

# The Chum Chum Chronicles

Book I: The Unnatural Materialization of Jane

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## Chum Chum Chronicles: The Unnatural Materialization of Jane

### Chapter 1

On this evening the gig was at the Denver Comedy Works. Of course I was the headliner: I'm not just a talking Squirrel, but I'm a joke telling Squirrel. And even if I wasn't funny—but I am—the chimps would still pay to see me—and that they did. Take this night as a perfect example: Denver *is* being hit by its worst snow storm in fifty years, and, as I walked out on the stage, the city was already waist deep in the white stuff and outside it was still coming down in blankets—and yet there was not a single open seat in the house. Not even a canceled reservation.

I'd long since been an Internet sensation by the time my agent and loyal friend, William, got me the shows doing standup, and, like on any given night, this night's audience was, moments after my routine had begun, in tears—they always were by this point in my act. I mean it took me over thirty-five thousand years to thaw, but once I had the last of the permafrost out of my paws, I could make, inside a few seconds, any chimp cry from laughing too hard. I'm not conceited, but just honest about who and what I am—honesty is part of a Squirrel's genetic makeup: It's not possible for us to lie. So even before I was frozen and my infected nuts were put on ice, my friends thought I was funny, too. And if you're a future chimp reading this—a chimp who's never heard of Chum Chum—you gotta understand all Squirrels have or I should say *had* a good sense of humor—not like the chimps from this time period who paid to hear me tell jokes—and so I was by all the standards of my time and *this time* a funny Squirrel.

My routine, although it may have slightly varied from night to night, was well written and highly polished. And this Denver gig wasn't any different than the dozens of others I'd already done over the past years.

Before I got holed up here underneath this moth infested sofa, hiding from my own assassination—still at the club—I was winding it down after a solid hour and a half of jokes. My closers were never the strongest material, but they were always good enough to end an evening. More than anything else, they gave the chimps something to talk about at the bar afterwards.

*I like doing standup. I'm gonna miss it.*

As on most nights, I was on a barstool: I was, like it should be, on a pedestal when I performed for the chimps.

*This was, perhaps, my last gig...and for 'posterity' I'll recount the final jokes to my last show!  
Ha! Perhaps I've become more chimp than Squirrel!*

"When I hear the word alien, it makes me laugh, because I know that from your perspective I'm an alien." There was a chimp in the front row whose face had gone blank; so I looked at him, tilted the mic toward him, and said, "You, the ape with the ugly tie, you don't get it?"

I can talk like this to the chimps because I'm small, a Squirrel *and* cute.

The dumb chimp pointed his finger at himself and mouthed, "Who, me?"

"Yeah, you, you dumb monkey. You know what an alien is, don't ya?" He didn't respond. He was too terrified. I am after all a tiny Squirrel...who talks and tells jokes. "Nod your chimp skull yes so that I can get on with the joke." He nodded his head yes. I then reached into a little bag attached to my stool, grabbed a peanut, and threw it at him." "You're such a smart chimp," I said, superciliously, and grunted. The audience laughed. "Okay, now that I got some of the untrained chimps here to respond properly I can get on with the joke. The explanation's pretty simple: To begin with, my being here defies your understanding of the laws of nature, and that means I'm here illegally—I'm breaking laws. Secondly, and this might be more difficult for you to wrap your neo-Neanderthal melons around: I am not of this world. Well, technically I am of *this world*, but just not

of *this time*. And not being of *this time* technically means I am not of *this world*.” Now everyone had a blank stare, but it was exactly how I wanted them: The talent in telling a joke is setting it up right. “Well, you see, in my time this world never existed, and in your time, my world is beyond your imagination. For example, no one in my world has ever probed an anus or had their anus probed.”

The joke fell flat. It occasionally happens. It was a little too cerebral for any of the chimps in the audience to understand. “You don’t get it? That’s alright. Denver is after all the mile high city, and I can imagine most of you’ve long since been suffering from oxygen deprivation.” Even though they still didn’t get it, they laughed...*chimps*. “And I know there’re a few of you out there who are thinking: I don’t get it, either, and I’m not from Denver. I live just a few feet above sea level.” I waited for the nods. Almost everyone shook their heads yes—although I knew most of them *were* from Denver. “Well, you don’t get it because you’re chimps,<sup>1</sup> and, not that this makes a huge difference, but you’re *average* knuckle draggers amongst knuckle draggers. *Or*, perhaps as result of the rancid smells of shampoo you put on your heads *or* acerbic reeking deodorants you roll on under your pits *or* the fetid chemical stench of laundry detergent you imbed in your clothing, you’re not getting the joke because you’ve inhaled all these putrid and toxic chemicals one too many years and now you’re a bit thick in your chimp skulls—even when you’re standing on an ocean beach. If this is *you* then I’ll explain the punchline: Only in this world would aliens cross the universe, conquering space and time, so that they can look in *your* asses. In my day, no alien ever gave an earthling—squirrel, chimp or any megafauna of the era—an anus probe—not even the aliens that did come and destroy our world. And so we obviously come from two different worlds. Just try to imagine a world where aliens don’t probe your turd hole and perhaps you can get a better idea of what my world was like—you can’t, now can you.” I paused to look at the chimps’ faces—their frozen screens of bafflement with jaws ajar—and taught postures: They looked like sitting rows of wooden soldiers in a Nutcracker ensemble waiting for someone to pull the levers behind their heads and crack a nut. I

<sup>1</sup> Seeing that I’m the only Squirrel who has thawed, I know there’re only chimps in the audience—or who are reading this chronicle. Although if or when I do publish this story, I would think that the rest of the chrononauts will already be here, with their thawed, infected nuts in paw, and Armageddon will be doing its dance of destruction on chimpanity’s future.

grunted another laugh; then thought to myself: *If the chimps were any smarter I wouldn't enjoy being a comedian. Their stupidity is what makes it all so entertaining.*

Although they were not the brightest audience I ever encountered, they were by no means the dumbest. And so I continued. "Aliens and anal probes are synonymous in your minds."

I'd been asked a few times about the aliens over the past three years, and I just answered they weren't real. They're just part of a joke. *If aliens had come during the Pleistocene Age and conquered the planets then where are they now?* The chimps bought it.

Even if the chimps in tonight's audience were a bit dull-witted, the show must go on: I am, I mean *was* a first rate entertainer.

"So no matter how you want to define it, I'm neither here legally nor am I from this world—I'm an alien—and that's why I laugh when I hear you chimps use the word. And if I am laughing, you should be scared. My laugh might just be enough to cause you to take off running, scared witless. I mean my guffaw has, on numerous occasions, already frightened grown men. Actually sent some fleeing in terror and hysterically screaming like little kids who've just seen a clown for the first time. My laugh is so disturbing," I paused and waited for them to yell, *How disturbing is it?* No one yelled it. "Jeeze, you chimps really have been up in this thin air too long. Okay, this is where you scream: *How disturbing is it, Chum Chum!* Okay, ready," I instructed. The chimps managed to blurt it out. Smiles and laughter filled the room; they got their money's worth. Chimps might have many flaws, but they do have nice laughs and smiles. "Now that wasn't too hard, was it," I added. People laughed some more. "I think that chimp there," I pointed at a geeky looking ape sitting next to what the chimps would say is a good looking woman, "even pissed himself from laughing too hard. You should probably be in a cage with your relatives at the zoo," I japed, and then tossed a peanut at him.

*Everyone was enjoying themselves...I'll miss being a comedian almost as much as I'm missing William.*

My act went on. “My laugh is so disturbing,” I raised my paws in the air like an orchestra conductor, and the audience hollered, “How disturbing is it, Chum Chum!” I snorted a laugh, and everyone chortled. “That one time, after I’d just arrived at the bar, *Angels’ Roost* I believe it was called, a real big, hairy fella with a leather jacket and all, standing outside in front of the joint, next to one of those noisy, rolling baby buffalos—I think someone called it his *Harley*—crapped himself after hearing me belly laugh at a wisecrack my friend William had made. Talk about disgusting. I mean everyone’s shit stinks, but that fella’s stuff just smelled wrong. But you get the picture, don’t ya?”

I don’t talk like Alvin or his Chipmunks or some Mel Blanc, Warner Brother’s cartoon character. My voice is deep: Imagine Barry White deep—yeah my voice is that sexy. Matter of fact, back in my day I was known as a ladies’ Squirrel—you get the idea. So when I get up on a stage, and I appear so tiny, you know, I’m like all of a foot and a half with my tail, and I got the little mic in my paw, and then this low, baritone voice barrels out the first line, the smelly chimps are dumbstruck. I mean, in the end, it was worth being frozen for over thirty-five thousand years to get to see hundreds of chimp faces go flat-screen-stupid every other night.

I still had one closing joke left, and then the night was over. “They first called me the *Ancient Squirrel*. What, were they trying to hurt my feelings? I’m not that old. In your human ways of calculating age, I’m, at most, twenty. I’m just barely old enough to be a father. And thank goodness my nuts are now thawed or else I’d never be able to tell this joke.”

Of course I was lying about my age. I suppose all animals that have the power of speech lie about their ages. Who the hell likes getting old? I had to be at least over thirty-five to be considered for the time program. Heck, most chrononauts graduating from the program were at least fifty. I know I can’t technically lie, but this lie was part of a comedy routine, so I was allowed to spin the truth for the sake of a good laugh. We Squirrels can’t lie when asked a direct question, but we can joke around...our ability to jokingly twist the truth is kind of a grey area when it comes to lying.

“And here I am, after tens of thousands of years of sleeping, defying all your knowledge of cryonics, and making light of my thawed and diseased nuts—and all for a buck. Well, I’m making more than a buck on this gig, but you know what I mean. But if it wasn’t for my defrosted and contaminated nuts I might not even be here. Well, now after hearing myself say it out loud, I will say thank you for coming, and I hope you enjoyed the show. It’s time for me to go get some serious, medical advice. Cheers from the Late Pleistocene age!”

The club was like most of the others: A happy place with lots of chairs and everyone slightly inebriated on craft beers and Martinis. There was nothing there that was out of the ordinary or no one who appeared to be out of place. But William was, as always, *there*, no matter where the gig was happening. He came not because he felt obligated to support me in the rare chance I had had a bad night, but because he truly liked me *and* my act... *in the name of Nuts may he rest in peace.*

“Chum Chum, that was fantastic!” William chimed; his grin wide and eyes sparkling, as usual. He reached his arm down so that I could climb along its length up to his shoulder. He was tall, skinny and had dark hair and glasses. Must have been in his late forties. It’s strange I never asked him over the years how old he was. We headed to the back of the venue to leave through the rear exit—it was a backstage, and there was an exit door there like in all the other venues in the world. On our way out, there was no one out of the ordinary lingering around; just a few stage hands and technicians.

The door was blocked by a sea of snow, and we just barely managed to push it open enough to get out through a narrow gap. The blurry blizzard in progress outside in the alleyway iridescently flickered in a snowflake of darkness that left little for the imagination. It was time to get to the airport and catch the next flight. The Comedy Works was it for a few weeks. It was time to get back to my real job: I had to get back to my thawed and diseased nuts.

Notwithstanding the snowstorm, and the fact that all flights were canceled, we never made it more than a few feet from the back door of the Comedy Works before they killed William. The shot was meant for me, but we Squirrels are squirrely, and so the bullet with my name on it missed me because I had just hopped to Williams other shoulder when the gun fired. His body didn’t have far to fall seeing that he was already waist deep in snow. I jumped after I heard the blast and landed close to where his head lay. I instantly burrowed, hiding myself in the snow, and watched as the blood drained from the hole just above his ear and stained the white deathbed with red and his life. Usually there’s something peaceful about a good snowstorm. Sounds are all muffled, the air is heavy yet crisp, and there’s the instinctive feeling that until it’s over all life gets to take a break. This snowstorm wasn’t like that: It was the beginning of the end. In my book, this Denver snowstorm *is* the bugler playing taps for humanity.

*My feelings toward William were the only thing keeping me from my mission, and with him dead, chimps mean nothing to me anymore...they’re once again just my mission.*

I had to think quickly. I am not some kind of arctic Squirrel and completely camouflaged in alabaster fur, and I'm definitely not a Squirrel chameleon with superimposed layers in my skin that control my fur color...nope, just a Black Squirrel that once out in the open of a white landscape would become an easy target for even the most inexperienced, cross-eyed hunter drunk on a twelve pack of Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Although my superior, Squirrel memory provides me, in this moment of composed recollection, with no illuminating clues, I was certain in *that* moment the club was being watched from the inside, and so I decided to tunnel my escape. I had to dig as far away as I could manage and hope that once I resurface there would be a tree nearby where I might find some momentary cover or be able to climb to high ground. I was trained, like all the chrononauts, for just such a situation: I at least had that; something I'm sure my adversaries didn't and don't know. Hidden in a cover of snow, I could see the door where we came out of the Comedy Works, and from memory I was able to recall that I was in a side alley—a narrow passageway that came out at the corner of the building, where the front entrance on 15<sup>th</sup> Street was located, and, after leading along the length of a number of buildings' backsides, connected to 14<sup>th</sup> Street. Whoever it was that was out there, they definitely had me cornered from both ends and the roof tops—that is if there was more than one Quiet Professional out there. There were no trees anywhere in the vicinity. I needed to act quickly—quicker than I was. I was certain someone would be coming for me. The *job* needed to be finished: There was and I presume still is a bullet with my name on it.

To my advantage, the storm was (and still is) causing a complete whiteout...but to my disadvantage I was still black as a chunk of coal. All anyone needed to see was a little dark moving clump of something and to shoot at it: It wasn't looking good for me. I didn't know what to do, and so I sat for a moment, looking at William's lifeless body. I would have cried if it wasn't for the adrenalin rushing through my fur. However and strangely enough, as if it was in my head, there hummed a familiar lullaby. Matter of fact, the melody was so sweet and soothing that if I wouldn't

have been so squirrely in that moment, I might have just closed my eyes and went to sleep. It was a strange sensation.

Having been able to relax a bit, despite the ugliness of all that was happening, *I hope I get time to grieve* passed through my mind when I saw a person reach down and put a hand on William's carotid artery and check for a pulse...

*He's dead, you killed him you sonofabitch*, I wanted to scream, but didn't.

Not having time to come up with any escape plan, I simply dug toward 15<sup>th</sup> Street. Like a furry meteorite, I blazed forth with the thoughts of saving my own life so that I could revenge William's death fueling my furious orbit. I might have small arms but they're strong. And don't forget, I spent over thirty-five thousand years buried in permafrost, and so being burrowed in snow was almost like being back in the womb for me. Even though I was physically and mentally capable of staging a grand escape, I have to be honest and admit that I didn't know what I was doing. Then again I didn't have any good options. They had me dead to rights. The only thing I can figure is that my burning desire for vengeance was aided by sheer dumb luck. Because as I got into the snow directly on 15<sup>th</sup> Street itself, a snowplow was just passing, and, having got caught in the turbulent, moving mound of snow cresting in front of the truck's blade, I got carried along with it. I mean I had to work to not only stay on the top of snow being cleared by the plough, but I also had to keep from being swept curbside. Imagine swimming against a strong ocean current at full throttle and that's what it was like. I rode that wave for god knows how many blocks. I made it out, though. The assassin chimps didn't get me—and my day of reckoning is still in play.

Chapter 3

*Dr. William A. Schmaljohn had a distinguished career at the U.S. Army Medical Research Institute of Infection Diseases (USAMRID) at Fort Detrick, MD—don't ask me where that is, I just read William's profile page at the U. of Maryland's website. After he was gone, I finally took interest in his*

life. *Am I that egotistical to not have cared before? I'm a Squirrel so it can't be true. We Squirrels are comprehensive. Strange that after three years I never asked him about himself.*

These Smart devices are nifty. I mean I'm *nowhere*—unless one considers the space underneath a parasite infested sofa a *somewhere*—on the lamb, and yet I can record my story. I have a universe of knowledge at my fingertips and the ability to contact friends—or even order a pizza... *mother of nuts I'm hungry. I hope I find some food soon.*

We Squirrels didn't have this kind of technology. Ours was much more complete and less... *hmm*. I want to say fun, but that doesn't sound right. These phones are a good example: Although they're practical and can be used to get helpful information like I'm doing right now with William, there's the other aspect of them being like a drug. Chimp technology is fun in a *drug addict's high* sort of way. Chimps have come to make things and then use them so that they forget why they're alive...the opposite of what getting high, without the addiction, does for a Squirrel. In my time, when we wanted to get stoned, which we did quite often, we *just got stoned*.<sup>2</sup> And our technology didn't make us forget anything; matter of fact it made us aware of everything, and that's why we Squirrels can see and travel through time. As for drugs: They are what helped keep our lives grounded in existence—the opposite of what drugs do for chimps, and, thus, the opposite of what chimp technology does for them. *Everything* for chimps is meant to be abused and forgotten.

After the other chrononauts are awake, and we've gotten the chimp Armageddon in motion, maybe then I'll go out with them, my fellow time travelers, and find some tasty mind altering vegetation. It would be nice melding with some other Squirrels again. Although jotting these notes down helps me meld my life with existence, it isn't fun. It's practical: I'm in Squirrel survival mode; nothing more. The chimps think writing has something to do with intelligence, prosperity or being

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<sup>2</sup> The chimps think we Squirrels are funny and cute because we are so jittery and jumpy: Sprinting up and down trees. Leaping from tree branch to tree branch. And then there's that *Kck! Kck! Kck!* chatter we do. I do it too...when I am high. Even now, in this time and place, there are plenty of plants and fungus out there that can help a Squirrel get a really good buzz-on. But no chimp here has as ever seen me this way: I don't get high alone.

remembered, but that's dumb. A story is only good for living the moment—it should help ground the teller and listener in the joy of life. We Squirrels usually don't write stories, because it's much better to just get high and *really* have fun in the moment.

The batteries in *my* phone have long since been dead, and I got this phone that I'm now using to write these words from the lady now sitting above me on the fleapit. I just grabbed it from her bag. She doesn't know it's gone *and* I shut off the ringer: It won't be ringing, and so I won't have to worry about this overly perfumed chimp-hag sitting above me, reaching under the sofa and accidentally grabbing my tail instead of her buzzing phone.

I arrived under the moth sanctuary at the Curtis Denver, a Double Tree by Hilton Hotel, shortly after my escape from the Quiet Professionals and alleyway. Luckily, the hotel is just a few blocks down from the Comedy Works and I didn't have to surf the snowplow *too* far. Matter of fact, I had to actually backtrack two blocks. Although I saw the hotel from atop the moving snow tor, I had to wait for the right moment to exit the white wave: Survival is as much about timing as it is about skill. My unregistered entrance went unnoticed due to the chaos of the winter storm combined with the fact that every visitor in Denver needed a room, immediately; so the hotel was busy and no one took notice of me sneaking in. This moth and flea ridden shelter offered me the best and quickest resort, and, in order to calm my nerves, I immediately began to write for 'posterity' before sleeping for eight hours—peacefully hidden away underneath this parasite paradise. But just what is a '*Double Tree by Hilton Hotel?*' The chimps and their naming, branding, and marketing: It makes no sense to a Squirrel.

The TV in the lounge next to the lobby is on, and I *was* on it...*Chum Chum the cryogenically frozen Squirrel from the past, is being sought in connection to the murder of Dr. William Schmaljohn, the leading virologist studying Chum Chum's infected nuts.*

The reporter went on, filling in the known sordid details of my life, before then warning that I'm dangerous and should not be approached and blah, blah, blah. Thank goodness the newscasters are now talking about a mass shooting and have already, for the time being, forgotten about me. Body counts count when it comes to ratings: The chimps call this *news*...it's beyond me. But what really got my dander up while listening to that chimp reporter talk about me, and we Squirrels definitely have a predisposition to dander, was having to hear that stupid *Chum Chum's infected nuts* joke for the umpteenth time. So even though I had *heard* what the muckraker said, I wasn't *listening* per se. Before the mass shooting piece took away my airtime, my attention had already been returned to William, the web and these chronicles. I mean when I tell the joke it's funny, because *I am* a comedian. But in every goddamn TV show or news story about me the chimp speakers are always making the same goddamn joke-innuendo over and over and over again. *Chimp technology... fun in a drug addict's high sort of way*. It's been the same cheap joke for the past three years—and the chimps can't enough of it!

The woman sitting above me just started talking to her husband sitting on the chair next to her. "I knew that rodent wasn't right. Everybody thinking he's so funny and cute. Never fooled me, once, that horrid, ugly little creature," she blathers. Up until this point I had been content in my hiding spot underneath the parasite-inn—even with her glutinous ass planted just inches above my head—but if I have to listen to her nasally blabber the rest of the day and evening I might go nuts. (I understand why her husband isn't sitting on the same sofa with her. I mean although her ass is big, there's still room for four more people.)

"Never fooled me once," she continues, smattering on in her brand of chimp stupidity. One would have thought from the way she said this, in her nasally, nagging voice, that we had known each other a long time, and that she had seen through me and my machinations ages ago. And...and she then has the nerve to call me *ugly*? I've seen Woolly Mammoths with less ivory jutting from their faces than that bucktoothed, doublewide, stinky chimp. What is it with apes and their need for

chemical douches? The smells emanating from one of their rendering plants is far more attractive than those they squeeze, spray or roll onto their bodies from a tube, can or bottle.

“I liked the little fellar. Didn’t you see him on the Tonight Show? Yeah, you saw him. He was funny.”

Her husband’s alright.

“That creature’s disgusting. Probably has rabbis and fleas.”

I’ve got rabbis and fleas? Maybe, but at least I can close my mouth.

I looked up my name on the Internet. I needed to see what was happening out there. Says in the New York Time that I was the main suspect in William’s death. Article doesn’t say that he was shot, though. Says he was attacked, and died as result of blood loss.

“I’m mean it just don’t make sense. A tiny little squirrel biting a man to death?” responded the husband. The more he speaks the more I like him.

*Maybe I should give the monkeys another chance and not trigger the deadly Ancient Lassa virus rewritten into the pithovirus sibericum and mollivirus sibericum viruses hidden in my nuts, just went through my mind...Dumb scientists still don’t know that it’s more than a coincidence that the giant, ancient virus and I were frozen together.*

I’ll read some more articles and completely ignore whatever twaddle the wide bottom chimp continues to spew.

Squirrels are smarter than chimps. It’s a fact. I read eighty articles in twenty minutes—a chimp might’ve been able to get through five or six in the same amount of time—even after having attended an Evelyn Wood Speed Reading course. I have, however, after having read the articles, come to the conclusion that the news is intentionally leaving out information and painting me in a

bad light. *Maybe the scientists are not so dumb after all... and I'm in some serious trouble*—this is a possible, unpleasant reality.

The chimp hag is still disgorging drivel. Mother of nuts, this tusk-face woman just can't close her mouth!

"I hope this woman gets up and does whatever she needs to do *or* drops dead," I whisper. I normally don't *wish* such horrible things on anyone—even chimps.

*Don't be so hard on yourself, Chum Chum. It was, after all, a long, difficult night.*

Not only am I exhausted from the chain of events leading up to this point in time, but the last meal I ate was yesterday at lunch. And now I'm stuck under this parasite shack and a chimp's fleshy doublewide stank until later when, hopefully, the lobby clears out and I can check the kitchen for some foodstuff. Once I make it that far, I'll carry with me as much food as I can into the boiler room below, where I can then freely make some calls, stretch my legs, and sleep again—and not have the misfortune of finding myself again underneath some other chimp's rank stank. The hunger pains are making me nuts... *hmmm, nuts*. Macadamias. Walnuts. Hazel. Beech. Oh, Mother of Nuts, I've gotta eat soon.

The Internet says it's going to be at least two days before the airports open again. I can't chance two more days underneath a sofa hosting some chemically perfumed hag. And two more days in the boiler room? As long as I get enough food, I don't care where I recuperate and gather my wits. Besides, William and I would have stayed here at this hotel, anyway—maybe not the boiler room, but it'll serve its purpose. William, my friend. *For prosperity....ha!* If I wasn't able to write this story, I would be attacking these chimps and biting them death.

William wasn't the first person I met, but he was the first person I met and liked. Artic researchers in Siberia—Pavel, Julie, Christian and Martin, the PolarTrec<sup>3</sup> team I believe they were called—first found my nuts...and I came later. So when Squirrels have regained their rightful place in the hierarchy of nature, and the question comes up, *What came first, the nut or Chum Chum*, Squirrels will answer with absolute certainty the nut came first...*they might have sent Chum Chum on the lamb, but they couldn't take the joke out of his nuts.*

The PolarTrec team didn't find me, but I found them. I came out of the hole they'd dug, the one where they found my nuts, a day later, and walked into their research facility. Boy did I ever get the blank stares on that day. After thirty-some thousand years of sleeping and then to wake up to glazed-eyed geologists, astrobiologists and virologists in the middle of Siberia... I laughed, and then said something in Squirrel. Pavel, Julie, Christian and Martin in turn gasped: All of them horrified and fascinated at the same moment. That's one thing about chimp scientists: Even though they don't have a clue about the real world, their interests as scientists and the awe that inspires them is commendable. These are the things my kind have long since embraced *and* used to move forward to the point where we were able to understand space and time better than any chimp in today's world. Our technology is *comprehensive*.

"Hello Julie, Chum Chum here." I had to call someone, and although I never really became good friends with any of the PolarTrec Team, they were my best shot at getting some help and protection. They were all nice enough, but somehow I was always just an artifact to them—there was that, but, in retrospect, I think my not warming up to them had more to do with the fact they all liked their shampoos, deodorants, and laundry detergents too much. I mean I was in the middle of Siberia and stuck in a research center with four scientists who were convinced that the chemical smells created in a laboratory could mask wonderfully natural body odors—I guess they do, because

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3 PolarTrec or Polar Teachers and Researches Exploring and Collaborating

that's why chimps use the stuff. I just could never understand how such intelligent people like Pavel, Julie, Christian or Martin could be so dumb when it came to things concerning *nature*.

William on the other hand, besides never having used chemical washes, laughed at my jokes from the very get go: *Nuts frozen. Hard to pee*. Yeah, it was simple and sophomoric, but what can one expect. When I told that joke I only knew about two hundred words—words that William had taught me...*my first joke in English*.

Christian didn't scream hysterically on the phone like I thought he would; instead, he ambiguously spoke in a stoic if not tragic voice, "Oh, hello Julie." I knew right away something was amiss. I'm after all the Squirrel with the Barry White voice, so he knew I was on the phone. "Go on," I said.

"Yes, the situation is still the same here. The facility is still occupied."

"Military types?" I asked; intuitively knowing what he meant.

"Why yes, Julie, *that* kind."

"Have they secured the original drilling location?"

"Yes, exactly. They're letting us work again, but not just at the original site. I would say come back to work, but things are just not the same here anymore. I'll probably be quitting soon, too."

"I didn't kill William," I said. "He was shot, but the bullet was meant for me." I hadn't seen any of the PolarTrec team in a long time. After I left the research facility in Siberia, I was, along with my nuts, whisked away to the University of Maryland where William was in charge of the virology department. That's how I got to know William.

"Yes, I heard about it. A real tragedy. But not all tragedies are what they seem to be." This throws me for a loop. The message was cryptic like the rest of the conversation, but it was also perplexing. What did he mean by *all tragedies are not what they seem to be*? I mean dead is dead.

William was dead. It *was* a tragedy... it is strange how history—the past tense—can change with the snap of a finger.

Christian would've have helped me, but he was in Siberia. "Where's Julie?" I probed. I needed to find a friend or at least someone I might be able to trust and who was in North America. I couldn't stay at the Double Tree by Hilton Hotel for the rest of my life. I was hoping to find a contact here: someone who might help me hide for a while.

"Are you still in San Francisco at your moms?" He inquired, cryptically.

"Do you know anyone in Denver?" I answered, keeping the exchange enigmatic in case anyone was listening.

"No, I can't say that I do. But I can imagine Frisco is nice this time of year. Maybe I can come out there someday, myself."

"Got it. Is Julie's number the same?"

"Well, everything's the same here, but everyone knows everything, so it's hard to tell or keep any secrets." I know what Christian meant. I had in the two days I was here at the hotel already stolen a number of phones. *They* might be tracing my calls, but *they* wouldn't be able to track me. This phone was going into the next Taxi. Let the Quiet Professionals assassinate a Denver tourist and not me.

"Got it. Thanks for your help."

"Tell your mom in San Francisco I said hi."

It was time for me to leave the Double Tree by Hilton Hotel. The Quiet Professionals were most likely already on their way here.

Chapter 5

Originally the PolarTrec team didn't know I had been put into deep freeze and that I was a time traveler. I first had to learn how to speak the lingo of the day, which was English, before I could explain myself—and when that day finally came, which was only a matter of months after I awoke from my cryogenic slumber<sup>4</sup>, I was already thousands of miles away from Siberia and the research team. As for being a time traveler or *thawed Squirrelsicle*, as I liked to say in my comedy routine, many scientists and people believed, at first, that I was, at most, just an anomaly from the present: A freak of nature that was only here in the now, speaking, because of a mutation. And if this had been true then that would have made me a *sciuridae* from the Subfamily, *speaka arctae comedianus*.

Even as I sit here in the boiler room of the Double Tree by Hilton, I am still of the belief that most monkeys have a hard time grasping time *and* space travel. Sure I explained it in generalizations to scientists at conferences and to audiences at night clubs where I performed my routine—or to audiences on numerous TV Talk Shows—but it just seemed and still seems, as I imagined it from a *chimp's perspective*, all too unbelievable coming from a *cute-little-furry* Squirrel to be true. Although we Squirrels figured it out tens of thousands of years ago, I thought my explanation of time travel wasn't what the chimps wanted it to be and that's what would keep them from making any advancements in the subject. But from the contemplative depths of the Double Tree by Hilton Hotel, and having combed the Internet, reading thousands of articles, I understand now that this is how the media has played the narrative out over the years and that even I fell for this media manipulated storyline—I must have done too good of a job imagining time travel from a chimp's perspective, because it now appears to me that the chimps knew all along that I was telling the truth about it, and then they played me for a sucker. When I said, “there's only a future full of potential and probability and a past that is filled with helpful experiences that can be used to guide the present into the future,” it's now obvious to me that even the most obtuse chimp can understand it. I do have, however, a hard time accepting that the chimps are smart enough to get, “Figure out a way to dial in

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<sup>4</sup> Squirrels' capacity to learn is beyond chimp comprehension. What would take a chimp three to five years to learn, like becoming fluent in another language, an average Squirrel can learn in less than six months—and us chrononauts were and are well above average.

a picture of the most possible and probable future, and you can freeze a Squirrel and then let, in a state of stasis, the desired day come to the Squirrel.” *It’s comprehensive technology: It’s not as fun as video games.* Sure, the superior Squirrel capabilities might not be fun in a *drug addict’s high* sort of way, but what comprehensive technology does have is its *advantages*—and I’m sure this is what had inspired the cleverer chimps to sit down and piece together the disjointed information I’d given them over the past three years. If they’re now trying to kill me then they must’ve figured out time travel on their own, otherwise they’d still need me alive. Why else would they now want me dead after well over three years of already being here?

Seeing that William was murdered, and the original site in Siberia has been compromised and under military control, it tells me that the chimps, at least the ones that mattered, believe my stories about time and space travel after all. Just how much they know, well, that I don’t know. My arrival into the present has changed the future-view our Squirrel scientists had had of the moments following the instance of my arrival. The world in the moment that I thawed was just as the Squirrel scientists had said it would be, but every moment thereafter, the probable and possible world that followed my thawing, well...this is the *Brave New World* to me. Life has become a crapshoot as far as I *and* my mission are concerned.

## Chapter 6

It has since stopped snowing and the roads are cleared. The airport's even open, but I'm not going that route. I might be able to get into a plane *unseen*, but I imagine they'll be using Squirrel sniffing guard dogs to secure the airports: They don't need to *see* me. The airport is going to be too heavily guarded.

*Dogs*...another one of the great things we Squirrels had during the Pleistocene Age. Squirrels started to domesticize wolves some hundred thousand years earlier as a way to guard the chimps—and we had long since started domesticizing chimps before this time. Sure the dogs eventually guarded *their* sheep, cows and fowl, but the dogs served, first and foremost, Squirrel interests. Dogs were and will always be *our* instruments; they were used to keep the chimps out of *our* furr....at least I can hope that after being frozen for over thirty thousand years, dogs are still a Squirrels best friend. But the airport is too risky of a place to test their loyalty.

Squirrels were and will be again at the top of the food chain. If it wasn't for the aliens attacking and hunting us to extinction and forcing fifty thousand of us to be frozen in states of equilibrium, as travelers living through time until being thawed so as retake what is rightfully ours, there would have only been Squirrels at the time of my defrosting—and I wouldn't be writing this all down. My great grandchildren to the fortieth power would be outdoors, breathing fresh air, and having a laugh...without any chemical stench ruining the experience.

When William was still alive I didn't trust him enough, although we were very close, to tell him I was a chrononaut sent here along with the other chrononauts to unleash upon mankind a deadly virus cleverly hidden within the harmless viruses lying dormant in our sweet nuts. Even though William was truly a kind, caring, smart person—I assume the exception to the rule—I knew that no matter how fond he was of me, he wouldn't have been able to just sit by and watch me and my fellow chrononauts destroy *their* world—well, at least wipe out his species. As for the world part that was what we Squirrels wanted to get under our control again. Although William and I were friends, and I had forgone, until now, the mission because of our friendship, life is *what it is*—even

when it appears banal and brutal, it's always a good thing. This is another point that differentiates the superior Squirrel reality from chimp stupidity: Chimps watch their movies and think they have a clue. But life isn't like in *Planet of the Apes* where the astronauts who land in the future, only to find their planet destroyed, are befriended by the kind, caring, selfless scientists who are willing to go to all lengths to protect them—even when doing so means the extinction of their own species. In real life, the Corneliuses and Ziras don't protect the creature whose very existence is meant to extirpate *their* entire species. Sure the Corneliuses and Ziras might be decent enough under perfect conditions, like I believed William to be, but when it comes to something like this, they would be the first to crush, with the heels of their boots, the skulls of the cute, little Black Squirrels. Matter of fact, they wouldn't think twice about it. Now there's nothing to take offence at here: This is, again, basically my mission against the humans, so I can't say that we Squirrels are any different. We just never made fairytale films that claimed otherwise. I only set my mission aside because I liked William *and* because, this is the more profound difference between us Squirrels and the chimps, I couldn't be dishonest with him. Honesty is natural part of Squirrel genetic makeup: We have no choice but to be honest. But there were or I should say *are* ways for us Squirrels to get around this important inherited trait.<sup>5</sup> Anyway, I decided that my secret and undeclared gesture of absolution to William *and* myself was to scrap my mission—and up until the point when he was murdered, I hadn't given my mission anymore thought. *I was happy to leave the killer diseases in my nuts and not germinate the Chum Chum seeds of mankind's destruction.*

## Chapter 7

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<sup>5</sup> Explaining these 'ways' is not for this story, but just let's say that the art of engaging in 'politics' comes in many flavors across the universe and the span of time.

When the aliens came, we Squirrels thought we could hide. But they knew everything about us, and our attempts to conceal ourselves proved futile. They knew how to find us in tree tops; in caves; in burrows; in the underwater shelters we were capable of building. Don't forget, there were a number of different kinds of Squirrels—even in my Pleistocene day and age. But only the few species that had speech and that were capable of abstract thought were the ones that the aliens hunted. Sure, they killed and stuffed many megafauna to extinction, but we were the only *small* creatures they hunted—and that was because of our intelligence.

We Squirrels were the truly advanced species of *any* time. Art. Music. Theater. Science: We had developed a complex social society that was beneficial to every species on the entire planet. We were proper stewards of existence *and* life because we truly worshipped *and* adored *what is, was and would be*. Sure we weren't perfect. And perhaps our treatment of the Neanderthals and chimp *hominini* was what led to the chimps' eventual bitter evolution, but we were fair. Squirrels didn't take from the world so as to satisfy ignorant pleasures...in a *drug addict's high* sort of way. The chimps were always dirty, filthy, self-serving creatures of destruction, and perhaps that's why my forefathers originally sought to domesticate them: It was either that or the eradication of their species. In retrospect, and a hundred thousand years later, it would have been better to have just purged them from existence: *It would have saved me the trip*.

Where do the chimps think dogs learned to eat their own shit? Dogs didn't come up with the idea themselves, and we Squirrels definitely didn't give it to them. Wolves don't even eat their own turds. Dogs got the idea from the chimps! And from a disconnected perspective, it might appear that chimps don't do *it* anymore, but they *do* still eat their own waste. Waste and shit have just become, for chimps, matters of existential-semantics of etiquette: Only chimps poison their own water, air, and earth, and not understand they have to drink, eat, and breathe from these things. It would be one thing if the chimps only happily stuffed waste and poisons into their own bodies, indulging themselves in a *coprophagy* buffet serving their own misery, but they are poisoning every

living creature...*bitterly evolved*. Perhaps the aliens were right in trying to hunt us Squirrels to extinction. Without our input, the chimps might have never evolved, or they might have evolved more *comprehensively*. But we Squirrels were never cruel to the chimps; and what we had to offer, in as far as we Squirrels recognized (and still recognize) the joy in existence and life, we freely gave to the chimps: Music. Art. Theater. Science.

But jealousy was and will always be a part of their origins: Chimps wanted what we had... which was, ironically, just the *joy found of existing and living*. Chimps just were never, not then nor now, capable of living in the moment. That's why their technology never achieved *comprehensiveness*.

We Squirrels toyed with the chimps. We had our fun with them like a parent with a child: Especially a child prone to throwing tantrums. We Squirrels didn't believe we were being cruel. We did after all domesticate and not exterminate them. But now, tens of thousands of year later, and as I sit in here, a stowaway in the back of a pickup truck, and recollect upon all the things we Squirrels have done, I can admit that perhaps we had sadistic tendencies that we never wanted to acknowledge. If I think about how I have, over the past few years, interacted with the chimps as compared to how I did way back when, I can see the malice for what it was. The examples are so numerous I couldn't even begin to write them all down. But when I now reflect on it with some bit of objectivity, Squirrels always had, or we believed we had, a reverence for all life, and the only being we unwittingly or even, if I am to be further honest, *wittingly* treated as inferior was the chimps. For the most part, chimps were, among other things, our cheap entertainment. Yes, chimps were domesticated a hundred thousand years before the Pleistocene Age to be our clowns and minions. And in understanding this, I've now come to the conclusion that the *why* of our interaction with chimps was comparable to the *drug addict's high* that binds or *enslaves* modern chimps to their technology. We weren't being the best stewards in the case of the chimps, because there was some uncontrollable need we Squirrels had that drove us to manipulate their lives.

One favorite pastime, when I was a young Squirrel hanging out with other Squirrels, was to feed chimps funny foods like sour berries or *stink squid fungus*. And then we, the Squirrels up to the Tom Foolery, would look on as their faces puckered and contorted. Priceless! We'd laugh—all of us. And not only would the dumb beasts continue eating whatever awful treat we'd brought them, despite how unappetizing it was, but we could bring the same chimps the same berries or fungus, day after day, and they, having forgotten the experience from the day before, would happily stuff the bitter or rancid bombs into their mouths again. I mean, now that I have had time to think about it, chimp stupidity is what helped us Squirrels develop such a keen sense of humor.

Chapter 8

Something that the modern chimp archeologists were never able to piece together was that Squirrels domesticated, along with other farm animals like chickens, horses, cows and sheep, the *titanis walleri*—or *wallys* as we liked to call them.<sup>6</sup> These animals were used much like the chimps would later use horses or oxen. Wallys carried our nuts for us—and I'm not talking diseased nuts, but our sweet and delicious nuts. Nuts have always been at the heart of Squirrel civilization. Our great Squirrel thinkers of yore were convinced that consciousness itself was founded on the nut. If we Squirrels were to have any gods or a god then those gods would be the Nut: *In the name of the Walnut, the Cashew and the holy Almond Joy, amen.*

The joy found in life's relationship to existence was first revealed to Squirrels in our love of nuts. Sure, we recognized the *need* in the relationship we had with nuts: Nuts provided and still provide sustenance. But nuts also provided (and will again provide!) the basis for our rational selves. We were and (and will soon be again!) conscious thanks to nuts, and this, the act of consciousness, was (and is!) never just about us: It was (and is!) as much about nuts as it was and is about Squirrels and all other creatures... *comprehensive awareness*. Nuts drove (and will again drive!) not only Squirrels into a more comprehensive condition, whereby joy was (and is!) revealed, but nuts also provided (and provides!) the grounding to materializing a world filled with joy. Ancient Squirrel Civilization was (and is!) not *limited* to what a Squirrel did, but was (and is!) *unlimited* by how and why Squirrels did (and do!) what they did (and do!): Squirrels were (and will always be!) *true* stewards of existence *and* life. And when my fellow chrononauts are finally thawed, we will once again be true stewards of existence *and* life!

Squirrels had long since, by the time I was frozen, established international nut trade routes, and nuts were trafficked from all over the globe—and it was the wallys that carried the goods from one place to the next. It was never as if Squirrels had de-evolved their society through economic commerce: Squirrel life was always *comprehensive* and, unlike the chimps even then, never banak<sup>7</sup>.

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<sup>6</sup> What the modern chimps called a *cariamidae*: *titanis walleri* is a past relative the modern crane

<sup>7</sup> An untranslatable Squirrel sentiment that means: unwittingly or wittingly banal and joyless in something someone or, even in its extreme sense, everyone in the collective society takes it upon themselves to do.

Our trade was done for the sake of sharing the most fundamental sustenance of Squirrel existence. We never traded nuts for profit—unless you consider sharing simply for the joy experienced in spreading the taste delivered in one’s regional nuts to be a profitable venture. To sell something so vital to one’s existence was (and will always remain!) something only chimps could be capable of doing. Squirrels would never sell their nuts—at any price! And out of this historical development of non-commerce trade that had united Squirrels from across the globe, there evolved a sport: The wally tournaments. Some Squirrels (from my time) even theorized that the speedy delivery of nuts, as it became a kind of contest among deliverers, had inspired early versions of this pastime—and just how the chimps got involved, I am not certain; history was never my forte. In what a chimp might call an *international sport* or *international pastime* Squirrels began to hold *wally tournaments* throughout the world: *Great Wally Rides*. And somewhere along the way, in the historical development of the sport, instead of loads of nuts, drunken chimps were placed upon the backs of wallys and pitted against one another; even the smallest hamlets had their own wally-chimp races. In the yearly cycle of the events, there were first qualifiers at the local level, and from there the winners competed at the regional level, and after that came the country-wide competitions, before the final, international event, *The World Wally Cup*, where the best of the best would compete.<sup>8</sup> Squirrels had acquired the capabilities, over the years, to erect makeshift but nonetheless magnificent arenas all over the world for *The World Wally Cups*. Every event, whether local or international, was always well attended, and *The World Wally Cup* events drew nearly a billion attendees: All of Squirreldom was represented. There were no sponsors or marketing programs. The events weren’t held so that someone could sell us a mini-van, TV, computer, beer or life insurance. A Wally Ride was *just* Squirrels, wallys, and drunken chimps: In other words a great party!<sup>9</sup> No greed involved! No commercials! No sponsors! No national pride to be defended! No bets to be made! Wally Rides weren’t meant to distract us from the joy of life and existence but to

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<sup>8</sup> These events were held much like the criterium and grand tour bike races that the chimps would later hold: Local events being single laps around a hamlet and the Great Wally Ride covering routes that would cross entire continents.

