

Scratches

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Reality

The Bookmaker's Scratchpad

Scratches
The Bookmaker's Note Preseason

Existential Spirals

The Fall of the Seven Earths
The Highest One Writing

Existence

The Fall of the Seven Earths

Flowers
Under the Hood
The Imprisonment of Jonathan Knox
Over the River
The Emancipation of Jonathan Knox

Novelwriter

Untitled Bigfoot Project

Scratches

The Bookmaker's Note Preseason

Hunter A. Wallace

This is a work of... well, it's work. All the words in this book were scrawled by a legitimate madman. You should either pay them zero attention or all the attention you got. Or both.

Anything written after this page is not meant to be read by human eyeballs.

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

Scratches
The Bookmaker's Note Preseason

| Collection: The Bookmaker's Scratchpad | Volume: 1 |

| Revision Date: February 23, 2022 |

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THCBN: 420-1-234-56789-13

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Whaddup

This here's *The Bookmaker's Note*, also known as *The Note* by those who know what the fuck is up. It's not dedicated to anyone, it's not meant to acknowledge anything, it's just *The Note*. And now, it's in book form.

Oh, the Behind the Scenes/Between the Lines posts are in here too.

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April

4/5/21

Progress log: finished editing *The Monksville Chronicles* for rerelease, proof copy is on its way. Also, started a new blog series called *The Bookmaker's Note* in which I'll attempt to connect with my audience. Here we go.

...

So I've been doing this bookmaking thing for a good short while now. Feels like I've been doing it a lifetime, but in reality 2021 is only my third year in the game. I've done a solid amount of work so far, I think, both on and off the page; when I first started writing I was batshit crazy, like actually fucking insane, like legitimately mentally unwell. I was punching holes in the walls and having frequent mental breakdowns which involved screaming 'til my throat was raw and I was drinking and smoking for all the wrong reasons and you know what, I'm'a say it: I was pretty goddamn suicidal. That was 2017, when I randomly decided to start writing. I was lost in 2017.

At the top of 2019 I put my first book out. I was still pretty out of my mind at that point, still pretty insane, but I was screaming less and I wasn't punching holes in the walls anymore and I was only smoking for all the wrong reasons, no longer drinking. I still felt lost, as all the writing I had done up until that point was of the shared-universe short story variety (with the occasional piece of shitty poetry thrown in for fun) but yet my first book was a shitty self-help book, plus the suicide was still a firm Plan B... but I was making progress. I was *on the journey*, 'man, we're all on our own journeys and I was on mine and I was *getting* somewhere, I was getting shit *done*. So I made another book, a travel novella, and shortly after it came out I unpublished both books because I had self-published two 100-page books through Amazon and I wasn't a millionaire, which obviously meant I was a pathetic asshole and a failure and a worthless waste of human seed and why should I even try and that crossbow I got as a high school graduation present was looking pretty sexy sitting there with its quiver full of bolts in the storage crawlspace next to my bed and and and...

So *then* I got the idea to put all the shitty poetry I wrote into book form,

and that idea spiraled into me reworking my books into a fiction series called *The Highest One Writing* about a crazy author who lived in a universe parallel to the one where my unreleased short stories took place, and *then* I finally allowed myself to write what I wanted to write the whole time: a 600-page novel which both took place in the same universe as all the short stories I wrote *and* was part of *The Highest One Writing*. Then I made a runner's log, for whatever fucking reason, and then 2019 was over. I wrote my fat novel and nobody really read it because I didn't promote it or put it on the internet *at all* and I was discouraged, but I didn't quite feel like giving up. Like, I wrote a 600-page novel all by myself, why the fuck would I give up now? I felt like there was a higher reason I wrote that tome, like I was doing what I was supposed to be doing in life. I didn't feel lost. I was still crazy, undeniably out of my gourd, but I didn't feel lost. Yes, the thought of that crossbow still made my mouth water, but there was a new woman in my life. Her name was Existence, and including that questionable runner's log she was five books thicc and looking damn good to me. The *journey*, 'man, it's all part of the *journey*.

To start 2020 off right, I looked at myself in the mirror and came to terms with the fact that despite the lack of an audience and money and other United States of American measures of success, nothing in life gave me joy and a sense of purpose like making my books did. So, I assembled all the short stories I had written and never released into a 700-page anthology and capped off *The Highest One Writing*, resetting my fictional reality in the process. I wanted a fresh start with Existence so it would seem like I knew exactly what I was doing the whole time when folks eventually started reading my work, so that's what I did.

The first book I put out after the reset was *The Monksville Chronicles*, which was meant to be the beginning of a very long story which would serve as the origin story of Existence. I then decided that I would write the rest of that story in the future when I was better at writing and duly moved on to my next project, an anthology of short stories based on random objects I was trying to sell at the time (I dabble in the resale game too) called *Convenient Incidents*. I then went on a hiatus to focus on smoking for all the wrong reasons; during this hiatus, I got an idea for a book about a writer who writes a novel about bigfoot. I wrote the first chapter of this book (titled *Untitled Bigfoot Project*) and thought it was great, but my focus was still on smoking for all the wrong reasons, and I decided I needed to change that if I wanted to finish the bigfoot book. So, over the course of five days I smoked an abysmal amount of herbs and wrote a book called *Flowers* which taught me why I needed to shift my focus from smoking to

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bookmaking: because books made whilst high are bullshit books, and bullshit books are fine, bullshit books are fun every now and again, but I didn't want all of my books to be bullshit books, and I especially didn't want *Untitled Bigfoot Project* to be a bullshit book. So, I stopped smoking and got writing.

Untitled Bigfoot Project took me to the end of 2020, literally to the last day. It finished up at around 240,000 words, the longest book I've made yet, and I was at a crossroads: I could have taken another hiatus to smoke for all the wrong reasons, or I could have started my next book. I chose to start my next book, and 19% of that choice was inspired by the fact that I was flat broke, but the other 81% was because I *wanted* to start my next book. So I did. That next book was *Under the Hood: The Imprisonment of Jonathan Knox*, the second book in the *Flowers* universe (Universe W-2222), and that came out this past February.

The *journey*, baby boy, it's all about the *journey*.

After *Under the Hood* I went through some shit. In life there are hurdles; if you can't hop over them you'll just keep coming back to them, and there were two hurdles I just kept coming back to. One involved the crossbow, the other isn't worth specifying. These hurdles had been giving me all sorts of problems for a good long while, and so I chose to get over them in the same way I got over the smoking hurdle: I made books, two novellas to be specific. I was originally going to publish these novellas, but after bringing one to the third draft and the other to the first draft, I decided they were better suited to stay in the vault. Maybe they'll come out one day, probably they won't. The wind shall blow regardless.

So there I was, back to eleven books made. Sure, technically there was a choice as to what I was going to do next, but in my head there was only one way to go: start my next book. And so I did. I don't want to give out the title yet, but it's going to be the third instalment of W-2222, and about a week and a half ago I hit writer's block with it. This writer's block isn't the normal writer's block, though; the normal writer's block is wanting to continue on but not knowing where to go. The writer's block I was feeling was of a different sort: I knew exactly where I was to go, I even *wanted* to continue, but every time I sat down with my laptop I would type a single sentence and promptly slap the shit shut, almost as if my actions were out of my control.

Because they were.

I was possessed, hypothetical reader, I was haunted by my past. That first book I made after I reset Existence, *The Monksville Chronicles*, it was screeching to me like a banshee trapped in the depths of my mind. *The*

Monksville Chronicles was to be the first book of the origin story of Existence, but like, that's... *that's just not what it was*. Like, it was in a literal sense, but it also wasn't... in a literal sense. Something had to be done, and that something was to rerelease *The Monksville Chronicles* in its proper form, and to do that I would have to do some editing.

And uh... yeah, that's where we are now. Journey's over. Full circle, bitch.

I love making my books. These books are literally my life, I have a dream and I'm chasing it and that shit gets me out of bed in the morning. I used to wake up and stay under the sheets trying to convince myself to finally hit up the crossbow for a dance beneath the full moon, but now I wake up and spring my hairy ass out of bed thinking about Existence. I'm still crazy, I don't think I'll ever not be crazy, but it's different now. I used to be the bad kind of crazy, the insane and mentally ill kind; now, I'm the good kind. I'm mentally healthy. I'm *sane*... relatively speaking. I lost my mind and found it, all because of Existence. All because I randomly started writing fiction one day.

So allow me to formally introduce myself: my name is Hunter A. Wallace. I'm that guy who makes fiction books so he doesn't go insane. In other words, I am the bookmaker, and this has been the first instance of *The Bookmaker's Note*. I don't think they'll all be this long, but time will tell.

If you're there, hypothetical reader, thank you for being there. From this day on, we move forever forward~

4/6/21

Progress log: added ~4,500 words to WIP

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Got a late start today. I was up until 4 am Monday morning editing *The Monksville Chronicles* and thus didn't get to sleep until like 2 last night; by the time I started working it was already half past 10. I used to prefer staying up really late and then sleeping through the front half of the day, but nowadays I feel like it's a waste. Writing outside in the sun is so much better than writing at the desk in my bedroom. It's louder but I feel like I get less distracted. I don't know. Hiking and writing on a mountaintop is the best, but I was too tired for that today.

It was a slow day though. The time flew by, every time I checked the clock another hour was gone, poof, spent, collected and taxed, but the words came slowly. I feel like I didn't do enough, but that's how I feel every

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day. Honestly, the more I write the more I feel like I'm not trying hard enough. My record is 20,000-something words in a day, 22,000 I think, and even that wasn't shit to me. The addiction is real; better writing than crack, right?

So uh, yeah. I'm on the 3rd chapter of the WIP, 3rd of 5. It's coming along. I don't know, maybe I didn't do enough today. I'll probably do more tomorrow. Go'n'a get a good night's sleep and get up before the sun, I think.

I'm curious, how many words do you like to hit in a day when you're working on a project? Y'know, if you're a writer. And you have the balls to share it.

Idk what else to say now. I'm tired.

If you're there, hypothetical reader, thank you for being there. From this day on, we move forever forward~

4/7/21 | Demented

Progress log: added ~6,200 words to WIP (go'n'a refer to it as OTR from here on out)

• • •

So, I wound up doing more today than I did yesterday. Kilt that shit. It was a good writing day, 'man! I didn't get up before the sun, I started at just about the same time as I started yesterday, and I was super distracted, too. I was sitting out at the table on the patio in the backyard and every time I sat down to write I would get up a couple seconds later, usually to gather wood from the woods to burn in the chimenea. I had that shit going all day. But eventually I just kind of sat down and got sucked into it, and boom. 6ish pm, 6,000 words. It was all part of the same subchapter, too, I started it at the end of yesterday and finished it off today. Feels good. Got that sense of closure.

So le'me talk about this book a little bit. I'm roughly halfway done with it, as far as the chapter layout goes, but I can say with certainty that it's going to be the most demented thing I've ever written. I'm leaning the fuck into this shit, 'man, it's ridiculous. I'm having a ton of fun. I refuse to give away the full title, but I'm going to refer to it as OTR from here on out. I think I can give y'all an acronym without the world ending. As for the plot, I will say it's going to include Jonathan Knox, the guy from *Under the Hood: The Imprisonment of Jonathan Knox*. That book's going to finish posting in a few days, I think, so if you read the last post you'll have sort of an idea

of where I'm going with OTR. Sort of. Emphasis on the sort of. Lol.

