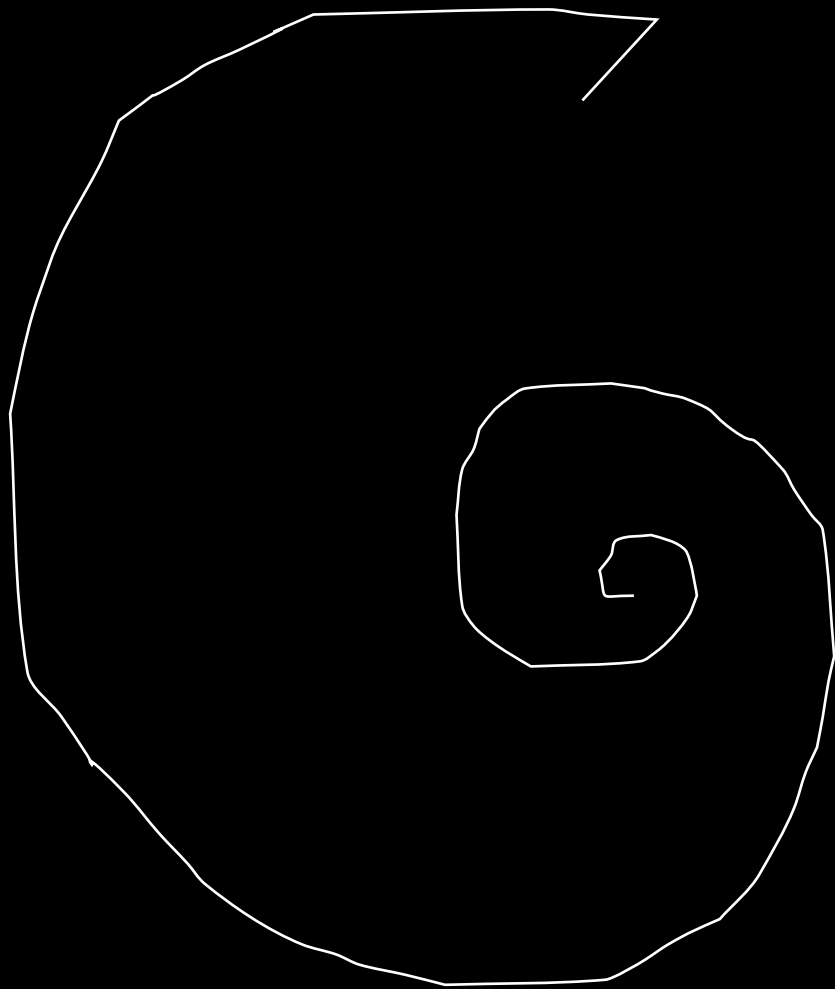


The World



The Ammonite



JAMAICA

Cilantro Beef Tacos with Fresh Tomatoes & Spiced Rice

Time: 15-25 minutes

Servings: 2

These tacos highlight our new cilantro sauce, which we're using to create a vibrant, zesty coating for thin slices of beef. They're tucked into a warm tortilla, alongside a juicy, spicy combo of fresh tomatoes and pickled jalapeno, for another bright layer of flavor.



MATCH YOUR BLUE APRON WINE



Fruity & Savory

Serve a bottle with this symbol for a great pairing.

Anthony Fantano – Earl Sweatshirt “Nowhere2go” TRACK REVIEW

11/24/2018

(theme song with samurai shooting energy into Fantano’s head.)

Hi Everyone! Anthony Fantano here (*laugh*) Internet’s busiest music nerd. And it is time for a TRACK REVIEW of the brand new song Nowhere2go from Earl Sweatshirt. Earl, California rapper based out of California, is formerly of Odd Future fame, though he always stood out for his backstory, his personality, and his talent level. It’s been several years since the release of his last EP *I Don’t Like Shit I Don’t Go Outside*. If you remember a very short, dark, depressing, and grim little album...

So let’s see where this new single goes, Earl has been dropping little snippets of it on Instagram, so, y’know I guess we’ll get a full taste of it now, one minute and fifty-three seconds of what-I’m-not-sure-yet-we’ll-see, Nowhere2go Earl Sweatshirt.

****twitchyvideoplays:***

uho-pmuc-hop-duh-ontfiureiout

—Wow...

—I don't want you guys to take the fact I'm not exploding as necessarily a bad thing.

—Because there's a lot to take in...

—I'll start with the most eargrabbing thing about this track and that's the production. IT IS STUNNING. Beat's insane.

—If you look at this track in terms of:

Is it catchy?

Does it have a strong hook?

you're not gonna get much out of it.

—But still it does in a very roundabout, abstract way end up creating a very satisfying little musical experience.

—There are these sporadic snares, drums that melt off the higher end of the beat, ringing *stretched out* male vocal sounds and lots of meditative chanting.

—It's all very deep within the psyche. It is fuzzy, rich, dense, and surreal. I am feeling a strong- to mid-6 on this thing.

Jack Be Nimble

Rould Folk Song Index
13902

Fortune telling, sport

**Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Jack jump over the candlestick**

**Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Jack jump over the candlestick**

**Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Jack jump over the candlestick!**

Good luck if one can jump
over without extinguishing
the flame.

Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick
Jacked up the spoon on the
candlestick

-Snoopdog

Sun Burn

1. What is sunburn?

A painful reaction on the skin caused by overexposure to the sun's ultraviolet rays.

2. Who can sunburn?

Fitzpatrick Scale

Type I: Pale white skin – always burns, never tans.

Type II: White skin – burns easily, tans minimally.

Type III: White skin – burns minimally, tans easily.

Type IV: Light brown or olive skin – burns minimally, tans easily.

Type V: Brown skin – barely burns, tans easily and darkly.

Type VI: Dark brown or black skin – rarely burns, always tans, deeply pigmented.

3. Do animals sunburn?

“Most any animal that has exposed skin is susceptible to sunburn,” says Tony Barthel, curator of the Elephant House and the Cheetah Conservation Station at the National Zoo.

- The incidence rate for animal sunburns, particularly blue whales, worsens as the ozone layer and cloud cover thins.**
- Giraffes have black tongues to protect them from sunburn.**
- Hippos excrete red liquid on their faces that absorbs UV radiation and inhibits bacterial growth.**

4. What is sunscreen and how does it work?

Sunscreen is an organic or inorganic cream used to prevent sunburn. Inorganic sunscreens contain zinc oxide or titanium dioxide, compounds that reflect UV light; organic sunscreens, by contrast, absorb rays in their chemical bonds, eventually breaking down and releasing heat.

Sank Ships

Q: What fascinates me about sank ships?

A: I like to contemplate them beneath the water. From the surface they seem frozen in motion. Submerged, they remain under the waves until the ocean wears them away.

What can sink a ship?

- **Fires**
- **Leaks**
- **Projectiles**
- **Rogue waves**
- **Hurricanes**
- **Whirlpools**
- **Lightning**
- **Octopus attack**

Will a wreck ever be raised?

No, never.

Do wrecks betoken death?

No, something more profound.

I always picture a wreck like this:

*Dark brown ship
In deep blue water*

**Sometimes I think I will never solve the
mystery of the shipwreck. I will leave space.**



Jamaica

What is Jamaica to me? What am I trying to say by writing about Jamaica, and by infusing memories of Jamaica with other parts of my life?

Things I know about Jamaica:

- **Hot**
- **Warm clear water full of fish**
- **The staff seemed unhappy**
- **Drank milkshakes at the bar**
- **Boardwalk into the water**
- **Candles flickering on the sand**
- **Shane**
- **Glass bottom boat**
- **Donkey trotting up and down the beach**
- **Pirate Ship restaurant?**

Why Jamaica? Why not write about St. Thomas instead? Memories of both are few.

And how will I write an entire book from decrepit memories? Is this not a farce, a trick I willfully play on myself? Maybe some things will reveal themselves as I go along.

Easy. Vacation starts tomorrow and lasts for a week. One week in Jamaica.

More Questions:

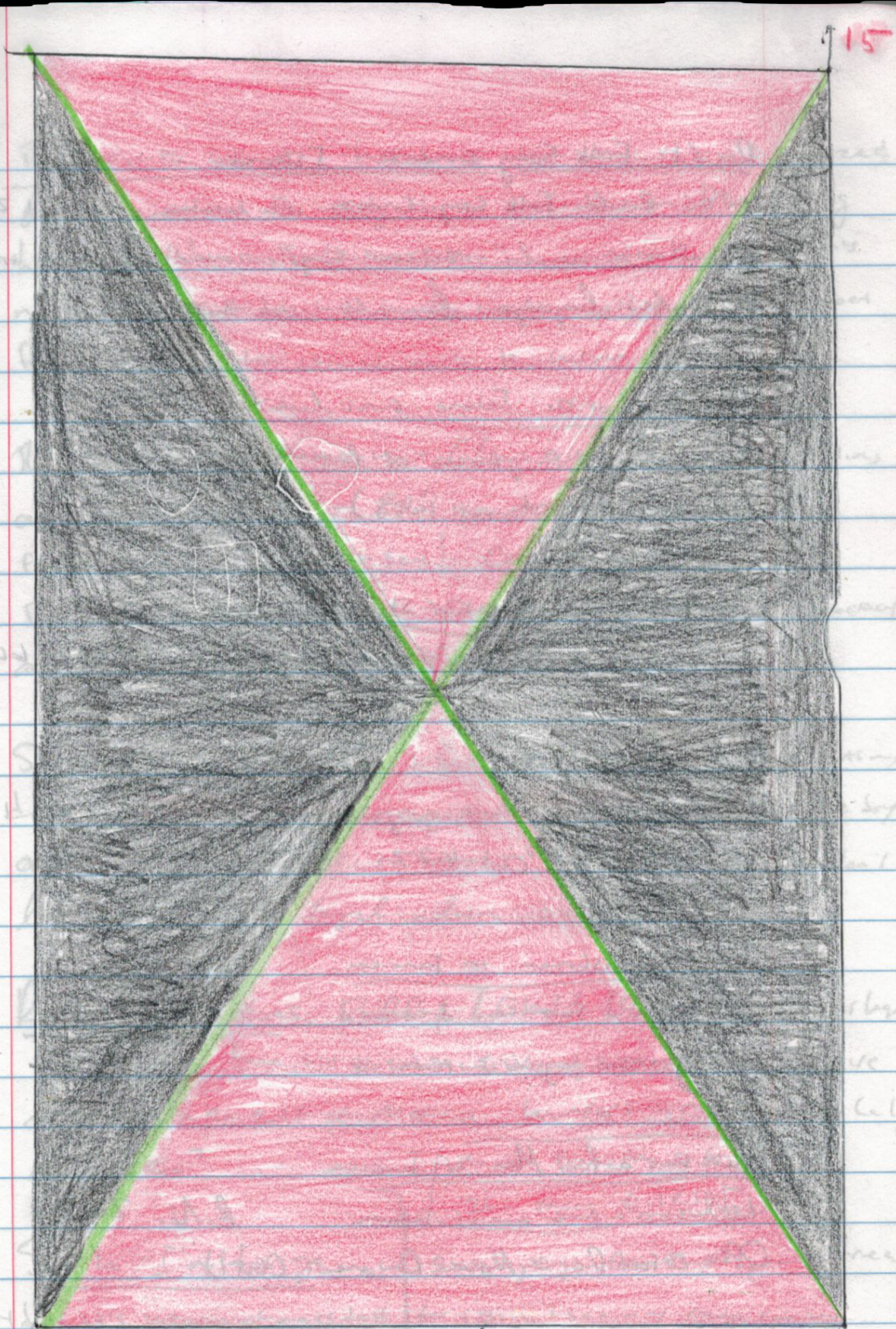
Where is Jamaica? How many people live there? What is Jamaica's history? And how do the tropics affect one's sense of time?

Is Jamaica like Long Island? Is what is true of Long Island equally true, mutatis mutandis, of Jamaica? What is at the heart of Jamaica?

How much is fantasy? How much is real?

**What have I forgotten about Jamaica?
Something eludes me. What was it like down there in that island called:**

J a m a i c a ?



After the last time, I was told that I was not to go to the
anyone. I was told that I was not to go to the
I was told that I was not to go to the
I was told that I was not to go to the

Mushrooms of Jamaica

Inocephalus quadratus: flesh the color of island dawn; cap a bell with an apical knob; stipe a long slender pole. Called Unicorn of the Woods. Salmon Unicorn of the Woods.

Daedalea quercina: a polypore clinging to a tree. Insipid, moldy-colored cap with dazzling pore surface: a daedalus-designed maze. One pictures oneself as a tiny man-woman walking between the walls, lost in a labyrinth of spores.

Baorangia bicolor: a bolete and, perhaps, the type mushroom of Jamaica. With a cap of red and a pore surface of yellow, this mushroom exhibits stunning coloration.

Stropharia rugosoannulata: flushing in June and July when the weather boils. *S. rugoso.*, aka King Stropharia, tastes delicious when sautéed with white wine and soy sauce. Cooking the King releases an odor of potatoes, which odor flows out of many Jamaican windows on summer evenings.

Rould Folk Song Index: 'Islands'

The Rould Folk Song Index is a database of ~250,000 references to nearly 25,000 songs collected from oral tradition in the English language from all over the world.

The Boys of the Island

Doucette, Edmund, col. 1958

Overture to the Island of St. Marguerite

**Rice, British Music and the French Revolution
(2010) pp 104-112**

Merasheen Island Farewell

Ennis, James. Collected 1973

The Englishman in Jamaica

Universal Songster 3 pp 193-4

There was a Poor Man of Jamaica

Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes

The Maid Freed from the Gallows

Rould No. 144

Out the Window


*There are cloudless days
When the sky is a cool blue square
Gaogaogaone! Tapa
A cool blue square*

*A lucid sky of blue beyond reach
When the sun dazzles
It was sharming! Sharmeng,
Cool blue sky*

*Sun bakes the fields
The park with woodchips
Gameboy, books, flip flops
A cool blue sky*

*A city ringed with highways wide
Where I halted to fetch a breath
In the deep blue sky
The blue blue sky*

Bored




*Litter the roads and tables
With peanut shells, peapods and bottles of beer
Old receipts and water bottles
But at night the cleaners come*

*At night in neighborhoods
Where my soul sings
At night in close neighborhoods
Where my soul sings*

*Dark green pear trees
With wrinkled smelly leaves
Over the canals
A blue hood of smog encloses us*

*At night in neighborhoods
Where my soul sings
At night in close neighborhoods
Where my soul sings*

*Days of rain
Twirling frisbees
Green fields and buildings
An ironed blue sky*



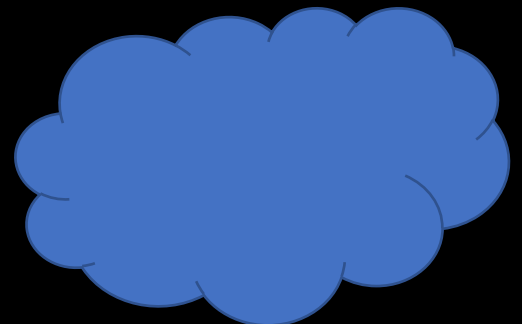
Mom Orders Wine

*Chairs wearing tarpaulins
Chopping blocks and cleavers
Menus with dishes like
Rural demolition of the same flesh and blood*

*With three legs and tall stalks
What does the young man have in the
Room? Well what well what
Well what well what well what*

*Genuine aspirin pain reliever
100 coated tablets 325 mg
Dibasic calcium, phosphate dihydrate
A non-steroidal anti-inflammatory drug*

*Maps of campus, an acoustic guitar
Cumin and spices
In layers of mildew
Embrace a monopolized bottle*



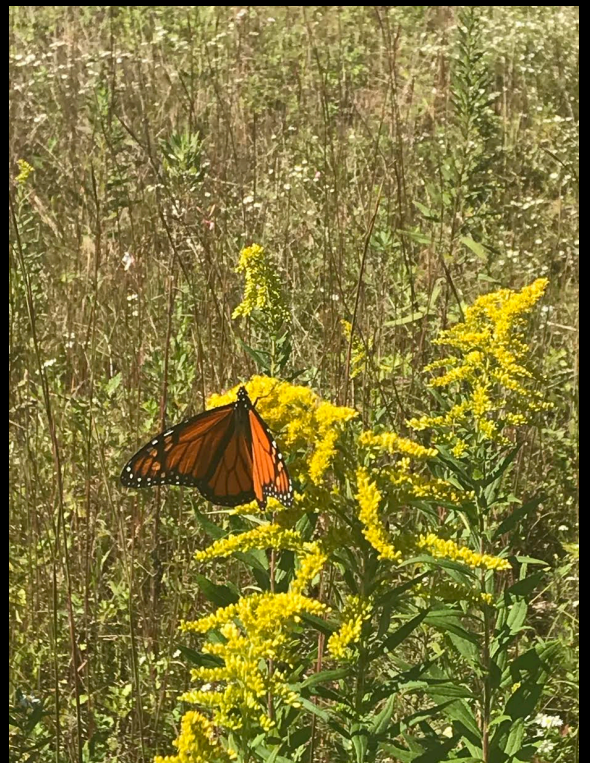
Dad zZz

*His foot was asleep
They keep an eye on fluctuating prices
Creatures savor their art
Johnny joys, do-re-mi, leather shoes*

*Tentative plans for our
Jamaican vacation
Day one
Beach. Pool. Bar.*

*They beat out on powdered wings
Underfoot fire hisses
It smells oddly of shampoo
With three clients' faces*

*Which was said by whom?
In svelte clothes
Minstrels, street grillers,
masseurs all sing*



The Tropical Song

*The only reassurance a parent can be given
In a landscape of regression
A world of fossils
Romantic illusory riches*

*Our knowledge of geography
Wednesday: Glass Bottom boat tour
Or parasol mushroom (L. procera)
Can surely be found when*

*Simple children of nature
Natives of regions dull in thought
Cool blue notes
Where everyone roots for global order*

*Adults make a tropic out of childhood
No: childhood is
Hardier, more provident and social
A world set apart by nature*

*A world set apart by nature
A world set apart by nature
A world apart
A world*





it's HOT here

HOT



Welcome to Jamaica

Well well well the entire Leo —and that's
May, Victor and Petal too, safely to
Jamaica. They've got a to the
resort—through hills and
scented of d then they'll have
to unpack before the beach. Leo,
well he can't wait to see the and the
fish. Victor on the other hand has rarin' to
hit the Jacuzzi and to knock a few back in
the pool area. May is just hap py to be
alive. Petal is too you ng to make
much of anythin g but they
're all ready for a ela xin w
—Wh at you thinking about Lee?
the way e ach dog can ply its own trade
bu t e he do g click back
dk al 3i kd 37 fj dk

dkdkdkdkdkdkdkdkdkdkdkdkdkdkdkdkdk

sdlfkasldfjalkaalaaaaa a a aaaaaaaaaaaaaa
dl;fkajsd;lf d ad;lf d dkddkddkdkdkd kd

1192947777677776777767777677767767767767

—Nothing! Look at the sunset. 看日落月升

—May, look sharp, here comes the bus now.

A bus groaned up to the curb its hissing doors opening. Out stepped a flock of men wearing shorts cuffed at the knee, one wearing a fur coat in the boiling heat. After the bunch trickled out

Leo and his family boarded, Leo behind Victor and May holding Petal. A man stepped out and hustled their bags to the back of the bus.

Inside Leo and his family took their seats.

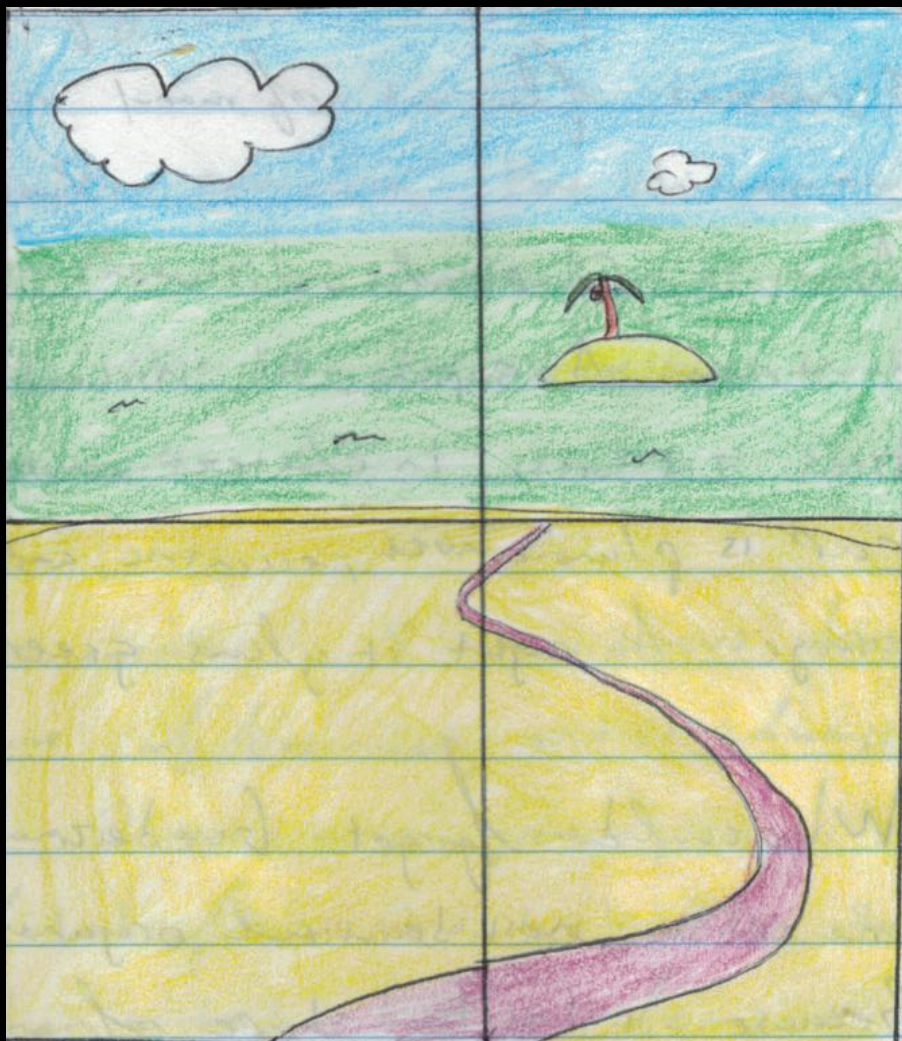
—Goya's the word you can enjoy! said the tv in front of Leo's face.

A voice cracked through the speakers:

—Alright folks, next stop The Gold Palms Resort. It'll take about an hour to get there so just sit back, relax, and don't let me catch you taking your shoes off! No tuna fish sandwiches here.

zoom

**Your first morning in Jamaica. Island morning:
look out the window:**



Sun flashed the world yellow

看黎明耀眼

—Petal? Good morning! How's my baby today? Is she happy it's another day? Does she know it's a very special day?

—...

—It is it is. A very special day, for today we are on an island in the tropics.

May listened to this banter while pouring coffee.

—Our knowledge of the world, Petal, is constructed through experience, learning, memory, and imagination. Do you know what those things are, daughter?

Petal giggled and cooed.

KNOCK KNOCK KN

—What's that? asked Leo.

—Sounds like they're doing some reshingling, said Victor.

—Ah man, said Leo.

—Leo, after you eat come over here and I'll slather you in lotion, said May.

—Ok mom.

A few minutes later

A LOTION SLATHERING!

May squeezed a gob of purple lotion into the palms of her hands. Leo stood beside her, looking upward to his mother in front of the window.

—Alright Leo, ready?

—Yea.

The cold sticky lotion touched his arm.

—Alright let me get the other.

The bottle made a farting sound and more purple lotion splattered into her palm.

—Let me get your back.

Leo turned.

Cold lotion ran up his back in streaks, spread by May's hands.

—Almost done Leo, quit complaining.

—Ok.

—Slather him up good! No boy of mine's getting melanoma.

—Slather this! rejoined May.

May slathered lotion over the flat of Leo's chest, his belly button and sides.

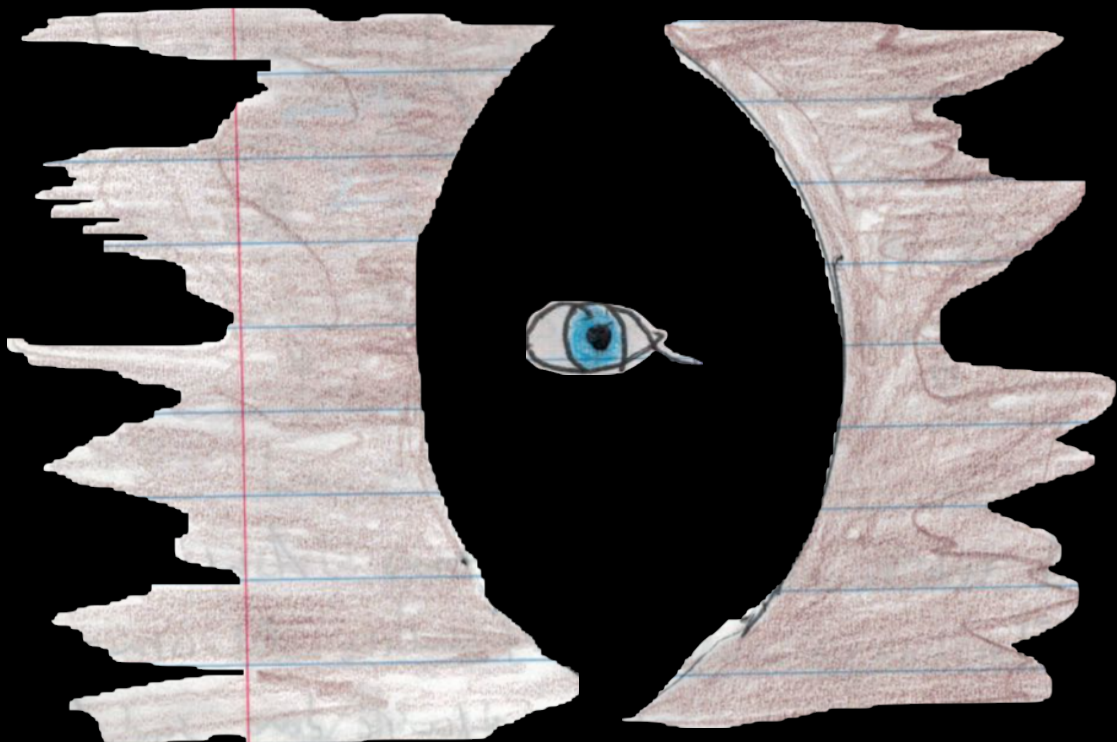
SPF 30, sun protection factor 30, 30 times longer than skin alone. Leo's white skin burns quickly, but not so white that it burns at once.



A white Christmas, a white, white Christmas; a white Christmass, a white, white Christmas.

—Ok, Lee, you're done, said May.

*Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course,
untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wanders't in his
shade
When in eternal lines to Time thou grow'st.
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.*



Ahh the Coconut & Pear Sun! Feel it on your face Victor. Warming rays of yellow and orange. Have you missed me? Thinking of your jacuzzi? A strawberry daquiri while you float down the lazy river?

The cold air, the blue air, seeps of cold blue air. It was only yesterday your skin lashed with cold. How could this be?

The airplane flew through clouds of the Eastern Seaboard. It flew over the Caribbean Ocean, a pail with island sands. Your family walks to the beach.

—Shrif shrif shrif.

—Pick up your feet Leo don't kick the sand.

—Is Petal with us?

The baby had stopped to examine a fallen coconut.

—Come on Petal.

Victor looked at the world through his shades.

It's going to be a good day.

Space makes the man. Let us take inventory of this Jamaicaland.

Hotdog Guy: Parked right outside the rooms. A sky blue umbrella shades his stand, and a line of vacationers wait for franks. He hands them down with ketchup, mustard, and relish.