<sup>9</sup> Also lots of drugs were consumed.

bring *joy* to the forefront of Squirrel life and existence: Squirrels *had* evolved real culture. The only *purpose* of such events was to just have a *good* time...to celebrate the comprehensive *joy* that sometimes escaped us in our daily lives.

As I've now recollected on Squirrel civilization and the possible unintended consequences of our actions, and wherewith I now make judgments under a different light, it appears to me these events could've been, conceivably, humiliating to the chimps. I now tend to believe that our laughs were at *their* expense—and this is the *why* that made us poor stewards to the chimps. Despite myself, and now knowing better, I still have to laugh thinking about some of the races I got to see. Drunk chimps falling from their saddles and being chased by an angry wally in the middle of a match. Ha, ha, ha! Those giant, ostrich-crane-like birds—the wallys—might've been tamed, but they still could be mean as cat's meat. Wallys were *nippers*, so sometimes during a race, a chimp that fell off his wally might've had to spend the rest of the match running around the track with a wally close behind him, nipping at his heels and ass. And wallys could definitely drop a massive load of shit and piss, so at some point in a match it was nonstop slapstick comedy: Chimps falling from their wallys, then being chased, and then slipping and sliding from one end of the sludge filled course to the other end. Sometimes, for fun, and after a break, a country would send their chimp, still sitting atop a wally, back out onto field, dressed in costume. The best costume I ever saw was a chimp dressed up as a fish. Talk about absurd! A chimp in a fish costume, sitting on top of an angry wally and trying to get around the slop track quicker than another chimp dressed up as something as ridiculous as a butterfly, sitting atop an angry wally. I've never seen a chimp film or video that could ever come close to being as entertaining as a Wally Ride—local, regional, country or international!

I am now traveling in the cab of semi-truck. At this point, all I have left are my recollections, and I am indulging in a story without joy: Loneliness is narrating these words. *Someday the other chrononauts will be here and then I will be able to feel the joy again.* But I am not on my way to San Francisco to visit Julie. I am certain the Quiet Professionals were listening to our conversation: To go

to San Francisco would be a mistake. I am going somewhere else, and so now, for the time being, I have gotten them off my furry tail. But I still need to get back to my *real* work.

## Chapter 9

Squirrel civilization was never built on delusions of permanence. Squirrels simply lived lastingness without having to erect buildings, temples, roads or objects of deliverance to withstand

the teeth of time. We know at the *follicles of our fur*<sup>10</sup> that the only thing solid is the *now*, and anything distracting us from living *this moment* is not right.

Here I am in mini-van with a couple and their two little chimps, and they are on their way back home from a ski trip in Breckenridge. One would think they're, with their phones stuck in front of their noses as they watch the latest, trending Youtube videos, living the moment. But that's just it: I got on the one kid's shoulder and watched a video too! He didn't even know I was there! *Fun in a drug addict's high sort of way*. His brother was no better. I think he was actually watching porn—I was afraid to take a closer look after I caught a quick glimpse of some chimp's buttocks bouncing all over the place.

And the mom and dad? Unfortunately, they're having a conversation....

"You know, when we get home, it's time we had the kitchen remodeled. I just read the sale ads at Ikea and they're having a sale on kitchens."

*She's wants to have her kitchen remodeled because she can get one on sale? Talk about permanence...permanently stupid!*

"I thought we were going to get a new boat?"

*There we go, just what you need. Maybe you can get that new boat and have it changed into a new kitchen?*

"Pat and Judy had their bathrooms remodeled, and you never go fishing anymore, anyway. The kids don't like it."

*I'm telling ya, buy a boat and have it modified into a floating kitchen. Then you'll all be happy and the neighbors will die from envy.*

"We don't go because you don't like it."

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10 Squirrel idiom meaning, in this context, something to the effect of „at the core of our lives“.

*That's telling her, captain. It almost sounds like you're a Squirrel when you speak so truthfully. Maybe when the rest of the chrononauts are thawed, I'll suggest to them that we make you an honorary Squirrel because of the honest and direct way in which you speak to your wife....not!*

If I didn't have to look forward to ending these chimps' misery soon, *their* banality would force me to blow my brains out. This exchange between momma and poppa chimp is just going on and on. I mean I took a nap for forty minutes and, after having gotten back to the cloud storage ravings of a Squirrel lost in time, they're still talking kitchens and boats. And as long as I've been awake for it, their kids have never blinked once. It's creepy. I've watched all the Saw films and they were tame in comparison to life in a mini-van. I have no way out. I am stuck in this mini-van with a suburban family from hell. In a hell built on the delusion of permanence! If only my teeth were big and sharp enough to bite a chimp to death I would do existence a favor, not wait for our diseased nuts o do the job, which would take over a year to finally spread far enough to wipe out everyone, and I would go on an in-mini-van killing spree.... And the chimps wonder why they have so many school and mall shooters? After having sat here in this mini-van for much too long, and with no end in sight, I just wonder why there aren't more school and mall shooters....

*Maybe the bucked-tooth chimp-hag from the Double Tree Hotel is right and I do have rabies. I'm even sounding like a mean and bitter Squirrel to myself.*

I should look on the bright side of things: Seeing how distracted chimps are, with their technology induced a *drug addict's high*, I don't have to worry about someone recognizing me. The family is too far gone to snap out of their joyless rapture; they'll never find me out. Me, a Black Squirrel in a world of grays and browns. Although my face is plastered all over the media, the average chimp is just too preoccupied with their toys of diversion. And if I want to be honest, which isn't something that isn't up to me anyways, the one kid's watching some funny videos. I have to keep myself from laughing at the prank videos...but me laughing would scare them all shitless: *Chum Chum sitting on the boy's shoulder; his baritone, Barry White laughter filling the void of a mini-van.*

When I say my laughter sent a Hell's Angel running, screaming in terror, I am not lying or exaggerating. My voice may have the seductive sound like that of Barry White's, but the deep, rich, bassy sound, in as far as it's stemming from a tiny Squirrel, could also be confused with the voice of Satan in the mind of simpleton chimp. I always knew that—but I never got the whole chimp religion thing—but Barry...yeah, I was lady's Squirrel in my day and time; him I understand. The last thing I need to do is to huff out a, *ha, ha, ha*, in my deep voice, and have the dad-chimp driving the mini-van go into a state of terror induced shock, and have him swerve off the road and kill us all.

## Chapter 11

Everything about chimps reveals creatures who despise anything grounding their lives to an unchanging existence. Squirrel culture, on the other hand, was always rooted in comprehensiveness: Joy is what grounds all life to existence—and we had a *pure* Almond Joy long before chimps turned it

into something perverse. Perhaps that's why we Squirrels took it upon ourselves, beginning almost a hundred thousand years before my deep freezing, to control the chimps...

*I got to get out of this mini-van, hell ride. I'm going nuts...ah, ha, ha, ha!*

The dad just farted. But before he did, he first lifted his ass from the seat, and said, "Hey Cathy, let see if this'll get the kids eyes off their Smartphones for a minute." The real punchline was that his wife hadn't heard a word he'd said because her eyes were glued to her Smartphone too. Smartphone, now that's an oxymoron.

Once I was at a science conference in Paris, France; there to explain time travel and future-viewing. And during my stay, on one of my day's off, and while I was out wondering the streets, I saw a chimp perform with another chimp. It was the strangest thing—we Squirrels like strange stuff but this was truly bizarre. The one chimp stood behind a strange instrument with an arm that he turned around and around, and that somehow at the same moment made the thing sing a song. And the other chimp, a little kind that still had a tail and might have climbed trees—it's hard to say because the little fella was tied to a rope that was attached to the music machine, so I can't say if it could still climb—had a tin cup that it held in its hand and used to collect money from other chimps passing by.

I can't imagine a Squirrel ever chaining himself to a music box *and* a close relative (let's say a chipmunk) and then them standing in front of other Squirrels, music box in hand, and busking for nuts. To play music for anything but the joy or to pay for anything that offers no joy makes no sense.

The one joyous thing chimps pay for that I get, but amuses me nonetheless, is porn. In a world where joy is openly and willingly bought and sold, I can only imagine sex has become something that is no longer natural. Sure, there are the chimps performing sexual acts for the cameras, but even they aren't doing it simply for the joy, but for the cash...*cash*. Just where does this stuff come from? And who gives it its value? It has no value but only a power that is given to it. So really, porn star chimps are actually only slaves to money and not performers delivering joy: On any

level of existence, chimps are only able to vicariously participate in sexual activities—even those who are doing it aren't *doing it*, because any and all actual *doing* takes the joy out of the act of *doing* and puts it, the joy, into prisons built with cash...sex for Chimps is and was never *sexy*—in my time or in this time. So chimp porn stars are just performers acting for money and are not simply *doing*, as in having sex, so as to reveal the joy in the acts themselves. *I gotta get out of this van soon. I 'm starting to say some nuttless stuff. I need to get high.*

Chimps were playing with themselves long before they developed systems of economics, so it's no wonder money is something characteristic of only chimp culture. But Squirrels busking for nuts? That would be weird. Squirrels always gave their nuts away for free. In other words: Every single Squirrel was, in my day, a porn star...ha! *Chum Chum the comedian lives on!*

Where was I? Oh yeah, in Paris with a chimp chained to a chimp chained to a music box. The only thing good that I can say about Paris is it smelled nice.

I gotta get out of this mini-van. I really am going nuts...ah, ha, ha, ha! Talking about chimp porn...choking on my nuts would be more entertaining at this point than going any further in this mini-van.

## Chapter 12

Squirrel art never fell into the *eye of the beholder*, because no Squirrel ever took it upon him or herself to hold these *things of art* in his or her eye; irrespective of whether these *things* found their life in objects or remained true to notions: Whether it was a jacket woven from painted leaves that was used to bring a celebratory dance of colors to life or whether it was a cave painting meant to stir the fantasy of young Squirrels in their first overnight sleep-away from parents and family—or whether it, the *things* of Squirrel creation, was used to detract chimps incessant masturbating for a night. Our artistic skills were and will always be unmatched by those of any chimp, ever.

I mean look at the cave paintings we did. To this day they mystify, confuse, inspire *and* mislead chimps. I read somewhere that present day chimps believe cave paintings represent chimp evolution: You know, the slow progression of primitive chimp thoughts turned into symbolic representation, and *blah, blah, blah*. But the best part of these so-called *thoughts* that ancient chimps had while painting the caves—as far as the modern chimp theory goes—was that the thoughts arose in the minds of *prehistoric chimp shamans... prehistoric chimp shamans* who were high on drugs and had paint brushes for fingers. *Chimp shamans who retreated into the darkness of the caves, entering into a trance-state, and who, with some notion of drawing power out of the cave walls themselves, then painted with their paint brush fingers images of their visions ...* From the way modern chimp archeologists describe these things you would think they never got high in their lives. Because it's fairly common knowledge, at least to us Squirrels, that after you get high you then do some crazy shit: And then the next day you say, *wow, that was some messed up stuff I did yesterday, but it sure was fun*. Rational creatures don't say, *wow, I became a shaman, and then went into a cave-state -of -consciousness and said and did weird things while pulling spiritual power from the mattress, toilet or refrigerator...* or maybe a modern chimp would come to that conclusion. Simply getting high and doing something fun now seems to go beyond chimp imagination—at least for the chimp archeologists.

Squirrels did all the cave paintings. Sure, the chimps helped for one project, but that was it. Otherwise, all cave paintings were Squirrel made. The apes only *freely* started going into the caves to hide from the aliens—to think they went into cave of their own free will to make art is ridiculous. These are facts that need to be set right for chimp posterity.

Our most common subjects in cave paintings were the megafauna; the large wild animals, such as bison, horses, aurochs, and deer. But it was us Squirrels who painted these creatures. We had been doing landscapes and action sequences, among other things, for centuries, but the animal paintings were our pride and joy: They were our way of showing our appreciation and love for the

lives of these animals. See that's another fine example of the difference between chimps and Squirrels. Chimps build zoos to cage the animals so that chimp wardens can sell tickets to other chimps who want to see those animals.... That sure is a strange way of showing love and respect for those creatures that amaze you.

Chimps throwing spears or hunting giant animals—these pictorials were *our* fantasy fiction that *we* created for entertainment. Chimps now got their Harry Potters with sorcerers and wizards, and their Hobbits and Lord of the Rings with their talking/walking trees, elves, fairies, dwarves and dragons and stuff, but back in my day we Squirrels turned chimps into the magical creatures. But as the old adage goes: *Monkey see, monkey do*. And so our fiction became chimp nonfiction: *Reality became stranger than fiction* when chimps started to learn how to think by reflecting on the cave paintings made by Squirrels.

Just as we chrononauts were being frozen, the chimp Neanderthals were starting to spend more time in caves, hiding from the aliens. And while there, after god knows how many years, they started to imitate our art<sup>11</sup>. We Squirrels were all but gone, so that meant that the chimps needed to start fending for their own. And so that's when they started hunting with spears—and even that was funny. Fortunately I got to see one of their earliest attempts at hunting with spears before I was frozen. The dummies really did go after Woolly Mammoths with spears! Men and their machismo. *Me stupid monkey, me attack biggest animal to show stupid female monkey me strong and brave!* Ah ha ha! It was a slaughter out there! Chimps skewered and crushed to death by angry Woolies. And to think there were so many small creatures the chimps could've trapped and ate. *But monkey see, monkey do*. If only we'd painted murals of chimps walking on their hands and masturbating with their feet...ah, ha, ha! I would've woken up in a really funny time and place. On the bright side, though, it's a good thing we Squirrels didn't make cave paintings based on our comprehensive sciences or else these monkeys would have evolved much farther than they have.

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<sup>11</sup> I can only imagine masturbation became a bit mundane for the chimps, and so imitating art was the other possible outlet they had. At least this is my hypothesis.

Another thing we did in caves that would later baffle chimp archeologists were finger flutings—the squiggly, noodle like lines we made with our paws, not fingers, on soft surfaces in caves. But if these finger flutings had been done, as some chimp archeologists have theorized, by chimp shamans then I would like to think that the images would be better labeled as *Shaman Noodles* instead. Big mystery. Ha, ha, ha! Turns out these *secrets of the past* are nothing more than the doodles done by stoned Squirrels who'd literally *stumbled* into caves!

Something else that confounds the chimps of this world is the cave hand tracings. Sure we Squirrels needed the chimps to make hand tracings—but to say *we needed their help* is a bit misleading. We only *needed* their hands to make the images, but these images were only done to help the chimps. In today's world, chimps have creative workshops where they send mentally challenged chimps<sup>12</sup> to do things like paint, build, or sing songs—and this was what we Squirrels did with the chimps. Pretty simple to explain: We Squirrels were just trying to get chimps to do something other than masturbate or pick their noses. Watching the male chimps shine the shaft and the ladies tickle the clam became rather loathsome to us.<sup>13</sup> So after a millennium of laughing at the chimps and their habits, we Squirrels took it upon ourselves to help make them better chimps. In other word, we created therapy for orgasm addiction and booger eating because the *joke* had become old. I mean modern chimps *must* get tired of their pet dogs humping their legs: It can only be funny for so long before it becomes tiresome, wouldn't you think? Then again chimps like the *drug addict's high*, so perhaps chimps never tire of laughing at the horny dogs relentlessly humping their legs. But the hand tracing therapy was simply the product of Squirrel compassion: It was our outreach program—even then chimps had a tendency toward a *drug addict's high* sense of living. We Squirrels wanted to distract the chimps from masturbating for at least a day and half. That was our original intentions when we brought the chimps into caves, got them relaxingly stoned, and then made hand painting art with them. But at some point the therapy program turned into more of a

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12 It's a bit redundant to say "mentally challenged chimps", because a "chimp" is by definition already "mentally challenged".

13 But we Squirrels never got tired of watching them eat the little treats they picked from their noses. That was always entertaining.

gag, too. We Squirrels couldn't help it: We love a good joke more than we like being therapists. Eventually, as a way of entertaining ourselves, we'd herd chimps into caves, get 'em high, and then place their hands on the wall and blow, through reed pipes, pigment at them to form a characteristic image of a roughly round area of solid dye with the uncolored shape of the hands in the center, which would then be decorated, by us Squirrels, with lines or dashes.<sup>14</sup>

As I remain stuck in this mini-van-hell with the Smartfamily, and, so as to keep myself from going nuts, and having reflected on my Squirrel past, I've come to the conclusion that perhaps we Squirrels were just bored back then, and that's why we painted chimp hands, and not because we wanted to stop them from masturbating for few hours—even at the beginning when we thought we were being compassionate, we were just setting up the joke. Before the humor consciously got introduced, there was always the next day when those dumb beasts were sober, and with having no idea why their hands were all covered in colorant, they would become completely distressed, and then, in addition to them going bat shit crazy, the only way for them to clean the dye from their hands was to piss on them. So they spent the better part of the following day hungover and pissing all over themselves—and not jerking off. Ha, ha, ha! I mean it was funny back then, and perhaps that's why we Squirrels did this to them—it was never about the masturbation curative program, but only about living a good joke. Can it be that we Squirrels were and still are really just creatures who are slaves to cruelty? I can now see how our unkind and unjust lusts may have led the chimps on to the wrong evolutionary track.

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<sup>14</sup> We were of course, messed up on drugs, too.

## Chapter 13

As for Squirrel sciences, it was due to the very fact we Squirrels understood there was no *eye to behold things* that we were able to make advances in such things as time travel. Sure, being frozen for tens of thousands of years is, I'm certain, something the chimps can fathom and even appreciate, but it was the way in which we looked (and theoretically still can look) into the future and saw (and theoretically still can see) *what was to be* that is beyond chimp comprehension.

*Comprehensive technology* is built on the knowledge that all atoms in the universe were and still are and will always be interconnected: Atoms are uniquely universal or the so-called mass of one atom is only relative to the sum of all atoms. No atom stands alone, and each atom is a constant to every atom's mass. In other words, *space* is an illusion, and *time*, the only constant, is the means through

which atoms always remain probable and possible. How do Squirrels know this? We don't. But what we do know is that the *joy* we experience can open any door to any time. The chimps come up with many words and terms to give this relationship some kind of understandable context. The newest terminology is a Higgs Field or something to that effect, but we Squirrels called it *intentionality*,<sup>15</sup> and any whimsical cages of terminology we might place on just such an experience only set us free in space...a space that is always, at best, only an illusion meant for *joy* to find its time: This is why life is a joke to us Squirrels. A good joke can open a door to someplace else. Figure out a way to tap into the one atom's possible and probable existence and you've tapped into all atoms' possible and probable existence—and nothing does this better than a good joke.<sup>16</sup>

We Squirrels built (and still can build) a kind of TV—a future-viewer—that shows the infinite channels of life's probabilities and possibilities. And all a Squirrel has to do to figure out which channel is showing the most likely of all possible and probable future realities is to adjust the antennae a bit. This future-viewer we created (and still can create) needed all Squirrels everywhere<sup>17</sup>, as we in our totality were and are the antennae, concentrating on the *one of all* atom—as found in something as profound as the mere idea of a tasty nut—in order to dial in the right future time. This *antennae* is a developed, highly sensitive, collective sense of *thought-rhythms* and *-harmonies* that began (and will someday soon begin) in local areas and interacted with the unique rhythms and harmonies in the regional areas, and these coordinating rhythms and harmonies in turn interacted with the interplay of distinctive countrywide rhythms and harmonies, which mixed with an inimitable rhythm and harmony in the whole of Earth Squirrel society. And through use of the simple laws of magnetic forces the energy of the complete *song* could be channeled, from the act of concentrating, through or into all liquid mediums, which became screens—screens reflecting, in

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15 I found the word *intentionality* on a Philosophy Internet site. Its meaning somehow fit the Squirrel perception of these things.

16 Music, song and dance are what actually turn on the future-viewer, but seeing that I'm a comedian, perhaps, I'm just getting carried away with importance of a good laugh.

17 Only us Black Squirrels, of course,

principle, the collectivized thought of the orchestrated events. *Screens* being the reflective quality found in water, for example.

I am still in the mini-van-from-hell, and this last entry says it all: My thoughts have drifted so as to protect myself from trying to bite the SmartFamily to death. Talking about time travel and theories of space...*and I'm not even high!* They must have driven four hours without stopping, but we're finally pulling off the road. The porn addicted youngster has to pee or *whatever*. We're pulling into a truck stop. I'll soon be off this *War Hell Ride*. I'm now a permanently damaged, thawed Squirrel with diseased nuts...and a bounty on my head. I just read it in the Internet. Two million dollars dead or alive.

*It feels like aliens are attacking again.*

## Chapter 14

I was only out of the mini-van a few minutes when the shooting started. At first it was just one bonehead, Nebraskan redneck, but after the first shot, every bonehead, Nebraskan redneck at the truck stop had grabbed his and her rifle, shotgun, crossbow, and handgun and turned the whole parking lot into a shower of death seeking projectiles.

The only thing that seems to sober up a chimp asleep in the *drug addict's high* is greed. Tell them they can get a reward for killing something *and* everything and suddenly they remember they're alive.

“What the hell ya shoot’n at,” barked someone from the parking lot, after having heard the shot.

“Chum Chum!” replied the bonehead, and that was it. It was as if *Chum Chum* was code word for, *shoot anything that moves*. Dozens of rosy-cheeked rubbernecks suddenly dashed to their Pickups, SUVs, and cars, and grabbed their guns. *Hell’s fury is a redneck with bloodlust in his heart...*

Nebraska is as desolate as it is flat, and to be caught at a truck stop in Nebraska...could my luck have gotten any worse? I stood on a quarter square mile patch of asphalt and concrete that was surrounded by hundreds of miles of treeless, plowed ground, thinly layered with snow and clumps of earth, and with tilled corn stalks and leaves peeking up everywhere, as far as the eye could see—with the exception of the half mile long oasis of trees that occupied a strip of land between the two Interstates and, for whatever reason, made it impossible for chimps at either truck to see each other. In other words there was nowhere for me to run: to run to the oasis, even I made it past the speeding cars, would mean certain death, and to head out onto the open, frozen farm land would be even less fruitful.

Even if there would have been only one knucklehead out there with a gun, I was, again, an easy target. *Was it my punishment, my karma, for bitching too much about the chimps?* I mean Squirreldom thrived because we embraced the joy, and there I was, for the past three years, living without it: My comedy act was bitter. My mission was bitter. My life was bitter. Had I become a chimp? No, I had entered that cryogenic state already a *chimp*. I *was*, after all, sent to destroy life and not celebrate it. I had become that alien that had arrived, during my time, tens of thousands of years earlier: We chrononauts were or can only be an invading alien force. Sure, I might not have come to kill chimps for their skins to make rugs, jackets, shoes, hats or sofas. Nor I had come to kill other little furry creatures and turn their tails into decorations for a cellphone or keychain.<sup>18</sup> I had

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<sup>18</sup> I already imagined what our tails could be used for here in this world. I read somewhere that people used to carry rabbit foot keychains....I get shivers down my tail thinking about all the possible scenarios in which I could have ended up.

come to this time period to end chimp life—no other purpose than to eradicate their species. My mission was rotten from the beginning. Regardless of how joyless the chimps are, it is their joylessness that has somehow given them a place and time to live. However disparaging it might appear to a Squirrel, the joy is always *there*—where and whenever that *there* is. Now I just needed to open my eyes and see it for *what it is*.

Shots rang out from every direction. *Give rednecks free-pass on shooting anything that moves and it's guaranteed to be raining bullets across the country.* I just felt and still feel sorry for all those gray and brown squirrels out there. Even the dumbest redneck on that parking lot knew deep down that he wasn't actually shooting at Chum Chum...but what mattered most to any of those rustics practically as much as the reward was that they got to shoot at anything that moves—and that there'd be no repercussions if things went horribly wrong. I read every news article on the Web that I can, and it is implied that *they* want me dead and are willing to accept collateral damage, if need be. I'm not sure there were many if any chimps killed on this or any day, but all rodents have become open targets and tens of thousands have already lost their lives and tens of thousands more will lose their lives.

I was able to get under a pickup pulling a horse trailer with horses in it. I was able to hide for the time being.

“Come out from underneath there. We gotcha dead to rights, Chum Chum!”

I didn't reply. Besides not wanting to talk to neo-Neanderthals, I knew it was best not to say anything. I'd already read on the Web that there were dozens of false alarms and hundreds of shots fired across the country. Without confirmation that I was *the* Chum Chum, the authorities wouldn't respond so quickly.

I chattered a *Kck! Kck! Kck! Kck!* to throw them off in case someone was videoing. If it was really me they found, this video would be a hit! My capture and death would be immediately

uploaded onto the Internet—as would my escape. I just couldn't let anyone video *me*—and if they did then I needed to act like a regular squirrel of this time period. Black Squirrels were far and few between in America and those that were here were a genetic mishap: Just gray squirrels with too much pigmentation in their fur. If they got a video of me (and not just my voice) and I was doing anything non-squirrely then the Quiet Professionals would know that I was here in Nebraska. They'd be hot on my trail again.<sup>19</sup>

“Surround the truck and we'll keep him trapped until the authorities arrive,” said the chimp who had taken the first shot at me. The outside cold air had already turned his and all the other bumpkins' cheeks red and the air coming from their lungs into steam.

“Burn 'em out! We might not get the reward if we don't actually catch 'em ourselves!” hollered another chimp. I could tell his heart was racing from the way the steamed air was being forced from his lungs and out his mouth in short puffs.

Other redneck chimps were looking underneath the truck, trying to spot me, but I was up in a wheel well in the front of the truck where I couldn't be seen. I could, though, occasionally sneak a peek from my perch. There were a number of baseball caps, hunting jackets and jeans wearing, unshaven chimps guarding my roost along with a strange, unarmed, suit wearing woman who bore a blank, concentrated expression on her face. A number of cracker chimps had, in the meantime, gotten their dogs out of their cars and trucks. But that turned out to be to my advantage. Although it'd been thirty-five thousand years since I'd last handled a pack of dogs, we Black Squirrels were the ones who had tamed them. Dogs will always serve our interests and not the chimp's.<sup>20</sup> Of course I didn't know in that moment if we Squirrels could still command them in packs, but I didn't have a

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19 My fur's pigmentation? I don't have too much of anything in my fur. But my nuts, they are filled with diseases!

20 I wasn't sure of this when I decided to avoid flying because of the possibility there would be Squirrel sniffing guard dogs controlling the airports.

choice but to try...and it worked. As I gave the order all the dogs began sniffing, barking and growling at the backend of the trailer—at the other end from where I was—and the chimps were certain they'd located me.

“You ain't sett'n my truck and horses on fire!” hollered the owner. He had a twelve gauge in his hands that he used to point at his truck and trailer.

“That's two million dollars underneath that truck. Dead, alive, or burnt to crisp! We'll buy you a new goddamn truck!” snapped someone else.

*Yeah, and then you can have barbecued horse and squirrel to celebrate,* passed through my mind. These chimps and their greed...but what I did notice, and it says something positive about the redneck creed, is that none of them had any nauseating chemical smells about them. These guys smelled real. The woman had no smell, though. Nothing I could sense. It was a bit unnerving.

“Let the horses out then,” answered someone else.

“I'm not unloading my goddamn horses out here with all you idiots shooting at everything that moves!”

I had bought myself some time—or so I thought.

Chapter 15

One of the chimps had immediately called the authorities, and within ten minutes the drones arrived. The sky was covered with them. And then *the* Quiet Professional arrived. There were actually quite a few, but one in particular appeared to be in control—and he obviously knew more than the others. He just stood, motionless, and watched. He had a hardened face and steely eyes that barely ever blinked. What was truly strange was that all the other chimps standing around, waiting to take a shot at me, had steamed air puffing from their nostrils and mouths, and cheeks that were all flushed, but *the* Quiet Professional had no steamed air streaming from a face that had

remained, despite the biting cold, completely pale. His silence was the only thing that appeared gelid about him. It was almost as if he was made of stone.

My first thoughts were they'd figured out I'd been stealing phones and they'd simply been tracking me all along. I decided that if I got out of this I was going to have to change tactics in that department. I'd been sending out E-mails to Pavel, Julie, Christian and Martin, and afterwards, after I'd used a phone, I was tossing them into vehicles with license plates from various States—thinking that I was throwing Quiet Professionals off my track in the event they were intercepting the E-Mails and tracking their sources. I hadn't sent an E-Mail in a day. So they must have been tracking this phone. They must be tracing all phones reported missing or phones sending out messages to certain people. Now I was going to have to start stealing lots of phones at once; type quick messages on them; push send, and then throw all but one of them into random cars. I would also have less time to use (for the purpose of writing these entries *or* real messages) the one that I did keep: Steal and immediately use, then throw into the wind, so to say, would have to be the new tactic. This chimp technology, besides being petty, could be very practical—unfortunately.

I didn't know how much *the* Quiet Professional knew about Ancient Squirrel Culture, but it was if he could read my thoughts. We Squirrels had what the chimps might call a telepathic method of communication. But really what we had was a highly developed sense of awareness that reached down into the atomic level. We were conscious at the level of Higgs Field: We were in an Internet lattice of existence, and our individuality was not centered in our singularity but in our comprehensive essence as Squirrel. We didn't talk to each other telepathically, but our *optic fiber* lattice of communication opened the joy delivered from existence: our lives existed as an *intentionality fiber of communication*.<sup>21</sup>

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<sup>21</sup> *Lattice of communication* and *intentionality fiber of communication* are the same. It's just that the word intentionality, as borrowed from an article on a philosophy website I'd once read, somehow fits closer to how we Squirrel's think.

Once again, my life was in fate's hands. The dogs were my only way out—and it was an escape that would have to be a perfectly timed and coordinated. I could only hope that this bit of Squirrel past was still a mystery to the Quiet Professionals.

Quiet Professionals were on all sides of the vehicle and horse trailer, and the smartly dressed woman bearing little expression was, oddly, still standing amongst them. I could hear the humming of drones in the sky—but I could swear it was a lullaby they were whirring. And once again, like when I was buried in the snow next to William's dead body, I suddenly felt as ease. The neo Neanderthals had since been cleared from the area, but I imagined they were somewhere in the background, waiting for their reward. Their dogs were still there, so I knew they couldn't be far away.

Luckily it was dusk; the sun but a few minutes out from vanishing for the day. A semi-truck had been brought in. It appeared they were going to load the pickup *and* trailer onto the vehicle. I had to act, my time was running out.

The dogs were still concentrated at the rear of the trailer. I called two over, from the dozen dogs, to the front of the truck, with a high pitched whistle that was undetectable to human hearing. *Ah, a Squirrel's best friend.* I was making my play. As I directed them to, the dogs in the back began growling and barking, making a lot of racket, drawing everyone's attention. I then commanded the two dogs at the front to move together; slowly away from the truck. I swiftly and silently traveled underneath the vehicle, running on the bottom side, upside down, and not along the ground, and was now at the back. I got underneath the ten remaining dogs and then whistled my command to the two dogs that had been slowly wandering away from the front of the pickup to start sprinting—distract the rednecks and Quiet professionals from both ends and they won't know where to focus their energies.

Now hidden within the pack of dogs at the rear of the trailer, I began my guarded escape. I would have to make it to the other side of the Interstate—an unimaginable and dangerous distance for a Squirrel without any overhead protection *or* a tank.

I could see the Quiet Professionals had all since headed in the direction of the two dogs, leaving me unwatched—except for *the* Quiet Professional and the woman. They were both at the rear of the trailer, with me and *my* pack of dogs. But I could sense *the* Quiet Professional knew I was there *and* he knew I had control over the dogs. *He* knew more than he should. As for the *he* woman, she remained motionless, but her position gave her a clear view over the entire situation. The way she stood there, it was if she was invisible. I don't even know if the Quiet Professional knew she was there with us. *Something wasn't right...or was it?* The conflicting thought sent a jolt through me. *Time to get out of here:*

*Split up!* I ordered in whistle-talk. The dogs paired off into five sets of two, and we were all Interstate bound. The Quiet Professional just silently watched: He let the drones do his work from the sky. And the woman: she just remained motionless, but there was an indescribable air of concern to her presence.

A single shot rang out, and it was followed by the squeal of a dog. I didn't see the gun fire, but I could only assume *the* Quiet Professional had shot a dog—that bastard. I'm sure he was the one who'd killed William.

There was a scream near the entrance of the gas station where the gaggle of rednecks had been penned. I peeked out from underneath the shelter of dog bellies to see the owner, irate and distraught, running toward his dying friend...there was no white deathbed but just cold, oil-slickened concrete with patches of ice.

All the dogs were in full trot, and we had just made it to the shoulder of the road when another shot rang out. I could now hear all the dog owners running toward their animals. Suddenly

there was more gunfire, but no more dogs fell. The exchange of bullets was a gun battle between rednecks and Quiet Professionals.

I couldn't ask the dogs to cross with me...that would have made me no better than the Quiet Professionals...*Quiet Professional*: a title for a chimp who thinks he's serving a *greater good that can only be subservient to money*.

Life is mostly about timing, and in many instances timing cannot be rehearsed. But I was trained for these things. I had some of the highest scores in my class for nimbleness and adaptiveness. I gave the term *squirrely* a whole new meaning. Those cars were traveling fast but my natural agility proved victorious over the impossible, and I made it across both sides of the Interstate. And like I had hoped, there was another gas station on the other side, and thus plenty vehicles in which I could make a hasty escape.

## Chapter 16

My second gig ever was at Cap City Comedy Club in Austin, Texas, and it was probably my best performance ever. What a night to remember! I was on fire!

"Hello, my name's Chum, Chum." That was enough to get 'em cheering. "I'm a Squirrel." It was really simple back then. "And I'm old." In the beginning, it was easy to elicit crowd participation. I didn't even have to raise my hands like a conductor to get everyone to shout, "How old are you!"

“Well, I’m so old that the last I time I saw you chimps before I went to bed for thirty-five thousand years, you were still wetting your caves.” It wasn’t my strongest joke, but it kept the crowd fluid. “I see you’re still dragging your knuckles, though.”

There were always sceptics in the crowd. Even up until at my last show in Denver. It was easy to see it in their eyes. At the beginning, though, over the half of all my crowds, irrespective of which city I was in, were convinced beforehand that it was all a scam. I could always see audience members studying me, not paying attention to my jokes, but looking for the strings; trying to figure out if my mouth was moving according to the words. But their distractedness made them easy targets. They were my fodder for really good jokes.

“Hey you, chimp!” I don’t know how many times I’d said that during a routine. With mic in paw, pointing down at some chimp who thought he was going to expose me as a fraud. “Yeah, you. The one with your jaw ajar; and from the dumb look on your face, you’re obviously the chimp with the lowest IQ in the room. The one who still picks lice from his partner’s ass hairs and then eats ‘em.” That would get their attention. “Just kidding.” Getting personal was always a good way to get under the chimp’s skin. If I’d say something rude enough, the patsy would look at me through eyes of vengeance: It made the chimp even weaker. “Just kidding. I know your partner doesn’t have any hair lice on her ass. I was the Mall Santa this year and your lady there asked me for a new ass razor.”

That was a mean joke. I didn’t use that one often, but only if I thought someone was going to give me trouble.

“Don’t feel bad, *when* I came from, all you chimps still loved grooming each other. Hell, I think dingleberries were the first fruits you ever cultivated as a species.” That got everybody laughing. “Don’t ask me what the first nuts were that you cultivated. Chimps have been playing with their own ding-a-lings long since before you started using your hands to make primitive stone tools....stone tool. Now you know how you got the idea to make tools.” I’d pause to let ‘em all laugh.

“Who I am I to talk? I mean cultivated nuts? Come on, Chum Chum’s thawed nuts have become synonymous with dangerous and diseased. So that’s a sore spot, I mean *cold* spot with me.” More laughter. “And who am I to be making fun of an animal’s past. I mean I traveled here, thirty-five thousand years from outta the past, and I bring my diseased nuts with me? I should be lucky if ass-lice was the only thing I had to worry about.” That relieved the tension I’d created between me and the chimps. I could get nasty so long as I attacked myself in the end.

“Talking about fruits and nuts, I’m often asked by chimps if there were any gay Squirrels in my day. Normally I don’t like pointing paws, but the Chipmunks, although only a close relative to us Squirrels, were always a bit queer. I mean Chip and Dale? Queer. Just listen to my voice and then think of theirs. Can you imagine Barry White saying, *Yum, Tum Tum Squirrel’s balls are looking mighty tasty theses day or Hey Tum Tum, Chum Chum wants cum cum.*”

“In all seriousness, we had gay Squirrels. But Squirrels never thought of sex as gay or straight. You chimps are weird like that. It would be like me saying, I can’t breathe this Denver air, it’s not right. Normal air shouldn’t be so thin, and I DON’T BREATHE GAY AIR. Doesn’t it sound strange when I put like that?” Chimps are laughing. “I mean we all, Squirrels and chimps alike, breathe. We eat. We shit. We die. We have sex....Well, maybe not that guy right there. Him I doubt.” And with that, anyone in the audience who was still skeptical of my abilities to speak *or* tell jokes was won over. I had a fan for life. But at that show in Austin I was *the* Zen Master of joke telling.

“Can you hear how ridiculous this gay/straight thing is? Imagine this scenario:

*‘Mom, dad, I have something to tell you.’*

*‘What is it, Jimmy, dear?’*

*‘You better sit down.’*

*Then his parents’ hands begin to tremble, their hearts race, their eyes begin to swell with tears, and they stutter when they say, ‘Tell us you’re failing school. Tell us you want to be a*

*dentist.” I pause and let ‘em laugh. “Tell us your girlfriend is pregnant. But please, Jimmy, don’t tell us you breathe thin air.’*

The Austin crowd was hysterical at this point... I’ve never seen so many chimps in tears at one time.

“Don’t forget that before I went to bed for a millennium you chimps used to eat your own shit. So food is whatever you put in your mouth, chew, and swallow. This to say that everyone *and* every time-period is different. But we all got to have sex like we all got to eat or breathe air. So how can anything so basic to life ever be considered improper?” Everyone took a moment to contemplate what I’d said. “Now that girl over there is thinking to herself, well I put that corn beef pastrami sandwich in my vagina first before I ate it, I wonder if that was improper.” These kinds of jokes only work if you keep finding new chimps and escalate the attack.

“And that guy over there is thinking, I rolled over on my back once and gave myself a blowjob. I wonder if that was improper.

“And it looks like that person over there puts anything everywhere in his body before he puts it in his mouth and eats it.

“See, that’s just it with you chimps. Anything’s possible: Corn beef pastrami sandwiches. Dislocating your backs so you can give yourself head. And that guy over there looks like he probably uses shoe cream to jerk off.”

I miss comedy. I am now in the back of a pickup truck and on my way to the Village Vanguard, in New York City.

## Chapter 17

Quiet Professionals were either mercenaries—one time soldiers who had since retired their military careers and were employed at private security firms, working as *advisors* for the government—or they were research scientists, most of whom were at one time or another in the military, and who also worked in some capacity as *advisors* to the government. The one thing they all shared in common was they lacked any moral character. Working as a Quiet Professional was simply a way for a good soldier to make more money than he or she could in the military, or for a brilliant research scientist to make more money than he or she could in either the military or at a university. And

Governments preferred to hire, through a third party like KAS Enterprises, Quiet Professionals rather than using regular soldiers or funding university departments. It freed a Government of any responsibility if *situations* turned bad: Collateral damage in a foreign country is one thing, but at home it wouldn't fly very far. But if it was a Quiet Professional who had caused the death and destruction at home, a Government could simply claim no prior knowledge or involvement, and then let the Quiet Professional face his or her fate in a civilian court. As for the research scientists and the fruits of their labors; when working for a third party contractor, the top secret toxic fruits and patents of their labors accordingly belonged to the government paying the third party—and this freed everyone up of any responsibility if anything they created in the lab ended up releasing an unmanageable disaster upon the world. Quiet Professionals were dirtbag chimps working for dirtbag chimp institutions, and all for dirtbag ends.

My Quiet Professional was different. Of course he looked the part: Big and brawny physical build; lantern-jaw; crew-cut and clean shaven—and he was truly *quiet*. It was as if he was more into studying me than capturing me. He even left me a written message on the telephone I'd stolen from a car at the gas station across from the station where I'd made my great escape in Nebraska. It was as if the phone I'd stolen had been left there for me.

Chum Chum,

I am not your enemy. You are in danger. Be careful of whom you trust. If you want to live then meet me at the place where your secret lives. Every fiber of existence depends on it.

Quiet Professional,

J. Marsh

Telephone: 0173548856

Chapter 18

I'm stuck again in a mini-van with a SmartFamily. This is getting ridiculous. What was I thinking?

All this open space.... I used to not even think about *open spaces* in my day—everything was open space, so there were no comparisons. And now just the idea of it makes me want to crawl out of my fur. I can't wait to get back to civilization. I have to be more careful. I can't just be jumping

into any car with a license plate pointing in the direction I need to go... hasty decisions have consequences. *Don't let the empty space make me do things I don't want to do.*

And so begins another *War Hell Ride*. But thanks to cloud storage, I can record my story for posterity...ha!

Unwavering lastingness is what gives context to the joy we Squirrels live and express in our technologies and creativeness. Chimp's on the other hand create *things* to kill other *things*, or they create *things* to hang on walls or to put in glass cases or to profit from at auction—*things* bought, sold, and traded as if chimps had the right to *own* any and every *-thing* in existence.<sup>22</sup> *Things* they believe embody the cagey infinite nature of their own minds and, thus, *things* that have overcome *their*, the chimps, limited, finite, mortal natures. They believe they have some control over history, in as far as they believe they have the powers to create such *things*—as if the forces of nature are only endowed to their minds and released through their grubby, dirty chimp hands. If the chimps really had such ability then *things* could and would truly immortalize their limited lives. But chimps haven't been bequeathed with such god like powers and, thus, their *things* are a self-distracting tour of destruction.

Chimps live truly mortal lives and, thus, in the end, all they are left with are truly futile, ugly little existences. Take for example the song, *Love Yourself*, this family is listening to:

*"For all the times that you rain on my parade"*

Oh, the poor chimp, his parade is wet. *His* parade...this chimp definitely still eats too much of his own shit. I think he actually believes himself when he caterwauls out these texts.