So yeah, 'man. That was today. Woke up late, went outside, had a fire, and wrote 6,000 words. I exercised too, I really like exercising. I used to hate it but now I have an equipmentless workout app that has a 28-day full body challenge thing and today was day 13. Technically it was day 41, because this is my second time going through, but regardless it was pushup day. Fucking pushup day. I also ran 3 miles. I run 3 miles every day. Good day. It was a good day today.

I didn't get an answer yesterday when I asked how many words you like to hit in a day when you're working on a project, so I'm'a ask again today. And I'll keep asking until I get an answer, I think, because I am, if nothing else, a persistent son of a bitch. For the record, my goal is 1 word but I like to hit at least 3,000. **So how many words do you like to hit in a day when you're working on a project?**

If you're there, hypothetical reader, thank you for being there. From this day on we move forever forward~

4/8/21 | Serendipity

Progress log: OTR is ~3,000 words longer

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What a slog of a day, goddamn. You ever have one of those nights where you're trying to fall asleep and it just won't happen and then you blink and suddenly the sun is shining through your windows? I had one'a those last night. I literally blinked and it was morning all of the sudden, my first words of the day were *What the fuck?* I hardly even lost consciousness. Didn't wake up late either, 'twas a 7:30 kind of day.

That said, I somehow didn't get an early start on the writing. Had the breakfast early, went outside early, had the laptop open early, but I didn't get to typing until right around 10:30. It's probably because I wrote so much yesterday, I let it get to my head. That's okay though. 3,000 words isn't bad. Almost let myself say fuck it at 2,000 words, but then I didn't. Uhhhhh. Christ, writing right now.

Oh, this happened. So I had the chimenea going again. The fire was burned out when I got up to charge the laptop and run and work out, so I loaded a bunch of branches and leaves and shit on top of the smoldering embers then went inside and got my shorts on. All in all the exercise took, like, an hour and change. I think. It was longer than usual because today was abs day. Shitting abs day. But anyway, after I worked out the fire still

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hadn't caught. It was smoking, but it hadn't caught, so I had lunch and showered and brought my laptop back out to continue the grind and I shit you not, the literal second I stepped back on the patio the shit I piled into the chimenea caught fire. Like, it was smoking for an hour and change, and the moment it lit up was the moment I stepped outside. The fucking serendipity. It probably doesn't mean anything, but the fucking *serendipity* of it.

Oh, speaking of serendipity, I'm supposed to be getting the proof copy of *The Monksville Chronicles* tomorrow. It was originally Sunday, but now it's tomorrow, which is serendipitous because tomorrow I *should* finish up with chapter 3 of OTR. If the planets align I'll finish the chapter in the morning, work out, grab TMC out of the mail and get crackin' on the review. As far as the work goes I think I have this bookmaking thing down pat... if only I could get my book sales poppin'.

Hint.

LOL I'm'a cut it off here, I'm just tired enough that I might start bitchin'. I don't wan'a start bitchin'. So uh, fellow writers, how many words do you like to hit each day when you're working on a project? And if you don't hit your goal, do you wallow in self-pity like a little shithead (like I used to) or do you accept it and strive to do more the next day? Let me know in the comments. If I deem it necessary, I might even respond to what you say.

Waew!

If you're there, hypothetical reader, thank you for being there. From this day on we move forever forward~

4/9/21 | Defeat

Progress log: wrote ~4,900 more words for OTR, crossed the 50,000 word milestone

...

Today began with defeat. I came down the stairs and said goodmorning to my mother. She said, "Go look at your car, you have a flat tire."

As it turned out, I had a flat tire.

My tire pressure light had been on for roughly the past quarter-year, but I had assumed that was just because of the winter and the temperature fucking with the air pressure. I've been driving on these same tires the whole time and it's been fine. The tire that went flat was always at a reliable 30ish psi, which I felt was plenty close enough to the 33 psi it's supposed to be at. Then yesterday, I went to get gas and I decided I'd hit

up the air hose too. Put 3ish psi into the tire, the tire pressure light went off. Huzzah. I got the tank filled up and told the guy working the pumps about the demented book I'm writing and how I'm doing the writing outside in the sun. He told me to wait for the next thunderstorm and then write outside.

So I drove home with my freshly filled tire and gas tank and petty \$3 in change and went on to not use my car at all for the rest of the day. Then this morning, flat. I put air in my tire and the goddamned thing went flat on me. Whatever. Tried to get it off, jacked the car up and everything, but my car's jack didn't come with a tire iron and I couldn't manage to get the nuts off with the old rusty socket wrench that my father keeps in the old rusty toolbox he keeps buried beneath a metric fuckton of sawdust in the garage inside the garage at all times - there is a second garage inside my parents' garage, just to clarify - so I decided I wasn't going anywhere today.

Then I remembered I had a check waiting for me at the local auction hall I sell shit through, so I unjacked my car, put the spare and everything back into the trunk, did a little bit of writing to calm the nerves, and then took my brother's car to the auction hall.

Last month, the check was for \$500. This month, it was for \$60. Resale in prime form.

The defeat was getting to me. The flat first thing in the morning, then poverty right around lunch time. I wasn't happy. I lit my parents' house on fire. I took a fully automatic assault weapon and rained led on the kids riding their electric mopeds up and down the street. My neighbor's chickens who were clucking around in the woods behind my house? I slaughtered them all with my bare hands and ate the meat raw, licked their blood off my fingers. Just kidding, I made all of that up right now. Or did I? It's not important. The defeat was getting to me and it was getting to me good. I still had another subchapter of OTR to go before the third chapter was finished and I almost didn't do it. I almost let the defeat take me like I took those chickens.

But then I did it, as I am a goddamn 'man, and now OTR is 60ish% done and longer than 50,000 words.

Then it was time to work out. Today was back/shoulders/chest day. Cunting back/shoulders/chest day.

I turned the belligerently cold water off and stopped screaming and stepped out of the shower, looked out the window at my car. Bessy, her name is. I named her Bessy when I wrote my second book, it's called *Roadtrip: The ¡Gramango! Edition*. Want to know what *Gramango* means? Read the book I hid in the back of *The 2020 Event [The Sideshow]*.

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I looked at her flat tire and all the defeat actively seeping out of it. It looked like animate tar and it had seven eyes and one of them winked at me. That made me uncomfortable, as I was still naked from the cold shower. So I winked back.

I still needed to go to the bank to deposit my income for the month. My brother's car needs "A FUCKING OIL CHANGE" according to the dashboard, so I didn't want to drive it the 10 miles to the bank and back in addition to the 2 miles to and from the auction hall I had already driven it. I couldn't drive on a flat tire, I knew I couldn't drive on the flat tire, I'm stupid but I'm also clever and so I *knew* I couldn't drive on the flat tire, so I didn't. I just got the mail instead.

In the mail were two packages for me. One had 3 Charles Bukowski books in it (that makes 9 total; hardly 2 weeks ago I had never read a word he wrote) and the other had the proof copy of *The Monksville Chronicles*. It looks fucking *beautiful*, by the way, hotter than the fire which engulfed my parents' house. I'm goddamned ecstatic over the fact I'm rereleasing it.

So I stacked my Bukowski books on my bookshelf to be read in the near future and I opened the proof copy and basked in its beauty and then I flipped through it, penciled in a few changes I decided I wanted to make immediately after ordering the proof copy earlier in the weed, then my father and brother got home. I didn't tell my brother I used his car because he's 3 years younger than me and more than 3 inches taller than me and he could probably toss me across the street with one hand, but I did say hi and I also asked my father for a tire iron because my tire was flat. He got one. I got the nuts loose but the tire was rusted to the... to the thing behind the tire. What the fuck is a car? It wouldn't budge. So we worked the gimp tire off with multiple crowbars and a few spritzes of WD40 and reinflated it and poured water all over the motherfucker but there were no air bubbles, it was as if there was no leak. It was definitely flat when we pried it off, but now there was no leak. Huh.

I didn't put it back on my car. I'm stupid, yes, but I'm also clever.

So driving on the spare I got to the bank, deposited my \$60 check, and now I'm writing this bullshit up. Go'n'a start reviewing the proof copy tomorrow because I just don't feel like starting it today. It's Friday, go fuck yourself. Not literally, though. The seed must be retained.

Moral of the story: every time you face defeat, put that shit in the bank. Clear straight roads never made great drivers, and shit doesn't stay the same forever. In other words, get the fuck over yourself and keep it wolfin'. That's what the voices in my head tell me, at least. Don't shoot the

messenger (like I shot those kids).

If you're there, hypothetical reader, thank you for being there. Also, let me know in the comments how many words you like to hit in a day when you're working on a project!1! From this day on, we move forever forward~

4/10/21 | Bothered

Progress log: reviewed 94 of *The Monksville Chronicles's* 282 pages

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I'm bothered. You wan'a know why I'm bothered? Because folks are strange, meaning one folk in particular is strange. Want to know what I'm talking about specifically? All right, I'll tell you.

So I have this online store through Shopify, right? It's called rePurpp, and through it I sell autographed copies of my books and The Hillside Commons merchandise, most of which is idiotic. I haven't moved a single unit through this store yet, but it's there, I have it, it's real and it's mine and I'm hemorrhaging money and it's fine. It's like I tell myself when I'm curled up in the fetal position in the corner at night bashing my head into the walls: *It'll all make sense eventually.*

But that's not why I'm bothered. I told you, it's because of a human being. Aren't you paying attention? Christ on a fucking crutch, I don't even know what's going on right now. My family is downstairs watching golf on the television. *Golf*, for fuck's sake. I don't know what the hell.

SO this store of mine, I have it through Shopify. I said that. Christ I'm tired. So I have this store, right? I can see who visits this store on the daily, and I usually check the viewership in the mornings when I'm booting up the social medias for my allotted thirty seconds. This is what I've seen over the past ten days, I'll list it for you. Unless otherwise stated, the views come from within the USA.

- Today: the running book was viewed at 6 am and 2 pm
- April 9th: nothing
- April 8th: the running book was viewed at 1 am and 6 pm
- April 7th: nothing
- April 6th: the running book was viewed at 3 am and 12 pm
- April 5th: someone from Canada looked at my front page
- April 4th: the running book was viewed at 2 am and 7 pm
- April 3rd: the running book was viewed at 3 am
- April 2nd: the running book was viewed at 7 am
- April 1st: the running book was viewed at 7 am

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Are we noticing a *pattern* here?! What the fuck?? It's most likely the same human, because the pattern is there, and it's been going on for a fuckin' while now. At least a few weeks. I won't even lie, I'm about 200% sure I know who's doing it, and I won't say his name nor will I reveal her gender, but I'm about 300,000% sure I know who it is and it creeps me the fuck out, 'man! I am *bothered* by this nonsense! Like, what the fuck are you doing?! If you wan'a buy it then fine, buy the shitting running book, be my first Shopify sale, make my day! But don't fuckin'... like, what are you even doing?? Why do you look at the same page on my goddamned store day after day like this?! How do you find yourself looking at Hunter's running book at 3 am? Why do you roll out of bed and start your day by bringing up my store and staring at the running book?! What confuses me most of all: *why the fuckin' running book???* That shit is a 100-page *pamphlet* that I pulled out of my ass like a hard piece of shit, *why that book?!* Is it because the cover features my semi-pubescent body circa freshman year of high school, is that it? Golly, I hope not! Although if I were to find out that was the reason, I would be a little more comfortable because at least I would know what the fuck is going on! Like... just what the fuck?!

