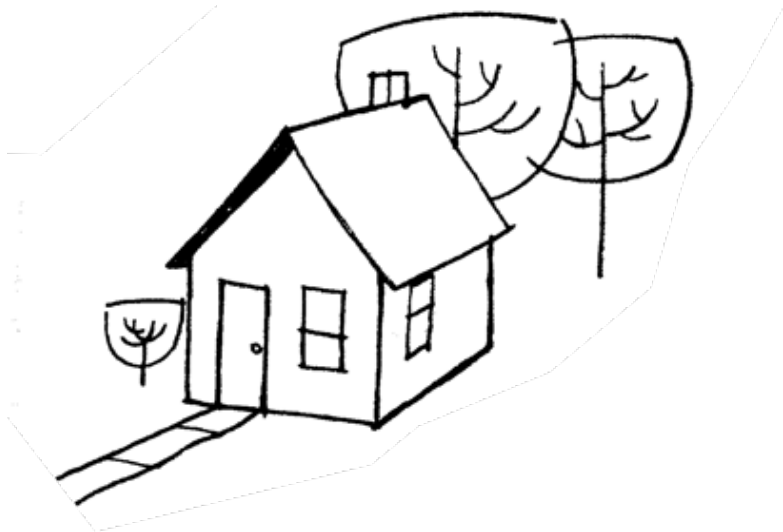


I spent hours on the phone saying “I’m sorry”, and “I’m a sorry sack of shit”, and “Would you please bring it back for a refund”, and “I’m sorry my uncle destroyed currency”. I wandered outside and I screamed my apologies, yet no one left their drawing rooms to even say thank you for it. Bunch of navel gazers and matted hob jockeys disillusioned with matters of self interest. On the radio just some spank rock, horribly loud pop music with glitter samples, everything is in a three note tonality, where's the Dorian

mode? There's no Dorian on the radio, I have to stop being so cynical, Greek music is boring. I love it, but it's not for mowing the lawn, I drink my pasty coffee. Douglas runs out the front door and down three houses, I don't know what he's doing but I'm fine with it. I never gave him the benefit that he might just come right back, animal control can't be bothered right now they're pawns of Uncle Todd's larger game.

I feel tears forming in my face, my scalp feels strangely soft like it would just melt off the top of my head into a gooey pile. Everyone on the block staring at me and my IP address that crashed the world. Todd's smile is frozen on the phone, but his voice is silent. Then at once they all start blasting in a huge ruckus, maybe they were just doing that and that's why Tridja Kurosawa ran in such a fuss. I start picking them up one by one, a bunch of hate. Neighbors screaming on this one, Hard Sal's department and mulch on the

other, my face is blistered with tears, I'm beet red. Taughici Credit Union calling to issue a bounty on me, old lovers asking what I was thinking, *mainóla thýmo, tíni diff*—no, what was it? *malnóla dýmo*...I can't remember what it is, what was it?—, European Union on the other line, animal control calling about my cat, Todd's wife, more hate, more tears, more hot coffee screaming on the kettle.







Turning radius (on a bus is at the most around thirty feet). The metropolitan carriage that I'm aboard is trying to make a long stretch from the exit ramp of the plaza into the outer stretches of pummeled meridian leading to the highway entrance that split off into a merge, left turning lanes and a lane that was for turning right (but right was scratched off long ago and they had installed a big DO NOT ENTER sign across from the landing so no one would ever make that mistake again). I had lain in bed last night and woke up only an hour afterwards to a horrible anxiety, I was sweating through the blankets and well into the porous atmosphere, like a coffin inebriated with sponges or loofahs. I was worried that I hadn't eaten any golden apples, true born fruit only so much of a phantasmic experience that it separates hard from soft palate, the caustic nerve sputtering within each tendril. My dog nudged at my door with his noggin, it clanged because he had a metal plate in his head, and his feet were growing impossibly long nails. He had an almost monkey like grip now. I wanted to shave his feet but I needed the tools in my pantry to peel the golden apples, they hold sweet nectar and the truth I am beholden to.

