

First, an enchantment, for good measure.

Fabulous Fiddle Shun (the) Surreal
Fabulous Fiddle Shun (the) Surreal
Fabulous Fiddle Shun (the) Surreal

We can start now.

This is the story of a flawed zero.

A flawed zero fell into a moist void.
Tangled in a questionable knit of humidity, it was saved by royal rodents, who were on a quest for the languid Kings.

Neither nor knew what to do then.

So they waited

and waited

and waited

until

amidst the slow rainwater drops came the sudden realization that boredom is nothing but an existential pact.

~

The important thing to remember is:

A flawed zero is neither nor a moist void.
Neither nor is a questionable humidity a questionable existential pact.

~

Having said that, we shall now turn our eyes to the languid Kings, who demand dative quests from their royal rodents.
In all their languidness, they don't notice that boredom is a hoot.

Saturn's revenge shall take care of them.

~

I'm sorry, is this the rite view?

He shifted his weight from one leg to the other and stretched his neck,
(which made him look very much like a turtle)
trying to figure out where the tiny voice came from

I'm sorry, do you perhaps mean the right view, sir?

No, no, right is the rite view.

The thin tin face looked up and gave a short nod.

~

Seated by the window, alone, a lone, she conjours the days and con jures the nights.
The same thought goes over and over in her head.
No matter how much she tried, it was too far to redirect.
Things were as they were, nothing she could do about it now.
A bad bid made the exit impossible.
A bad bet made the end the exit.

Hey!...

Pour me a poor juice, will ya love?

He said.

She said.

I'm not your love, fuck you.

~

And with an odd single nod,
The Kings Queens deem possible a universal siege: all mops must go to jail.

~

(origin of a legend)

The needle lays in the hay.
Underneath the needle, the president dad unknots his tie.
He pricks his finger with the needle.
He drops the needle in the hay.

~

The universal route
The acceptable route
The everyonedoesit route
The easy route
The confortable route
The smart route
The best route
The sensible route
The right route

.

.

.

.

These are some fabulous quantities of surreal fable paper.

But I have now drank the rut juice and the fabulous fiddle has failed its mission.

So I guess this is goodbye for now?...

Uhh, ok, bye.