So there. Now you know why I am bothered. Today was fucking pushup day and I am being stalked on my Shopify store. Instead of folks buying THC beanies and Feller of Rock sweatshirts and autographed copies of my books which I put my heart and undying soul into, someone is drooling over my running book every day of their goddamned life. Sweet Christ. What do I do? What would *you* do? Also, how many words do you like to hit in a day when you're writing a book?! I need to get out of here.

If you're there, hypothetical reader, thank you for being there. From this day on, we move forever forward~

4/11/21 | Cold and Rainy

Progress log: reviewed 100ish of *The Monksville Chronicles's* remaining [however many] pages

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It's a cold and rainy and dreary Sunday. I have decided I shall piss the rest of the day away after posting this post. If ever there was a day to piss away, today is that day. I'm not running today because it is cold and raining, and I'm not turning on my workout app because shitting abs day can wait 'til tomorrow. I'm only working until [whatever time this gets

posted] because reviewing a proof copy is taxing on the brain despite it not being very time consuming, especially in the case of *The Monksville Chronicles*. Like, I've been through this manuscript at least 200,000,000 times at this point. This is part of the reason I keep my editing process down to 3 drafts, I start to feel like I'm caught in an acid thought-loop if I have to re-read something over and over and over, it drains the hell out'a me. Obviously editing is more than just reading but you know what I mean. Or maybe you don't. I don't know you.

Listen, I'm'a get out'a here. I was going to rant about something or other but it's null at this point. Water is falling from the sky like piss into a toilet. I got shit done today, and I'll have shit to do tomorrow. What else is there?

Btw, how many words do you like to hit in a day when you're working on a project? I'm go'n'a keep asking 'til I get an answer, and you know what? I'm go'n'a keep asking even after I get an answer. You know what else? Me either.

If you're there, hypothetical reader, thank you for being there. From this day on, we move forever forward~

4/12/21 | Rain and Coldy

Progress log: Finished reviewing *The Monksville Chronicles*, submitted for republishing. Began backend release work

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Another rain and coldy day today, 'man. Yesterday was like this and I decided to piss the back half of the day away. Today I didn't and I got shit *done*. But first, I have to cover something important.

So my Shopify stalker is keeping up his grind, she skipped looking at the running book yesterday and then took a peek at the three o'clock am hour today, as per his pattern. The pattern appears to be loosening though, she used to look once every day and then he was looking twice a day every other day and now she's only looked once today. Maybe he'll buy the fuckin' book soon, who knows? I'll keep you updated when there's more activity.

That out of the way, I finished reviewing *The Monksville Chronicles* and implemented all the pencil strokes I made in the proof into the manuscript today. Boom, done, ready to go. I submitted it for republishing and now I'm waiting for the confirmation so I can put up the ebook too. That'll take however long it takes.

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After that I went outside to get the mail and decided it was too rain and coldy to run but I was still going to exercise, get in that abs day I skipped yesterday. Then I fell coming up the goddamn stairs and decided that shitting abs day can fuck off, I had shit to do anyway.

Thus began the backend work. First was the Shopify. I took down the old version of *The Monksville Chronicles* and made a short blog post saying I did so. Then I hit the Wordpress and updated the books page, which included breaking a few links, updating the cover art picture and details for *The Monksville Chronicles*, and moving *The Monksville Chronicles* to the Third Spiral part of the page. Then I updated the *The Monksville Chronicles* page with all the new text and set it on private, where it shall remain until I can get all the new links together which will be when I get publishing confirmation so calm the fuck down A'IGHT? IT'S COMING! Then I started setting up the blog posts, got through the first chapter, and now we are here.

In other words, I didn't do jack shit today.

Nah jk, shit got *done*, buckaroo. It was mostly monotonous shit and therefore was egregious, but it got done nonetheless and I got more to do tomorrow, and then eventually I will get back to writing OTR. Hee-yah, mother-expletive. Hee-yah. Oh, and uh, the obligatory **How many words do you like to write in a day when you're working on a project?** There ya go. This here's been a blog post.

If you're there, hypothetical reader, thank you for being there. From this day on, we move forever forward~

4/13/21 | Spring Cleaning

Progress log: completed preliminary backend rerelease work for *The Monksville Chronicles*

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So I did this like this today.

[8:54 am] Good morning! The Shopify stalker stared at my running book at 4 am today, the pattern is tightening back up. In other news, I've been up for an hour and a half and I'm about to shit for the third time today! I'm not even sick, either! My bowels are *movin'* you sons of bitches, hee-yah! The rain is over and all the leaves are opening up, I'm'a call this post Spring Cleaning and I'm'a take my third shit of the day and then I'm'a get movin'!

[9:58 am] *The Monksville Chronicles* is published in paperback and

the ebook is submitted! This isn't me announcing it, I'm going to do the normal book announcement post I do when I have a physical copy, which I will order as soon as the page on Amazon updates with the correct price and cover art. I raised the price from \$9 to \$10 for the paperback. The new paperback has a higher printing cost, it felt appropriate. eBook is staying the same, as I didn't add more than 10,000 words. The autographed copy cost might go up a dollar, I'm not sure. I have a whole Excel spreadsheet dedicated to pricing out the autographed copies, I have to plug in the new numbers. Anyway, so I write with Scrivener, right? It's a writing program, really great stuff. Up until now I've had all of my writing in one single Scrivener file. Like, all of it. I don't know why I was doing it like that, the shit took 5 minutes to back itself up every time I closed it. So now all the books have their own files. Been meaning to do that for a while. Spring cleaning.

[11:56 am] Finished prepping the blog posts for the second chapter. I'm trying out a new post strategy for this one, see? In the past I would put one subchapter up per post, but sometimes the subchapters are long. One of UBP's subchapters was literally 12,000 words long. That's too long for a blog post. So for TMC (and probsibly going forward) I'm going to cap out at around 1,200ish words per post. If the subchapter is longer than that, I break the shit into multiple parts. It's good because blog posts shouldn't be super long and also this will stretch the book posts out longer and give me more time. Killing the blogging game rn.

[1:33 pm] I inadvertently used both *wondrous* and *wonderous* in *The Monksville Chronicles*. Only one of these is technically correct. I feel like I need to decide right now whether I give a shit or not; I'm'a let it fly. It's fine, y'know? Whether I'm using *wondrous* or *wonderous* you still understand what I'm try'n'a say. Going forward I'll try to not make that mistake again, but as for *The Monksville Chronicles*? It's not a new book. And even if I change that one word, it's still not going to be perfect. I'm just a 'man.

[5:03 pm] Accidentally posted post 78 of *The Monksville Chronicles*. Immediately unposted and deleted it, then cleared it from the trash, then I took my laptop outside and stomped on it and spit on it and waterboarded it except with gasoline and then I did an ancient dance which summoned the full moon to the sky, and beneath that full moon I set fire to my laptop and continued to dance and sway as it burned to ashes. Will be careful not to accidentally hit publish again.

[6:15 pm] The final subchapter of the final chapter of *The Monksville Chronicles* lands on post #100. On the fucking dot, you bitch. *That*, that right *there*, is what's called a *good sign*, y'see? Splitting the longer posts

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is the fuckin' *move*. There is one subchapter that didn't split well so I kept it at 1,500 words, but the rest all got split if they got into the 1,300s. Post #100 on the fucking *dot*.

[7:17 pm] The blog posts are DONE. Sort of! I can't actually finish them until I get the physical copy of *The Monksville Chronicles* (paperback and ebook both now available on Amazon, ho-ho hey-hey) but all 124 of them are set up so all I need to do is add 124 to each title, paste in the links, add the featured image, and schedule. The battle is halfway through. I don't need to be finishing this late in the day, but I took lots of breaks. It was gorgeous outside today. I didn't do shitting abs day because I shit you not, I literally shit like 10 times today and I thought it would be too ironic. But I walked in a park and then came home and ran. So uh, *anyway*, I added the Amazon links to the *The Monksville Chronicles* tile on my Books page. I'll add the links to read the text for free and to buy an autographed copy when I have the physical copy. It'll be here when it gets here. That pretty much wraps it up for the preliminary backend rerelease work. *Preliminary backend rerelease work*, well goddamn doesn't that sound pretentious and aggrandized. I'm goin' with it.

Now the question is, did I actually come back to this post at random points throughout the day or did I just type it all up now? And the other question is, how many words do you like to write in a day when you're working on a project?

If you're there, hypothetical reader, thank you for being there. From this day on, we move forever forward~

4/14/21 | Real

Progress log: ∅

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Some days I just don't feel like doing shit. Today is one of those days.

I woke stressed as hell about Bessy's goddamn flat tire. Shortly after I woke up I remembered that I have a credit card (i'll even giv u the #s if u don't believe me) and therefore will be able to get new tires without going broker. I am fine. Logically, I know there is nothing to worry about with the goddamn tires. I even went and set som'n' up at the gas station, like, I know and understand that it is *fine*. It just won't... click, I guess. I'm still stressed out and I just don't feel like doing jack shit today lmao. It's fuckin' Wednesday. It's a Wednesday-ass Wednesday, a Wednesday if ever there were a Wednesday. Worst day of the week by far. Time's not real,

but Wednesday is a bitch regardless. Irregardless, even.

So I'm in the woods right now, 2:00 pm, doing my backwoods shit. Whatever that might mean. Hey, I could be injecting pure heroin into my eyeballs with one hand and jackin' off with the other for all you know. There is a *slight* chance I might just be listening to music and vibing, but, y'know. Of *course* that's what I would say. Wait, where am I?

So I'm in the woods right now. My author copy of *The Monksville Chronicles*, the metaphorical key to unlocking the book's rerelease, is expected to be delivered between April 28th and April 30th. A full fortnight, 'man. Goddamn. It might be a blessing in disguise, as a fortnight may be long enough for me to finish OTR without any interruptions. I'll get on that tomorrow. I'm not doing shit today.

Technically I'm doing shit today. This blog series is a thing. I don't know if this is clear or not but nothing below the three dots (or whatever divider there is beneath the **Progress log**, I don't know what you see when you read this) is meant to be taken seriously at all. I started this series to connect with my audience and in order to do that I must be real, so le'me be real with you about two things right quick. One, I like writing ridiculous and occasionally worrisome bullshit. I think it's absolutely hilarious and you will not convince me otherwise. Two, at the start of the new year I'm going to compile all of these posts into a book called *The Bookmaker's Note Volume 1*. The description will be *Nine months' worth of ravings from a madman*.

So technically I'm doing shit today. How is Amazon going to take a full fortnight to print and ship me a single book? Sweet Christ. Whatever, que sera sera. It's not like *The Monksville Chronicles* will be *the book that suddenly gets me a lot of followers*, y'know? I don't know if any one book will do that. I know for a fact that OTR won't be that book, OTR is fucking derranged. I love it a lot but I must be real with you, it's, fuckin', it's one'a them *ones* if you smell what I'm steppin' in.

