

**Sto'tryp**

**Products of**  
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**The Here and Now**

Sto'tryp

The Monksville Chronicles

**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

# Boardtrip II

# Products of The Hillside Commons

## The Playground

Boardtrip II  
Can, Na, and Bis, You Bitch!

## The Fall of the Seven Earths

Highdeas  
The Lost Stories from the Seven Earths

## Planewalkers

The Face of Fear

# Boardtrip II

Can, Na, and Bis,  
You Bitch!

Hunter A. Wallace

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

Any and all resemblance to Reality is purely coincidental.

...

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

**Boardtrip II**  
**Can, Na, and Bis, You Bitch!**

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## The Center of Wuester

"Which one?"

You look away from the slanted ceiling. I'm sitting at my desk. A beat-ass old explorer's cap sits on my head. A pair of green sunshades grip either side of my skull, rest gently on my nose. The lenses are so reflective you can hardly see yourself, but you're all the way 'cross the room from me for Christ's sake, you'd have to scope through a goddamn monocular just to spot a glimpse of yourself in the reflection of my sunshades from over there.

"Yo!"

You still haven't answered me, and I do not hand over the benefit of the doubt.

"Which strain should I bring, you little shit?"

You look... puzzled, to say the least. Perplexed, to say more, and to say the most, well...

"This thing you gave me, it says," I shout, "**THE BEST WEED EVER!**" to get my point across, whatever point that might be. "Peanut butter cookie. So should we bring this? Or...?"

You go on dead-eyeing me like some kind of fuckin' eunuch or whatever the hell you are... I get impatient and walk over my desk, two feet on the wooden slab you son of a bitch, and storm voraciously to my stash box, that old wooden Bepis crate son of a handgun standing on twice as many legs as you even have in the first place.

"Gee-eM-Oh cookies," I read from the plastic cannabis container. "**THE BEST WEED EVER** see, now how the f—"

But you're not on the bed anymore. You're not in here. I'm alone in the studio apartment.

"What the fuck?" I ask when I find you sitting on the couch out in the chill room. "Would you just tell me what fucking weed to bring already!?"

You don't even fucking look at me.

"I'll just figure it the fuck out then, all right?! I hope you're fucking happy, you motherfucking son of a shit!"

You seem to be. You have that air about you as I walk past you and into the bathroom.

"I have a feeling," I explain as the tap heats up slow, because I know you're not going to ask, "that I'll need to make a glasscrutch. In the near future. So I'm'a clean the pipe, then we'll hit it. Cool?"

You don't say a single goddamn thing. I walk over to the couch, the floor creaking as I go, and clap you upside the back'a'th'head. You take a pillow and swing it so hard into my fucking throat I'm on the ground, what the fuck is that? You fuckin' silent protagonist fuckin' piece'a'shit, won't even tell me which one'a my fuckin' weed strains to fuckin' bring, fuckin'..."

I don't trail off, no, I just go off, on and on and on. You wonder how I dress myself in the morning, asshole, and then realize I don't. To dress oneself in the morning, one must wake up in the morning, and partner, I don't fuckin' *sleep*.

I close the bathroom door. I'm getting feelings, 'man, weird fuckin' feelings from you. Weird vibes, 'man. I don't wanna take any chances with this, we're awful goddamn close to the center of Wuester right now.

Pipe's clean. Pipecleaner is not, but ain't that just how the fuck it goes? Fucking garbage, every last one of us.

"I don't know much, but I know one thing beyond all

bounds of reason and logic, and partner, that one thing is this here now: you do *not* want to catch yourself walkin' no road head'd towards the center of Wuester, New Jerz."

I don't lock the door, as you'd hear the click. However, I do open the window, take the screen out, "but this **arm** holding the window halfway to almost fuckin' shut, open the **fuckin**g windows, folks!" and climb out onto the roof. The pipe is in my teeth. I shimmy beneath an overcast's shade.