I sat in front of a bunch of shriveled up dunderheads, they're all gleaning their notebooks for what I could open my mouth about. Speck raises his hand to ask a question, I told him to put it back down, I don't have time to discuss whatever is plaguing him. I slammed down a stack of textbooks because the kid in the front row called me a waste. I only remember Speck's name. I had a dream that the kid that sits two rows back from Speck with the horrible scent, two pairs of glasses, helicopter parents. I've had multiple late night phone calls with them, rambling about the accuracy of curves, the displacement at which young bright pupils shrivel up into nothing (your son has old man face, they didn't like that). They discussed how they too have been the grocery store, but

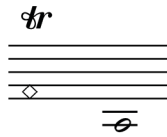
the shelf where the golden apples was is filled with nopal or a peanut butter vat. Boxes of raspberries. They don't know about the golden apples, I made that part of, I think the dad has a drinking problem. The mom has a math problem, she's antsy to be the Mavis Beacon of middle school math instruction. Flattening the curve, kids rising up, becoming math teachers, I want to be the last math teacher on Earth. I look over the fluorescents, back down onto all the little tubers desks, one has "I ♥ YOU" (I love middle school, in high school they all just write, "I WANNA STUFF MY MEMBER INTO YOU" on the desks, that's inappropriate). I ask if they understand linear relationships, crickets, would a tutor help? If I brought in a sheep-headed woman, without a day job and only ten percent more patience than I do, would that be ok? God Speck's head just looks like a freshly clipped golden apples, a gumwad is pressing against my pant leg, I reclined too far back in my chair. I think the high schooler's use this room to make out in, it's the only one the janitor doesn't lock at night because the door is busted, sometimes I come in the morning and there's loose duff and other debris that has slid under the door.

There's a girl who has a milky complexion, she can't stop sneezing, her nose can't stop running, and she has been so kindly gifted zillions of tissues from classmates. She sits in a pile of them, some I feel like have been there longer than just this period, almost rotting. I wonder if my dog can reach the apples, I usually put them on a shelf that is way beyond a dog's reach, but that mutt has been getting smarter. I think it's because of the metal in his head. The milk girl said she saw me on the bus. The same bus that I hoped off of and walked three miles to get to the latrine I scrub after class. I walked three miles because I was right about the turning radius. Thirty feet.

“MATERIAL NEEDS” ... A PIECE FOR SOLO CELLO  
WRITTEN BY JÅKE LITTLE  
THE FOLLOWING ARE INSTRUCTIONS ON PERFORMANCE  
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# PERFORMER NOTES

## HARMONIC TRILL

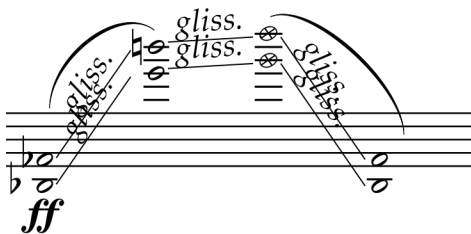


the trill indicates alternating between applying light pressure to create the notated harmonic (diamond notehead at A2) and releasing the string, sounding the open pitch (C2).

## BOWING

**bow in accordance with slurs and markings for up vs down bowing.**

each bow lasts half a bar  
start on the first frettable note  
glissando up past the end of the  
fingerboard until you reach the bowhair



**This instruction appears towards the end of the piece and the bowing should occur from tip to frog, with the movement of the fretting hand syncopating with the bows. (at frog = start of the fingerboard ; at point = past the fingerboard)**

This piece should be played with minimal anxiety and with lots of feeling. This piece can be attempted by a professional cellist or someone who has never played the cello before. There is no marking for tempo, because that is a decision made by the performer in accordance to their taste and/or ability.

# MATERIAL NEEDS

*a piece for solo cello*

Violoncello

*tr*

*p* *f* *p*

*sim.*

3

Vc.

*mf*

7

Vc.

*f* *sim.*

10

Vc.

*ff* *mf or p*

*col legno battuto*

13

Vc.





# She left a can of tomato

juice sitting on the counter last week and the scent of dried out savory fruit infected the walls of the kitchen.