But yeah, I've been thinking about that a lot lately. About *the one thing you must do to elevate to the next level*, so to speak. Just the concept of *the one* in general, of things miraculously falling into place one day. I don't think it happens. I think it *can* happen, but I don't think it *happens*. Do you know what I mean by that? Like, it *can* happen, but it's not something to be counted on. You just got'a keep going, hold your nose to the grindstone until there's no grindstone left at which point you replace the goddamn grindstone and get your nose on it, that's how I like to look at it. Listen, as far as I can tell, the only way to ensure that you fail is to have nothing going on. Anything can succeed, 'man, you won't know 'til it happens. I've

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written eleven books, one of which I'm rereleasing in a fortnight, and a twelfth one is under production. I'm fuckin' solid. I can fuck off today. Hell, I could fuck off even if I had nothing going on, we all have free will, we can all do whatever we want - but why am I being so *defensive* about it? aaaaAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH

In the woods. 3 pm. Backwoods shit goin' full force right now. Just uh, just sort'a here. Folks ask *How are you?* and my answer is always *I certainly am*. Is that a bad thin

A branch just broke and fell from the tree above me, landed right in my lap. It didn't hurt, it's just a twig, mere *kindling*, but it could have been a widowmaker. Shit 'man, I could have literally just died were this a different Universe. My heart is *goin'*.

Now, is there some Existential real-time symbolism to be found in that little exchange just went down just now, the puny branch falling in my lap as I type the thing about how I say *I certainly am* when asked *How are you?* or is it just a meaningless coincidence? I used to be sure it meant something, absolutely positive, but now I'm less so. It's kind'a like the idea of *the one* - the convenient incidents *can* have meaning, but they are not inherently *meaningful*. Kind'a like words.

You know those outdoor foldup chairs that you carry around in a sleeve? Like, with the poly-whatever arms and seat and back and the metal frame? I'm on one of those right now. It doesn't have a carrying sleeve but I'm sittin' on it. In the woods. Doing backwoods shit.

Heheheheh.

Shit, it's supposed to start raining soon. At like, 4ish. That's why I'm having the campfire now. I also had some longpork frankfurters that needed cooking, but I always have longpork in need of cooking. **Always.**

But yeah, I just stay out here 'til it starts raining and boom, fire goes out all by itself. That's how it's supposed to go down. Little did he know, that's not how it went down at all.

Just kidding. I'm still out here, it has yet to go down.

Books, 'man. Makin' books. There is something about making a book that I am just fucking obsessed with. I find an indescribable thrill in it that exists nowhere else in life, truly. Spending all the time writing a story and then putting it together all nice in a book, like, god-fuckin-damn! Fuckin', I put books in the back of my books. Been doing that ever since the beginning. Both of the *The 2020 Event* books have shorter books hidden in the back of them. *Untitled Bigfoot Project* is a novel about a writer writing a novel about bigfoot; the novel he writes is called *The Face of Fear* and I wrote the entire *The Face of Fear* and stuck that son of a bitch into the

back of *Untitled Bigfoot Project*. A couple of y'all bought copies of *Untitled Bigfoot Project*, you know what I'm about. I'm doing it with OTR, too. That motherfucker is go'n'a have a whole short story anthology in the back, mark my goddamn words. And I'm doing it for canonical purposes, too, it's not even a gimmick. The story simply *demand*s it, who am I to say no? Fuckin', I am all in on this shit. I couldn't stop even if I wanted. *The Bookmaker's Note Volume 1* coming January 2022, *The Monksville Chronicles* rerelease coming May 2021, OTR coming Eventually 2021.

As I typed that bit, my shuffle changed the song from *In Due Time* to *New Blessings*, both by ¡MAYDAY!. Is that happening a meaningful convenient incident, or is it just a meaningless coincidence? Sweet Christ, does it matter? Fuckin', either way, I'm not doing shit today. Just cookin' this longpork and loungin' under the budding trees. I have a framed picture out here, a painting of the shore of a lake in prime springtime. I like to look at it, because it's only as real as it isn't. 'Man, it's only as real as it isn't.

I've been inside for a few hours now. It never rained.

How many words do you like to write in a day when you're doing shit? Let me know so I can like and probably not reply to your comment.

If you're there, hypothetical reader, thank you for being there. From this day on we move forever forward~

4/15/21 | Bullet

Progress log: wrote ~3,400 words towards OTR

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Dodged a fucking bullet today. Got the new tires for Bessy. Was supposed to drop the car off at lunchtime, wound up dropping it at 9:30 am. It was set to rain around lunchtime and I wouldn't have a ride home, I almost had to walk like 8 miles through the rain. Fuck that noise. Got my mom to follow me there and then drop me back off at home. Dodged a fucking bullet. I'm *still* out of breath.

OTR is coming along nice though. The story is doing the thing where it evolves all by itself as I tell it and I'm really enjoying the course it's taking. In Existence there's a slew of these characters called *Astral Gods* and I've been wanting to write a story involving some of them ever since I started the Third Spiral; OTR is that story. I could go on and on about it but listen, I really don't feel like it right now. A specific relative is coming over for a pizza dinner, and that's a bullet I just can't dodge.

If you want to, comment how many words you like to hit in a day when

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you're working on a project. If you don't want to, then fuckin' don't. I'm not your dad.

If you're there, hypothetical reader, thank you for being there. From this day on, we move forever forward~

4/16/21 | Life

Progress log: wrote ~3200 words towards OTR

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I hit my minimum today. I'm good with it. I could have written more, but I also could have been a shithead and written less. Today I am not the shithead, and that is a victory.

One of those *not much to say* days tbh. The Shopify stalker is still at it. Stared at the running book at 9 last night then again today at 6 pm. At least they didn't look first thing in the morning, y'know? That's the weirdest part of this for me, the 6/7 am views. But imagine if I got an order for the running book and then the views just stopped. Like. All this time the fellow was just trying to decide whether or not to make the purchase. Plot twist of the century.

I don'tow, 'man. The wind continues to blow, y'know what I'm sayin'? Just another day. The sky could be falling. I could be out of my folks' house. But it isn't. And I'm not. And that's okay. Some days are gray and dreary. Either the sun or a storm is coming, and when it's done the other will follow right behind. Life, 'man. It ain't always peaceful like this. The only thing life always is is life, and that's okay too. Shit, the only reason I'm still typing right now is to feel the keys bounce back against my fingertips, and even that's okay. We're just out here doing our thing, 'man. I mean we, too, you and me. We're both human and we're both out here doin' our thing. The wind blows in whichever direction it pleases and we're just out here doing our thing.

A'ight, I'm gettin' out'a here. You know the drill; if you don't, every day I ask for a hypothetical reader to comment their daily writing goal. It hasn't happened yet.

Yet.

If you're there, hypothetical reader, thank you for being there. From this day on, we move forever forward~

4/17/21 | Writing

Progress log: Ø

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Today, I was the shithead. I woke up with the intention of writing at least 3,000 words. I just straight-up did not do it. I won't even make any excuses, I just didn't write today. I spent a couple hours throwing together a skeletal working manuscript for OTR, but that was little more than procrastination. I get stuff done when I'm putting off getting stuff done; all the same I did no writing. I'm not really sure what stopped me, either. Even the voices were egging me on to write, but I just didn't do it. Probably just a me thing. We'll try again tomorrow.

Pettily obligatory question time: If you're a writer, how many words do you like to write in a day when you're working on a project? And if you're not a writer, why the hell not?

If you're there, hypothetical reader, thank you for being there. From this day on we move forever forward~

4/18/21 | Editing

Writing log: OTR +6,490 words

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Fuckin' did it. When I woke up this morning, I decided that I owed myself an extra 3,000 words for being the shithead yesterday and not writing. It took all day - it will be past midnight when I post this, and this is not an apology for that - but I fuckin' got that shit done. Feels fucking good, 'man.

So I'm giving myself a challenge this week. I was browsing on facebook (I know, I feel ashamed) and I saw this dude in one of the two writer groups I joined posting pictures of himself in a treehouse talkin' about how he was on a writer's retreat and he wrote 11,000 words that day and set a new record for himself. I was tempted to comment *Good job dude, my record is 22,000. Literally twice as much as you, and I wasn't even in a treehouse. Beat that, you son of a bitch* but I thought it might come off as rude so I merely closed the page and got the fuck off facebook like any self-respecting human should. But it got me thinking: I don't write enough. Like, 3,000 words a day is fine, but it's light. When I wrote *The 2020 Event [The Main Event]* I was bangin' out 6,000 on a daily basis easy, sometimes I even got above 10,000, and I was fucking *looney* back then. I'm in a much better place mentally today, I can write more. So I'm

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fidna.

Here's the challenge. It's not really a challenge, more like a trial run, but here's what I'm doing this week. Monday and Tuesday, 6,000 each. Wednesday, however much I manage to get done. Thurs, Fri, Sat, 6,000 each. Sunday, however much. The 6,000 days will give me a minimum of 30,000 words for the week (roughly 100 pages) and whatever I do on the off days will pile on top. *That* will be progress. I don't think I'm going to stop writing during the editing process for OTR, either. Why bother stopping when I can keep the momentum going and get ahead on the next project? No, quantity does not imply quality, but quality can be achieved through quantity. I'm biting a youtuber called Joel Haver on that one but it's true 'man, quality by means of quantity. Got'a practice to get good. That reminds me of tomorrow's TBN, I already know what I'm going to write about. But that's tomorrow.

Another thing I saw on facebook that got me fired up was this writer who posted a one-star review she got from someone who read her book and was offended at the massive amounts of proofreading errors in said book, and a bunch of other writers were in the comments saying *yeah well you fucking deserve it*. It's just like, calm the fuck down. It's just writing. I've read books, both indie and industry, littered with proofreading errors and it really doesn't bother me a lot. Like, it doesn't make the book unreadable. I don't love it, I won't lie, but I'm able to get the fuck over the fact that another author didn't pay as close attention to their work as I wish I was able to pay to my own and still absorb the meaning that author put into their words which they cared enough about to write them down and publish them for the world to judge.

That's not to say I'm out here letting proofreading errors fly left and right, either. Yeah, I let the *wondrous* and *wonderous* thing go for *The Monksville Chronicles*. You know what else I let go for that book? The "this is not real" disclaimer on the publishing page? It uses both *its* and *it's* in the **same line** and **only one of them is correct**. But I let it fly, among other stuff I'm sure. For *The Monksville Chronicles* I let it all fly because *The Monksville Chronicles* is an old fucking book, I made it when I was less experienced and it should reflect that fact. The disclaimer in OTR has been corrected, and that's not the only change to my publishing page formula I'm making with OTR either. Writers are *artists*, we are meant to *grow and evolve* and **obsessively going over our past pieces of work is not how we evolve**. It's not how I evolve, anyway. What's already written is written, dawg. What's that next line go'n'a be, what's your next book go'n'a be about? If you can't write the next thing, you're dead. That's

just what it is, baby, word to Charles Bukowski.

Lmao you'd think I was the woman who made the facebook post. But like, whatever. I don't know why it bothered me. It's late, I just got finished writing 6,000 words. I'm just riffing at this point, no filter allowed, I'm on some OG Sidney Blake shit. This blog series was very much inspired by Sidney Blake, if you didn't know that. He's the main character of *Untitled Bigfoot Project* and a fat chunk of his story is told through journal entries. This isn't literally my journal, of course, but that's where it came from with the **Progress log** (which is now the **Writing log**, officially) and everything. Yeah, 'man.