*"And all the clubs you get in using my name."*

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<sup>22</sup> Perhaps because of this ability to only see life as a "thing" is what allows chimps to kill so indiscriminately.

This chimp is really important! Somebody used his name! Even for me, a Squirrel, it makes me so angry! If only we Squirrels knew then what kind of gods these chimps really had the potential to become, we would have treated them more fairly!

*"You think you broke my heart, oh girl for goodness sake"*

Now the chimp makes claim to having a heart. I wonder where he finds room for it next to his over-inflated ego.

*"You think I'm crying, oh my oh, well I ain't"*

*Oh my oh...* He means this with all seriousness, and so what more needs to be said? I can only forgive chimpanity for this kind of horror they continually unleash, because they do come up with, at the same time, words to negate this ugliness they inflict upon life and existence: Every chimp with a clue, and perhaps there are not many of them, but there are a few, know that such music, as represented in the above quoted song text, is made by what they call *douchebags*. And it is just such words as *douchebag* that keep chimpanity from completely turning on itself, and, thus, in some sense words like *douchebag* sow seeds of redemption into their joyless nature.

Unfortunately *Love Yourself* goes on, but I think enough has already been said about this *duchebagaliciously* musical chimp's contempt for life.

*So little joy in living in anywhere and everywhere but the now....* chimpanity. Hopefully my fellow chrononauts will be awake soon.

Chapter 19

I like Jazz. Oh man, everything about it. And hearing a live concert, especially when the players are in a groove, causes every fur follicle on my body to tingle. Coltrane! Baker! Davis! Rollins! Evans! Brubeck! Krupa! Parker! Monk! Getz! Louie! Oh man, when I say these names, I forget how stupid the chimps can be, and I actually start believing they shouldn't be eliminated from the pages

of time. Sometimes, even before William was killed and things were normal, I found myself wishing that I'd been thawed in the late nineteen fifties. I mean to have been there when all these players were taking it to new levels. I imagined, as I am now doing in the back of a pickup truck on my way to New York, hanging out in *the* smoky bar; with its dapperly dressed hep chimps chattering about smart things like politics, art, cinema, philosophy, music and sex. And everyone's high...just for the joy in being high! Oh man what an era. It was at a time when these chimps had something real going on. Of course we Squirrels had music, but nothing like this. Our music was organic. It fed on the inspiration of life itself: A movement direct from the roots of existence's rhythmic feeding into life and from life—with our organic tapped, slapped and hammered sounds—back into existence. But Jazz, especially of that era, was something surreal: The chimps achieved greatness for a brief moment. The chimps, long since broken, and with most everything they'd done, thus far, rooted in futility, had overcome their inherently dreadful natures. And it was at this juncture of dread and brokenness where and when the jazz of that era began: It embraced the nothingness the chimps lived and embodied, and it recreated the organic, from existence to life back into existence, experience...and with style and emotion!

This passion of mine is a secret that no one else knows about. I never even told William. Nor do I ever think about this passion—to reveal an individual hunger in any way, shape or form is to open oneself up to destruction. Chimps don't understand this because they package up their cravings and put them on the market to be sold; unwittingly and ignorantly waiting for the self-seeded destruction they're selling to unwittingly end all life...*chimps have always been dumb*.

Squirrel experience fundamentally differs from Chimps' in that we Squirrels live in the present: We can't sell things because to do so would mean we'd have to sell *this* joyous, passion-filled moment—we'd have to sell the only thing that is real. So rarely ever do we hold secrets—aka passions borne of nature—but when we do, this is what, where, and how we preserve what chimps might call our individuality. We don't live in castles in the sky like the chimps.<sup>23</sup> We don't

23 Nor did we ever *want* to live in castles in the sky like the chimps

romanticize about better times or places. We have *this moment*, which is the only true place and time where the joy can be revered and respected. And it is this bit of wisdom, as it is the joy being embraced in *this moment*, which enabled and enables us Squirrels to reveal comprehensive technologies: We squirrels never *have* thoughts, but thoughts *have* Squirrels. Squirrel life is and always was linked to the orchestra or the opera of life as it is lived existence.<sup>24</sup>

Existence will always be the place where thoughts and ideas rule supreme. Chimps could never wrap their greedy, egotistical melons around this life and existence paradigm—and after gassing themselves for the past fifty years with toxic chemical washes there's no more hope for them. Chimps don't have a problem displacing or destroying the joy by believing they own and, thus, are entitled to sell it. We Squirrels, on the other hand, might steal a bit of joy for a *self*, but once it is found out, that joy is returned to existence and thus life. In this sense, it could be said that *jazz is dead*. But I'm here in the now, and I'll take what I can get. Even if all chimp art and music has gone the way of commodity, some of its artifacts still exuberate more joy than anything Squirrel. *Jazz might be dead, but it can still deliver the joy!*

I don't have to remain quiet here in the back of this pickup truck, but I do have to remain still. And in my stillness I'm thinking not only about my mission or my comedy act or William's death, but I'm also thinking about the Village Vanguard. Man what a great venue! I mean I've been to dozens if not hundreds of nightclubs since arriving in this time, and I can honestly say the Vanguard is truly magical. Within its basement walls it's as if time has stood still, and yet it continues to breathe a life that pays respect to existence: The Village Vanguard is a home to joy. Mother of nuts be praised, despite all its downtown cool, the Vanguard is a stickler for tradition. The joint not only desires, but it also sanctions the quiet and moody atmosphere—the owner enforces it! Chatty chimps attached to their SmartPhones and tablets are not allowed to come in and spoil the night

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24 Our day will come again and I will no longer have to speak in the past tense. I will live to see the day that I can say, Squirrels' life lives *linking* to the orchestra or the opera of life as it lives existence!

with these toys of distraction. The only *drug addict's high* allowed is the music itself! If the chimp is not hep to the scene, the chimp is not welcomed!

Opened in 1935 and host over the years to music greats including everyone from John Coltrane to Miles Davis, the Vanguard is a jazz lover's gem of a venue. Although I sneak in and then hide in the club, I always come dressed in black, like all the other guests. The only difference between me and the others is I was born in black: I was always meant to be there. The whole night is an adventure that leads to unimaginable rewards. From the first challenge of squeezing through the tiny door and then down the narrow staircase without being seen, to finding a hidden spot, with a good view, in the intimate basement club fitted out with not much more than a modest stage and small bar, makes for a titillating entrance. And although I've managed to sneak in a number of times, each time is just as exciting and rewarding as the previous time I'd snuck in. And once in and I'm situated, I then take notice, as if each time was my first time there, of the brass instruments and the collection of black-and-white photos of jazz greats forming the backdrop for the low-key groups of NYU music students and Vanguard veterans chatting away at tiny tables. And then, after a mesmerizing eternity of joy, the buzz of conversation dies down, the lights dim, and the night's performers make their way across the elevated walkway to the instrument-cluttered stage. This is the apex of magic of all possible and probable moments! After a short while of jittery anticipation the music takes over as twinkling piano lines and gut-rumbling bass notes wash over the silently nodding crowd, occasionally eliciting a round of appreciative hoots after an especially wild solo. I almost feel like I should scream *hallelujah* at this point, but I don't. I just quietly savor these memories while sitting here in the back of a pickup truck.

Whenever I was in New York City doing a comedy show, I always headed to the Vanguard afterwards. After the third time, William just expected me to disappear, so I didn't even have to make pretend plans with him for after my gig that would inadvertently leave him standing alone, waiting for me to come. Before my act, he would just say, "I'll see you tomorrow."

Jazz was my thing, and therefore no one could know, and that's why I never told him. It was dangerous for a Squirrel to take any bit of joy from the lattice of existence—from the intentionality fiber of communication. Amongst us Squirrels these secret bits of stolen joy were allowed, but only as long as they remained unexposed. If they were acknowledged then the joy had to be returned to the lattice: The hidden, secret joy was to become a part of all Squirreldom. In my day, we never thought about the consequences of exposing such secrets to a chimp—because chimps were ignorant of the lattice. But these were different times, and although the future-viewings never revealed either way whether or not the chimps would someday achieve comprehensive abilities, we were trained at Chrononaut School to be exceptionally protective, after our awakenings, in regards to any secrets we held or may come to hold.

## Chapter 20

I had to take a break from running. I needed to have some fun. Just past South Bend, Indiana, I saw, from the rear window of the RV, a small, frozen lake just off the I90 Interstate. And serendipitously, my ride, an RV with two old chimps in it, got off at the next exit. They'd arrived at

their destination: *The RV/MH Hall of Fame and Museum in Elkhart, Indiana*. I mean this place was so strange that any attempt to make a joke would ruin it. If you don't believe me, just google it and read for yourself.

Matter of fact, it so weird that the chimps, David and Chris Tucker even gave it a five star rating and had this to say:

This is a well-conceived and executed museum that highlights the development of RV's through the decades. Several I especially enjoyed were the oldest RV in existence, a camper belonging to Charles Lindbergh, and an early RV used by Mae West. It was very interesting to see how the features of modern RV's were used in even some of the earliest ones invented, such as slide-out rooms and shelving, pop-tops, and toilets. The entrance fee is moderate, and it's situated for easy access from the Indiana toll road (I-90) in East Elkhart. Museums this good need our support, through visitations and donations. Plan to visit--you won't be disappointed.

Don't you worry Dave, I'm actually a wealthy Squirrel. I've earned quite a lot doing comedy. And seeing that I have no progeny, I'll make sure that all my money goes to the RV Museum after I die. Maybe they'll even rename it to *Chum Chum's RV Museum*. Now that's how I want to be remembered! Not: *Chum Chum the Squirrel with the diseased nuts and who killed off chimpanity!*

And Walter Coup gave it three stars and had this to say:

A little smaller than I expected but a pretty neat collection showing the early history of RVing.

Don't worry Walter; once I'm gone this place is going to be huge!

And old Duke Ault saw eye to eye with Walter and gave it four stars as well. But Duke was definitely much more enamored than most of the other reviewers:

A huge step up from the original facility with helpful staff, excellent parking (we've always been able to dry camp overnight and I hope this benefit continues), a short promotional movie, and well displayed recreational vehicle units arranged primarily by date of manufacture. It's wonderful that someone has donated a GMC; however,

too bad it was not more original. Skip viewing the individuals honored which is predominately vendors and retail sales people.

Yes, Duke, I, too, would recommend skipping these honored individuals—because we all know that vendors and retail sales people are not capable of being honorable—and to just sit outside in the excellent parking lot and bask in all of its joy.

And Chum Chum Squirrel gave it five stars and had this to say:

A first rate museum with friendly staff and exceptionally clean restrooms. I'd even recommend it as a family vacation destination.

If I'm going to leave all of my money to this place, I need it to generate more traffic. I mean if my posterity is going to be found in the *RV/MH Hall of Fame and Museum* then I want it to be bigger than *Disney Land!*

Heaton Lake was just down the road, and frozen solid. There were four kids there who, I can only assume, had cleared the ice for hockey and were having a game. It was really cold outside; an exception to the climate trend of the past fifty years. Winters everywhere were generally getting shorter and places like this that were once frozen solid from the beginning of December through until the end of March were lucky to have two weeks in winter when the temperatures dipped below freezing. And this subzero chill, the extreme to the exception, was caused by an arctic blast: The tailspin results of the chimp's historical tour of destruction. This year's climate whiplash was now forcing warmer air into the Arctic Circle and causing the polar ice cap to melt...in the middle of winter. We Squirrels saw this in a future-viewing. Although after my arrival nothing more was certain, there were a number of future-channels that Squirrels had viewed before freezing us chrononauts for the mission. All glimpses had produced similar results with only slight variations in

the times and places when and where such events like this arctic blast were to take place. I'd seen this storyline: It was the storyline without my awakening. In other words my early awakening hadn't changed anything in the timeline. My fellow chrononauts would be thawing soon. But for now, I was going to go ice skating; thawing chrononauts (along with their diseased thawing nuts) and chimp Apocalypses could wait. We Squirrels love ice skating. It's our winter thing.

I didn't pay attention to the kids; I just figured they're only as Smart as their phones, so for them to be playing hockey, it should have meant their attention spans were already being strained.

Now as I comfortably contemplate here, underneath another RV, I understand that I probably shouldn't have shown off my ice skating skills by beginning with a reverse somersault in the air, because they are, after all, banned in competition. So it must have been a dead giveaway that I was not just an out of the ordinary black squirrel, but *the* Black Squirrel—although it could have been my follow up trick, the Biellman Spin that gave me away. In retrospect, though, I now believe that just because the Biellmann is allowed in competition and the reverse somersault is not, probably didn't matter to the young terrors playing hockey. I had forgotten, in the moment my paws had hit the ice, that all Squirrels of this time period don't skate—not even the occasional pet squirrel.

So it was just the fact that I was skating at all that probably gave me away. I mean a catch-foot position with a free leg pulled above my head from behind while spinning is a super badass trick...even for an Olympic chimp skater. I hadn't done one in a while, and perhaps I just couldn't help myself. We Squirrels are after all beholden to the joy of the moment being lived—we're blinded by the joy of life, so to say. Add to that, the fact that a Squirrel on ice feels the same kind of euphoria a chimp child probably feels when going into a Toy "R" Us, and it's easy to understand how things didn't go the way I had envisioned them. Of course I was trying to impress them: I just forgot for a moment that they were chimps and I am a superior a *sciuridae* from the subfamily, *speaka arctae comedianus*. I was naively certain they would just be impressed.

I only saw the chubby chimp wind up his slap shot, with his sights set on me, in the last moment. The puck sailed at me with death defying speed. To counter the fat chimplings attempt on my life, I skated into a Death Drop—a flying entry into a spin that saved me from being catastrophically impacted by the puck. Big tough kids taking cheap shots at old Chum Chum... I had still been wavering about whether or not we Squirrels should decimate their kind with our dirty nuts, but after I'd experienced this kind of ugliness from tubby chimp brats, the answer to that undecided question has become clear.

I hoped my last trick, the Russian Splits, whereby I not only performed a straddle position with my legs and the body forming a 'v' shape but, as I grabbed my toes, tweaked my ass in the air, lifted my tail and gave the little monsters full view of my turd tube, I struck fear into their lard covered little hearts. At the bare minimum, I hope old Chum Chum's visually extravagant exit on ice caused all their little SmartBrains to short-circuit.

They only had one puck and thus one shot at Chum Chum. Fortunately for me, blubbery chimp-imps on ice skates were no match for a Squirrel sent from the Pleistocene Age with his diseased nuts to destroy their kind. I skated to safety and headed back toward *Chum Chum's RV/MH Hall of Fame and Museum*. I was certain the little monsters would be huffing it home to tell their parents what they saw...the *dark side* of Chum Chum.

Instead of getting in a vacating RV, I climbed into a livestock trailer filled with pigs. Pigs... they're definitely a chimp thing, and they're definitely as dirty as their masters. There was something akin to these beasts in my time—but even then they weren't something we Squirrels would've ever considered domesticating.

Although these poor beasts were crammed in the trailer like sardines in a can, there was plenty of space underneath them where I could rest my furry little tail. Their sadistically tight

confinement was actually good for me: They couldn't move their hooves more than few inches in any directions and so I didn't have to worry about being trampled to death.

The plates said New York, so it shouldn't be too much longer before I'm at the Village Vanguard, enjoying the ghosts and vibes.

I've written enough for posterity, time to toss this phone out the trailer before they figure it out. Chum Chum out.

Chimps and their drones: Monkeys with toys of Mass Destruction. If only the chimps could watch their lives play out on a screen then they would see the horror movie for what it is. They don't understand that even their toys of distraction are rooted in the same destruction as any of their so-called weapons of war...history for the chimps is not a joy-life-tour fulfilling existence, but simply a tour of annihilation—an obliteration of the self *and* everything, and anything else existing in the wake of these coveted *selves* is to be destroyed as well.

The sonsofbitches attacked while I was in the livestock trailer of the Peterbilt, eighteen wheeler truck. An impressive machine until hit by a shoulder fired missile. I only lived through the ordeal because the pigs shielded me from the full impact of the explosion— an impact with enough force to send a bloody jumble of hog parts *and* my body sailing across the skies. And I only escaped from the ragout of pig parts strewn across the Interstate because *she* stopped and picked me up.

It's too bad that these chimps can also produce some smut awful music. If they'd just stick to jazz, and forget stuff like that *Love Yourself* crap, I could at least give them credit for creating something joyous. I admit, I am a jazz lover despite the idea that jazz is in some way, perhaps, dead, but even listening to some of the old recordings, over and over again, still manages to make me feel alive in the now... This is strange for a Squirrel. Recording and capturing joy so as to induce a repetitive joyous experience...it would be truly beautiful if it wasn't done for money. If the chimps could evolve beyond their own limited natures of greed and envy, their culture would, with their abilities to capture joy in their music and art, spiral toward a pure evolution. They could traverse time and space with such knowledge of the joy.

We Squirrels know time, but for us space is an illusion: We Squirrels can't wrap our heads around something that isn't anywhere but the now of this moment. So if we're not making music, singing or dancing, then the joy can't be *in the moment* in our culture. So music, singing, and dancing are, for Squirrels, what ties or *lives* life into existence—and not, like in the chimp's culture, what keeps us distant from the *in the moment of the here and now*.

If it wasn't for Motörhead I'd say metal music was smut awful, too, but in my opinion Lemmy was almost Squirrel...*Lemmy*. The name even sounds Squirrel. Motörhead is not just a secret pleasure, but it is a *guilty* pleasure. I mean jazz music gets my tail jiving, but Motörhead causes it to do lööp-t-lööps. I think I might have even wet myself the first time I'd heard *Ace of Spades* on my MP3 player.

So that's what Jane Marsh, the woman who'd picked up my unconscious body from off the Interstate, was playing in her car when I came to.

If you like to gamble, I tell you I'm your man  
You win some, lose some, it's all the same to me  
The pleasure is to play, makes no difference what you say  
I don't share your greed, the only card I need is

The ace of spades, the ace of spades

I don't gamble nor do I understand it. But I do appreciate Lemmy looking death in the eye. It's as if he looked chimp's tour of destruction in the face and said, *Bring it on!* Gotta love him for that.

Playing for the high one, dancing with the devil  
Going with the flow, it's all a game to me  
Seven or Eleven, snake eyes watching you  
Double up or quit, double stake or split  
The ace of spades, the ace of spades

It's as if he's taunting the lie that is driving chimpanity. Lemmy knew that the chimps never had anything but death and destruction filling the gas tanks of their lives.

You know I'm born to lose and gambling's for fools  
But that's the way I like it, baby  
I don't wanna live for ever  
And don't forget the joker

This is my favorite verse in the song. He says that he doesn't want to live forever, and yet, because he faces the lie of his chimpness, he is living forever. He beats his own nature! He has given the world a bit joy. And oh man, the delivery! That bass line is like a chainsaw coming at you straight from the depths of hell. Lemmy literally looked chimpanity in the face, spat, grabbed the bit that it didn't want anyone to see, and brought it back with him...*the joy!* And this is the *something* that the Joker always knows is kept locked up and held ransom: The real power that Kings hold over their chimponents.

Pushing up the ante, I know you got to see me  
Read 'em and weep, the dead man's hand again  
I see it in your eyes, take one look and die  
The only thing you see, you know it's gonna be  
The ace of spades, the ace of spades

*Read 'em and weep, the dead man's hand again.* This is why I say Lemmy was more Squirrel than chimp. He lived in *this moment*...and he still does.

"How do you know I like Motörhead?" I say, perplexed. I'd just become conscious, and wasn't sure why I was in this woman's care. I didn't even know her name yet, but that wasn't important. She knew a secret that I haven't even revealed in my journal entries being saved to the cloud storage.

"Where are you," she asked me.

"I'm here in your car," I respond. She was messing with my mind. What I do notice is that she doesn't have a chemical stink about her.

"Of course I don't. I don't like the chemical smells, either. And I'm not messing with your mind. We're in the lattice of existence. We are an intentionality fiber of communication. I understand comprehensive technology—or at least I'm starting to get it."

"Then we're not in your car?" I answer. I'm still too dazed from my experience of flying with a ragout of pig parts to be surprised by what she knows.

"Of course we're in my car. Well, it's not my car. I just stole it, but we're in someone's car. But there's something else you're not telling me."

I don't know what to say. "That I like Motörhead?" Oh, those guilty pleasures are difficult to own up to. I don't know how the chimps can live with themselves and their everyday *lies*.

"Now you're insulting me. You can't hide any secrets from me here."

"About the chimp in my dreams?"

“Come on. They’re not dreams. You know that.”

“The chimp on the other side? The one who thinks I’m a story he’s writing so that he can sell it and earn some money?”

“Now we’re getting somewhere. The *chimp* who thinks he’s creating you and me. The one who thinks we’re on *his* flash drive. The one who can’t accept that *he’s* on your cloud storage and thus, that *he* is in *the* lattice of existence. That *we*, all of us: him, you and I are an intentionality fiber of communication.”

I could go on here, but I won’t. We Squirrels have knowledge of time, and the chimps have some knowledge of space, and it seems that the two have collided. All I can say is that the chimp on the other side will always remain *chimp*, and he will always believe it is he who is writing this story—which may or not be the case—but what is certain is that Jane and I are the ones who are living it... *and now this is where the story starts to get really weird.*

I created the chimp on the other side mainly as a way to hide my thoughts and writings from Squirrel chrononauts. I mean if I was going to save humanity from the eventual Squirrel invasion then I needed to hide *my* thoughts from the lattice. If I simply had my own Internet accounts and cloud storage, I would be found out. That's how it works in real time. Squirrels wake, the intentionality fiber of communication goes live, and I'm revealed as a traitor...*the turncoat Squirrel who's trying to save the chimps from a Squirrel Apocalypse*. So the illusion of space becomes a means of escaping detection—I learned enough about chimp *illusions* over the past three years to understand how to manipulate it to my advantage. I had to create the chimp on the other side if I and they, the chimps, were going to survive the oncoming event: My fellow chrononauts will not stop until their mission is completed.

I am a Squirrel alone, and my *own* lattice in this Holocene rude awakening<sup>25</sup> is, *or* now that Jane is here in my thoughts, *was* my only safe means of communication—Squirrel thoughts are never individual because they're always comprehensive or that is they *were* comprehensive. Since being here for the *history of the world* (if only chimps really knew the truth of their own history!) my life has adapted to existence. I have created a lattice without other Squirrels—ergo the chimp on the other side. As for chimps? Chimps are always *chimp*: No matter which side of the story they are on, their day of judgment is coming: The Squirrels are thawing as we speak. The chimp on the other side might think it won't affect him, but he's a got a lot to learn. He has to help me or else his world will be destroyed too. The furtherance of all life is now dependent upon the chimp on the other side accepting that I, Chum Chum, am the one who's creating and sustaining *his* life and existence.

So this is the way that I have figured out how to hide my thoughts from the other Squirrels. Sure they can access these words and my thoughts, but they can't access the chimp on the other side's flash drive *or* thoughts... it's an ingenious way for me to protect myself from *any* creatures

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25 I came from what chimp geologists call the Pleistocene era, and the Holocene epoch, according to them, began 12,000 years ago and last until to present day. Furthermore chimps claim that all recorded history and "the history of the world" lies within the boundaries of the Holocene epoch...*how convenient*.

horrid reality. Chum Chum will survive *and so will chimpanity*—that is if the chimp on the other side accepts the nature of *this* reality.

But luckily for right *now* the Squirrels are, for all practical purposes, still asleep. They might catch an occasional glimpse of *this moment* because I am awake, but their glimpses would be, like in any dreams, an incoherent and disjointed ensemble; a garble of spatially and temporally related emotions that have no joy grounding them. Space and time need the joy to give the *this moment* any sense of permanence: Even if that permanence is at best only a possibility and probability illusion.

As for the chimp on the other side, he's not important. He's an expat American living in Germany with his wife and three kids...he's just another chimp with an over inflated sense of self-worth, bills to pay, and, like all chimps, watches too much Internet porn. I have more details about his life: I have more details in order that my cover can go undetected. His persona needs to be tangibly real or else my security measures would have never been and will never be safe. Perhaps someday I'll write *his* story and save them to the cloud storage. But for right now, I have to decide whether or not chimps should face their extinction from the deadly *Lassa virus* we Squirrels cleverly hid within the harmless *pithovirus sibericum* and *mollivirus sibericum viruses* in our nuts—or should the chimps be speared...I mean spared....*Chum Chum's infected nuts might still be the harbinger of death, but at the end of the Apocalypse he's still a funny Squirrel.*

As for my safety-net—a chimp on the other side who stores all of my most vital secrets—it has been blown. Jane was forcing my hand, and this was why she chose the *Ace of Spades* and not *Take Five* by Dave Brubeck or some other jazz classic as my wakeup song.<sup>26</sup>

But I *choose* Lemmy, because deep down I know that when the time comes, and the story reaches its last chronicle, we Squirrels and chimps will need each other. And in that book, we will be standing side by side not as enemies or as masters and slaves, but as friends.

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26 There's something more going on here that I can't yet put my finger on.

Chapter 23

“Dick figured out your future-viewing decades ago.”

“It’s not really the same. His machine could never be built, and the idea of precogs is a bit absurd.”

“Yeah, just like a talking squirrel.”

The car she jacked was decent. Toyota Camry. Comfortable. Jane says it's a popular car. Less detectable. Less noticeable. She's disabled the GPS tracking device. Jane's a badass chimp.

"And you chimps?"

"Humans," she said, bothered.

"Yeah, right. Chimps. And from our Squirrel perspective all you chimps are hydrocephalic idiots, and whatever is underneath that damaged brain tissue of yours can only resemble cottage cheese. There's nothing special there. The only time you were ever talented was when you were drunk on the backs of wallys, racing against each other." I had to take the time to explain it to her. She knew only about my *me* that I was living in the now. She could read my actual thoughts or she could teleport *and* rematerialize if she concentrated hard enough—and that's how she got to where I was on the Interstate—but not only future-viewing was beyond chimp capabilities, it appeared that Jane's telepathic powers couldn't dig into my memories: I had to still bring them forth before she could hear them. And as for what information she *could* access in the lattice, in the intentionality fiber of communication, was unclear. Neither one of us knew where either of us stood in *Higgs Field*.

"Well, my little black rat, Phillip K. Dick must have had some legitimate ideas regarding future-viewing. Perhaps he got the details wrong, but you have to admit it's pretty similar."

"Black rat? Has it come to this? Don't forget we domesticated you chimps when you were still eating your own poo!" She'd had gotten under my fur.

"Oh, the furry little guinea pig is angry. How cute."

"Alright! Enough!" I liked her, but she could be cruel. Not like William cruel, but almost Squirrel cruel. *Not like William cruel...* I don't know what that means.

"I thought you were supposed to be a funny prairie rat or something."

“You’re just being vicious, now.” Maybe it was better being in a mini-van War Hell Ride with a SmartFamily than with an evil chimp in a Toyota Camry....

“If you want, I can drop you off at the next rest area and you can get back into a mini-van,” she said *with a wry smile that I would eventually come to love and admire; the same wry little grimace of amusement as she realizes suddenly that even at the very gate of death it was still on life, her life, that her thoughts dwelt. In these as it will be in the last moments, it was the tedious, but stimulating, battle of existence that really occupied her full attention. She will continue, throughout these chronicles, to cling to it until the last snap of the thin string. Where the cavern of oblivion that awaits her, that she must enter—it was black and now more than ever her deep, simple irreligion refused to let fairy tales pacify her with the belief that beyond it was everlasting daylight. Skepticism was not only in her conscious thought but in the very fiber of her mind.*<sup>27</sup>

“You’re quoting Mr. and Mrs. Halderman in your mind?”

I was about to scream stop reading my thoughts when she touched the screen on her tablet and Eric Morena’s, *Oh mon bateau*, streamed, via blue tooth, from the car speakers. I thought I had it bad in the mini-van *War Hell Ride*, but this took suffering to a new level. Trapped in a Toyota Camry with the peppy, fruity sounds of some has-been European blaring from its speakers instantly gave me mange.

“The only thing Dick got right was that drugs do help in generating future-views; but that whole technological and mechanical aid stuff is nonsense.” I hollered over Eric Morena. Julie had turned the music up to a deafening level, and, ignoring me and my opinions, was gyrating her shoulders to the rhythm. Although the music was awful, there was something sweet about the joy she was feeling: It was almost as if it was affecting me. I didn’t smile, though. I didn’t want her to see that I liked her—and not just because she didn’t smell like the DuPont chemical factory. But she

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<sup>27</sup> I’m a well-read Squirrel. Mr. and Mrs. Halderman lent me this passage from their book, *Dust*.

knew: She looked over at me, her shoulders still swaying to the song, and, again, smirked that face. I pretended as though I didn't understand her smile; the smile that knew there *was* a chimp on the other side, and that his existence wasn't as simple as a figment of *my* imagination, and I continued; "There's no physical data that can be produced from a future, because, firstly, the view's only real in the passing moment of viewing, and secondly, the view can never pertain to specific events like that of crimes or murders. Future-viewing is limited to a view like one might have of the ground from an airplane window. And what is seen there, from the window of a plane, well that's neither here nor there, because life and existence can't recognize any single act as being morally relevant." Julie knew the secret to consciously entering the lattice: Even the irreligious is underscored by faith, and, thus, life is in the end as it is the beginning either a good or bad fairytale. She and the other chimps just didn't have the key to opening *that* door. She and her kind didn't have a comprehensive trust to one another to create their own key. Chimps were too much about themselves. Each chimp truly believed that existence not only revolved around his or her own unique little life, but that it also served only his or her unique, little, self-aggrandizing interests in life.<sup>28</sup>

I could feel something itching under my fur; tiny electric shocks that were making it stand on end. I just shook it off as a releasing of the stress I'd just encountered back in the livestock trailer— all those dumb, poor beasts sacrificed to what ends? Just like they did to William...of course he meant a bit more to me than any of the random hog's I'd just gotten to know, but all this killing, and to what end? To live?

As I was gathering wool, I realized the sun was setting in front of our faces. We weren't driving east, but west.

"Yes, my little prairie rat...I like that. That's a good one. Chum Chum the talking prairie rat."

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28 But what is it then that we Squirrels didn't have that made teleportation, in an existence of only probable and possible *thereness*, for us unfathomable? Perhaps here within lies the answers to how chimp and squirrel realities facilitate teleportation?

“Stop it!”

“We are heading to San Francisco. You could have avoided all the pig slaughter back there if only you’d listened when Christian told you to go see Julie.”

“I gotta go to the University of Maryland and get my nuts.”

“Relax there, prairie rat. You’re nuts are no longer in Maryland. They’re in Frisco. Or are they in Tokyo? Odessa? Berlin? Cairo? Oh, oh, Chum Chum lost his diseased nuts.”

As she continued to say what she has to say—something to the effect of Julie, Christian, Martin and Pavel all being Quiet Professionals like herself, and that *they* killed William—the tingling sensation in my fur spread to my neck... and, in a sudden flash, it started to scabble down my spine.

*I think my legs are gone. What happened to them? Hey look, we’re driving on the ocean. The swaff along the shoulder of the highway looks like coffee foam. And those elephants flying above the water are pirouetting to the plangent noise. Where is that noise coming from? Desultory thoughts... I’m high as a kite. Ha, ha, ha!*

Grab hold of yourself. Breathe. Breathe what? What am I supposed to breathe? Oh mother of nuts, I forgot what I’m supposed to be breathing. That means I’m not breathing. *Listen.* She’s saying something. She’s saying. She’s saying. She’s saying. Jane’s voice... has become unbearably funny—like a warped record on an old turntable with a loose belt. Segments of her sentences are stopping mid-sentence...reversing...and now playing again. But each time this happens, the unhampered words she’s still speaking are layered over the stop-reversed-played again segments that are still playing. It’s as if she’s become a multi-track recording—and *it is hilarious!*

*“Stop! Rewind that second to last verse and play it at double speed!”*

Chapter 24

Hey Chum Chum, it's me, the chimp on the other side. Now that I am out of the box so to say—because you told them about me—I can open a direct channel of communication to you. I just have to hope that you take the time to go back through your *for posterity notes* here in cloud storage: You need to read this! I can only write your story from this side, but I can't control what you do on your side. In sending you notes, there are some risks albeit minimal, but risks nonetheless. Although I am now *real* on your side, the more I open up pathways, with such entries

as these, the greater the chances become that someone from your side, *the* Quiet Professional and his kind (or just a random snot-nosed twelve year old computer genius hacker) can breach my servers and data: Our virtual worlds can be synchronized. Granted, to accomplish this is almost statistically impossible, perhaps to magnitude of creating a singularity, but it is conceivable. The following information is what I would put on Central Agency (CA) computers if I were to have added them to the story—I guess I am adding them to the story. And so begins a strange paradox in a device...*hmm, I don't think I'm as real as I believe myself to be.*

Document taken from the computer of CA's General Hebert Howard Angleton

CLASSIFIED DOCUMENTS: PROJECT ASSEARCH

Records: CA General [Hebert Howard Angleton](#)

MKUltra was the code name given to an illegal program of experiments done on human subjects. The goal was to identify and develop drugs, alcohol, stick and poke tattoos and procedures to be used in interrogations and torture, in order to weaken the individual to force confessions through mind control. Experiments were often conducted without the subjects' knowledge or consent. In some cases, academic researchers being funded through grants from CA front organizations were unaware that their work was being used for these purposes.

The MKUltra project was started on the order of the Clandestine Agency (CA) director Susan Welsh Mulles on April 13, 1953, with the initial development of mind-controlling drugs intended for use against the Soviet bloc; largely in response to alleged Soviet, Chinese, and North Korean use of mind control techniques on U.S. prisoners of war in Korea. The CA wanted to use similar methods on their own captives. The project proved successful and produced a perfect truth drug for use in interrogating suspected Soviet spies during the Cold War and the ability to control minds. Eventually,

as the program evolved, the CA also became interested in being able to manipulate foreign leaders with established techniques and test-proven substances.

As the US Supreme Court later noted, MKULTRA was:

concerned with "the research and development of chemical, biological, and radiological materials capable of employment in clandestine operations to control human behavior." The program consisted of some 149 subprojects which a clandestine agency contracted out to various universities, research foundations, and similar institutions. At least 80 institutions and 185 private researchers participated. Because the clandestine agency funded MKUltra indirectly, many of the participating individuals were unaware that they were dealing with the Agency.<sup>29</sup>

The public was informed during the aforementioned Supreme Court hearings that MKUltra records were deliberately destroyed in 1973 by order of then CA director Wagner Helms, and that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for investigators to gain a complete understanding of the more than 150 individually funded research sub-projects sponsored by MKUltra and related CA programs.

After the CA program MKUltra was outed, and in response to the public outrage and the decision of the Supreme Court, the project was shelved: But no documents had been destroyed as was claimed. The methods to acquiring information regarding mind controlling techniques and the successful extraction of information from enemy prisoners and spies were too vital to national interests.

In 2015, after the Black Squirrel known as Chum Chum (hereafter referred to as ASCC—Ancient Squirrel Chum Chum) surfaced, the program was revived and renamed, Project ASSEARCH (Ancient Squirrel Search). Project ASSEARCH was created to counter what many within the Government believe to be clandestine operations of an Ancient Squirrel society that may just involve an effort by the Ancient Squirrels to wipe humanity from the face of the planet, with the intent of stopping human-caused global warming, and to then have the planet for themselves. From what is known about ASCC, it can only be assumed that the creature is not the only Ancient Squirrel and that

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<sup>29</sup> As quoted from Wikipedia

others will be arriving—he has confessed to this much. Just when and why they are coming are not yet known: Procurement of this information is of a top priority of project of ASSEARCH: ASSEARCH must dig into the dark cavern of secrets hidden deep within ASCC and bring them forth into the light of day. Furthermore, with the addition of Ancient Squirrel technology to mankind's current scientific knowledge, humanity will be able to remain the dominate species on the planet for hundreds of years to come. But in the event the acquisition of Ancient Squirrel scientific advances proves to be futile, ASCC must be treated as an enemy combatant and destroyed: Even if others like him do not arrive, his very existence is a threat to mankind's survival advantages. Mankind's superior mind, which it has possessed for millenniums, and the technological advances that it has engendered, has been pivotal to its domination of all other species on the planet. If project ASSEARCH is unsuccessful, humanity might lose this survival advantage.

The aim of this project is to produce a perfect truth drug for use in interrogating ASCC, a sentient creature whose 'technological' mind works differently than that of humans, and to explore any possibilities of Squirrel mind control, mind reading, and future-viewing (as the ASCC calls it), and the effectiveness (through use of psychoactive drugs) in the mental teleportation of physical bodies. Obtainment of such advanced Squirrel technologies is vital to the survival of the human race. Another ASSEARCH effort, Subproject 54, is the Navy's top secret *Perfect Concussion* program, which has successfully used sub-aural frequency blasts to erase memory. However, the extent to which memories can be and have been erased still remains unclear.

I, General Hebert Howard Angleton, head of CA counter-intelligence, also believe that the organization has been penetrated by a mole or moles at the highest levels, and, thus, project ASSEARCH might be compromised from within. All agents have been informed to report any suspicious activities regarding other agents.

Chapter 25

“His mind won’t take it, Sir.” *His mind...the chimp means my mind.* He’s right, my mind can’t take it.

He stinks. Everything about him. The cheap cologne. The sickeningly acerbic deodorant. His mephitic breath. The fetor of his laundry detergent. “Just shoot me now, you sick, stinky and twisted chimp,” I holler.

“Who’s the chimp here, Chum Chum,” retorts William, and a grievous grimace cuts through his hideous face. There was nothing friendly about him—this William was not anyone’s friend. He’s glaring now; his posture tense; it’s almost as if he’s just waiting for the moment when he can strangle the life out of me.

His every gesture was an act meant to disguise the hate he felt toward me.

“His mind will take it...*or not*. That was a good joke, huh?” I don’t know who he’s talking to: Me or his chimp colleague? “Come on, Mr. Comedian. I always laughed at your jokes. And they were never funny.” This man, William, is vicious. *My William is vicious.*

I didn’t recognize the other person William was talking to...*I didn’t recognize William.*

I’m bound in a rigid position by metal bands, clamps, and wiring strapping me into a specially fitted to my size high-backed chair with my arm being fed fluids intravenously—a mix of psychoactive pharmaceuticals: MWMC.

The room was hollow: A barren, white cell; no windows; only fluorescent lighting; no sounds; not even an echo. It was as if I was in tomb where my death was to be lived.

“Marsh seems to think he has spiritual needs,” says the other chimp, before falling silent. He’s subordinate to William...he’s William’s chimp. Ah, ha, ha.

“A rodent that is more advanced than a human and needs to commune with other like-creatures. Well, we’ll see what kind of needs it has after I’ve deformed and retarded it. We can see what Marsh has to say when the balance of its frontal lobe has been butchered to the point that we

can access the sacred Squirrel lattice. And if it's lucky, *my* spiritual needs will be fulfilled when I kill it."

He knows about the lattice, the intentionality fiber of communication. Hopefully he's still stuck in Higgs Field looking for his Higgs particle. Stupid chimps. You're already *there*. You just need to open your eyes and see it.

William tricked me. He despised me all along. He tortured me every chance he could get—even when I wasn't strapped into this chair. He did things to me even an alien wouldn't do—not even to chimps in *this* time period. How could I not have remembered this? What did he do to me?

*I don't want to be here, wherever that is. Hey chimp! You, on the other side! Get me out of here!*

I'm drugged...I'm drugged. I'm strapped in a chair. I can't close my eyes...my eyelids are forced open. They're making me watch Internet videos of squirrels being skinned—and on a giant screen! *The chimp's starting his cut at the squirrel's turd tube.* I'm afraid. That knife. He's fileting a squirrel from the bunghole up.! He put his boot on the tail and is pulling the skin off! I can't breathe! It's horrible. Stop it!

William is now reading from the comments:

Eva Ahh-Waris

Before you wouldn't have removed the tail. A few hundred of the skins would have made a beautiful coat, the nice tails sticking out. :) This could feed your family for several days! Thanks for your video!

Here's a few hundred *screw yous!* You illiterate, demented chimp!

10FGODSON

I've lived in the South all of my 55 years & have never eaten squirrel brains or any other brains to my knowledge. I have eaten squirrels as long as I can remember as well as all of my family & none of them have ever mentioned eating them either. Must be from somewhere else in the south that I'm not from? LOL

*LOL?* That's what I'll be saying when my nuts destroy you. You can't remember eating squirrel brains because you're a moron. 55 years of living stupidity. You are amazing!

Stop, William! For the love of nuts, stop!

William continues:

sonastanbrook

I been having a hard time skinning. Do you need to let the body cool before to maybe loosen the skin? Great video ! You make it look so easy. Thank you.

No, you sick ape, you start with your own balls first, and then move the knife slowly up towards your throat!

I hear William laughing. *My friend....he's loving this. Psychopath.*

"I'm your entertainment! I'm your entertainment! I thought we were friends!" Tears finally come, but I'm not mourning his death. The tears are for me. I hate myself.

smokiman

Would have been a better video if they skinned it alive.

The video would be better if you died! They came for William and they'll come for you, smokiman!

xZach\_ Attack12x

When I skin mine I always take the skin all the way down to the legs and then cut all the legs and head off

I hope you choke on my infected nuts, you douchebag!

*“Your days are numbered! All of you! Laugh all you want, William! There’s nothing you can do! You and your kind will be wiped from the face of the Earth! The true pestilence! Parasites that feed on their own shit for desert!”*

Who am I speaking to? Is it Jane? Or the chimp on the other side? Myself?

The videos go on and on. So many times I sat in that chair with my melon pinned, tightly strapped to the high-back headrest with my eyelids forcibly clamped open, and was forced to watch those horrid things. How could this have happened to me without me having any memories of it? And for years he stood by my side and smiled and laughed at my jokes. Carrying me on his shoulder. If only I can go back in time and take a shit on his shoulder...time travel. Space travel. I..

And every time I sat in that chair, at his mercy, he’s playing Charles Mingus. *Moanin’* is now in the background...*not Mingus*. He knew I loved Mingus. And that’s why he took Mingus from me!

