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a noise novel...

Adventure On The High Seas

GX Jupiter-Larsen

EXCERPT

Adventure

On The

High Seas

a excerpt

from the

novel by

GX Jupiter-Larsen

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Nude and drenched in saliva, she was sliding down the esophagus head first. The blood was rushing to her head. Wave after wave of involuntary peristalsis pushed her towards the stomach. She had been swallowed whole, and with all her panic, wasn't able to think of anything else.

It didn't matter that her eyes had been glued shut by all the drool, there was only a damp darkness which, like the inner wall of the esophagus, wrapped tightly around her body. All she could feel were wet rubbery slaps against her skin. She could barely breath. The heart pounding in her ears wasn't her own.

Suddenly she sensed warmth. She was approaching the stomach. Before she could fully comprehend what was happening, the surrounding muscles, which had clutched her so firmly till now, started to relax. Then, without a sound, she had been spewed into the belly. Plop; then fizz. She splashed into the hollow organ of acids and enzymes.

She still couldn't really move that much, and the stench was overwhelming. Right away, she started to feel a sharp bite at her legs and buttocks. It was like sitting crunched-over in a bound sack half filled with corrosive slush. The digestive juices were kissing away her flesh, burning away at her muscle tissue. Digestion had begun. It was stinging! It was painful! She wanted to scream, but could only choke on the fumes. She couldn't make a peep. Between the anguish and her suffocation, she knew her body was being tenderly liquefied.

Before she finally lost consciousness, random impressions pass by her mind: the pussy-willows she used to collect as a small child; her first kiss as an adolescent; oxygen.

Her body had been converted into a soft paste, a dough-like pulp. As she moved passed the duodenum and was received into the small intestine, she was further dissolved by the juices from the pancreas and liver. After all of the nutrients from her body had been absorbed through the intestinal walls, the undigested parts of her were propelled into the colon. There she remained, until she was expelled by a bowel movement.

Life had been too exciting to be fair. Her anatomy had been a meal for some creature from the countryside. The eye sockets of her skull gazed upwards from the large pile of shit that once had been her young

beautiful physique.

What wasn't then eaten by dung-beetles for food, was subsequently absorbed into the ground for nutrients. Even the dirt was hungry.

Months later on a cool and foggy afternoon, three youths were hiking through the hillsides, completely unaware of the bone fragments they had just stepped over.

"I think I will always be alone. Even if I could find a wife, I don't think she could ever understand me as deeply as loneliness does. Even when I am surrounded by all my best and dearest friends, I feel completely cut-off from each and every one of them. As if I was someone else looking at me looking at them. The one and only time I really felt connected to another person, she panicked and pushed me away. So this is my fate."

"At some point I'm not sure of, solitude intervened in my life. Over the years it kept me safe from many impending dangers. From time to time, I would try to leave my friend to go off on my own. To have adventures of a different type. But as hard as I try, loneliness would always be too faithful to ever leave my side..."

"Well, if the source of a man's inner peace depends upon his relationships with others, he will always be tossed to and fro between the greatest joy and the deepest sorrow. This is the fate for all those whose centre of gravity rests from without. The question then is, how does one rely solely on one's own self for both focus and peace of mind, without losing the affection and attachment of close friends and lovers?"

His daily Horoscope read; "You can't let loneliness dictate your actions." Glowing cascades of orange and red, the rocket soared into the clear open milieu. All eyes turned upward. Then suddenly the sky tore open round the craft. The rip even passed through the rocket's exhaust. Screens at all the tracking posts were showing the oddest blips the technicians had ever seen. Several rips in the sky were later videoed, spotted and radar-tracked during other test flights.

Tearing his charts up to find a way through the detours, an anonymous astronomer somewhere else found instead a number of nearby planetesimals. Eye to telescope. There was an old hourglass on his desk. Sand was falling up from one bulb to the other. As the astronomer counted away, he thought of clepsammia as the stillness of time

measured against the flow of sand.

Floor tiles were missing here and there. His small observatory was lit by a single light bulb. A moth had succeeded in entering the light, leaving the bulb intact, and vanishing within the glow. A solid evaporation.

“What namby-pamby twaddle-tidbit is this then? When is it going to happen? When is it going to take place?” asked a disembodied voice over the airwaves. The jab-jibciufahsu shagged such questionable gravel, that ignominious cagciscahz geared inappropriate intentions and ivoried the chunk.

“It’s not this pamby-bamby at all. I’m just not sure which calendar they’re on; that’s all...” Afterall, not only was it an ordinary shovel, but streakings of fireballs were sighted in the sky.