Fuck, the studio apartment's windie, intentional, is locked. No problem, see, because glass is actually fluid, so I just slide right through. Cannabis is already ground, boi. We're movin' ryght along.

I wrap my pipe, I assemble the fatboi, I pack the herb down with the cap of a pen. It feels right in my teeth, this paper blunt does, with its glassy one-hitter crutch. Feels right. Feels so right I don't know what wrong was.

I bring the literal pocket taser out from my pocket and up to the end of the joint. Flip the top. Push the button.

Oh yeah.

ooooooooo yyyeaaaaa

## Text

It's been a few minutes. You've gotten up to creep over and press your ear against the door, but all you can hear is running water. You go back to the couch. Your phone's lit up. There's a text.

It's from me.

You go into my studio apartment and find a once-

toked bona fide fatboi sitting on my desk. Past that, you look out my window and see me squatting on the boulder near the end of the drive'. I'm looking pissed off as though I showed up uninvited to your birthday party, oh, and uh, speakin'a'which, where the **fuck** was my invite for that?

The text says hurry up and come outside, and rather than do that, you decided to stare out t-... out my window and gawk me like some kind'a fuckin' eunuch. Y'know, it's really no wonder I think what I do about you.

"Don't worry about where I got the granola bar."

I can tell you're worrying about it, so I take another bite and then toss it to the birds who'll eventually land in the woods next to the road. Then, I look over my shoulder, and then off to both our sides.

"Can't be too... careful," whisper'd as we stalk past the entrance of Et'Hyd'r Farm. "Never know... who's watchin' out h'r'..."

You are no longer worrying about it.

You step on a leaf. We both freeze. You slowly look to me, and I've been looking at you the entire fucking time. A thought crosses your mind, and then I Language it:

"Run."

We dash up The Hill of the Neverending Stride – that name is full of fucking shit and I'm fucking happy about it. Sweet Christ. I'm exhausted, actually... fuck off, would you? Just give me a goddamn second...

Four full minutes later, I take my hands off my knees and stand straight. I see the top of your head poking over the back of one of the gangreenous plastic chairs facing Greens Pond. You, are watergazing. You are watching the fucking leaves blow. You're jogging a little bit to catch up

with me on The Shifted Path now because your sorry ass decided to sit and stare at a still fucking pond.

"Welp, here we are," as the canopy devours what little sunlight leaks through the cloudscape above. "The trail up the mountain."

You don't seem to care. I don't seem to care that you're here. That's why I take off sprinting.

The fucking hat  
almost blew off my head  
I was going so fast  
my hair  
is fucking  
all over the place

and you, you... you fucking really? You're still fucking *walking*, you didn't even pick up your *pace*! What, am I supposed to *wait* for you? Homie, I have the weed in the pouch on my hip, a'ight, I don't need to wait for shit!

You find the single piece of looseleaf paper and pencil I've been writing all of this down on sticking out of a big hunk'a log sitting on the one side of the trail. You sit on this hunk'a log. Little structures of prerot crunch beneath the girth of your human ass. You look at the paper, look at it, sittin' here, sittin' here, just sittin' there... lookin' at it and you have no fucking idea how I'm fitting

A single mosquito lands on the web of dermis 'twixt your left thumb and index. You perceive this to be a sign that it is now time to go.

I called this part of the trail *Purple Bend* before all the weed started comin' out, you remember me saying so, but you don't remember what the reason was. Perhaps you'll ask me. Perhaps you won't, as I've the tendency to be loud

in my doings. Either way you've hit the Branching Paths, the big four-way in the woods, and pardner, there's only one way to go.