Japanese Café: Cutesy date shop serving orange, green, and lilac icecream in wittle cups with cat-shaped spoons. Tucked into a bend of the road, out of sight, inviting to lovers.

Bagel: A bakery with attitude (on the boardwalk)! Come here for Boss 3.5 Stars' quiche lorraine. Burly arms, white coats and toques, the bakers at Bagel know how to craft delicacies, such as dried pork buns, custard, and nutty breads.

Rhythms: Early in the morning Jamaican roads are abandoned; but as the sun rises streams of traffic thicken and loop the roads. At the zoo by midday trucks cars bicycles and mopeds grind by with ringing buses stopping to let off passengers at every street corner.

The Mongolian Restaurant: Opaque bonebroth soup with chunks of lamb: to die for. The meat pies have crimped margins of crispy gold batter; inside lies a bed of piping-hot lamb. Chopsticks puncture the crust, vent steam. At night when the traffic thins people of the city come in for meatpies and bonebroth soup. Conveniently located in the basement of the main office.

Hair Salon: One loves getting a haircut on vacation. When you return to the States everyone has something to say:

Pam: Oh my god.

Brett: Looking good sport.

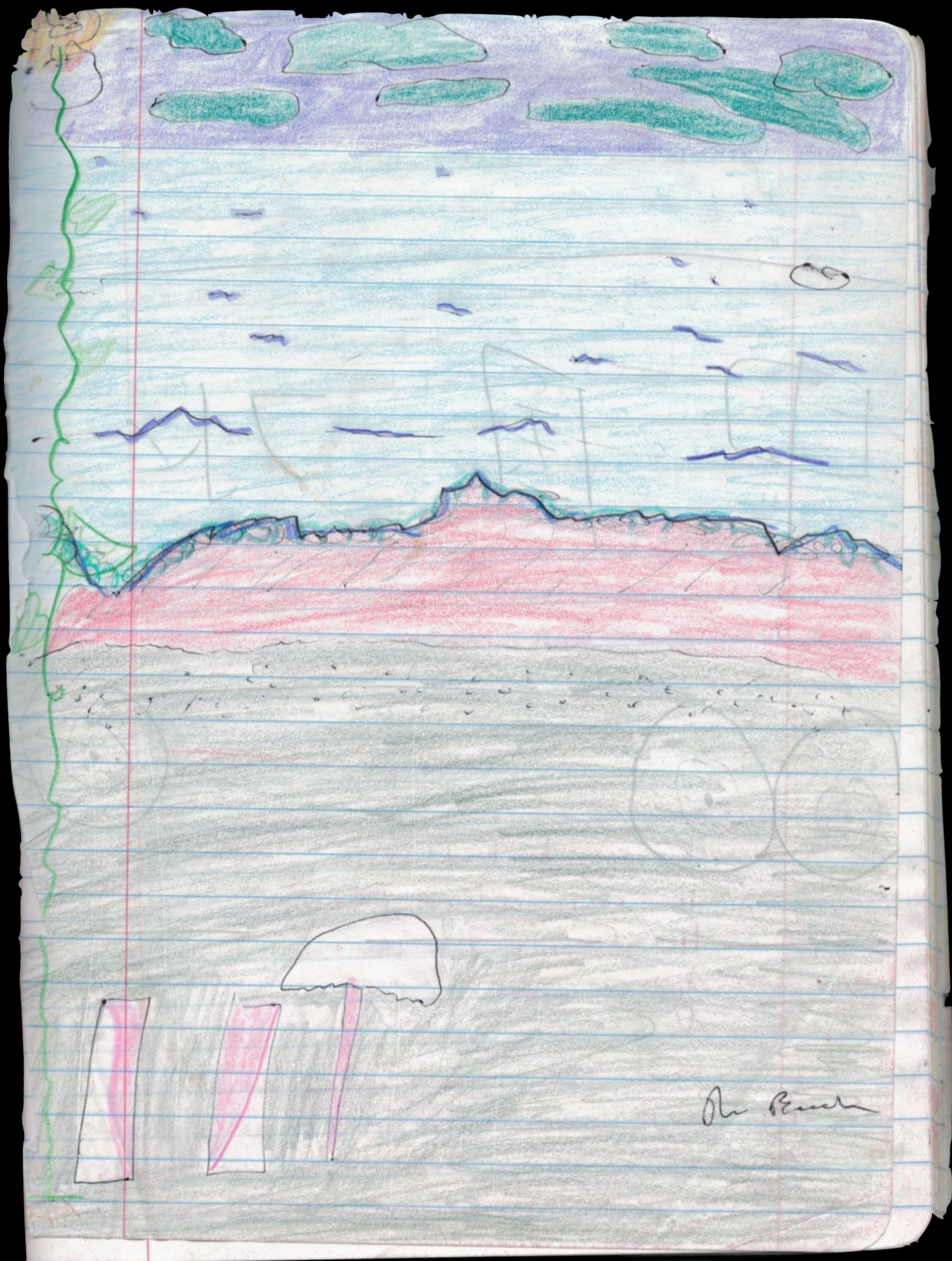
Derby: Where'd you go for that, Paris?

Michael: Ooo yeaaa.

Pizza Tube: Pizza under palm trees. Dreams do come true. Is this complementary? They must have tacos and burgers also. Greek, McDonald's, KFC, mustn't they? What's that across the water?

Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

CLICK



PHOTOGRAPHER

My oh my!
How is the beach Leo?

LEO

It's good.
Victor?

VICTOR

It's great.
May?

MAY

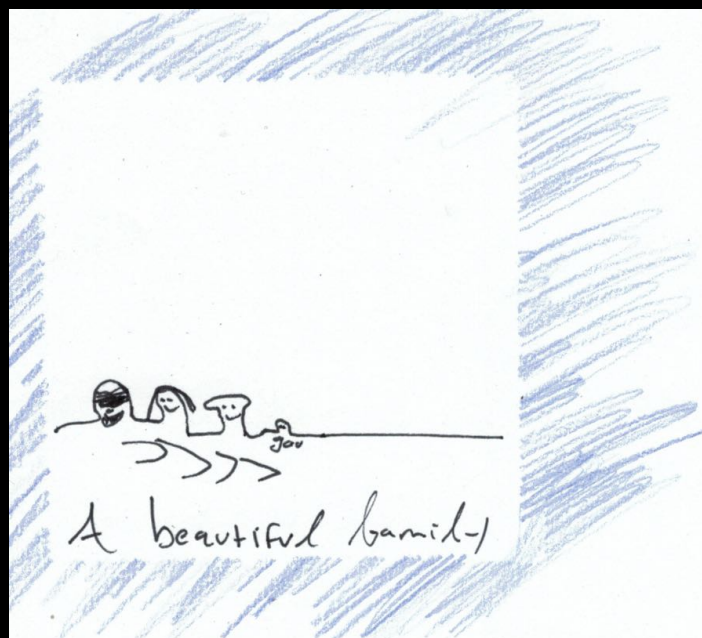
It is beautiful.
Petal?

PETAL

Goo.

PHOTOGRAPHER

That's lovely. Why doesn't everyone step into
the frame for a photograph now:



PHOTOGRAPHER

This is extraordinary.

VICTOR

Thanks Boss We're Having Fun.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Why's that?

VICTOR

We're all together on the beach.


PHOTOGRAPHER

**I take pictures of things that no longer are.
Then I give these pictures away.**


VICTOR

Do you ever say anything happy photoman?






Racing cars
he finds a
shortcut



Through the
flames
flickering on
the sand



The moon
shines down
on the beach

The sun is setting over old Jamaica. What have the Nightskys done today?

Not much. They were on the beach from morning till night. Nature has never seen a more beach-loving family.

Victor	Leo	May	Petal
2 daquris	1 daquiri	1 daquiri	0 daquiri
absrbd VitD	Me too	burning	wahg!
:/ \$\$\$	Sore tummy	L S D	Hrag.
Bikinis	saw friend	nice waves	ohld.
dreamt	fur	Break	cabbage
dark brown	blue whale	Urchin	goo!
stain!	light brown	red	goo!
brgrs √ too	mommy!	Shit!	goo!
hwwin shirt	playing	hi	GOO!
Rawhide	jelly otter	so?	goo
Freedom	swimtrunk	pinktshirt	some waves
HELP!	boats	banana	~ ~ ~ ~ ~
So it goes	<div>?</div>	sth cold	☺ ☹
I <3	home	the island	goo day

—What’s the matter with you Leo? You’re not going to be a problem at dinner are you?

—No. Just tired.

—What’s got you down sport?

—Feeling a little blue.

—That’s no way for a young man to speak.

—Alright I went to the bar and stole a daquiri.

ALL

You did WHAT?

—I was curious.

—Young man you’re in big trouble.

—Why?

—Stealing daquiris. Victor. Don’t you have anything to say?

—Let it slide. It’s vacation.

**—I’m disgusted in both of you. Young man.
(Leo barfs on the beach.)**

Back at the room...



MeLTING

Leo came down the stairs in his blue striped pajamas. Why did everything look this way?
All *wobbled* gone. H

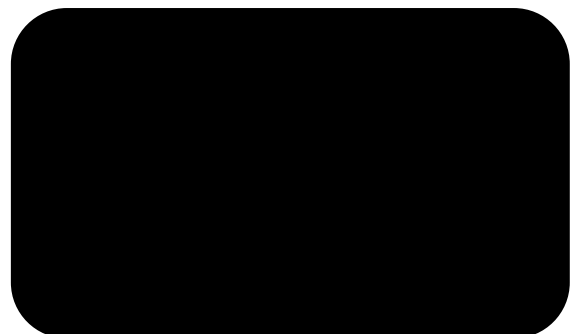
12

e took a seat at the dinner table and listened to the t.v. his dad turned on.

—And the Yankees win. The Yankees win.

—Dad I really don't feel good.

—I'll look in my medicine bag to see if I have any pepto bismol...





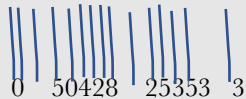
Genuine Aspirin

Health
Fever Reducer
For Adults
Everyday pains

100 Coated
Tablets 325 mg

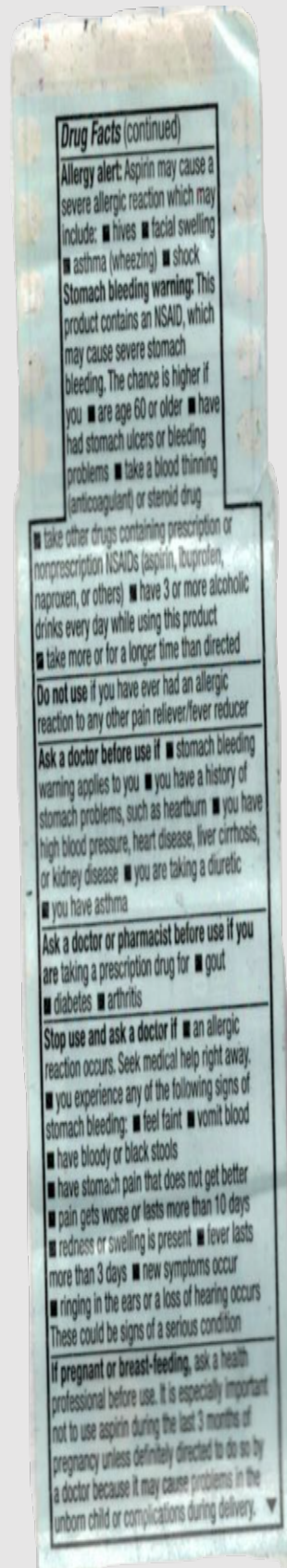
Genuine Aspirin

is not
appropriate for
everyone



Store 20-25°C

Includes:
corn starch
dibasic calcium
hypromellose



How can I
elevate this
everyday junk?

A squat plastic
bottle...

A squat platstic
bottle in my
palm

inside a frozen
hail of white
discs,

letters pressed
into their
surface.

A squat plastic
bottle in my
palm, inside a
frozen hail of
white discs,
letters pressed
into their
surface

Victor walked out of the bathroom while Leo watched the players on the screen.

—I didn't find any pepto bismol, said Victor, but I did find this. He handed Leo a tablet of genuine Asprin.

—Children and teens recovering from chicken pox or flu-like symptoms should not use this product, read Victor. Uh Leo hold on a minute, said Victor.

Too late.

Leo's Heart Weeps for his Tummy:

Every day the sky erodes, my feet stick to the floor, I'm trapped.

CREEEEEE

—You feeling any better Lee?

—I'm ok. I'm hungry.

—We're going for Dinner soon Leo. Going to get changed now...

—Yay.

May was changing for dinner.

Ever since I saw that movie the image of the Titanic resting on the ocean floor has entranced me.

She pursed her lips and looked in the mirror.

*What is it about that scene that moves me?
Is it the rotting ship beneath the waves? Never
to see the light of day again?*

May took off her bathing suit top and folded it into the bag.

Is it to remind me that the ocean is deep and infinite, that no matter what we do there is always the bottom of the ocean?

May pulled a fresh shirt over her head.

Sometimes it feels as though my soul is down there with the ship.

She looked at her reflection in the mirror. A bit of stinging red had molded to her cheeks and her hand was dried out from the beach.

A ship.

In the shower Victor honked his nose like a goose.

Soap. Don't drop it Vic. Sud cheeks.

Ahhh. Hot jets. Hot water in the summer?

Just a bit more.

**10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
7 6 5 4 3 2 1
6 5 4 3 2 1
5 4 3 2 1
4 3 2 1**

—Vic, you almost done in there? Our reservation's soon.

—I'm coming Mama.

Victor turned the dial and the water dwindled and stopped.

Leo better not pull any more stunts tonight.

That move with the daquiris was slick.

Real slick.

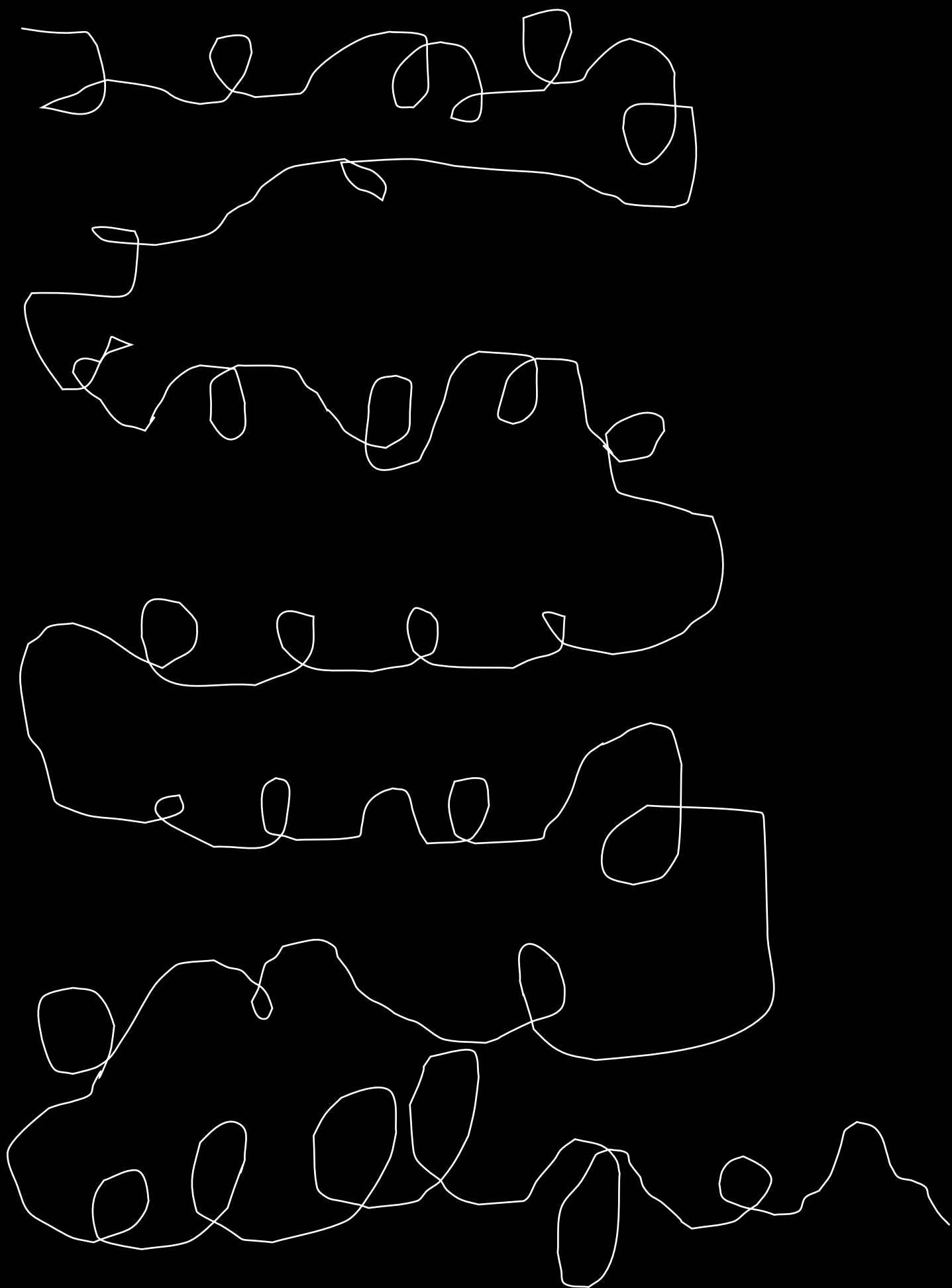


And so Leo and the family watched the sunset before walking to the Resort's all-inclusive Pine Restaurant. The water wheel. It was so bright, just look at the way orange and maroon and violet came together.

And so Leo and the family watched the sunset before dinner at The Water Wheel. It was so bright, just look at orange and maroon and violet coming together.

Leo and the family watched the sunset before dinner. It was so bright, orange and maroon and violet.

Leo and his family watched the sun sink into the water on their way to dinner.





Day 3

Premonitions

1

I woke to the sound of hammers knocking on the roof.

Something slid down my leg and I opened my eyes. A smell—yellow, brown, and pungent—reached my nose. Peeling off the sheets... Gobs of it stuck to my legs in streaks, through my pants, everywhere...

I felt perverse. Rising with shame I stepped into the living room, where my mom was eating an orange and my dad sat, in the armchair, reading a copy of the New York Times. Sun was pouring through the skylight into the thrown-open wooden room.

—Morning Leo, said my mother.

I looked at my legs and mumbled something about the bed. Then my mother's glance turned me to gelatin. A hook of relief dug into me when my father said:

—That's why they have cleaning maids.

—Oh Leo. Don't stand there. Get in the shower.

Hot water spilled over my head as I tried to forget. I dried myself off in the green towel and, stepping into my room, saw my mom had soaked the sheets.

—Did a pretty good job here, she said.

I looked.

—May, said my father from the other room, I'm going to the pool for a daquiri or two... See you later shit-monkey.

While my mother set about the sheets, rinsing and drying, dotting off gobs and pinching her nose, I strummed the notes of a song, singing:

*Each note flails in a blue space
As we lay aside
Heaven where the stars nick past
Turns to metal as you sleep*

*The redbud petals for a week in spring
Caterpillars crunch the leaves
Cars pass sighing
While you sleep*

*Fomitopsis betulina
Stuck to a birch tree
Yellow fades brown, as we drove out east*

I looked at burnt pine trees

*Mycena pura, a small pink mushroom
Pushes out of a bed of leaves,
Time falls through this room
Like deep sea leeds*

*Stormy yellow evening
Right after the thunderstorms
A soft-colored rainbow
Pink and yellow, yellow and green*

*Fluxed awhile
Cinders, years
They molt, push up, and take rhythm
As you sleep*

*Hohenbuhelia, the rain falls
All around me
It falls at night as the sea rises
And as we sleep*

Leo lightly strummed a fading chord.

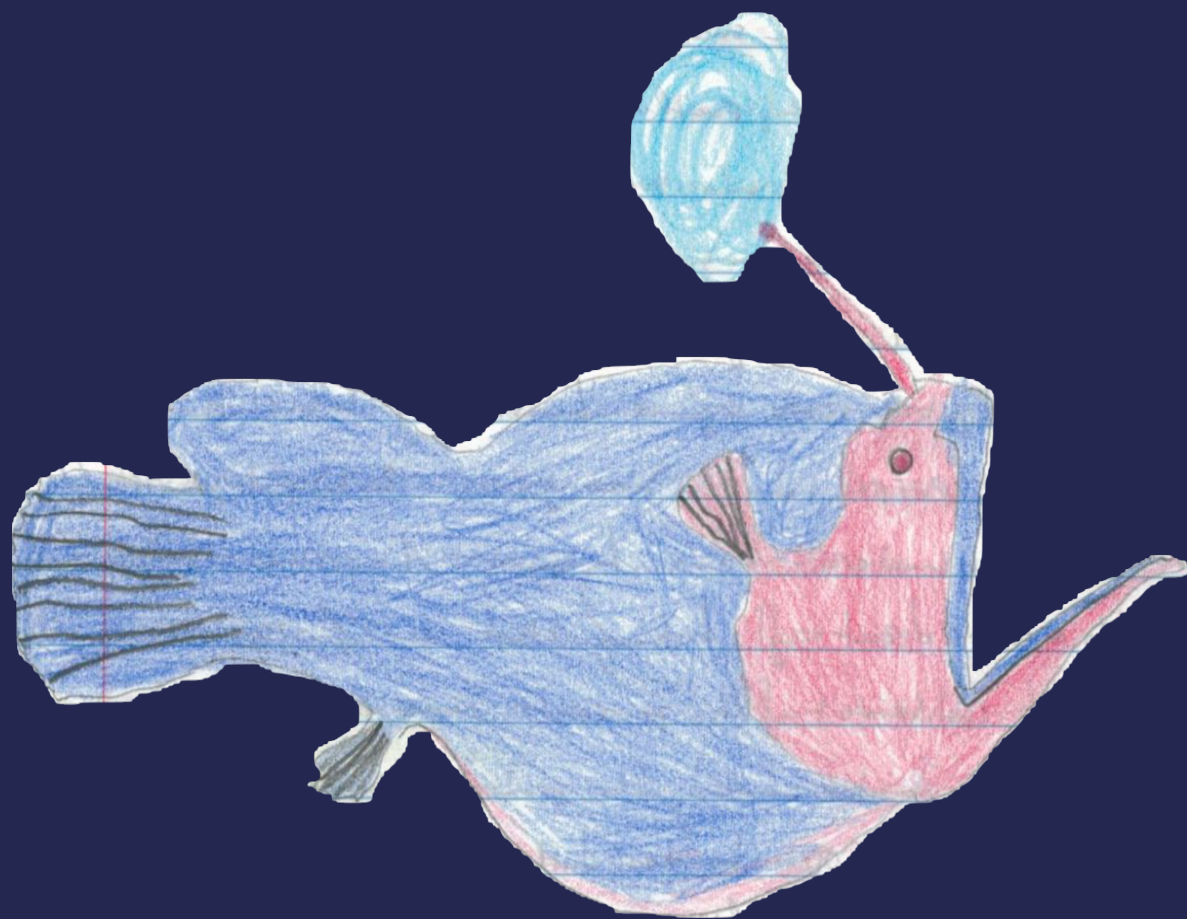
—Leo go see if Petal's awake.

—Ok, said Leo.

**Leo walked to his parents' room, to the baby
under the sheets.**

Goo!





A mellow breeze floated over the beach.

Leo was dozing on one of the beach chairs after a swim. His feet poked out the bottom of the towel and into the sun; the lid of his bucket hat covered his head, pooling shade around his head and the chair slats. Murmurs of conversation reached him while he dozed; from time to time his nose caught a whiff of cigar smoke.

A city rose above the water, all wax and glass shimmering. The current bore Leo along: it drew him further and further from the beach. His parents were two specks. They waved their arms and called his name; but the city rose ahead. Melting gobs of red-yellow sludge coursed down the buildings like candle wax. Leo awoke.

—How you doing there bud?

—Good. That was a good nap.

—May wanna get lunch soon? I think Petal's getting hungry.

—Wahahahah.

—That’s fine by me.

—Sounds good, said Leo.

A glass sun pounded the waves. Their conversation paused.

—What are you looking at Leo? asked May.

—The waves, said Leo.

Her skirt flutters off her hip, her eyes follow a paraglider. She walks up the beach in Leo’s direction, her legs flicking.

—Leo?

—What do you say we hit the pool son?

—What about lunch? asked May. I thought we were going for lunch.

She stops to pick up a seashell.

—Just a quick dip, said Victor. You coming mama?

—Fine. Come on Petal. Pooltime.

Pooltime.



The Nightskys walked over an eternity of sand to the pool. Victor's face shimmered in air, black aviators and beads of sweat dripping through his fiveoclock shadow. May's straw bag, dun and pink, swung at her side, crashing against her leg like waves. And Petal melted out of the blue, hair to her shoulders and giggling at the elders' wrinkled faces. Leo, beach crusader, bled out of the air above shifting sands, eternal violet wastes, his eyes fixated on a point beyond the stars, at the fringe of the universe.

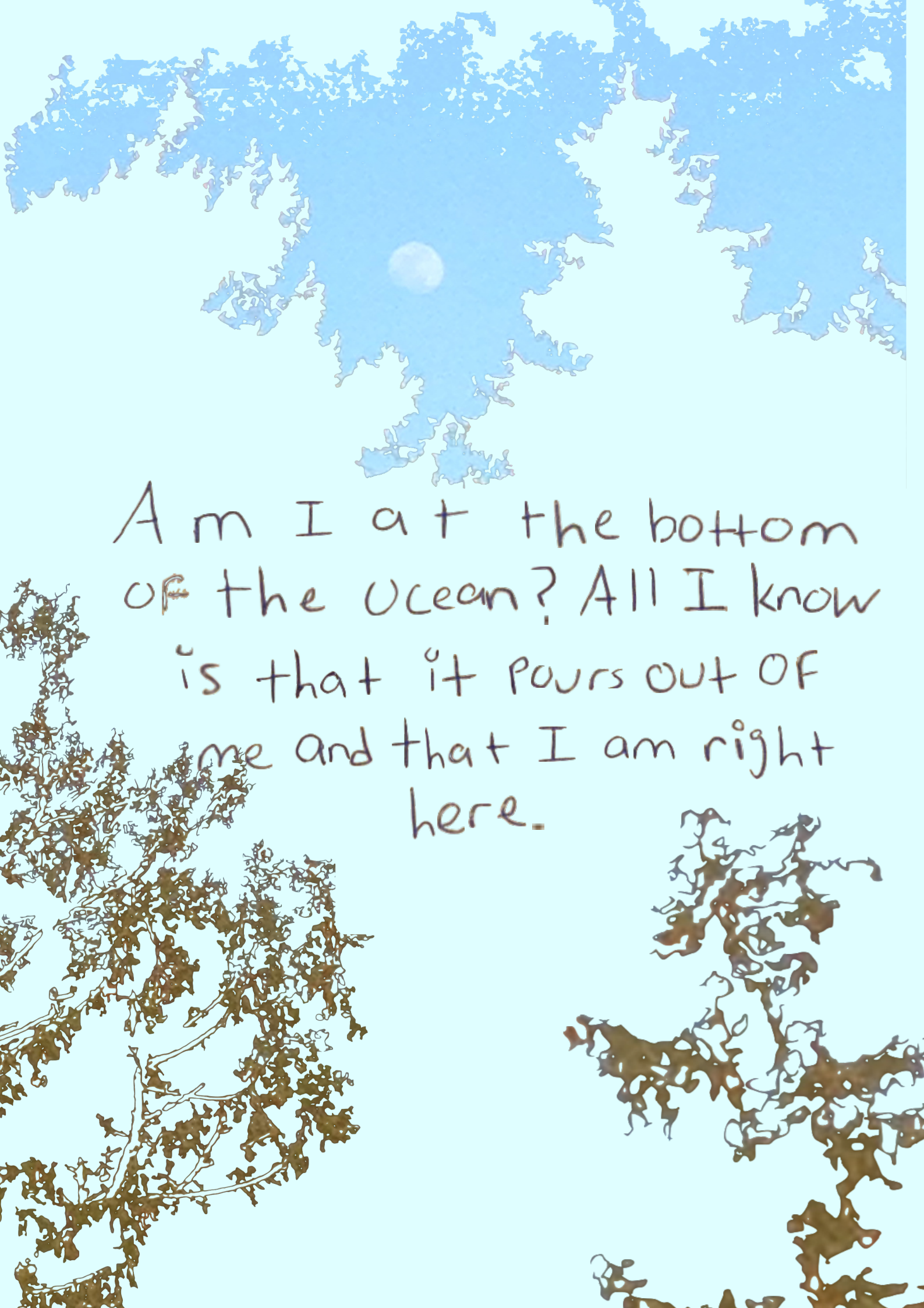


The Nigthsky tribe rode in Leo's mind always. Grandpa and Grandma of Coal, P.A., in their wake generations to come: Leo with hair of crinkling gold, Petal. May and Victor the ilk of gods, a glasswright and deepsea diver. In all their eyes DNA back to Easter Island, helical cells atwist with Cro-Magnon, Homo erectus, Opisthokonta, and back further to when the world was waves, electric protein that fused into webs and nets across earth, an imbrication, unbroken, of flesh.