But editing. Editing is definitely important. Almost everybody says that you absolutely need an outside editor to look at your stuff, that editing your own work is basically pointless. I don't know about that one. I think it's an important skill to have. When somebody else proofreads or even critiques your work, all they're essentially doing is telling you how to change it to be more like something they would do. I miss stuff when I edit my own work, yeah. I'm not perfect, I think that's blatantly obvious. But I'm better at self-editing now than I was when I first started. I think someone who can't adequately edit their own work is at a disadvantage if anything. So what, your old books have errors. Make a new book and try harder on the proofreading, then. Also, maybe don't go on Facebook and publicly bitch about it. Or anything. Fuck bitching about things in general. Fuckin' find something to do.

Side note, I long for the day my books start getting reviews. I foresee a new blog series. But that's the future.

Anyhow, I don't know why I'm still writing the words on this screen. This shit's 1,000 words long, I cracked 7,000 today. Bitchin'. But yeah 'man, today was a good day. OTR chapter 4 is now 7 subchapters long. I'm about to dip, but first I have to ask: How many words do you like to write in a day when you're working on something?

Oh, also, Shopify stalker struck again at 3 am and 6 pm. Lowkey inspiring in a way.

If you're there, hypothetical reader, thank you for being there. From this day on, we move forever forward~

4/19/21 | The Rule of 19

Writing Log: OTR +6,530 words

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Let's get right into it. Yesterday I was talking about... I don't remember exactly what, but I said it reminded me of what I wanted to say today. Well now it's today. So I've had this idea floating around in my head for a while. Almost every time I randomly find myself speaking aloud to an audience of nobody, this idea is what I'm talking about. I call it *The Rule of 19*.

You can apply it to anything you want, but I make books so that's where I'm going. If you're in the game of making books then it's pretty safe to say you want your work to be remarkable. I'm not talking about it being *good* or *acceptable* here, I'm talking about it being *remarkable*, being a *book among books* so to speak. So you give it your all, you write with passion and you try your very best, you create the best final product you can, and you put it out there. You give out your free copies, you get your first wave of reviews. Mostly 3 stars. A few 2s, a few 3.5s. No 1s, but no 5s either. Your project you worked so hard on, that you put your entire being into for a whole few months, is unremarkable, and it fades swiftly from the consciousness of humanity. You are crushed, finished, the defeat is getting to you and visions of violence cloud your mind like a red mist. You cannot eat, you cannot sleep, you are terrified to try again because you cannot take much more defeat after that first failure and so every night you hug your knees to you chest and rock back and forth on your bed whispering sweet nothings to yourself in hopes the demons will stay away another night, but they have been clawing at you lately. They're breaking down the door to your bedroom, they're breaking in through the windows. It's suddenly the middle of the day on a weekend. The sounds of children playing and screeching about flood in through your windows. The demons detest the laughter of the children. A memory comes to you, last week at the local Whole Foods you ran into your neighbor. She was talking about the firewalker they hired for the kid's birthday party, dude walks across a bed of burning coals. The demons flood your mind with cravings for the taste of freshly seared longpork and you know you are powerless to their whims, you know it's about to happen again, you know you're about to take out the firewalker and as many of the kids as you can and you know you're going to fry them on the firewalker's strip of burning coals and you know the commandos in the white coats are going to storm your suburban Utah neighborhood to lay their hands on you again, but it will all be worth it for the taste. The demons tell you it will all be worth it for the taste, for just one luscious taste...

Listen, I don't know what happened either. It got off track. We're moving on.

The Rule of 19 says that only 19% of all books are remarkable. The

other 81% are less so, and that's okay. You can still love books in the bottom 81%, they are still books, they still exist, but only 19% are truly remarkable. In order to contribute to the 19%, you must contribute to the 81%. They cannot exist without one another, and that is okay. Try your best for the 19, expect to land in the 81, and keep making books no matter what happens. The more work you do the more refined a worker you will become, so beat on your goddamned craft you semi-hairless ape.

The Rule of 19 on April 19th. Boom, fucker. All according to plan. Chapter 4 of OTR is drafted, only chapter 5 and the epilogue to go. I tinkered with the book file a little too, added in headers. This is going to be my first book with headers. I think it's going to be my first book between 100,000 and 200,000 words, too. 3 of my 11 are over 200,000, the rest are all under 100,000. It's not at the milestone yet but it's almost there, should hit it tomorrow if I keep on my shit. I'm excited for OTR. It's a pretty fucking despicable book but I'm excited for OTR.

In other news, for exercise I sawed logs today. Also, the Shopify stalker struck again just 2 hours ago. I hope they're okay. I don't understand their behavior.

This is the end of the blog post. This was either an 81% blog post or a 19% blog post, but it was definitely a blog post. I definitely posted it on my blog. Gonna end up in the book at the top of 2022 regardless of which percentile it falls into. I feel like if I don't keep asking the question it will undermine my dominance, so uh, how many words do you like to hit in a day when you're working on a project?

If you're there, hypothetical reader, thank you for being there. From this day on, we move forever forward~

4/20/21 | Happy Holiblaze

Writing log: OTR +3,917 words | TBN +1,016 words

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Happy Holiblaze you sons of bitches. I once said in this blog that books made with marijuana involved in the creative process always end up being bullshit books. I have come to either the realization or the understanding - I'm not sure which one it is, but there is a difference in this context - that it is actually up to you entirely and the marijuana may actually play a very minimal role in the production of a bullshit book.

If you're gonna make a book, you're gonna make a book. When that book is done, it will reflect the amount of effort you put into it, simple as

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that. If you made the book right all the way through, it will show. If you put only enough effort into the book for it to become a bullshit book *cough Flowers cough Under the Hood cough I don't even know I just feel like they're my weaker works cough I even made Under the Hood sober cough* then it will become a bullshit book. If the book gets done and the final product is satisfactory and you were intoxicated the entire time you were putting it together, then so be it. To each his own; if that completes your cypher, fuck it, amen, and that's word to Godemis!

So does that mean I'm just sitting around getting high all day every day and not really putting up the ridiculous numbers I'm flaunting in these posts? If they're even ridiculous? I don't even know because nobody will answer my end of the post question? Maybe. Maybe I didn't actually write any of my books, maybe the books in the pictures are just a cardboard prop and all the posts are just unknown foreign fiction poorly translated into English with names and locations changed. Maybe I'm getting high and writing all day and the numbers are real, or maybe I'm just writing all day and then smoking at night because finding weed requires time and effort and I must conserve. Or maybe I haven't smoked since I put out *Flowers* - my 9th book, by the way, 9 of 11, soon to be 12, 'man can I count or what? - because weed is legal now but not publicly available for sale yet and I'm trying to live a fantasy for a few goddamn minutes at the end of my day. It's none of your fucking business what's going on in my life, okay? I'm making these posts to connect with my audience and you need to back the fuck up, bucko. Listen, want to know what's going on with me that's your business? This here: I've become self-conscious about my flagrant apostrophe usage as of late. Like, using *don'ow* instead of *dunno* or *go'n'a* instead of *gonna*. In dialogue, too, like, I often go for the hillbilly thing 'nd if'n' I start goin'n'a'bunch'a words're easy t'stack t'gethr and th'dialogue'll keep'er movin' 'til whatever the fuck, you get my point, it's *ridiculous* and I feel like I need to chill with it. So I am. I sometimes feel like when I'm writing if I do something one way once I need to do it the exact same way for the rest of eternity or else I'll break some rule, but there are no rules to writing except to sit down and fill the blank space with symbols. Do whatever the fuck you want, whatever gets the project done, whatever gets the next line written. **Do your shit and shut the fuck up about your excuses for fuck's sake!**

I feel like I occasionally get confrontational in these posts. You should know that it's your fault entirely and it wouldn't happen so much if you didn't push me and make me walk across the room and beat you upside the fuckin' head like this. *Look what you make me do!*

But yeah, 'man. 4/20. Weed day. I don't know what the fuck weed is. I used to think I knew exactly what it was, I had all these crazy borderline delusional theories about how the world worked and shit, I was still getting high off my own supply if you take what I'm blowin'. Started to believe the bookmaking ideas applied to the real world. Coincidences kept lining up which seemed to suggest I was onto something, that I had figured out these hidden secrets of perception through which the universe communicated secret messages to me and that my every breath was leading to some big climactic showdown or some bullhockey like that. 'Man, that's just storybook shit, that doesn't happen. Like, it can happen, but it doesn't happen. Just gotta stay grounded, it isn't that hard. You can't keep it moving if both feet aren't on the ground, 'man, that's all there is to it.

So you may have noticed I didn't hit my word goal today. Like, I made a whole-ass post about setting a challenge for myself to do 6,000 words a day and here I am legit 2 days in coming up short already. Well, get off my dick and give the Shopfy stalker a turn, first of all - 2 pm today - and second of all, I'm just posting this now because I want it to land on 4/20 - fuck off, I know it's a few minutes late - because the post is dated. Because I feel like I set rules for myself in writing despite writing being the artform of anarchy. I'm going to hit the 6 thou, hit the bed, then get up tomorrow and do however much I can. Tomorrow's Wednesday, weekend Wednesday bitches. Wow, I'm still here.

This has been your daily dose of whatever the fuck this is. If fear does not hold you back, comment your daily word goal! Maybe if I demand it rather than request it I'll get some characters for this *The Bookmaker's Note Volume 1* shit I'm throwin' together top of '22. Happy Holiblaze, y'bunch'a dirty fuckin' hippies.

If you're there, hypothetical reader, thank you for being there, and know I burned one down for you today. From this day on, we move forever forward~

4/21/21 | Weekend Wednesday

Writing log: TBN + 385 words

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Weekend Wednesday, 'man. It was a good one. Didn't do a whole lot of writing, got a little chunk of editing done though. OTR still isn't quite drafted, yesterday I left off at what I think will be the last subchapter of the

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last chapter. It snuck up on me. I thought the last chapter would be longer but I'm at about 3,000 words with it and we've come to the last scene already. After that is the epilogue, and then the story is done. On to the next. I think that's why I was so hesitant to do it today, I didn't want it to come to an end because usually when I finish writing a long thing I don't write for a while because I force myself to edit all day every day until the project is complete. But I'm not going to do that anymore, I'm'a keep writing other stuff and take a little more time with the editing. Focus more on the editing on Wednesdays and Sundays, I think.

Yeah, 'man. That's where we're at today. Progress was made, but not a whole lot. And that's okay. I got some work done, OTR is more complete now than it was twenty-four hours ago. The draft of OTR, including the flash fiction anthology I'm hiding in the back of the book, is currently at 99,400ish words. I don't know how much longer the last scene is going to be nor do I know how long the epilogue will be, but I think it's fair to say it's going to hit 100,000 words. I'm nerdily excited, I haven't put out an 8.5 x 5.5 book since *Convenient Incidents*. I alter the size of my books based on word count, I have a whole formatting cheat sheet written up. I get so fucking technical with my shit. I'm far from perfect but god damn do I try, you motherless fucks.

The word count was low today, but that's all right. I'm just a 'man. I'm changing the question: instead of *What's your daily word goal?* I now wish to know how many words you wrote today. Especially if it's more than me. Give me the inspiration.