She couldn't afford to toss it into the waste bin because the material was recyclable, and she would want to thoroughly rinse it before disposing of it, and the mere thought of leaving it in the trash would thrash at her mind, besides she was already in a taxi on the way to work. There was a warm container—warm is a bit nurturing, what the sensation really seemed more similar to was having a hand on a hot stove—of cinnamon coffee between the crook of her arm and the plush lining of her ultramarine coat. It was a bit oppressive, the sunlight tickling at the meridian of her face, it started to feel like she was getting freckles or dry skin. The trip from the edge of the curb paraglided a stranger's briefcase into her fist, where she meant to slide it down past the points of her fingers into the seat of the taxi, but the door outran her and it buffeted the window of the cab as it drove off. Her files and the papers she was going to use as leverage to keep her job, were now driving off in the lap of a stranger in a blue and white taxi that had a rusted license plate where one couldn't make out if it was "1XJFT55" or "1X1FT33". She edged past a herd of sharply dressed and fedora clad cohorts that were making their way

towards the burling concrete cusps or off into one of the other sharp corners of the office building.

Shrinking into an elevator, it was only occupied with a man unwrapping a sandwich, bit by bit saran wrap, statted next to an adjacent combover with a fleur-de-lis centered on his tie. The fleur-de-lis got off on the second floor, she was going to the thirteenth. The age of the elevator made its actions quite laborious as it seemed to trundle from floor to floor, but she couldn't help but notice that the trellis surrounding the molding at the top of the elevator acted as a window. The view elicited shape shifting hues of greys and blues mesmerized her, so when the elevator suddenly jolted it sent a wave of coffee against her blouse, her knees hit the floor, injuring them to some degree. The elevator hung still and delicate, she pressed her weight against the diagonals and the corners. Her partner on the ride was gone, maybe he already had gotten off and the whole process of laboring out of the elevator and onto the hookrug tarmac of sugarberry conglomerates on top of spindle wire was already past her.

No, this is solitude, utter absence. Rising quickly she patted off loose droplets, leaving the permeation to take form, without loose remnants to align a puddle. She closed her eyes extremely tight and released a scream for help from the back of her throat, projecting through her diaphragm in a manner she learned from a women's self defense class. Eyes open. Still screaming, no changes. Eyes closed again, but shutting her mouth now (possibly



gnawing at the point of ingress caused by a previously worn lip ring). Her eyes opened to the same elevator shaft, bare, with glowing yellow lights shooting from the floor tiles, the open slats of the trellis indicating not so much a grey, more of a black. Cavernous, dark, possibly night. She found a spot on the floor and curled herself up, something she learned from a class about environmental disasters. One is supposed to take a large surplus of water and dry foods to a shelter set in an indented part of the home. This will be one's panic room. It's natural for the residual shock of a severe tornado or earthquake that has wiped out surrounding homes, leaving yours, to onset an emotional tragedy. It is suggested to lay firmly in the fetal position, establishing comfort with one's body and the floor, so the range of emotions can be exhausted without strain of the body and induces placation of the mind.

She lived in an apartment that was like a long hallway, her panic room might be the fire escape. New Year's Eve she tried it, it was very cold, there were bugs on the guardrail. The coffee she planned on drinking sat lidless, horribly robust and towering above her, sitting still on the floor a few inches from her face. No, it's not taller, it's just towering due to perspective. The elevator quaked, it moved up very slowly. She worried that when she gets to the top they would discover the tomato juice in her kitchen. The mints she glad-handed from the front desk bowl on her way to the elevator (required a peppy step). She remembered a time from a work lunch,

required dealing with several clients all very new to her and the other people on her floor of the building. Some sponsor jockeys, others commercial retailers, someone there from a Mormon family—buying in bulk—. Her trick to get them engaged is to talk about her eye that has no nerves in it, no relay of particles. She invited a gentleman with a circular facial structure to put on a few pairs of spectacles to see if they would twine with the curvature of his face, but he was more interested in the eye. Poke it then, so he did, to which no blink or shudder was performed. This information is widely held as spectacle, usually goes through channels of conversational inquiry, out of fascination and returns in comical references to it (it's not quite one, but it deeply resembles a sonata). A fellow spectacles peon was very involved about information pertaining to her eye, (specifically if he could touch it) maybe the No Thank You was not received well. He's trapped her on this elevator so he can touch her eye. The lucid motions of the portamentoing height attained by the elevator was corrupted, her hands were sinking into the floor. It was a gentle sensation, but the grab felt from the floor pulling her into itself was very present.