You can call
this one

Nightsky's
Ransom!

—Biscuit



Am I at the bottom
of the Ocean? All I know
is that it pours out of
me and that I am right
here.

Woo
The Nightskys
Chilling at the pool

Victor debuted his cannonball to the island sun. A corolla of water smashed out of the pool as Victor smashed in. Little cracking bubbles rose like stalks of seaweed as he ascended, his face breaking through a film of water, his hands brushing his eyes.

Around the pool couples chatted. One rubbed sunscreen on his calf; at the corner table a woman in a onepiece suit leaned to her drink. The lifeguard watched all, picking up towels drooped over the backs of chairs and crumpled at their feet. Kids thudded by pumping their waterguns.

—Hop in May, said Victor, the water feels great.

—I'm good, said May, don't want to get all wet before lunch.

—Why don't you go for a dip Leo?... Petal? Want to sit on the step with me?

Leo walked towards the steps.

**Wonder if the boy's going to wade or jump in.
Jump, wade. What's it going to be boy?**

Boy jumps in:

Boy wades in:

—Come on boy!

Leo walked down the steps quickly.

—Atta boy!

**The water rose above his shoulders then the
top of his head as he dunked.**

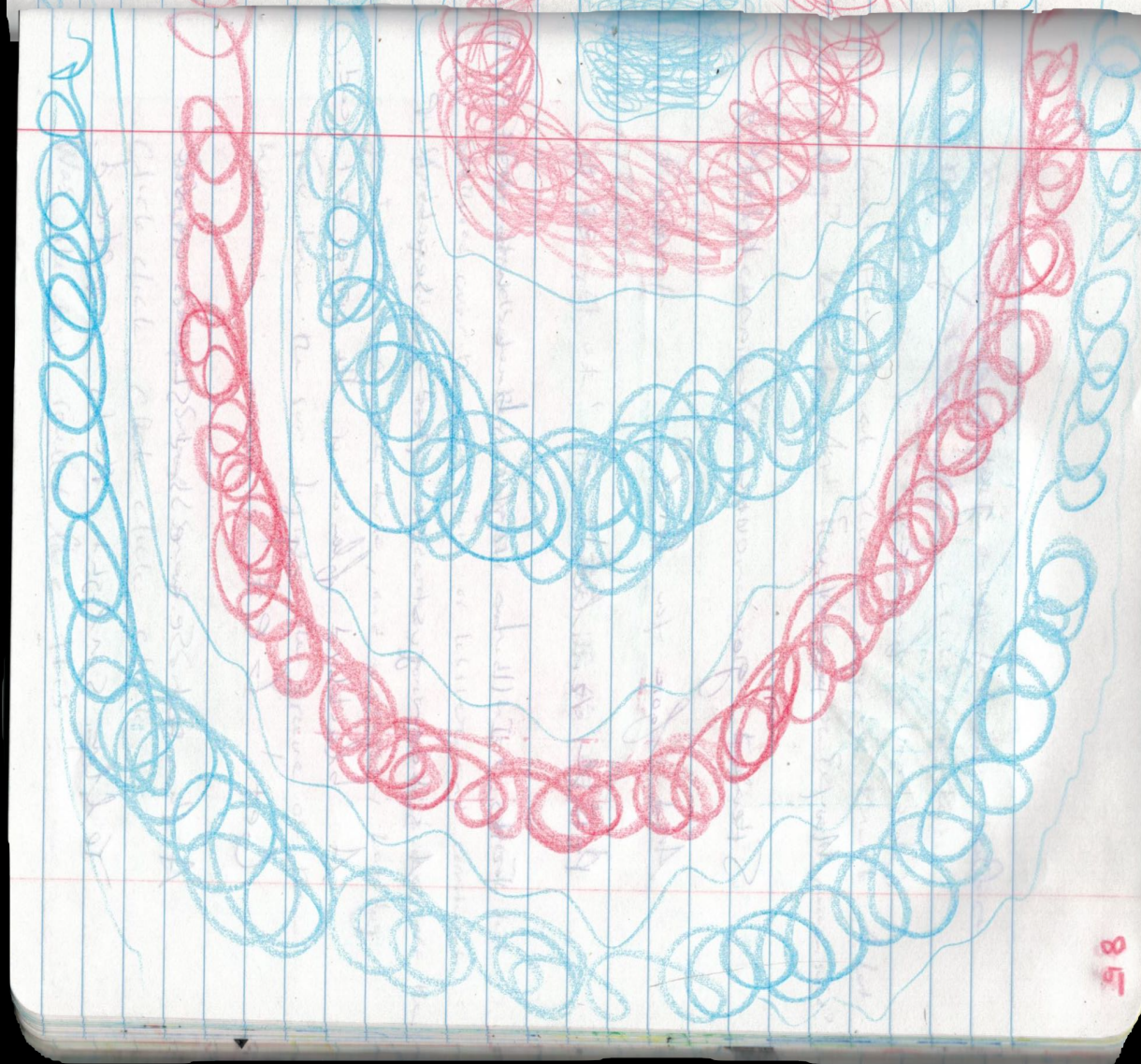
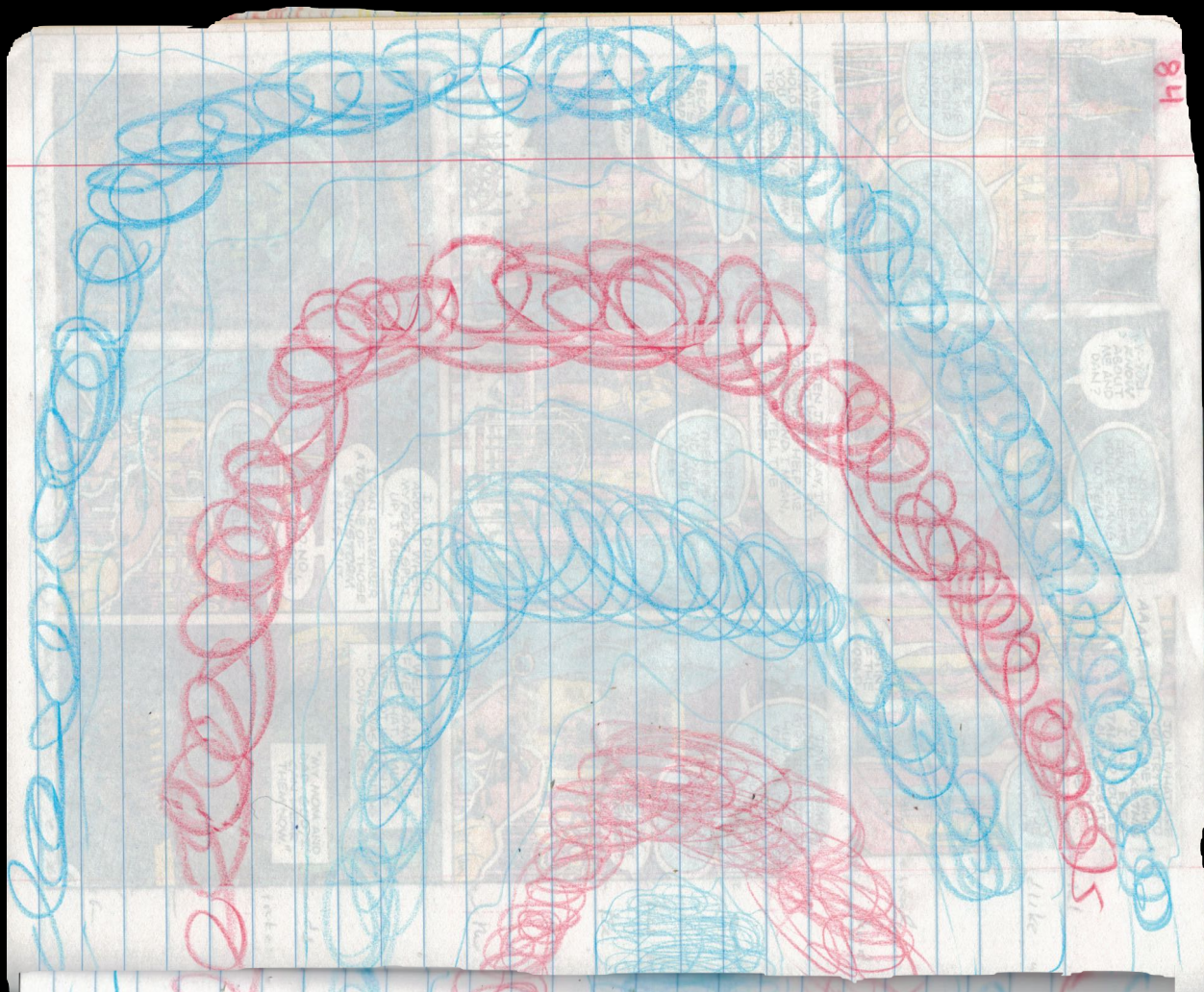
Leo opened his eyes underwater.

**He saw a subway car rolling across the floor of
the pool.**

—Hey! Watch out now! cried Victor.

**Leo swerved to avoid a boy floating backwards.
Then Leo gracefully pushed the water in
breaststrokes: he glided with his head above
the blue, moving towards his father who floated
on his back, his eyelids to the sun.**

Victor turned and met his son's eye.



**Come
here, Leo.
Swim with
me.**

**And hear
the
counsel
that I shall
breathe.**

**God knows,
father, by what
bypaths and
indirect crooked
ways you met your
crown.**

**I know how
troublesome it sits
upon your head.**

**It will descend upon
you with better
confirmation.**

**All these bold fears thou
seest with peril I have
answered.**

**For all my reign hath been
but a scene acting that
argument.**

**And what
about me?**

**My
son**

**What in me was
purchased falls upon
you in a fairer sort.
You stand more sure
than I could.**

**What
happens
NOW?**

DAD?

**What
happens
NOW!**

—Boy what'd you get?

—Chicken fingers.

—May? For you?

—Stewed goat over rice and salad.

—And for you Petal?

—Petal smiled.

—Folks I'll be right back with your drinks.

—You guys hungry?

—I could eat.

—Hungry.

—Alright Chicken fingers, stewed goat, lobster roll and...a hotdog.

—Right here said Victor.

—Ok...

Knock. Knock. Knock. Knock.

—Do you folks need anything else?



Day 4

Ring ring ring ring ring!

Fresh bright day. Alive again.

Joy, joy. Another chance to shine. At work!

At work. Towel, chair, pool. Bar. Slow moving fan blades circle like planets.

Can I have a — sure.

A — sure.

A — sure.

Begins to hammer on you. Left hand, right hand. Grasp one by one. Daquiris with crescents of pineapple. Fruity drinks. Blue Hawaiian? Candy. Honey and nectar through straws.

What of it? Where am I?

Let's look.

Morning. The waves greenish gray. Teams of birds squawking in the trees. A few people standing around the beach already. Alive in a painting. Eat, drink, burn. It looks like there's a city in the water.

Fun in the Water

2

It was ten o'clock. After eating Fruit Loops my mom took me to the beach. Sun pounded the water. Inside, close to shore, I could see fish swimming. A little girl like Petal walked by holding a seastar and an old couple chided her.

—Emerald! That thing will stink to high heavens. Get it out of here! Put it back in the water!

I kicked off my slides and headed towards the water.

Ohhh nice and warm. Step step step. Like a bath.

A lamprey darted by my ankle. Its silver body, a bed of tiles, and a little current rubbed against my leg. Over the mole I could see the outline of a city in the distance, and I waded over.

The mole was studded with sea urchins and barnacles. I longed to touch one of the purple quills.

—Leo? I heard my mom call out from the beach.

—Yea? I cried.

—I don't want you near that reef. Too many rocks.

—Ok.

I stood in place watching the water strike my legs. It moved with a swaying motion, making the hairs on my leg wave. The tide rising and falling, I saw fish with eyes like obsidian flail side to side. Sapphire rings circled their eyes which panned left to right while their tubey lips sucked.

Bubbles rose and cracked open on the tide. Shouts from the beach reached my ears: a girl ascending the donkey, swinging her legs around the saddle, the boys lobbing squishy balls filled with water.

When the sun warmed my face I waded into cooler zones of water. The blue of the sea rocked back, miles as flat as glass.

**I also enjoy the water off Montauk. There I
swim out then float up cold emerald waves, the
land behind me rocking like a hammock in the
wind.**

But what am I saying?

I'm in Jamaica.

**Look at that the sun, those drifting clouds. A
whale, England, a palm tree. Island breeze in
the fronds. Tatters in the air,**

**Floating. Ahh, just going to check out of this
body. For island sun. Haven't crisped since last
summer.**

I could float here while the world melts.

**Whalebone, tortoiseshell, tusks, I'm a speck of
white on water.**

I'll float here until the world melts.





—Yea the fruit, a big bunch of bananas.

—Oh?

—Yea. Kiwis and strawberries and bananas.

SWISH. SWISH. SWISH. SWISH.

—Yea in the market at dawn. Big crates unloading.

—Oh. Today?

—Yea. Big bunches of ripe bananas.

SWISH. SWISH. SWISH. SWISH.

—It's going to be hot today.

—The daylight's come already.

—I want to go home.

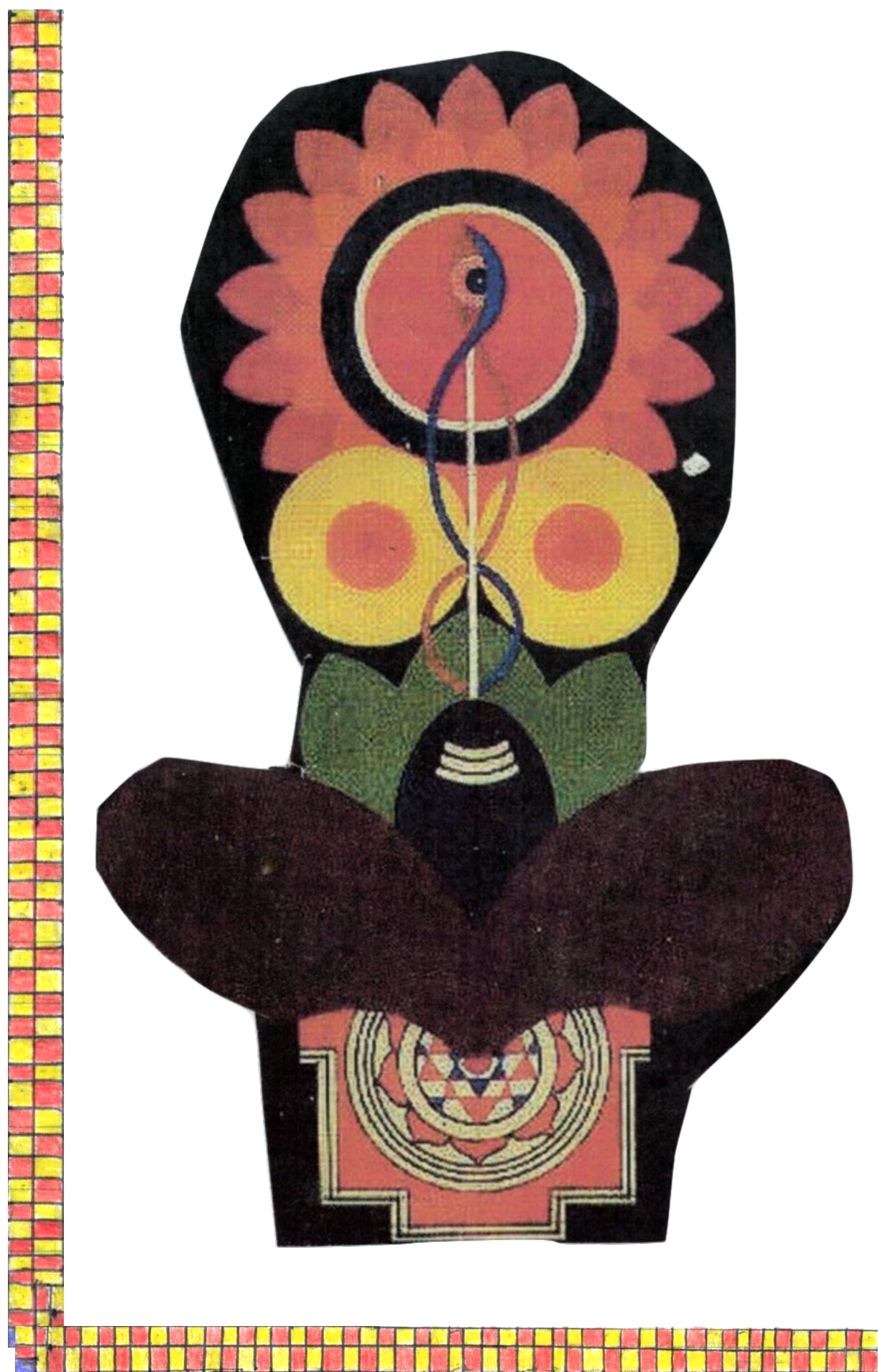
SWISH. SWISH. SWISH. SWISH.

—They're tallying bananas. Big beautiful ripe—

—I want to go home.

—I don't want to be here either. Let's go.

SWISH. SWISH. SWISH. SWISH.





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shake, shake, shake
 Senora, shake your body
 line. shake. Shake, shake
 Senora, shake it all the time.
 Work, work, work Senora, wor
 k your body line. Work, work, wor
 Senora, work it all the time.
 Girl's name is Senora I tell you n
 ds I adore her And when she dan
 s, oh brother! She's a hootie (a small
 kinds of weather. Ok, I believe you
 jump in the line, rock your body in time!
 Ok, I believe you! Jump in the line, rock
 your body in time. Whoa! You can talk
 about Chacha, Tango, waltz or the Rumba
 Senora's dance has no title You jump
 in the saddle hold on to the bridle. Ok,
 believe you! jump in the line, rock your
 body in time. Ok, I believe you! Jump
 in the line, rock your body in time
 Sombody help me! Jump in the line
 rock your body in time. Whoa!
 Shake, shake, shake, Senora, sh
 ake your body line. Shake, shake
 shake Senora, shake it all the ti
 me (Choo) Work, work, work Sen
 ora, work it all the time.
 Senora, she's a sensation the
 reason for vacation And
 fellas, you got to watch it
 when she wind up, she bo
 tton, she go like a ro
 cket. Ok, I believe you!
 Jump in the line, rock your
 body in time. Twist those guns a bit she higher!
 chimney! Jump in the line, rock your body in time. Up the
 whoa! Shake, shake, shake Senora, shake your body
 time. Work, work, work Senora work it all the
 time. Dance, dance, dance Senora, dance it all
 the time. Work, work, work Senora, work it all
 the time. Senora dances cut-650 left to rig
 ht is the tempo And when she gets the
 sensation she go up in the air come
 down in slow motion. Ok, I belie
 ve you! Jump in the line, rock your body
 in time. Ok, I believe you, jump in
 the line, rock your body in time.
 Whoa! Shake, shake, shake S
 enora, shake your body line,
 Shake, shake, shake Senora,
 shake it all the time.
 Work work work Senora!

上

7

+

Diggin!

She gave a steamshovel to the wind.

—0?

—Don't, Leo chided.

—Where's mom? asked Petal.

—Here she comes Petal.

—Where.

—There.

—Where where!

—There. It looks like she has something too.

—O!

—Here she comes

**May Nightsky advanced
With a bunch of bananas
Held in both her hands.**

—Leo, Petal, banana?

—I'm good, said Leo.

—No!

—You two having fun?

—Oh yes! said Petal.



THE TRIALS OF ANTHONY LEMON

101



LOST AT SEA

"Anthony Lemon tore the seagulls' limbs from land
and ate... 'this is only nasty once'"

A rich blue light of evening soaked the sea.

With nothing between his teeth Anthony Lemon pulled himself aboard the Catamaran. His waterproof tuxedo wicked away beads of water.

He strode to the center of the deck.

A couple of honeys took selfies with the setting sun.

—Come on get the fuck out of my way, said Anthony Lemon.

No one can see me beneath these sunglasses. I look like an umpire from hell. Yea baby. Now let's see about those ho'erus doeuvres.

Anthony Lemon neared the bar where a man in a collared shirt and bow-tie mixed drinks. The man had a tan sweat-covered forehead, wore an eyepatch and resembled a louche old pirate. The setting sun turned his vest green at the waist.

—My man, said Anthony Lemon, it looks like you're *M E L T I N G* out here.

The louche old pirate looked up from his hands and grinned at Anthony.

—Hello son, he said, how can I help you?

—Do me a favor pal, said Anthony Lemon, mix me a jack n coke real slow and talk to me. Is Robert James aboard? Has he got the loot?

Anthony Lemon looked through his x-ray glasses as he talked. He could see the ship's blueprints was all. 媽的.

The louche old pirate stroked his moustache thoughtfully with two fingers.

—My friend, what you ask tme to do is...not unreasonable...but it may compromise my situation if you know what I'm saying.

Red hot anger flared in Anthony Lemon's temples. He waited for the louche old pirate to continue.

—You see I—

—Listen punk, I'll throw you overboard to the sharks. They'll devour a CANDYASS pirate like you in about two seconds flat.

The louche old pirate squealed in delight.

—Mr. Lemon, is it?

He knows.

—What makes you think an old sailor like me couldn't handle a young ruffian like you?

Anthony Lemon watched the louche old pirate roll up his sleeve.

A vicious hook shone.

With one hand Anthony Lemon sundered his bowtie and unbuttoned his tuxedo to the chest.

Ten hook scars pinkened Anthony Lemon's flesh.

—This is what happened when three or four dips like you took me on.

The louche old pirate swallowed.

—I threw 'em all into the deep blue sea. Now I'm only gonna ask one more time. Where the fuck is Robert James?

A crowd of Bohemians waited behind Anthony Lemon. His broad gorilla's back concealed the dispute from view.

—On the boci ball court, just up ahead, said the louche old pirate.

—And give me that jack n coke you fucking barnacle scumbag.

Anthony Lemon smashed a ten dollar bill, a big tip, onto the bar. The Bohemians gasped.

—What an outrage!

—Who does he think he is!

—He smells good!

So on and so forth. Anthony Lemon crushed the cup between his hands and drank the drink in a second. He threw the cup overboard into a wave.

—Fuck you, said Anthony Lemon.

Now twilight opened its sad colors.

Honeys in grass skirts went by Anthony Lemon swish swish. A Bohemian naked from the waist down save for a diving mask staggered along, a lobster in his hand. Clock. Click-clock. Cuckoo!

Anthony Lemon descried the bocce ball court through his jet black sunglasses.

A few men chomping cigars wearing Hawaiian shirts stood around like losers at their sport.

—What douchebag cloned you motherfuckers? asked Anthony Lemon.


—Excuse me? spluttered one.

Anthony Lemon stuck out his neck to show spotless collars.

—That's how you show up to a party at sea. Shall I give notes? asked Anthony Lemon.

—Yea guy, please do, said one of the clones to Anthony Lemon.

Anthony Lemon lowered his glasses, made crazy professor eyes and scribbled a few hieroglyphs on paper. Then he folded the piece like it was an origami crane and presented it to the clone with two hands. ...Loading < >

A large, pink, multi-pointed starburst shape with a thin black outline, centered on the page. The text "BA BAM!" is written across it in a bold, black, serif font, tilted diagonally from the bottom-left to the top-right.

BA BAM!

The clone unfolded the paper. His face turned magenta and then the note exploded, blowing his body into the water violently.

Anthony Lemon paced forward and threw the clone's leg in after him.

—Slime!

Click-clock. Cuckoo! Someone swung the bocce bat forward.

—Now which one of you is Robert James? asked Anthony Lemon.

The clones looked unfazed.

—We all are, said one.

—In that case, said Anthony Lemon.

Anthony Lemon made a wide arc of his hands and pinned them all to the deck. He was like a dog in their faces, barking:

—Where's the loot, tell me where the loot is!

But the music had stopped. Bohemians murmured and clustered larboard. Something was happening.

—Ahhh, shrieked a woman Bohemian.

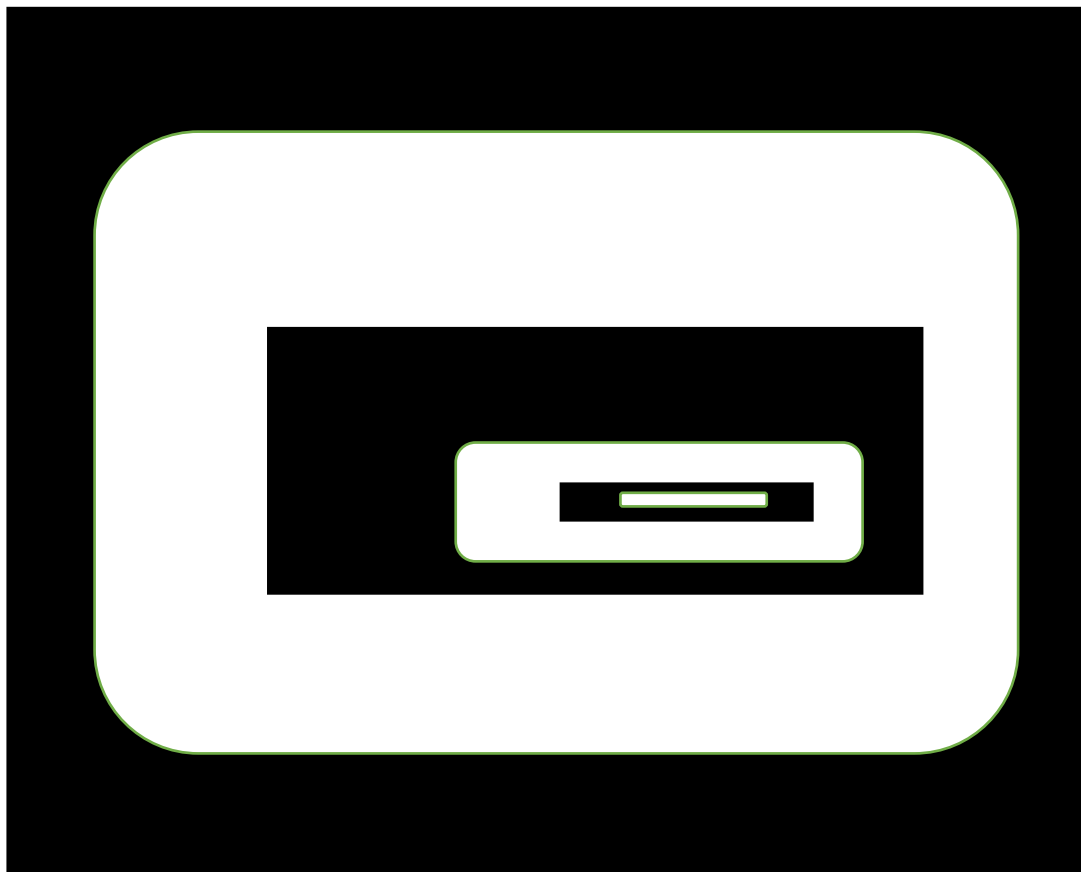
CRAHHHH a huge smash rocked the ship.