If you're there, hypothetical reader, thank you for being there. From this day on, we move forever forward~

4/22/21 | Coda

Writing log: OTR +5,239 words, draft complete at 104,653 | TBN +468 words

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You read the **Writing log**, you know what it is. Book 12 overall, Third Spiral book 6, entry 3 in the W-2222 series, OTR is on its fucking way. Not gonna reveal the title yet, will reveal the title when I decide to reveal the title, but it's fuckin' drafted, baby. Woo! Made it past 100,000 by the skin of its teeth but it fuckin' made it. The OTR part of the book is about 78,000 words of it, the anthology in the back is the rest. I don't have a timeline for release yet, I know it needs work but I won't know how much work until I

read through it. We're looking at end of May the absolute earliest, maybe, I don't know, that's a sloppy spitball.

So I have a new book in the works. Acronym is ANATH, currently 449 words long. I didn't include it up top because I wrote the entire page and a half of it a while ago. Before I started OTR. I decided I needed to do OTR first because OTR cleans up some Existential continuity stuff, Existential with a capital E because Existence is the highest deity and She must be respected. Just kidding. I don't pray to Her and ask for the secrets of Her universes to be revealed to me every time I sit down to write, don't be ridiculous. It's with a capital E because I'm referring to the continuity on the higher levels of the shit, that's all. OTR involves the Astral Gods, folks. The Keepers. The Almighty Incarnates. The Pillars Three. They're all there, you hypothetical fucks. The Pillars Three have appeared in every book I've made from *The Monkville Chronicles* on (thanks to the coda I put in with the rerelease; I'm putting *codas* in my books now) but they've never had more than cameo roles before. The Astral Gods are at the very top of the consciousness spectrum, see, they are not an example of ultimate power put a *test* of it, and I won't hype you up for nothing, their use is going to feel extremely wasted in OTR. They're prisoners of a sort, I can say that. That doesn't reveal too much of the plot. But

It's like an hour later now, I left this post and started tinkering with OTR. Draft is now 104,952 words long. Oops.

So yeah, OTR is drafted. ANATH is on the board. TBN is one entry longer. It's poppin' at The Commons, folks. Glad you're all here with me, we're just doin' our thing. If you got it poppin' today, speak on it in the comments. Don't worry, chances are I will not respond.

If you're there, hypothetical reader, thank you for being there. From this day on, we move forever forward~

4/23/21 | Allergies

Writing log: UGP +1,457 words | TBN + 1,047 words

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Today was going to be so productive. I was going to edit more of the stories in the anthology in the back of OTR, I was going to start editing OTR, I was going to work on ANATH, it was going to be so goddamn productive. Then it wasn't. I don't know what happened.

Yes I do. I woke up early and stayed in bed. You ever do that? Like, after waking up and subconsciously getting out of bed right away for

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however many days in a row one morning you wake up and you're just like *Nah, not time yet* and you go back to sleep and suddenly your fate is sealed for the rest of eternity? I didn't get out of bed until 10 fucking 30 this morning, and I was sluggish all day for it. Really distracted. Half asleep. Half dead, too, from the fucking pollen. I love the spring but my allergies are acting up and half of my nose is constantly congested. It's not always the same half, right now it's my left sinuses but earlier my left was empty and too dry and my right sinuses were clogged. It's always one of them being clogged and the other being too empty and excruciatingly dry. And tonight my left eye has been scarlet and leaking tears like a son of a bitch. They feel thicker than normal tears, too, and they're really dark red, and they're blood, I'm crying blood from my eyehole and I don't know why. Just kidding, they're just tears, they do feel thicker than normal though. Fuckin' allergies, 'man.

So lemme talk about these two new projects I've got going on now. UGP I started today, I've had the idea for a long time and I never really knew how to go about writing it but some fresh synapses came to me today so I started it. Didn't get as far as I thought I would but hey, it exists now. It's comin'. And so is ANATH. I have the plot for ANATH outlined completely. Probably going to change before the book is done but I have it all planned out. I'm more anxious about describing the environments in ANATH than anything else, it's going to be a love letter to a video game franchise and I really want to do it justice. I don't know how long either project will be, UGP might end up being a short story for all I know, I'm going for the novel approach with it though. ANATH is definitely going to be a novel, or a novella if I can't manage to put 50,000 words on it. To some folks a novella caps off at 40,000 words. I ain't some folks, y'hear? No but I have all that stuff broken down in that little bookmaking cheat sheet I think I mentioned once. Y'know how all the descriptions for my books are one sentence long? I'll give you OTR's as an example, and also because I feel like revealing what it's going to be **THAT'S RIGHT YOU HYPOTHETICAL SON OF A BITCH, YOU'RE 'BOUTA READ IT HERE FIRST**, OTR will be described as "A novel about a man who is described as "hard to kill." So a novel is a book between 50,000 and 250,000 words. A novella is 20,000 - 50,000. A novelette is 10,000 - 20,000. An epic is anything over 250,000 words. I have yet to write an epic but yeah, the word length decides what the second word of the description is. I also have a thing like that for the little "this isn't real" disclaimer on the publishing pages. It goes something like "The characters, bla, bla, and bla in this book are bla," right? So if the book is between 200 and 700 pages,

I call it a book. Under 200, it's called a softback. Over 700, it's called a tome.

I also have a writing classification list. I don't know why I'm sharing all these but shit, the words are already written. Let's keep rolling with it. So at the bottom is flash fiction, anything up to ~1,250 words. A short story is 1,250 ~ 22,500, a story (or tale) is 22,500 ~ 75,000, then you have a long story, 75,000 ~ 150,000, and then from ~150,000 on you have a chronicle. And now you know. This one doesn't have a reason for existing like the other ones do. Not yet, at least. I want The Hillside Commons to be an indie publishing house one day - truth be told I want THC to be the Strange Music of fiction writing, how's that for a goddamn mission? - and when that day comes I want to have an open submission type of thing, and this classification will be used then.

I don't know if you can tell but I am stoned to the fucking bone right now, after I lit up I realized I forgot to write today's instance of The Note and now we're here. I am trying my best for you, hypothetical reader. Do not withhold the energy.

But anyway. Uh. N-E-way. Shopify stalker was on his grind today. Started his day bright and early by staring at my running book during the 7 am hour, and then took another gaze during the 6 pm hour. My birthday is coming up, maybe he'll surprise me and order an autographed copy. I won't lie though, seeing the Shopify stalker do his thing twice today while I only managed to get a measly 1,400 words written doesn't feel good. I'm going to really try to kill it tomorrow. Crank up that ambition and motivation. It's gotten to my head that OTR is drafted, I want to treat myself. The work isn't done. The work won't be done 'til I'm not living in my parents' attic. I'm almost 26 'man, I'm getting fucking old. I need my own space something **fierce**. You can only hike the trails at the end of the road so many times before the woods stops feeling like the woods. I think I'll be all right, though. I'm definitely never going to stop making books, the universe has to come to its senses eventually.

This feels like the end of the post to me. How many words did you write today?

If you're there, hypothetical reader, thank you for being there. From this day on, we move forever forward~

4/24/21 | Funny

Writing log: TBN +915 words

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Part 1 | 3 Dots

So it's come to my attention that the little 3 dot separator I've been using in every single TBN post up to this point **and** on my homepage as well has decided to display itself vertically rather than horizontally. Don't know why or for how long that was going down BUT as you can see in this post, I'm using my own damn 3 dots now. Works better for me this way anyway, fuck you very little.

{Not that it makes a difference, as I've been using my own 3 dots in the book this whole time. This entire paragraph right here wasn't included in the original blog post, I just realized the 3 dots thing and felt like I should add it. The Bookmaker's Note, bitch.}

No but I'm having a solid and productive day today. I'm not done yet, it's only 19 after 5, but thus far I've edited the homepage of the website (changed more than just the 3 dots, go look) and also the Books page and all the individual book pages (changed how the links are displayed, go look!) and I've also reviewed and transferred all the stories for OTR's back of the book anthology from Scrivener into the book manuscript in Word (you can't look at that yet, be patient for Christ's sake!). I don't know how many pages OTR is going to be, I'm probably not going to start reviewing it until Monday because WEEKEND SUNDAY BITCH but the anthology in the back of the book? That's exactly 110 pages long, including the front matter. I think the full book will land in the 300 range. I'd be surprised if it hit 400.

And uh... that's all I got for now. Y'know, I literally worked from 8ish am until about 3 pm bookmaking and doing the website stuff. Mostly bookmaking. Like, 89% of the time was spent bookmaking. But my point is it felt like a lot more than it feels now having wrote what I've done. Funny how that works.

It's now 19 to 6. Let us see what the rest of the day shall bring forth.

Part 2 | Yikes

Well it didn't bring a whole lot, I'll tell you that much right now.

So I went down and had dinner. Rice, chicken, and cheddar cheese all tossed together like a salad with not enough chili pepper salt sprinkled in. My mom was down there in the kitchen, having the exact same thing. I told her she should make the taco salad shit for dinner last night but she looked at me as though I was mentally ill and just made the chicken. So I called her out on it tonight and 'twas revealed that when I said "make a

taco salad" the previous night, she thought I meant make a salad with lettuce and shit and put the chicken and rice in it.

In other words, 'twas actually my *mother* who was mentally ill, not me. Yikes lmao

No but I don't think she's mentally ill, not any more than the rest of the population of Planet Mediocrity (*The 2020 Event |The Main Event|*, 2019). She asked if I wanted to watch a movie though, and I straight-up denied her. Said no and sprinted away as fast as I could. Fuck that shit. I returned to my computer and wrote a sentence towards ANATH, deleted half of it because I wasn't sure I felt like progressing with it tonight, then deleted the first half because I became sure I didn't feel like progressing with it tonight. I edited for 7 fuckin' hours, my brain is like ramen soup (*Discombobulated*, Eminem, 2020). I know, *shut the fuck up you broke-ass babyback bitch and get fucking working, the work aint done 'til you're not living in the parents' attic*. Trust me, I know *all* about that, the voices won't get off my goddamned back about it.

But here's the thing about it: I'm going to eventually get out of here. When I do, I am moving far away. Not as far as possible, but far enough that I'm'a take a fuckin' plane if I ever want to come back and visit. Probably Colorado tbh. Mountains and marijuana, what else does a bookmaker need? ANYHOW the point is, I'm not gonna live here forever, 'man. She's my mom. I don't spend much time with her. There are some days that I only see her for literally 10 minutes when my family gathers at the island counter in the kitchen to eat like we're sitting at a bar even though there's a goddamn motherfucking cocksucking cunt of a fucking dining room literally 10 feet away with a table and chairs THAT ARE NOT FUCKING CUSHIONED BACKLESS BARSTOOLS but I'm getting off point. I'm not going to live here forever and I still have HBOmax for another week and my mom wants to watch *Godzilla vs Kong*. I'm going to watch it again on Wednesday (I'll tell you why on Wednesday, chill) but it's honestly one of the greatest filmographic spectacles ever produced and if I want to watch it more than once in a week then I fucking will. K? She's my mom, I'll spend an iota of time with her if I fucking please.

Christ, 900 words of whatever the fuck this is but I couldn't do more than a sentence for either of the 2 books I'm tryna write. Funny how that works, isn't it? If you productived today, let me know in the comments how many words you wrote. Make me feel inadequate, I need that so I do inane amounts of work to make my budding god complex flower like a rose: with thorns for all those who try to fuck with me.

