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Supply

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The Here and Now

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Under the Hood

The Imprisonment of Jonathan Knox

Over the River

The Emancipation of Jonathan Knox

Off His Own Supply

Hunter A. Wallace

This is a trinity of works, all fiction. All the characters, locations, organizations, and events portrayed in this softback are either products of the bookmaker's imagination or are used fictitiously. Or both.

Any and all resemblance to Reality is purely coincidental.

...

In other words, it's just words. It's not real. Get a grip.

Off His Own Supply

| Spiral: The Here and Now | Arc: III |

| Revision Date: February 27, 2022 |

Chuck Leary offs a Planet just to Spark a Joint

| Spiral: The Playground | Arc: · |

| Series: W-2222 | Entry: 3.2221 |

Ordinary

| Spiral: The Endless Wood | Arc: · |

| Series: W-666 | Entry: 1.666 |

Swimming the Bridge

| Spiral: The Unkno'n | Arc: · |

| Series: W-78 | Entry: 1 |

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Acknowledgement

To be frank, some very strange metaphysical events surrounded the making of this book. I originally meant for it to be longer, to be part of more, to lead to books, series, spirals...

but then I began to... well... experience the 'Plane.

Straight-up, I heard the voice of something gnasty.

And what's more, it rejected me!

YOU ARE NOT THE CONSCIOUSNESS I DESIRE TO ENACT MY GRANDEST PLANS...

No bullshit, got sucked into sleep paralysis and everything. Terrifying... for it, perhaps. I'm just a 'man, after all, and I broke out of the daemon's taunting little trance! I imagine that must have made it pretty salty. Pretty peeved off. Pretty... vengeful.

...

Last night I had a dream. I was walking in the woods, and a *thing* came out from behind a tree. It looked like a cross between a myriad of brushdwellers. Tar black. No visible bodily features aside from its shaggy edges. It was very little.

It telepathed, *'Hi!'* in the lilt of a murderous child.

Then, it dashed at me, swift as the speed of darkness.

In answer, I punted the fucker. Full swing.

Suddenly I awoke, shook, in the middle of the night, and decided enough was enough.

...

I'll make my own books, and I'll be damn happy to do it.

At least... that's what I thought. At first.

But the daemon was vengeful.

The daemon began to haunt me.

The daemon continues to haunt me.

I hear its voices. I see its shadows. It drains my mind of light.

I've lost all sovereignty over my immortal soul.

I don't know how much longer I can do this...

...guess we'll have to find out.

From this day on we mov

It's all synthetic, really. The tranquil darkness, the open space around me, this sense of utter stillness that engulfs the endless present. Whether my eyes spring open or remain clamped shut I see nothing, my lungs draw no air, my ears register no sound.

There is nothing here but the Nothing... yet here I am. Here I sit.

Yet here I sit, Thow alive, a mind from spirit and body encased in this unlocated place as Existence hurdles forever forward without destination, without origin, without any sense of the known... but I am not alone here. There is another. They are close by, perhaps... perhaps they reside in this placeless space with me.

Or perhaps they do not.

I can feel him, or her, or whatever it might be... I sense a sort of warmth, almost, but... it's a frigid kind of heat. One which scathes whether it is approached or fled from, one concerned only with sustaining its own icy presence, one which draws fuel not but takes it, which demands it, which... siphons it, all for a despicable lack of source.

It is close, this other. Close... yet far. Far enough for me to close my eyes.

But are they closed already? Did I open them in the first place?

Unknown.

Inconsequential.

In every moment I walk along this finite path leading towards my edge of infinity. Wherever I go, here I am, another to thei who is one.

I drift...

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Chuck Leary

offs a

Planet

just to

Spark^a Joint[†]

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Wordcount

Take a Walk

The Bookmaker left, hands in his pockets. He needed to take a walk.

The Bookmaker walks, hands in his pockets.

The supple green pasture',
thee infinite purple skie'...

unstarting

unending

uncen

tered

yet whole...

...there is a door.

Standing there tall from the grassland' of Planet Eden is an unmarked [and unhinged] door. I can hardly tell it's a door, to be honest. It's just a white oblotangle. About the size of a door, I figure, if doors go to Planet Eden. Not that they do, uh... don't nothin' go to Planet Eden. Never. So'uh, the supple green pastures, that infinite purple sky above... I once saw a jungle rise from the gras' blades for the sake of another Astral God, but for me, for the Astral God of All, just... it's just...

just the supple pastures

just the purple sky

just Bookmaker the Form' here all alone on Planet Eden with no Eve to keep me company... but now I'm not alone. Now there is a door in my path, a door which presents for me and too before me. It's a solid white oblotangle with a black circle where its knob should be, and it's standing

there still directly in front of me like it wants me to do something about it.

The Bookmaker proceeds, hands out his pockets, and notices how that black circle is merely part of the door's cosmetic design. It's made of some type of glass, the door is, completely opaque, one solid slab, too, no protrusions. The technique of the maker must be flawless... but how to open it?