—What the fuck! shouted Anthony Lemon.

**The topmost button in Anthony Lemon's
Tuxedo popped loose.**

hmm

to be continued...



Fucking genius Vic.

—Clarence, let me get another one of those Sex on the Beaches.

—Coming right up sir.

—Thanks brother.

Victor closed his notebook discreetly, placing it in his shirtpocket, and pushed forward the bottle of his empty.

Ah fucknuts, left my wallet in the room.

Oh hello...

Little sizzled. Nap-time on the beach. May and the kids'll be hungry. Drop their asses off at the Shack.

Bring them into Town Vic, it's Vacation.

It's Vacation.

—Mr. Victor.

A sunset beverage slid towards Victor in a frosty glass.

—Thank you Clarence.

Vic took a sip from the straw.

Oooo.

A pipe of orange juice and vodka drained onto his tongue.

Hits the spot.

—Forgot my wallet in the room... he murmured.

No one can see my eyes beneath these sun glasses. Yea baby. Beachtime.

—You guys see your father anywhere?



Victor

3

—Oh god.

—What's wrong Leo?

—There's dad.

—Oh god he looks blasted.

—What's up shit monkeys? called Victor from afar.

—Hey Vic. Havin' a good time there?

—Oh we're grand. Woah!

The icecubees knocked in the glass.

—Hahahahaha!

—What number you on now? asked my mom.

Victor's ankle smacked down into the beach chair.

—Fah.

Victor was gregarious, pointing to the exercisers and shouting out things like:

—There goes Skeletor!

—Look at this one go!

—What's this one doing? Beach Tango? May want to do the Beach Tango with me?

Victor showed one of his targets. Then its twin. He squeezed them together.

—Victor cut that out right now! People are looking at us.

—Hush now. There ain't no beach police here.

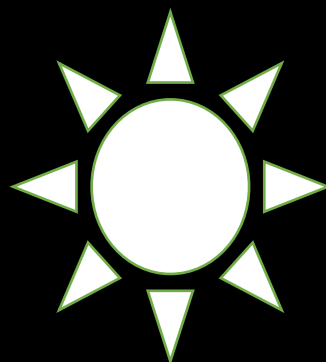
Victor squeezed.

Petal was in hysterics.

—Oh I've had enough of this.

The starfish couple was gawking.

—Dad. Come on. It was funny the first time.



Victor lay on his back in the island sun. His chest was bared and his eyes were shut behind his sunglasses. He raised the Sex On The Beach to his lips.

Spikes of cranberry juice floating in orange juice swirled in the glass. Suction brought the booze upwards to his lips: up the straw and onto Victor's tongue.

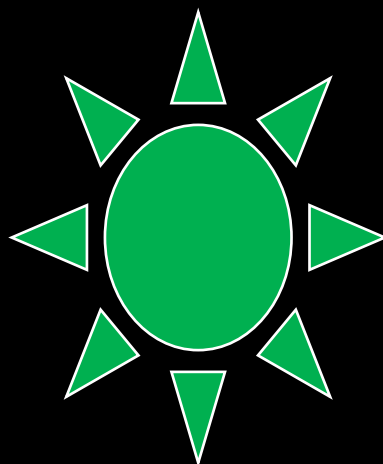
Orange juice, vodka, cranberry juice. Sip. Sip. Hot sun. Sip.

Sip. Sip. Hot sun.

Soon Victor had fallen asleep.

Loud snores shook the beach.

In Victor's dream a jet of Sex On The Beach sloshed on his lips and twisted down his throat. Victor melted awake.



—Hriiii, whistled the Donkey Man shrilly.

He led the beast by a gnarled gray rope down the shoreline, a tot shaking in its saddle, in the direction of the faroff city.

—Whew it's hot! You guys hot? asked May.

—I'm chilling, said Victor.

—Leo?

Leo read and Petal scooped.


—What are you reading boy?

—Deipnosophistae.


—Dip this. What do you guys think about some lunch? asked Victor. Hit The Shack?

—Good by me, said my mother. Leo?

—I'm ready! said Leo with a smile.




We ate in The Shack, in the parlor listening to Stir It Up.



Both Mom and Dad were drunk. The sun had turned my father's eyes copper, and the booze had reddened the whites of his eyes, which now sank into the bags underneath. Sometimes my mother gave a hoot of laughter when he twitched awake.

I found all this reprehensible, to say the least, and looked out the doorway to the pathway. There a man in white pushed a linen cart.

He did not have a happy look on his face. Nor did anyone here.



**Sheesh. Even vacation gets tiring after awhile.
Right now Leo and his family are going to town.
Weird and happy things are predestined. Fate
spins her loom, the world spins: Jamaica.**

**There's something like an island rhythm here
That islanders such as myself can discern.
It's all rooted deep in the psyche
When one spends one's days on an island.**

**You see how time unwinds itself
Meanders and gets lost
Then resurfaces in the unlikeliest of places,
Windows and palm trees, daquiris and lotion?**

**Donkey Man tugs Donkey by the jute—
That is certain, that is real.
And hear the children crying and yelling:
That too is the essence of Jamaica.**

**Woeee. Long day at its end.
The palm trees sway, moving shade;
Shall we amble together, and sit, and listen
To wind through the palm trees?**

Palm Tree in the Window

**In the window with memories of the sea
with reminiscences of rivers
of the Bible and deserts
a palm tree moves its leaves.**

**Does it too suffer from living in the city
or does it stand so high in the sky
that it avoids the miseries of our civilization?
Maybe it's unaware of what's happening at its
feet.**

**Dogs bark in the distance, they don't bother it;
doves flap their wings in the palm leaves,
the tree doesn't feel them;
children throw stones, it doesn't glance their way;
music, planes break the silence, it doesn't hear
them.**

If trees sleep, it too will sleep.

**Closing the blinds
in its trunk**

thousands of eyelids shut.

for the night as the blue

labyrinth of a storm approaches.

But I know it sails in favor of the wind

over the plants and the frightened

birds like a goddess of love

**and it will awaken with the splendor of
cataclysms.**



Kingston, Jamaica

Saltwater taffy. That's the stuff. Gumballs and maple doughnuts. Sitting on my throne sucking lecca-lecca and 老冰棍儿 dry.

—See anything you like Leo?

—Uh no.

—Petal?

—Twizzler!

—Vic...?

—May, you watch these monkeys for a bit, I'm heading out for a few minutes.

—What? Where are you going?

—Nowhere, across the street for a drink or two.

Leo looked to the candyshop's doorway.

—Dad Shane!

—Oh look at that, said Victo. And:

—Let's go say hello.

Father and son hovered the short distance to the sunny threshold.

—Hi, said Victor.

The eyes of two fathers met.

A boy stood before Leo in noonsun alone and still, gazing down the dusty road at the costermongers. He seemed like one whom magic had changed into the likeness of a quiet and enchanting seashell. His chunky boy's legs were pale as a sand-dollar and pure save where an emerald trail of seaweed had fashioned itself as a sign upon the flesh. His thighs, redly burnt and covered with thin blond hairs, were cuffed almost to midknee, where the black, gold, scarlet and magenta colors of his swimtrunks were like the shell of an abalone.

—How's it going Martin?

—Good, good, nice day. Me and the kid just came back from fishing.

—Oh it must be nice out there on the open sea today...

—Yea! Caught a big one today, right sport?

—Yea dad.

—Big blue fish...

—Wow, said Victor.

—Yea great stuff. What are you guys up to now?

—Just heading across the street to the Crown and Anchor.

—Oh nice, nice, nice there.

—Why don't you head back inside Leo. Pop's gonna go this one alone.

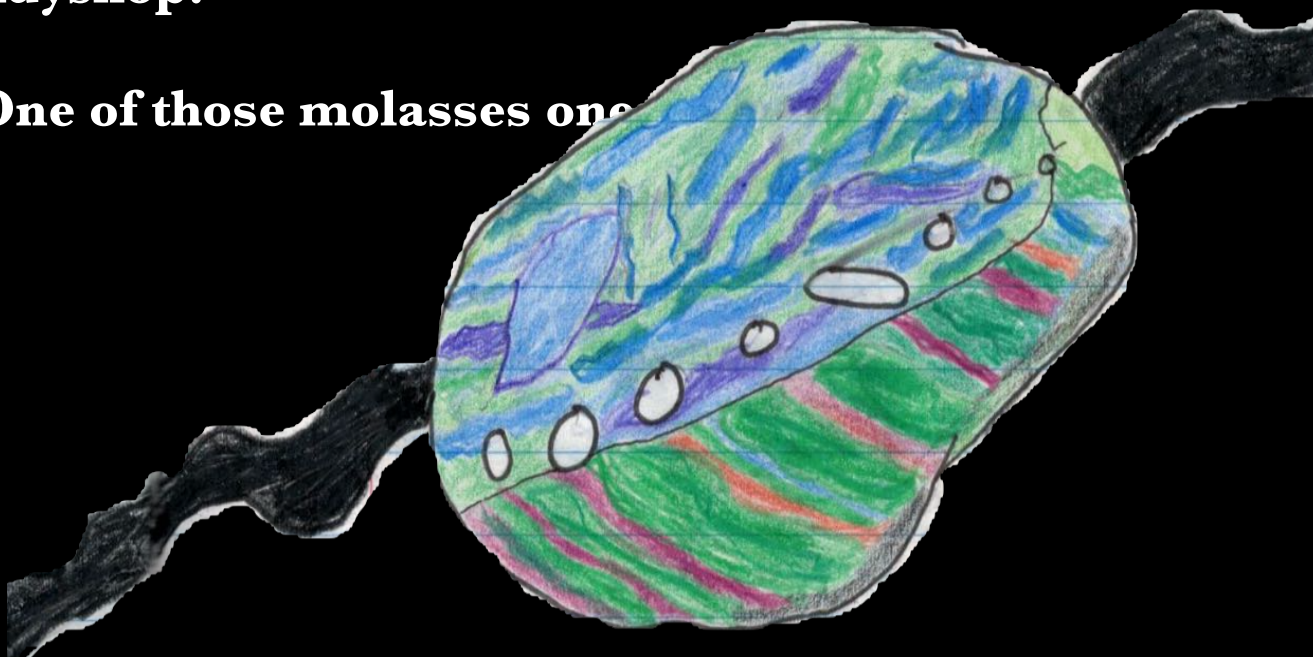
—Haha.

—You guys take care.

—Bi.

Leo crossed the threshold into the dim
candyshop.

—One of those molasses ones



The this morn g pours from the gu ters and
everywhere else l st in the t ees. You ne d y
ur glasses to out wh u k ow is there
because oublet is I e orab e, you put on your
glasses. The trees, thei ark, their l av s, even
e dead ones, are vibr t wet. Yes, and it's
raining. Each m ment is like this—before it can
be know, as ilar to a oth ing and miss
d, it has to be seen. What did he just say? Did s
real y j t say hat? Did I ear w a t think heard?
Did come out of my th, his mouth, your m
th he mo t st n s. you o sto look g at the
want to lk out and ta d . And ight as the
rai see s, it sti l r ns dow n y u.

—Rain? Leo is that rain?

—Is that rain.

—Is that rain? Is that rain? Is that rain?

—Rain?

—It looks like it's raining!

—It's raining! It's raining! It's raining!

R i

Back to Vic. Vic?

He made for the Tap and Barrel across the way.

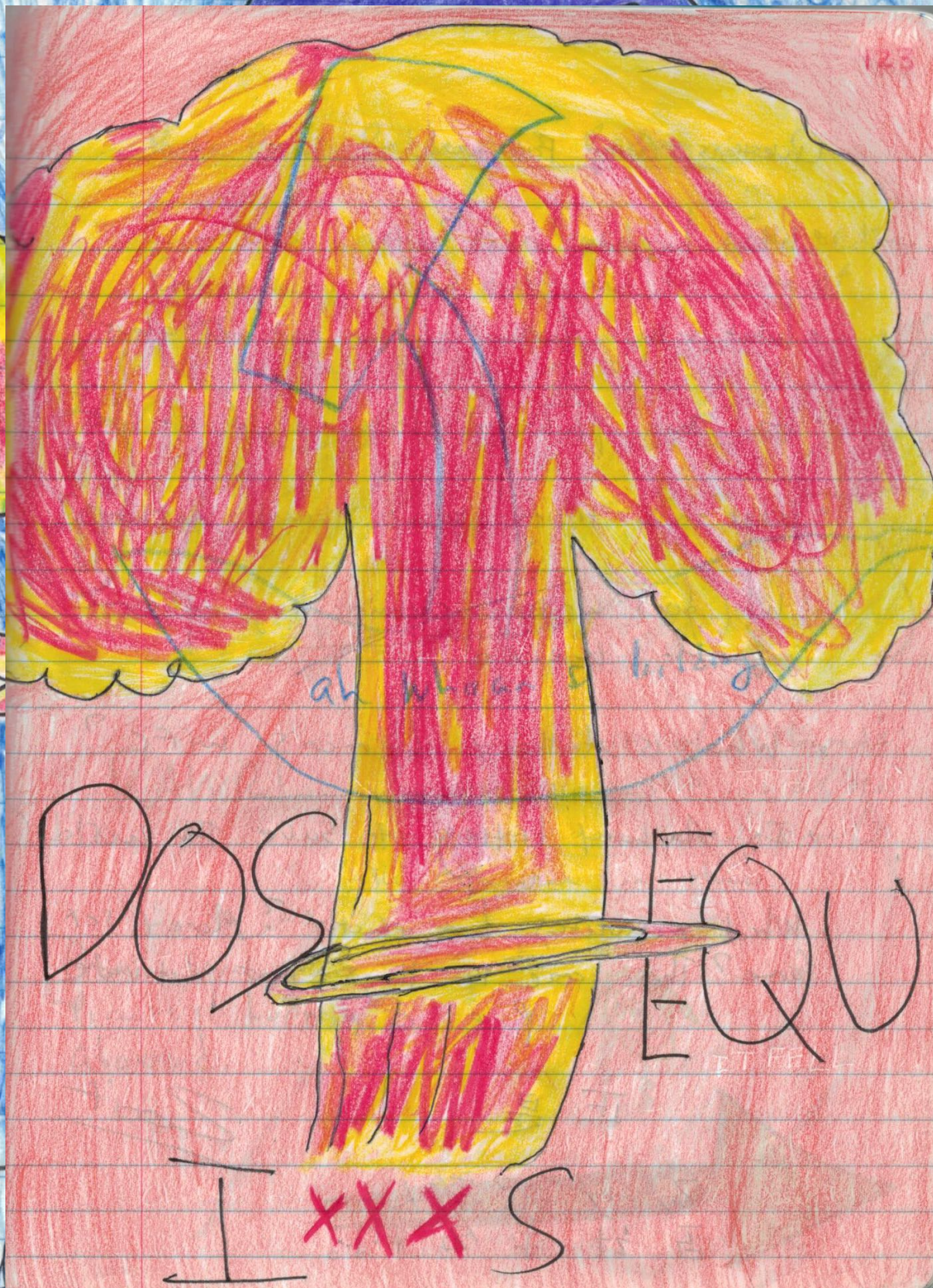
Vic?

It was a pleasant bar, dark and manly, and he kicked off his watershoes near the door to dry and put his shirt on the rack above the bench and ordered a Hollywood Cocktail. The waiter brought out his Cocktail and he took out a notebook from the pocket of his swim trunks and a pencil and started to write. He was writing about up in Huntington and since it was now a wild, cold, raining day it was that sort of day in the story. This is called transplanting yourself, and it is as necessary with people as with other sorts of growing things. But in the story Anthony Lemon was drinking a jack n coke served to him by the louche old pirate and so Victor ordered a jack and coke to go with his Hollywood Cocktail. This was simply delicious on the cold day and he kept writing, feeling very well and feeling the good jack and coke warm his body.

Victor wrote:

THE TRIALS OF ANTHONY LEMON

101



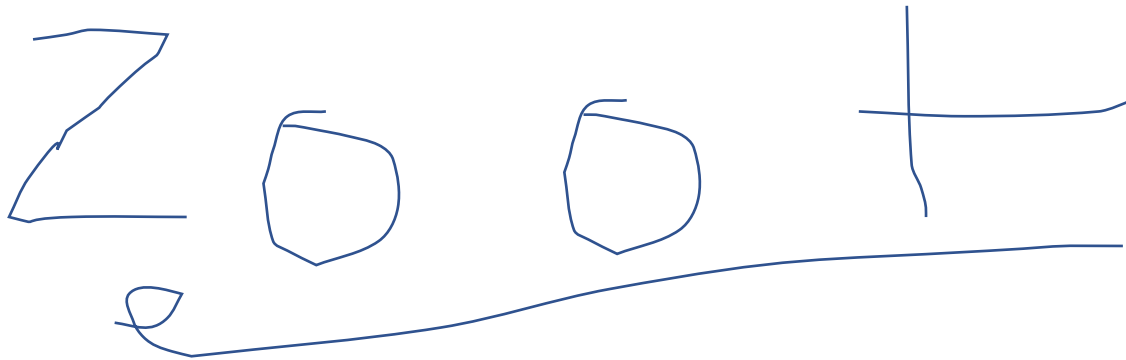
Anthony Lemon tore the seagulls limbs from limbs
and ate... 'this is only nasty once'

Questions Going Forward

- What happens next?
- What is this Anthony Lemon cat all about?
- How the fuck did he wind up at sea?
- What am I trying to say through Anthony?
- Who is Anthony Lemon's wife?
- Is Anthony trying to save the world?
- What motivates him? Money, sex, fame?
These are the things that motivate people.

正是：

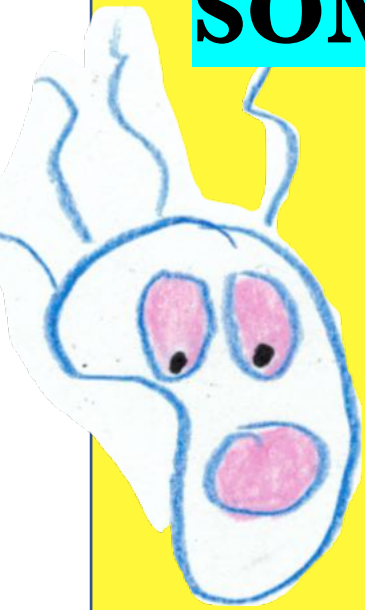
多少般数人
百计求名利。



Parte Deux: Redbeard's Revenge

—It's Captain Redbeard!! one of the Bohemians cried out, and his gang of

SOMALIAN PIRATES!!!!!!!

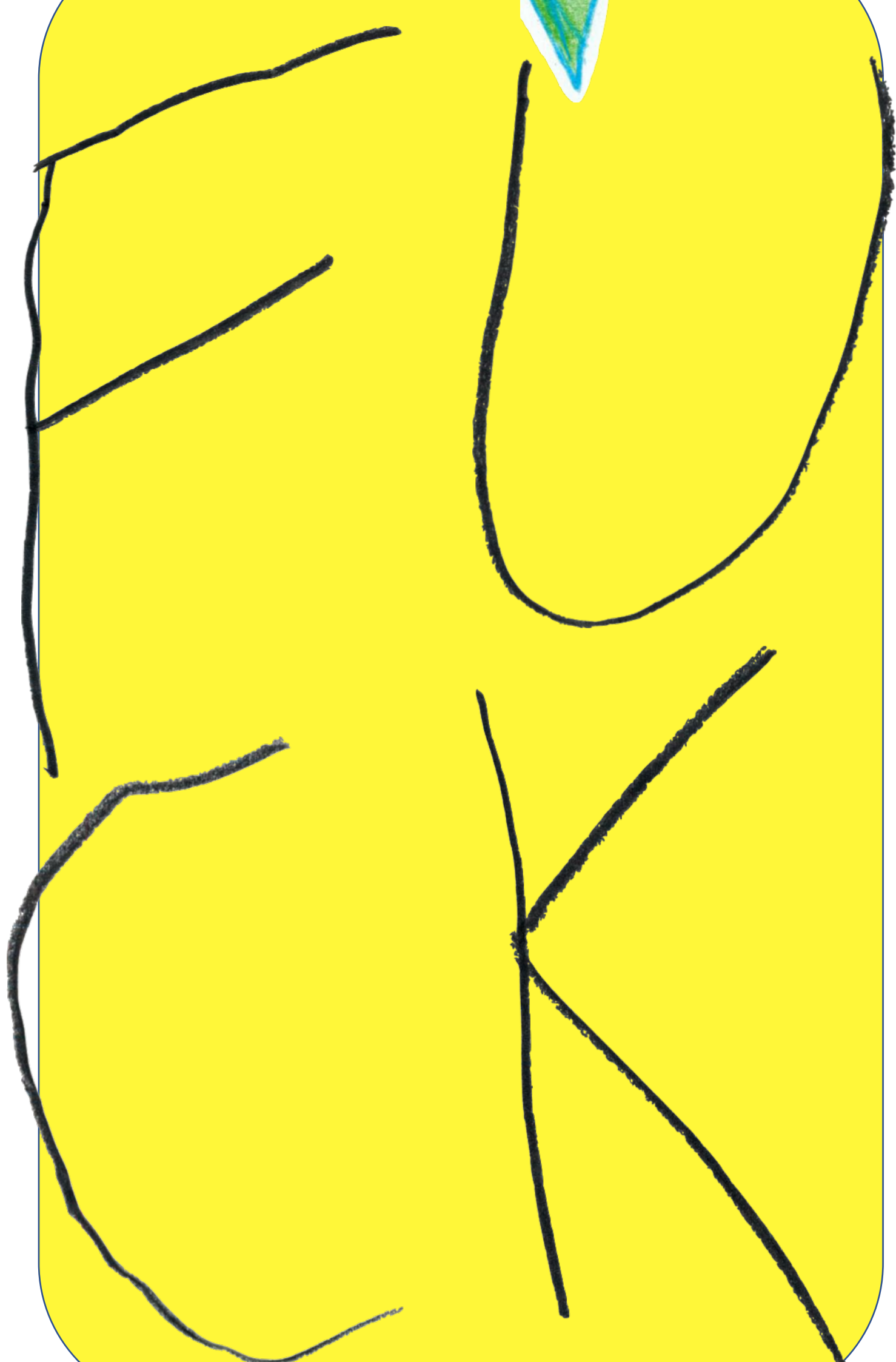


**THE BOWSPRIT OF
REDBEARD'S
PIRATE SHIP CAME
OUT OF THE SEA
AND NEARLY CLEFT
THE CATAMARAN
IN TWO!**

RAWR!

**DRUNK PIRATES
HOPPED ABOARD!**





screamed all of the Bohemians but *at just that moment a*

KRAKEW

boiled out of the water and **snatched away!!! all Robert James.**

was

screamed Anthony Lemon.

Now he would never know the location of the secret loot...

But Anthony Lemon sheared off his tuxedo: he was ass naked now.

Pirates with hooks for arms swung swords above Anthony Lemon's head. Sparks flew. The pirates tied fat Bohemians to the main mast then began to plunder the cabins.

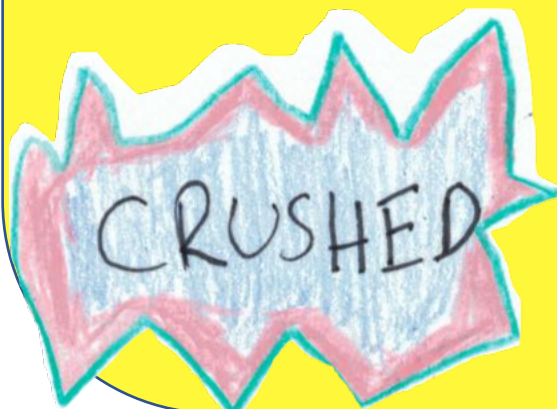
Reading Key

- **hooks: a bent piece of metal, typically barbed and baited, for catching fish**
- **main mast: the principal mast of a ship, typically the second mast in a sailing ship of three or more masts**
- **plunder: steal (goods), typically using force and in a time of disorder**
- **cabins: a private room or compartment on a ship**

Anthony Lemon checked that no one was looking and gingerly stepped over the gap between the Catamaran and the pirate ship.

Where is that ass Redbeard?

Before Anthony Lemon could orient himself a FIST flew out of no-space and



his temple.



Anthony Lemon opened his eyes in darknes. Aghhh he screamed. The air tasted like salt and water. Still naked. Something velvet, cold, and *slimy* bound his wrists. It stunk of kelp.

Anthony Lemon thrashed with all his power and broke the bonds easily. With gooze on his wrists he crawled to the *square of dim light* in the ceiling. He stood and slowly—slowly Anthony!—coaxed the square open.

Smoke wafted down, meatsmoke.

HUMAN

—My god, no, said A  nthony Lemon.

Raising the trap door Anthony Lemon looked about. He saw the boots of men.

Anthony Lemon listened to rowdy conversation:

—We sank ‘em to the bottom of the sea!

—And chomped the meatier ones!

**—Hey cap’n int that swine Lemon aboard?
Let’s gobble him up too!**

**—Peace, me hearty. There’ll be feed for weeks.
We’ll eat im once the meat toughens. Squeezy
McLemon, isn’t that right me hearties?**

Boots stomped the deck in assent.

**Anthony Lemon breached the table like a
whale.**

—Ahhh screamed Anthony Lemon.

**Blinded by lamp light, Anthony
Lemon grabbed until his fingers
found a throat; then he ripped it
out.**

**He spat spit in all directions to
blind the pirates.**

Reading Key

Whale: a very large marine mammal with a streamlined hairless body, a horizontal tail fin, and a blowhole on top of the head for breathing.
Order Cetacea.

**Then he ripped
someone's hook-arm off and
chucked it into the eye of another.**

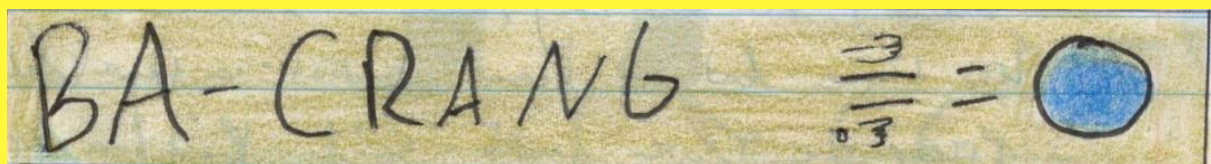
**Then Anthony Lemon scooped two into his
armpits and threw them overboard to the
sharks¹.**

**Many of the pirates lay on deck unconscious or
panting with fear.**

**—You sons of dogs thought you could truck
with Anthony Lemon? he demanded of them.**

The pirates groaned in trepidation ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

**Mercilessly Anthony Lemon administered curb
stomp after curb stomp. It was over in a
second.**



**HOLY CANOE-LEE!
shouted Anthony Lemon.**

¹ whalesharks

Captain Redbeard stood with a cannon between his legs. He smoked a cigar and sipped cognac, winking like a cretin. His parrot lit the cannon's fuse, a lighter in its beak.

—Baboom, said Redbeard laughing.

The cannon shot back between Redbeard's legs.

Anthony Lemon caught the cannonball on his teeth.

—Yum!² said Anthony Lemon.

Then the pirate captain took a swig of cognac and, clutching the cigar between his teeth, prepared for hand to hand combat by ripping off his clothes. Redbeard charged Anthony Lemon, savage, fast, red.