If you're there, hypothetical reader, thank you for being there. From

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this day on, we move forever forward~

4/25/21 | Kit

Writing log: TBN +960 words

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So I was at The Hillside Commons today. Like, my campsite in the woods up the road. That's where I got the name for the website, I have a few campsites built in the woods up yonder and the first one was named The Hillside Commons. About a year after I named it I realized the acronym was THC. Lol. But I was out there today taking notes, figuring out UGP, and a dude with his dog walked by me. Dog got right into my face, let me pet him. He was friendly. So the dude and dog go on up the hill. About 7 minutes later he came back talking about a baby fox lying on the side of the trail. Long story short his dog killed the kit, damned thing couldn't have been more than 2 weeks old. I ran down to my house and grabbed a shovel and ran back and dug a deep hole, scooped the kit up, and laid him to rest. Built him a little blanket of leaves, tossed in some dirt, made a layer of rock, filled the rest of the hole in with dirt, and then built a rock pile on top as a grave marker. As a self-proclaimed shaman, it was the only thing I could do. I burned one down for the little guy too, said a few words to send him off. Rest in peace, Kit.

I noticed the first subchapter of chapter Thursday: Findings of *Untitled Bigfoot Project* posted today. I don't know if anyone's picked up on this, but I'm'a talk about it; so UBP has 2 kinds of chapters, the journal chapters and the normal chapters. The journal chapters are journal entries from the main character, Sidney Blake. The normal chapters are normal book chapters and are broken into subchapters, and the names of all the subchapters are derived from the journal entries preceding that chapter. For example, the subchapters of chapter Thursday: Findings are Life, Chaos, Order, Balance, Peace, War, and Death. In the journal chapter before Thursday: Findings, Sidney comes up with seven runes which represent higher truths of reality for the book he's writing: Life, Chaos, Order, Balance, Peace, War, and Death. Badda boom badda bing. All seven of UBP's chapters are like that. The second one's subchapters are all named after the *Dark Tower* books, too, and it's not even a gimmick, that chapter features Sidney brawling with a sort of delusion in which he believes the *Dark Tower* books are something of a prophecy of his life. Ugh. I love UBP, I went ham on that thing.

So UGP, that other book I started. I haven't written any more for it, but I have figured out where I'm going with it. Originally I was thinking I was going to use it to bring a group of characters called The Psychenauts back into Existence, but I realized it would work better if I let it be its own thing. The Psychenauts are a group of 5 Zeroc who basically serve as emissaries of Psychedelia, Keeper of The Garden, one of the Astral Gods. I just realized that's their role in Existence right now, like, as I was writing this. That's crazy lmao. But uh, the Zeroc are a species of aliens from my two *The 2020 Event* books, I'm planning on bringing them back when I write the Second Spiral but I want to bring The Psychenauts back before that because The Psychenauts are capable of traveling between universes and I feel like they'd be fun to have around. I just have to find the right situation in which to bring them back. It'll happen eventually. UGP though... I might as well be honest, UGP stands for Untitled Godspace Project, that's not what I'm going to title it but that's my working title. It's taking place entirely in Godspace, one of the four Astral Planes in Existence, and the protagonist is of the *nameless I* variety. I'm going to make it a novel if I can, but it might end up as a novella or a novelette. We'll see. I'm pumped though. It's going to be a purgatory-esque story, I'm foregoing my usual subchapter form because I think writing it in one single long body of text will better fit the story. God I love this shit. I don't know what the fuck I would be doing if I wasn't making these books.

So um... oh, as far as ANATH goes (another project I started) I'm still holding off. I need to tinker with the blueprints before I go further with the writing. But I'm thinking about it, I'm incubating the idea. It'll come soon. Today was a Weekend Sunday and I took it as one, was very mellow. Tomorrow is Monday and I'm going to start the editing process for OTR, my goal is to have it in the Word manuscript by the end of the month. I'm going to try to get it out in May, might be June but Q2 for sure. *The Monksville Chronicles* is supposed to be here by the end of the week too, so hopefully I'll get that launched by the weekend. Things are happening, 'man. The wind is continuing to blow. If you're reading this, I am glad you're here.

A'ight, let's wrap it. Shopify stalker hit me at 8 pm tonight, hardly an hour ago. Better than than 6 am. Someone dropped me a little heart symbol as a comment yesterday, I saw it earlier today and it made me smile. Thanks dawg. If you wrote today, comment your numbers. I gotta dip y'all, I'm tried.

If you're there, hypothetical reader, thank you for being there. From this day on we move forever forward~

Writing log: UGP +790 words | TBN +590 words

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I have finished going through the prologue and first 2 chapters of OTR. So far I am not changing as much as I thought I was going to change, not gonna lie. It's almost like this is my 12th goddamn book or something.

Sidebar: if you apply subscript *and* superscript to text in the Wordpress block editor it makes the text small and hovers it in the middle of the line. Fucking *why???* Like, I know *why* it happens, it's both above and below so therefore in the middle, but fucking *why???*

No but editing OTR has me thinking about my editing process and I feel the need to write it out, so I figured I would share it here. It's not set in stone, I've been trying to nail down a baseline editing process since I started bookmaking and it still eludes me to this day, but I think I may have the best version yet right now. I'll list it all nice-like for your asses.

1. Rough Draft

- Read through the unformatted manuscript in Scrivener; make the changes, name the unnamed subchapters. When finished, read through it again to hit everything I may have missed. Then, copy and paste text into book manuscript.

2. Book Draft

- A short time later - a day or 2, perhaps more - read through the semi-formatted manuscript in Word; make the changes, format the text, write the bookmaker's note, and do everything else the book needs done. When finished, read through it again to hit everything I may have missed. Then, order the proof copy.

3. Proof Draft

- When it arrives - however the fuck long that might take, *still* waiting on *The Monksville Chronicles* - read through the proof copy word by word and pencil in any remaining changes and corrections. When finished, import the changes into the manuscript on the computer, then read through it one last time to eliminate any and all doubts. At this point, all should be said and done; submit for publishing.

It's definitely thorough, and that's the most important thing when it comes to editing a body of writing, I think. When it comes to doing

anything, really. Being thorough in your moves. My only concern with this iteration of the editing process is that it requires 6 readthroughs and I am notorious for not giving a fuck about the current readthrough when there is/are another/more ahead of me, but uh... maybe I should just get the fuck over myself and not half-ass the damn work, yeah? Yeah.

So yeah. I could keep going with it today, but I'm fidna do some writing. Get that Untitled Godspace Project going. In the past I would force myself to only work on one project at a time, even if that required a lot of downtime. *Especialy* if that required a lot of downtime. But where I'm at now, fuck that shit. I'm a bookmaker. I'm *the* bookmaker. I'm more than capable of having a couple things simultaneously going for myself. A few things, if you include *The Bookmaker's Note Volume 1*.

It's currently 2:49. This shall mark the end of today's TBN. If I end up doing the writing I said I'm going to do, I will alter the **Writing log** to reflect as much. If you're reading this post and all you see is TBN in the **Writing log**, it means I am bullshit anthropomorphized. Either way, how many words did you write today?

If you're there, hypothetical reader, thank you for being there. From this day on, we move forever forward~

4/27/21 | Chapters

Writing log: TBN +456 words

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It took all day, but I hit my editing goal. Chapters 3 and 4, about 40,000 words worth of proofreading, done. I did half the work sitting out in the woods. I find it easier to concentrate out there. Made some pretty solid changes, I think. It's coming along nice. There are 5 chapters to OTR, plus the prologue and epilogue, and I got the last of them named today. Starting with the prologue, they are Haunted, Backwoodsmen, Son of a Bitch, The Goddamn Story, A Higher Order, Hard to Kill, and Cleansed. Coming along real nice.

Tomorrow I'm planning on going through the rest of OTR, and then Thursday and Friday I'll do the second readthrough. Then step 1 will be complete. Probably going to focus on UGP for a couple days between step 1 and 2, perhaps buckle down and get it drafted. I'm thinking it's going to be a novella, it shouldn't take me too too long to write up.

By the way, I figured out some shit about UGP yesterday. I didn't write a lot towards it, but I now know who the main character is. They're still

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going to be a *nameless I* in the story, as the story takes place in the astral plane Godspace, but there is a solid chance they will appear in a future book which will take place in one of my established universes. More on that when the time is right.

The Shopify stalker hit me twice today, once at 5 am and once an hour ago. Still haven't received the copy of *The Monksville Chronicles*, it hasn't even shipped yet. I ordered it April 13th and it's allegedly going to arrive on Friday. Don't get me wrong, I'm eternally grateful that Amazon allows literally anyone to publish their writing, like, *eternally* fucking grateful, but how does it take them 2 weeks and change to print a single author copy of a book? It's wild to me.

Listen, I'm pretty tired. I'm gonna get to bed. *The Monksville Chronicles* rerelease is out, announcement and blog posts coming soon. OTR coming soon too, but not quite as soon. Q2 if humanly possible. UGP after that, ANATH after that, and then another one after that. *The Bookmaker's Note Volume 1* coming at the top of 2022. Hot damn I'm working. Dude, if me from five years ago could see me now he might have a fucking heart attack. Idk where exactly I'm at in life but I fucking love it regardless. I'm coming with the fiction, folks. I couldn't stop if I wanted.

Also, fuck the daily asking of the question. I'm over it. You win.

If you're there, hypothetical reader, thank you for being there. From this day on, we move forever forward~

4/28/21 | Birthday

Writing log: TBN +153 words

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I have finished the first readthrough of step 1 of editing *Over the River*. Today is Weekend Wednesday, and also my birthday. I am 26 now. I will be spending the rest of the day watching the four Monsterverse movies in chronological order: first is *Kong: Skull Island*, then *Godzilla*, then *Godzilla: King of the Monsters*, then finally, for the 4th time this month, *Godzilla vs Kong*. It's about 8 hours of movie and I've been wanting to do this ever since *Godzilla vs Kong* was announced in 2015. This is literally 6 years in the making and I am *beyond* fucking excited. If you haven't seen the Monsterverse movies, they are goddamn fucking incredible and there is nothing else you can watch that will give you a similar experience. Don't be sorry, just do better.

If you're there, hypothetical reader, thank you for being there. From

this day on, we move forever forward~

4/29/21 | Changes

Writing log: TBN +1,749 words

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Before you go any further, you should know: this post here is one'a them *ones*.

So I changed the theme I've been using for The Hillside Commons up until now. The old one was called *Scratchpad*, I'd been using it ever since I started all this. Chose it more for the name than anything else, I think. The new one is called *Escutcheon* and I chose it solely because I like how it looks. I've been looking at all the website's pages and whatnot. I don't *love* how on the Books page on mobile the cover arts take up the whole screen instead of sitting next to the text like they're supposed to, but that's not the end of the world. On desktop it looks fine. What *doesn't* look fine on desktop are the blog posts. The featured image is massive at the top of the screen, puts the rest of the post on hold. I kind of hate it. I'm thinking about just not using featured images in my posts anymore. Up until this point I've been using them because "every single blog post needs a featured image" but, like, I kind of hate how it looks in the posts. I'm torn.

All of this is coming from anxiety. The physical copy of *The Monksville Chronicles* came today and I still haven't opened it. I'm planning for the announcement post to go up on Monday at 2:00 and I'm going to share it to the pair of self-promotion groups I joined on Facebook. I don't know if it will lead to anything. Part of me is sure it's going to be the one single thing I have to do to suddenly become rich and successful. The fact this part of me exists only worries me more. I'm nervous about what the folks who see it on their screen are going to think. If they're going to click and judge me. To be completely honest I'm more afraid of success than I am failure at this point. I've been doing this by myself for so long that the thought of my books being read makes me uncomfortable, I almost feel like I've been holding out in an outpost on some strange planet in an alternate iteration of the universe. And that's okay, too. Every life has its merits and I've found and accepted the merits of my own, I'm good with where I'm at. But what if things change?