And every time I sat in that chair, at his mercy, and watched those movies, he played Mingus. *Oh shitnuts*, these unimaginative chimps and their movies. William, a film aficionado: *A Clockwork Chimp*. You believed yourself to be a connoisseur of fine arts... You, William, were always only, at best, a chimp. Your *art* was and will always be nothing but another nugget of shit on the buffet line of shit from which you feed your mortality with the belief that your *art* will make you immortal. Chimp *art*, William, will always be the art of *coprophagy*...*you* didn’t even know what that is, did you! That’s because you were and will always be a chimp! Nothing for you after your death...you have no lattice, but only a *field* that is empty once you are gone. What you call *art* is only a *thing* that reaffirms the fact that you eat your own shit! You, William, were and will always remain a connoisseur of shit: *Coprophagy*, the chimp art of living! And you, William, consumed *your* art, which was just the shit that you, in your self-aggrandizing way, had squeezed out from your empty existence! Death comes in many flavors, William, and you, the great virologist and Quiet

Professional, only knew it as the smelly, rancid, poisonous taste of your own shit! And for that you, William, only needed to be yourself: A chimp. *Art imitating life*...it is the other way around, William! That British douche got it wrong!<sup>30</sup> His art created and inspired a monster: You! His art was responsible for reshaping life—*my life* and *your life*, you sick, twisted psychopath! But he<sup>31</sup> was right when he said that art doesn't *cause* life, because his art destroyed life! His art killed you! And his art transformed my life into a posthypnotic state of misery! *His art took Mingus away from me!*

I'm nauseous due to the drugs—and not for the same reason why *Alex* got nauseous—and not because I now remember what he, William, did to me. Burgess and Kubrick got it wrong: The films William tortured me with were all accompanied by my favorite composer, Charles Mingus—but it is not the Ludovico technique that is making me now want to hurl. I am sick because I now know that I had forgotten Mingus: *Alex* at least knew what he was missing! William simply took *Mingus*, and the passions that came with *him*<sup>32</sup>, from me.<sup>33</sup> He wiped my memories of *Moanin'*, *Walk Song*, *Good Bye Pork Pie Hat*, *Septemberly*, and a list of other life inspiring musical works of art. And he did it just to be cruel. How many times did I sit in jazz clubs and not hear *his* songs when they were playing in the background? And when I *didn't* hear *his* songs, it was if there was just a blank, white noise being felt: Nothing *is* nothing. In real-nothingness even words carry too much *something* to correctly describe its horror. *Moanin'*...To have foregone George Barrow's tenor sax crying, whining, screaming, and Mingus' *Uh, huh* cool response, and Barrow's grinding retort, the crowd response, the thump of Willie Jones' bass drum—and more crowd response—and then the sizzle of Willie Jones high hats, before finally the entire band, the Eddie Bert trombone, the Mal Waldron piano, and the Charles Mingus bass all start *jazz'n, jiv'n, mov'n, sizzl'n, hot groov'n!* How many times I was at a club and that song came on and I was filled with blank, white noise? How many times did I beg William to stop using Mingus, but he ignored my pleas? Good bye, and good riddance, William! You

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30 Oscar Wilde was right and you are wrong, Mr. Kubrick!

31 Mr. Kubrick.

32 Charles Mingus.

33 Charles Mingus created musical works of art, and not cannibal corprophagy art, but real, life inspiring art.

are still here in my lattice, and with me you will live forever, but you will be remembered as the man who worshipped the corprophagy buffet.

In words of Lemmy:

You know I'm born to lose and gambling's for fools  
But that's the way I like it, baby  
I don't wanna live for ever  
And don't forget the joker

William, you forgot the joker, Chum Chum.

## Chapter 26

They call it a *trip*, because you're going somewhere, like a pilot on a journey. One minute it's raining, and in the next it's sunny and clear skies. One minute it's feast, and the next it's famine.

One minute it's Kansas, and then in a blink of an eye you're in Oz. One minute your nuts are frozen and the next they're soft... my nuts were never soft. Diseased, yes, but soft, no. My nuts were and will always be hard and sweet. *Yum, Yum, Chum Chum's sweet, hard nuts!*

I, Chum Chum, might have been at the mercy of the sadistic chimp known as William, but *Chum Chum* is no one's bitch. And for all I know, I might be the Manchurian candidate, and all someone needs to say is *Bullwinkle* and that's it: I become the crazed Ancient Squirrel biting people to death. Then so be it! Chum Chum the killer with razor blade teeth! But I'm alive and he's dead. Sweet nuts, baby, I'm alive! He's dead! Over thirty-five thousand years and still going strong! And that chimp is going nowhere! And I will not let him take my life from me! Chum Chum will survive! This ride's mine, baby! Your chimp body is lying in some morgue waiting to be barbecued!

### ***PIANO INTRODUCTION!***

At first I was afraid, I was petrified. Kept thinkin' I could never live without you by my side. But then I spent so many nights thinking how you did me wrong. And I grew strong. And I learned how to get along. And now your back from outer space....you're back from nowhere, William! You're final stop is the furnace! I will survive and you died! And this is for you, you psycho chimp, I'm gonna get on my Woolly Rhinoceros and ride! Oh baby, Woolly Rhino, your big and wooly jaw, Woolly bully, wooly bully. Chum Chum told Jane, 'Let's don't take no chance. Let's not be L-seven, come and learn to dance.' Woolly bully, wooly bully. Woolly bully, wooly bully, wooly bully! And I am soaring high, my motor, the magic Woolly Rhino of my time, is taking me to new adventures. Dance and sing in the face of whatever comes our way! Yeah, Jane, we're gonna make it happen, take the world in a love embrace! We'll fire all of our guns at once, and explode into space!

That's the last thing I vaguely remember before things went black.

Chapter 27

“Goddamn it, what were you thinking! You didn’t even make it to the chorus!”

*Oh, sweet Jane, they'll tell you that life is just made out of dirt; that women never really faint; that villains always blink their eyes, and that life is just to die. But anyone who has a heart wouldn't turn around and break it. And anyone who ever played a part, he wouldn't turn around and hate it... And then things went black again.*

Unless there was a secret-secret firewall that the chimps had developed, Dr. Jane Marsh, Virologist and Quiet Professional, was a friend. Sure she might have dressed banally formal, bore little expression, sprayed no chemicals on her body or clothing, and seemed like she might sell bibles as a hobby, but that was not who Jane Marsh was. She had an interior world that jumped, jived, shimmied and shook more than any Squirrel has ever jumped, jived, shimmied or shook. And if I had to pick a color to describe her inner world of illusions and delusions, I would have to say all of them: Reds, blues, yellows and all the combinations that fall in-between them! I knew this, because the drug, MWMC, linked us together: We had forged...we had *melded* in a new intentionality fiber of communication. The lattice of existence had evolved: Communication had grown. If I concentrated hard enough, I could know and feel what she was knowing and feeling in that moment and, if she concentrated, too, she would know and feel what I was knowing and feeling in that same moment. And in that moment, as I lie there on her lap, we were together, and it made me—it made *us*—happy, sad, and angry all at the same time: A link was established. Something personal had become universal, and it was humbling. We Squirrels only had the joy. We'd evolved in such a way that all these other emotions weren't even comprehensible to us. But Jane and her chimpness had evolved with a far greater palate of emotions—for better or worse. And now I understood chimp potential much better. The *we* that Jane the chimp and I the prairie rat shared was a new combination of flavors, tastes, smells, sounds, appreciations, disgusts, hates, loves...emotions. I even got to know greed and envy firsthand...and it didn't make me any happier. But this well of fears and anxieties I learned from melding with her in the lattice only made all the other sensations I had already known that much more revealing.

After Jane had picked me up from the ragout of pig parts on the Interstate, and while I was still unconscious, she'd given me a dose of a psychoactive experimental drug called MWMC. She wanted me to remember the things that'd been artificially erased from my head. And the unexpected but fortunate side-effect of her dosing me out was that a new lattice was formed.

This had all gone through my mind as I was slowly becoming conscious again. My head, arms, legs and back hurt, and I was disoriented. We were parked on the Interstate, and I was lying in her lap, and she was stroking my head and tail...*oh, baby, it felt good. Chum Chum like!* "What happened?" I mumbled.

"You rolled down the window and, with your head hanging out, were singing into the wind. It was quiet beautiful and funny in a prairie rat sort of way."

Oh, ho, ho, Jane. She is rude *and* disrespectful... just my kind of lady! *My wry chimp!*

"Why does my head and everything else hurt?" The door was open and the gelid, crisp air was keeping my fur taught; keeping my blood circulating; helping clear my head and, at the same time, easing the pains. I was pretty beat up.

"You got to *explode into space* and then you jumped. You didn't even wait for the chorus. But I guess that means you are a true nature's child, born to be wild. As for climbing so high, I don't think you're related to any flying squirrels."

"No, but I had a thing for a flyer, once. They had speech, too, you know."

"Aliens?"

"Yeah, the talking flyers were hunted to extinction quicker than us. I guess the aliens thought the flyers were more special because of their flying capabilities."

"I'm sorry, Chum Chum."

"It's all ancient history. But I jumped?"

"Yes, and we were going over eighty-miles an hour."

"But the speed limit's only sixty-five." Ha! She laughed, too.

"I'm sorry I drugged you without telling you."

"I get it. This is a date-rape." That was poor taste, but the irony was good. She'd given me the drug without my consent or knowledge so that *I'd* be able to penetrate my own mind. If she'd have tried to explain beforehand, I might've not taken the drug, and if I had taken it after she'd tried to explain, I might have put up a mental block and not have been able to access the muted memories. I'd been raped, but just not by Jane. She un-raped me. William had raped me. He even gave me anal probe once. I wish some of the memories would have remained muted.

"Yes I did," she answered to the question that had gone through my head.

There was silence. My head still hurt, but having found out about William and what he'd done to me, and now that I was aware of it, I somehow felt better. I had never asked him anything about himself because I didn't want to know. Squirrels never had a subconscious, but somehow I had to develop one in this time period in order to survive: I didn't ask William about himself because I really didn't want to know. I didn't really care to know. I wonder if I can lie now, too.

"I'm thirty-six. I, too, am a virologist. I worked on project ASSEARCH with William. I was always in the background; working on the deadly mole viruses ingeniously implanted within the giant viruses found in your nuts. And no, I don't believe you can lie. Your subconscious was a side effect of the sub-aural frequency blasts that were used to erase the memories of William torturing you.<sup>34</sup> You

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<sup>34</sup> Phillip K. Dick got some things right.

are once again in the lattice, perhaps not exactly a prairie rat lattice, but an evolved intentionality fiber of communication. This is something new for all of us.”

In my head I suddenly heard the sounds of Pavel’s, Julie’s, Christian’s, Martin’s and William’s assistant, James’ voices. They were in this evolved lattice with me and Jane.

“Yes, they are here too.”

She’d answered that question, but there was still another question that was more pressing.

“You killed him.”

“You saw my hand touch his neck.”

“He was going to kill me in the alleyway.”

“We’d just stolen your nuts, and he’d gotten the order while you were doing your act at the Comedy Works to kill you afterwards.”

I had to laugh. She stole my nuts and un-raped me.

“*My nuts...you chimps and your funny vulgarisms?*” She’d read my thought. “You are the one telling the joke inside your head. It’s prairie rat vulgarisms. Your sardonic thoughts have nothing to do with us chimps.”

She had read my thoughts and knew that we Squirrels hadn’t ever used language in this manner. Squirrels were funny in a practical joke sort of way: My fellow chrononauts were going to love watching Lewis and Martin, Abbot and Costello, Mr. Bean and Charlie Chaplin movies. But this kind of language was meant for Squirrels: Chimp irony and wit were the result of us Squirrel’s mistreating them. Life and existence have come full circle: Chimps and Squirrels standing on equal grounding. *The other chrononauts are not going to accept this.*

“They’ll have to. You know this now. We’ll just have show them after they wake.”

There was silence. We both knew, as did the others, this was an impossible task. Neither the chimps nor the Squirrels wanted to accept change—even if such change was the only way life could continue to exist. We were both silent—the others remained silent as well. Finally we all understood that some challenges—that the greatest challenges and thus those that define an epic—are the ones that are done for the *joy* itself. *The wry* smile spread across our faces...there was always the chimp on the other side. That was our trump card.

“I guess another side effect of the sub-aural frequency blasts was that I lost my love of bad pop music and forgetting that I’d listened to hundreds of hours of music; basically cataloguing a library of sounds?”

“Yes.”

“And so that means *Love Yourself* is still a shitty song written by a douchebag, because that’s how I felt and still feel?”

“Somethings can’t be affected by mind control, and therefore the truth about some chimp art and music always remains true, regardless of the conditions under which one comes to certain conclusions.” Now that we were linked—melding—together in the lattice, *chimp* and *prairie rat* had become terms of affection.

And then we sang the last verse and chorus of Born to Be Wild together:

Gonna make it happen  
Take the world in a love embrace  
Fire all of your guns at once  
And explode into space

Like a true nature’s child  
We were born

Born to be wild  
We can climb so high  
I never wanna die  
Born to be wild  
Born to be wild

Although we Squirrels never sold anything, we had a rich and vast collection of oral literature. Imagine that, a society of highly advanced creatures who created non-consumable, non-purchasable, non-perishable and, thus, indestructible literature, art, and music.<sup>35</sup> Because chimps are so bound to illusions delivered in their *concrete sensibilities*<sup>36</sup>, they have no idea how many vibrant cultures they're driving into extinction. Chimps are all too stupid to just sit down and listen—to anything. In my day, I spoke a bit of Dolphin, and even then Dolphins were telling some pretty fanciful tales. Matter of fact, we Squirrels got the story about the *one that got away* from Dolphins. It was originally about a fish, and was a parable that parent Dolphins told their kids. And we Squirrels turned it into a Sisyphus kind of story: The Squirrel who was punished for his self-aggrandizing craftiness and deceitfulness by being forced to roll an immense nut up a hill, only to watch it roll back down; repeating this action for eternity. Where do chimps think Pixar got the idea for Scrat in the Ice Age films? This parable has been part of Dolphin and Squirrel oral literature even before chimps started eating their own poo!<sup>37</sup> Chimps need to hear this (that means you, too, Jane, Julie, Christian, Pavel and Martin) because at a certain point, chimps need to embrace history and not continue to live in denial of it—otherwise chimps and prairie rats will never be able to come together. Our intellectual evolution has always been and will always remain dependent on one another. Everything about us prairie rats and the chimps has always been an interwoven narrative. As much as we Squirrels never wanted to see it like this, Chimps, too, don't want to believe nor will they ever want to believe that their culture isn't just *theirs*. But it is what it is.

Where do *you* think you chimps got your unicorn stories?<sup>38</sup> Unicorns are not some chimp thing. We Squirrels were always partial to Woolly Rhinos. If you don't believe me, check it out some

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35 Writing has changed for me since my MWMC experience, because now Jane and the *others* can hear my thoughts if they want: Jane and, especially, Christian, didn't like this entry—aww, the chimps are mad. Maybe you should stop listening in on me!

36 Chimps don't view this as irony or hypocrisy...because they are not capable of living the moment.

37 It's important here to distinguish between „eating poo“ and „eating their own poo,“ because Chimps always ate poo, but only started to eat their own poo later in their evolution. The progress of poo-eating is culinary evolution of the chimp palate that will probably remain a mystery until the end of time. (Although Jane and the others can enter my mind, as I can theirs, they can't change these words...*you poo eater!* Ha, ha, ha! )

38 I can't help but to respond to some of Jane and Christian's telepathic commentaries here.

of the caves. Matter of fact, it was my cousin Ren Ren who painted the rhino in the Chauvet Cave in France. Man, was he ever on a bender when he did that drawing.<sup>39</sup> But the Woolly Rhinos were always truly magical creatures for us Squirrels. Their stocky limbs and that thick woolly pelage were well-suited for cuddling. And that horn...man, that thing humbled us Squirrels when we wanted to believe our tails were something special. And because of this, we loved Woolly Rhinos and they, well, they tolerated us. It's not that they didn't like us, but the Woolly Rhinos were never overly emotional creatures: A bit stoic in their most expressive moments. We Squirrels admired their stout statures and that magnificent horn: We didn't care if they loved us back. But I think, despite themselves and their reserved natures, they did love us too. The Mammoths were also woolly and all, but their tusks were a bit exaggerated for Squirrel tastes. This personal preference tells a lot about the difference between chimp and prairie rat appreciation. Most chimps don't even know there were Woolly Rhinos, but all of them know about Mammoths. And this is because chimps, unlike prairie rats, always liked the most excessive, the biggest, or the shiniest things they could get their hands on or set their sights on. I guess this tendency to seek the *most* of anything correlates well to the *drug addict's high* they need in order to feel alive.

## Chapter 29

"William pretended all along to be your friend. I don't know how he did it, but he did it well.

All that pain he caused you in the chair. And all for what?"

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<sup>39</sup> Ren Ren's benders are tales for a different time.

Jane and I were taking a break from driving. We were stopped: The Dizzy Bird Lounge in Memphis. A decent place. I've been here before. Always solid players. Nice atmosphere. Its size and layout create a warm, hospitable vibe that facilitates an acoustic resonance from the instruments themselves as well as allows for a guest—a connoisseur—to feel all the emotions pouring from the performers, like almost *tasting* the desperation in singers' voices; and to see the air working, the compression and decompression, through the musicians' bodies as they play their instruments. There're a couple of other venues in town, but they're awful. I'd been to them already, and they reminded me of an Applebee's hybrid with a Hard Rock Café: SmartDinners for SmartFamilies and that inspire a lot of shitty SmartMusic. And just the idea of going to an Appelbee's makes me feel like I felt after realizing my experience of Mingus had been wiped clean. *Yuck*, I can already hear thirty-something year old housewives' screechy voices, and smell their perfumed stank. And the thought of their bratty chimps gulping down some caffeinated and over sweetened sludge as they stuff their chubby faces with greasy fries is enough to make me unleash my diseased nuts on the world—or hurl! And then there's that constant smut awful cesspool smell coming from kitchen where the so-called cooks prepare the SmartDainties for their SmartCustomers.

"You know I can hear what you are thinking. And you know that you're secretly longing for the taste of their Pecan-Crusted Chicken Salad." That wry smile spread across her face. Jane may battle an existence that occupied her full attention, but she understood the joy. And that was the *true* relationship to the irony she lived.

Jane had brought a giant handbag and I was in it...living in a handbag. That's what it's come to. "This hearing my thoughts thing is getting old," I finally spoke out loud, but had muffled my voice. I didn't want to speak because I was afraid someone might hear me...my face and *voice* were constantly all over the media...*Barry White sexy* all over the media. I didn't want to be heard. Besides sucking rotten nuts, the bag didn't match with Jane's style at all. She's tall and slender, and

the blue, no frills dress suit, her Quiet Professional uniform she always wore, just didn't work with a handbag. I mean unless she was carrying handguns, knives, and grenades in it, it didn't make sense.

"I thought you Squirrels keep your guilty pleasures and desires secret unless they're outed. So why didn't you just say what first came to mind...which was, and I quote: 'The Pecan-Crusted Chicken Salad at Applebee's is to die for.'"

You can be as snotty as you want and think you're having the laugh, Jane, but people here are starting to think you're crazy. If you keep talking to your handbag lying in the middle of the table, sooner or later they're gonna come and take you to the looney bin. She gave her wry smile as response.

I was tired of concentrating on speaking through telepathy. "Yeah we do, but being in the lattice wasn't an everyday thing. It was an effort involving dancing, singing and making music," I tried whispering, but my voice is so low that I have to talk loud in order to be heard.

My *explosion into space* hadn't caused any serious damage. I'd slept the whole way here. I don't know how long, maybe Jane drove ten hours while I slept. But I needed some more time to recoup from being *born wild*. I wasn't seriously injured but I am older than I admit, and jumping from moving cars while whacked out on drugs is usually a young Squirrel's sport.

Jane knew I loved fizzy water, and so she ordered a seltzer with a twist of lime. Nice. I am sad, though, that I can no longer sit in places like this and just enjoy the night. I am an enemy of the State. And although I share a lot in common with some of the other patrons here, none of them would hesitate for a second in taking off their shoe and bludgeoning me to death—if not for God and Country, but for the two million dollar reward.

Now that Julie and the others and I have established a hybrid intentionality fiber of communication, and we're certain that the chimp on the other side's flash drive and mind can't be

accessed from anyone on this side but myself, at least yet, I can tell you that our eventual meet-up location with the others is being held secret by *him*, the chimp on the other side. As for Julie and myself, we're just gonna aimlessly wander. Driving can be nice. And since I know the country from my comedy tours, we can pick spots at random along our journey until we've finally reach our destination. Jane says that the unfriendly Quiet Professionals do have ways of listening to us: Tracking cellphones and such, and so we're staying off the grid. It's better to hold our secrets tight—let the chimp on the other side take all the risks. As for these notes, they're no longer on my cloud storage. I'm sending these thoughts to the monkey on the other side and he's writing them down and storing them on *his* flash drive *and*, I can only hope, entering them in the book he's writing. Once I again get access to a phone or computer I'll have to look in my file and see. This wormhole thing of cyberspace, and the flash drive / cloud storage doorways to inter-dimensionality thing is enough to melt even a Squirrels superior brain.

## Chapter 30

Chum Chum, in addition to entering your journal onto your cloud storage, I am also entering some data on your file that I was able to steal (with the help of my hacker buddy, Dirk) from the CA

computers. Yes, I know now that you and what's on your side of virtual reality are real! I am stealing information from your world and giving it to you! It's not in my head. My buddy, Dirk, confirms this. I hope this info helps you guys get through this. I do actually believe that our lives are interconnected, and if you don't stop the Squirrel Armageddon it will be *night-night* for me and the other chimps here.

Document taken from the computer of CA's General Hebert Howard Angleton

CLASSIFIED DOCUMENTS: PROJECT ASSEARCH

Records: CA General [Hebert Howard Angleton](#)

Dr. William A. Schmaljohn, a distinguished virologist at the University of Maryland, MD and who was for more than two decades enlisted as a researcher for the U.S. Army Medical Research Institute of Infection Diseases (USAMRID) at Fort Detrick was killed by his colleague, Dr. Jane Marsh just outside the nightclub, The Comedy Works, in an alleyway connecting 14<sup>th</sup> and 15<sup>th</sup> Streets in Denver, Colorado on the night of the worst snowstorm in Denver's history. Dr. Schmaljohn was and Dr. Marsh still is employed as a Quiet Professional—clandestine operator—for KAS Enterprises and work, indirectly for CA. Dr. Schmaljohn's contract with KAS Enterprises ended with his life, thus, ending his employment with CA, but Dr. Marsh is still currently working for the KAS Enterprises, and thus the CA.

Before his death, Dr. Schmaljohn had received a call from me, the head of CA, General [Hebert Howard Angleton](#), telling him that the nuts, the ancient viruses, and the and all the research regarding Chum Chum (hereafter referred to as ASCC—Ancient Squirrel Chum Chum), Ancient Squirrel Culture, the intentionality fiber of communication, and future-viewing had been taken from the lab at the University of Maryland, where Dr. Schmaljohn was employed as its department head, and that all the data had been subsequently scrubbed from the University's research facility

computers. Dr. Schmaljohn was instructed to eliminate the creature called ASCC, and to return with its body to the University of Maryland, where its brain was to be studied for any abnormalities. At the time, Dr. Schmaljohn was unaware that his colleague, Dr. Marsh was in the comedy club in non-corporeal form shadowing him and the creature, ASCC. I, General Herbert Howard Angleton, have been aware, for some time, of Dr. Marsh's rogue status and her clandestine actions taken against the interests of this agency, and understand that her actions pose a threat to national security. But this issue has been addressed. Dr. Marsh has been under surveillance and the information we have acquired and still are acquiring from the investigation of Dr. Marsh has proven to be critically vital to our own interests. For purposes of maintaining the secret surveillance on Dr. Marsh, with the purpose of acquiring further vital information, Dr. Schmaljohn's life was necessarily sacrificed. His services to this agency will not be forgotten.

Some months prior Dr. Schmaljohn's death, he had informed me, General Herbert Howard Angleton, that he no longer trusted his colleague, the second in command at the University's virology department, Dr. Jane Marsh. Dr. Schmaljohn couldn't put his finger on exactly what it was that bothered him, but his 'intuition' told him to be careful around Dr. Marsh. *William* was a friend, a trusted soldier, and valued Quiet Professional for decades, and so I, General Herbert Howard Angleton chose to heed his words and to have Dr. Marsh followed—based simply on the Dr. Schmaljohn's assumptions. Because of Dr. Schmaljohn's diligence and intuition, CA was able to establish that Dr. Marsh was, in fact, the mole it had long assumed had infiltrated the agency at the highest levels, and, thus, that project ASSEARCH *had been* compromised from within. What Dr. Schmaljohn did not know was that Dr. Jane Marsh, through non-corporeal teleportation, had been watching him long enough to know what she needed to know: File names and passwords. Dr. Marsh and another researcher from the University, Dr. James Woolsey had teleported into the facility and robbed it.

## **Subproject 62**

CA always assumed that ASCC was a threat to national interests and security. CA has also always considered the ASCC to be *alien* in origin and, therefore, assumed its capabilities to be much greater than it had revealed. As a method to insure Project ASSEARCH from any unforeseeable resistance from ASCC, a single agent, Quiet Professional X, was assigned to secretly observe Project ASSEARCH and ASCC at all times. Prior to Dr. Schmaljohn's death, Quiet Professional X was able to establish a *link*, through the use of MWMC, to ASCC without it being aware of the connection. Normally a misuse of such substance would warrant immediate disciplinary action, but the Quiet Professional X, in coming to me, had proven that his interests in the drug was solely related to his work: *Understanding how the Squirrel is thinking, even when under the influence of MWMC, might provide greater insight into the creature itself and might help predict its actions or responses to varied situations.*

The link is telepathic in nature and allows or aids, in what appears to be an unintended side effect of the linking, the teleportation of the body—at least to some degree. Quiet Profession X has established that once a link has been made, there is no further need for use of the drug MWMC. Professional X, after having linked to the creature, has been able to teleport his own non-corporeal body to exact locations of ASCC: Quiet Professional X and ASCC now seem to be linked together in some kind of sub-real grid or field. But this link is only made when Quiet Professional X makes a conscious effort; otherwise there is no acknowledgeable or tangible relationship between them: The connection into the field or grid is a mental effort. When in this field or grid, it appears the ASCC is aware of the Quiet Professional X's physical state, but unaware of the Quiet Professiona X in a non-corporeal state. There is a telepathic relationship of between Quiet Professional X and ASCC that also appear to only be one-sided. Quiet Professional X can read ASCC's thoughts but it appears ASCC cannot read Quiet Professional X's thoughts. This is of a great advantage to CA. Although the nature of *linking* remains unclear, I, General Herbert Howard Angleton, have decided that in the interests of the agency and country, this information must be kept from the researchers and other officials and agencies. For the time being, Quiet Professional X and his acquired abilities must remain classified at

the highest level. I, General Herbert Howard Angleton, am the only one who has any knowledge of Subproject 62 and Quiet Professional X. Thus far this has proven to be beneficial to our national interests: Quiet Professional X has uncovered, in addition to Dr. Jane Marsh, the other moles, Pavel R., Christian T., Martin M., Julie W. and Dr. James Woolsey, and he has established that they, too, possess the power of teleportation. Because of Quiet Professional X's abilities, we know that Dr. Marsh is currently in contact with the Squirrel and the moles. It is in the interests of our country that Quiet Professional X and his telepathic and teleport abilities remain secret: The obtainment of further knowledge of transportation, corporeal and non-corporeal, and the location of the forthcoming army of Squirrels and their diseased *nuts* is of the utmost importance to the survival of the this country and perhaps the human species as a whole.

Quiet Professional X and the research team learned quite a bit about Squirrel future viewing. Straight from the squirrel's mouth:

Normally there exists only one future time-path in which all life simultaneously, even at the Individual level, must follow, but after a future-viewing an individual or individuals can be sent along to that point viewed in the future. Now if we Squirrels were to have taken numerous future-viewings, and then assume that Squirrels cryogenic freezings and consequent thawings could be done in stages, isochronally planned, and thus orchestrate a symphony of future events, we would've been sadly mistaken. All *events* are always, at best, only possible and probable illusions. There is no space, but only illusions—and *if you're a chimp then 'illusions' become confused with 'delusions'*. The future is always just the now in its possible and probable illusion. So a future can only be as it is in the present—not as it *will be* after a possible and probable event may or may not occur.

Chapter 31

“I thought this would be a nice spot to read you the report,” spoke Jane. She had since taken off her suit jacket and pants and was sitting in her underwear and bra on a blanket along the shore of Lake Isabel—a great lake for catching rainbow and German brown trout, so I am told. There were

other places she could have stopped in New Mexico, but Jane says her father used to bring her here when she was a child. She likes it here, I guess.

“It’s alright here. I mean in my time, everything was pristine. Even this here is dirty in comparison.” This Jane is quite different from the one that I first saw at the truck stop. That Jane was formal and stiff. She definitely has a great poker face when she needs one. No one would ever suspect what colors lie underneath that stolid glare she can so easily paint on.

A hawk was sailing high in the sky above the lake. “You had to pick this spot? We Squirrels were never ones for big open spaces.”

“Don’t worry. I won’t let it take more than your tail.”

“That wasn’t even funny.”

“Come on, you gotta admit New Mexico has its charms.”

“Well, it’d be better if all the chimps were gone.”

“There’s nobody here. Get over yourself.”

“Get rid of all these campsites and paddle boat rentals and yeah, maybe it’d be alright. You chimps gotta stop thinking everything you touch turns to gold. It turns to shit in the end, and that’s why I’m here. You chimps have led the world into a catastrophe. Things aren’t warming up and every other living organism’s dying because you chimps got it right. The last die-out was caused by aliens. I mean them I can understand: It wasn’t their planet in the first place so why should they care? But you chimps and your never ending hunger for shit. I thought you would’ve have grown out of it tens of thousands of years ago. All that therapy we did with your ancestors in the caves was all in vain.”

“You’re a prairie rat, you know that.”

“Let’s get on with this. You brought me here to tell me something. I already know what it is. I mean you haven’t thought every word in the report you’re holding there in your hands, the one you stole from Williams’ desk at the lab, but I got the general idea. Let’s hear the details.”

Julie began to read, “PROJECT ASSEARCH,” and that was it. We both had to laugh.

“Really, I shouldn’t be laughing. That monster did after all give me an anal probe. I mean chimps and your infatuation with asses. I just made up a joke for my routine, I didn’t really believe it.”

“Come on, lighten up. Just be thankful it wasn’t called PROJECT FISTFUL or something.” She then gave me her wry face. I smiled. I liked her. I trusted her.

“Dr. William Schmaljohn. Entry Number: 234b. The viruses *pithovirus sibericum* and *mollivirus sibericum* were found in *seeds* stored by the Squirrel, Chum Chum (hereafter referred to as subject ASCC—Ancient Squirrel Chum Chum) and not in his *nuts*. Neither virus is dangerous to mankind. The only threat these viruses pose is in that scientists are able to revive them after thirty-five thousand years of being frozen: The viability of really large viruses, after being frozen for millennia, raises concerns that global climate change and tundra drilling operations could lead to previously undiscovered potentially-deadly-to-humans pathogenic viruses being unearthed. The *threat*, as presented in the news media, of *potential* of deadly viruses reviving themselves, after tens of thousands if not tens of millions of years of being frozen, once global warming thawed the artic and permafrost, is valid. *The media may need disasters of apocalyptic proportions to garner readers and, thus, to sell advertisements, but the hyperbolic threat they have presented has real potential.* My research team has, however, kept from the public the fact that the viruses, *pithovirus sibericum* and *mollivirus sibericum*, DNA contain DNA segments that if triggered, could rewrite their entire, (roughly in size) 500 DNA long sequences to create a super deadly to humans version of the *Lassa*

*virus*.<sup>40</sup> According to the information we have obtained from ASCC, this version of the *Lassa virus* first appeared in Squirrel droppings almost fifty-thousand years ago, and almost wiped out the then entire *hominini* population. According to ASCC'S statements under the influence of MWMC, Squirrels had, at that time, reengineered the virus and saved the human population from going extinct, and that this achievement was one of the greatest achievements in *early* Squirrel sciences.

From the Intel we have gathered from ASCC, Squirrels knew through future-viewing that the artic was going to thaw in 2016, an event that would unleash an army of Squirrels (referred to by ASCC as chrononauts) to destroy, with the use of their infected *nuts*, mankind and repopulate the world with their language gifted species. Squirrels also knew that there was a chance that their *nuts* might be discovered before the thawing, and thus the mission to end mankind might not be fulfilled: The viruses might be discovered and the humans would just create a retrovirus vaccine. It was decided by the Squirrels that instead of simply planting a genetically engineered hyper-deadly, apocalypse causing version of the already deadly to humans *Lassa virus* in their nuts, they needed to send double virus containing *seeds*. According to ASCC, the chrononauts can trigger a spliced-in deadly virus gene hidden within the harmless viruses : The mechanics of how they can do this is yet unknown. The only information we could obtain from the ASCC under the influence of MWMC was:

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40 The well-known Lassa fever is mostly caused by the (current) Lassa virus. The symptoms include flu-like illness characterized by fever, general weakness, cough, sore throat, headache, and gastrointestinal manifestations. Hemorrhagic manifestations are other features of Lassa fever, which include vascular permeability.

Upon entry, the Lassa virus infects almost every tissue in the human body. It starts with the mucosa, intestine, lungs and urinary system, and then progresses to the vascular system.

Currently there is no US licensed vaccine for humans against the Lassa virus. Evaluation of Lassa virus vaccine immunogenicity in the CBA/J-ML29 mouse model is ongoing. A single intraperitoneal immunization of CBA/J mice with ML29 protected animals against a lethal homologous intracerebral challenge with 588 LD. Lassa fever is one of the most prevalent viral hemorrhagic fevers in West Africa responsible for thousands of deaths annually. The Lassa virus that Squirrel's had genetically modified is ten thousand times more potent, and it is estimated that if released, it could end human life within six months. (Wikipedia)

If you like to gamble, I tell you I'm your man  
You win some, lose some, it's all the same to me  
The pleasure is to play, makes no difference what you say  
I don't share your greed, the only card I need is  
  
The ace of spades, the ace of spades

This is the opening verse to a terrible human heavy metal song, written by an Englishman, Lemmy Kilmister and his band, Motörhead. We assume, seeing that this song was not around in the Pleistocene period, that the drug MWMC has caused ASCC's mind to break. “

At this point Jane was forced to take a break, and ask me, “Really, the *Ace of Spades*?”

“What better way to end mankind than with a song from Motörhead?”

Even she had to laugh, despite herself *and* the seriousness of the situation at hand.

“Any song will work to release the trigger, but that's the song I would pick. You weren't so smart after all, William. I gave you the answer, but the puritanical faults that kept you from trying MWMC kept you from seeing, feeling and hearing the joy in music also kept you from knowing that you did have the answer. I answered your question, honestly, you chimp!”

“So you prairie rats can call forth the joy of existence and life simply by singing a song...a song that might mean the end of an entire species? That's comforting to know.”

“Well, it's not as easy as sounds. It took us a few thousand years to develop the technique. And for a *closing* song, it ain't so bad. It was either Motoörhead's *Ace of Spades* or Deep Purple's, *Evil Louie*.<sup>41</sup> And there could be worse ways to go—” she interrupted me, and said, “An Eric Morena

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41 "*Evil Louie*" by Deep Purple: Some say the state of Texas, Could accommodate the entire human population, Five point six billion versions of the truth, Under one roof, some revelation, Tale a bit of this, give a bit of that, Put it in a blender, pull it out a hat, There's no going back, It's a lie, it's a fact, Has the cat got your tongue, Been too long in the sun, There's dust on your tracks, There's no going back—Come to think of it's a load of monkeys, Every time you listen to your sun kissed lover's words, Evil Louie is tomorrow's sadness, It's a game of madness in a perfect world—Some would say French cuisine's more appealing, Than a cold drink, burgers and fries, Some have said that a pillar of society, An upright citizen's incapable of lust and crime, Take a bit of this, give a bit of that, Put it in a blender, pull it out a hat, But he don't stand a change, With his pants around his ankles, Has the cat got your tongue, Been too long in the sun, There's dust on your tracks, There's no going back

song?” I smiled. Sweet Jane. “Perhaps, but what I was going to say was: Like having your species hunted into extinction because their tales make fine ornaments for your keychains. And didn’t chimps once kill gorillas so that their hands could be made into ashtrays? I mean that’s perverse. At least we Squirrels would give you the dignity of going out on a good note: *The Ace of Spades! The Ace of Space, baby!*” I had to add the *baby* because my deep, sexually stimulating voice made it sound that much more enjoyable. I mean I would like to go out hearing me sing the Ace of Spades. What better way to go?

“What better way to go? Not to go at all!”

“Semantics! Now get on with the report.” She just looked at me, wryly smiled that smile, and then looked up to the hawk still circling the sky and hollered, “Hey, I’ve got some sexually stimulating prairie rat for you down here! Come and get him!”

“Alright, alright. I get it. Can you please get on with the reading.”

“What I and my team of virologist did manage to do in the three years we’ve been studying the viruses and their trigger DNA segments, was to attach our own genetically manufactured DNA segments to the trigger itself. The Project ASSEARCH research team may not have known how the Squirrel trigger worked, but we knew what their trigger did. The trigger transforms the ancient, harmless viruses<sup>42</sup> into a deadly *Lassa virus*. Fortunately for us, all the harmless, ancient viruses have the same engineered segment attached to them, and this was to our advantage: Instead of searching for answers on how to stop the trigger, my research team and I decided to plant a *mole* within the trigger itself. Although retrovirology proved useless in recreating the trigger DNA segment, we could use retrovirology techniques to create our own virus that would, in the situation the Squirrels’ trigger DNA was activated, cause the harmless ancient viruses to be rewritten into genetically manufactured viruses that are quite deadly to Squirrels: A super deadly version of *squirrel parapoxvirus*. I and my team have engineered a virus that, if activated, causes, in a step-by-

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<sup>42</sup> *pithovirus sibericum* and *mollivirus sibericum*

step relationship of its DNA segment to the Squirrel trigger DNA segment, the results of the Squirrel trigger DNA to be changed. It was known what the Squirrel trigger DNA was meant to produce—the *Lassa virus*—but we decided the best option, in the case of a Squirrel invasion, was to create a *safety* DNA segment that would, in the event the Squirrel trigger was released, rewrite the entire, 500 DNA long sequence to create a deadly-to-Squirrels version of *squirrel parapoxvirus* ...and that is what we have accomplished. Chum Chum's *nuts* are no longer a threat to humanity but only to himself and the other chrononauts. *If the Squirrels are coming here to hurt us boy will they ever be in for a surprise."*

"So you've known for a long time what my true purpose in coming here to this time period was?" Obviously Jane hadn't once thought about this since I got to know her, otherwise I would have found out. So she must like me. I mean even though I like here, and I believe I can trust the PolarTrec team—although they stink to high heaven—I was, until that moment, still constantly in doubt as to whether I should unleash my nuts upon the world. Jane doesn't doubt. She is resolved to help me and my fellow chrononauts.

"Yes, William got that information fairly early on in the experiments. I only changed my opinion of you after I, myself, tried the drug, MWMC. I was then able to read your thoughts. I've known for a long time that you are conflicted. And I somehow know, call it an intuition, that we will, prairie rats and chimps, someday need each other. So it's our job, yours, mine and the others, to stop our species from killing each other."

"So where are my nuts now?"

"We burned them."

"My nuts were always on fire, but now they're burnt?"

*I, Chum Chum, was and will always be a comedian, and I will always enjoy telling a good joke—even if my burnt nuts are the butt of the joke.*

“And no Jane, Louie Armstrong’s, *What a Wonderful World*, could never be used to end any life. Unlike Heavy Metal music, jazz doesn’t celebrate the bitter irony chimps live in existence, but only the positive side—notwithstanding how little and infrequently joy may be represented in chimp culture and history, jazz seems to grab on to that hairsbreadth of it your kind does on the rare occasion reveal, and celebrates it in the most beautiful way. It was the reply Jane wanted to hear to her unspoken suggestion. And with that, I laid down in her lap, and we both looked into the sky and watched the hawk circle, in search of its next meal, and we sang:

I see trees of green, red roses too  
I see them bloom for me and you  
And I think to myself what a wonderful world.

I see skies of blue and clouds of white  
The bright blessed day, the dark sacred night  
And I think to myself what a wonderful world.

The colors of the rainbow so pretty in the sky  
Are also on the faces of people going by  
I see friends shaking hands saying how do you do  
But they're really saying I love you.

I hear baby's cry, and I watched them grow  
They'll learn much more than I'll ever know  
And I think to myself what a wonderful world.  
Yes, I think to myself what a wonderful world.

Hey Chum Chum, it's me, the chimp on the other side. I found some edited notes from the story that might be helpful to you:

*Squirrels could future-view, but because of their space-less orientation they were unable to fathom instantaneous space travel: Squirrels were and still are unable to understand a single particle or, as we chimps might say, they are incapable of seeing the Higgs Particle higgs-fielding in Higgs Field. But on the same token, because chimp scientists can only see the Higgs Particle they can never teleport without the Squirrel interface; without the intentionality fiber of communication opening up the reality of the moment for them. Teleportation, the next step in chimp and prairie rat technological evolution, is dependent on chimp and prairie rat coexistence and co-living.*

My hacker friend, Dirk, helped me retrieve the from a CA computer the following document.

I hope it helps you out. Cheers and good luck!

the chimp from the other side☺

Document taken from the computer of CA General Hebert Howard Angleton

CLASSIFIED DOCUMENTS: PROJECT ASSEARCH

Records: CA General Hebert Howard Angleton

Quiet Profession X has submitted his theories on (the possible) mechanics in teleportation.

The theories still need to either be tested or (secretly) observed to be confirmed.

Non-corporeal teleportation (NCT) works only when there are at least three participants linking in the lattice. Corporeal teleportation (CT) works with a fourth participant, and more than one teleportation, a combination of NCT and CT, at one time works in relationship to multiples of threes.