Everything was soggy with motion. While all differences were the same; another time, another nowhere in particular; “Yer can always tell how old someone really is by the width of their smile. The older the person, the wider the smile.”

From birth one’s mind comes utterly saturated with all the assumptions and preconceptions that one is ever going to have. Most of one’s existence then becomes a pursuit for excuses. Abstractly, the excuse functions as an indication of future reverberations by wave forms that have yet to oscillate; an indication of why the mind thinks the way it does. After many such excuses have been reached, one then starts to evacuate all evidence of one’s existence from the environment. Different cultures have all had different terms for such a period as this. Retirement, enlightenment and folly being the most common terms in usage. After as much confirmation as possible has been nullified, the traveller continues to advance. But does so by standing still.

“I find that aging has got to be da absolutely funniest stuff I’ve ever come across. I mean, the older I get, the more hysterically humorous the whole thang becomes...”

One’s assumptions and preconceptions are all synthesized randomly before birth. Every mind has within it every thought ever dreamed. Personality is basically the indiscriminate emphasizing of a few such components. Part of the chaos of biology. There is no connection between

what one thinks, what one does, and where one is.

To say that one pursues excuses is to proclaim how the excuse operates as an indication of the pattern oscillated by the mind as a wave form. Abstractly, the excuse as an indication of the wave function of a wave form.

“Da older I get, da sillier I am. Same for most my friends, plus or minus two point five per cent... All time must bend to the passing of men... to da passing of all organisms. I don’t want war and I don’t want peace. No sir, what I want is interesting times. Because it cant be right, if the mistakes aren’t included.”

As a means to ratify the pattern as indicated by the excuse, the self automatically moves to evacuate all evidence of one’s existence from the environment. Another element to the chaos of biology.

There are two methods for the self in its attempt to nullify confirmation. To remove the proof, or to make so much that it becomes meaningless due to its commonality.

After as much evidence as possible has been null and void, the traveller continues to advance by standing still. After equilibrium, peace of mind. Another element to the chaos of biology.

Vite Eeuy was a very well-dressed man, heavy set. Always in a three-piece suit and a white wrestling mask with black trim. He never took that hood off. He couldn’t, it had become his face.

He, Vite Eeuy, was at the Yves Klein International Airport. Video monitors radiated arrival and departure schedules. Vite looked at his watch to see what time it was, only to notice the timepiece had stopped. He was six hours early. He enjoyed the atmosphere of the airport. The semblance and aroma. He would hang out; overhearing conversations. Having detected a discussion between two fellow travellers talking about the meanings of aging, he himself couldn’t think of anything funnier than rot and decay. Biology depends largely on highly unstable molecules transferring energy between stable ones. This process simultaneously builds up and breaks down bodies. This is irony. This is; well, funny. Henry Darger used the archetypal pre-adolescent little girl as his device for measuring the distance between contentment and

despair. Vite Eeuy used his passport.

“...we trust you had a pleasant journey. Thank you for flying Airoto.”

Rot and decay as the balance of weak and strong biological forces. There are those occurrences when addition deducts. Biology is one of those occurrences. There was a calm smile on his face. His eyes glanced around the waiting area of the main terminal.

The conversation he was listening to was between a young man named Eduardc and an old fellow called Maximilian. Eduardc was a nanotechnologist. Maximilian, a genetic engineer. Both were on a private adventure. The kind one does alone; with as little or as much evidence as possible. They were strangers to each other. Strangers exchanging stories from the road. Comparing maps, while others thoroughfared bye. As it turned out, from a distance equal to the eliminated area, the asphalt below became viscous and started smelling like smoldering refuge. Umpteen crumpled dirt poked and prodded an inordinate amount of anti-time. Melting moments faded between the passing topography. Various locations, in fact, veered to the edge of yet another ravine anchored deep to irregular gouges deep in the crust.

After a recent serious illness, Vite Eeuy always had this black attaché case in hand. He was never the same. It was the only luggage he ever had. And it was always utterly stuffed full with rotting flora.

He, Vite Eeuy, was on a private adventure as well. The kind one does alone; with as little or as much evidence as possible. Video monitors radiated schedules. He was hours early. He enjoyed the atmosphere of the airport; the aroma. Vite Eeuy had immersed himself in wandering and voyaging. Travelling was all he ever did.

If you were to ask when he began this trip, or how long he'd been on the road, you better be prepared to be told nothing. There is no answer to such a question. Besides, you can't believe the word is round without also believing it's flat. In the correct context parallel lines do meet.