You prance with undaunting hatred down the middle of your three choices. The trail trials real quick, all Cs and Ss and drops weak and strong. At your two feet when you stop, when you finally stop you dirty fucking animal, is a whole pile of log and rot. You step over it because good ol' bois don't have shit better to do and the trail takes you along the side of a muddy slope. It's a shittrail, it's a real shittrail, it's such a shittttrail that a fallen rotten-out red fucking log is a more stable alternative, and now you're squatting on a rock like you forgot you're not me trying to write this and fit it all on one single piece of looseleaf paper, but your worries are for nothing. There's plenty of room on the page.

To... inform you, your worries are worth nothing but these goddamn mosquito bites. I'm waiting at The Island and you're a big pain in my ass.

Oh wait, that pain's in *your* ass.

Mosquitoes bore through 'man denim, wha'd'y'know wha'd'y'know?

I'd be surprised if you tripped less than nine times in the forty feet of rocky terrain between the muddy slope and the flat ground. I didn't trip once, and I dashed the shit. I dashed this whole entire fucking trail and you're taking your time walking it so you can soak it all in, all the dead trees and rotting wood and sopping bacterial Jesus Christ just LOOK at all that DECOMPOSITION, gaze at all of that DEATH all aROUN "THE SUN IS SETTING," you hear me shriek! "GET THE FUCK ON A'READY!"

I have to assume you got the fuck on a'ready, because here you are at The Island.

While you catch your breath like some kind'a breath-catcher, I go half-squat and begin to lecture you about a shallow gouge in the cleared ground of The Island.

"Now see this gouge here?!" I bat. "You see this? There was a stick here! Hey, hey you!

"Hey! You, you look here!" You are *not* looking. "Hey! I'm tryina tell you something!"

Finally you look.

"Look here!" as I jab at the ground. "There used to be a stick here! Big stick, kind'a like that log up on Horseshoe Trail, up at the summit of Purple Bend!"

See? You did remember me calling it that.

"But I moved it! Moved it right when I got here!"

You watch me half-squatwalk over to a large pile of rotting organic material just outside the campsite's stone circle. Atop th'pile are two sticks, one vastly shorter than the other. The smaller looks like it broke off the bottom of the larger, likely during a windstorm.

"See," I lecture, good lord the blood is SEEPING from my brain right now I am about to PASS THE FUCK OUT, "It fell off a tree, likely during a windstorm. The smaller piece – now I do not know this, cannot say this for sure, but I think – I *think* – the smaller piece broke off of the bigger one there."

I walk to you, turn, sprint at the second river, leap all seven feet over the second river, and wouldn't you know it, I land firmly on two feet. Then, I patiently wait for your ass to get over the long way. I wait so long, in fa

## The Groggy Swamp of Gorgameschka

ct, that a new fucking subchapter had to begin. Well what the fuck d'y'know about *that?!*

The jumperous walk through The Groggy Swamp of Gorgameschka is just about as uneventful as one might imagine walk-jumpering through The Groggy Swamp of Gorgameschka to be... so long as that imaginative one has 'jumper'ed through The Groggy Swamp of Gorgameschka before, that is. The way I'm running through this is frogs on goddamn lilly pads! You don't understand it and that makes you massively uncomfortable. The soggy socks in your soaky'd shoesies do not help your cause. At the base of Board Mountain you thrust the single piece of looseleaf paper this entire thing is written on into my hands, and I breathe some life into the dea'd paragraf writ'en 'pon this manifestoe.

## Slow Goin'

It's slow goin' up Board Mountain. Oh, and about a trillion other nested self-references.

The overcast sky is beautiful, the wind continues to blow, and I'm writing this all with a firm wooden pencil unto a single piece of paper, two hands in my pockets.

## Will Come

I do not trust that Frog goddamn Rock. I know for a fact it will come back to haunt me. You don't, but you will.

You will.

## Fate

If you thought Purple Bend was rocky, you're a fucking dingbat, a'ight? The segment of Mountain Trail referred to as The Climb in the holy HOW scriptures is nothing short of a literal mountain, see, and we're climbing it, and you've yet to make one goddamn mention of exhaustion nor complaint.

Honestly, I am impressed.