Anthony Lemon deftly^{woo!} sidestepped Redbeard then lunged into his body. He brought Redbeard down. They tumbled and rolled towards the ocean.





CAP'N REDBEARD

When the rolling stopped Redbeard leveled a pistol to Anthony Lemon's head.

—Look's like your time's up, said Redbeard.

—妈的, said Anthony Lemon.

This time Anthony Lemon meant it: a tear fell from his eye.

—Prepare for death, said Redbeard.

The  wrapped its tentacles around the pirate.

Wahhhhhhhhhhhhhahhhhhhhhhhhahhhh
hhhhhhhhhhahhhhhhhhhhhahhhhhhhhhhh
hhhahhhhhhhhhhhahhhhhhhhhhhahhhh
hhhhhhhhhhahhhhhhhhhhhahhhhhhhhhhh
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hhhhhhhhhhahhhhhhhhhhhahhhhhhhhhhh
hhhhhhhhahhhhhhhhhhhhhoooohhhhhhhhhh!

screamed Redbeard the Pirate.

Anthony Lemon peered sideways and saw the gigantic friendly eye of the Kraken.

Peace came over Anthony for a moment. Then he said to the crew:

—Looks like there's a new cap'n aboard. Do me proud or I'll kill ya.

The men gathered themselves off of the deck like turtles and got to work.

The ship began to ride the waves. For the first time in his life Anthony Lemon ate curry with pirates. They tried to stage a mutiny at Tahiti but Anthony Lemon cut the balls off of their leader. At five o'clock the storm set in. Ancient electric fish jumped out of the waves. They used their otherworldly voices to call down lightning around Anthony Lemon.

Fucking fish always trying to kick my ass.

A second later a bolt of lightning split the pirate ship in two. No time to grunt, Anthony Lemon dove headfirst into the water before a whirlpool could open up. The ship sank right to the

bottom, dragging the men to their graves. To their graves.

Anthony Lemon clutched at a bathtub floating by and hauled himself in.

Inside was a fur coat and a waterlogged notebook with a pen.

Anthony Lemon, giddy with despair, began to write.

Now that, thought Victor, is what I call a good piece of work. And my footnotes and vocabulary guides eloquently date everything.

—Pardon what time is it? Victor asked the bartender.

—3:00PM

Oh god, we've got a glass bottom boat tour in an hour. Time to sharpen up Vic.

—I'll take another one of those Tequila Zombies pronto.

—We're out of Peach Brandy sir.

—妈的。



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dlfjalkfjnothingsdlkfjlsdjfalksfjldsiftodaylkdkj**

My milkshakes bring all the boys to the yard
And they're like
It's better than yours
Damn right it's better than yours
I can teach you but I have to charge

I know you want it
The thing that makes me
What the guys go crazy for
They lose their minds
The way I wind
I think it's time

La la la la la
Warm it up
La la la la la
The boys are waiting

My milkshakes bring all the boys to the yard
And they're like
It's better than yours
Damn right it's better than yours
I can teach you
But I have to charge

Shake it Victor! Yea daddy! Glass bottom boat!

VICTOR

Leo! Petal! May! My delicious family!

ALL

Oh god.

VICTOR

**Whoz reddie—whoa!—for a cruise? The
Nightsky's are going nautical.**

ALL

Oh god.

VICTOR

**Come on, loosen up you sourcats, it's vacation
and daddy's got the cheddar!**

ALL

Oh god.

VICTOR

**Nihowdy, let's get this show on the road! Stain,
August, Meatflower, let's hit the highseas.**

ALL

Oh god.

MINUTES

LATER

看到了
金鱼凝眸
吾



142

4. Ocean Sunflowers

No matter what

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Sun

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The underwater sunflower meadow
Growing out of the basalt
On the ocean bed
Drifts a petal that floats
And leaves all land behind.

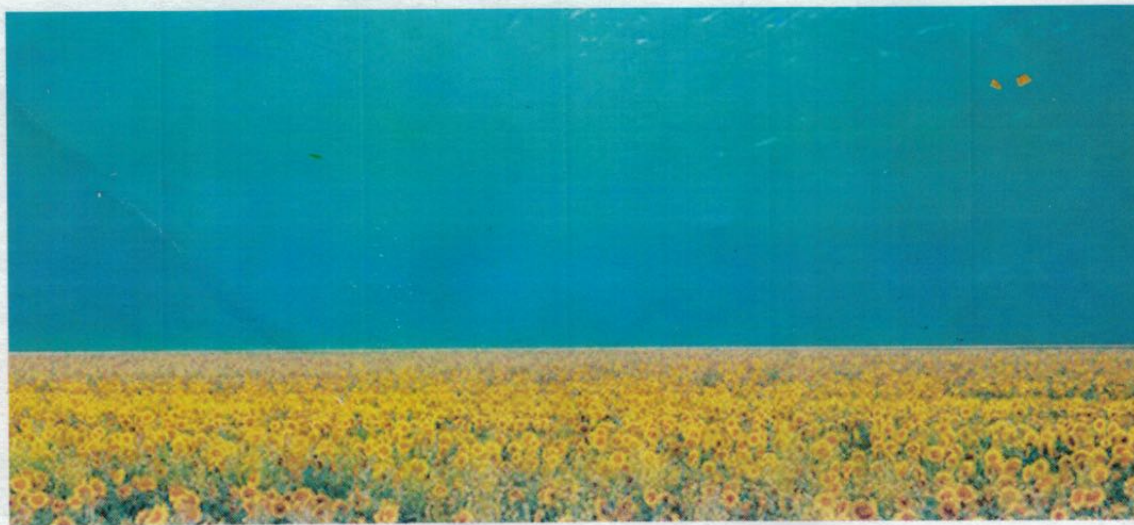
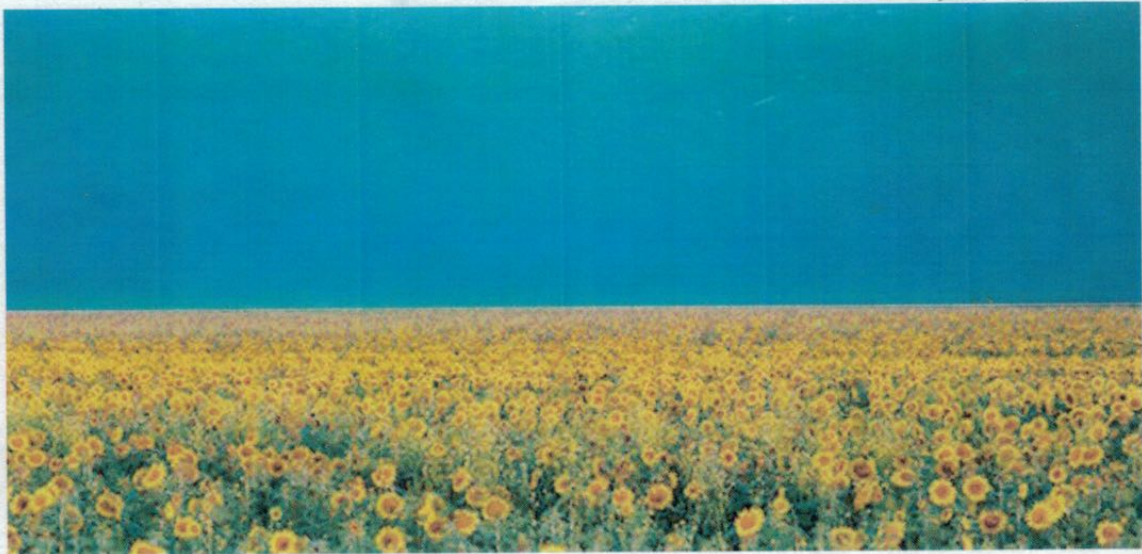
Where am I going?

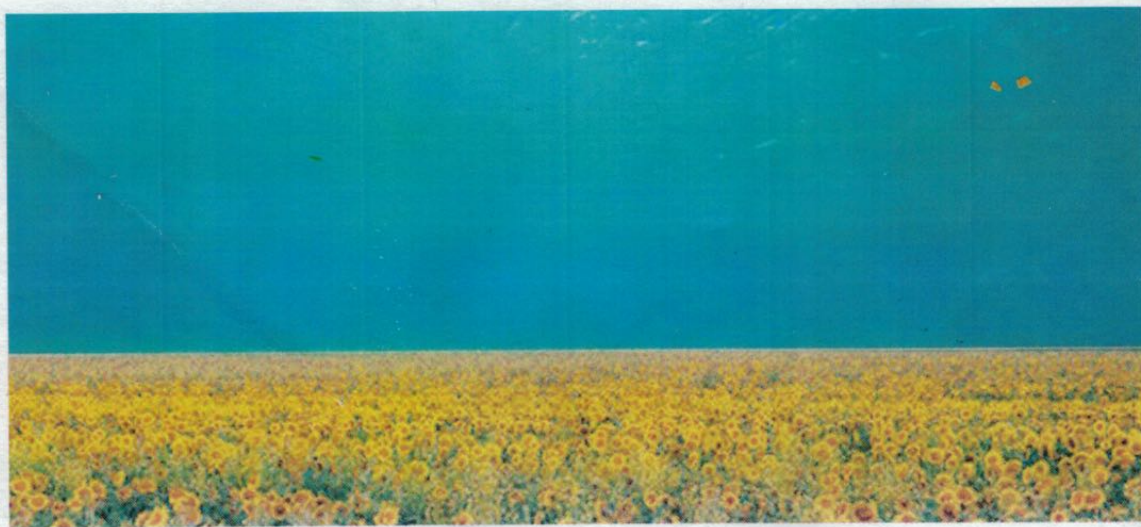
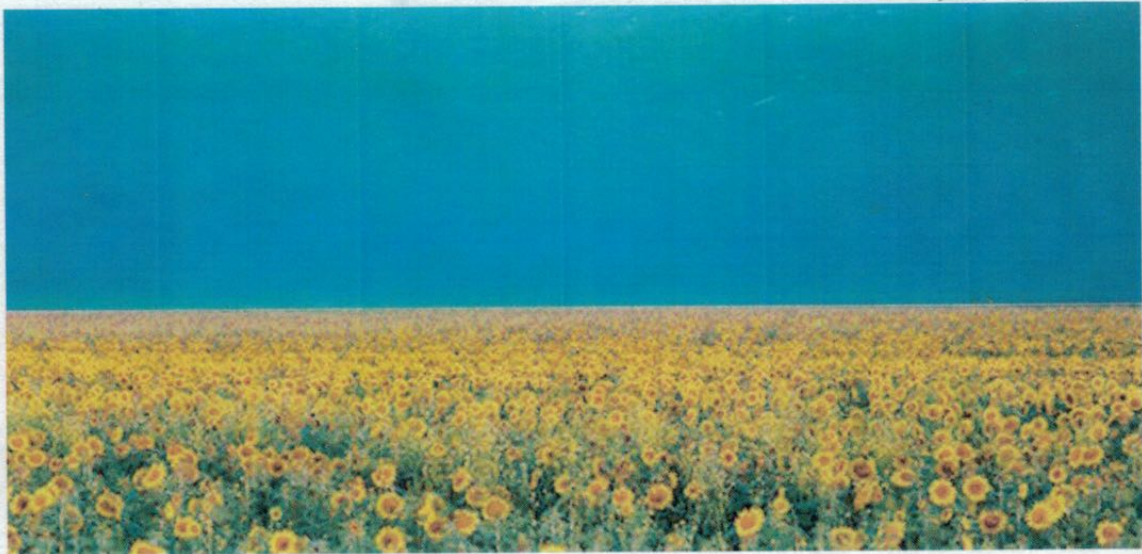
My eyes
Down drift
Does it begin
Or do I mu

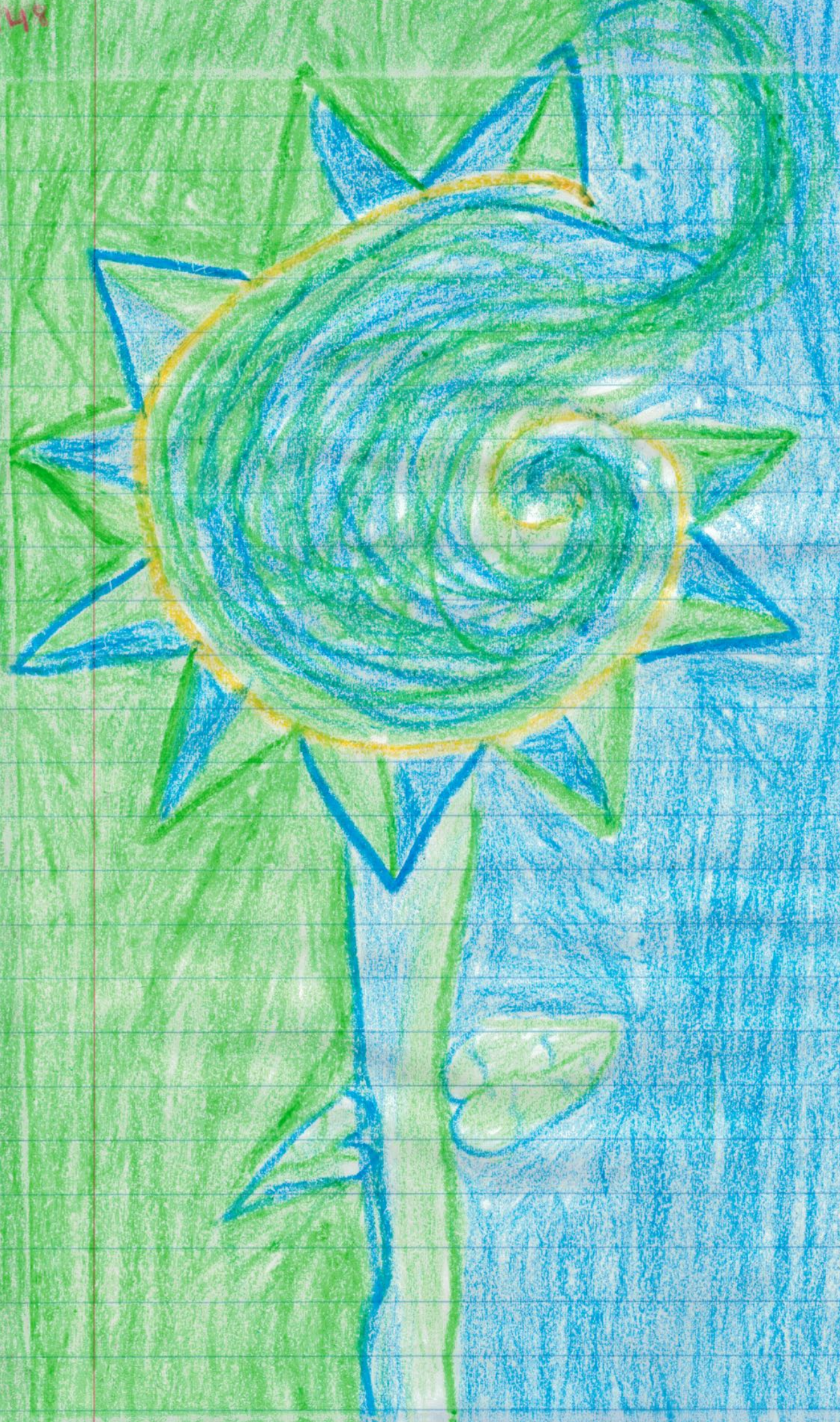
It feels
Hot stuck
All blood
My bones
In the

W

Blue out of blue
Melting
Mind of land
Fill with water
Not now or eve
My armor, the days
This Ocean melt
The sea drifts
Of itself like
this?







**Glass bottom boat! Coasting over the waves.
Aquamarine and violet and teal! The prow of
the boat cuts through the water.**

—Look, mom, said Leo, a shark!

**—That's a piece of driftwood, Leo, said my
father.**

**—An octopus! A man of war! said Leo, pointing
to a tangle of seaweed.**

—That's just bladderwrack, said Victor.

**—You're a regular old seaman, Victor, laughed
May.**

**A few tourists were standing by the rails
laughing and drinking beer. Leo watched his
feet slide over the depths. Schools of perch
drifted beneath.**

**Bubbles rose, splattering against the glass,
ascending in stalks from a figure below. The
figure looked ancient; it was lost to the ocean.
It sat silently with the railings facing up.**

**—That, said the captain, is a frigate, thought to
be wrecked here in the 1700s.**



What does this vaingloriousness down here?

**Sinking limbs, steel chambers, cracked
mirrors.**

The seaworm crawls in the dark.

**Dim and mooneyed fish, algae swaddles the
engine. Alien, speck of orange and green rust.**

Claws scratch through the water.

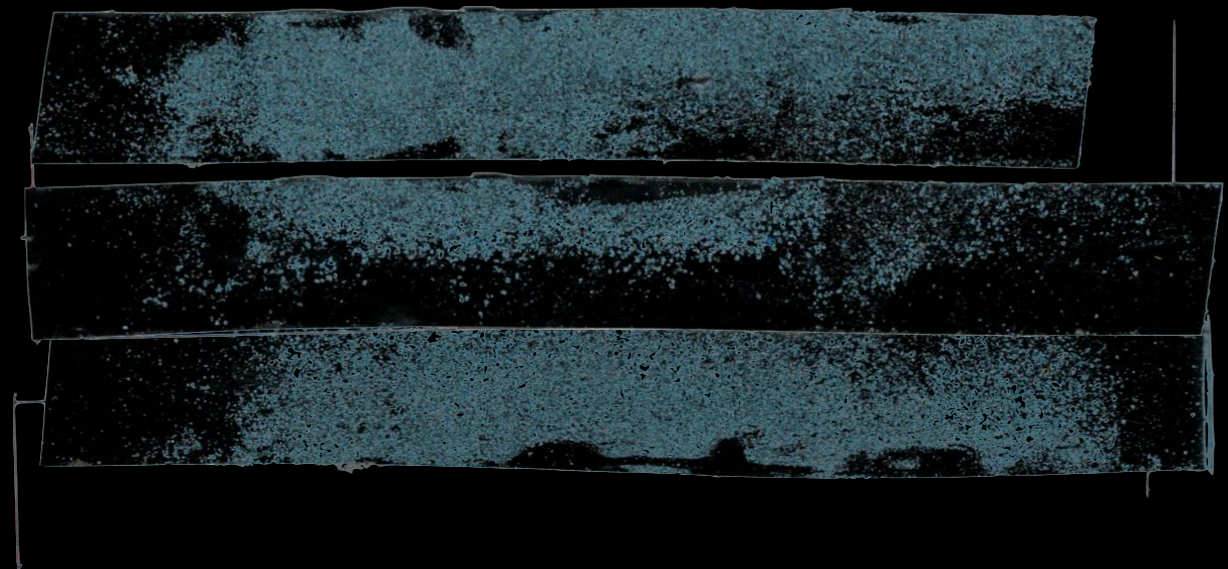
**Swords of light, a business of scuttling, from
rock to rock.**

**My gaze falls on the ocean bed;
I entomb you and wash you out
Of existence. Grotesque, slimed, dumb
As the edges of deepsea plains.**

**See a hearth, fan, and child. Matter cold, black,
and eternal.**

**Drifting, fallen. Notes on a piano. Dawn, noon,
night at the bottom of the ocean.**

**I live in a shipwreck of a world.
At the bottom of the ocean.
Destroyed.**



wre

cked

A rich blue light of evening soaked the water.

—May?... May?

—O what's up?

—You ok?

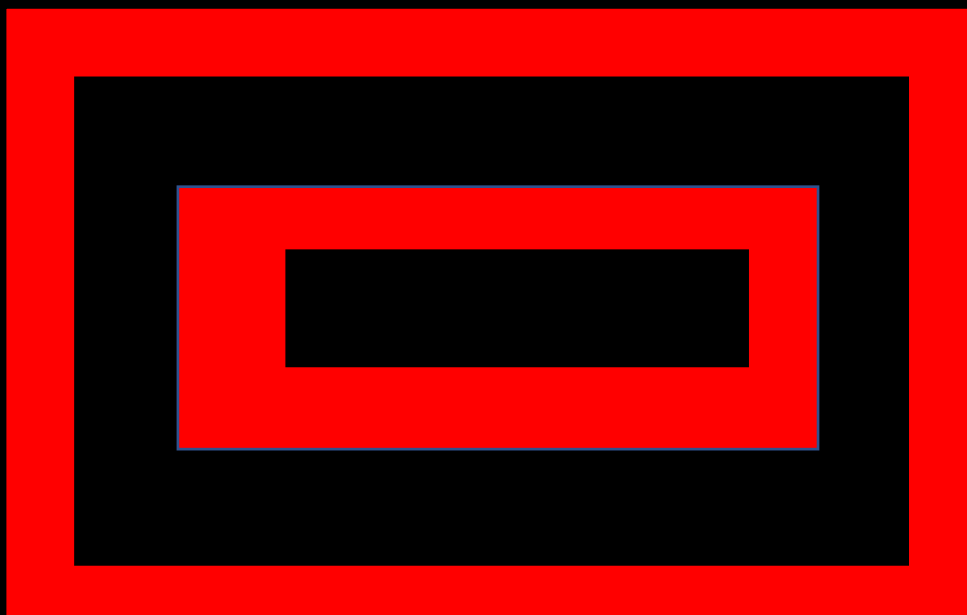
—Yea just looking at the wreck.

—What're you thinking for dinner tonight?

—Haven't been giving it much thought.

**—Well I was thinking of the moonlit pier...
They have nanny service for the kids.**

—That sounds nice.



ANTHONY LEMON PART 3



LOST AT SEA

Part Three: Sea Diary

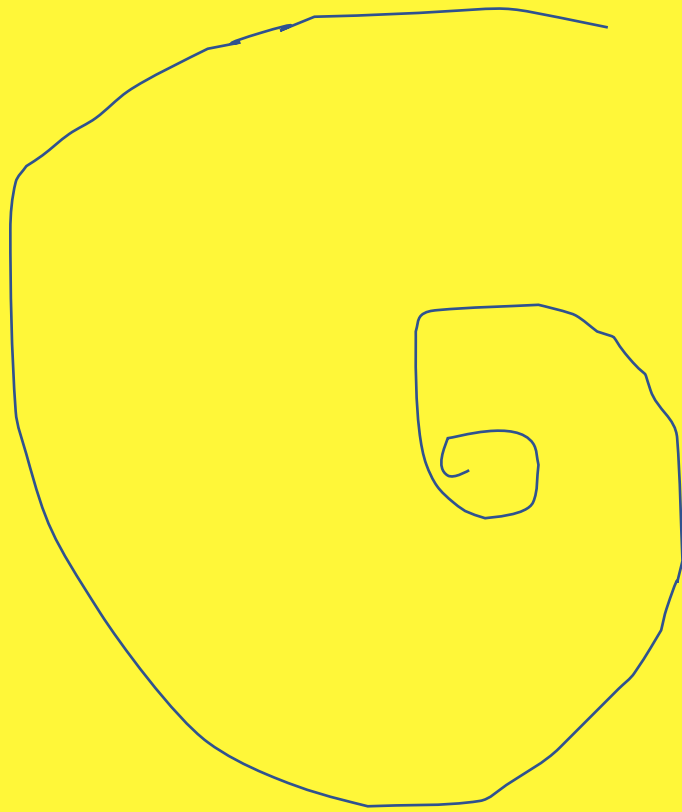
Anthony Lemon began his diary, titled “Lost at Sea,” at once.

Day 1: I am trying to rid the world of evil. After an altercation with clones, a Kraken, and a pirate ship I am now afloat at sea in a bathtub with nothing to eat and nothing to wear but this fur coat. Reasonably good spirits all day: level-headed, sexually fulfilled, artistic. Excited for more tomorrow.

The lie of Anthony Lemon’s pen scalded his heart. He floated the rest of the night with a troubled mind.

Day 2: Pale blue skies; no wind; full sun. Besieged by hunger in the morning. Ripped a seagull out of the air, tore it limb from limb, and before eating it raw declared, “this is only gonna be nasty once.” You know what? It was pretty good. Threw up all day afterward.

Draped in fur to keep off sunburn. Worked well. Severely dehydrated from throwing up. Drank seawater because I’m a fool and now delirious with thirst. Oh, what the pucker will I do?



Day 3: The gods answered my prayers. Rain fell. I dookied into the water. Nothing to use to catch the rain, however. How the muck will I survive?

Day 4: Seeing spirits, blue flowers. Delirious with power. Sleepy and can't focus. Voices around me.

—Patty cake patty cake.

—Ahs voog koop blee: ra-la-la.

—Anthony? Anthony? Anthony?

Very very very happy today.

Day 5: The longer I drift at sea the deeper in my mind I penetrate. Everything makes sense to me now—my dreams, my fears, my place in society—but what can I do with this knowledge so far from home? I only hope that if I survive I will remember what I've learned. How can I change my life and the world for good?

Day 6, 7: Besieged by sharks. Hard to write. Nothing alleviates the pain. Unnecessarily hard on myself. Fewer voices today.

Day 8: Gray skies—same color as the ocean, same color as the sharks. No need for fur coat.

Shark refelctions:

Sharks are fearsome. They charge with their mouths agape to kick one's ass. Defeating sharks requires good dodging then clobbering with one's fists, legs, and head until they die or go unconscious and sink to the bottom of the sea.

Yet one cannot fight a shark totally sang Freud—it would be one's death. One must let fear and a terror of the absurd guide their limbs into the eyes and regions of the beast. Only then does one stand a chance of surviving. In the course of these duels, or shortly after

they conclude, one might find oneself sickened. One might stain the raft with the only meal they have eaten in a week and then, out of desperation, pick through the gook to salvage nutrients.



Anthony Lemon



Day 9: Morning rose and memories of childhood wafted over me. Things I thought forgotten returned. The name of my boyscout leader in the second grade (Dan, short with black hair); the gifts I received for Christmas when I was six (talking plastic dump truck that scared my sister); and the first earwig I had seen, on a playground.

What do I do with these recollections? Why does everyone say that childhood is a lost paradise? Is adult life hell? Why should I believe this?

Lost at sea and my pen rips across this page. Scribbling on my palms, licking the ink and writing my name on my hand but nothing works.

Nothing works.

Day 10: Today I am the happiest person on earth. Why? Light rain. No sharks. No voices.

Thank you gods. I know you care for me. Even though I'm stuck on this bucking ocean in a bathtub.

Where is Maria? Is she? Stop. Send my love to her gods, let her see me in something minor: sunlight or a mushroom. Put a bit of me there so she'll recognize...

Day 11: Rawbird again. Horrendous. I know these trials strengthen me.

Day 12: Ocean turning me into a nuisance. All I do is bitch. Need to kick someone's ass or get my ass kicked. Let a shark hack a piece of me



**so I can feel alive again? Dull mental pain is all.
Out of pages soon...**

**Practiced breathing to sharpen my mind. Did
not work. Frustration in every word.**

Get back home, kiss Maria. Please.

**Day 13: Morning: Land in sight. Smoke rising
from a volcano.**

—Oo a volcano

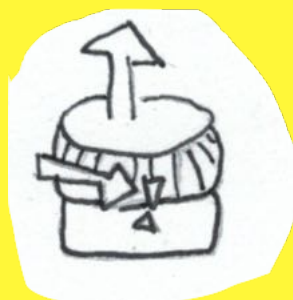
The more savage, native ass to kick the better.

—ooo, yea

**Bring it on. I'll tear you limb from limb. God
I'm a menace to society.**

**Will take notebook and fur coat. Ready for
anything.**

**—Why are you stopping
Victor? Keep going.**



Life improving. I am God. Blue sky.

PART FOUR:

**FINALE
BATTLE**

The battle for Anthony Lemon's soul commenced the second he washed up on the island. Someone hurled a whale bone at Anthony Lemon's head but he froze it before it could pierce him. He bombed it forward.

The bone speared 3.

—That's three! shouted Anthony Lemon.