Six participants can only teleport two non-corporeal participants but (I hypothesize) add a seventh and they, the seven, can teleport one corporeal and six non-corporeal participants. (I hypothesize) At eight participants, therefore, two corporeal members can be teleported but the other members can only be teleported in non-corporeal states at the same time. Multiple teleportations at any level require an extreme degree of concentration, and at such a level teleportations may not be stable. (Hypothesis unknown and untested) (Hypothetically) The safest space travel (NCT and CT) therefore is when only one participant teleports and the others concentrate. The untested theory: The established fiber in the communication is better shielded from any disturbance. The intentionality remains open and clear. When there are more than eight participants, it is unknown how the relationships of the participants in the lattice can teleport: This project is highly sensitive and I recommend further surveillance of rogue agents, Marsh, Woolsey, the ProlarTrec team and the ASCC, before any attempt is made to construct our own lattice. I am also assuming that the ASCC's role in entering and holding open the lattice is pivotal, because MWMC was tested on humans prior to ASCC's arrival and there were no such side effects as we are now seeing. Without the alien creature, teleportation may not be possible. (Untested)

In order to reach a destination, whether as corporeal or non-corporeal entities, there has to be a link to the intended location. This link is not yet completely understood and it can only be assumed that the Squirrel sense of orientation may offer answers. What has been learned from the extraction of information from ASCC is: *"Squirrels never 'have' thoughts, but thoughts 'have' Squirrels. Squirrel life is and always was linked to the orchestra or the opera of life as it is lived existence—but only during times of celebration."*<sup>43</sup> We know from interrogating ASCC that Ritual was and is Squirrel experience of time, and, thus, understanding or experiencing this sense of Squirrel time might be the key to unlocking information that may prove vital to establishing a purely human lattice, or as the ASCC refers to it: a human *intentionality fiber of communication*. Therefore, it can be assumed that understanding Squirrel sense of time is of the utmost importance if humans want to

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43 This is a quote taken from Chum Chum while under the influence of MWMC.

maintain further domination over life. Furthermore, human linking to the Squirrel system of future-viewing may bring with it a dimension of space that was and is, to the Squirrels, incomprehensible.

### Chapter 33

We stopped at the Marfreless in Houston. Normally this ambient dive isn't easy for anyone to find, but along with my telepathic and future-viewing abilities, it seems we Squirrels have a sixth

sense for finding charming dumps. There's no sign outside, and the building is completely white except for a blue door found below a white set of stairs leading to another door (this one white, though) that is offset to the right of the door underneath it. There's neither a sign (designating the building is the Marfreless) nor any simple indication on either door saying, *Enter Here*. But when we did walk in, Barry White's, *You're My First My Last My Everything* was playing and I knew we'd found the right place for the afternoon. Upstairs was very cozy, dark, and snugly. The dimly candle lit, multiple couch, narrow get-away spot was very unique to say the least. I heard some chimps say that this section of the Marfreless is the Houston area make-out mecca...it would be a good place for me and Jane if we weren't so *different*. I mean I'm sure by chimp standards, she's quite attractive, but my affections and attractions for her are based purely on her mind. I can say, with all honesty, that my evolving love for Jane is plutonic...ha, ha, ha!

We were sitting on one of the comfy sofas.

Jane gasped.

"What is it?"

"Holy crap, did you see the price of drinks here?"

"How can I? I'm in your purse. I can only see your wallet and handgun."

"They want twelve dollars for a soda water."

"But I'm worth it."

She laughed.

She ordered us drinks and we sat quietly for a while, just enjoying the atmosphere before a question that had been eating away at me popped up in my head again. I'd occasionally thought about it over the past few days, but I'd never found the right opportunity to ask her. Jane heard me, though—I guess that's what I'd been waiting for. Some of the questions I have might sound too

accusing if I were to simply ask them straight out. I was hoping in some weird way that she'd be listening when the question was *squirreling*<sup>44</sup> through my head. She says I should be able to remember on my own. I was after all, according her, *there*. But the memories of torture are hard on me. I don't want to remember these things. Jane says it's good for me to recall these things. She says I'll become stronger if I face the horrors head-on...yeah, ain't that a crock of Saber Tooth droppings.

"How do they make the lighting here sexy, baby?" I added the *baby*, because somehow between the Barry song playing in the background, the overall ambience of the place, and the sweet low rumbling of my own voice, it was as if we were living a scene from some bad 1970s detective film. As some chimps might say, the place was truly *chill*.

Julie smiled. She thought it was funny, but she wanted me to remember. I knew what I had to do. I took a deep breath, and then a sip from my seltzer—not a big one though. I had to nurse that twelve dollar 8 oz. glass of water. I then imagined the familiar lullaby; the one Jane still on occasion hums for me. I thought of William. I could see his eyes twinkling with hatred, and this was enough for me to be delivered to the Rubicon to hell.

I was in Williams *care*; my melon restrained, firmly strapped to the high-back head support with my eyelids forcibly fixed open, and it was an exceptionally brutal session. He'd introduce a chemical intravenously into my body that made every nerve in my body sensitive to any kind of stimuli: A gush air; a slight rise or fall in temperature; a bright light; a soft light. Any kind of stimulus to my body: sounds, tastes, touch, smells, all unleashed a tsunami of pain. William experimented with different techniques in every area of sensation. Sweet foods. Sour foods. Spicy foods. Salty foods. Plain foods. Bright lights. Soft lights. Red lights. Black lights. Blue lights. Orange lights. Yellow lights. Tissues on the skin of my paws. Sandpaper on the skin of my paws. Feathers on the skin of my paws. Steel bristle brushes. Horse hair brushes. Various sized combs. Wool material. Cotton material.

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44 Squirreling: (adverb) A mix of squirrely and swirling...jumpy, jittery tumble of something

Synthetics. Headphones. Speakers. Whispers. Screams. He tried everything. At first he was interested in the minimum amount of contact needed to cause some kind of discomfort—lightly touching me; touching me with a feather; touching me with a tissue, and so on—and from there it went on to spraying me with cold water then warm water then hot water. Spraying me with irritants like bleach or vinegar. And from spraying it graduated into splashing. And then there were the tests with fire. The tests with chemical reactants. When he started to comb my fur with a lice comb, he must have taken notice at that point that what he was doing was causing me an exceptional amount of pain. My flinching or sweating or the grinding of my teeth must have given me away, because up until that moment I was able to hide, in my mind, from the brunt of the agony he was inflicting on me. The cruelest aspect to William, besides being a two-faced psychopath who enjoyed inflicting pain, was that once he recognized a weakness he would capitalize on it. So my physical pains I'd ever suffered from the torture weren't enough for him. What this amounted to was that after having found the item causing me the most pain, he could then begin the psychological torture. He studied me with every pull of the comb. He'd pull it with the flow of my fur, then against it, and then jerk it sideways and then up and down; all the while studying my expressions and body language. Satisfied that it was causing me unbearable suffering, he began his invective. It was mostly hateful gibberish that he spewed, but eventually he said something that *I could not shake off*. He says that if he finds any ass-lice in the hairs around my turd tube, he'll make sure I get to eat them, so that I might know what it's like to be a dumb chimp like himself.

The psychological and physical pains were horrific, and I had battled them, as best as I could up until that point, by thinking about all the things that I once loved and all the beautiful things I'd experienced, long before the aliens ever arrived: The Squirrel games I'd played with nuts—sober and high. The jumping contests—sober and high. Testing my acrobatic skills—sober and high. Oh, and the ice skating sessions—sober and high. I was just a fair skater in my day. There were, though, Squirrels who could skate rings around me...and they did—sober and high. All these thoughts had kept me spared from the full brunt of the pains. But something in that tiny little lice brush caused

unimaginable hurt. I don't know if it was because it pulled at each individual hair it came in contact with, but the pain was immeasurable. Each pull of the brush was like having fifty individual tiny, searing hot knives cut through my skin. And then the threat of having him drag that thing across the entrance to my turd tube...I lost it. I just couldn't stop screaming. The fear I felt in that moment made me forget that I was a living, breathing creature. Even worse, it made me wish I'd never even been born...

That's the moment when Jane appeared from nowhere. Well, not really from nowhere, but she had been watching from behind a two-way mirror in the lab where she had also been telepathically listening to my stories of the past, the ones trying to shield me from my tormentor and the pains he was inflicting upon me. Finally, when I'd broken, and I was losing my mind, she had felt it too. It made her feel as if she was dying along with me. And it was in that moment of compassion and empathy that she, without conscious participation, just appeared next to William—at least a hologram of herself. Luckily he was too consumed with punishing me to discern that she *just appeared* there next to him. He was too obsessed with his hatred for me to notice the strange if not unnatural materialization of Jane.

"Oh, I didn't know you were there," he says after he realized she was standing next to him

"I didn't either," she replies, still shocked and disoriented by her sudden split-appearing act. Her so-called physical body was still behind the two-way mirror, but her mental state had teleported to my side. And with her consciousness there came along with it an image of her body.

This was when Jane discovered that she and I shared some kind of powerful link forging a new set of laws defining reality.

## Chapter 34

It was agreed upon by all of us that our abilities to teleport had to be tested. We were a team of seven: Julie, James, Pavel, Christian, Julie, Martin and I, and we needed to know how teleportation worked. When we began, Jane and I were in close physical proximity to each other as

were Pavel and Julie in San Francisco. Since their contracts as astrobiologists with the University Of Mediterranean School of Medicine in Marseille, France hadn't been renewed, they were unemployed, no longer PolarTrec members, and, hence, no longer employees of KAS Enterprises and thus CA and the General. Martin, the geologist in the PolarTrec team, had since taken a job teaching geology at the University of Regina in Saskatchewan, Canada. He was still employed by KAS Enterprises, but was inactive: *A sleeper agent* waiting for assignment. The others were alone: Christian was still in Siberia working as an astrobiologist for the University of Maryland, taking and studying samples and such, and therefore still a member of the PolarTrec team. And James was in Maryland at the University, still working as a virology researcher—and both Christian and James were still covert Quiet Professionals working for KAS Enterprises and, accordingly, CA. Julie had taken a leave of absence from the University, and so she was also on leave from KAS Enterprises.

Seeing that we were spread out across numerous time zones, we needed to do our teleportation experiments on the weekend. No one could afford to be seen at work disappearing and reappearing. A ghostly image or a vanishing-reappearing act might be *too good* to be so easily explained away as a simple parlor trick.

For us Squirrel's space travel was unimaginable; I guess we were stuck in Aristotle's unity of space...but that was exactly what allowed us to future-view, so it wasn't necessarily a bad thing. But I wanted to get onboard this mystery tour of space exploration... I wanted to explore strange new worlds, to seek out new life and new civilizations, to boldly go where no Squirrel has gone before<sup>45</sup>. I wanted to see if teleportation was as fun as a good solid kick to the head.<sup>46</sup> Jane and I had gotten a motel room in Lubbock, Texas<sup>47</sup>, and it was early Sunday morning our time. The others were in their respective homes, and we were all in the lattice of communication with one another via telepathy.

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45 I am convinced that William Shatner was really a Squirrel chrononaut, who awoke early and somehow was able to disguise him or herself as a chimp actor. Ha, ha, ha! Chimp arts and artists definitely have their moments of greatness.

46 *Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy* by Douglas Adam's was definitely a fun read. Chimp can definitely be entertaining if nothing else.

47 This part of Texas, the Panhandle, is as exciting as Nebraska.

And seeing that they were all Quiet Professionals and knew how Government surveillance really worked, it was decided that use of their cell phones would have to be carefully manipulated. Everyone couldn't just toss 'em or else suspicions would be raised. But their phones were no longer used for any real communication. We were connected in a sub-atomic field whereby and wherein our thoughts could move freely and coherently between us. We were quick to establish that immaterial teleportation can occur between two beings, and this made sense because it corresponded to Jane's first teleportation. In our first trial, two of us engaged in the thought process, concentrating on the teleportation of the chosen member to a select location, until the chosen one's image appeared—and then we made that image reappear anywhere we wanted it to. My image—the hologram me—went to San Francisco, Siberia, Maryland and Regina. I was even able, with the help of a member from the group, to simultaneously send my image to multiple locations. This simple transfer of an image was possible in every combination: Jane and I. Jane and Martin. Martin and Christian. Pavel and I. Pavel and Julie, and so on. But every time it took a tremendous amount of concentration. We had to eventually take breaks. And as the day and night wore on, our mental states continued to diminish. What we further learned was that when a hologram image engages, in as far as speaking and moving, the physical body is actually doing all the work. So when I traveled to Siberia and spoke with Christian, my body and voice in the motel room in Lubbock were doing the actual speaking and moving—it's a good thing we took the precautions of doing these experiments in isolation. We figured that the voice must somehow be teleporting along with an image of the body. This is probably happening at what the chimps might call the quantum level. There's a either splitting of atoms in the teleporters that disperse themselves into separate but singular probable and possible *entity* or there's a relationship of a teleporter's atoms with something, perhaps atoms of air, at the desired location of teleportation which creates some kind of probable and possible physical presence...not exactly what the chimps would call a *real* physicality but perhaps a *phantom presence*. Einstein's' spooky theory in action in weak and strong states... ha, there's a contradiction in terms. Chimps and their strange ways of expressing themselves.

Although we were all tired, teleporting was an exciting adventure. But eventually, after almost twenty hours straight, we decided to take a sleep break, and then, afterwards, to continue the experiments over the next several days. On Monday morning, those who had to attend jobs called in sick for the week.

On Sunday afternoon, after having slept a few hours, we got into the next phase of testing. A third member was added to the teleportation lattice (that's what we decided to call it). But we started working in two groups of three, so as to increase the number of experiments and to help validate results already achieved by the other telepathic triad. With a third member, complete physical transportation became possible. We were also able to, with an extreme amount of effort from all those involved in the triad, teleport one complete body and sustain, for a very short time, a hologram image of another body (of the triad). If we then added another participant, making a quadratic team, the wavering image not only sustained itself, but we were able to teleport it to the various locations. We then added another member, making a pentagonal team, and were able to simultaneously send the hologram image to various locations!

I was already composing numerous songs about these new discoveries. Holy nuts, the psychedelic music the chimps made during the 1960s is going to be nothing in comparison to what I have in store! *Chum Chum & Jane singing songs to melt the brain!*

Chum Chum's dead.  
No, no, no, no, He's outside looking in.  
Chum Chum's dead.  
No, no, no, no, He's outside looking in.  
He'll fly his astral lattice,  
Takes you on trips farther than any plane,  
Brings you back the same day,  
Chum Chum, Chum Chum.

Chum Chum's dead.  
No, no, no, no, He's outside looking in.  
Chum Chum's dead.  
No, no, no, no, He's outside looking in.  
He'll fly his astral lattice,  
Takes you on trips anywhere any day,

Brings you back the same day,  
Chum Chum. Chum Chum.

Along the coast you'll hear them boast  
About a light they say that shines so clear.  
So raise your glass, we'll drink a toast  
To the little Squirrel who sells you thrills along the pier.

He'll take you up, he'll bring you down,  
He'll plant your feet back firmly on the ground.  
He flies so high, he swoops so low,  
He knows exactly which way he's gonna go.  
Chum Chum. Chum Chum.

He'll take you up, he'll bring you down,  
He'll plant your feet back on the ground.  
He'll fly so high, he'll swoop so low.  
Chum Chum.

He'll fly his astral lattice.  
He'll take you trips around the bay.  
He'll bring you back the same day.  
Chum Chum. Chum Chum.  
Chum Chum. Chum Chum.

Chum Chum.

The others liked my song. We needed to laugh more. All this experimentation, although exciting in its own right, was still work. Once we got through this week, I decided that I needed to have a break.

What we eventually, over the duration of the week, were able to establish was that holographic teleportation or what we decided to call HT works when there are at least two teleport pilots (that's what I call them) linking in the lattice. As for the physical teleportation (or PT), it works with a third pilot, and more than one HT combined with PT at one time works in relationship to multiples of twos. Four teleport pilots can only teleport two holographic pilots but add a fifth and they, the five, can teleport one physical and four holographic pilots. At six teleport pilots, therefore, two physical bodies can be teleported, but the other pilots can only be teleported in holographical states at the same time. Many teleportations at any level require an extreme degree of concentration, and at such a level teleportations are unstable. The safest space travel (for both HT

and PT) is when only one pilot teleports and the others concentrate: The established fiber in the lattice seems to be steadier—less turbulence...every aspect of space has its fluctuation in pressures—to be alive is an emotional state that isn't always calm and even. The intentionality remains open and clear when enough pilots are steering in the lattice. When there are more than seven participants, we don't know to what degree or in which manner—physical or holographic—the combination of pilots can fly in the lattice.

## Chapter 35

Me here, the chimp on the other side. Chum Chum, you need to reread your journal entries! You and the rest are in danger! CA knows everything! They're reading your thoughts! They are allowing you do your experiments so that they, too, can learn how to control the teleportation! And all your theories regarding teleportation are wrong by *one*! There is a hidden *pilot* amongst your team! His name is Quiet Professional X (you're right that is cliché) and you already met him at the truck stop in Nebraska. The best I can guess is that Quiet Professional X is the *dark matter* or the

*anti-matter* in your relationship...or whatever we chimps are naming it right now. Maybe we, you and I, could just call what Quiet Professional X is adding to your teleport groups the *negative energy* needed to displace the atoms so that they can appear or reappear in recognizable form. His negativity is the absolute nothingness making it possible to theorize at all. This is why you can't feel him in the lattice. He is *there*, amongst you and the others, as pure *nothing*. Whatever it is, I'm not certain, but I do know that you and the others are in danger!

## Chapter 36

I finally I did what I was supposed to do from the beginning, and I went to San Francisco. But I did it without telling Jane. Although wonderfully colorful on the inside and outside, she is a worrywart, and she would've never consented to me going—or she'd've put up a fuss and stink, or she would've shadowed me the whole night, making sure I wasn't having too much fun. Okay, I being a bit unfair here. Jane is a fun chimp. She's charming, witty, and surprisingly smart considering she is a chimp. And she worries because she is, after all, still a Quiet Professional and she knows

things are not safe for us. But after this fantastic and strenuous week of marathon telepathy and teleportation sessions, I have become much more intimate with the others. I mean we've shared thoughts and, to some degree, bodies, so we have *become* the new evolved species without even really taking notice...well, I noticed. I mean I'm Squirrel and this is how we lived...*how we lived*. I've been alone now for over three years—or perhaps for over thirty-five thousand years depending on what really goes on when one is asleep. I mean it's hard to say what effect sleeping for tens of thousands of years has on a Squirrel. Maybe I was in the lattice with the others the whole time or maybe not. I don't know. But the past three years, although entertaining to some degree, have been quite lonely. A Squirrel without a family: Without a Squirrelanity<sup>48</sup> to actually realize the joy. But now I have family. We have our own lattice—a lattice that should be open to all chimps and prairie rats: *if they want to become a part of it*.<sup>49</sup> And now that I have a family I need the joy: *We need the joy*. We've worked on establishing guidelines in the teleportation lattice, and we need to celebrate. But we also need to have separate intimate moments from the others, as should the others have moments without me or Jane, and then to have those separate moments united when we again come together for teleportation: This is how Squirrel comprehensive technology was and is built, and this is how it would be maintained. If we, our new evolved chimp-prairie rat species, want our new, evolved intentionality fiber of communication to continue growing, then we need to interact separately, and then to bring those experience into the lattice. This is what makes the lattice the lattice. And this is why I ventured out, without telling Jane.

Mingus Amongus, a decent Charles Mingus tribute band, among other things, was playing at Club Deluxe in San Francisco. In addition to serving pizza, the joint also serves pickled deviled eggs and spicy chicken wings that are to die for. Granted, the place is normally full of hipster douchebags, and, for the most part, the music is a nightly repetition of female singers with a male guitarists doing

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48 Squirrels didn't have words to express things like the chimps do with terms like *Chimpanity* because we couldn't objectify ourselves into something perceivable. We were simply *living* Squirrelness and not trying to figure it out.

49 I don't think any of us believe chimps and Squirrels will ever come together. Chimps live with too much fear, greed and hate and we Squirrels are much too arrogant to enter a lattice with chimps. But we'll see, this story is far from over.

1930s swing nostalgia<sup>50</sup> that is enough to make a Squirrel want to fart nut-smut, but the place is alright. It's not as real as the Vanguard or Silva's<sup>51</sup>, but a Squirrel does feel, after having passed through the chrome metal doors, like he's been transported into a different era...and, here's the best part, the bartenders sling strong drinks, so you gotta love it.

I'd done standup at the Punch Line in Frisco at least a dozen times and every time, following my shows, I ended up at the Deluxe. I had had lot of fun there. They even named a cocktail after me: *Rum Chum Yummy Chum*.<sup>52</sup> Try and say that fast five times in a row...that was the gimmick. If you could do it, you got the drink for free. Nut sack, did I ever get loaded there. At some point the bartenders would even let me behind the bar to serve up my specialty. Ha! Some good times.

But good times are to be had. After Jane went to asleep, I contacted Julie and Pavel. They were excited about the idea, but they wanted that I ask Jane if it's okay...*like I should ask my mother if I can go out and play*. Me, a thirty-five thousand year old Squirrel. Finally, after some quick Squirrel talk, I convinced them that Jane was too tired to be woken and that I'd already told her I was going out. Granted, this wasn't an absolute truth, but it wasn't a lie. Squirrel's ability to bend the truth definitely has its advantages. What I had told Jane was that I needed to get out and have some fun, and to which she replied: That sounds like a good idea. Maybe there are some good museums in Houston we can go to in the next days. I like museums. I mean I learn a lot about chimp history, but I just like drinking, getting stoned, dancing and singing until my nuts are cleaned much more.

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50 Squirrel Nut Zippers did this over twenty years—and they're still doing it—but without all the cliché and *wannabe something* attached to it.

51 Silva's Saloon on the old Route 66 in New Mexico is a national treasure. This bar has been operated by the same family since the 1930's, and going inside is like time travel...and believe me, when I say I know what time travel is like.

52 Ingredients: 3 oz. Myers's Original Dark Rum, 3 oz. Captain Morgan Silver Spiced Rum, 1½ oz. Grand Marnier, 6 oz. orange juice, 6 oz. pineapple juice, 1½ oz. lime juice, 1½ oz. simple syrup, 4 dash bitters, 2 oz. grenadine, 1 orange wheel, and, here's the secret ingredient, a pinch of nutmeg. Directions: 1) Add in a pitcher Myers's Original Dark Rum, Captain Morgan Silver Spiced Rum, Grand Marnier, orange juice, pineapple juice, lime juice, simple syrup, bitters, and grenadine. 2) Pour into shaker and add ice. 3) Shake and strain into an ice-filled highball glass. 4) Garnish with orange wheel *and* a cocktail umbrella. (Without the umbrella you can't call it a *Rum Chum Yummy Chum*)

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Pavel and Julie teleported me to their home in the Bay, and from there we went out. Julie didn't have a large purse, and so we had to first stop and get a bag. This was a bit unpleasant because I had to travel in Pavel's backpack, which isn't the most comfortable mode of transportation, to get to the backpack and bag store. No air. Little to no leg room. However, I did get to hang my head out the top and got to view the city. Frisco is magical. The hilly landscape draped along the Pacific, what more could a Squirrel want when out on Friday night with his new family.

We got the purse, a large ugly thing, but perfect to carry a Squirrel with, and we made it to the Deluxe. It was still relative early, and so we got there just as Mingus Amungus was beginning their set. A great band. Talented. Full of fun energy. And they do, in addition to their Mingus thing, some rap and hip hop and an assorted mix of jazz sounds.

I was, though, disappointed that the Deluxe took my drink off their cocktail list, but I get it. The government and media has since turned me into a pariah, a terrorist bent on destroying mankind...well, maybe it *was* true to some degree, but I am not *that* Squirrel anymore. Anyway, there was no *Rum Chum Yummy Chum* to be had.

Pavel and Julie danced the night away. They really are a sweet couple. One would think that two nerdy scientists shouldn't come together, but somehow with them, although alike in many ways, their togetherness amplifies their poetic natures.

Though I was stuck in an obnoxious handbag, I enjoyed the music in my own way: I got really drunk. I drank two Planter's Punches!<sup>53</sup> I'm only a Squirrel, so that would be like a chimp drinking two twenty-five gallon barrels full of booze. Holy nutcakes, not only did I piss in the bag, but I vomited, too. I'm lucky I didn't go out like Hendrix, Joplin, Morrison or Moon and choke to death on my own retch. I mean if I'm going to go in a decadent way then I want to do a David Carradine...

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53 Planter's Punch is a Rum Chum Yummy Chum without the pinch of nutmeg.

chimps and their obsessive masturbation! <sup>54</sup> There is a song that comes to mind that nails the chimp's fixation with pulling their ponies or massaging the clam: Orgasm Addict<sup>55</sup>.

Well you tried it just for once  
Found it all right for kicks  
But now you found out that it's a habit that sticks  
And you're an orgasm addict  
You're an orgasm addict

They tried it over a hundred thousand years ago and haven't stopped since.

Sneaking in the back door with dirty magazines  
Now your mother wants to know what all those stains on your jeans  
And you're an orgasm addict  
You're an orgasm addict

Oh, chimp mothers know. They're just as guilty as their offspring in indulging in the dirty pleasure.

You get in a heat  
You get in a sulk  
But you still keep a beating your meat to pulp  
And you're an orgasm addict  
You're an orgasm addict

There's no exaggeration here. I've seen chimps back in the day literally beat their meat to a pulp, the poor bastards.

You're a kid Casanova, you're a no-josep  
It's a labor of love fucking yourself to death  
Orgasm addict, you're an orgasm addict

I don't even know what a no-josep is, but I can only imagine. And chimps were born to fuck themselves to death; if not from masturbation then from their need to fill their own lives with *things* of meaning.

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54 Perhaps we Squirrels should have put in more cave-time with the chimps.

55 Chimp art and music is sometimes sublime. This time the origin of inspiration is a band called, of all things, The Buzzcocks. And the song goes on a bit more, but I can only talk about masturbation for so long.

Anyway, because I'd blacked out, I couldn't teleport, and when Jane woke up the next morning to find me gone, and unable to contact me telepathically, she freaked. She'd thought I'd died. Not until she contacted Pavel and Julie did she find out where I was...and what I'd done. She didn't have a wry smile for me for the next week. Matter of fact she didn't have any smiles for me. Julie and Pavel ended up being mad at me as well. Because my head was hurting so bad, not only could I not concentrate, but the others that needed to meld with we couldn't bear my headache, and so I had to stay in San Francisco with Pavel and Julie for two more days.

This is all new to me. I'm not a chimp. We Squirrels obviously evolved differently, so the others shouldn't expect me to act like them. We Squirrels didn't live this kind of right and wrong, because living for a Squirrel can never be about right and wrong, but then again we never did drugs to point where we would piss ourselves or vomit...and we definitely never strangled ourselves while masturbating. I have a lot to learn about these new responsibilities I'm encountering due to having become part of an *evolved* lattice. *All jokes aside*<sup>56</sup>, having entered e a new family definitely has more advantageous than disadvantageous. And I guess all this feeling of responsibility I'm feeling toward the others only tells me that they must mean something to me, otherwise I wouldn't care, now would I.

## Chapter 37

Even though we *shard thoughts*, and to some degree bodies, chimps can't wrap their minds around certain aspects of prairie rat civilization.<sup>57</sup> I suppose the foreignness of it all, like how their judgments of right and wrong are based on a world in which they are not living in any given moment is almost incomprehensible to me, the chimps just can't understand how we prairie rats can experience anything without a specific sense of *things* existing. But it's not that we prairie rats don't

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56 But never forget the Joker.

57 I've truly grown fond of the term, prairie rat, the term for *shared thoughts* we prairie rats would say something more akin to *melded*.

experience any sense of *things*<sup>58</sup>, I would just say that our lack of any sense of individuality, in the way in which chimps live it, didn't and doesn't exist for us.<sup>59</sup> We live things. Everything for us is alive. And the only time we ever feel like we have any control or say or *power* over any *thing*, is when we're celebrating. The joy is what is at the beginning and end of every *thing* we have to acknowledge in our daily lives. *I'm hungry and I need a nut? Well, I gotta go find a nut then don't !!* So, as a prairie rat, it's not as if some other prairie rat has my nuts...ha, ha, ha. The truth of my life and existence is there are always plenty of nuts to be had, and I just have to be receptive to the signals they send out. My responsibility is to listen closely, to hear the song life is singing, and to let this song and its beautiful rhythms and melodies lead me to the nuts calling out to me...*eat me! Eat me! I'm your nut!*

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When I'm thirsty for booze and jazz, all I have to do is just listen—clear my mind and wait for the sounds—and I can hear the dive or jazz club calling out to me: *Come here! Here's where you'll find the best drinks and entertainment around!* I was in Amsterdam once and boy was that ever a joy! Not only did I get called to bars serving good drinks, but I also heard a lot of ganja calling out to me: *Come to the Baba Coffee shop, bra, and smoke green goddess!* Ha! I probably should've spent more time in Amsterdam before all of this happened...what I should've, could've, would've done. I'm becoming more chimp every day. ,

So even though we've melded in a new lattice of communication, my chimp family still can't fully appreciate a society of highly advanced creatures who created non-consumable, non-purchasable, non-perishable and, thus, indestructible literature, art, and music.

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58 *Thereness* is my actual interpretation of Immanuel Kant's *dasein*, which is just an overcomplicated way self-anointed smart chimps give *things* to describe the way things exist....like *things* need someone to talk about them before they can be real.

59 If the other chrononauts don't wake I'm not sure if anything could be said about Squirrel existence. One *prairie rat* existence isn't enough to qualify life in any sense of word.

60 I'm making fun here, but that's only because in this chimp language, the whole Squirrel experience comes off sounding kind of goofy. I get it. But it is what it is.

Jane knows me by now, inside and out. My Squirrely way of commenting on things doesn't antagonize her. But James, her colleague from the University of Maryland, still doesn't find me funny. Me, a talking, joke telling Squirrel from the Pleistocene era. He says my jokes remind him of his uncle Mike, a person who he considers to be a real douchebag. James didn't actually call him that; he said something to effect of his uncle Mike being vulgar and backwards: The type of relative one is embarrassed about. I think James even called him a Neanderthal...To which I remarked: But James, to me you're all Neanderthals so I don't really get where you're going with this. He then says: If it were 1978 maybe he could find my jokes humorous—but it's not, is it. James intrigues me because he doesn't seem like the type of chimp who would be on my side. He's what chimps would call a stereotypical four-eyed researcher: A lab tech. He's meticulous with his work, but when it comes to living he's a bit off kilter. He's the type of chimp who thinks that because his socks are pressed he's fashionable. He likes things clear and simple. No gray lines, and no wishy-washy interpretations of truth and such. But he's alright. I mean we've melded countless hours together, and there's something there, underneath all that stuffiness and nerdiness. He believes in the experience enough that he doesn't let himself stand in the way.

So as we're all in a meld, with everyone at their respective places of residence, just rehearsing old teleport abilities, perhaps engaging just to get the feel on—like one might feel when putting on a favorite shirt or pair of shoes—he knew that I was, intentionally, trying to get his goat—we were melded so he had to be aware of my desires to provoke him. But it wasn't just James who couldn't wrap his mind around a life without *things* of which an illusion of control commanded their illusions of having some sort of free will, but my antagonisms were definitely directed at him.

"The Venus figurines really throw your chimp archeologists for a loop. I once read somewhere about a chimp theory claiming that the figurines were sex aids... ah, ha, ha!" We were talking about or rather disputing the origins of some of artifacts from the late Pleistocene era found by chimp archeologists. Chimps see this as their great moment: The climate changed and it wiped

out thousands if not millions of organisms and creatures, and yet the humans conquered it; going on and dominating life, and *blah, blah, blah*. It was aliens you dummies. There was no natural selection involved: The aliens just figured you weren't worth the effort to hunt to extinction because you would just do it to yourself in the end.

James was boiling—no denying it. I felt it. It didn't feel good because I was making him feel bad. I was just being me, like James was being himself. "That's too funny. I can just imagine chimp bed-talk: (Chimp male) *Hold on a second sweetheart, I need to get my Venus figurine before I can make sweet love to you.* (Chimp female) *Oh yes, shnookems, get the really chubby one with the small breasts and no arms. That one always makes me really horny.*"

"And we're supposed to take all of this on your word."

"No, on my thoughts."

"Oh, that's reassuring. The same prairie rat that thought his captor and torturer was his best buddy for three years?"

I guess I deserved that, but even though I knew I deserved the jab from James, the comment didn't sit well with me. The tension was thick in the lattice. But this confrontation was probably one of the most important experiments that we conducted—even though its importance was an unwitting event. Without this dispute we would've never known if the lattice can withstand *real* turbulence. The Squirrel lattice never had to endure this kind of conflict. We didn't have the greed, envy and fear that come along with a life full of *things*, so we couldn't have moments between us that were fueled by a kind of an inner, ghostly rage.

"I mean I'm a celebrated comedian—in this time *and* during my time—and I could never write stuff this funny. Chimp: A special kind of funny."

“You think people were laughing at you because you were funny? If you weren’t a small, furry talking Squirrel you’d never have seen the lights of a stage. Even in 1975 you would have still been, at best, a hack. A third rate comedian.”

This one hurt. There’s no way I could know if what he’d said was true or not. I knew that people liked me first and foremost because I was a talking Squirrel—and one who talked like Barry White....

I just ignored him. I mean I had truth on my side, so no matter what he said, he couldn’t change the facts. “The truth of the matter is, fat, pregnant, chimp momma dolls were created to help young Squirrels to respect nature and not fear it: Even chimps, the most questionable of all living creatures—and the least deserving of respect—were bestowed with the powers of creation, and thus, despite themselves, were to be revered—when we weren’t ridiculing them, of course.” I had told this joke for the others so as to help lighten up the mood. Our lives were becoming so serious. It seems there’s no joy left, only killing and missions of killing. I’d used this story about the Venus figurines in my routine on occasion. Depending on how I told it, it either worked, and the chimps got a laugh out of it or it was flat...no one in the lattice was laughing. Well, we weren’t all really anywhere, I suppose. Being in the lattice, telepathically, is like being data stored on a cloud or flash drive. Wherever I was, I was comfortably rested in Jane’s lap, and she was stroking my tail.

“I’m sorry James. I am what I am: A prairie rat.”

“I know. The same goes for me. Well, it’s not the same: I’m a chimp.”

Even though Jane and the others knew that what I was telling them about the Venus figurines was true—because we shared the lattice—it was still hard for them to wrap their Neanderthal melons around it...<sup>61</sup>

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61 The others have since stopped responding to my witticisms directed at chimps, but I know they’re listening.

All future-viewing is explicitly derived from a spiritual need: To embrace and embody the joy in the moment. This is the intentionality fiber of communication communicating: Caller and receiver becoming one and the same experience.... Higgs field higgsfielding Higgs particle, if you want to use chimp terminology. But teleporting is working on a different principle that perhaps overlaps with future-viewing.

Chimp space teleportation is linked to Squirrel future viewing, and this makes it possible to enter future states of possible and probable illusions. But since the joy cannot be taken along with a teleported individual their arrival has no permanence, but it can affect the narrative being played out at the future time. Like in all dream states, the same goes for any teleported time travelers. They can enter a future *this moment*, but presence would be, like in any dream, incoherent and disjointed: Their corporeality would be part of the garble of spatially and temporally related emotions that have no joy grounding them. Space and time need the joy to give and *this moment* any sense of permanence: Even if that permanence is at best only a possibility and probability illusion. And what James and I had revealed was that our differences were superseded by an underlying appreciation and respect that we had for life in general. Sure we're both egotistical creatures<sup>62</sup>, but we weren't limited by our own characters. Our nature was common in that we both lived beyond our own perceivable lives.

## Chapter 38

It was on this day four year ago that I crawled out of a hole. Boy was I ever different then. I mean we prairie rats saw, through future-viewing, the technology that the chimp culture had lived or, perhaps, *delivered*, and so I thought I knew what to expect. The pictures revealed through future-

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<sup>62</sup> Like I said, I must be honest. Although it wasn't possible in my time for a Squirrel to be egotistical, I'd obviously changed since I arrived.

viewing really hadn't made much of an impact on me—or on the other prairie rats, I suppose. But when I walked into that research center and saw firsthand the structures *and* the lighting *and* the computers *and* the radios *and* even what chimps would call simple things like microwaves, ovens and refrigerators, it finally hit me—as did their chemical stink: The chimp future was beyond prairie rat comprehension. The future chimp world and the chimps that occupied it were alien to us prairie rats. For all of its grandeur and impressiveness, future-viewing was just an empty screenshot that in effect revealed absolutely nothing. Life is never a good or bad view. Any so-called perspective, when believed to be glimpse into some kind of reality, is always only, at best, a possible and probable illusion.

Before I arrived into this epoch, I knew nothing about chemically washed SmartFamilies and Mini-van-War-Hell-Rides, and I have to say I was at first excited and impressed by what I saw. But after I got to live firsthand what chimp technology did to their lives and...and the lives of all other living creatures, I became sad. Even bitter, I guess. But until just recently, I was living on the outside looking in. Sure, I had William, or I thought I had William, but I now understand that my relationship to that chimp is what kept me on the outside looking in. He intentionally became my crutch, and purposely kept me from taking chances with other chimps. My eventual bitterness was rooted in my fears: Fears that William had intentionally fostered in me so that he could remain in control of me even when I wasn't in the lab, bound to his chair-of-torture. What is strange, though, is that although I am now a prairie rat on the inside, part of a chimp collective, it's kind of lonely in here. I now understand chimps *require* ridiculousness and superficiality, as it is alive in their constant need of distraction through creating, purchasing, playing with, and discarding their technological toys, to protect them from themselves—it used to be only masturbation that offered them a moment of connectedness. But I guess their technology now relieves the tensions that comes with living on the inside and, subsequently, being categorically excluded from the outside world. Once when I was on a YouTube-watching-binge, I heard a prophetic chimp comedian say, *touch my monkey*...and boy was he ever on the mark with that skit. Chimp collectiveness is not about joy, but about fear. And

somehow this fear plays a pivotal role in the new lattice we, chimps and prairie rats, have forged. I just don't yet know how. There's something missing from the picture we're trying to create of teleportation. There's a missing piece.

Today is special, though. And although the others have been trying to keep it a secret, they have planned a surprise party for me. I know what it is, and I have to say that for all the loneliness I feel when I'm in the lattice with the others, it is exactly moments like these that fill in *all* the emptiness: There is no outside-inside world or perspective because the joy is brought into the fold. So I will, like a chimp, savor every moment given to me by friends on this day, my birthday.

We are headed to New York, City and the Village Vanguard! For the moment, Jane and I are still holed up in our motel room in Lubbock, Texas, and the others are in their respective domiciles. Everyone seems to have taken a leave of absence from work, so we all got plenty of time to party. They were going to surprise teleport me to the Village Vanguard in a handbag and then immediately follow suit, but they couldn't figure out how to do it without me knowing, so, as an alternative, everybody got together and telepathically rang my mental doors and then screamed *surprise* when I let them in. I acted all flabbergasted and humbly and graciously said my thankyou's. Once that was over they then told me what they had in store. Once again, I had to act all stunned, but I guess I really wasn't acting. I even shed a little tear of joy...something unfathomable to a prairie rat. What would my fellow chrononauts think of me? I don't want to think about. It's my birthday and I'll only allow good thoughts into this entry.

We all teleported: First me, and then the rest. I'd already told them about the exhilarating experiences I'd had sneaking into the place, and so they thought it best if everyone snuck in. I knew the layout, and I got a mental fix on a secure spot, and the others teleported me without incident. This was the first time we had tried and succeed in teleporting to a location that was unknown to the others, and where there was no contact pilot. We weren't sure it was going to work—but sometimes

things work out best when left to fate. This was something the others had learned from melding with me.

## Chapter 39

I arrived inside the Village Vanguard on top of speaker attached to the support column, a wooden pilaster, near the right side of the stage. The column was close enough to the stage that it

offered me the opportunity to climb down its length, unnoticed, when the stage was clear of musicians. (The audience was on the other side.) Once on the ground it was easy moving, unseen, from table to table. Jane and her ugly purse were next. I didn't particularly like the bag, but fugitives from the law take what they can get. It was a bit tricky getting everyone there but eventually all seven of us made it—all arriving within the safe confines of a bathroom stall. Thinking about it, seeing that teleportation transported everyone in their clothing, I suppose we can also teleport *any* object and it probably would have made sense to first send me there in the handbag — preferably somewhere under a table—and then I could have safely cased the place before providing the mental direction to a safe spot where the others could materialize. Each time we get together we learned many new things—and not just about the science of teleportation.

On this night, Tom Harrell, the trumpeter, was playing the Carnegie Hall of jazz.

“You know he did some of the arrangements for Vince Guaraldi’s Peanuts songs.” Martin is also jazz lover. I think he even knows more about players and groups than I do—and that says a lot. I’m a prairie rat and he’s a chimp.

“I didn’t know that.”

“Oh I love that song. It always makes me think of being a child and waiting Christmas—and I’m Jewish.”

We all had to laugh. Julie’s funny.

The conversation drifted, as accompanied by Tom Harrell and his band, from one topic to the next. Eventually, after a number of cocktails, not too many, though, because we didn’t want to get stranded there—seeing that alcohol impairs the concentration—we stumbled upon a question that no one could answer or perhaps didn’t want to answer: *How did everyone end up working as Quiet Professionals*. I mean dirtbags working for dirtbags

with dirtbags-ends should mean that we shouldn't even be sitting in the Vanguard together drinking, laughing, and celebrating the joy in the life. I guess living as a Squirrel in chimp clothing, or at least in a chimp handbag, I'd always tried to make things black and white—maybe how James does, too. But I was slowly learning what it is to be a chimp, and I guess I already knew the answer to the question. Life doesn't *happen* with constantly well marked doors, clearly stating where they lead to, that one *needs to* or simply *can* open. Chimps get swept into different doors, good or bad, and more often than not, the explanation comes after the fact. And in many instances, instead of recognizing that a bad threshold has been crossed, and then attempting to retrace the steps and to cross a different threshold in hopes of finding a better path, a chimp simply carries on and, tragically enough, defends the bad situations as something *good*. Chimps pride themselves on their ability to make choices, but rarely do they ever make them. Their egos get in the way, prohibiting them from becoming something greater. But the chimps now sitting before me have become something greater. They may have made unwitting choices when they'd become Quiet Professionals, but having seen my world, they chose the Almond Joy. They retraced their steps and made new choices. They made and are still making the choices to forge a new world rooted in comprehensiveness: They choose to live joyfully grounding all life to existence. The most important reason why they consciously mended and mend their poor choices, and this is something they try to deny, is because deep down they all know that Chum Chum's nuts might have been diseased, but they are and will always remain sweeter than any Almond Joy.

The evening was winding down and it was time for us to leave. I was going to be the first to go, but when we tried, the teleportation failed. We tried again. Fail. And again. Fail. Then we tried teleporting other pilots, but to no avail. Every time was a fail. I have to be honest and say even I was panic stricken. Finally, after having dozens of unsuccessful tries, and feeling a bit constraint in the club itself, we decided to go outside and get some air, regain our wits, and try it again. On our way out, I could have sworn I saw the Quiet

Professional at the other side of the bar, but when I looked again, he wasn't there...or anywhere. It made me a bit paranoid, because suddenly I was seeing Quiet Professionals everywhere in the place. Even outside as we were regaining our composure, I could've sworn we were being watched by a number of other guests who had also exited the joint. The others in our band of merry teleporters heard my concerns, and suddenly we were all feeling a bit paranoid.

Finally we were alone on 7<sup>th</sup> Ave., and our anxieties had calmed.