There's this one tree, see, and it grows away from the mountain. Hell of an angle. Actual boulders are the only things keeping it rooted, right, and I'm lying on it like it's a fucking mattress writing all of this in pencil on a single sheet of looseleaf paper. The hat's on the ground, but I've still the hat on. See, the hat is a state of mind, one easily attained when the hat is placed on the head.

Even now, editing, the hat is on... but do I wear it?

Onward and upward, off we march towards this fate we both hope to burn.

## All the Same

"Listen," I tell you as you collapse into the mud and the

blood and the fear. We're not even at the summit yet, hah. "At least we're not being chased by anybody."

You're unsure of what I mean, I can tell. I tell you not to worry about it, "It's fine."

We continue up the mountainside. You're starting to wonder why you said yes to this. I've been wondering too. Nobody knows the answer, nobody knows why, but here we are all the same, walking up the steepest m'fuhcggin' mountain this side of Wuester Central. Here we are all the fucking same, you bitch! Can, Na, and Bis, you bitch!

A leaf crunches behind me. I spin furiously and whip out a flintlock pistol. It was just a rock, I literally kicked a rock and it rolled and I heard the crunch over my music, and you almost just got shot dead because of it. Goddamn goddamn, wha'd'y'know wha'd'y'know.

You do not ask where I got the flintlock pistol. That's likely best for the three of us.

Up we go up we go.

## Natives

Lots of outcrop' on this mountain. We're heading towards one, but it's not this one. We want the one at the top, I've explained to you a trillion fucking times that we want the one at the top but no, you sit down on every rocky outcrop we cross, the 'man who sits down every chance he gets!

You're probably wondering what the fuck I'm so mad for. Me? I'm just looking forward to this joint we're gonna smoke. GMO cookies and peanut butter cookie, plural and singular, and it's all going into the goddamn salad.

The trail clings to the side of the slope as it carries us closer to the top, almost like it did when that mosquito bit into your ass, but there's no rotten log to walk instead this time. No rocky outcroppe, either. Nope, we just walk this sideways trail, and you struggle, and I laugh, and then I struggle even harder. But still I laugh.

But still I laugh as you struggle.

You cannot for the life of you remember leaving your house this morning.

Up and up we go.

Up and up we go.

Y'know, the shape of these rocks and how they're all laid out like benches and staircases, all of these triangles and merkabahs littered amongst the trailwä'... you might think there was once a population of humans, of ancient natives, see, of Native Wuesterians who settl'd 'pon these mountain', built their grand temples of crystal, of grand wood and stone...

Yeah, you might think that. I wouldn't be surprised at all if you thought all of that. But me? See, I'm just looking forward to this joint we're gonna smoke.

I can literally see the summit. We're almost there.

Will

Oh, you will.

## Earth

You're there. I'm not. I'm still slavsquatsupreme on a rock back here writing all this with a pencil on a single sheet of looseleaf paper... but, I suppose I must now go. The joint isn't going to smoke itself, and you can't roll wee' for shit, buddy.

I'm up.

Okay, now I'm up  
and off I come.

A massive triangle rock points to the viewpoint. Did you put that there?

No, doesn't matter. Here we stand at the top of Board Mountain, staring out into the infinite black of it all, that little slice of empty void we all come home to, wait, that's not right, no, wait, see, the mountain, see, it seems to have grown as we hiked it, and now it's peeking into a void of some sort. This isn't good.

No.

No, this isn't good at all.

You punch me across the face so hard that **you** feel it. Then, you gently nudge my upper elbow and I turn.

"Ah," I say, "yes, I see. There's a whole planet floating there."

Floating there, visible only when I'm not looking out from Board Mountain at the void a'sprawl over Wuester Dam and all the surrounding Wuester woodlands, is, yes, a true planet. What's more, it seems to be a perfect replica of our own. Imagine that, a planet, an actual whole planet floating here in little backwoods Wuester. Who would've thought?