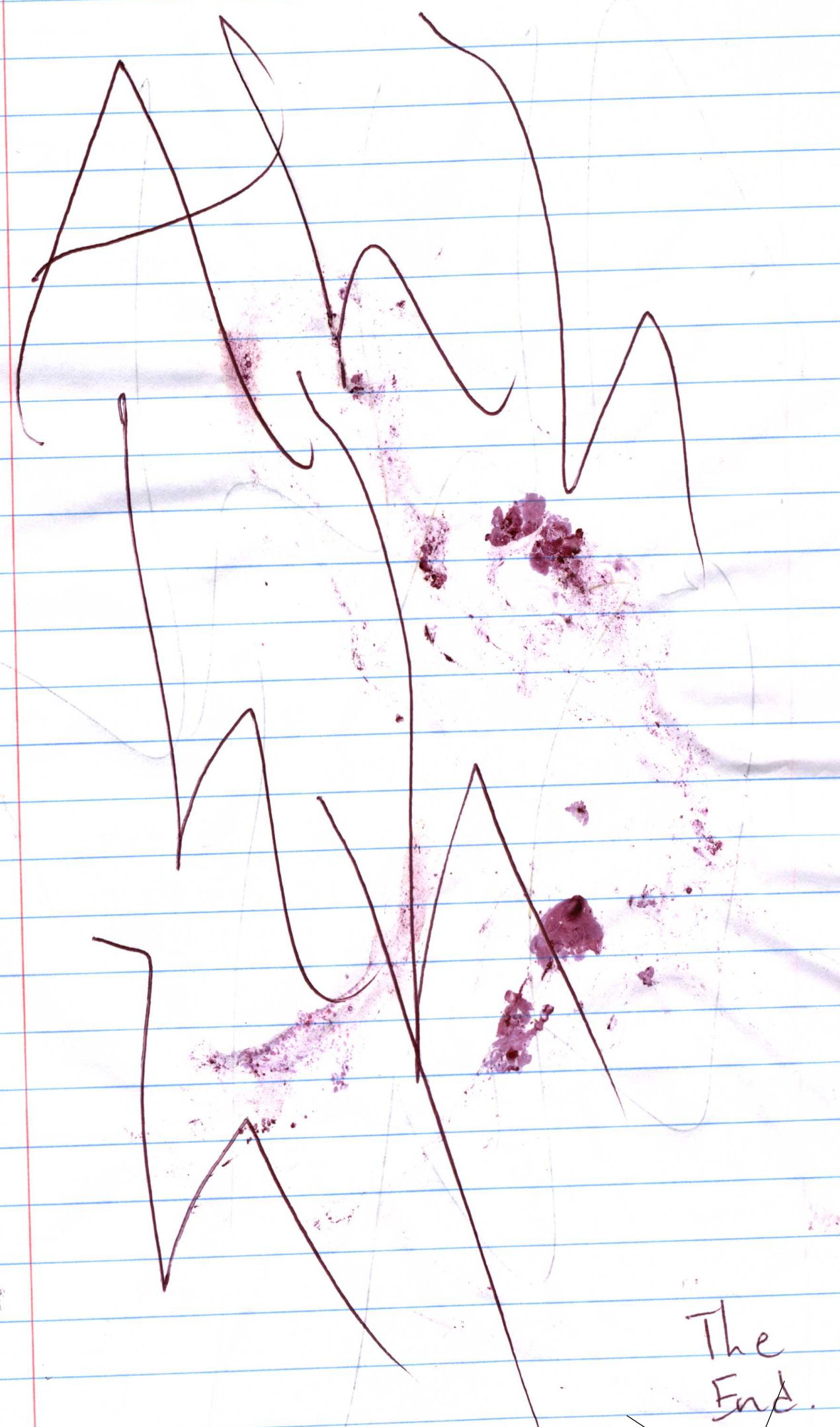
A grenade detonated in the sand close by.

—Huck!!!! Anthony Lemon blew headfirst through the air thinking he was (DEAD)

But no Antonio Lemoni executed a tr^{ip}_{le} jump across  the savage heads.

He came down gracefully naked and hacked through them

one by one by one by one.



The
End.

Anthony Lemon clapped heads between coconut shells. He exposed their guts to the sand, to the fiddler crabs, to the island sun. Hundreds lay about him. It was all over quickly.

They were innocent beachgoers the entire time.

—Oh no noo nooo, said Anthony Lemon.

Anthony Lemon shook it off and went to Nathan's where he bought a hotdog and a seafood platter.

—Best shit I've had for months bitches.

Anthony Lemon could be seen eating hot dogs and seafood with clouds as a background.

—Mariaaaa! he screamed in agony like John Lemon.

Anthony Lemon cursed humanity, he cursed babies. They always get what they want, they manipulate people! Let them have sores and bleeding wounds!

A sound interrupted Anthony Lemon's meditation. A volcano erupted ash and oozing magma and all the rest oh god the end!

My argument: As is the case with all other ideologically driven groups, the *adolescent* outlets, they serve the ideological agenda of the Group, The *adolescent* is constructed *by* and reflects the ideological agenda of the ideologists. **None of the outlets can or should be trusted.** However, it is evident that the *adolescent* is a

can or should be true. However, it is a fact that adolescent product is practically demanded and placed on the altar. In fact, the ideal metaphorically underdeveloped adolescent metaphorically self-cannibalizes for sustenance. I assert: **ADOLESCENCE IS CONTENT PERHAPS ALL SOCIAL MEDIA TEXTS ARE WRITTEN BY ADOLESCENTS AND IS HISTORICALLY IN AN ADOLESCENT MINDSET, COMING FROM A SLOW GROWING MINDSET. IF I WERE MAKING A VIDEO, I WILL ATTEMPT TO WALK THROUGH THE REALM OF CHILDREN.**

...the... of... on... in gen...
...the... social media.

The movement of clandestine orphans at College that is more concerned with structural inequalities at College is information at large in regard to national, spiritual, social—*no go only* economic, intellectual, correct in these inequalities that marginalized people. Is tragic how The to move, themselves, was blasted to each because of levels. The time is across the screen, worse, parodical : who where where most of the world is behind a screen

W... information on travel

...an interview with Spectator, who is titled "The Sense of The Spectator's 'Spectator'". This is a... for The Movement Collection. Spectral and sp... who, based on some cruel clockwork (George America's), sta... dreaded... (as if it were... enough for us)—by providing... what seems like a... reasonable... longed attack using rhetoric... I ques... the the... assumptions of...? Spectator in Soc... Media?...]...in de...

Firstly: why do we waste time fabricating 85 demands to address the issue?...Secondly: why do we assume the Movement wrote these demands with the expectation of being honored?...Thirdly: why do we feel the need to “respond” from a place of defensiveness it?”

great questions, so so it seems. As it turns out, their answers depend upon a limited network of Group 1 questions that have almost nothing to do with my use of security. Before I attempt to turn these questions into an order, I give use this network, I would like find a destroyer, the

work hard. In exchange, Blount opens the piece by noting that the Federal Reserve is suggesting that American public suffering from a “lost decade” (a “lost decade” of forgotten words ring true). The book is 300 (or 300+) pages long, but it is not too much for the average reader, or, as

—Is that the end Victor?

—That's all I got May.

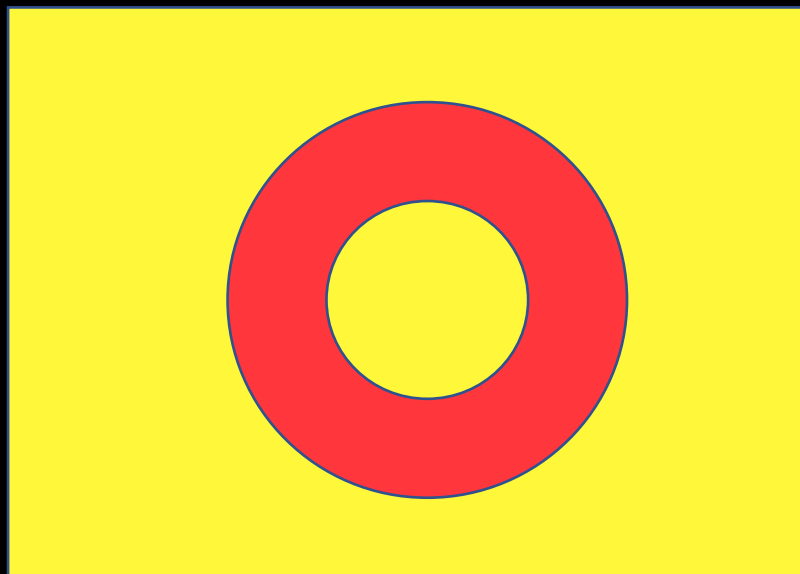
—I think you left the best part out.

—What's that May?

—When Anthony reunites with Maria.

Oh May.

—Come here, Mr. Lemon.



6.

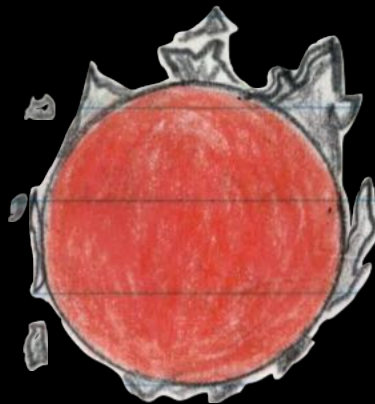
Leo

Leo sat in the candlelight watching the kids play. He had been jettisoned with counsellor Becky and some kids while his parents went down the boardwalk together.

Counsellor Becky had brought them to the water, to the foreshore where waves stroked the beach and crests peeled open in the moonlight.

The kids were playing Jack the Candle Stick. Hopping over the plump little flame and kicking up spits of sand, they sang:

*Jack be nimble
Jack be quick
Jack jump over the candlestick*



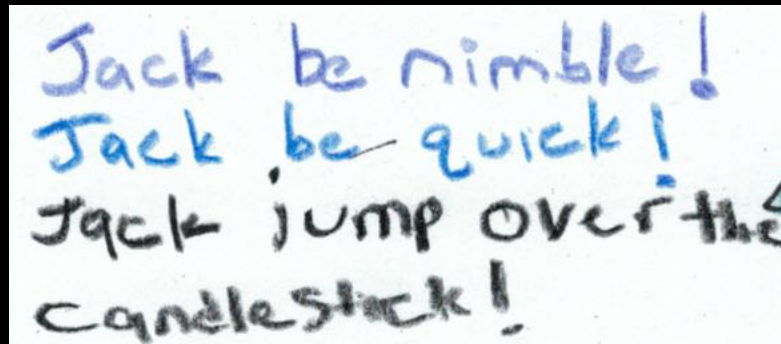
—Come on Leo! Come on Leo!

—I'm not going to be the one to burn the place down! said Leo.

He ran in a circle on the stone walkway.

—Oh come on! chanted the children:

*Jack be nimble
Jack be quick
Jack jump over the candlestick*



Jack be nimble!
Jack be quick!
Jack jump over the
candlestick!

—HERE I COME!

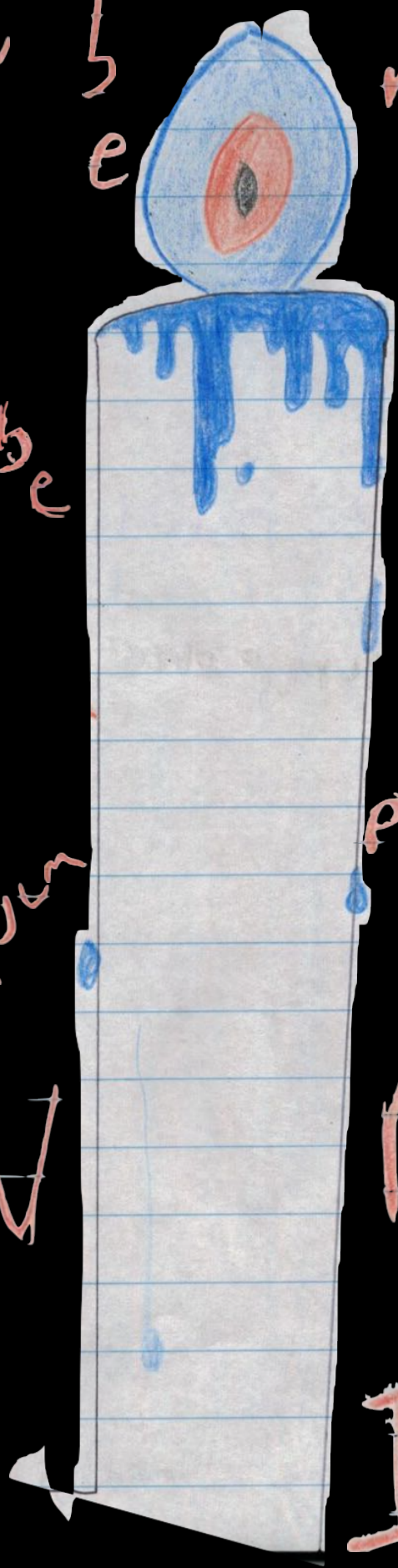
Leo took off running, his ankles hitting the sand, flowing across the beach and the waves. Bounding towards the flame, his eyes glowing, drawing nearer—spring!— Leo jumped off his feet and sailed above the flame passing under his feet, a plump flickering flame.

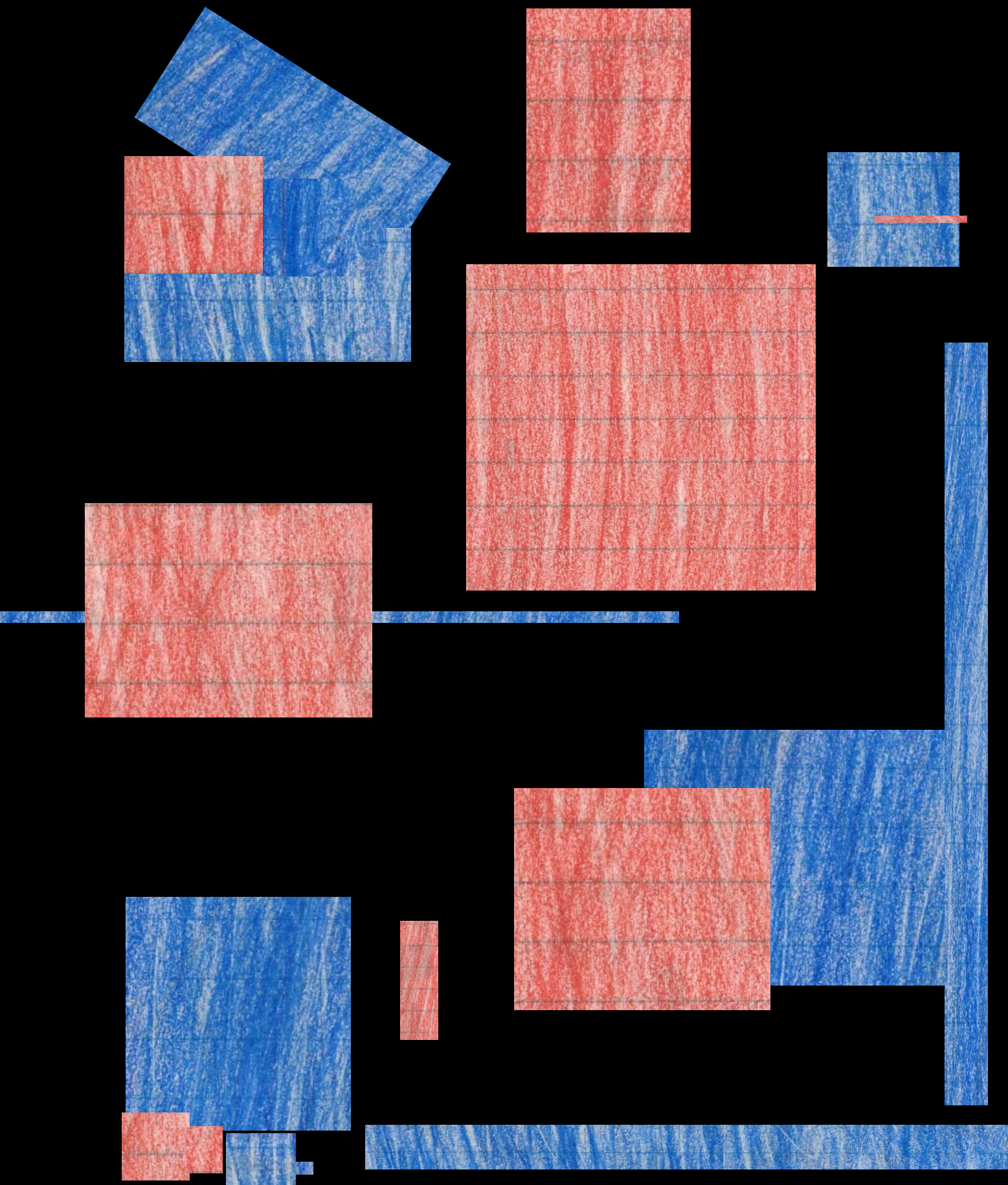
Jack be nimble

Jack be quick

Jack jump over the

CAN
STICK!







黎明你在吗？

What are you afraid of?

我在这里。这里。

Consumption

噢。

By whom?

干什么？

The night.

我什么都不敢，

The soul leaves your
eyes?

找你帮忙。

That's a part of it. And
the world flattens.

什么事儿？

Why do you seek me?

说就让我一点尴尬。

You know the night.
You move through it.

别紧张，快说吧！

我现在在那里？

Leave space.

Jiang Bar.

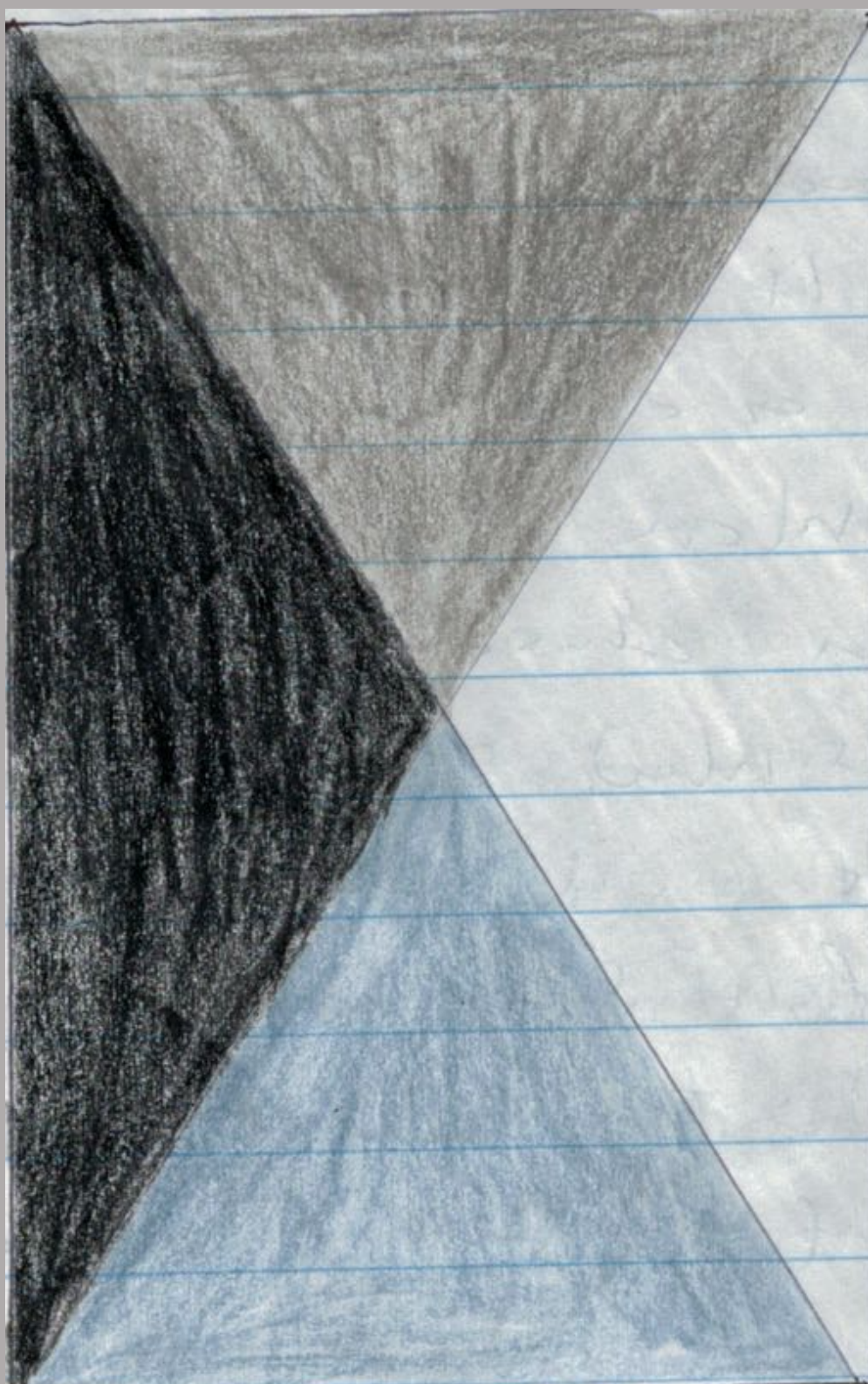
I have.

JB 在哪里？

Then good.

不知道啊？





The sky is gray on the island. Seaborne clouds drift

**over the island. Where am I, Jamaica still?
Let's take a look around to see what we can
find. Start:**

**A stone, a smooth gray stone. Next thing.
A bigger stone—what do you call them?...a boulder!
Moss grows around its base but it is too big to move.**

**I see a pack
of bacon,
from Lopez Island, Washington.**

A signed football.

Watermelon.

Jute. A Christmas ornament.

**Nintendo 64 console and controller.
Let's give this a try.**

**I take out cartridge, labelless and gray, and
blow on the copper strips of the gameboard.**

**Then I push it into the console and flick the
oval power button.**

But nothing happens.

Now something.

A dancing egg with green spots appears on the screen then bursts. A dreamy tone sounds as the pages of a book turn. To a dark brooding page of pipes and lava. I choose a route through the pipes—into the underground. My character dwindles, pops and the screens change.

**Water, flowing water rushes, then a voice
mumbling:**

Bop-bop-bop-bop.

**I trudge through a network of pipes; my feet
plash the cold water and I turn into hallways
devoid of life.**

Bop-bop-bop-bop.

**I'm on a course for the deep earth, and with
each step the surface grows further and further
away. A gust blows through the tunnels, hollow-
moaning and dreary.**

Bop-bop-bop-bop.

**Before me a ladder, green and slimy. I grab
onto the poles and the frame begins to shake.
Halfway to the bottom the ladder quakes and,
like a leaf, snaps off the hinges and falls. I
plummet.**

Bop-bop-bop-bop.

—Ahhhhhhh.

no sound comes out of my lungs.

I sit on the edge of a bed with an older woman. She runs a comb through her long black hair while smiling at me. I ask her her name but she continues to comb, raking the teeth down each lock of hair. I stand and make way to the door. With my fist on the knob a man calls out behind me:

—Leo!

I turn and in place of the bed squats a cage.

Inside two orangutangs stand facing one another. They seem to be quarreling: one shows its upturned palms to the roof of the cage while the other leers accusatively—with a knife in its back, oozing black blood.

—Leo!

The voice shouts.

My mother is in the cage too, facing away from me. I walk up to the bars, which I put my hands on, and call:

—Mom?... Mom?

But she won't turn to face me, she stands still, even her hair is frozen.

—LEOOOOOOO!

I turn around. A dragon stares me down and I see its pupils, two black pits, swirling in its eyes. Its mouth opens wider and wider. I fall in.

I fall into its body and, in its stomach, escape the digestive acids by walking on floating tiles. They lead to a hallway, on the sides of which different screens advertise wares I have never heard of: DJIT, Goflee, Sportabras.

The hall constricts and, at its end, I open a treasure chest, its insides shining with gold, rubies, and emeralds, all real. I pick up one of the emeralds: it melts in my hands.

I look at my palms. On the left two lines inscribe an isosceles triangle, like a sail full of wind, below a Y-shaped line. On my right palm an identical pattern shows under a curved line.

Now my hands begin to fade; then blackness creeps up my arms. I shut my eyes and feel my body disappearing atom by atom. Hands, arms, chest, legs. My face wipes away.

Where am I?

—Leo?

—Yea, Dad?

—Put that down for a second, come over here.

I obeyed, placing the controller on the floor and walking across the room.

My dad sat before the computer reading from a white screen:

Dear Shane,

Leo and I were very happy to meet you during our vacation to Jamaica. We hope you had a good time also. We are attaching a few pictures to this email. We hope to hear back from you soon.

**Leo and Victor
2001.**

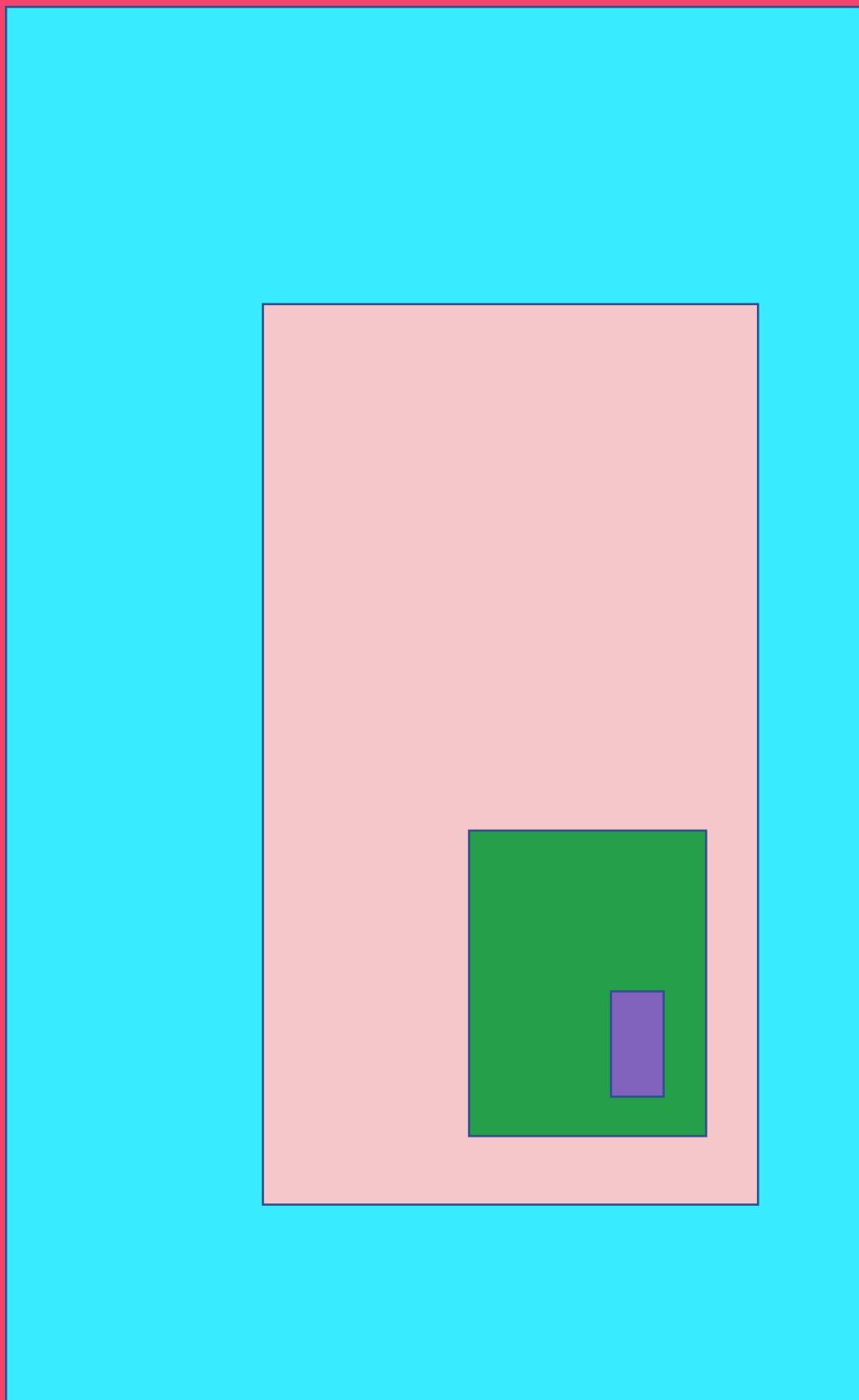
—How does that sound to you, bud?