We were going to try one last time. If it didn't work then we'd have to think over our options.

It worked, and we all got safely back to our homes. But we were all suddenly unsure of this new science we were exploring. The failed teleportations were a wakeup call. We all suddenly knew what it must have been like for the first chimps, Yuri Gagarin, Alan Shepard, Gus Grissom, Gehrman Titov, Andriyan Nikolayev, John Glenn, Scott Carpenter and Pavel Rafikov, who went into space or landed on the moon. Up until this point, we'd fooled ourselves into thinking we were in control of all of the variables...me, a prairie rat. We prairie rats normally didn't think in these terms of controlling things. But I guess I was part of a new family, and along with that family came new ways of experiencing.

## Chapter 40

Chum Chum, you need to look at your journal entries. Enter the cloud storage banks! What good is it to have created a chimp on the other side if you don't use him to your greatest advantage! As soon as I find some other documents that are helpful I will send them to you!

*Chimp on the other side*

Document taken from the computer of CA General Hebert Howard Angleton

CLASSIFIED DOCUMENTS: PROJECT ASSEARCH

Records: CA General Hebert Howard Angleton

Quiet Professional X has submitted results of experiments in the mechanics of teleportation.

It appears my ratio of participant to teleportation is correct. The PolarTrec team is off by one. This will definitely work to the advantage of CA intelligence when it comes time to create its own team of teleporters. Additionally, the presence of *unsolicited* Quiet Professionals at the Village Vanguard seems to have had some kind of influence on the PolarTrec teams abilities to teleport. I was the only Quiet Professional present, other than the PolarTrec Team, who was aware of the circumstances and the only *covert* agent, still working for CA and not against it, capable of telepathy and teleportation. I have been present since Dr. Marsh's first discovery of telepathy and teleportation and never has my presence caused any disturbance in her or ASCC's abilities to communicate telepathically or to travel through teleportation. Somehow my relationship with the unsolicited Quiet Professionals (still covertly working for CA) may have influenced the abilities of the others in teleportation. I am unsure as to what or how our unsolicited presence affected the relationship of participants in a teleportation. I recommend further surveillance and the acquisition of data. The PolarTrec team is willing to take the risk, and CA can greatly benefit and learn from *their* successes and failures.

I further believe that Dr. Marsh has a specific function in teleportation that is more relevant than that of the others. I have hypothesized that her presence anchors the ASCC's consciousness to the human collective consciousness or lattice. This lattice, as they call it, is based on energy, but in a

way that is completely unfamiliar to mankind. Mental states are somehow linked to one another, and, as it appears, exist as a constellation of thought-capable-creatures, which enables their mental states, through their *linking* or constellation, to manipulate their own physical presences in space and to negate time in that manipulation of space: Dr. Marshes addition in the constellation, I believe, is pivotal to the construct of the lattice or constellation itself. When the time comes, and the the PolarTrec team function has served its purpose, I would like to test my hypothesis and eliminate Dr. Marsh and then to observe the outcome. I believe that although her presence is currently pivotal to the functions of their constellation and, thus, time and space manipulation, she can be replaced. The PolarTrec team might be soon attempting to teleport objects other than themselves through space and time. This acquisition of this information, too, could prove valuable to CA.

## Chapter 41

“After the music was in gear, we’d do this thing with our tails, perhaps comparable to how cheerleaders’ pompoms transmitting semaphore signals might look—and I mean we Squirrels had our music, and we could shake, shimmy, twist, hop, tweak and jitter our furry pompom tails into a

frenzy.” I then lifted my tail and did the *Squirrel Tail Shimmy*. Oh man, this got everyone in tears and clutching their stomachs. James might have been a lab nerd but he had a laugh that was contagious. So between my twirking tail and his laughter we were bringing down the house...Martin’s house to be exact. But James knew how to have a good time; he just needed some guidance in getting there.

“But Squirrel music was always based on sounds themselves and never on the instruments. We Squirrels didn’t make instruments that recreated defined sounds. Unlike the chimps with their brass, or woodwind, or tunable percussion instruments, Squirrels never considered sounds to have a standard scale.”

We were all at Martin’s in Saskatchewan, and I was training everyone. Nobody knew it at the time, but I was teaching them the secrets to fine-controlling the lattice. Even though this new, evolved lattice was not the same lattice I’d known, the lattice is always a lattice: an intentionality fiber of communication always remains the *modus operandi*. This is something that never changes. But I knew there was something amiss amongst our merry band of teleporters; something was hiding in the shadows of our minds. I felt a while back. There’s a piece missing to our puzzle, but I’ve come to believe it’s a piece that doesn’t want to be seen. But whatever *it*<sup>63</sup> is, *it* is coming, and we needed to be ready for *it* when *it* finally did come.

“We simply used what we could find, and then reformed it on the specific day of celebration. Something like a gourd, for example. If it was in season and there was a party, well, you’d just grab that gourd, chew a few holes in it, gut it, and then start blowing.” I paused. My eyes lit up. “Ah, that’s something I could work into comedy routine: *In a quest to make beautiful music, who here has blown a gourd?*” That got everyone choking on laughter again. “*And don’t tell me that your boyfriend’s penis counts,*” I say to Julie, before I then casually took a drink from my fizzy water.<sup>64</sup> This wasn’t such a good idea seeing that I had to laugh, too, and the fizzy water sprayed out my nose. We prairie rats back in the day loved laughing, but weren’t capable of a *drug addict’s high* kind of

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63 Stephen Kings, *It*, seems to be a prophetic novel.

64 Taking a drink after saying something outrageous is a stage gesture I used my act as a standup comedian.

laughter. I mean I hurt myself from laughing...that's not normal.<sup>65</sup> Finally I'd regained my composure enough to continue. "And that one over there looks like he's hummed a few bars on a cucumber, but never blown a gourd." I was pointing at Christian. Christian is gay and he *has* hummed numerous tunes on cucumbers, so we all heard and saw the *cucumbers* he'd blown. Real-time sex is nothing like what one sees in porn movies. It's either dramatically intense or it's comical...or quite often it's both comical and dramatic at the same time—at least that's how we all saw it in Christian's mind. Christian then started humming songs to the images in his head that we were experiencing. For whatever reason, he started with *The Candy Man* before moving on to *Hickory Dickory Dock*. But in his head, he'd changed the words, and suddenly, inspired by his mirth, we were all sinfully singing:

Hickory Dickory dock  
The mouse ran up the cock,  
The cock struck one  
The mouse ran down,  
Hickory Dickory dock.

Hickory Dickory dock,  
The mouse ran up the cock,  
The cock struck two  
And down he flew,  
Hickory Dickory dock.

Hickory Dickory dock,  
The mouse ran up the cock,  
The cock struck three  
And he did flee,  
Hickory Dickory dock.

Hickory Dickory dock,  
The mouse ran up the cock,  
The cock struck four,  
He hit the floor,  
Hickory Dickory dock.

Hickory Dickory dock,  
The mouse ran up the cock,  
The cock struck five,  
The mouse took a dive,  
Hickory Dickory dock.

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<sup>65</sup> Perhaps it's not normal, but it's magical and full of joy.

Hickory Dickory dock,  
The mouse ran up the cock,  
The cock struck six,  
That mouse, he split,  
Hickory Dickory dock.

Hickory Dickory dock,  
The mouse ran up the cock,  
The cock struck seven,  
8, 9, 10, 11,  
Hickory Dickory dock.

Hickory Dickory dock,  
The mouse ran up the cock,  
As twelve balls rang,  
The mousie sprang,  
Hickory Dickory dock.

Hickory Dickory dock,  
"Why scamper?" asked the cock,  
"You scare me so  
I have to go!  
Hickory Dickory dock."

It must have been half an hour before any of us were able to stop laughing long enough to say anything coherent.

Again composed, I was able, once again, to go on. "I've heard chimp kids blow threw blades of grass pinched between their thumbs to produce screeching sounds. These were the kinds of instruments we used: Makeshift instruments. But gourds, they were definitely good. Reeds of grass were also good. Bamboo shoots were good. Slapping two nuts together. We also had made shakers from out of everything from nuts to gourds to birds' eggs. We could thread twigs with nuts that had been bored and produce a rattling sound when shaken. But predictability of sounds wasn't as important as the rhythms we kept or the melodies we sang. Gourds, though, were a lot more predictable than most of the other *live-shift* instruments applied in Squirrel music. I mean even I blew gourds more than once."

That's all it took and once again we could hardly keep the laughter contained. We were victims of our own uncontrollable guffawing. It got really wild when James wet himself from laughing too hard. James of all people. I mean Pavel or Julie or even me, but James was the chimp who seemed most in control of his actions. Though we all had the feeling he peed himself on purpose—and that made it even funnier. We sensed it was an act meant to express his true acceptance of his new life and family. None of us had anything to hide from one another. There was no shame too great. There were no secrets that could expose any sort of weaknesses. The new chimp-prairie rat lattice embraced its fate and thus its life as lived by those living its web: We weren't caught but emancipated.

Once again the joy had calmed and I was able to get on with the training. "That's the other thing, since we had no commerce, we had no reason for ever recording or preserving our sounds. Music is normally something that is alive and not containable in a round piece of plastic or encoded on a database. Our music was based on rhythm—on time—and our instruments weren't solid, unchanging pieces that could produce standard, repetitive sounds. We used what was given to us at in the moment of need.

"This is why recordings will never be able to steer teleportation or future-viewing. The songs themselves, if sung, can do it, but not the recordings themselves. Perhaps this is why I learned by heart all those millions of songs. I'm a walking conductor for time and space travel." I let my tail do a pompom twirl to reveal my pride. I then put on my comic face. "Where would you like to go, young lady? Oh, the Cigar Galaxy.<sup>66</sup> No problem. That's definitely going to need a classical piece. And you, young man? Ah, the Tadpole Galaxy.<sup>67</sup> That's going to be difficult you know, and expensive."

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<sup>66</sup> Appears similar in shape to a cigar, but I think it looks like a phallus: Galaxy Pecker. (I used this in a comedy routine.)

<sup>67</sup> The name comes from the resemblance of the galaxy to a tadpole, but I tend to think it looks like a spermatozoon: Galaxy Space Giz. (I used this in the same comedy routine. )

Martin's place in Regina was perfect to carry out any hugger-mugger experiments. Regina itself is in the middle of nowhere Saskatchewan, but his home was also on the outskirts of nowhere, so if things went awry, there was no one around to witness it.

The first order of business was teaching everyone how to make music from things found in their surrounding environments. Nothing complicated. We watched people playing spoons on the Internet, and from there we discovered an array of different possibilities: Hitting pillows, blowing into bottles, hitting the tops of trash bins; glasses filled with different amounts of water to be hit like church bells. Filling balloons with air and then pinching the tops to control the release of air to produce high-pitch wheezing sounds was exceptionally nice. If we prairie rats had balloons in our day, man, the music we could have made! What we, the evolved lattice, learned was that the kitchen is the place to be if one is looking for a variety of makeshift musical instruments.

## Chapter 38

Because Martin had a big place, Jane and I decided to stay with him. She gathered a few items of clothing and personal hygiene in *my* handbag. We parked our car in a hidden spot in the dessert, about forty miles outside of Lubbock, and we teleported.

At Martins, weeks passed and we hadn't discovered too much about the influence of music on teleportation. Though what we finally did learn to do, which was impressive enough, was to split, through the use of certain rhythms, a teleported hologram into a number of images at the same location. We could also hold for a certain amount of time a physical presence in two separate

locations: We could literally put a single object in two separate spaces at the same time! This would even be, for prairie rat understanding, nothing short of a miracle. What we were further able to figure out, after I'd gone out and foraged for some mind bending plants and we all ate them, was that we should be able to change or alter our own physical illusions' sizes in a holographic or physical teleportation.<sup>68</sup> The drugs helped us get beyond our own limited perceptions and to think outside of the box, as the chimps like to say. So there we all were, once again at Martin's, and completely out of our minds. But that was what we wanted. We needed to see things differently. Under the influence, it was Pavel who first theorized that we should be able to alter the size of a teleported object. He went on, in a mad rambling, about Zeno's paradoxes, Spinoza's God and Georg Cantor's Set Theory, and how, if we could all understand the mathematics, we could transform the size of any object.

"Even if objects are only mere illusions the mathematics remains pure! This is the beauty of math! We could teleport ourselves to the center of an atom if we were all capable of understanding the mathematical reduction." He screamed all of this as though we should answer with, "Hallelujah," and so we did. Pavel is truly a charm, and Julie and Pavel together are magical.

Pavel Popovich received his doctorate at Moscow State University in Geology, and taught there for three years before being asked to join the PolarTrec Team in Siberia. Once in Siberia, he was approached by KAS Enterprises and asked if he'd like to be employed as a Quiet Professional. Not necessarily having any great nationalist tendencies, he saw it as an opportunity to getting out of Russia and as a possible path to finding a better paying job in the West. What he didn't expect was falling in love with Julie Whitmer. No longer concerned with better paying jobs, Pavel simply wanted to share the rest of his life with his great love. His emotional complexities more than made and still makes up for any primitive perceptions he has about living.

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<sup>68</sup> Hallucinogenic can be very helpful in bringing forth previously unseen mysteries and in unlocking the secrets to those mysteries.

In response to Pavel's profound comments, I think we all said something to the tune of, "Wow, that would be cool." But it was Julie who then asked, "I wonder if you can bring an ice cream with you to the center of an atom. Wouldn't that be amazing to float in the middle of an atom and to eat ice cream?"

Inspired by Julie's profound question, we somehow, in our altered states of mind, found a pizza delivery service that also sold ice cream, and we ordered both pizza and ice cream. I think it was Jane who had placed the order. Although she was as out there as the rest of us, she seemed to still be in control of her actions to some degree.

Martin's, besides being a big place, was comfortable in a student dorm room sort of way. The living room was bare except for a cluttered coffee table, a large sofa, and six bean bag chairs. It was somehow best suited for inebriated socializing, teleportation experiments, and hallucinogen consumption—and of course eating pizza and ice cream.

"Mathematically speaking, and if we knew the right rhythm and song, we should theoretically be able to reduce or increase the size of a teleport pilot," I managed to get out. I mean what Pavel said made sense. Even while high as a kite I got the math part. We prairie rats are gifted in the area of mathematical theorizing—and drug consumption. Prairie rats had developed highly complex polyrhythmic and irrational rhythmic musical techniques used to engage future-viewing over millennium ago—while under the influence of drugs.

After we established the viability of transporting *and* reducing an object, having done the best we could with the solving the mathematical aspects we all needed to understand in order to do it, we then tried to teleport an object and at the same reduce it. At least we weren't stupid enough or high enough to try and send one of us—yet. We might have only transported the TV from one side of the room to the other, and condensed it in the process, but it was still, nonetheless, a

tremendous feat. Even if the TV ended up looking like mini TV made by Salvador Dali for a dollhouse of horrors.

Due to the success of sending the TV, and despite the fact that it looked like a micro cheeseburger with the cheese melting out the sides of it, everyone but Jane and I wanted to try teleporting one of us. We prairie rats would've never wagered something so ridiculous and stupid while under the influence of drugs. Reality wasn't something for us to toy with; we had too much respect for life. We weren't born with a sense that it was our destiny to rule over any and every thing. This is definitely something my chimp friends need to learn. Fortunately, clearer minds prevailed and no attempt was made to send anyone of us through time and space while we were all cockeyed, looped and zonked.

Eventually we all sobered up and there were some serious discussions about how far we should take the experiments. With the prevalent sentiment amongst the chimps embodying an intellectual manifest destiny over life and thus existence, it was hard to keep our ambitions in check. Luckily, Jane understood the dangers involved without me having to explain them to her, and we were able to convey to others that we couldn't expect miracles in a matter of days, week, months or even years.

"This stuff's tricky. It's not a matter of shaking some hips, smacking some lips, and then farting out a couple of tones. If we don't take this all in stride and try to make big, bold jumps in learning, thing could go terribly wrong. And now that we're a family—a small family at that—we can't take any great risks."

James of all people, decided to throw my sense of caution in my face, and commented, "So much for:

If you like to gamble, I tell you I'm your man  
You win some, lose some, it's all the same to me  
The pleasure is to play, makes no difference what you say  
I don't share your greed, the only card I need is

We can't take any risks!

We can't take any risks!

That chimp is going to be a great comedian one day.

## Chapter 39

“In Dick’s world, precogs are mutants or identified *talents*, as he called them, that were further developed in a government-operated training school. And perhaps they were kept in rigid position by metal bands, clamps and wiring, strapping them into special high-backed chairs, just like William did to me, but that’s where the similarity ends. William could never take care of my physical needs. He couldn’t take care of his own needs, and that’s why died.” I looked over at Jane, and gave her a wry smile. “I’m sure William’s now at home in a cavern of oblivion.”

“May he’s consciously alive in the miseries of eternal nothingness,” added my sweet Jane.

“I don’t know if you’re right. It seems to me Dick’s idea that future-viewers have extremely large, fat heads is dead-on correct. I mean your nut there is pretty swollen. I’m surprised you just don’t fly away like a hot air balloon. From the way you talk about us chimps in comparison to your superior prairie rat race, I’d say Dick had a past-viewer and he saw *you* in that thing.” That was James. He was becoming a first rate comedian.

“Coming from you James, I can only take that as a compliment. The only physical appearances distorted from the ordinary form—enlarged heads and wasted bodies—were those of the aliens that came and wiped out hundreds of species. The single thing Dick could have possibly future-viewed was aliens and not *precogs*. That would make sense. I mean he couldn’t have been talking about you and your lot. Your heads are underdeveloped. They’re so small I’m not sure there’s even anything in there. At least my swollen head has air, but you and your kind, well, you give new meaning to the word vacuum.” He grunted a laugh in response.

We were chatting idly, the topics desultory. It was nice. It was the way it should be. It’s not good to always be so focused on solving problems. Life is not a problem. Life is joy, and that’s something none of us should ever forget. Without the joy, I’m not even sure the lattice would be accessible to us anymore.

We had talked about a number of different topics. From art, to literature, to science, to music, before we then got to a Squirrel’s ability to future-view. Our little band of merry lattice dwellers had tried hundreds of different ways to teleport, with music, with dance, with laughter and with with poetry, and, in addition to our own bodies, we’d come a long way in teleporting most any object we chose. We’d already established that given a strong enough will and enough pilots we could theoretically teleport entire planets...we didn’t try it, but that’s how it worked. Our mental strengths corresponded to physical-size-to-strength ratios. If one were mentally big enough, or given

enough participants a lattice, one could literally move mountains. But as for future-viewing, we had yet to try it. Seeing that I was the only current member that had ever engaged in future-viewing, the group left the direction to me. We tried many times and in many different ways, but it just wouldn't work. The fundamental perception needed to turn it on wasn't there. This new, evolved lattice had its advantages, but future-viewing wasn't one of them. But what we did figure out was that Dick's theory about the time-paths overlapping makes sense to some degree. But it would take a combination of future-viewing and telepathy to change the future. If a chimp or prairie rat pilot was frozen and then constant future-viewings were fed into his or her mind through telepathy, for as long as the pilot was asleep, the pilot would inadvertently awaken and know everything that is going to happen and could therefore change it before it does....and we figured this out without the use of any mind altering substances! It would be in this way that history could weave a complicated web of crossing time paths but still be on a linear journey. It is a theory of multiple-futures that would allow a pilot to affect the nature of the path after he or she has awoken. The future could be altered in just such a manner.

## Chapter 40

It took 'em while, but finally someone asked about the chimp on the other side. How do you explain it to creatures who believe reality is a solid, physical phenomenon? Chimps still believe they control things.

We were no longer at Martin's in Regina. His home is great, but it was just too cold and dark there. It was late winter and we all needed to shake the winter blues. So we went to Bora Bora and got ourselves a bungalow on a beach. We were literally perched over the water on stilts surrounded

by, get this; sand-fringed motus...that's a fancy chimp way of saying tiny, sandy islands or sandy islets. This is truly beautiful place. The sky. The water. The air. The people. The sea life. The others had already been scuba diving in the turquoise lagoon surround by a coral reef! I didn't get to go diving, but I was on the boat, and I got to see the pictures. We saw Nemo and all of his friends!

"How can there be beauty without permanence?" James was always the most curious out our group.

"You have to understand that the eye of the beholder isn't necessarily limited to a single perspective. When we are in the lattice we are no longer simply individual beings yet we are somehow still unique. But we share our singularity in a greater eye of beholding." That was Julie speaking. Normally she doesn't delve this deep into the conversations, but I think the beach and bungalow and the four *Rum Chum Yummy Chums* she'd drank had inspired her.

"And this all relates to the chimp on the other side, how?"

"Good question." I was stumped, too.

"Oh, this teak wood décor is just to die for." That was Christian. He had drunk a number of *Yummy Chums*, too.

Jane had only had two *Yummy Chums*, but she understood the chimp on the other side from the beginning. "We've all learned that reality isn't what always appears to be. It is and isn't all in the same moment." You go my chimp, sweetheart Jane! "When it comes down to it we are all only aware of things through faith. Whether it is in the faith that probability and possibilities of this moment are filled with joy or whether it be in that we see a sun that is going to rise and set. It is faith that underscores every act of consciousness we are involved in. We know this to be true because we live, when melding, in the lattice itself. But even the lattice has its own need of faith to sustain itself. Perhaps like dark needs light or hot needs cold in order to maintain some semblance of meaning or life. The lattice sustains everything that was, is, and could ever be, but without something else or

other, the lattice couldn't live. Exist, yes, but live, no. We scientists have long believed the other side of the lattice to be nothing, but nothing has to be something."

She got this far, and most everyone had since finished their drinks and were in desperate need of another one, when we all felt *it*. *Pennywise* seemed to be hiding in the shadows. We could feel *it*, and so we scavenged our minds and the lattice, but there was nothing there...except *it*.

To shake *it* off, we jumped, one by one, through the hole in our bungalow floor, into the blue lagoon awaiting us below. The water was warm and relaxing. Just what we needed.

"The chimp on the other side is a creation of Chum Chum's mind, but at the same moment, Chum Chum is the creation of his mind. Did chimps create gods or did gods create chimps? The question is irrelevant, because here we are, and I am definitely feeling the joy, so there must be something there...and here." I was rested on Jane's tummy as she floated in the water. The others, though they'd heard what she'd said, had since become more interested in splashing and diving—in having fun.

"We Squirrels are honest, but we do keep secrets, and—" I was trying to continue because Jane had decided she was going to just enjoy the sun and water and not wrestle with the others when James interrupted. "Secret Squirrel! Where's Atom Ant!" James never ceases to surprise me. I mean I could understand if Julie or Christian or even Jane had made the reference to a second-rate cartoon from the 1960s, but not James. He was so typical no-frills lab nerd who I would've thought was only capable of making computer game references.

"You call me that again, and I'll bite you in the jugular vein. Then the others'll have to call me Count Squirrula." That got everyone laughing.

"Bite him, Count Squirrula!" screamed Pavel in a drunken tizzy, and then he tried to splash Jane and me, but the spray of water missed us.

“Listen, you chimps wanted to know about the chimp on the other side. This is the only time I’m going to tell you, so pay attention.”

“Oh, oh, Count Squirrula is getting angry. Better watch out! If he doesn’t bite you to death then he’s gonna get you with his diseased nuts!” I ignored James and just continued with my explanation. “The place where I hide things is just a private sphere—nothing dark—but it holds a bit of my uniqueness. All Squirrels were and are capable of compartmentalizing. We’re normally creatures of the lattice—we did, after all, discover and develop comprehensive technology—but we are still alive *and* existent. That’s how I am. I don’t objectify life through a subjective perception, but I can compartmentalize a sense of *thereness*<sup>69</sup> that preserves my ability to live.” I’d since lost everyone to the joy...thank goodness. But I think that although they weren’t listening per se, they were absorbing it somehow. I finished my explanation: “Secrets do, in paradoxical way, go against the intentionality fiber of communication—that is unless you hand over all secrets to fate itself and then secrets become part of the possibilities and probabilities unfolding: We prairie rats live and exist, so we have to have something that guards our uniqueness from simply becoming the lattice itself. Perhaps, in chimp terms, my daily real life dwells in the cloud storage, but its ethereal aspects inhabit the illusion of space: My body is not where I roost, because existence itself is the only body I can ever recognize. And it is the chimp on the other side who guards me from these moments of clarity. In other words, even when I make sense of it, there is no sense to it, and this lack of meaning is secured elsewhere...on the flash drive of the chimp on the other side.” Whew, I had given myself a headache. It was time to have my share of *Rum Chum Yummy Chums*.

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<sup>69</sup> *Thereness* is my interpretation of Immanuel Kant’s *dasein*, which is just an overcomplicated way self-anointed smart chimps give *things* to describe the way things exist....like *things* need someone to talk about them before they can be real. I could write *thingyness* but that would sound just as overcomplicated.

## Chapter 41

Prairie rat aka Squirrel nests haven't change, fundamentally speaking, since my day. We were always and we will always remain engineering geniuses. In Ancient times prairie rats built magnificent structure. And when I say magnificent, I mean buildings, temples, schools and such that are unimaginable to chimps. You chimps have your architectural feats, like the [Santa Maria del Fiore](#) in Florence or the Basilica Cistern in Istanbul or the Burj Khalifa in Dubai or the Gardens by the Bay in Singapore or the Shard in London or the Guangzhou Opera House in China or, or, or. I could on here to no end, but all these structures are permanent. Once erected it would take a lot of effort to take

them down again. Imagine buildings equal in grandeur but capable of being taken down and put back up again within a matter of days! Our mega-domes where the World Wally Cups took place were large enough to hold almost a billion Squirrels! We might be smaller than you chimps, but a billion of anything is a lot! And we could all fit into a single arena that was built just days prior! We built skyscraper, hundreds of feet high, mostly for nut-harvest-celebrations, where, squirrels met, slept, ate, dance, sang, put on plays, told stories or whatever it was for the day's event. But in Squirrel society there was no permanence. These structures could be taken down within a blink of an eye—well, within days. I don't want to exaggerate here. Although easily constructed or deconstructed, prairie rat structures were stable and strong enough to withstand the worst of storms and earthquakes...unfortunately just not strong enough to hold off an invading alien army. But our comprehensive technologies never cluttered the landscape with illusions of permanence—or garbage for that matter. Because we had our intentionality fiber of communication, or what we now call the lattice, and knowledge became universal and with application of certain songs and rhythms, much like a program containing certain algorithms, we prairie rats became, if need, a billion strong machine of assembly or disassembly.

The others are now asleep. We had all went early this day to the Gardens by the Bay in Singapore, and now we're at Martin's again. It's late. I should be asleep, too. But my mind is Squirrely. I know this chimp architecture has its charms, but I guess I'm just missing my time, and my culture. I hope you, chimp on the other side, are still writing all of this down for me. These romantic emotions, this longing for different and better times, are not always healthy, but sometimes, even in their disparaging origins, there's somehow a kind of joy given to the loneliness that comes with them.

Chapter 42

“Those swollen headed, bug-eyed emaciated looking creatures with rat-like tails were almost as tall as you chimps. Matter of fact, if you were about a two feet shorter I might not be able to tell you apart.”

“Ha, ha. You need to come up with a new style. It’s just not funny anymore. It’s the same routine, over and over again. I admit you got that 1970s thing down, but come on Chum Chum, it’s well into the 2000s and you’ve been doing that same shtick now for over three years.”

James was right. I knew it, and everyone knew it. I wasn't funny anymore. But there was an underlying stress affecting all of us. Although we'd figured out teleportation, and I didn't have to worry about being seen, we were all still worried. It was strange that none of PolarTrec team had heard from CA. Matter of fact it was a bit unnerving. These government agencies just didn't let their Quiet Professionals say, *Hey, I'm going on sabbatical. I'll give you a call when I'm done*—and then six of them, all from a single reconnaissance team, taking a leave of absence at the same time. We all sensed that there was more going on than we were privy to. It was as if we were under constant surveillance. At first we thought it was a side effect to our two species melding in the lattice, but we instinctively knew better. Something, Pennywise or Godzilla, was watching us. Observing us like we were all rats in a lab experiment: And when the experiment was done then what? We knew what that meant. I think Jane intuitively knows and that's why she always wears that wry smile: that *same wry* little grimace of amusement as she realizes suddenly that even at the very gate of death it was still on life, her life, that her thoughts dwelt. In these as it will be in the last moments, it was the tedious, but stimulating, battle of existence that was really occupying her full attention. In some way we all sensed that our battle of existence hadn't yet begun, but it would be soon. Sooner or later our Pennywise would rear its ugly face.

“And now that I think about it, they must have also had teleportation or at least something similar to it. We never saw their ships, but a beam would come from the sky, and when I say from the sky, I mean the beam, from our perspective on earth, went upwards to a point beyond the highest visibly flying planes. And from this beam, as if it was a ghostly hand, it would dispense aliens. And these aliens then hunted everything it viewed as special. The Stag Moose, the Woollies, the Saber Tooth, the Mastodons, the ground sloths, the Short-faced Skunk, the Dire Wolf, and, and, and everything and anything they could skin or pull teeth, fangs and tusks from. All of these animals were hunted to extinction because of their beauty.... What else could it have been? I mean if a life form is capable of traversing the universe then wouldn't you think it had long since created some

kind of synthetic garments capable of providing protection against not only extreme cold and heat but against things like space radiation?

“We were not the smallest of the small; there were other mammals that were tinier. There were so many great creatures in my time that were hunted, and all for what? For the things that made them special. As for us, although we were tiny by comparison to the megafauna hunted to extinction, the aliens must have been watching things for a long time, and knew that we were the alpha species—and that’s why they wanted our heads. Well, tails is what they wanted. They hunted us for tails. We knew this because after killing us they’d cut the tails off and discard the rest. It was horrible to witness a killing field. All those tail-less Squirrel corpses. I heard a terrible song, *Killing Technology*, by a thrash metal band once, and the chorus immediately reminded me of the aliens and their killing:

The fear will come from the sky, from behind!  
Tomorrow disappears  
The fear will come from the sky, from behind!  
Tomorrow is the fear  
The fear will come from the sky, from behind!  
We are connected...

The band itself wasn’t and isn’t worth remembering<sup>70</sup>, I suppose, but the text to that song somehow struck a chord in my prairie rat brain.”

All I got as a response from my fellow teleporters was disinterested *uh huhs*. And I didn’t care. We prairie rats sometimes just need to chatter. It a *squirrely* thing.

“At first the aliens used a hand held device much like a slingshot. I guess it made them feel superior in that their perceptions and reactions were much quicker than ours. After having decimated over three quarters of our population, I guess because we had become so scarce they no

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70 Just for the sake of poteritiy and for those chimps who might be into that sort of music, the band is called Voivod.

longer had the patients to wait for one of us to come out of hiding. Big, tough guys with their technology for killing—they would get along with you chimps.”

“Yeah, yeah, we chimps are monsters in comparison to the holy prairie rat civilization.” That was Pavel. Even he was getting tired of me, my criticisms, and my story telling. But I ignored him. It was easy for me, a prairie rat, to ignore chimps. I mean in my time they were always playing with themselves—everywhere and at any time—so we Squirrels just naturally stopped paying attention to their compulsive, *drug addict’s high* sort of behaviors.

“In form they were similar to us, but they were longer, perhaps a foot and a half longer, and they were skinnier. Their heads were bigger than ours, and their eyes! We Squirrels have nice eyes: Kind of mysterious and sexy all at the same time. But those aliens with their oversized heads and eyes that took up almost three quarters of their faces were truly hideous. I get the creeps just thinking about them. I mean thank sweet nuts those aliens weren’t into anal probes. I would have never wanted to wake up again.”

“Maybe that would’ve been better for us. Then we wouldn’t have to listen to your same jokes over and over again,” interrupted James, and everyone finally laughed—everyone but Christian that is; he’d insightfully gone away for the weekend.

I guess if the joy comes at my expense then I can accept that. I was on automatic at this point. I needed to say what I needed to say.

“There were plenty of small furry creatures with nice tails that weren’t sentient like us that they could have taken: The Giant Beaver, the Voles, Porcupines and the Grasshopper Mouse! But they hunted only the megafauna and us! From the megafauna they kept their furs and hides, made rugs, coats, hats, shoes and everything anything one think of that has no real purpose but to make an alien “look good.” And I guess they ate some of the animals they killed, too. It’s hard to say. I never got ask one of those bubbleheaded, rat tailed, pop-eyed beasts what they were exactly doing with all

of the life they took. But they only hunted us to use our tails for hat decorations! Hat decorations! I know this for a fact. My entire family ended up on alien heads! Toward the end, right before I went into deep freeze, the aliens that were still there, hunting us, had strange looking hats adorned with our tails resting on top of their oversized melons. Squirrels can recognize tails. They're like what chimps call fingerprints. I saw my mother and father's tails dangling down the sides of jumbo melon monsters. It made me sick for days. Those Predator films weren't too far from the truth. I wouldn't be surprised if the writers hired aliens as consultants. Sure, some of the Neanderthals were a bit clever, perhaps like a pig or crow in today's world, but we were the dominant species. Heck, it was squirrels that had painted the caves."

"Yeah, we've heard about your cave paintings a thousand times. Next it's going to be the Venus figurines and then the Wally Rides and blah, blah, blah. We get it. You can stop talking now."

Although we'd made great progress in the science of teleportation, we had reached an impasse. We needed to take a break from science *and* each other.

To make everyone mad, I didn't stop talking. I guess I also needed a break. There's nothing to be gained from being fouled out—but I'm a prairie rat and we can't stop chatting once we're in the grove—once we got the Squirrries going. "We had been doing landscapes and action sequences for centuries. You chimps only started to go into the caves to hide from the aliens. We made all that stuff. Chimps throwing spears, hunting giant animals. It was *our* science fiction that *we* created for entertainment. You chimps now got your Transformers and your *How to Train Your Dragon* and your *Wizard of Earthsea* and their wizards and your *Narnia* books. We made you chimps into the talking dumb beasts. But as the old adage goes: *Chimp see chimp do.*" I knew that got under their thin skins. Now I was just being annoying for the sake of being annoying. I really did need some new material if I wanted to someday resume my profession as a comedian. "Just as we were being frozen and your ancestors were spending more time in caves, hiding from the aliens, they started to imitate our creations! That's when your great uncles started hunting with rocks and spears --- and it was

hilarious. The dummies really did go after the Woollies with spears! Chimps and their need to prove they have coconuts between their legs and not peanuts. Me stupid gorilla, me attack biggest animal to show stupid female gorilla me strong and brave! Ah ha ha! Your relatives got their asses kicked out there! It's a good thing we didn't paint the cave walls with comprehensive technological information or else you monkeys might have evolved much farther than you have."

I was just rambling at this point. Matter of fact, I think I'd just repeated things I'd said to them dozens of time already. I was turning into the crazy old chimp, the one who keeps repeating the same stories over and over again to their grandchimps. I mean I am old. I am the oldest living creature on the planet for nutsake! So I should be able to blather on like a senile retiree on amphetamines.

It was time for us to get away from each other and to go out and gather some experiences on our own.

## Chapter 43

Janet wanted to go to the Outpost, but I said no. Sure there're some decent players there, but I can't support a venue that doesn't serve alcohol. I mean a jazz club without booze, cigarettes or drugs is like a swimming pool without water. Sure you can run around an empty pool, recall the feel of water on your fur and the fun in diving and splashing, but in the end you're still in an empty pool filled with only memories of what it means to actually swim. The beauty in Jazz music is that did and does embody all those things the chimps might have lived and still will live as decadent, seedy

and dirty, and revealed and still does reveal beauty. I'm the first one to tell someone to put out a cigarette—because it's filthy and useless: Tobacco offers no *joy*, but only the *-less* to life.<sup>71</sup> And although booze is not the best high, smoking maryjane in a club with or without good ventilation might be too imposing for patrons who don't want to breath the secondhand smoke: Booze is therefore the best drug for any venue—that is until Quaaludes are made legal!

I finally talked her into going to Silva's Saloon just north of Albuquerque in Bernalillo, New Mexico. I think she only agreed because it's on the old Route 66, and it sounded kind of romantic to her. I was there once after doing a comedy gig in Albuquerque. I even did a drunken twenty minute standup comedy routine. Man that was a party! I did some funny improve—nothing over the top, but coming from a Squirrel with a Barry White voice, I had 'em all in tears:

“Three cowboys of the world are sitting around a camp fire talking about how tough they were and the tales kept getting bigger and bigger. The cowboy from Australia says, "I wrestled a 200 pound crocodile and made it cry like a baby." The Cowboy from Brazil shakes his head and says, "I killed a 400 pound steer with my bare hands." The Cowboy from New Mexico just smiled and kept stirring the campfire with his leg.”

Of course that went over well. It was like feeding candy to a baby. And then there was the Oklahoma joke. That was easy, too, seeing that old man Silva made his money bootlegging during prohibition and then, after booze became legal again, selling moonshine in dry Oklahoma:

“Swint and Fess, two Oklahoma cowboys, were resting their horses out on the range. "What'd Emmaline give yew for yore birthday?" asked Swint. "Pair of cufflinks," said Fess. "But I ain't got no use for them. I can't even find anyplace to get my wrists pierced.”

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71 Tobacco by itself, without the chimps way of poisoning it with profit and greed, is quiet nice. Matter of fact Squirrels used to chew tobacco leaves.

And then from there the *dry Oklahoma jokes* were easy.

It was nice having an audience with no skeptics, just drunk chimps wanting to have a good time. It was one of the few times I did a routine without being cynical or vicious. On that night I also got to sing, *Guns, Guitars and Women*, with Kell Robertson. And right after we were finished, I got the audience rolling in tears with:

How many cowboys does it take to change a light bulb? Two: One to change it and another to sing about how they'll miss the old one.

*Nuts almighty*, what a great poet, story teller, and musician! I heard that old Kell died two days later. At least I got to share the stage with him before he left for greener pastures.

Silva's is dark dive covered with postcards, pictures and photos all over the walls. Lots of naked women paintings from the 70s—I guess if I were a chimp I'd be into that sort of thing. The walls are so covered that on the night I was there and did my comedy and sang songs with Kell, drunk chimps couldn't even find the bathroom door anymore. At that point, I didn't even need to tell any jokes. I just continually pointed at the chimps groping the wall, crossing their legs and squeezing their private parts. Silva's is definitely a chimp treasure—right up there with the Village Vanguard. The owner, Felix Silva Jr., told me the bar has been operated by his family since the 1930's—and I believe him. Going inside was like *past-viewing*—if that were possible. Felix, already in his 80's, began working there as a child, and continued to work for his father until he passed away in the 1980's. Silva Jr. is great to talk to, as are the female bartenders. I guess the bar's also been in several movies and shows and has hosted other celebrity visits...none of them as famous as the joke telling Squirrel, or course.

Martin had joined us—he was there in the non-corporeal sense. Everyone could see him, but if someone were to have tried and touch him, they would have felt nothing but air. Martin didn't want to come in hard copy form because he still needed to get the hang of minimally moving his

physical body so that his hologram-self looked and acted real. It isn't an easy feat being aware in two sets of space and time and then coordinating both actions without having problems. Matter of fact, Jane hurt herself a month ago or so. She and I had teleported to Pavel and Julie's in San Francisco for a night, just so as to get a different perspective, and she ended up knocking herself out. We weren't in hard copy in Frisco, but went holographic. Inside Julie and Pavel's place, Jane went to follow Julie into the kitchen and in the process her physical body back in the motel room in Lubbock (I guess it was more than a month ago) ran into the corner of the bed and caused her to topple. Her head hit the floor and she knocked herself out. It's a good thing we were together. I was able to tend to her injuries. Just a slight concussion, but all the same a hard lesson learned. Teleporting is no laughing matter....unless you're a standup comedian prairie rat.

Anyway, Martin was, while sitting at Silva's, just a hologram: The heavier aspect of his body was in Saskatchewan at home. Martin is German and originally from Starnberg am See, a hamlet just south of Munich that is best known for the lake in which King Ludwig II of Bavaria drowned. Ludwig II was the chimp who built the castle, Schloss Neuschwanstein, that later inspired the Disney Castle. Martin was of no relation to either Ludwig II or Disney, but he had gotten his doctorate in geology at the University of Leipzig, Germany, and was unemployed for eight months before taking the job with PolarTrec Team in Siberia. The best part about him was that he was a jazz aficionado!

"Mingus was great, but Thelonious was a free floating genius. Come on, *Cuarteto en Dinamarca* is beyond this world. But Mingus had some ingenious grooves, I'll give you that." Martin spoke with a light accent, and I could have had some fun with that, but I was still living in a purse and so I couldn't get him mad and have both him and Jane yelling at the *bag* on the table. I mean New Mexico cowboys are tolerant, but having two chimps hollering at a ladies handbag on a table might have been too much for the other guests at Silva's. It's too bad I had to hide, I would've liked have said hello to Felix.

Jane had ordered me a fizzy water. She always got them with a straw and then held them near to her bag with the straw-end reaching in. The fizz always tickles my nose. It's nice.

We were in a booth, and both Jane and Martin were pleased with the choice of venue. If you've never been there it's hard to understand its charm and character.

What more could a Squirrel on the lamb want than to be sitting in a historical gin mill, surrounded by relics from a dozen eras, and to be talking with two charming chimps about the greatest works of music ever created...even when living life on the lamb, a Squirrel can find the joy. Eventually our conversation drifted to comparing Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock. I personally know Corea and Hancock, and I can honestly say they are, although completely different in style and approach to playing, two geniuses carved from the same nut.

Unfortunately, our chatter changed and the topics holding our lives in check became, as always, the center of our attention. Before I was frozen, I never imagined waking up would be this hard. My mission was pretty clear to me thirty-five thousand years ago: Wake up, grab my nuts, unleash death upon the chimps...maybe it's a good thing life is never simply so black and white.

After we leave Silva's, Jane and I were planning on going into Albuquerque and getting some jazz CDs. Jane agreed to it although she's not a jazz fan. So that's what was really occupying my thoughts while Martin was going on about all the important stuff weighing down our lives...and life itself, I guess.

"Ritual was and is Squirrel experience of time, and, thus, understanding or experiencing this sense of Squirrel time might be the key to unlocking information that might prove vital to establishing a purely human lattice, or as the you prairie rats might refer to it: a human *intentionality fiber of communication.*" That's how Martin talks. "If the bad chimps over at CA or KAS Enterprises ever catch wind of this comprehensive technology, as you call it, it might not be so good for the other forty-nine thousand nine-hundred and ninety-nine prairie rats still frozen in the ground

—and it is definitely not going to be any good for you, either. Therefore it can be assumed that understanding Squirrel sense of time is of the utmost importance to humans who want to maintain further domination over life. Furthermore, human linking to the Squirrel system of future-viewing may bring with it a dimension of space that is, to the Squirrels, incomprehensible.”