Bypassing all those various cities he could have chosen, he found his own way by happily continuing on his narrative. A cold enthusiasm bent his mind. He was a calm smile. Cities were like his second home. The open road would always be his first. Vite Eeuy would never stay and visit any

city for more than a day or two. Whenever he arrived, which was usually just before midnight, the only thing he'd do was walk around the downtown core. This walking around would last till well after the dusk of the next midnight. Wearing thick boots so as to feel closer to the pavement. And while walking around the city streets, he'd always have his black attaché case in hand. This attaché case stuffed full of rotting flora.

He would have kept a journal if the tips of his pencils hadn't kept breaking off. Lead snippets bobbed thence as he remained undaunted.

Vite Eeuy never talked to any one; he just kept to himself. It appeared as if he'd just walk around studying the architecture; examining the accidental poetry of day-to-day existence. By his solitude, even in the turmoil of a city, no one could really know him.

"Who are you?" Vite Eeuy asked the child sitting next to him in the plane.

"An ugly old man..."; replied the young codger, revealing both their souls.

"So; what do you want to be when you grow up then?"

"An ugly old fat man!" yelled the boy. Immortality was brief, so you had to make the most of it.

"Well, going too far is never going far enough I say. There's less to the world than meets the eye." said Vite Eeuy. His body was half way through the flight when his mind came to ponder how many hours flying he had accumulated over the years. A day later, as he came to a conclusion on this issue, he found himself zipping through a foreign landscape while in the six-seat compartment of a passenger-train. Seated just in front of him were two young lovers kissing; pieces of white egg shell guived in their black hair.

Half a dozen usual functions would rise in plunked persuade while these tremendous perspicacious recipients were scuffing the transmissions under whooping xylowaves that yanked this zone. A surprisingly short amount to be both an austere abstraction, an algebrization, and optical

illusion. Gush guzzled a shooting gulch zestwards, as the city where he arrived happened to be in complete corrosive decay. Everyone there was running amok; rioting and burning about. Pastured all over every wall, large posters of bold white letters on a black background proclaim; **“DON’T WAX THE BITTER, JOIN THE RAINBOW OF HATE!”**

And why not? Every citizen has the civil obligation to undermine society at every opportunity. Linear destruction isn’t the only byproduct of decay. Moments later, the remaining space was taken up with random atmospheric noise revealing every unblemished flaw. They all interpreted these signals as elephantine gibberish both acute and sparse.

...occasionally, the noise will listen to you.

Hopeless joy’s harsh touch achieved a hush; he was keeping low. In some boarded-up back-doorway to some dark back-ally. Just in front sat the violence. Rioters smashing everything at hand. While the vandalism flicked in the night, he counted the number of explosions, the number of fire crackles, of glass shatterings, as well as metal crashings. Manrissnakislekoodseeluwat had shackled duplicate semblances. Only to find shrinking sovhekjsion, uncertainty became xaatoogeekisisyding; as caverns den the hovel. Then too breaking elobosiveness beau. Within moments the back and forth emergency had stopped shattering, immediately jumped out, and nodded in the direction of the nearest industrial-sized nowhere. Almost charming in fact.

CRASH!!!

After something good happens, something bad is never too far behind. Likewise, after any defeat springs victory. There’s a constant balance between strong and weak forces. Like the fireman who went to the dominatrix to have her role-play as an arsonist. He wanted to be punished for putting out all those lovely fires. His job was a necessary evil for the good of the community. So was her’s; the profane thrill of destroying something beautiful in order to make it even more beautiful.

Constant undercurrents of alien peat moss trickled through the hitherto unplumbed depths of stone-washed transparency. Likewise, glowing fires were everywhere. Trinitrotoluene quadrilaterals lashed insidious.

Vite's mind became filled with odd numbers of every kind. 12 explosions; mostly distant; each followed by a glowing fire. Flames submissively accepting chastisement from sudden impacts. 102,345 crackles of fire; at least those were the ones he could make out with his ears. He was a little hard of hearing. 56 glass shatterings; windows coming into contact with hulking holes. 34 metal crashings; mostly cars that were over turned and then set on fire. He then counted the number of circularities he could make out in all the smoke. Dark red dust against that black night sky. White stars flicked in from behind. The air was warm with cheer; grim delight. Pale corpuscles stayed idolatrous irritations. Offered as civility, it still spoiled some increasing numbers. Nine high blasts might have vanished, but wrenched within, these splendid disappointments inspired him. His temperament, like tranquility swallowed whole by suggestion, muddled about in the dusty breeze. He made his mark on the contract by smearing it with his bloody snot.

"Well fancy that then!" said Vite Eeuy. Particles energized had begun jumping. As objects bounced around, gaps opened up beneath them. While hiding in his hole, the ground below gave way. The next thing he saw were elevator doors that opened automatically to reveal a shovel standing upright. Without support, it stood centre stage on the platform. These things happen.

POW!!!

It was a small grey metal elevator. The shovel was ordinary; nothing special. A dull glint. Humility is a byproduct of the condition known as ego. Without ego there can be no modesty of any kind.

Hurtful benefits stirred fixed. The ego was an indication that within all the mind's many preconceptions, there was the potential understanding of the context of a problem as being a self-contained incorruptibility. That any kind of diawave done purely in reaction to a problem would only add to the maladjustment of the circumstance. It was this understanding that was referred to as humility.

Abrasive ravines urged his blast. Having a humble estimate of one's own merits implied that modesty itself came from the mind going beyond the context of a problem, by measuring it as a kind of jumping off point. To

transexpand the whole occasion by an act of possible inappropriateness. Vite Eeuy opened up his attaché case to observe the dust inside.

Arrogance is the opposite of ego. Inasmuch as presumptuous haughty functions as an indication that the mind's experiences will be limited to the visible, audible and palpable. Vite Eeuy's experiences would be anything but restrictive.

Clash, clasp clashed. Not with a bang, but with an all surpassing thrash cleared of an utter loss that jumps on and off in a dressed stone, he made his way passed all the wreckage, and on board yet another decorrelation stretch. From the first departure to the final arrival, Vite Eeuy continuously wandered up and down the whole span of the passenger-train. In five hours, he counted 62,609 individual steps made during the trip.

Walking out of the train station, he came upon a chance meeting with an old friend. Someone he'd met on a previous travel. M.T. was the guy's name; no one you could keep track of. Always drunk on decay. He'd always be the first rat off a sinking ship if it wasn't for this habit of staying on board till the very last second. M.T. always enjoyed the ride down. M.T. would often finish a sentence by quietly saying "shooosh", or with a distinguished "woof woof".

"Don't you think mystery novels should be called solution novels? Woof woof."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, if they really were mysteries, they'd never tell you what actually happened by the end. They'd leave it to your immigration to figure out what might have happened."

"But it's the mystery that keeps you reading on."

"No, it's knowing there's a solution at the end, and wondering if your guesses will match up with the author's whims. There's no real mystery with any of them; only explanations. So that's why I think they should be called solution novels... woof woof."

“Well, hummmm; alright then...”

BANG!!! A flaky residue was found packed onto the surface of the explosion. It turned out to be the sharpest, brightest, most thorough chemical shell. It was the steady pattern M.T. knew as the waste receptacle that was his life. M.T. just shrugged it off to gravity. Life was a cunt someone once told him. Life was a cunt, and he was going to fuck it as hard as he could. Just because he could. As a way of courteously requesting Vite Eeuy to join him in a little excursion to a nearby town of ruins, M.T. remarked “We live in an age where the technician has replaced the philosopher. Is it a mistake to expect new hardware without some new software to go with it? This is no time to be practical. Shooosh.”

“Tell me something I don’t already know...”; replied Vite Eeuy. And the two of them were off. Passing transversing-crossed roads on a pair of found motorcycles. Clouds of dust rose up from the road. The long roar-like tone was drowned out by the shimmers of rust sluicing down an intake of breath, only to burst back out his swiveled mouth into their faces and stretched into the wind. Vite Eeuy was heading very near to where he had just come. M.T. had never been.

Brushed swipes were then roughing with worry. Rumbled hough, grabbed up the creased with sorry. They ought to have rouse a more inexact percentage other than empty infractions like this. However, this sudden movement could not mud as quickly as the upcoming thrashing tumbling into slip. Regardless, like semen splattered on the face of a beautiful woman, the debris from various auto collisions were splashed all up the down the asphalt. Contorted twisted metal squirmed along the form of the whole highway. Specks of shattered glass sheltered the road’s contour. While wreckage hurled upwards towards the dust. Accidents. It’s what gave life meaning.

Inside one auto wreck just off the road, this guy was jerking off in his girlfriend’s face. With every impact of semen on her face, he’d make an explosion-like sound effect with his drool-filled mouth. Bubbles lathered in the ruin. She just sat there, daydreaming of electro magnetism. A small tin funnel was hugging off the rear-view mirror.

So much garbage had piled up that garbage-collecting vehicles had been replaced with patrol cars. The Sanitation Department was everywhere,

keeping an eye on everything. Black and white Sanitation Patrol Cars, with flashing reds lights on top, cruised the streets investigating the ever-increasing clutter that was life itself. Making sure everyone did their part in keeping the mess as BIG as possible. Litter litter everywhere. More litter than streets.

Vaginafolk with a fetish for authoritative uniforms would sway at the very sight of the Sanitation Engineer in his black leather. The smell of garbage became a powerful aphrodisiac. La route poudroie. There the ruins stood, all shiny and new.

La route poudroie. There the ruins stood, all shiny and new. Towering brilliances of tumbling luminaries. Luminaries that excelled rotwards. The recomposition done by decay, exact in transmission. They counted the cracks. Wreckage wreckage everywhere. Thwarted cracks extended their wings and locked up the collective circumstance, as well as those persons to whom these empty insights walked away from the only real reason any whizbang kept mounted; the clarity filed by television interference:

vfjvjfjhjgfcvfvjvmjhvhfdhghfdhgdffdch
gfhgfcghdghdhdhdcjfjhgkbgmghfvhgdhgfj
ffchdjsdsdcjfvkgyvjfhxhgfxfxcxhgfxjhjg
hdchgchcgdcghcyrestdkvfcfdchgdcjdjch
ghjcjgcjhfdrcgkfgcgvkjfdxjhdyrdchgkfc
ghfdsgfdfesxsxgxssxtrsgxcgfsghdxgfssxhg
dddgrdhfdrxgfsfxdgdgfdxddsrsdhgdgdjshgs
fsdtrsstrsgfrdgfcjfdsgfdchgchtrdfdgd
cresrgdxhfdgfhhdhghfxdjydfxsddfsxgfdsxgh
dhfddgfdjxgdgfdffsdgfsdxdtregdhfdsxhg
sdsstrgdxfgfdreddrgerdrdysdrdrdr
drdyrdydrddcdyddtrfxrsfdsgfxhfdchdjrf
fxsgfxgfsfxrdrfdxfgssdxgfsghfsfdsgdghg
fdfdrsdsgfdxgfsfdstrtsghndhrghgfsghfxgf
ffdfdgdstrxgfsfdxgfsghgfdgsgdghshgsggh
xsgghssxhgdsghf dtfufchdxgfsghfsghfdh
fdddgfdddfdcgdsxgfsbchgcvsfxgfsstrsgf
fdcdrdrsgfdsgfdewsegfsfdxgfsxghfshgdsg
fssesfeasdfsesrfsdsresgssxtessssewqrea
sawaasawqaagqaszaqaaqaaazfqarwqafeada

**zsqsfdsdsfeszdssfsdssewsfdeszhdszsada
zdfsrenewsdsefwsdasaeafsaazfadsadafea**

A hole twitching and vibrating in a specific manner might be perceived as being a particular something. The same hole folding and shaking in a particularly different manner may be perceived as being a specific something else. Both perceptions would be equally correct. An entity remains unchanged by the act of being seen. What does change is the perception itself. One never reacts to things, only to the perceptions of things. What one sees when an entity shakes is information. Information is that purely random motion which is the only kind of movement that an entity can perform. Meaning is the measurement of information. Information can mean whatever one wants to measure out of it.

Tender hate chewed on tact, while colloquial effervesce barked catchy pitches. So much garbage had piled up that garbage-collecting vehicles had been replaced with patrol cars. The Sanitation Department was everywhere, keeping an eye on everything. Black and white Sanitation Patrol Cars, with flashing reds lights on top, cruised the streets investigating the ever-increasing clutter that was life itself. Making sure everyone did their part in keeping the mess as BIG as possible. Litter litter everywhere. More litter than streets.

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“J’aime le catch! Shooosh.” M.T. remarked. It was his way of asking Vite Eeuy how many cracks he had counted so far.

“Today is another day; it may have wobbled a bit, but it’s decided to drop now. So nuff said...” replied Vite Eeuy; his way of saying 5,865.

M.T. had counted 1,648. “In the future how will robots actually see us? There has been a lot of talk about this in terms of a master-slave relationship. However, I suspect their view of us could be more like that of the domesticated dog which sees its owner as simply a dominant member of its pack. Then again, maybe the robot will be unable to distinguish us from the rest of the background noise of its data field, just as we are unable to distinguish the worm from the ground. We may be

critical to the robot's existence, but then, so is the worm critical to our own environmental factors..." Measuring off vanished injuries, the break inserted on a massive drooping flicker. One that was brilliantly scattered around and snapped into a trembling comprehension of how faint each twist had become an animal gene, for a desired protein, could be introduced into a few cells of a plant. The gene would be carried by particular molecules that fragment. Suspended molecules transferring themselves along with the new gene to neighbouring cells. Soon the entire plant would become a factory for animal protein! These pointed peaks sweep down, billowing a xylowave that could only be increased by a somewhat more dangerous glimpse. A somewhat more dangerous glimpse than the elevator doors that would smoothly glide open. M.T.'ll quietly step onto the elevator's dirt floor; dust filling the air. The doors shut then. He'll turn around. Push the button for the 252nd floor. The suspended machine will hoist him upwards; transferring. While within a context of a relationship to all probabilities, every single thing moves in every single direction simultaneously. Because of this polywave, potential can arise as a delay and past effects can have future causes.

While performing their theatre of the absurd, the two hooded wrestlers became entangled so as to dance by pausing. It was a kind of unsophisticated elegance that bobbed in short leaps. Because of this choreography, the match concluded in a draw. Shooosh.

And while drawing to a conclusion, a scholar of geodesy found lodging in a house of logic. Because of this joyous elation, he came to understand that being nowhere in particular means being in several places at once.

Vite Eeuy and M.T. first came across each other while independently scanning the same horizon of mountain peaks. This pretext being a mound of hazards. Across a luxuriant mountain spur, and down into a big plain. A vast granary whose maize breeze lay billowing. Then the calm expanse of an inland sea ringed about by high lavender-hued. The depths of the zenith were lavish. Yonder lay the groves and minarets, zig-zagged the rugged overhanging that profound abyss. They climbed the outposts of a coast-skirting range, only to find themselves at the base of an even more rugged promontory. The added adventure, bringing something of a gamble.

CRASH!!! "Do you have the time on you? " Asked M.T.

“Actually no, my watch has stopped.”

Everything that is, also is not. Everything that is not, also is. Continuing on their narrative, M.T. headed somewhere north of the ruins; “I set a fire earlier and I really should be keeping an eye on it. Woof woof.”

Vite Eeuy took off south. The coastal highway had taken him by a number of ships beached along the shore-line. Later, by smelling corrosion on his breath, he knew those rusting hunks where continuing their decay in his lungs. Eeuy rode his motorcycle till the thing ran out of fuel. Abandoning the bike where it fell, he then walked to the nearest train station. Jetliners flew overhead. Shoosh. He wanted the next train leaving for anywhere. He got one eastbound. Reluctantly, his laziness devoured the hysterical hostilities about. Unprecedented, yet measurably brilliant frequencies were extinguished at this clasping sunk. Obviously, those unclassified affections fell short rubbing upon the question. Regardless, the fumbled burnt brighter now that the sudden bursts of laughter reminded him he had swung the future to slam. Slammed smoothly brushing, his musingly wondering flashed steadfast. Gliding gently, they were now stirring gnaws among the clammy shrunks.

Slowly, slowly. The train pushed on ever so slowly. Slowly. The railway was so overgrown with vegetation, that the train’s wheels could barely find the tracks. Entirety count seized additionally extended until ponder. Yet thin rope warmth the right moment for actuality. He was pragmatic concerning the waste bending and twitching. During silence yonder smiled equip toward railway. Hew gushed some giant ecclesiastic oscillations. Using caution, details were gashed yonder. Tumbling x-rays daggered a thump.

The train was soon heading through a long tunnel. One that lead to an underground station just below the massive new airport. There was no one else around anywhere. The airport hadn’t open to the public yet. Vacant platforms lead to empty elevators. He found himself at the open doors of one elevator. Elevator number 15. He got in. The doors automatically shut. He turned around and pushed the button for the main terminal. The box hoisted his body upwards. His mind was elsewhere. Fissure formed by breakage; clici-clic.

He was thinking about rocking-chairs, about clepsammia as the stillness of time measured against the flow of sand. The doors opened to reveal kilometres of new unused airport facilities. His body walked out of elevator number five. His mind thought about eternity and infinity as being two different things. Eternity as energy. Infinity as anergy. Eternity as anti-time. Infinity as time. Eternity as a compilation of temporary occurrences; with infinity as the stationary void located in between the passing of events. His body continued to walk around the terminals. His mind continued to think of rocking-chairs.

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