"Oh no," as I dash. "The earth... seems to be crumbling beneath our feet!"

You're way ahead of me. You prob'ly noticed the earth beginning to crumble beneath our feet whilst I was squat' writing all of this in pencil on a single piece of looseleaf paper.

Gravity begins to get wonky, shit's doing whatever it wants to right now, I don't know how you might describe it but up's neither down nor sideways right now, up is not and I am floating, I just landed on the back of my fucking neck and what do you know, here we are, back on the top of the summit of Board Mountain.

I'm walking backwards up the trail now – see, there's a little trail that goes further up from the prime viewpoint – and all I see is Board Mountain – the first one, not this mysterious new strange one that I crashed into *back of my neck*-first. By the time I'm at the top I can't even see Earth anymore. Forget Wuester, the entire planet's gone. Now there's not even a sky.

Where the fuck did you go!?

Oh, you're right there. Huh.

Well wha'd'y'know about *that*?

## Mountain

The canopy thickened up, but now there is no canopy. Big gap in the trees. Massive boulder, the shit is bigger than my entire studio apartment and it's sitting on top of this mountain... would you like to explain that to me? Well I wouldn't! You don't fuckin' know any better than I do!

We leave the boulder and the canopy thickens back real nice. Crickets, cicadas, all chirping and screech'. The brambles and bushes scrape our pantlegs like miserable streetcorners... except these dead bushes once bore fruit.

Though we walk this wood' without a path beneath our feet, we are guided by the call of the wind, the stench of weed, the promise that we might climb our mountain and burn our bush and mayhap even talk to god.

I look up from my single piece of looseleaf paper and have no idea where the fuck we are.

"Hey!" I call out.

You look at me.

"When did we climb a fuckin' mountain?"

Not four seconds later I'm off walking in a different direction. You physically cannot catch up fast enough and hah, I get here before you.

## Nugg'

Way off from the side of The True Commons is a ceramic Easter Bunny statuette 'quip'd with a little basket meant for little'r ceramic E'ggs, but... in that bunny's basket sits a single hunk of white quartz...

I ask the ceramic statuette, "Who came here and took your E'ggs, who gave you quartz instead, little bun'?"

My compound question goes unanswered, as it was asked to a ceramic Easter Bunny statuette. I bust out the nugg' and get grinding.

You've never felt so lost in the woods. Neither have I, to be honest. We're on a literal different planet right now,

one that entered Earth's gravitational zone just to piece right the fuck back out, no less.

"You son of a fucking bitch," I growl, still having yet to bust out the nugg'. "We've been abducted by aliens...!"

No we haven't, that's too easy, too simple... but maybe yet, all the same. Time'll t-... well, no, time isn't real... but when I burn this bush, pardner? When I burn down this here *bush*? You get them stone-tablet rocks ready.

## Name

Tungstok "Rattlesnake" Thompson busts out the nugg', joints it. He then smirks dastardly, as I've finally invoked my name on this single sheet of looseleaf paper.

"Subchapter Thirteen, too," goes sneer'd. "Almost like I planned it from the jump."

I drop the roll'd joint into the tall grass. By the time I'm finished battling them away, you finally duck into The True Commons.

## Try Again

This might actually be the first fucking time in my life I have said this under these specific circumstances, but, "I think that's enough."

I hold the joint up, so you can see. It's about half full. You question me in every way you can without speaking. I'm really beginning to wonder about this whole "silent" thing you got goin' on.

"I took one hit'a this shit back at the apartment and I literally jumped out the fucking window. We don't need even half this much."

I fill the joint further to the three-quarter mark, then stash everything back into my little hip pouch. We're ready.

No, sorry. Let me try again.

I fill the joint to the three-quarter mark, then stash everything back into my little hip pouch. We ready.

## The Bush

We burn the bush, we do, you and I, and God comes down to the mountain's peak. He proclaimth, "It's pronounced *The Bookmaker*."