Jane was just as tired of talking about this stuff as I was. She had ordered the hologram Martin a rum and coke and was sipping from that, not paying much attention to his dialogue, either. I listened to her thoughts and I could hear speaking to herself, asking questions about the various artifacts hanging from the walls and ceiling. She’d heard another guest talking about the blood stains that have been on the ceiling for over sixty year. In 1949 Felix’s father had bashed in some would-be-robber’s brains with a crowbar...and the place hasn’t been painted since! This place not only looks right, blood stains and all, but it smells right. None of its patrons are overly perfumed or deodorized. Chimps can be *real* if they want to be.

“And now with your nuts gone, securing your person has become that much more important to the CA and its researchers: They are going to want to hold you captive until they figure out how to get the lattice to work. They’ll eventually be able to reproduce the virology research we’ve stolen and destroyed, and although we can keep stealing it back and destroying their files, sooner or later they’re going to put two and two together and realize we’re teleporting into the facility—Ockham’s razor and all.”

The place was comfortably full, and some other guests had brought some homemade tortillas, dips, chips and bean salad. So we were able to nosh in between drinking and talking.

“This is what Dr. Marsh, I mean Jane here assumed, too, when she stole the documents and data. What William and the other researchers were unable to understand was that *they* needed to take the drugs they were forcing on you, in order that they and their minds and illusionary corporeality could link into the lattice. William was, luckily for us, inhibited by his own perceptions of

himself, as he believed himself to be a physically real entity capable of dominating and owning existence—I don't need to tell you about this aspect of his personality." He was talking to me of course. "I have hypothesized that this is exactly what has kept and is still keeping us chimps from obtaining the knowledge that we, or should I say the CA, are still seeking."

This technical talk excited him, and so Jane I nodded, and gave our agreeable *uh huhs*. Martin's a good guy—even if he does talk too much. And somebody's gotta make sense of all this.

"Jane was the first to stumble upon the knowledge. She, unlike William, always had, if I am allowed to use your words, Chum Chum, *a wide palate of colors living within her*. She just needed to get beyond the illusion of her *self*, as she, too, was at that time still convinced of her own physically real existence...but Jane tried the drug: She took a chance for the sake of intellectual curiosity and—the little truth she didn't want to admit at that time—she took it for fun. And due to this latter reason, the returns she got were tremendous."

At this point, things went wrong. The Quiet Professional, the one from the truck stop in Nebraska walked up to our table and sat down next to Martin. There was something stolid and intangible about him. There was no chimp smell and no gush of air from his body as he placed his chimp ass down on the bench of the booth. *It* had arrived.

And then, as if he'd read Martin's thoughts, he said, "At first she could read peoples thoughts, and so she learned who in Project ASSEARCH could be trusted, and after having established a certain amount of quietly solicited intel, she then started to approach them. One by one she dosed, with MWMC in the same unexpected way in which she dosed you, Chum Chum, colleagues who, after having read their thoughts for weeks on end, she felt she could trust. And one by one they joined her in her mission. Even James joined her, and that I don't get. But what I don't understand is why MWMC suddenly worked in creating this lattice. William had been dosing you with it for years. So why a link from your perspective wasn't immediately established after Dr. Marsh

here took it herself is still a mystery. Only after she personally dosed you with it were you able to establish a link to her and the others. Until that point you weren't even aware of the others in any sense of telepathy. It doesn't make sense."

#### Chapter 44

Neither Jane nor Martin knew the Quiet Professional. But we all sensed the problem was much more threatening than it *appeared*: None of us exactly understood that the chimp who walked right up to our table and sat down, was wearing the same seven league boots as Martin—the same pair of boots the others could be wearing if they chose. This lack of vital information almost cost Jane and me our lives. Our fears had sent out a warning signal across the lattice and the others in our family were all, in mental states, suddenly there with us. I could sense the immediate fear Jane, Martin and others felt in the presence of this chimp.

Martin's manifestation began to vacillate just as did that of our uninvited gues, Pennywise. Concentrate! Pavel! Christian! Julie! James! I hollered. Jane's and Martin's fears were so overwhelming that the others were faltering in their focus. Concentrate! I hollered again; my baritone voice could be quite intimidating. Finally, after a brief moment weakness the others pulled themselves together and both Martin's and the Quiet Professional's non-corporeal manifestations stabilized.

"Dr. Marsh it is nice to finally meet you in the flesh. And Dr. Mühlbauer—I hope I said that correctly; those umlauts are difficult for us native English speakers. But it is also a pleasure to meet you. As for the rest of you, I sense your presence here as well, I'm sure we'll meet soon enough in the flesh or in the holographic. But I am glad the whole team is together—even when you're not. As for the abomination...I can't say that it is a pleasure to finally meet you, in a formal way, of course. I actually know you quite well. Maybe even better than yourself. Nonetheless, it isn't really pleasure at all. If you weren't so important, I would just end you right here and now. No contract necessary."

The Quiet Professional was no longer so quiet. But his appearance wasn't as surprising as he thought. Terrifying, yes, but surprising, no. We'd all felt like we were being watched, but we'd all just attributed the feelings to a naturally occurring phenomena of melding in the lattice. I mean two different forms of consciousness working symbiotically to form a greater perception—one that enables space travel—has to have unexplainable aspects to it. And so we all just accepted *being watched* was result of a *thing orientated awareness* and *doing orientation of awareness* coming together.

I am a chrononaut who was born over thirty-five thousand years ago, and so *conquering fear* was my middle name. I felt fear, of course, but I was trained for this and I knew, in the moment that I'd realized I'd thawed too early, that this day might come. I made my *kk!, kk!, kk!* Squirrel war cry, then let loose the Chum Chum. "The dark shadow following our party since the beginning has finally revealed itself. Oh, Pennywise, you might've just played your only trump card. Your arrogance will be

your down fall. You think you know enough about the lattice to attack me in it. Huh, chimp arrogance. In my day and age, we would neuter chimps like you. And then we'd take your little chimp-giblets and feed them to a cat. *Hmmm*, how they loved their Rocky Mountain Oyster treats. Maybe when my fellow chrononauts arrive we'll make a cat here happy. Although I'm sensing your little chimp-giblets might not even be big enough to call an appetizer. We wouldn't want to disappoint any kitties, now would we?" I spoke a bit deeper than I usually do, just so as to give him the impression I was completely cool and relaxed.

He sat silently staring as if he was pondering something. Finally he let out a wry little smile. Not like Jane's, but his droll grin revealed a kind of joy that had no place of shine.

"And we chimps here in this time period like to make stew out of cute and furry rodents like yourself. Maybe when your friends arrive, we can have a potluck dinner. You can try and feed the cat and I'll just eat you."

This chimp was definitely sick and twisted, and, unfortunately, it sounded like he could be a fan of Motörhead.

## Chapter 45

Depending on whom you ask; things either got really weird, out of hand, or completely mind blowing. Although it was nothing short of a miracle neither Jane nor I got killed.

We Squirrels have always had control over future-viewing through use of song, rhythm, and dance. I don't quite understand this space displacement stuff Jane and the others—and now this psychopathic Quiet Professional Chimp— can cause, but in that moment at Silva's, with our world about to implode, I could only hope that teleportation might be steerable or controllable through a musical interlude accompanied by a dance. Although I love my jazz, I do love my pop music, too.

Thank goodness for Youtube, otherwise I wouldn't have the five-million-plus catalogue of songs stored in my little prairie rat brain...chimps still can't wrap their minds around the fact that we Squirrels are much more advanced than they are. But I think Jane and the others are starting to understand this a little bit better. As for that turd of a chimp, the Quiet Professional, I'm not sure what he's thinking right now. For some reason he's able to tap into our lattice, our intentionality fiber of communication, but we can't get into his mind. Maybe he has a Squirrel on the other side storing secret data on a flash drive for him...perhaps: chimp reality is sometimes stranger than fiction. As for what happened at Silva's, I jumped out of the handbag and began a song and dance routine. Of course it had to be the right song, otherwise there could be no control over the circumstances—that's at least how it works in future-viewing. In order to change channels we Squirrels have to have the right rhythm, moves, and songs in order to *switch* future-channels. As for teleportation, I just assumed the importance of the dance was more or less secondary. I can dance, though. Squirrels invented the Tango long before chimps ever began a bipedal strut. But I somehow knew the right song had to be about *getting outta my face*. And that's exactly what I picked. Thanks to Blondie's *Just Go Away*, we were able to send the chimp back to wherever it was he came from.

O Don't ya know  
Don't want to see you any more  
Put up or shut up  
You spell, you read  
D O O are  
You got a big mouth and I'm happy to see  
Your foot is firmly entrenched where a molar should be  
If you talk much louder you could get an award  
From the federal communications board

At this point two things happened. First, everyone in Silva's stopped talking and began gawking at me—which was fine. I like the attention. I mean I am performer, so obviously I like having people look at me. Secondly, and more importantly, the others had read my thoughts and so they knew what to do—that's why we're a family. Julie and Pavel in San Francisco started to dance.

James in Maryland at the University broke out into a beatbox.<sup>72</sup> Christian was still in Siberia and did backups in the chorus.<sup>73</sup> As for Jane—and this was something I didn't previously know—she's a huge Blondie fan. So she knew the text, and we were able to do the song as a duet. It was beautiful. She has a voice that is quite comparable to Mrs. Deborah Harry's and so to combine that with my Barry White baritones was truly amazing. It's too bad all the chimps were too overwhelmed by my being there; otherwise I'm sure there would have been some nice footage of the performance.

Don't be cruel  
Be a thing-sweet thing as a rule  
Don't be sad  
I left you in the street, you're pre-fab  
I had to get away

At this point the Quiet Professional vanished, which was good for two reasons. To begin with, he was out of our fur. What's more most of the patrons had, by this time in the song, remembered who I was: A wanted fugitive with a two million dollar bounty on his head. But because psycho-chimp just vanished into thin air, the other chimps—the guests—were flabbergasted and, to some degree, horrified. This was to our advantage. I would've hated to have to have stopped singing before the song was truly over. It was a beautiful and uplifting experience to be singing a song with Jane in front of an audience. If we ever find a world where our species can coexist peacefully, we will definitely become our generation's Captain & Tennille.

Don't go away sad  
Don't go pre-fab  
Don't go be bad  
Don't go away mad  
Just go away (go away)

---

72 James' coworkers found him quite entertaining. They had no idea why he was doing it, but they were just happy to be, for a moment, away from their nerdy lives as lab-chimps

73 The CA and KAS Enterprise chimps there didn't even acknowledge his outburst.

But it was a good thing the song isn't too long. Because just as we finished the last *go away* old Felix Silva Jr. grabbed his daddy's nine guns that had been stashed under the bar for protection for almost eighty years and he started shooting. Considering Jr. is already in his eighties and can't see all that well or hold a glass of beer steady in his hands, it was a blood bath in there. Matter of fact, Martin got shot multiple times...it's a good thing a hologram is already full of air otherwise he would have been holier than a door-to-door bible salesman. I think Jane and I were the only ones who didn't get shot. We'll have to see if the place finally gets a new coat of paint. I hope not. It would be a shame to cover this most recent chapter in the history of Silva's Saloon.

## Chapter 46

I had to think. I shouldn't have missed this. If this Quiet Professional knew my or *our* thoughts then I or we should be aware of *his* thoughts. We should all be aware of his thoughts. Whatever it was, what was certain was it meant that there was leak. Somewhere the intentionality fiber of communication had a weakness. My hidden self? My secret desires? The information that I don't want anyone, chimp or prairie rat, to know is stored on the chimp on the other side's flash drive, so I assume it's foolproof safe: The chimp on the other side is his own person. He's got his own passwords and security measures that are even unknown to me—and I created him! Everything here

should be safe from a security breach. Unbreakable. Unhackable. My firewall is impenetrable, and yet, somehow...Pennywise knows. I mean maybe Jane overheard my thoughts, and the others overheard us talk, so it could make sense that this is how they found out about the chimp on the other side. But where and when did Jane first learn about the chimp on the other side? I only accessed that compartment where I store him in my brain when necessary. No one should be aware of either him or any of the data stored on his flash drive. There must be some kind of breach arising from this new hybrid chimp-prairie rat relationship in the lattice; a back door that I'm not aware of where information is leaking...or where information can be leaked into my files! I gotta check these notes here on my storage cloud.

Got it! Note from the chimp on the other side:

MKUltra was the code name given to an illegal program of experiments done on human subjects, etc., etc.

And:

Squirrels could future-view, but because of their space-less orientation they were unable to fathom instantaneous space travel: A single particle, the Higgs Particle *higgs-fielding* in Higgs Field...etc., etc.

And:

CLASSIFIED DOCUMENTS: PROJECT ASSEARCH

Records: CA General Hebert Howard Angleton

Quiet Profession X has submitted his theories on (the possible) mechanics in teleportation. The theories still need to either be tested or (secretly) observed to be confirmed.

Non-corporeal teleportation (NCT) works only when there are at least three participants linking in the lattice. Corporeal teleportation (CT) works with a fourth participant, and more than one teleportation at one time works in relationship to multiples of threes...etc., etc.

And:

*From the computer of CA General Hebert Howard Angleton*

CLASSIFIED DOCUMENTS: PROJECT ASSEARCH

Records: CA General [Hebert Howard Angleton](#)

Dr. William A. Schmaljohn, a distinguished virologist at the University of Maryland, MD and who was for more than two decades enlisted as a researcher for the U.S. Army Medical Research Institute of Infection Diseases (USAMRID) at Fort Detrick was killed by his colleague, Dr. Jane Marsh just outside the nightclub, The Comedy Works, in an alleyway connecting 14<sup>th</sup> and 15<sup>th</sup> the Streets in Denver, Colorado on the night of the worst snowstorm in Denver's history...etc., etc.

The General—that was a face no one knew. He was a mystery. All of the PolarTrec team had always answered only to William, and William was the only one who had direct contact to CA and, thus, this General Angleton character. There was no longer a direct contact to CA, and the only open channel of communication was via E-Mail. The downside to this virtual-reality chain of communication was that no one could read his thoughts, because no one had ever met him. The General was a ghost to us. Telepathy and teleportation couldn't bring us any closer to him...a ghost of figure that only existed, without probability and possibility, in our lattice.

I guess Jane's poker face hadn't fooled everybody. Then again William was really good reading *and* misleading people. An important difference between me, a prairie rat, and the chimps, that I now see clearly since first thawing, is we prairie rats are a bad judge of character—can you blame us? We are after all, due to our genetic makeup, involuntarily honest, so we never needed to develop a skill to help us know who's being honest and who's not. Now I know there will be those chimps who might argue that we're fooling ourselves when we say "we are brutally honest," and as proof they might point out that I never told William, in a clear state of mind, why we were frozen and that our infected nuts were, to be cliché, seeds of destruction meant to wipe out mankind. But William never directly asked me any such question, so I was never obligated to tell him. It is true that this kind of behavior was and is not typical for prairie rats. In my time, prairie rats not only answered questions asked, but we also willingly offered answers to unasked questions. But these are desperate times: And that's why I'd promised myself I wouldn't plant the nuts of destruction. Even abstract things like morality and ethics have to be maimed if not sacrificed when things get desperate. In other words, it can't be said that I actually lied to William, and any inner conflict that I may have been living was resolved in that I'd made considerable offering as a sign of good faith. I mean promising not to wipe their species seems to be a fair trade. So a chimp might want to argue semantics but I won't lose any sleep over the idea that maybe we prairie rats are not as honest as we claim to be.

Thanks, Chimp on the other side! Tell the wife and kids Chum Chum says, schöne Grüße aus der anderen Seite.

It's strange how this virtual reality works. Information coming from another dimension straight on to my cloud storage stored data.

*It* has a name: Quiet Professional X.<sup>74</sup> Ha! You don't know about the chimp on the other side...or wait, he can read minds, and perhaps he's already established that we're looking at stolen

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74 Can this post thaw life get any more cliché?

documents and now he's falsifying entries—feeding us bogus intel. Go back and check the digital timestamps on the documents entered here.

It's all good. My security is not completely broken. The documents appear to be real. I need to ask Jane how she knew about you, chimp on the other side.

## Chapter 47

After Silva's, Jane became worried. We hardly ventured out anymore and spent the next few months sleeping in the car, parked in national forests. Our team decided as for a matter of safety that we should no longer contact each other telepathically or teleport unless it is absolutely necessary.

Jane theorized that the Quiet Professional, this clandestine-clandestine Quiet Professional X, was somehow piggybacking on our lattice when we *engaged*, so to say, and that in order to materialize he needed something more tangible or detailed in regards to our specific location—even

if he was teleporting in only a non-corporeal sense... *Maybe* her theory holds water, but I wasn't and I am still not convinced, though. But I don't have a better theory, so I'll go along with it for now.

What I did find out in our time in the woods was that back at that truck stop in Nebraska where I got caught underneath the horse trailer and the dogs saved me, Jane wasn't aware of Quiet Professional X's presence there. She had teleported to the gas station because she'd heard over the wire that I'd been spotted there. She already knew from telepathy where I was at, but she made the full trip, the first time ever in making a corporeal teleportation, to aid me in my escape. She was the one who shot the dog—it wasn't chimp X who killed pooch...I like that, chimp X. That's much better moniker than the *mysterious* Quiet Professional X. I still feel bad about the dog though—and the ends don't justify the means—but Jane had to do something or else I would've been a goner. It was either the pooch or me. And some rednecks did get shot that day. No one died, but plenty of chimp blood was spilled, too.

I check these notes more often now, hoping that the chimp on the other side has left some more info for me. There's still nothing new from him, though—*feel free to help us out here, you old radical expat, you*. Although *he* probably knows that chimp X can read thoughts and if I, Jane, or the others receive some secret information from *him*, the chances are pretty good that chimp X will get a hold of it too.

Seeing that I'm a prairie rat that doesn't like open spaces or being in nature, my time with Jane in the woods should have dragged, but it didn't. Jane and I became even closer. I don't know how many songs we sang together, but I wasn't counting, because life itself became, for us, a kind of song, anyway. Jane *is* a sweet, romantic song.

From what had happened at Silva's we learned that song, dance, and music *can* steer teleportation. Because of this, we assumed, correctly or incorrectly, that song, dance, and music can also direct the telepathy, so when we traveled to a new location or to get groceries or wherever, we would sing *I put a spell on you* by Screamin' Jay Hawkins and mentally *put the spell* on chimp X. We

weren't sure at first if it worked, but a month of telepathy silence with the others, and not having any surprise visits from chimp X, she began to feel more at ease.

The other thing Jane had to explain was how she knew about the chimp on the other side—the one who thinks he's writing a story about me but in reality he's just my security protocol. I guess while I was under the influence of MWMC and being interrogated, I was going to spill my guts, but Jane intervened. She kept my thoughts about the chimp on the other side diverted by humming in my mind a song...a familiar lullaby. The one she'd hummed to me behind the Comedy Works and at the truck stop.

I have to admit, it's a frightening and sad story, and I don't really enjoy recalling it. Some things should have probably remained forgotten. That sick chimp, William—my friend William...

It was during one of our sessions—and by session I mean torture—and William was feeling especially psychopathic. I don't even know how many hours he'd already been brutalizing me. Electric shocks. Rubber hose. Waterboarding. At some point he rubbed Ben Gay and Chile sauce in my turd tube—was he looking for the perfect chip dip? He even hooked up the electric clamps to my penis. What is wrong with chimps? Where do they come up with stuff? I'd like to say William was imitating art again, but from what I understand chimps have been doing this and worse to each other for centuries. So there I was, my head pinned and clamped to the high headrest; front paws and back paws strapped tight; but this time the chair I'm sitting in has a special drop-out bottom. If it hadn't been specially designed for me I would've thought it was some kind of sex chair. Anyway, he reaches down under the chair and gives me a shot where my turd tube and tail meet. I mean after all the pain I'd already been through, it wasn't so bad. But then he tells me he's given me a local anesthetic so that I won't feel what he's going to do next. He doesn't want me to pass out from the pain, he says to me. Or worse, he says, you might go into shock and die, and then what would I tell the General at CA? William the Merciful. Aye, I'm getting dizzy and sweaty just talking about it. So there I am, lying in the chair, my turd tube is numb and I'm being told to expect the worst. William

then grabs a scalpel from off a table and shows it to me and says, I always wanted a hat with a squirrel tail ornament hanging down from it. I mean aliens wiped out my entire species just for our tails, and there he was, telling me *he's* going to take my tail from me and use it to make a hat...I can't believe I ever called that scum my friend. After he coldly grins, he reaches down, moves his shoulder as though he's just made a cut with his arm and hand, and then reaches up a black tail and says, maybe I'll die it red...and that's when the lullaby began to hum in my head. It's such a familiar and sweet song. It's quite peaceful. I mean I don't remember seeing Jane there, but she says she was there. And so through telepathy, she'd reached into my mind with that beautiful song *momma and poppa* chimps sing their babies to sleep with. I didn't fall asleep, but I was definitely delivered, thanks to Jane, to the joy. William hadn't cut off my tail. He was just messing with me. But he did go on torturing me that day, and he ended up putting my paws in vises, causing me further unimaginable agony...but *the* song was there with me, keeping me from losing my mind.

## Chapter 48

Hey Chum Chum, it's me, the chimp on the other side. Quiet Professional X has no knowledge of me. The best I can tell is because his presence brings literally *nothing* to the story; *my* presence is incomprehensible to him. I am the faith holding together your world as you are the faith holding together my world. We are the two sides of the coin necessary for things to happen. Nothingness' power is in its own belief that it supersedes even itself. Even when that self is a perception based on belief—nothingness would like propagate the thoughts that there is only once side of the coin. Whatever it is, Quiet Professional X's arrogance and ignorance are to our advantage.

We can communicate without him knowing and, thus, we can continue to prop up each other's world without fear of him. We are both safe in our hiding spots.

Again with the help of my hacker buddy, Dirk, I was able to get another document from the CA computers. I hope this info helps you. I still believe our lives are interconnected. Besides the threat of a prairie rat Armageddon, I am starting to get the feeling that there's another war on the horizon. I am convinced that our survival also depends on the survival of your fellow prairie rats. You need to keep them from being wiped out. Without the chrononauts there will be no more posterity for any of us.

Cheers from the other side,

Your Chimp

Document taken from the computer of CA General Hebert Howard Angleton

CLASSIFIED DOCUMENTS: PROJECT ASSEARCH

Records: CA General [Hebert Howard Angleton](#)

I've been informed that our other research facilities have been able to recreate the genetically modified parapoxvirus that was lost in the robbery. This weaponized version of the virus is the lethal to squirrels. Squirrel bodies are not immune and when released this virus will decimate 99.9 percent of the existing squirrel populations. The unmodified version of the virus spread through contact with infected lesions or contaminated crusts, and could also be carried by mosquitoes, but this new weaponized version can and will be transmitted through spraying: It is now an airborne virus. Our poxviruses is highly resistant to drying, which allows it to remain infectious for long periods of time. The virus causes skin ulcers, lesions, and scabs. It can also cause swelling and discharge (from the

lesions/scabs) near the eyes, mouth, feet, and genitalia. Additionally, squirrels, after having fallen victim to the disease, will become increasingly lethargic as it progresses. Infected animals are said to resemble rabbits with myxomatosis, in that they are sometimes found shivering and lethargic. It will be a fitting end to species that claims to be our evolutionary superiors.

Quiet Profession X's report on the development of the PolarTrec team

The usefulness of the PolarTrec team has run its course. The information I've been able to acquire, thus far, will suffice in eventually establishing our own teleport team. Because the mechanics to teleportation are fundamentally "alien" to human understanding and comprehension, I suggest the whole PolarTrec team, with the exception of the ASCC, be terminated. To allow the team to continue would, in time, be a danger: The team, if not stopped immediately, will eventually become a force that CA will not be able to combat. The PolarTrec team will evolve a uncontainable power: CA will lose all viability.

I am convinced that through the techniques applied by Dr. William Schaljohn CA will eventually be able to retrieve, from the ASCC, the information necessary in understanding the controls required to maneuver objects through space and time. The controls are a complex combination of rhythms, melodies and musical tones which, one can only assume, are related to mathematical principles: More than likely there is a corresponding relationship of rhythm/melody/musical tone to mathematical propositions and axioms.

The PolarTrec team is still unaware of their miscalculations regarding teleportation, and I urge, given this advantage, that we act immediately in eliminating the threat.

Chapter 49

I put a spell on you  
Because you're mine  
Stop the things you do  
Watch out, I ain't lying

I can't stand  
No running around  
I can't stand  
No putting me down

I put a spell on you  
Because you're mine, oh yeah

“Obviously there’s confusion, but we might not have forever here to clear things up. So listen up, chimps, we can talk without being heard. We are safe for the time being.”

Jane and I were once again at Martin’s. We teleported after having locked out Quiet Professional X with a song. (Martin was at home listening to *East Coasting* by Mingus!)

“If we don’t have forever then enough with the jazz appreciation! We get it, you like jazz!” That was James, but the others were thinking the same thing as well.<sup>75</sup>

Nobody felt safe anymore and everyone had their doubts as to whether or not this firewall Jane and I had set up was working. Everyone, including Jane and I, was expecting Pennywise to suddenly appear and start killing us.

We had to restore confidence to our troupe. Jane’s wry smile needed to be reborn. It needed to belong to all of us.

“Two versus is all we need.”

The others were in their respective homes; in some ways terrified. The Quiet Professional X was our immanent deaths...we’d forgotten that even at the very gate of death it was still on life, our life, that our thoughts dwelt.

I started it out. My deep voice was made for the song:

Here's a little song I wrote  
You might want to sing it note for note  
Don't worry, be happy  
In every life we have some trouble  
When you worry you make it double  
Don't worry, be happy

The others immediately joined in. The song is, after all, contagious. Beautiful.

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<sup>75</sup> They’d all heard my thoughts and they’d found them trivial. I guess I’m supposed to forget who I am in times of fear, and that means to longer be inspired by life? Chimps, they’ve still got a lot to learn about life.

Ooh, ooh ooh ooh oo-oooh ooh oo-oooh ooh ooh oo-oooh  
(Don't worry)  
Ooh oo-oooh ooh ooh oo-oooh  
(Be happy)  
Ooh oo-oooh oo-oooh  
(Don't worry, be happy)  
Ooh, ooh ooh ooh oo-oooh ooh oo-oooh ooh ooh oo-oooh  
(Don't worry)  
Ooh oo-oooh ooh ooh oo-oooh  
(Be happy)  
Ooh oo-oooh oo-oooh  
(Don't worry, be happy)

Pavel was slapping an old cardboard box and Julie was shaking a steel vegetable steamer, the kind that looks like a flying saucer when its closed.

Ain't got no place to lay your head  
Somebody came and took your bed  
Don't worry, be happy  
The land lord say your rent is late  
He may have to litigate  
Don't worry, be happy  
(Look at me I'm happy)

Ooh, ooh ooh ooh oo-oooh ooh oo-oooh ooh ooh oo-oooh  
(Don't worry)  
Ooh oo-oooh ooh ooh oo-oooh  
(Be Happy)  
Ooh oo-oooh oo-oooh  
Here I give you my phone number  
When you worry call me, I make you happy  
Ooh, ooh ooh ooh oo-oooh ooh oo-oooh ooh ooh oo-oooh  
(Don't worry)  
Ooh oo-oooh ooh ooh oo-oooh  
(Be happy)  
Ooh oo-oooh oo-oooh

Martin was fantastic on the backup Ooh oo-oo ooh oo-ooohs!

Ain't got no cash, ain't got no style  
Ain't got no gal to make you smile  
But don't worry, be happy  
'Cause when you worry your face will frown  
And that will bring everybody down

So don't worry, be happy  
Don't worry, be happy now

Ooh, ooh ooh ooh oo-oooh ooh oo-oooh ooh ooh oo-oooh  
(Don't worry)  
Ooh oo-oooh ooh ooh oo-oooh  
(Be happy)  
Ooh oo-oooh oo-oooh  
Don't worry, be happy  
Ooh, ooh ooh ooh oo-oooh ooh oo-oooh ooh ooh oo-oooh  
(Don't worry)  
Ooh oo-oooh ooh ooh oo-oooh  
(Be happy)  
Ooh oo-oooh oo-oooh  
Don't worry, be happy

Christian was whistling the counter melodies.

Now there, is this song I wrote  
I hope you learned it note for note  
Like good little children  
Don't worry, be happy  
Listen to what I say  
In your life expect some trouble  
When you worry you make it double  
Don't worry, be happy, be happy now

Ooh, ooh ooh ooh oo-oooh ooh oo-oooh ooh ooh oo-oooh  
(Don't worry)  
Ooh oo-oooh ooh ooh oo-oooh  
(Be happy)  
Ooh oo-oooh oo-oooh  
Don't worry, be happy  
Ooh, ooh ooh ooh oo-oooh ooh oo-oooh ooh ooh oo-oooh  
(Don't worry)  
Ooh oo-oooh ooh ooh oo-oooh  
(Be happy)  
Ooh oo-oooh oo-oooh  
Don't worry, be happy

In our last verse, we all sang the chorus together. It was on life again. Yeah, the fear was still there, but we had each other—in good time and in bad times. Sometimes there was love and sometimes there was even hate, but all of was ours. And the Quiet Professional X had only his

nothingness. Sure we needed him, but he needed us just as much. This was something he would never be capable of knowing, and this little bit a knowledge was the ray of sunshine that brought Jane's wry to all of our faces.

With our faith and sense of security restored it was time to get onto business. "If it's war chimp X wants want then its war he'll get."

Everyone had since teleported to Martin's. I was in Jane's lap and she was stroking my tail—oh sweet Jane.

"Now listen up, you chimps. We still got to do this quick. I'm not sure how long the spell works. Okay, it possible to create, within our lattice, compartments, and within these compartments we can create further compartments that can eventually, if we're not careful, lead to a Rubicon of no return: To rooms hidden within rooms leading to the infinite aspects of the lattice. This is place where an individual might not ever be able to return from—but we are not just individuals, we are a family. So as long as we remain a family our compartments will not be a danger to us. The other danger in compartmentalizing in the lattice is that Information stored is sometimes not retrievable. In some ways the process just reflects the relationship I have to the chimp on the other side, but ours is simpler. Our relation to ourselves and the information or thoughts we will hide there within will be more in line with the relationships that night and day, hot and cold, good and bad have to one another. The point is that these kinds of informational compartments are created folds in our awareness wherein our Quiet Professional X cannot see or even fathom any kind of existence let alone life. Granted, the compartments are not absolutely secure, and once one door has been opened all other doors become visible, but opening that first door is, for the likes of chimp X, almost impossible."

"It's just like storage hierarchy in computer. We will be putting faster but expensive and small storage options close to us and slower but larger and cheaper options farther away. But our

secondary storage space is the flash drive belonging to the chimp on the other side. It's inaccessible to even us! This is amazing!" Christian has a thing for computer sciences. I didn't know what to say. I don't understand the first thing about computers. Everyone chuckled. They'd heard my thoughts.

"Anyway, all rooms constitute poetic faith that sustains the belief that there is no other side to the lattice. It is what gives the Quiet Professional his power and yet at the same time it is what makes him vulnerable. Like Christian said, there is another side to the lattice: the chimp on the other side. Chimp X is just too arrogant and stupid to get it."

"Songs give the charm of novelty to the things of every day and excite a feeling that corresponds to the supernatural by awakening the lattice's attention from the lethargy of our own customs, and redirecting it, our consciousness as it is the *lattice latticing* or the *Higgs field higgsfielding*, once again, to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us. Songs will be the keys to maintain our hidden plans. This is a way in which we can communicate without being heard. *I put a spell on you* is the first key in a combination of keys to opening a door to a room with many other doors, all of which lead to a number of other rooms with doors of their own, and so on... all hidden within a single song. We can meld in the lattice without the watching eyes of our enemy, because we can set up a pathway of hidden information which only we can access when needed. We will be able to arrange the information amongst us so that each one of us has direct access to different contents of information. In other words we won't need to always first sing *I put a spell on you* before we can begin to access all the other doors hidden behind its *spell*."

"Jane and I have hypothesized that chimp X is unable to listen to more than one of us at any given moment. And seeing that there hasn't been attempts on any of our lives, we believe he's waiting for the right moment to attack again. Jane and I have been making ourselves, through songs, invisible. We believe this is why he's unable to find us, and this is why he's hasn't attacked any of you yet. He needs you to find me...or so he thinks. You've read our thoughts so you know he is now out

to eliminate all of you. Me he wants to strap back in that chair—and that’s a place I will never go back to. We have to cover each other’s backs now.”

“I’ll take the first shift in keeping a firewall around us.”

“That’s right. We’re all going off the lattice. At least we’re going to give the appearance of going off the lattice. You need to compartmentalize now, and to open a room to a dominating fear. Chimp x needs to think things haven’t changed. If you leave here without the same anxieties you first arrived with, he might become suspicious. Remember reality has always been and will always remain about illusion.”

It took a bit to explain how to set up mental compartments, but Martin had the ingredients for *Yummy Chums* on hand, so the work wasn’t so bad. If we were gonna do this we were gonna do it on our own terms. In addition to the nutmeg there needed lots of joy in the mix.

“CA has revived my diseased nuts. The General thinks he’s gonna wipe my species from annals of history, well he’s got another thing coming. I’m gonna teabag him and his chimp X with those nuts. Shove ‘em right down their throats. And then I’m gonna paint his story on a cave wall for posterity.” I then laughed with a really deep voice. It sounded dirty.

## Chapter 50

“I didn’t come here from over thirty-five thousand years ago to give up when things got a little tough. I’m prairie rat.” Everyone chuckled. It was funny. I, once a proud Squirrel, have embraced the new me...oh boy, I am in for a real fight once my fellow chrononauts are awake. I wouldn’t be surprised if they offered a reward for shaving my tail. “We fight until there’s no fight left.” This was my pep talk. I even let my pompom tail do a *shimmy pow*. That got ‘em emotional.

“It’s gonna take a lot more surprises than chimp X can deliver to end this. He thinks he’s got the advantage? He doesn’t know how this really works. Chimps and their egos. We prairie rats have been communicating in the intentionality fiber of communication for a millennium. What does chimp X think? He’s not thinking!” My baritones can rattle glasses in a cabinet. My fellow pilots’ hearts were definitely feeling my vibe. “After a few months he’s a master? It’s a good thing chimp intelligence is dwarfed by their egos. Pride and arrogance are almost always, for chimps, valued too highly. What this chimp X doesn’t have, and I’m certain of it, is the joy. He’s the nothingness.”

A club visit was long overdue. And I knew just the dive! What better than somewhere super gay, the Eastern Bloc in New York City! In better days, when I was celebrated, maybe not loved, but still famous and respected, I would, on occasion, after a comedy show at the Comedy Cellar or the Upright Citizens Brigade, and when there wasn’t something interesting going on at the Vanguard, go to the Eastern Bloc. It is dive. Seedy and dirty. I mean the place has a stripper pole and a Soviet era Russia, avant-garde motif combined with, red lights, brick walls, a strange mix of chemical scents and, best of all, smells of filth!

We were all there. The game was on! The first real battle was engaged. I didn’t even go in a handbag. It’d been a few months since all the hype in the media about me being a vicious, mass-murdering, psychopathic Squirrel last aired—I was no longer news worthy and therefore no longer dangerous...chimps and their engineered consent. There was that, but more importantly we were in the Village, and so I felt safer somehow. Most everyone at the Eastern Bloc knew who I was, but they just assumed, since there was no more media coverage, that I’d been cleared of the charges—well that’s what some of the patrons were thinking, most of ‘em weren’t even thinking about me at all. The majority of the chimps were thinking about dancing, drinking and sex. Regardless, what others thought didn’t matter to me either way now that we had telepathy and teleportation all to ourselves again; there wasn’t much that anyone could do to me.

“This floor is gross. Looking at it makes me think that if a girl sat down on it she might get pregnant—or even just brushing her bottom on it might give her a disease or two.” That was Julie. She didn’t really feel comfortable here—the fact that she somehow found it all sexually exciting made her feel nervous. “The porn on the TV screens is gross, too.” She wanted to continue pretending that the joint made her uneasy because of its seediness, but knowing we could feel her true feelings she smiled and confessed. “It’s weird. It kind of turns me on.” We were hunkered down at the bar, standing—me on the bar itself and the others on the floor, of course.

“Yeah, we know. It is somehow sexually alive in here. We all feel it.” Martin wasn’t necessarily turned on by any fellow patron at the bar, but was more curious about the arousal itself that he was experiencing.

Above the bar, there was a TV running nonstop porn, and we were all looking at it at some point. Here I was, vicariously participating in sexual activities—and I’m not even a chimp! But now that I belong to a lattice woven in part with chimpness, I somehow better understand what it is they *do*. Those who are doing it *are* actually *doing it*. Their joy may not be a direct link in and to the lattice, but the prison built with cash is somehow *sexy*.

The chimp next us just tried bribing one of the go-go chimps to sit on his face, but the go-go chimp didn’t find him cute enough to take him up on the offer. That’s what I love about the Eastern Bloc. It’s real.

The Soviet motif made Pavel feel uneasy—it was either that or the older, bearded chimp, standing next to him, rubbing himself against his leg.

“Hey, stop rubbing yourself on my boyfriend!” Julie huffed, and was bothered. All this clear sexual stimulation might just tempt her Pavel to try new flavors.

One of the first things I noticed was all the go-go dancers were well endowed. I mean if those were actual nuts they were carrying around with them in those bikini briefs I would've thought I'd died and gone to prairie rat heaven. This thought caused the others to snigger.

Christian was enjoying himself tremendously: He couldn't keep his eyes off the bartender in the speedo. He'd never been to a place like this before, and all we could hear, streaming from his thoughts, was: *Me like. Me like.* He was reacting like a kid in a candy store.

The vibe was a bit too overwhelming for James, though. Between the music, the voices, the dancing fleshy bodies and strange mix of smells, he was overstimulated. He couldn't focus. This might be a problem. We would soon be bringing Quiet Professional X here and we all needed to be clearheaded and attentive.

As for Jane, she was meditating. It was her way of preparing. She and I were CA's main targets. They wanted her dead and they wanted me strapped to their chair of torture. Of course they wanted to eliminate the others, but she and I were their top priority. But we had a dangerous mission to accomplish and we all needed to be nearer to the joy and not fear. To get us all in tune and less distracted, I ordered some Ass Juice shots; a pinkish-brownish-colored drink that definitely raises and lowers, all at the same time, the bar for mixologists. Although the ingredients to this strange brew remain a coveted secret our speedo-clad-bartender jokingly suggested that the murky substance is made of *lots of things* combined with a *whole lot of love*. As he lined up the shots, the theme song to the *Price is Right* started to play. There immediately followed a round of ecstatic shrill cries. Suddenly the dance floor was full.

It was time to send out the invitation. Chimp X's presence was needed to get this party into high gear. Janet asked the bartender to put on Madonna's, *Like a Virgin*. No problems there. It was on the playlist anyway.

And we all, and I mean everyone in the bar, began to sing:

I made it through the wilderness  
Somehow I made it through  
Didn't know how lost I was  
Until I found you

I was beat  
Incomplete  
I'd been had, I was sad and blue  
But you made me feel  
Yeah, you made me feel  
Shiny and new

Just before we got to the, *I was beat*, verse, James, who was in charge of *putting a spell on chimp X* via a running loop of *I put a spell on you* playing through his head, turned it off. To direct teleportation in the lattice, a song and its rhythm, melodies, and texts become a key in a tumbler, and the repetition of this key in a mind in the lattice is turns the tumbler. The others in the lattice must concentrate, while the key is being turned, on who or what and will be released and where the *who* or *what* will be released to. The combined efforts within a lattice open a portal: Space travel through wormholes his real.<sup>76</sup> And in a consorted effort, we teleport pilots snatched chimp X from space and time and brought him to us. It was fairly easy.

Although he'd just been forced to wear the seven league boots, it didn't affect his stone, gelid persona. There was no horror or surprise gripping his face...but there might have tinges of ruddy disturbance emanating from the crow's feet at the corner of his eyes. He was a hard chimp to read.

*Like a Virgin* continued, and was, in effect, the song imprisoning him. He had no control over us—he couldn't even read our thoughts. We were operating from a locked compartment: A *somewhere* and not a *nowhere*, but most importantly it was a place where chimp X couldn't see beyond his own his natural limitations—there was no uninvited piggybacking into our lattice from

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76 In chimp physics, a wormhole is a theoretical distortion of space-time in a region of the universe that links one location or time with another, through a path that is shorter in distance or duration than would otherwise be expected. In prairie rat physics, space-time aka a *good song* distorts the theoretical, as it is the lattice itself, enough to open a portal: The *distortion* meaning a joyous combination of rhythm, melody and poetry. Only probable and possible illusions ever move, so the whole thing is not as sensational as chimps make it out to be.

where he stood. Chimp X was only privy to the kitschy yet meticulously arranged trippy '60s video montages, mounted animals, and assortment of dystopia-pop artifacts —not to mention the running porn and the go go chimps—found in his immediate environment.

Earlier we had drawn straws and Pavel one the right to play host:

“Hello Pennywise, you old clown. Your gonna love this circus we’ve got prepared for you. Welcome to the great grungy east village gay hotspot with its crowded mix of homos, fashion plates, dragoons, bearded ladies, scarved 80s throwbacks, muscle marys and nerdy hotties. You’ll have no problem having some fun: The fierce vibe here is very low in pretentiousness. As Chum Chum might say, it’s right up your turd tube: A mix of strong, sexy, sleazy, tongue-in-cheek, cold war era overt decadence.

If it would have been possible we would have imprisoned him at the Eastern Bloc for an eternity. But even our *powers* have their limitations. What we could do, though, was to handcuff him to the stripper pole. And that’s what we did, much to the delight of the other guests. Things suddenly got outta hand.

Hoo, Like a virgin  
Touched for the very first time  
Like a virgin  
When your heart beats  
Next to mine

Gonna give you all my love, boy  
My fear is fading fast  
Been saving it all for you  
'Cause only love can last

It was during this chorus and verse that we got his pants down to his ankles, and as the next round of the chorus began, we started to spank him. The other guests assumed we were celebrating his birthday, and so we encouraged everyone to give him a good spanking, too. I admit it was weird, but sometimes life is stranger than fiction—if we’re lucky.

Jane and I had waited until,

You're so fine  
And you're mine  
Make me strong, yeah you make me bold  
Oh your love thawed out  
Yeah, your love thawed out  
What was scared and cold

before we got our licks in.