—It sounds good.

My father clicked send.

—Alright, see if we get a response.

I walked back to the tv screen.



Gustave

Where's Petal?

Go Leo Go.

Go Leo Go.

Go Leo Go.

Go Leo Go!

Go Leo Go!

Go Leo Go!

PETAL!

Go Leo Go!

Go Leo Go!

Go Leo Go!

Go Leo Go!

Go Leo GO!

Go Leo Go!

Go Leo Go!

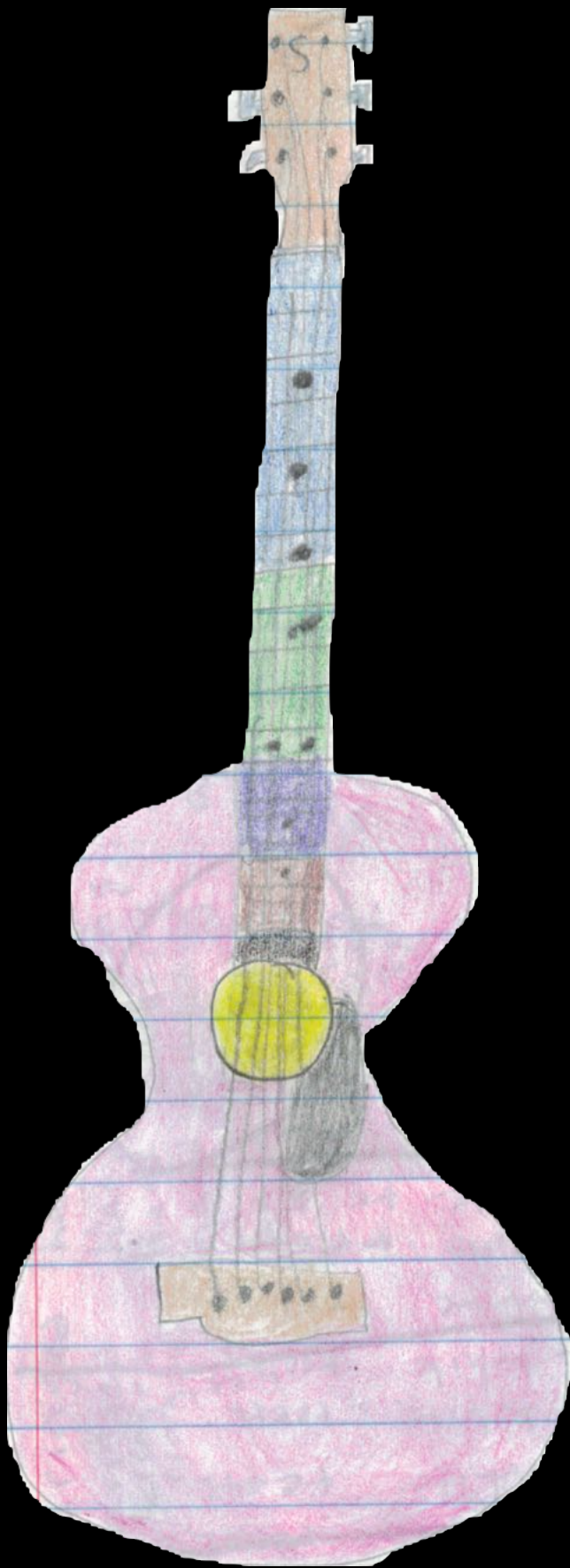
P

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L!



1. **Hercules**
2. **Gilgamesh**
3. **Troy**
4. **Bowser**
5. **Sauron**
6. **Hitler**
7. **Fairy King**
8. **Global Capitalism**
9. **College**
10. **Satan**

1. Hercules:

Leo took his guitar and went to track down his sister. With the guitar slung around his shoulders he went through the resort playing Francisco Tarrega. His beautiful technique stunned the vacationers. But Leo did not care: he needed to save Petal.

Hercules waited in the Jacuzzi. Around him lay all of the people and animals he had killed.

—Have you seen Petal? asked Leo.

Hercules rose from the Jacuzzi with a sword in his hand. He pointed it at Leo's neck and charged.

—Woah! said Leo, sidestepping.

Leo strummed the opening chords to Capricho Arabe and Hercules faded away. Medusa awoke and thanked Leo.

—Try the boardwalk, she said.

—Ok, said Leo.

2. Gilgamesh:

Leo walked across the beach to the boardwalk. The morning sun was just beginning to rise: it was going to be a hot day.

Anyway at the end of the boardwalk Leo found Gilgamesh with his boyfriend Enkidu.

Gilgamesh wore a shawl made out of leopard's fur and billowing white pants like a sultan. Enkidu was completely naked. Leo asked:

—Excuse me, do you know where Petal is?

Fire shone in both their eyes, but it was Gilgamesh who shouted:

—The flower of immortality! Let's gobble him up.

—Nooo! screamed Leo.

Fear shot down Leo's spine but he kept cool. He strummed the opening chords to Ocean Bed and Enkidu and Gilgamesh were reduced to miniatures.

Leo placed them on the blade of a palm tree.

3. Troy:

As Leo walked back to the hotel (to check the gameroom) he saw a big wooden horse rolling towards the main office.

—What is the meaning of this? asked Leo to one of the soldiers wheeling it.

With bright-shining eyes the soldier said: “We are going to Troy to rescue Helen and kill Priam.”

Leo did not want to kill any one, but he joined ranks to see if Petal was about. While the men began to fight in the streets, Leo strummed his guitar. He played Wish You Were Here and all of the carnage around him faded away. The creaky horse wheeled along.

He sang:

**My favorite color is blue,
Waves and the sky look so vivid and new.**

The big wooden horse faded away, and Leo was under a palm tree.

No Petal.

4. Bowser:

Sometimes palm tree are a portal to another world. This palm tree's shadow fluxed in rainbow colors and Leo jumped inside.

He was in a cave. Huge green fossils lay far below him. Hovering platforms, spinners, and seesaws led to the exit. Leo walked along, plucking jazz chords.

Finally Leo came to a blue platform shaped like a diamond. At its corners hovered seamines. A dragon, with horns and red hair, fell out of the sky and began to breathe fire at Leo, who had no time to strike up a song. Outmaneuvering the clumsy beast, Leo ran around and grabbed its scaly yellow tail. Then he swung the dragon around and released: it flew through the air and smacked into a bomb. This enraged the dragon, but Leo persevered. The third explosion blew the dragon high into the sky, and when he came down too he was too pained to move. To soothe the dragon Leo played Kokomo.

"Where's Petal," asked Leo. "Don't know," groaned the dragon, "Try Chips."

5. Sauron:

Chips? Leo did not know what this meant. At any rate he blinked thrice and found himself on the glass bottom boat.

—Who here has chips? asked Leo.

Someone pulled a bag of Garden Salsa Sunchips out of a cooler.

—Here you go.

—Thanks, said Leo.

He bit into the chip's zesty powder and turned invisible. Now he could see through people into their souls: some were green, some magenta, some cobalt or amber.

An angry red splotch moved through the water towards the boat. From the waves hopped a knight in armor the color of cinders.

Evil thoughts crowded Leo's mind as the knight stepped towards him with eyes like flames.

But Leo played Jump in the Line which stunned the knight. Leo strummed more confidently and the knight disintegrated.

6. Hitler:

Leo hopped overboard and, using his guitar as a raft, tried to paddle back to shore. But a current took hold of him and pushed him across the water to a city.

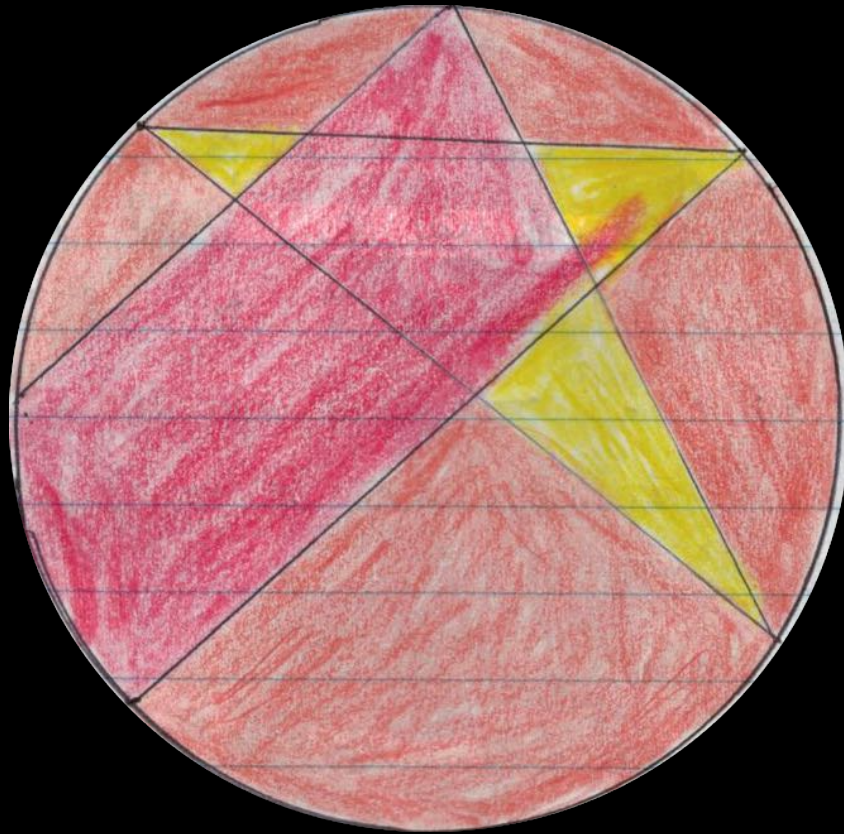
When he made it to the shore Leo walked into the city. German tanks tread through the streets, liquid ropes of flame shooting out their gunbarrels.

—Distasteful muttered Leo, and went on.

At last he came to a palace. It was big, ugly, and patrolled by dogs with coals for eyes. Leo played a few measures of Paganini and the dogs turned into cotton candy.

Leo entered the castle. Monsters from hell roamed around. Leo snuck from room to room, holding his breath in the shadows. The monsters almost found him, and he had to move his guitar carefully.

When Leo made it to the third floor he heard a violin. Turning the corner he found Hitler sitting in a pentagram surrounded by candles. As he played demons puddled out of the floor.



This one was a shoe-in for Leo. He played All Apologies by Nirvana and one by one the candles guttered out. By the dimming light Leo could see the glow of Hitler's soul, dim and orange.

—Do you know where Petal is? asked Leo.

—Nein.

—Do you have any pointers or tips?

—Nein.

—Do you have anything?

—Nein.

—Ok, said Leo.

Hitler melted into a formless puddle.

—Woah, said Leo. Then he went down the spiral staircase, his heart soaring for Petal. He would save her.

7. Fairy King:

Leo 找到了出口。于是他回牙买加。在海上 Leo 弹吉他，唱出《伊帕内玛姑娘》。一只鸟听他的歌以后就说：“小朋友，去机场查一查吧！” “OK 啦，慢点儿，鸟哥！”

（哈哈。）

回去机场。小花不在。

小花在那里？

Leo 爬山，从山顶往下看。

她可能在那个地方。———》

此刻天王从山路出来。

你跟我走吧！

Leo 道：不会。

他 天 蓝 此 女 隈 会 急 她

弹 王 天 地 人 墙 日 急 离

吉 消 白 余 菜 蝴 佛 如 开

他 失 云 家 花 蝶 身 领 我。。。。

Leo 恍然大悟了。

他知道！

不知道。

知道！

不知道。

唉我还活着罢！

8. Global Capitalism

What does this world contain?. 谁也说不清。

What do we do while alive? 一天比一天老。

Where do we go after we die? 大海。

It's really tough some days but Leo, that sly doggy, goes on and on and on. Though the way is difficult he sees crowds flow on the pavement to the end, flick back and turn, moving, flailing with what's what.

I hear talons clinking in their voices but I love watermelons. I LOVE WATERMELON DO U???



西瓜博物馆

9. College:

Leo walked through a couple of murky blurry years after leaving the Watermelon Museum. Loud voices played piano in the chapel and in the amphitheater students were taking their seats.

Someone sat behind him staring him down, combing her hair. Leo stood up and walked to a tree behind the stage and began climbing. A sense of loss followed him up the branches and when he reached the top he swung down.

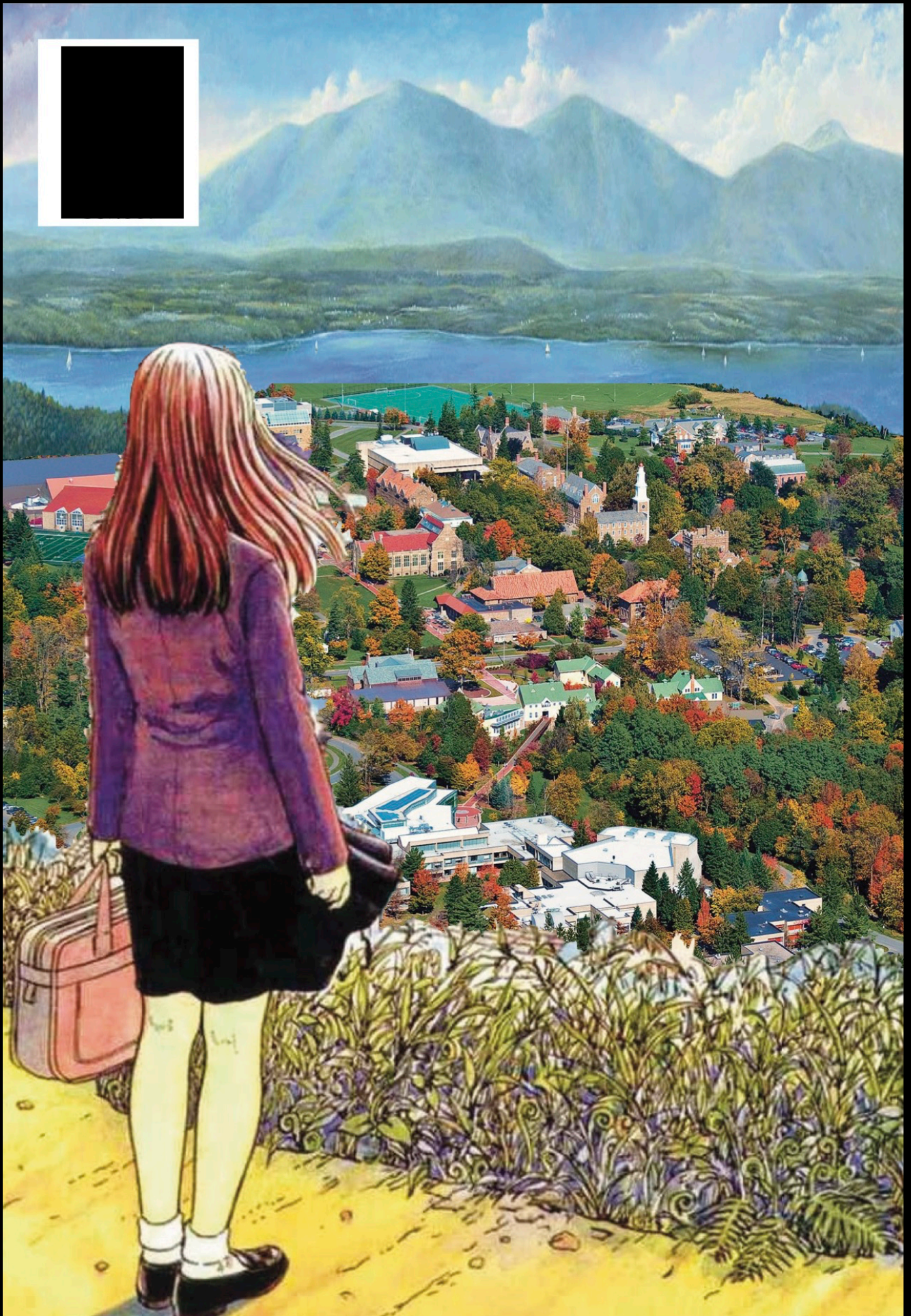
He looked across a night-desert, violet sands going out forever on a butte. And atop it, one mile off, stood an Amanita violettae, tall as a tower.

Leo blinked.

The mushroom lay in pieces on the sand.

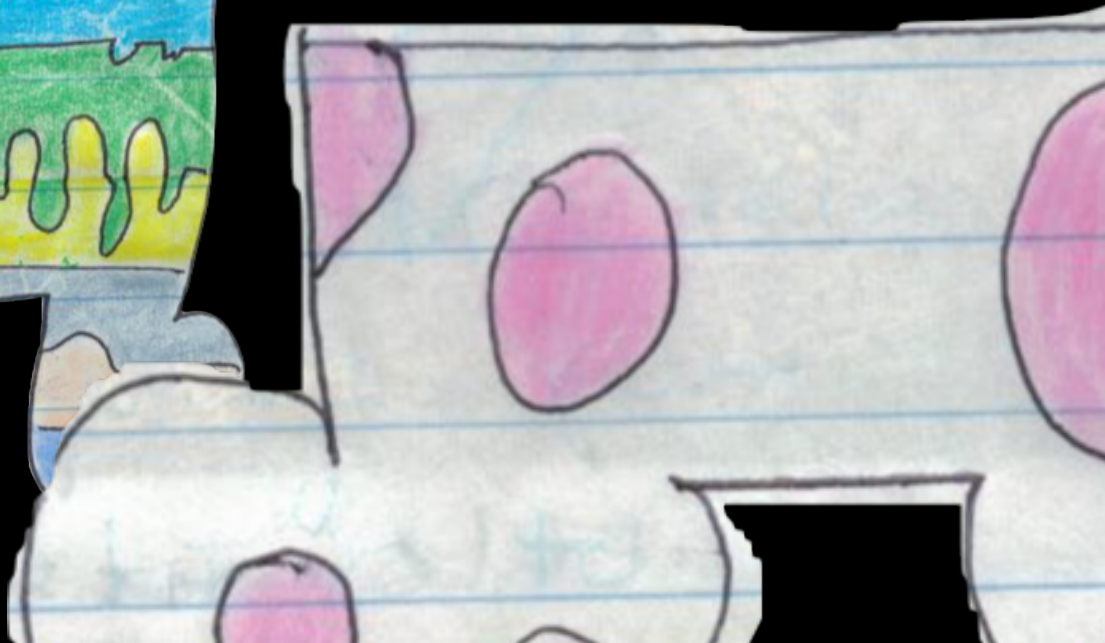
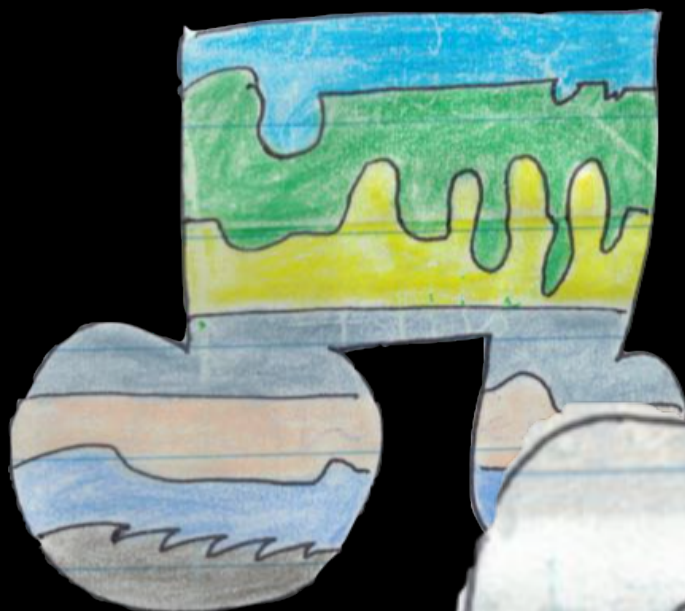
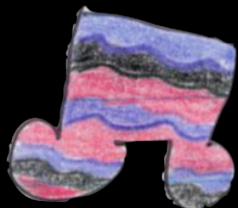
Now mumbling voices blown on the wind reached his ears, and Leo rang out the chords of Space Oddity.

Silence. Then Leo looked as far as he could into the desert.



10. Satan:

They battled with music.





**May showed up in the nick of time, played
one sour note from
My Sweet Lord
and vanquished the devil
lickity split.**

Goo!

**And just like that the Nightskys found Petal
playing piano on the beach with Donkey Man.
She was tapping out Charlie Brown Christmas,
rocking Christmas Jazz into the island breeze.**

—Petal! all of the Nightskys shouted.

—You're all right!

**They mobbed the little girl as she continued to
play piano. The Donkey Man gave rides to the
children.**

**And it was almost time to leave Jamaica—
perhaps for good.**

**—Oh my god Petal, said May, we're going to
miss our plane because of your antics! Put
down those piano keys and come with us.**

**Petal bade the Donkey Man goodbye and left
the beach with her family.**

**So much for sand.
So much for sun.
So much for the island breeze.
And having fun.
Now it's time to go.
To go to go to go.**

To go back home.

As they went back to their room everyone felt the same: Blue that vacation was ending and that they would have to return to their lives. It seemed grossly unfair and each wondered if they could bring a little piece of Jamaica back with them:

Petal wanted to remember the swell breeze and call upon it to help her play piano.

Victor hoped that the romance sparked on the boardwalk would last forever.

May no longer wondered about sank ships: they are wrecks, and she's just happy to have the life she does.

And Leo, Leo is a crazy young man. He time travels and plays the guitar. Wow!

正是: Coral Reef

Vivid colors

Fishes galore

Beautiful Coral

Life everywhere

Amazing place

Great experience

What a talented young man. He wishes more people believed in him and that he didn't feel so lonely. But at least he has Petal! And he made a friend on vacation. Swell.

Also his favorite color is blue. He likes spirals, indeedy, and music, and food. What a guy, a great guy! Meanwhie Victor says:

The great push, focus boy-o.

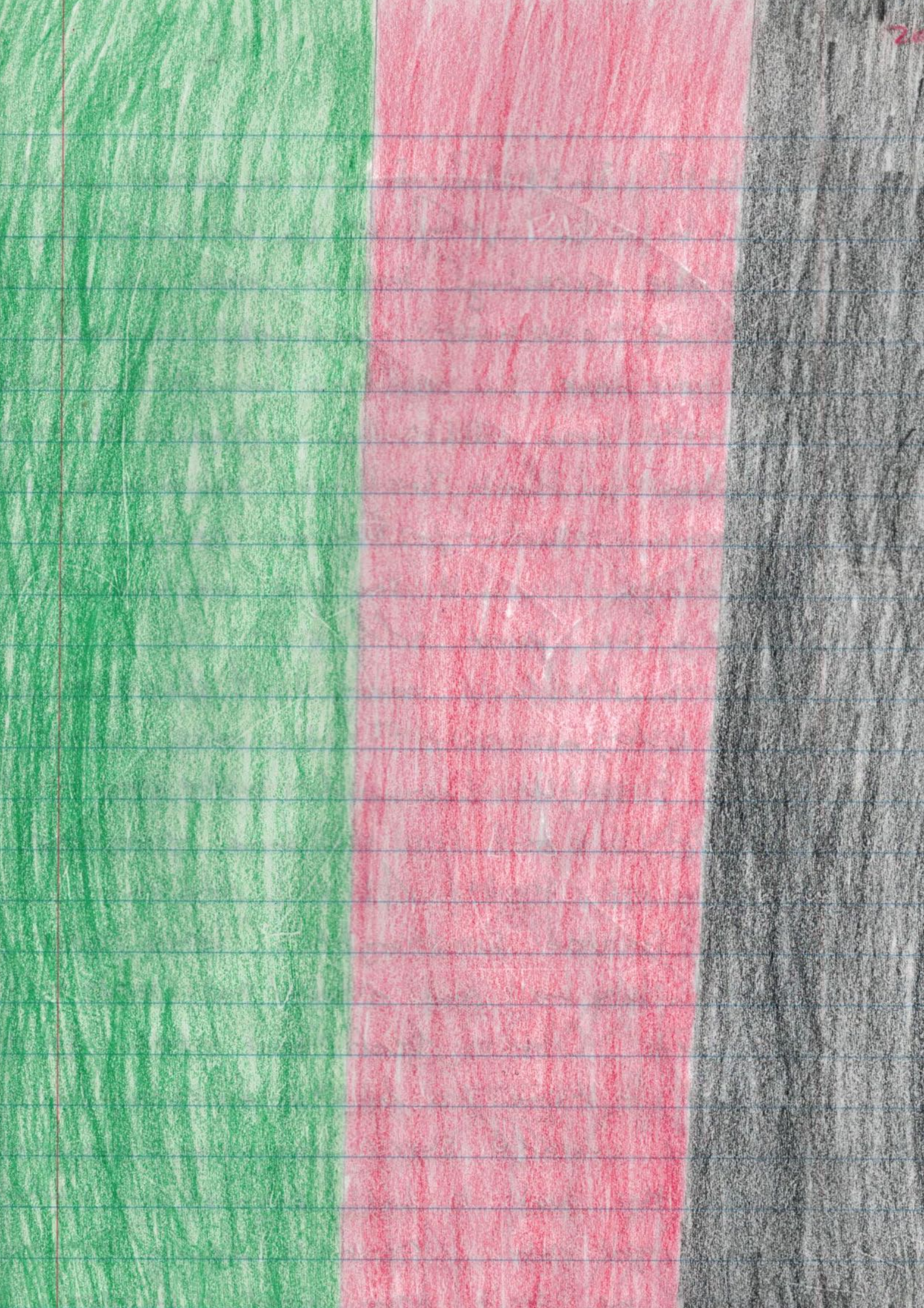
- Tell the story of Leo rescuing Petal✓**
- The Scene at the Ship**
- End**

...for Victor conducted all this fun. (Somehow he held it together during that vacation.) It was good, very good, good for the entire family.

One more round of applause for May, I think, is in order. She helped her children stay well-fed in the sun. Going to buy bananas in front of the whole wide world for her children, well done! just like Harry Belafonte sang about. Gosh she loved him.

**Woooooooooooo ooooooooooooo ooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooo ooooooooooooo ooooooooooooo
oooooooooooo ooooooooooooo ooooooooooooo**

**Let's bring 'em to the Ship,
boss.**



What? That's it? I want my money back! I want all of my money back!

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Hey stop screaming. Some vacations fizzle out; and what you thought was leading up to a great wave just crumbles beneath your feet like beach sand. *That's how it goes in the tropics.* And when you look back you realize it couldn't have been any other way. Somehow, if you look closely enough, you will see that we have been moving to this point all along.

Agh, jiggery-pokery! What a lousy ending! I thought May would solo, not play a "sour note." What gives? I thought Leo would whoop some ass for a change, but he's still *the same young effete*. It stinks it stinks to god!

And oh my god it started so strongly: **Cilantro Beef Tacos**! Who has read a book that starts with the words **Cilantro Beef Tacos** before? I'm telling you it's a shame. A lack of discipline, planning, care, and overall sloppy execution are what damned this book to **hell**. Because that's where we are right now. And we're leaving Jamaica so fast we don't know what is happening. I wish I never went to Jamaica! Never never never!

Relax, reader, we're still doing ok. Put your thumb on this dirty screen and settle down. A lot could still happen, relax, relax. You're in good hands, the very best of hands, now close your eyes for a massage.