For the love of Christ, it really is.

"Ya. Meet me at The Eagle's Nest," and poofy, he gone.

The smoke is gonzo nectar, the smell of the flowers ambrosial psychephrenia.

We go.

## Is What It Is

Listen, I don't want to put words in your mouth, right, so you don't say a god-damn thing. Me, on the other hand...

"So... you see that omnipotent deity?" I ask. "Did you see what he looked like?!"

Again, not a damn thing. I'm not tryna put words in your mouth, so I'll just say it:

"The Bookmaker looked exactly like me!"

You disagree wholeheartedly, but that is what it is.

'Man, it's nice out this evening.

'Man, that joint was real strong.

'Man, there's enough cannabis left for a whole second joint at The Eagle's Nest.

'Man, it's nice out this evening.

I arrive unto the spot where I crash-landed upon this mountain, this identical Board Mountain which has pull' me from the original. It makes me wonder, it does, how many others there may be. How many Board Mountains, how many Wuesters of New Jersey, how many Tungstok "Rattlesnake" Thomosons bryngin' however many yous along for a walk to the summit of Board Mountain. How many mountains there must be, how many peaks, each no higher, no lower than the rest, all the same, all exactly the same.

Its all exactly the same.

Over and over and over and over it's all exactly the same.

Board Mountain, all Board Mountain.

The entire Universe is Board Mountain.

"By The Bookmaker," I say aloud so you might hear me and grow despicably worried, "do you know what this means?!"

You haven't the foggiest.

"The entire Universe is Board Mountain!"

You walk off down the mountain. I do not blame you. I also start after you, wondering privately if the way back down will be exactly the same as the way up.

## Nerve

Yep. It's all exactly the same. Even The Groggy Swamp of Gorgameschka. Aside from the fact that the sky is black, anyway. There's still light, although it's growing darker, almost as if the light was ambient in the air, almost as if... almost as if time... the clocks on the walls, the numbers on the dashboards... almost as if it was all actually *real*...

One thing is abhorrently clear: I need to get the fuck to The Island. For the love of Christ, I'm still on top of the mountain...! You're probably down there waiting for me, the nerve!

The absolute fucking **nerve** of you!

## Almost Back

Well, I made it to The Island. But you already know that. You're here. You waited for me.

I cannot believe I allowed you to wait for me.

'Twon't happen again, 'k', I'll tell you that much here right now.

So we're walkin' up the trail. It's all... it'all all just all exactly the saull. We floated off of Earth and landed on a new Board and i...t's all exactly the same, "It's all exactly the same, I tell you!"

Yeah, you know.

Almost back at the four-way. Let's pick back up at the four-way.

## Back

We got to the four-way. Let's pick back up at The Eagle's Nest, so long as the bend is still purple.

## Names

The bend was, is, forever will be purple, so at The Eagle's Nest here I am.

You're not, because I sprinted, but you? You' walkin'. Stead' walkin'.

So The Eagle's Nest, The Eagle's Nest, what the fuck is The Eagle's Nest? So you're walkin' in the wood', right? You parked at the end of the road, walked past the pond, over The Shifted Path, and you hit Horseshoe Trail. Logs lining either side of it, logs and big rocks. All put there, all by one 'man, you're sure, somehow. And you walk, you pass the two turnoffs leading to Summer Stroll East and The Dirtbiker's Trail, and instead you climb up the leafy rockslide to your right. You go and y'slip and slide your way up. There are rockstacks here, rocks all stacked and balanced in ways too unnatural, and they're all the way up from the trail. All the way up here in the hills.

Suddenly you do not feel alone. You dash.

Up the leafy rockslide there is no trail, no gametrail, no truly discernible pathway, but there is a pattern in the shrubs. They look bent off, as though a large and furred creature lumbered through them on its merry way to the watering hole @GreensPond. You follow that imaginary trail, you weave between boulders and climb past trees

and the land levels beneath you, and you come to The Eagle's Nest. The ground is clear, the rock wall is pristine, and as for everything else?