She hoped it wasn't that man that wanted to touch her eye, she'd file a barratry, this is simply mutative, he's acting like a five-year-old who's wet his pants (real bugaboo). Her hair felt lighter, she now could imagine that was slowly disappearing into the ether below her as well. Then the elevator began to slow, her hands began

to rise, she was free. The trauma was not very encouraging, it was dictated further by the now dampening of hues into inconsistent pastel smear tones that encroached her, back to the fetal position. Closing her lids she tried to find a separation from the day that occurred on the other side of the moon cycle, if not for the sleeplessness, if not for waking in the night and dumping the shelf of misnomers into a big bag that was labeled, “DONATE”.

The moments before lying face down on the mattress—where she usually lost digits and locks of hair in weaving sheets of matted unfurlings, lapping campanelle hills in the beige Bed, Bath, Beyond and other branded beddings—featured a slim chance to see the grocery store. She very rarely saw the perimeter of concrete city sidewalk during the daytime without it being built into geometrically angled stairs (it was all sudden and superfluous, gutter air pressing her face like hands muttering from an underground city, the faces of people on some other trajectory, or totally trajectory-less, just looking to thrill themselves into the outside)—she began leaving the walled in market, harassed with oranges, soft tan sticker prices, running very frantically forward until she started using the momentum accrued from the jolt, it helped her make it into the opening passageway of the transit line (at the cost of brushing her bag against someone else, they apologized but she tried to ensure them that it was a doubled paper bag it’s very durable, sorry you had to apologize). She stood because

all the seats in the back were filled, which became a bit demeaned by the front being relatively loose of patrons. But after the next few stops they'd be by that gerontology and disabilities complex, there might be a whole slew of front seaters, better to be prepared. Deboarding she stood at the wrong stop, ahead of her where sapphire spires that resembled flash flood waves, all framing a building situated like two stones nestled in the arms of a great giant with only a torso. She turned around and the bus was gone, but the sun was now murky creamsicle, there were clothes that were probably banging around in her dryer still (so there was time). She sat at the transit stop, incurred by the two giant obelisks of water, waiting for a bus like Sudluki.

Sudluki Bendiztrik was the man that laid himself diagonally thrust, with his forehead against the window, huddled by curtains so his contour was subject to twists of sinking curtain dollops. She knocked five times on the door (that number was familiar because of how odd it was, it seemed brutal, too many, making a statement of “you know what’s good for you, open this door right now”), he obliged, fractured by the Carvaggian blister of his orange couch, red rug, sunlight shooting through the kitchen. A totally dark front room with an opaque hand mottled vasetype sculpture—a tall blue curly-q french fry, she wanted to touch its exterior to see if it was smooth or crystalline—. Sudluki asked about phone books, or vacuum cleaners, sales on knives. She had to explain she thought she was his daughter, she never knew her father,

her mother said that her father always said she was “prettier than the shells on the shore of the ocean” when she was a baby, and Sudluki’s bald spot—“I hit my head on the sculpture,” french fry beast, she could now she how it was less bulbous and more curved in edges—resembled her hair part. They went to a diner, drank coffee at the same time, he refused a DNA test because he lacked health insurance available in the immediate area, he had no mode of transportation. It would be Herculean to get out of his immediate local. Longer gazes out the glass panels of the diner elicited the glean of the area, hydrangeas, sparse thickets of wildgrass and each road crawling with water life, leading to a larger brook that extended on a stretching brick platform reaching toward a fog laden pillow. They returned to his house where she promised (scrawled first in a spitting ink pen that drained at the incursion of the first full syllable, to which she opted to pull out a black receptacle which housed her lipstick to dictate the rest) to be back in a month with a rental car to take them to a clinical (she would probably have to arrange someone for Sputnik, maybe permanently). So that was it, at least thus far. They returned to Sudluki’s house, he wanted to give her something for all the trouble. She sauntered toward the train station with the sculpture on her back, craning its figure over her neck like an animal carrying her off as prey. The sculpture sat in the gangway of her apartment next to the washing machine and Sudluki failed his test. They both walked from the rental car terminal to the train

port, where they sat on platforms that were parallel to each other. The clear vista showed the night in a brilliant brightness, Andromeda high in the apex of the night. The trains came at the same time, she didn't even see Sudluki disappear into his train car, he was just gone.

She threw her Perseus Travel train company ticket against the dustbin, she had no other things to haul but her own purse that acted as pockets. She wore a dress, didn't know if this would involve taking blood or anything where flexibility was required. The fact is that the elevator floor is very soothing, it's warm, it's not like the floor of her fire escape that was moist and the slits were making it difficult to set human bones on. The floor of the elevator had a sense of comfort, like the resistant found in those cylindrical cowboy sleeping mats—not that she had been on one, they looked nice in the films, a bit awkward in the TV movie that she visited to sell them an eyeglasses sponsor, that movie was going terribly, and the lead actress kept saying there was a gas leak in the women's room—. A globus built up in her forehead, like a terrible ache, she was thinking about horrible events that wouldn't leave her. Is her mother trying to call her, but she's not picking up because she's trapped in an elevator? Did she arrange to leave Sputnik?

Sputnik did not like to cage confined, he seemed to enjoy the freedom of the four-story abode. She knew the wonderful people who owned the house through a friend, they were introduced on the pretext that her nights were open, which is a quality that people that own a frog

are looking for. Sputnik is a highly guarded frog, he can't eat anything that isn't specifically tailored to him, or go anywhere outside the indoor confines of the home. He's rather large for a frog, but doesn't develop a complex from it. This all sounded very pristine to her, she wanted to secure Sputnik's safety. Sputnik was just unaware of how indiscriminate the environment of a human's home, filled with large bulky furniture, can be. Hiding games weren't fun, neither were watching games. Sudluki would've removed her from Sputnik's jurisdiction, but Sudluki doesn't even matter anymore.

She wished that Sputnik would be here in the elevator, floating in the remnants of coffee stagnating itself in the cup. That way she could have companionship, not feeling horribly obligated or unkindly shamed if she were to open her mouth and speak. Sputnik is not a very good frog—or a very good domestic frog, but he doesn't seem particularly interested in replicating instinct in frog nature, so no, she wouldn't put Sputnik out for a playdate with wild amphibians—, but he's a very good listener. Sometimes her hand can feel like a frog's, very slimy and stuck to surfaces, poisonous to some. A whole day will go by with her left hand gripping the edge of the table, her mind involuntary acting on subterfuge that she should engage in the adrenaline and save her own life. Which seems thoroughly impossible at this moment, to save her own life.

She questioned whether her hand was hugging the floor—oh the first few digits of her hand are in the floor—, question answered. A quick spasm, but it acted like a mammoth in La Brea. Just as the split meridian where parts of her mouth and the circumference of her cheek, drawing a through axis linearly extended upon the contour that leant itself a shadow drift down to her chin point (mental protuberance down, mental tuberosity skyward) sunk below the surface of the elevator floor, she felt a shimmer. Nimbuses of hot seraphic beams poured through her lenses, she pulled but could not shake herself from the adherence. Like an atmospheric melisma, her shift in the sinkage moved from being rat like, ducking down into a pool of molten adhesive to now rather upright (but twisted to where her ambulatory limbs where obscured). Above her stood a bright vision, patches of silk moving in mordants, rustling ribbons, all twisted under cloning and cyclonic rhythmic showers of glow. A face of amber wax, simulacra to her, copycat. Her face hinged like a doorframe glaring up at the copycat, hands stuck in a hovering air quote fashion—or like stagnantly clinging a surface that was no longer existed, trying to save her own life—. It was information beyond her grey matter, but she could feel it, it was Sorplecum Poseltoy. And at that moment she possessed three wishes.

...*Oblongus Andromedaica (Perfectly Still!)* by Jäke  
Little





THAKNS!