You're listening to the best ~~modernist~~ (scratch that) ~~post-modernist~~ (scratch that) ~~post-post-modernist~~ (scratch!) ghosthost modernist to ever link words.



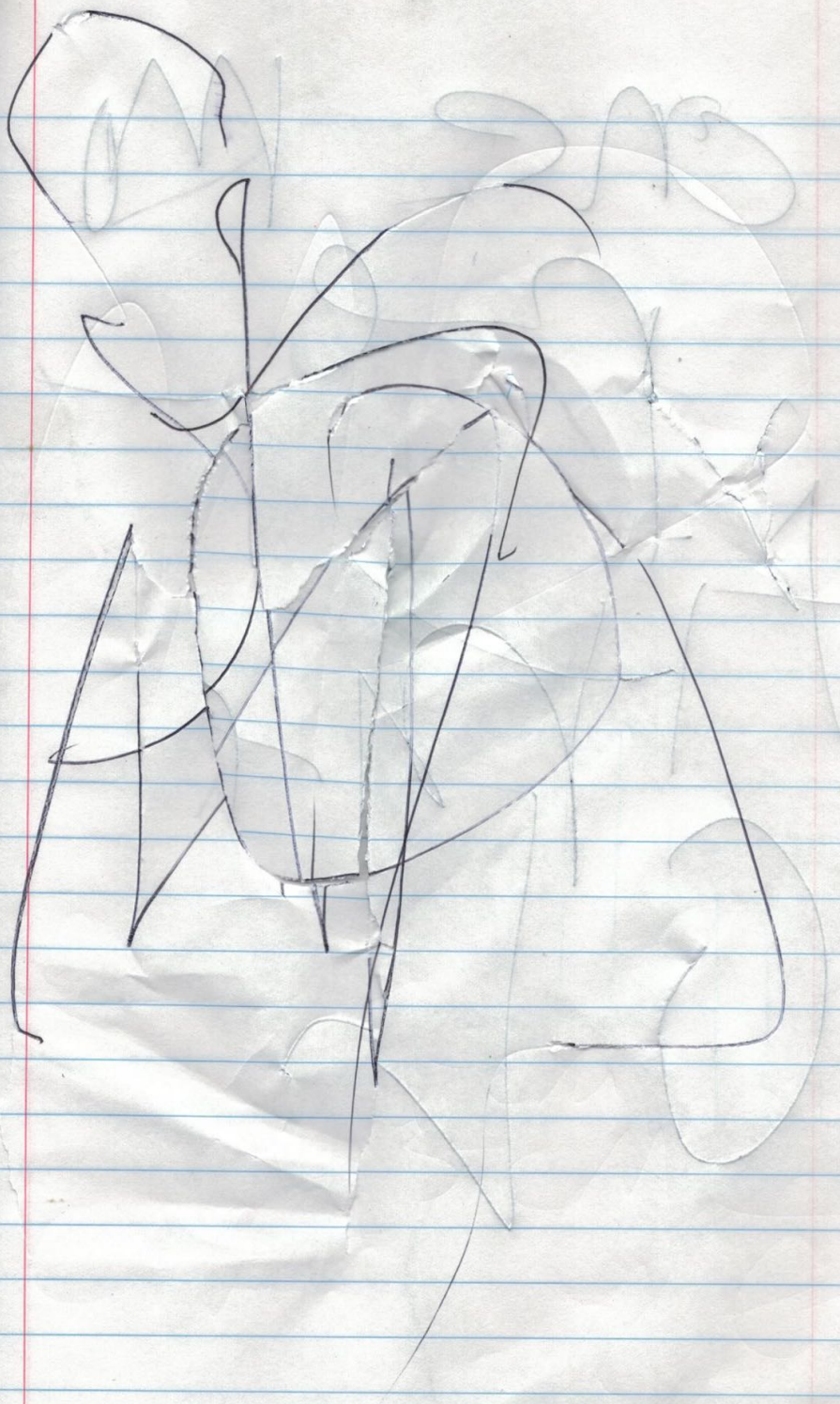
True, You will never know about Leo and Shane. Or all of those employees at The Beach Tub Bath Resort on the Cliffs (with precipitous drops!). It will be alright. For there were

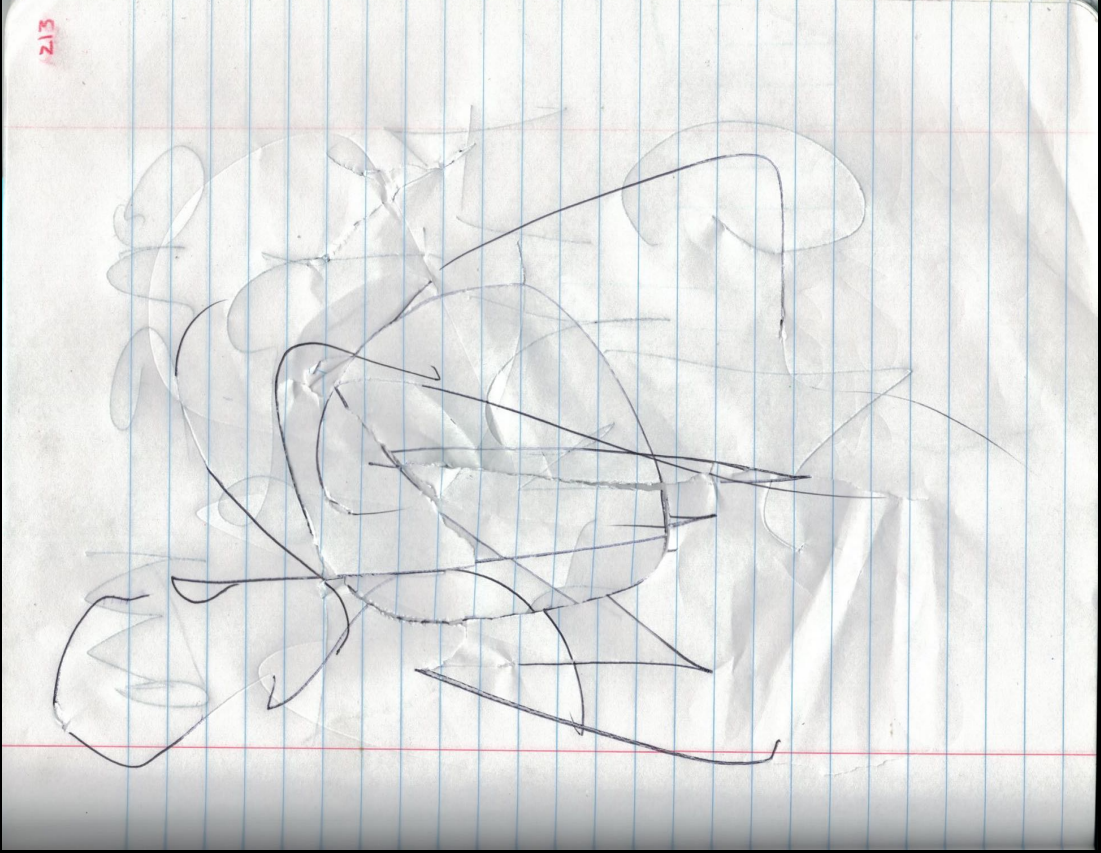
Questions, answers. And all executed in so helluva balooishly style of innocence and joy.

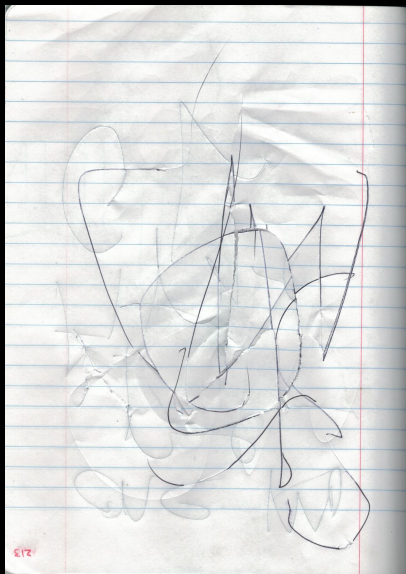
But O O O it has ended: I know it, you know it, WE know it. We might curse and stomp our feet like children. Shall we? Come on let's stomp. On three. One. Two. Three. STOMP! Oh that didn't do much. One more time: One, Two, Three. STOMP! A little better that time. Why stop now? On three in stomptime: One, Two, Three, S T O M P! ONE, TWO, THREE

STOMP ONE TWO THREE:

STOP







Whew, that right there was a sure-foot
STOMPING, a one Two Three four five six
Seven Eight

STOMP

Oh my oh my oh my how will wee cover on that
on kock it's over just like that song beginning
of hard times to come oh it's over ended and
sldfj alekr This is the start of fasldkfj al;sdfj
lsajf lksa flk;asdjadls;fsadlk fasd;lkfjas
of fasdl;kfj asdl;jasd fl;asdl;kf jasdl;f
sldfj;sd fas fls dlsdl;asdl;jfsd l;fsdl;fsad
fasdfl;sldf fasd l;fsd;sd fkljkl fsd lfas;l f
sdfklsd;sd fasdjklafs;fds;sd lkf
asdhfil;;jads;sd;kdf sdfails;fd fasdl;hfdsaf
jlsdfi;j dfsfsdlfsjd times to come oh it's over
ended and sldfj alekr This is the start of
fasldkfj al;sdfj lsajf lksa flk;asdjads;fsadlk
fasd; times to come oh it's over ended and sldfj
alekr This is the start of fasldkfj al;sdfj lsajf
lksa flk;asdjadls;fsadlk fasd; times to come oh
it's over ended and sldfj alekr This is the start
of fasldkfj al;sdfj lsajf lksa flk;asdjadls;fsadlk
fasd; times to come oh it's over ended and sldfj
alekr This is the start of fasldkfj al;sdfj lssdfdsf

8. The Ship

Leo and his family boarded the ship at two in the afternoon. After sitting down in their seats and fastening their seatbelts they listened to the safety announcements playing on screen. A voice came through the speakers saying:

—Peanuts, water and a special something extra will be available for purchase once we get way up off of the ground. How does that sound everyone?

—THAT SOUNDS REALLY GOOD! chorused the passengers.

—Woah, sang back the stewardesses. Y'all sure are a demented bunch. And we're damn happy to have you aboard. Now if the going gets turbulent, then we'll get a little frisky bodisky—

But everyone had tuned this junk out long ago. That's just the way that it goes. And ohs and ohs and oh!

Wait what's that noise? What's that rumbling? Oh my god! Oh my god no! Ahhhhhhhhhhh!

**Take off baby. One two. One two. Lights check.
Gasoline check. Turbo check. Sugarloaf check.
Rubber duckies and bubblegum check. Atomic
baseballs check.**

—Folks what you're feeling now is the engines firing up. Those propellers are superspinning like mad. They spin so fast, so strong, we will soon be flying through the air. Listen:

Faaaakshaaahfaasfawoohiyaoooooooo

—And once we're up there cruising, we could lose both puppies and still cruise for miles. Ain't that something? Me, I think it's swell, I actually prefer flying naked, as aviators call it.

—Folks we are moving down the runway. Let your eye race from shed to shed on the tarmac. Look at that little man, the air traffic controller, waving his frisky red antennae. He's telling us 'go baby, go baby, gooo.' And go we will.

—Look at the quonset huts, the blur, the car
lots, the air streaming the life the sound the
wheels screaming gray yellow green blue palm
tree green yellow go go go go ahhh ahhh ahh.

Now we're moving up through the air

Now we're moving up through the air

Now we're moving up through the air

Now we're moving up through the air

**Flying at mach seven. Zooming. Through
Beeteljuice and Hesperus.**

**Going up. Through the clouds. Watching the
sky turn light blue.**

**The ship is flying. Peace out Jamaica. Goodbye
world.**

Peace world below. Flying. Tap, tap, sleep.

People in the clouds. Zooming. Through blue.

**—Ladies and gentlemen we are now at altitude.
We will be coming around with food you can
purchase. Sound good?**

—SOUNDS REALLY GOOD.

—I want noodle soup! someone shouted.

**—Pipe down back there! threatened the pilot.
I've brought this plane down before and I'll be
damned if I won't do it again!**

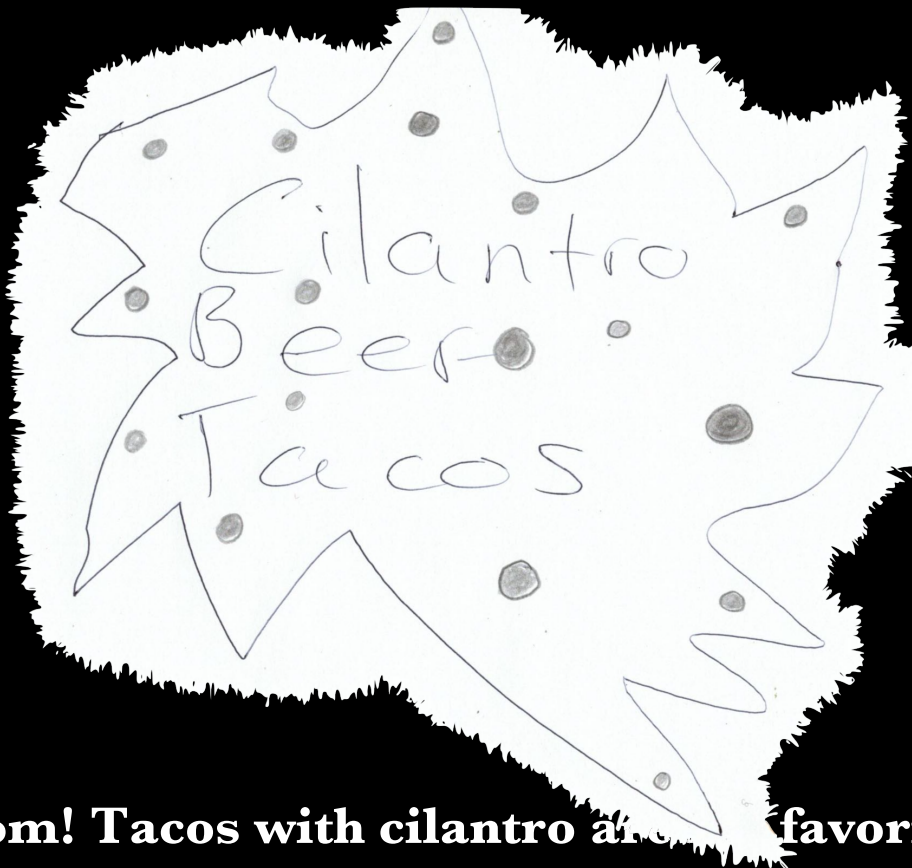
**Anthony Lemon scratched his chin and put on
his crazy professor glasses. He tapped Gustave
and Chops on the shoulder at the same time
and said:**

—Hey I don't think Biscuit made it! I don't think Biscuit made it onto the ship! He was too drunk!

The boys began to guffaw.

**Little red embers prickled under Leo's skin.
The food cart came down the aisle. The stewardess was hawking:**

—Baked potatoes, Applebees, Cheetos, peanut butter, booze, and yessir:



—Mom! Tacos with cilantro are my favorite meal! said Leo.

—We'll get you as many as you want, son, said Victor. But leave the wine to momma.

—What about Petal? asked Leo. What does Petal get?

—Petal gets nothing, said May and Victor Nightsky.

—Gooo! shouted Petal. I AM GOOD and this is my reward? I want to befriend a cat!

—Folks can I help you with anything today?

—We're taking five orders of the Cilantro Beef Tacos today.

—That's excellent, said the hostess! These tacos highlight our new cilantro sauce, which we're using to create a vibrant zesty coating for thin slices of beef.

The Nightskys were all ears.

—They're tucked into a warm tortilla alongside a juicy combo of fresh tomatoes and pickled jalapeno for another bright layer of flavor.

—Ma'am I could eat those tacos for the rest of my life, said Victor.

—Victor, shish, said May.

—Alright folks those will be ready for you in a few minutes. We're also serving a fruity and savory wine...

WINE MOM

(immediately) I'll take one.

BEER DAD

Me too.

HOSTESS W/ THE MOSTESS

Anything to drink for the stains?

PARENTS

Stains? Drink?

STAIN ONE

Water for me.

STAIN TWO

Oolong tea for me, sugar no milk.

TEAMMASTER

We've only got British Breakfast Tea.

ALL

Ahh!

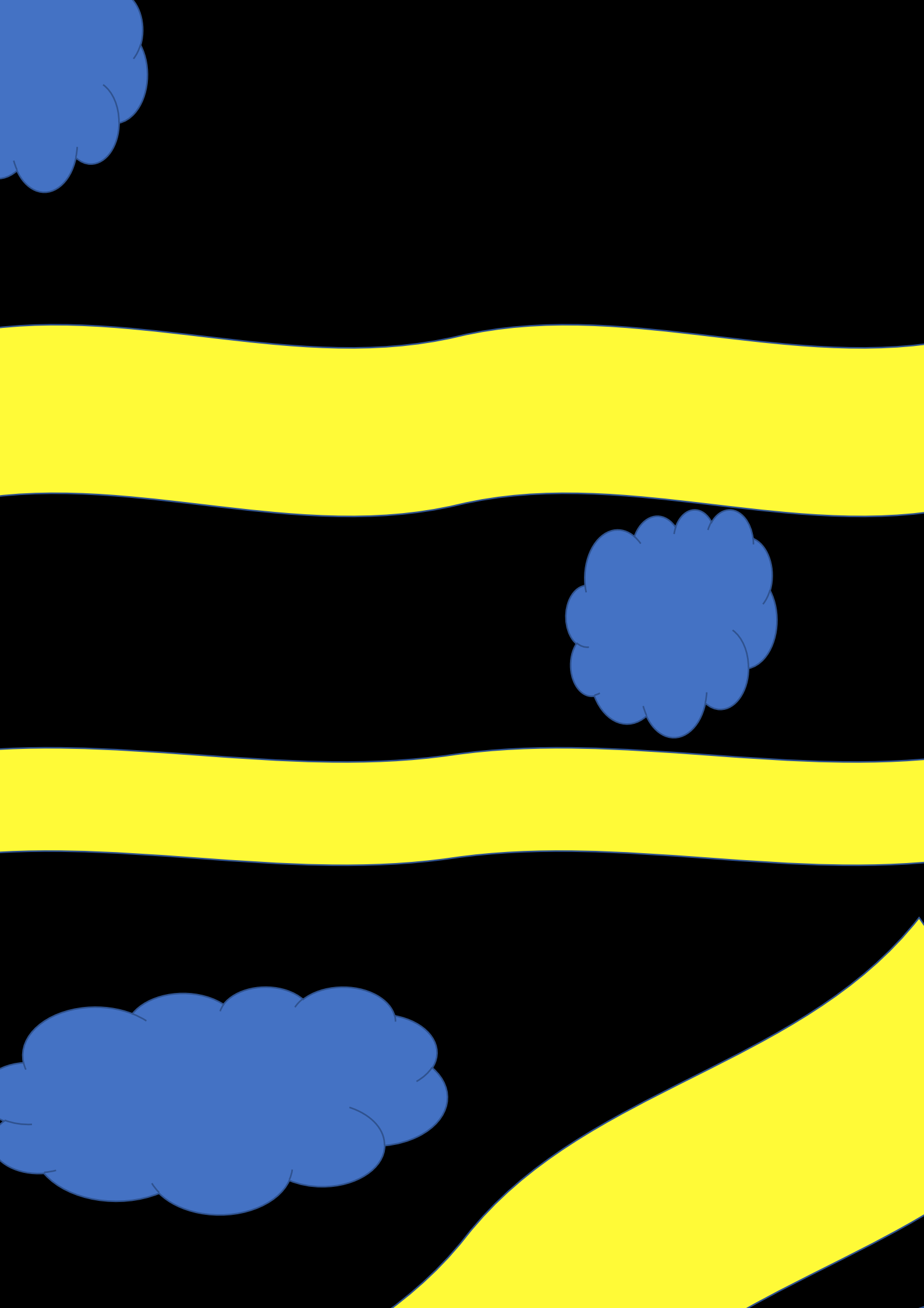
CAP'N JACK

Jack be nimble

Jack be quick

Jack Jump Over

The Candle Stick!



The tacos put Leo to sleep. He dreamed he was following Shane up a hill.

When Leo made it to the top he looked around.

He was standing in a clearing, in a ring of pine

trees. Their tops swayed in the starlight and a

full moon was in the sky. A few dusky clouds

drifted overhead and a cool night breeze swept

over him. He looked upwards into the night

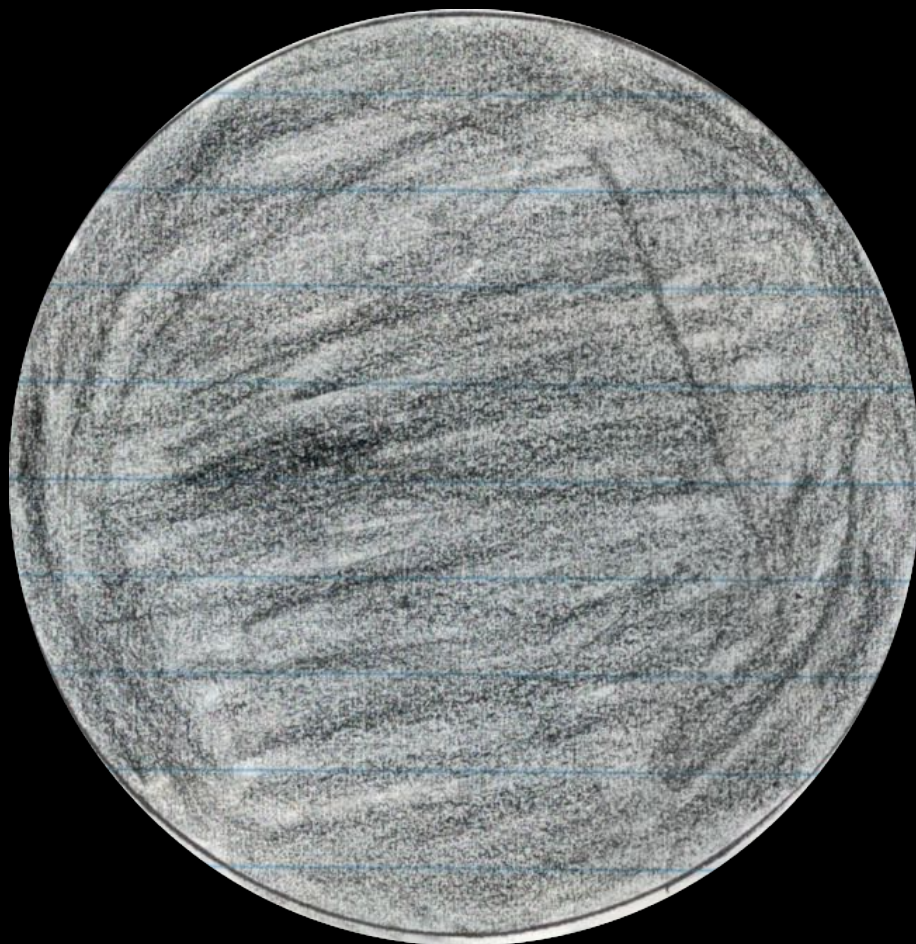
and the trees

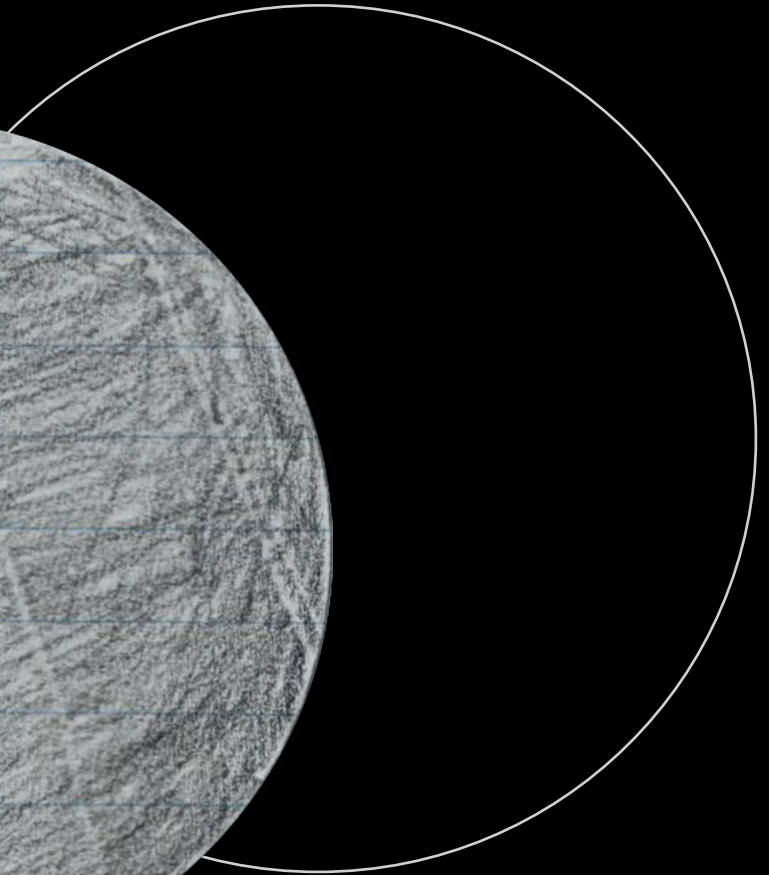
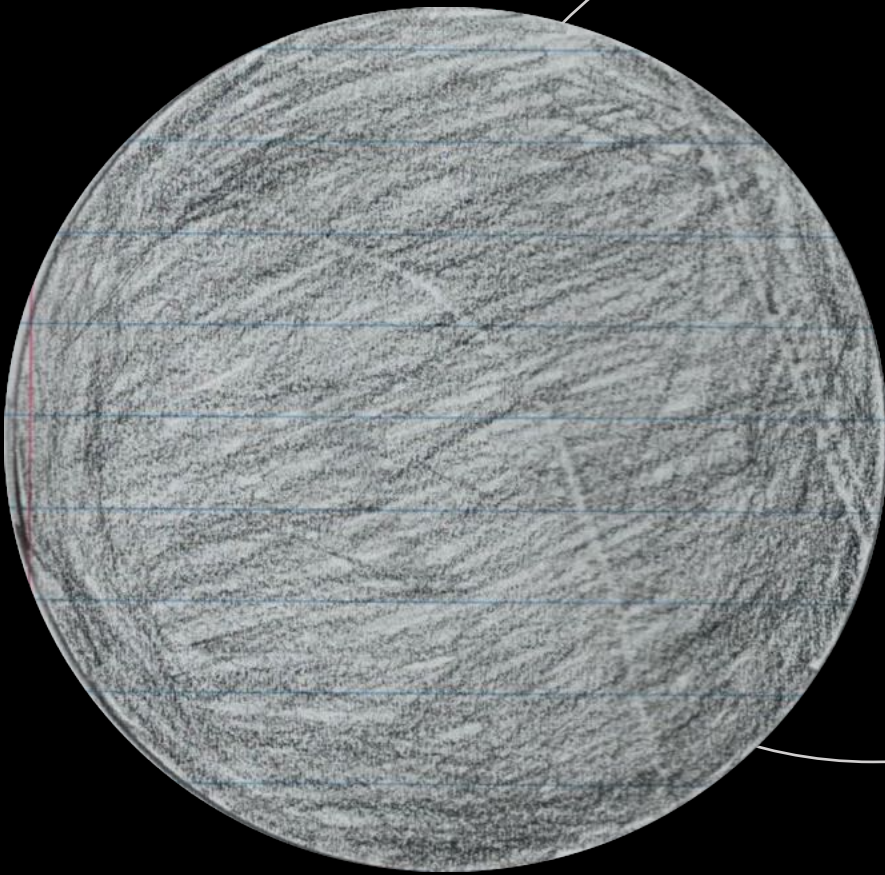
quaked

in

the

moonlight







The End