Guided by a will not my own, Adam reaches towards the faux knob. His knuckles bash against something he cannot see – something He, Bookmaker Adam the Form of Being, Astral God of All, Existence Incarnate, cannot see – and curses wildly, *fucks* and *shits* and *you son of a fucking shrews* all over the 'damn place, they're carving divots into the ground like spiteful fucking nine-irons! Look at them *go!*

The Bookmaker decides to stop stalling and grip the invisible knob of the door. He knows in his gut, his heart, and his head that if he could see it, it would be the purple glass doorknob of Purple Bend infamy... but why?

The Bookmaker opens, one hand on the knob.

Whoat in the Shuck

It's a bottomless white space, a dead void in the negative, a chasm of illumination, and something is solid beneath my feet. I close my eyes for sweet, glorious darkness now I feel the light encroaching, coming, chewing, shredding through my infinite eyelids until it inevitably breaches and drinks of my ocular fluids. So, I block all that out. I do

not breathe, for I am the Astral God of All, but I listen hard and listen true: the things I hear intrigue me. Machinery, footsteps, production, labor. There seems to be some sort of commotion going on behind me, 'round me, a footpace before me... and then I open my eyes.

White. Soundless, endless white. And Chuck Leary, standing there stiffly with his hands out of his pockets.

"Chuck," calls I.

"Bookmaker," calls notChuck.

It's obvious to me that he's not truly Chuck, you see.

"What is this?" I call again. "Why am I not in complete and total control of everything everywhere all at once?"

La notChuck, smiling very unChuckishly through his goatee, walks up and over what appears to be a very tall bridge. I am dazed, to say the least. Man, "Just what in the fuck is going on here?!"

A nose noise. *Hmf*, but not in a rude way. Just a chuff, but with a little squeak woven in. That's all he gives me.

"You remind me of someone," he has the audacity to claim.

"Just who the fuck do you think you are?"

He lowers his sunshades – goodness grace, I haven't had you describe my appearance yet! I mea... well that's not what I meant for this to say.

Yet there it remains on the page.

"Someone who's yet to exist," he adds, "I should add," candidly enough to make m

"What do you mean?"

"Canonically," he says with a smile. "My name is too long for the wordcount of this one, too, but... maybe at the end."

"At the end?" I demand. I could say demanded, but uh, where's the book in that? "At the end? What, is this some kind of story we're in right now, some kind of *book*?! Just whoat in the shuck do you fucki—"

"Adam," says he, and I shut my fucking trap. "Please. At the end... okay?"

I look him dead in the sunshades.

"You're not The Suited Man Chuck Leary, Pillar Soul of Existence."

"We're nearing the limit, Adam..."

"You're not, are you?"

"I'm not."

"Who are you?"

"I'm the One Above Thou."

"Oh yeah?!" I bitch. "You really think so, don't you!"

You Must Be

As though we were standing in some sort of observation station, the white walls slide up all three hundred sixty degrees around me to reveal a solid miasma of black.

I am unable to take my eyes off this black, let alone bother contriving Language for it.

"This," says who'v'r he thinks he is, "is The Blacktop."

"Comes off more like an observatory," I bleak, coming off my knees. I turn to face him standing there all the way across the room, just to—... I am the Astral God of All for Christ's sake, why am I making this clear?

Oh, I know. Because nothing that's going on around me is clear.

"Or some kind of research station," I finish, "at least."

"Yeah," he smiles, "Wuester Central is many things, and don't ask me to confirm that, please."

I don't, but god*damn*. Wuester Central, here we are.

"The Blacktop is a void," he points out, "a contained infinity of open empty space. It is meant for creation, to host planets inside the Wuester singularity, to provide a buffer between the rumored center of town and the true Wuester Central. Do you understand?"

"I think so," I do not lie. "The Blacktop is kind of like a tiny version of The Void, right?"

"Metaphors are found wherever one might gaze, with or without intent."

"Sweet," I pip, "Christ." It was a simile, too... right?

"Adam."

I turn to him.

"You are the Astral God of All. Yes?"

"Yes," I confirm.

"So hear me well: I am the one who granted you the mantle."

Understood.

"I'd like you to be part of this," I'm told, "but you must *be* in a certain way. I will teach you and I will be patient, but I will only allow you progress when you are ready to proceed. Can you handle that?"

"Well, God," I insist, "there's only one way to answer that truthfully."

Highest Bookmaker

"Chuck," I grin, "welcome to The Blacktop."

"You got the *black* right," allows he, The Suited Man Chuck Leary, Pillar Soul of Existence. "So what the fuck's the beaten Earth, Adam?"

"Oh shit, that's... uh, listen, there's, a, uh... something needs to be done."

"You're hearing those voices again," Chuck assumes, "aren't you, Adam? Am I right in assuming that?"

"I can hear yours..."

The Suited Man Chuck Leary, Pillar Soul of Existence, floats there looking at me.

"I'll explain everything at the end—"

"Fucking Christ, of course it's a book."

"...so until then, just go with it. Okay?"

Chuck takes a deep, deeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeep breath of the nothingness, and doesn't exhale. Then, he does, and *then*:

"Before whatever this is gets moving, can I point out that I just *adore* how you pretend that—... that *any one of us* have a choice in carrying out your whims and fancies, oh Highest Bookmaker the Form of Adam?"

Wordcount.