Well, you can figure that all out for yourself. You just got here, after all.

A moment, if you'll, as I prepare our holy sacrament.

ooooo yea

The Bookmaker is at The Eagle's Nest and fuck does the cannabis taste good.

"Yeah..."

The Bookmaker speakith.

"...she has certainly outdone herself."

You look sideways at The Bookmaker, but me? Well... I can't *stop* looking at him.

"So what's the deal, huh?"

The Bookmaker looks me a sidewayz.

"Say, what's the deal here, huh? What's the deal?"

The actual Astral God of All – what the shit? how do I know that? – looks to you as if you'll be able to tell Him what the hell, oh no, you're not about to do that, my friend, and then he looks right the fuck back to me.

"So?" I demand, "What is it?!" growing real ornery all the sudden. "Just what is the goddamn deal, huh? What the hell do you think this all is here?"

I've yet to state what I perceive "the deal" to be.

"Just what the hell is the deal here, anywa—"

"Enough, dude!" The Bookmaker pleads. "Fuckin' bad enough I'm not the automatic I here, Tungstok, but now we got your ass going off in that way that you do?? It's too much. It's too much, that's it, we need to get this show on the road; hey, pass that joint."

I pass that joint to He who is usually I. He tokes. When He is done, I write the sentence before this one.

"There are many ways, Tungstok—" The Bookmaker tells me, and I stop him right just right fucking there.

"Maybe so, but tell me this: why do you look so much like me?"

"Because I..." Adam says, and stops, then looks at you. You confirm something, I guess, 'cause He looks back at me and says, "'Manity was made in my image, and you, Tungstok Thompson? You are not an example of that, no, no you son of bitch, *you*, are my *exhibition*."

"Hot shit," I have to hand it to him.

"And it don't stink, neither," The Bookmaker agree'. "It fuckin' REEK. Now... listen."

We listen, you and I both. You do a lot of listening. I'm starting to not feel like you're being silent for my sake, which feels good.

"There are many ways to create a Universe..."

"A'ight," I concede. "I suppose that would explain the other Board Mountain we just climbed down. Explains this other The Eagle's Nest we're currently sat at too."

"S'pose it do," Existence Incarnate agrees.

"Ryte on," I allow.

The Bookmaker grows tired. "I lied. You were never on Earth, see, the town of Wuester is a singularity point at the center of one of the many universes floating in The Void."

"Hot shit," I allow.

"Shut the fuck up, Tungstok," Adam allows. "When you climbed up ol' Board Mountain and gazed out into the black, what you were really looking at was The Blacktop.

This is The Playground, you little bitch, and you're about to fuckin' leave!"

Well I don't know what the hell to say! "Say," I say, "can I get that joint back?"

"No!" decrees The Bookmaker. "Psychedelia will see you again soon enough!"

"Psychedelia?!" I ask with quiiiiiiite a bit more energy than I previously thought I had left. Fitting this all on one single piece of looseleaf paper without smudging any of the pencil streaks is a hell of a task, frien'. "What the fuck are you on about *Psychedelia* here now, scoundrel?!"

"The Astral God, you sneer! My grand Keeper of Eden! Don't worry none, Tungstok," He turns to you, "and don't you worry, either!" and back to the main character of this masterpiece of the modern Slæb, "You'll soon meet them, all of them, and all met soon enough!"

"Well hot diseased shit!" I say aloud for the third time in a fucking row, waiting for inevitable recognition. "Can you drop a 'man some names?! How'm'I supposed to meet all these Astral Gods you keep yankin' me on about if you don't drop a 'man any cocksucking fucking *names!*?"

"Well see now you're not, big Rattlesnake Thompson! I'm'a goddamn fuckin' gettin' there, a'right?! Here you go, you, try **this** one on for size: