

"jean-paul werd come downstairs. john paul werd?  
you'll miss the war."

john rocks before smoked glass mouth stuffed with years of research grants grinning realizations. because of the new substance's curious ability to form water when mixed with water it was perhaps actually water and therefore everything was imagined even me. the me he did not know about. and you. and have you forgotten about the basement lingerer whose steady illumination is aided by flickering stone walling floored strange treasures odd lumber dusty spidersegg nests augmented by the cold scrabble of possums against brick. inside the melancholy bulb vacuum is on fire. now the entire story university of approximately science is on fire. drop this pamphlet reader! else you will catch on in a fire that can only spread. bulb grins a brilliant filamental grin and anticipates flash. have you ever seen a nuclear explosion catch fire?

stick around.

THE END

Well, first off, of course  
it's too long - I could really do  
without Jake and his friends - but it's  
also wonderful. Just stick with  
that wonderful cultural fire, try  
not to take the metafictional clichés  
too seriously. However, whatever -  
you have enormous talent.