What if things change *because* I've finally accepted and become good with my life as it is: that of a guy who makes fiction books so he doesn't go insane?

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The thought of change excites me, but if it's going to happen then everything needs to be perfect. My entire website and store need to be redone. All my books need to be rewritten. I need to be the hypothetical reader's *god*, goddamnit! But nothing can ever be perfect. Doesn't matter anyway, things won't change. Yeah, I'm going to share a Facebook post and suddenly everything will fall into place. Come on, that's delusional... but there are over 100,000 members in the groups I'm sharing the post to. And I'm planning on sharing the daily posts to the groups too, so long as nobody kicks me out for doing so. I'm definitely going to get kicked out of the groups for posting the daily posts. I'm as sure about that as I am that sharing my posts to the groups will be the one thing I need to do to find success. Christ almighty it's 4 p.m. and I haven't started going through *Over the River* yet. I'm not getting to it today. I accidentally revealed the title in yesterday's *The Note*, the cat's all kinds of out of the bag. I'm fucked.

All I've done today is my laundry and change the theme on my website and rant about my anxieties for *The Note*. Listened to a lot of music, too. Two songs mostly, one on repeat and the other every now and then. The repeat one was *Ruler of Everything* by Tally Hall and the other was *Variations on a Cloud* by Miracle Musical. They're the same band, kind of. I don't know the semantics. I've had the Miracle Musical album for a couple years and I finally decided to look into it like a week ago and thus I discovered Tally Hall. Similar creators are involved between the two. I enjoy the music. All I want to do is lay around and burn cannabis and listen to Tally Hall and Miracle Musical.

I have no idea how to advertise my books. There, I said it, I FUCKING SAID IT. I've been at this for years and I've written a lot and I am more than eternally grateful for the stories I've told and the folks like you who are reading these words right now, but I think it is fair to say my reader-to-books ratio is not, eh, preferable. I feel like what I am doing is confusing for some. Like, you go to my Books page and the first thing you see is "Third Spiral: The Here and Now" and it's described as an anthology, then you scroll down past all the books and you see "First Spiral: The Highest One Writing" and it's like *okay, so where's the Second Spiral?*

Where's the Second Spiral. Where the *fuck* is the Second Spiral?? It's not written yet. It's canon in the writing, but it's not written yet. First Spiral is what happened before Existence was born. Third Spiral is what's been happening since Existence was born. Second Spiral will be what happened when Existence was born, and I will write it when I have my own place to live. It's going to be 12 books long, it will take place across

five different universes, and I'm going to write it all in one shot and release all the books at once because this is my life's mission goddamnit, this story is fucking *massive* and I refuse to write it when I'm living in my parents' attic, I just can't do it 'man. I need my own space. It's going to be a massive undertaking and it will not be possible to do when I'm living here. I feel like I'm not the most *popular* human being in my town and I honestly have a hard time getting out of the house some days. It's not even that I'm afraid of other folks seeing me, it's that I don't want to see *them*. I don't want to deal with the metaphysical baggage of dealing with these random folks who shouldn't be random to me because I've lived in this town for 20something years and I've lived in this house for like 8 years and I don't even know some of my neighbors' *names*, like, who are these random creatures?! They're just *there* outside in the woods all the fucking time and I'm here all the fucking time but if I run into them I don't recognize them, don't know their names. How fucking *strange* is that?!

I have a spiderbite on my forearm. I don't remember getting bitten by a spider but the bite is there and it fucking *itches*.

Holy shit. I think I'm going to get rid of my Shopify store. The only reason I have it is because I want to sell autographed copies of my books. But I haven't sold a single copy yet. Plus, there's the thing with the Shopify stalker, y'know? Bad energy surrounds the Shopify store. Were I to cancel it I could save \$230 and I'd still be able to sell autographed books to anyone who wants one through Facebook, theoretically. They would have to message me and request one, but hey, if you want an autographed copy of one of my books then why would it be weird to message me about it? I could also sell them for the same price as Amazon, plus shipping if needed. That way I could stop doing the pictures of the book pile, too. That would speed up my releases. The only reason I do that stupid picture with every post is because I read in a WordPress-written article that you *need* featured images for your blog posts and the image of the pile was the only thing I could come up with. I almost feel like my posts would be better off without them, though. I'm not going to go back and change the posts, but... fuck 'man, I think I can change a lot of my stuff for the better. And I want to, especially with me announcing *The Monksville Chronicles* soon.

God I'm nervous about rereleasing *The Monksville Chronicles*. It's a good kind of nervous, though. It's making me face things, making me make changes that will hopefully help me out a little. Maybe *The Monksville Chronicles* won't be announced Monday. I'm not sure now. Changes, 'man. I need to make changes to the way I do shit, I'm living in

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a fantasy land. Why do I have the Shopify store? How is that helping me at all?? Christ, I think I smoked so much weed yesterday that it gave me ego death, I'm looking at all my stuff and realizing how much I'm holding myself back because of pride and little else! Good lord, 'man.

You know, there's a saying my father has. It goes, "You'll get nothing and like it." He has another saying, too: "I might be the funniest guy I know." Lo, but there is another, and this is the important one: "Sometimes, a 'man needs to look at himself in the mirror and say *All right, time to step it up.*" That last wasn't a direct quote, I paraphrased. But that's okay. The message is still clear: I need to step my game up. I need to be doing better in life, 'man. I need to be getting somewhere. I need to make some changes here. I need to deal with this website shit, 'man. I feel like I need to put everything on hold until I figure out this website shit.

The green haze has passed, the buds are all leaves. The forest is animate again. Also, real talk: so synchronous numbers actually mean something or are they just numbers? Asking for a voice in my head.

If you're there, hypothetical reader, thank you for being there. From this day on, we move forever forward~

4/30/21 | Changes II

Writing log: TBN +1,197 words

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I did it. I made the changes. This is Changes II | The Bookmaker's Note 4/30/21 LIVE at 5:51 am. Fueled by pure gumption and herbal tea I stayed up overnight and did all the website work. I have updated virtually every single webpage on The Hillside Commons. I changed themes, I added a few widgets to the sidebar, I got rid of the pointless Shopify store to simplify the operation and save money and also so the stalker can't creep anymore, I went through each individual book page and it was so time-consuming, sweet Christ it took all night. I even updated all 100whatever remaining *Untitled Bigfoot Project* blog posts with the new setup I contrived for the bottom of the book posts. Yeah, that shit's up to date, check back in 2 hours and see what I'm talking about. Go check out the website proper, too! Overnight, 'man. The Hillside Commons literally went from that wonky-ass Scratchpad site to a dope-lookin' whatever you call it *overnight*, and, AND, I terminated the photograph of the pile. The era is over, it's gone. Done. I have a variant of it as the cover photo for the Facebook group but that's different, that's fine, I don't give a hot goddamn

about that. I'm all cleaned up now, you punk motherfuckers. I feel all sorts of good about myself. I literally decided to give myself a brand new website overnight, *and then it fucking happened*. I think it looks a lot better than the old version. Big step up. Happy birthday, Hunter, love Hunter. I'm not quite done, I still have to finish updating the two 2020 book pages, and *theoretically* I could update all the old blog posts. I need to finish up the *The Monksville Chronicles* posts too. Christ, I've been talking about that book since I started this series and it's still not announced and running. What the fuck, 'man? In the past I had the Shopify store so I would order an author copy of my book when the publish happened and then when the physical copy arrived I took a new pile picture and a solo picture for the Shopify store and *then* I would announce the shit, it caused a big delay but I was able to update the entire operation in one foul swoop so I did it. But now, without the Shopify store, I've saved \$230. That's money in the fucking bank, okay? Already a good move. Second, my release timeline just got hacked down in the best way possible. I'm gonna be able to have the posts for *Over the River* going up almost immediately after it's published. Quite possibly day of. I did *so much good for myself tonight*. It should have been like this all along, I know, and I have been meaning to do this for a long-ass time. Well I finally did it. HAHAAAA I finally updated the fucking website. *I won, motherfuckers!*

I will be the first one to point out that this, combined with yesterday's rendition of *The Note*, to some, may seem soggy with mental illness. Just dripping with the shit. Yes, the word *mania* does have meaning to me, as does *bipolar*. As do most fucking words. Guess what? I have no diagnosis; that is to say, *it's all for The Note, baby*. Look out for *The Bookmaker's Note Volume 1* January 2022, it's coming. I can see it now: *Nine months' worth of a madman's ravings*. I already have the manuscript set up, this post lasts until page ## so long as this gets printed in a 9x6. Might have to go up to a 10x7 if the situation demands it. Fucking hell, imagine? Well, if you're reading this in the book then you know the outcome. Shit, if you're reading this in the book I hope it came out all right. I have some plans for this shit. Some goofy fucking plans, 'man. Hey, you peek ahead to the back yet? Regardless, I often comment that I have no idea what this series is, but it is right now, at 6:13 am, that I believe I may have figured it out: I literally just go. Like, this is literally my mind straight splattered on the screen/page with no filter or direction. I mean, there's a general direction, but for the most part it's just *go*. So like, whatever comes out comes out, y'know what I mean? You see those dots up there? Nothing below those dots is meant to be taken seriously. I'm saying this paragraph solely out

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of insecurity, for some reason I'm afraid folks will read these posts and think there's something wrong with me or that I'm crying out for help LMFAO that is *literally* my concern. But no, I am okay. This is just me letting it go. It feels good to let it go, 'man. Just let it hang out. Connect with the audience, give progress updates. It's self-motivating, too. I don't have time to write a lot when I'm editing - and if I have backend work, fucking forget it. I go to *war* against fucking backend work. It's quarter after six in the morning, I woke up *yesterday* you fucks. I've been doing backend work *all night*, from *sundown* to *sunup*. I am *dedicated* to The Commons, I am in this shit for the *long game* - fuck, I need to start over.

When I'm editing or have other work to do I don't seem to write as much as I do when I only have writing on the agenda, but having this series that I *need* to do at some point, usually the end, sometimes the beginning of every day is just fabulous for me. No sarcasm. It's fun to share my progress when I hit big numbers, too. I'm going to put a 10,000 up there soon, I have a funny feeling. I don't know 'man, I've been fighting the *stay up all night working and then sleep the day off* thing for a long-ass time now, but like... I was also running 3 miles and working out for an hour every day for a long-ass time and I dropped that shit like a sack of bricks and I have zero regrets. I sometimes run now. Haven't touched the workout app since the last time I wrote about it here. I don't feel bad. The weed probably has something to do with it, but also, I'm not a fucking athlete. I coached cross country at one point but I got out of that, it's a long and unfortunate story but I got the fuck out of that and I am in pretty good shape, I'm lean, I could honestly stand to gain some weight. That's not the point. I don't know what the point is. I don't know why I'm still writing this. I think I'm waiting for it to come to a good and natural end point aaaaaand... well I guess this is it.

6:35 am. *Ruler of Everything. Variations on a Cloud.* I'm going to sleep like a rucking *rock*.

If you're there, hypothetical reader, thank you for being there. From this day on, we move forever forward~