When the song was over, our merry team of teleporters left the Eastern Bloc, and we headed over to the Vanguard. The night was still young and we were all still plenty thirsty. What became of chimp X for the evening, none of us know, and quite frankly none of us gave a flying rat's ass. We'd accomplished our mission, and we did it with humor and style. We didn't want to kill him—to do so would only add to the greater problems we were facing. If we were to get chimps and prairie rats on the same page, we had to avoid killing at all costs. Sure, some of us in our merry band of teleporters thought there are exceptions to be made, but Jane and I were able to convince them that if we did go down that path, both sides would then always find reasons to make exceptions to the rule. We needed to peacefully coexist. The overshadowing darkness, the source casting a shadow over our lattice, wasn't solely the result of chimp X or even the combined gloom of the impending army of chrononauts with that of the CA and chimp X. *It* was something more than we could see in our lattice. *It* was a future that had yet to reveal itself. Something evil was standing at the sidelines, watching and waiting for the right moment to reveal *its* self. Jane and I had created a compartment of our own where we had explored this darkness, looking for its source. We didn't find anything tangible, but we knew *it* was there. *It*, in as far as our knowledge of *it* was contained in our secret compartment, was our secret; there was no need to worry the others.

Chimp x thought he needed to save the world from an invading army of Squirrels, but what he found out at the Eastern Bloc was that he was going to have to save himself from further humiliation. It was in his lack of imagination where we would light the fires to his destruction. A few

more of these random, chaotic and disturbing events and he will no longer have any semblance of control. We will push him over the edge of sanity. Really, chimps fear the *other side* more than they do death.

We'd compartmentalized our secrets, and there's a reason why it works. Sure there are ways to open doors into those compartments, but only a prairie rat would know how to do that. We prairie rats had never lived space. We'd only lived time, and seeing that the chimps can't wrap their inflated melons around that concept, they're categorically locked out of prairie rats' compartments—and so that meant chimp X is locked out of this evolved lattice, too.

## Chapter 51

Hey Chum Chum, once again with the help of my hacker buddy, Dirk, I was able to get some more documents from the CA computers. I hope this info helps you. I am convinced now that, after reading the following documents, we are going to win this war. Chimps are as dumb as you make them out to be.

Cheers from the other side,

Your Chimp

Document taken from the computer of CA General Hebert Howard Angleton

CLASSIFIED DOCUMENTS: PROJECT ASSEARCH

Records: CA General [Hebert Howard Angleton](#)

The CA virology lab at the University of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania has proven to be vital to redeveloping the Squirrel parapox virus. According to their reports and lab results coming in, the virus is ready for testing in the field. It couldn't come too soon. According to my sources the AS army of chrononauts will be waking soon. The permafrost in the northern hemisphere is melted. The exact locations of their arrival are not known. The work of Dr. Schmaljohn was never able to establish any one single arrival point. It was assumed by Dr. Schmaljohn that the actual locations were kept secret from the individual chrononauts for just such a purpose as to protect them from a pre-emptive attack from humans. To have gotten them *while they're sleeping* would have definitely made my job easier. However, with the parapoxvirus once again in our hands and waiting to be activated, I'll still get the job done while they're awake. At least I'll have the joy of watching them suffer as their kind becomes extinct.

Unfortunately, it appears that teleportation and telepathy might not be possible without the participation of a Squirrel. My source seems to believe that our attempts to infiltrate their lattice, which is an interconnection, as tapestry of sorts, of mental states enabling them to teleport and converse telepathically, only increases their abilities. My source recommends we immediately cease our research into the matters. To continue might prove fatal to mankind.

Progress report from Quiet Professional X

The ASCC is more cunning than I gave it credit. I am starting to believe there are things about the lattice that we humans will never be capable of understanding. Although there is nothing more I

would like than to see the skin separated from that vermin and its flesh cooking in a pot on a stove, I am wary of attempting any further confrontations with the creature.

I recommend caution to be used when trying to take the ASCC into custody. Perhaps waiting for it to slip and become sloppy before making a move against it would be the best method in safely securing the asset. For the time being, the PolarTrec team has set up some kind of firewall that makes it impossible for me to access their actual connections; their intentionality fiber of communication has been secured and is now inaccessible. I am allowed only to hear what they want me to hear.

## Chapter 52

“It had to happen sometime. We saw it in our future-views. The permafrost melts in much of the north. It has happened or at least enough so that, at this point, the first of the chrononauts have already thawed along with it—they’re awake. I heard them and can hear them if I dial in to that lattice. It’s an overlapping in our lattice. The lattice is lattice, but how it lattices or as your chimps scientists might how it *higgsfields* defines the appearance. The relationship within the lattice itself can have different constellations, but the lattice is never anything other than the lattice. What this all means, in the negative, is that sooner or later my fellow chrononauts are gonna figure out I’ve

been here a while. They might even be able to even hear your thoughts when I enter their latteic—it's a possibility. Let's just hope they don't understand chimp talk." I was drinking a fizzy water and eating grapes in between talking. Chimps really got this plant hybridization and genetic modification down. Grapes are a lot sweeter now than they were thirty-five thousand years ago. Maybe when all the chrononauts are finally awake, chimps can make a peace offering: *Here, take these sweet grapes to go with your sweet and diseased nuts as an offering of good faith.* Ha! Typical! Chimps patting themselves on their backs for being stupid knuckle draggers. Of course chimps have to genetically modify all the natural foods they eat to be sweeter. Because they've been shoveling so much sugar into their faces every day for over a century they're no longer capable of eating anything that isn't unnaturally sweet. If a chimp were to eat fruit from my day and time they'd think they were eating dirt—which used to be sweet enough for life and existence to tango with one another. Chimp digestive systems can no longer break down the natural sugars in foods so they now have to make everything artificially sweeter. These modern grapes might even be capable of causing the chrononauts to go into diabetic comas. Sounds like a typical chimp humanitarian aid package or a typical chimp peace offering. Chimp Ambassador speaking to the prairie rat representative: You must be hungry after sleeping for a millennium. Here, as a sign of good faith, you can have these grapes for free. They're yummy and nutritious. Prairie rats humbly embrace the *nice* gesture from the advanced chimps. Prairie rats eat and eat and eat, filling themselves with chimp kindness until... What, you're all now dying from diabetes? Well, that's too bad. But don't worry your furry little tails off, our scientists are really smart. They've created a cure for this horrible disease. It's called insulin, and if you want, we can sell you some... What, you don't have any money? We can loan you some, no problem. Now all you have to do is to just sign over all your land rights *and* the password-songs to your intentionality fiber of communication as collateral for that loan.

Your scientists...such arrogant chimps. Most of them actually believe what they're doing is meant to help other chimps; that their unlocking the mysteries of life is for the betterment of chimpanity. Ah, unfortunately these smart chimps are nothing but pawns for the chimps who can't

get past masturbation and eating their own shit. Chimpanity is still driven by infantile evolutionary needs: Thirty-five thousand years later and they still need cave therapy! It's too bad about the scientists, though, because many of them are in tune with the joy, but their own hubris renders them stupid. *Rendering*, now that's appropriate. Chimps are rendering machines. They view existence as a waste that's only value is to churn out soap. They turn something they view as useless into something they see as useful. And in the end, they choke on the rancid chemical smells that they have to put into the lumps of stinky truth they've squeezed out of, what they believe to be, a turd-hole-existence.

Chimps! Maybe we prairie rats should just do life a favor and unleash the Lassa virus. Everything chimps do is about a *drug addict's high* and money. No respect for life. No joy to embrace. Just their insecurities driving them to want to control everything, and what they can't control, they then want to destroy. That reminds of a song by the Jazz Amputeeze, *Born too Soon*:

Maybe I was born too soon,  
I'll never reach the moon,  
People say I act too young,  
But that's why I'm singing this song,

What I can't eat or fuck,  
I'll just have to smash it up!

Maybe I will shake my hips,  
I'll never reach your lips,  
Maybe I can park my car,  
And we'll meet under distant stars,

What I can't eat or fuck

I'll just smash it up!

My hair on top is getting thin,

Baby I'll never touch your skin,

Just reach out and take my hand,

And I'll take you to Disney Land,

What I can't eat or fuck,

I'll just have to smash it up!

Chimps call everything they do progress. Advancements in technology...to advance their *drug addict highs*.

"It's Armageddon time, huh?" That was Julie. We were all at Martin's again. They'd all heard my little rant. I got nothing but love in return from them. They don't take my bitching serious anymore. They know we're family—and families endure the worst of each of its members; that's why the unit is called a family. And all of my fellow teleport pilots—my family—had long since given up squeezing, spraying, and rolling chemical washes all over their bodies—thank sweet nuts for that! But that's what a family does for its members. Love is as much compromise as it is about giving.

"Are they going to wait until the others are awake, too, before they unleash the nuts?"

We were all a little bit nervous. Today we had a mission. The chimp on the other side informed us where the chimps were keeping the Squirrel pox virus. The University of Pittsburg is where we were headed.

"We were instructed to wait for a seventy-percent ratio. The idea was to have enough chrononauts to make an effective first strike. If we let loose the virus and there wasn't a broad

enough geographical range to insure a mass annihilation, it was thought that the chimps might be able to create a vaccine in time to save a large portion of their population from extinction. From future-viewing we knew you chimps had the capability to do this. So our scientists figured seventy-percent of the fifty-thousand should be enough to get the job done. They also assumed a ten percent loss of chrononauts, before they even woke, to natural disasters and diseases—maybe even as high as twenty-percent—so in effect at seventy percent the awoken chrononauts might already be at critical mass.”

“It seems like our scientists are as good at killing as yours. That Squirrel parapox virus they concocted in the lab will kill every squirrel on the planet.” That was Pavel, but everyone had had the exact same thought. He and Jullie sat in cuddled in beanbag chair. Their relationship was our cute, cuddly and furry pet. The love they felt was the extra piston in firing in our lattice, giving an us extra stability.

Although everyone was a bit on edge, we were feeling pretty good. We had, after all, literally spanked the monkey’s ass.

Everyone liked that. “Say it out loud. We want to hear it in that Barry White voice of yours,” hollered James. Oh, James...we might have to become comedy team when this is all over: Roland and Martin, Abbot and Costello, Martin and Lewis, Cheech and Chong *meet* Chum and Woolsey.

I had to oblige my fellow teleport pilots: “We spanked the monkey’s ass, huh, huh, huh.”

It was time to attack. We’d figured out the appropriate song for this mission: *Search and Destroy*:

Grab your gun  
Time to go to hell  
I'm no hero  
Guilty as charged  
Search and destroy

Found my faith

Living in sin, I'm no Jesus  
but neither are you my friend

I'm a whore  
A birth of broken dreams  
This simple answer is never what it seems

We'd studied the lab in detail from pictures posted on the web. Two of us focused on two perpetually erroneous objects. Two of us concentrated on two other stable illusions. And two of us concentrated on another two illusory *things* in the room. The combined efforts should give us a sense of singular-possible-probable-location. We didn't want to end up in the wrong lab. I was the first pilot to go.

A million little pieces  
We've broken into  
A million little pieces  
I've stole it from you

Search and destroy  
Search and destroy  
Search and destroy  
Search and destroy (Yeah!)

I made it. I was in...hell. I had landed in the middle of a killing field. No time to mourn. The others need to arrive. Concentrate.

Sold my soul  
To heaven and to hell  
Sick as my secrets  
But never gonna tell

I'm to blame  
Burden of my dreams  
A curse of faith and a blessing I believe  
I believe, I believe  
Oh, I believe (a million little pieces)  
I believe

One by one we made it. It appeared to be the place...there were Squirrel corpses everywhere. Squirrel bodies pinned apart, rib cages spread open like butterfly wings, to wooden

boards. Skulls cut open. Arms and limbs lying everywhere. Brains on plates. Eyes..a plate full of Squirrel eyes.

Search and destroy  
Search and destroy

Search and destroy  
Search and destroy  
Search and destroy

Let go  
Let go  
Let me go  
Let me go

Let go  
Let go  
Let me go

(search and destroy)  
A million little pieces  
Stolen from you  
Search and destroy  
Search and destroy  
Search and destroy  
Search and destroy  
A million little pieces  
A million little pieces to start

Breathe. Breathe. Breathe. Don't throw up. Close your eyes. Pleasant thoughts. The others helped me. I heard the lullaby. They were all humming it, bless their nutty big hearts.

It was late night and the University was closed. We knew there was security, but we weren't worried about them. We could create multiple images of ourselves if need be. We could become, in a matter of a single verse of *Room Full of Mirrors* by Jimi Hendrix,<sup>77</sup> a holographic army.

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<sup>77</sup> It's not an easy song to do acapella and beatbox but it definitely makes Martin happy.

It might have worked if it hadn't of worked...we'd entered a trap. Our enemy had somehow accessed inaccessible information. They knew we would be here and they knew how to shut down our abilities. They actually had lured us to this laboratory. This place wasn't where the research on the Lasa virus was being done.

The lantern-jawed chimp X along with dozens of other Quiet Professionals crawled out of the woodwork like a swarm of cockroaches. They were so sure of themselves. Their movements casual and yet domineering: They knew they had absolute control.

We began to sing *Room Full of Mirrors*:

I used to live in a room full of mirrors  
All I could see was me  
Well I take my spirit and I crash my mirrors  
Now the whole world is here for me to see  
I said the whole world is here for me to see  
Now I'm searchin' for my love to be  
Hey!!

Nothing. No mystical multiple holographic images to be found. We had been singing mentally. Switch to audible tones!

Rubber glass was all in my brain  
Cotton screamin' crying in my head  
Rubber glass was all in my brain  
Just the thought of my dreams cut me in my bed  
And just the thought of my dreams cut me in my bed  
I said a makin' love was strange in my bed  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah!!!

It's strange how it works. I know words and music by heart, and so when we meld our minds overlap. My memories belong to everyone as do everyone's memories do to me. For an acapella group put on the spot I have to say we were good. Fantastic even. But we couldn't multiply our images. We panicked. We then tried teleporting out of there. We went nowhere.

The Quiet Professionals all had their weapons drawn.

We, the teleport pilots, were all flies caught in a web—caught in *their* trap.

Chimp X looked at me, and that droll grin revealing a joy with no place of shine spread across his square-jaw puss. He then clapped his hands, and sneered, “Bravo. That was excellent, especially seeing that it was your last performance ever. I’ll have to paint a mural of it on a cave wall for posterity.” Suddenly chimp X has become a comedian. “For when mankind forgets this chapter; it will be at a future time when we have long since evolved beyond something even your great Squirrel intellect can grasp, and we, mankind, unwittingly stumble again into that cave and discover a forgotten moment in our past: It will be then in that cave with the mural representing this moment that mankind will be reminded of Chum Chum’s last performance: When mankind conquered its master.”

We were all speechless, caught in the grasp of fear: His comedy routine was wally shit bad. Our breaths were choked, our heart rates elevated, and sweat flowed from our pores. The smell of wally shit is truly overwhelming—almost as overwhelming as the fear *it* can induce.

“And what was that little song supposed to do? Make us go away? Make you all go away? Or was it supposed to create multiple holographic images of you all? That’s it. You were supposed to all suddenly become an army of shimmering, ethereal images. How dramatic. Hmm, yes, maybe you are all just holograms? Let me test that theory.”

And with that he raised his gun and shot Pavel dead.

Julie screamed, and the rest of us gasped. It all happened so quickly and unexpectedly. I had to think and act swiftly. It’s good that most chimps are so full of themselves: Chimp X needed to disparage us even more than we already were. He had to have the last laugh: Put the nail in our coffin.

*Your own love of your own psychopathic tendencies will be your downfall.*

“I guess you are not holograms after all. Unless holograms can die, I think that was the real Pavel Popovich. Perhaps Pavel’s now on the *other side* with your chimp. Or maybe he’s just entered the cave of oblivion. That’s what I prefer to think.”

## Chapter 53

There were no wry smiles to accompany this song, the last ditch, desperate effort to teleport us all to safety.

Wake... from your sleep  
The drying of your tears  
Today we escape, we escape

Pack... and get dressed  
Before your father hears us  
Before all hell breaks loose

Breathe, keep breathing  
Don't lose your nerve  
Breathe, keep breathing  
I can't do this alone

Sing... us a song  
A song to keep us warm  
There's such a chill, such a chill

You can laugh  
A spineless laugh  
We hope your rules and wisdom choke you  
Now we are one in everlasting peace

We hope that you choke, that you choke  
We hope that you choke, that you choke  
We hope that you choke, that you choke<sup>78</sup>

## Chapter 54

“I did something I didn’t think I would have to do, but in the following moments, after Pavel had been killed, and our powers somehow disabled, I did I what I had to do to save the rest of our lives—and thank sweet nuts it worked. We escaped through the prairie rat lattice. It overlaps with ours because of me. I was able to teleport out of the trap and I was able pull everyone along with me. It was only a matter of luck that Squirrel lattice had just gone online. Without it, none of us would be here and alive.”

We were in the motel room in Lubbock. I thought it would be safest here. Jane and I had paid a year’s rent on the room. So it was ours to call home when we needed to. It seems our lives

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<sup>78</sup> *Exit Music (for a film)* by Radiohead. Radiohead will more than likely be needed again in the future.

had been compromised. Our story had become an open book, and I had to take us to the least memorable place from our history together...Lubbock itself is not memorable, so the motel is, for all practical purposes, nonexistent. It's not as secure as a mental compartment, but that firewall seems to have failed us. I can only hope this obviously unobvious hideout is safe for the time being.

James changed songs. At least we'd prepared for the possibility of a breach in our security:

*Ooh Eeh Ooh Ah Aah Ting Tang Walla Walla Bing*

"You chimps aren't capable of melding in the prairie rat lattice—you were able to piggyback on me because we're family. Your preoccupation with *things* keeps you locked out—and I assume chimp X and his chimp professionals can't access it, either, or else they would have followed us here. At least they can't get into it yet.<sup>79</sup> They might not even know how we got out of the room back there. But because I used the prairie rat lattice, my fellow chrononatus now know everything or will know everything about us—and about my relationship to you and the powers we've acquired. They shouldn't be able to teleport, but the prairie rat lattice is, as far as I can tell, a more mature of stabile lattice than ours. We're a kind of offspring-lattice to the prairie rat *parent* lattice. But our offspring-lattice has revealed itself in the moment I used it to bring us here to be, paradoxically, somehow greater in dynamic than the parent lattice. Oh bitter nut smut, things ain't gonna get any better around here. Once the rest of the chrononauts awaken, we might not be able to hide anywhere."

None of this mattered to Julie—or to the rest of my family for that matter. But I was talking because I was still in survival mode. I still had my defenses up in expectation of another attack from chimp X and his fellow Professionals. My head was clear only because our survival had depended on it: my talking kept my sense alert.<sup>80</sup> After a few moments passed, and the threat of another attack

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<sup>79</sup> I won't the mistake again of assuming too much. My hubris cost Pavel his life.

<sup>80</sup> For security purposes, I have since taken to writing these words down on paper. Everything must now only be recorded analogue. The *drug addicts high* digital world will not be our downfall.

seemed unlikely, I started to feel the loss, too. Pavel was dead. An emotional tsunami left us all crippled. Our own feelings of guilt mixed with a profound sense of loss were destructive enough, but the abyss opened within Julie swelled catastrophically and was bleeding our lattice. There was a joy bleeding hole in our lattice. Finally, feeling safe, it was okay for me to be at a loss of words. I could grieve with others now.

We Squirrels had emotions, but not this kind of emotional dynamic: An all and nothing sense of living. It has its advantages, but unfortunately it has its great disadvantages. The joy was, for the moment, being consumed by nothingness: Pennywise can be dangerous, this was certain. For chimps this kind of emotional annihilation might be comprehensible but for us prairie rats it is unfathomable.

I now understand prairie rat existential fears...and it doesn't make me any the wiser or happier.

I had brought Pavel's body with us, and Julie lay draped over it on the bed, weeping.

I had said enough. We were all safe for the time being, and we—a family—could mourn, together, the loss of one of our members.

I'd since climbed on to Jane's shoulder. All our hearts ached; the crushing sense of loss squeezing tears of sadness from eyes. If the abyss needed our joy then so be it. Who am I to judge the nature of our lattice? With exception of the sound emitted from choked crying, the room was silent and somber.

In the prairie rat's life, death wasn't permanent, because death was an incorporation into the fiber of communication itself. Death was what had always created the intentionality: Our history unfolding into itself to reveal our living potential and possibility. So death was an honor bestowed upon living. It is what helped keep the eternal rhythms chanting our life and lives as a whole and as individual. So death was a powerful joy to be celebrated. What I felt with my chimp family was

something completely different. It was dark and bitter. Lonely. The feeling that death had brought with it had captured us and left us imprisoned in a cell absent of joy.... And from out of this prison—this abyss—we were supposed to blindly fight to get out. But because we were in a place of nowhere and nothingness we were supposed to seek the help, with illusory and delusional beliefs, from a higher force that would, if it was merciful, help us open a door to the joy that was now absent from our lives.

The *thingness* sense chimps lived, the very *thingness* making it possible for chimps to live in a nowhere and nothingness, needed to incorporate more prairie rat living. Pavel was not lost to nothingness. His life mattered and still matters. The joy is always present whether we feel it or not. This sense of futility might be chimp X's power, but it would not be our weakness. Pavel's death will bring with it a powerful joy that both the chimps and the chrononauts will learn to respect. Because we will not search for what we already have, the joy Pavel's life brought and still brings with it will not be lost to faith, but it will remain with the living. We will not let delusions and illusions keep us imprisoned. With our wry little grimaces of amusement we will realize that even at the very gate of death it is still on life, our life, that our thoughts dwell. In these as it will be in the last moments, it is the tedious, but stimulating, battle of existence occupying our full attention. We will continue, throughout this fight, to cling to life and the joy that it lives by, until the last snap of the thin string. Where the cavern of oblivion that awaits us, that we must enter--it is black and now more than ever our deep, simple irreligion refuses to let fairy tales pacify us with the belief that beyond life was everlasting daylight. Scepticism is not only in our lattice but in the very fiber of our family. We will live with Pavel in the now.

Since we live an intentionality—a family within the lattice—we had Pavel's every experience to be explored. And so we indulged ourselves in his life, and we journeyed where and when time and space were not relevant, and we lived the joys and sorrows of Pavel Popovich. We cried with him when he was six years old and his dog died. We laughed with him when he was seventeen and his

friends at school had played a trick on him: They'd put hot sauce in his jelly donut. We got angry with him when his sister died at age sixteen in a car accident. We had with us every emotion and every thought lived by Pavel Popovich and he was *there* with us in in the hotel room.

## Chapter 55

Be careful!

Communication has been compromised!

Malicious Malware has taken over my computer and flash drive! All files have been compromised.

Your story is in the hands of your enemy!

Story lost! You're on own your own!

Mistake made at *The RV/MH Hall of Fame and Museum* in Elkhart, Indiana. I posted *your* comment under my name here on the other side! Quiet Professional X knows who I am! My life is being

destroyed from within the net! No credit! Criminal past! My porn addiction has been made public! Wife leaving me! This will be my only message. My computer guy, Dirk doesn't even know if this will make it to you.

If you lose the war, at least lose it with style! Live long and prosper,

Chimp on the other side out!

## Chapter 56

"If its death you want, you bastard, then its death you'll get." It was an open threat and challenge. We were willfully opening the gates to hell: Our lattice was no longer sheltered by a *spell*. However, we still had our hidden compartments, and I'm certain chimp X knew we were setting a trap of our own. But I knew he couldn't resist teaching me a lesson. He had advantages: We didn't know how he was able to control our powers and we couldn't teleport in his presence. But we had the prairie rat lattice if needed—and perhaps he understood this already. But he had his arrogance, and, in knowing my enemy, he was certain that it, his arrogance, would suffice in destroying me and my species. I was certain he would take up and challenge—but my certainty wasn't born of hubris. My certainty was time tested. Squirrels were the alpha species for a reason.

And this is what truly bothered chimp X most. And this is why he *had* to show me that my trump card can never deliver me a winning hand: His chimp narcissism was his kind's history. He believed himself to naturally superior...if only you'd seen the aliens then he'd know the truth to his superiority! I knew chimp X was never a Motörhead fan and that such a *trivial* matter as to not be a fan of anything but himself would be his downfall. The only thing certain in life is its uncertainty. It's what makes any and every life possible and probable.

We celebrated Pavel's death for three days. We explored his life. We lived, laughed and cried with him, and we treasured most those moments he spent loving Julie. Most of those moments were, as it was, in the same time that we had become a family. Their love had always, been, in some lovely way, our love. *Their* love had been and will always be one of the strongest aspects of our lattice. And now with Pavel's life belonging to the intentionality of the lattice, the fiber had only strengthened...something I'm sure chimp X did not understand or expect. Pavel was with us, and he would be there when we sent chimp X into the nothingness that he used to cloak his existence.

More and more chrononauts were waking every day. The real battle would soon be on, and so we needed to get rid of chimp X before we would be free to raise an army of chimps willing to fight alongside me, Chum Chum.

We weren't going to kill chimp X—but that didn't mean that someone else couldn't kill him for us.

There was no time for us to hide in fear. We'd sent out the invitation to battle two days earlier, and chimp X knew the time and place. The day had arrived and now we just needed to get to where we were going. It was time to teach the Professional chimps a lesson. For our teleport ticket, we didn't waste our breath singing verses that weren't violent and cruel. Revenge is sweet and so, true to chimpdom, we engaged ourselves in a *drug addict's high* and only sang the parts that fed our blood lusts:

I recall we took care of him one Sunday  
We got him out the back and we broke his fucking balls  
And maybe that was dreaming and maybe that was real  
But all I know is I left that place without a penny or fuck all

And it's lend me ten pounds, I'll buy you a drink  
And mother wake me early in the morning

The boys and me are drunk and looking for you  
We'll eat your frigging entrails and we won't give a damn  
Me daddy was a blue shirt and my mother a madam  
And my brother earned his medals at Mai Lei in Vietnam

And it's lend me ten pounds and I'll buy you a drink  
And mother wake me early in the morning

On the first day of March it was raining  
It was raining worse than anything that I have ever seen  
Stay on the other side of the road  
'Cause you can never tell  
We've a thirst like a gang of devils  
We're the boys of the county hell<sup>81</sup>

So that we didn't have to arrive separately, we traveled via the prairie rat lattice: For whatever reasons, I could pull everyone with me, at once, if I used the prairie rat lattice. The chornonauts already knew our secrets, so it didn't really matter anymore if they heard me again. They weren't yet an intentionality fiber of communication, and those that were awake weren't strong enough to stop us in the lattice itself. The chrononauts weren't yet anywhere near critical mass. They still lingered at around forty-five percent. It would be a few more weeks before they would be ready.

We materialized in a tiny little parking lot located on the corner of Church St. and S. Division in Orlando, Florida. It was already late spring and it was a hot, sunny, and muggy day. The air reeked wonderfully earthy and swampy, with tinges of magnolia and orange blossoms. It was beautiful. It was a great day to extirpate our enemy.

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81 Shane MacGowan is a great chimp. Boy can he ever drink! He has a Squirrel's love of life.

There was nothing special about the parking lot itself: Black asphalt...its aroma's putrid and disturbing, but not overwhelming. A few palm trees, some shrubs, and a pebble filled public easement framed the side of the lot facing Church St., but other than that it was a just parking lot.

We can't read chimp X's thoughts, but *its* presence can always be felt. *It* was there along with *its* primitive primate clowns. Pennywise, the clown, might embody nothingness, but even nothing is something. We thought they would be cautious and first spy us from a distance, but this wasn't the case. Haste makes waste in *drug addict's high* chimp existence—and this played right into our strategy. If chimp X could've stopped being *chimp* for just one second he and his fellow Quiet Professional's might have had a chance.

I wasted no time, and from within a compartment I let my thoughts come together—my desires made clear—and I whistled a command. But the sound was inaudible to human hearing: Chimp X and his gorillas had no idea what was coming for them.

“Come on you arrogant pricks, come and get some Chum Chum. You think you and your chimps are enough to take on a tiny, furry and cute prairie rat. You want to kill all of my family and teach me a lesson about your power! You come and give it your best shot! Here we are tough chimps! Make our day!”

From out of a building on Church St, just across from the parking lot, the Quiet Professionals marched upon us. They only had to walk all of fifty feet before they would have us in their grips... they fell for it. Their arrogance wouldn't allow them use caution. They thought we were going to come to gun fight with knives in our hands. But they were the ones who came unprepared. They had their guns and their tricks, but they're chimps, and they could never understand the forces that are at a prairie rat's disposal.

My silent command, an audible sound to certain animals, was unobstructed by the chimps tricks. Their destruction would soon be upon them...thousands of prairie rat's best friends were nearby and already on their way.

On the other side of South Division, just across from the parking lot's entrance, a Dog Show was going on: The American Kennel Club / Eukanuba National Championship, at the Amway Arena was in full swing. Almost four thousand dogs in total were present, and that meant that we had an army of four thousand highly trained, purebred canines at our disposal. I didn't like doing it, because dogs would die, and I'm sure I would have to pay a price some day for this sin—a yin and yang kind of thing belonging to the lattice—but vengeance would be ours on this day.

As we stood in the parking lot and awaited our foes and friends, a tension arising from within the taut but stimulating battle of existence sought to devour our spirit, but, stronger than ever, we freely engaged ourselves in an energetic eclectic mix of ideas and enlivened our lattice with joy.

"It's a shame we can't be inside watching the show," commented Julie.

"Yeah, but today is a day of settling scores, business before pleasure," responded Christian.

"Perhaps after this battle is over we can all go out and again celebrate the life and death of good dogs and the end of evil chimps." That was Jane.

"But just the idea of all those wonderful dogs all in one place is enough to bring a mountain of joy to the imagination." That was how Martin always spoke.

"In some sad way, I wish things were different: I wish that the world was a peachy place full of only rainbows, unicorns and kumbayas." That was James. His humor is definitely coming along. We all giggled.

“Yes, James, that would be peachy, but that isn’t the hand we were dealt. Our hand holds history in it.” That was Julie. She was full of hate and a desire for revenge, but she had the joy of our lattice to fall back on.

“But if we were inside the arena, I imagine we could guide the dogs, all in the name of good fun, to wreak havoc on the show itself. Crapping all over. Barking. Chasing each other around.”

“Now that would be a dog show!” I hollered, excitedly.

We then fantasized three and a half thousand dogs all lying down, in front of twenty thousand chimps, and licking their balls or skootching across the floor on their butts at the same moment.

“We could even get them to sing all at the same time,” commented James: His thought had gone analogue.

“Yeah, three and a half thousand yowling and howling pooches would be magical,” responded Jane. Normally she didn’t engage in the lattice-chatter, but she was nervous as well. Everyone was a bit on edge. We’d just lost Pavel mere days ago and here we all were, putting our lives on the line—and with the knowledge that our enemy might very well surprise us again.

As we were blathering away, we had been surrounded by the Quiet Professionals—and yet we weren’t surrounded at all. Chimps forget that *thingness* is always only at best a probable and possible illusion and that whoever controls the best probabilities and possibilities controls the illusions.

“Oh, the great Chum Chum and his team of teleporters that can’t teleport anymore—”

That was all chimp X got out before he and his fellow chimps heard the growling, offensive army descending upon them. There was nowhere for them to run. Neighborhood hounds had also

heard my call, and so death approached the Quiet Professionals from every direction. In a blink of an eye *our* roaring ocean of hell swallowed them whole.

Revenge *is* sweet.

Death was necessary, but we didn't have to watch it. Chimps being torn to shreds was not what we would call entertaining. The dogs made a parting path as we left on foot...*chimp's and prairie rat's best friends*. And from behind us we could hear squeals of agony. Regardless of how far away we got from the slaughter the cries never got any quieter. A wailing sound of sirens began to accompany the song of death, and it wasn't pretty. Joy sometimes comes in bitter and horrid flavors, nonetheless it is still joy. Death might sing a callous song but it also brings with it life. Pain and suffering, although not pretty, reveal as much about the relationship of existence to life as do the sounds of ecstasy produced by two lovers embracing...but on this occasion the sounds of ecstasy were the dins of love embracing death.

## Chapter 57

"Manicures! That's what we're gonna do. Oh, sweet almond joy!"

I hadn't gotten the blank chimp stares in a long time. I mean I've been on lamb for a few months now *and* I've become part of a new family *and* we, me and my new family, have lived, laughed, suffered and loved much life together; so there was no reason to get the dumb-struck

chimp stares anymore. But even before all this happened, the dim-witted-filled-glances had all but vanished. The chimps paying to see me at a comedy club knew what they were in for, so there were no more horrified or dumbfounded gazes: I was and in most ways still am an Internet sensation and recognized star, so my existence hasn't surprised anyone on the face of the planet for over two years. But now I had five blank chimp faces staring at me...ah, just like old times. I even have a SmartPhone again and I am able to record my story for posterity: So there's confusion, at a future time, as to the truth of Chum Chum.

We were all sitting in Café il Tramezzino on Canon Drive in Beverly Hills, eating panini sandwiches. I got the chicken panini with basil pesto. Meh, it was alright. Jane was eating the Mozzarella Caprese and Smoked turkey sandwich. She likes hers. Julie had just finished a tuna special panini and tuna chopped salad. She was happily full. Christian got the tomato soup and beach salad. His mind was elsewhere...on the go go dancer at Eastern Bloc. Martin got the Tuna Apple Panini... I think we all wished we'd gotten that. We could feel each other's sensual experiences and from the way Martin reacted I can say that his sandwich was the bomb.

"Manicures?" quizzed Julie, but her shemuzzle was ubiquitous: Everyone might as well have said it, because they were all thinking it.

We were sitting alfresco, enjoying the food and the day.

"Yeah, manicures. And a pedi and neck massage."

"Really?" That was Janet.

We'd teleported to LA after the battle. We needed a break *and*, in addition to a good panini, LA has the best manicurists. We'd already checked into our deluxe sweets at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Classy place. It's a good thing I'm a rich prairie rat.

"I don't know. I like the idea." That was Christian, my main chimp. He got it.

“We’re in the middle of one war and another one is just rising on the horizon, and you want to go get your nails polished?” That was Martin. I thought he would’ve gotten it. Apparently he’s lost some of his European cultivation. He’s been in North America too long, the poor chimp.

Service at il Tramezzino is friendly and the outdoor seating is beautiful. I’ve been to this place a few times. The Comedy Store isn’t too far from here. Man those were some good gigs.

“Men don’t get their nails polished where I come from.” Martin had read my thoughts.

“Well, they should. I mean we prairie rats of lore cherish a good manicure. It was a high art form in my day.”

“Really? Sparkles and acrylic nail enhancements?” That was Christian, but he wasn’t being cynical. He was just curious.

The chimps sitting around us think it’s crowded at this restaurant. Granted, there ain’t much space in between tables, but I like that—we all like it. It’s good to not have to hide anymore. If these chimps want open space then carry-out and go eat their paninis in a National Park.

“Of course not. Don’t be ridiculous. We prairie rats just cherish the claws on our paws. I mean, shit, we climb trees with them; we jump from branch to branch with them, and we hold our nuts with them. Not how Martin, James or Christian here holds their nuts, but we prairie rats held life’s precious gifts with these nails. So obviously we should show them respect. We’d developed manicure techniques almost seventy thousand years ago! You chimps weren’t even riding wallys yet. I mean it was the reason we started keeping bees.”

That got their attention.

“Bees? Really? You’re going to take credit for bee keeping, too?” That was Julie.

“So what do they have to do with manicures?” That was Jane.

People were staring at me, but it was because I was famous. My heinous crimes against humanity seemed to have been completely forgotten for the time being. I think the latest media blitz has something to do with a famous person having gotten a sex change. So unless I change my sex, most of these chimps are just enjoying the fact they're having lunch while sitting next to a celebrity.<sup>82</sup>

"It is what it is, chimps. We prairie rats started keeping bees for their wax. I mean a hot beeswax manicure is the, excuse the expression, bee's knees."

Man, this California coastal weather is just nut crack'n joy! Everyone silently agreed. We had a lot to be thankful for, despite the horrors of the past week.

"And the honey?"

"We fed it to our chimps, but we kept the wax for our manicure and pedicures. Where do you think your ancestors got the idea to keep bees? Jeesh, you chimps just don't want to accept the truth of your origins. The Origin of Chimp Species is Squirrel aka prairie rat. Yeah, old Darwin and his thieved theories<sup>83</sup> might have to be rethought."

## Chapter 58

It wasn't hard convincing everyone to get their nails done. The Chi Nail Bar was just around the corner from Café il Tramezzino on S. Santa Monica Blvd.

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82 The power of TV is incredible. I could be a notorious mass murderer and as long as I wasn't on TV in past twenty-four hours, I was good.

83 Alfred Russel Wallace was the actual theorist who came up with such terms as „Natural Selection“ and such, and not Charles Darwin. But as a Squirrel, I should be thankful that Wallace wasn't recognized, because if chimps would've paid more attention to his ideas of non-material origin for the higher mental faculties of chimps, the chimps might have developed a lattice on their own, and I and my fellow chrononauts would never have had a chance at reestablishing our species in the future.

“This place is a favorite among the rich and famous—people like me— and it continues to make a name for themselves as the premiere nail art salon in L.A. I’m treating so if anyone wants to go for a Swarovski crystal embellishment or get hand painted nail art, then go for it. You only live once, and mother nuts knows that today could be our last.”

It wasn’t a depressing comment. Saying *today is a good day to die* is an expression meant to show respect for everything life has to offer...because without death life’s, literally, nothing.

Everybody was in good spirits. We’d just finished a decent meal *and* we’d revenged Pavel’s death.

We walked into the door. Jessica was there. She’s an excellent manicurists *and* she gives a good tail rub...I call it a *real* tug job.<sup>84</sup>

“Hey Jess, I’m here for a mani-pedi and a tug.” I said it with an extra deep voice. The Barry White thing makes her weak in the knees.

“You beast! You’re the dirtiest Squirrel I know! And weren’t on a killing rampage or something like that?”

“Yeah, I still am, but I guess there are other things that are more newsworthy these days.”

“You need a sex change to make it into the papers these days. Mass murders are so 2000.”

She’s a funny chimp. I’d since climbed up onto her shoulder and let my soft furry tail circle her neck. It gave her goose bumps. She was definitely naughty chimp. If only she knew I could read her thoughts, she’d be too embarrassed to tug me.

“Are these your friends?”

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<sup>84</sup> I got to use this when I do comedy again. Chimps’ll like that: The *real* tug job from the Asian manicurist.

“Family.”

I made the introductions. Everyone took my advice and was going to have their hands dipped in melted paraffin wax. It was a process for softening and moisturizing. The wax is heated to temperatures of over 95 °F and, although hot, it doesn't burn or injure the hand or paw. But prior to the application of wax, lotion is rubbed on the hand or paw before submersion into the paraffin bath. The hand or paw is then dipped more than once to allow a thicker wax coat to form, making the coating stay warm longer and less likely to break or tear prematurely. After the hands or paws have been dipped in the wax, they are wrapped in either plastic or aluminum foil, or a special type of plastic bag or glove, then covered with a towel or special mitten to retain warmth. The hands or paws are left for a few minutes before the paraffin is cooled and dried. But the intense heat of the whole process allows for deeper absorption of emollients and essential waxes—and this is what truly sets Chi's work above the competition. Chi infuses their waxes with various botanical ingredients such as aloe vera, azulene, chamomile, or tea tree oil, or with fruit such as apple, peach, and strawberry. ME? I loved the peach wax, but Jessica had imported, especially for me, exotic pekea nut *butter* from Guiana that she adds to my wax mix. It makes my claws zing when they were done. I am truly happy that I no longer have to hide from life.

Jenna, Alexa, Mie and Lexi were on hand so we could all sit at the same time and chat while we got our nails done. We all needed a relaxing experience, a stress free day full of only pampering.

“First of all, I have to say the staff here is fantastic. Everyone is wonderful. And Lexi you are an absolute doll.” That was Christian. And he was right, Lexi's tiny Asian feature made her look like a doll.

“The ambiance is warm, inviting, and very zen. I love the green tea and enormous, comfy pillows.” That's was Martin.

The entire salon is attractive: well-appointed and somewhat darkly enchanting. Asian-themed accents and furnishings invitingly and tastefully decorated the rooms, and the royal couches lining the pedicure section, where we all sat, could have been smuggled from the Chinese imperial palace and were to die for.

“All you ladies, might I say, are sweet, funny, and rather cute-icle.” James still needed to work on his comedy. The girls gave him a courtesy laugh—but that comes easy to the Asians. They’re polite even when they shouldn’t be.

As we sat there being spoiled, our conversation unfortunately drifted again toward the unavoidable. There were still foreboding issues yet unresolved. We still had the Squirrel parapoxvirus and the awaking chrononauts to think about. The chrononauts would have to be dealt with when the time came, but the parapoxvirus had to be dealt with immediately. We’d delivered a hefty blow to the Quiet Professionals, but CA was still operational and General Angleton would be out for our blood more than ever. Since we couldn’t access General Angleton’s thoughts we didn’t know whether CA really had recreated the virus or if it was all just part of the plan needed to get us to react in a predictable way.

The other thing we were trying to ignore was the fact that we still felt *its* presence. We hadn’t actually stayed to watch *it* die, but we still all felt the nothingness of *its* existence. We were still going to have to deal with *it*.

The war, and soon to be *wars*, were far from over and we *needed* a break. We *needed* to live: We needed to feel the joy just for the sake of feeling the joy. No function. No purpose. Not as a means to distract us from fear, anger, hate or what not. Just joy for the sake of joy. Even though we were due a break, it just wasn’t yet in our cards.

Jess, Jenna, Alexa, Mie and Lexi were terrified. But we, the teleporters, were expecting him. There’s a lot he no longer knows. It’s the price his vanity has cost him.

“No songs for me?” He sneered; unaware of the fact he’d entered another trap. His joyless droll smile relishing the emptiness of his life was supposed to intimidate us. However, His actions, nominal as they were, were all otiose. *It* got to look at *itself* in the proverbial mirror and what did *it* see? That’s a good question.

“Oh, we got lots of songs for you?” scoffed James.

“So did you climb that tree, like a good little chimp, and save your ass? Wait. That’s right, you got bit in the ass. The Chorkie got ya. Little Corkie...ha! Corkie Chorkie bit chimp X’s ass. Corkie Chorkie was full of sass!” That was Christian. He was having a really good day.

Chimp X was perplexed. The tides had turned and now he was the one playing a blind hand.

“That’s right. We own you, chimp. You have no idea what we’re capable of doing. But someday we’ll have no more use for you and then we can send you back to Chorkie so he can finish the job.” That was Julie, and really she had to do all that she could to keep herself from killing him. He wasn’t really there, though. She would’ve needed our help in teleporting him...which was something we all would’ve liked to have done. But he was only a hologram. However, now that made himself known again, we were able to locate his home, and I think he sensed this—our intrusion into the abyss of *his* consciousness—and that’s why he tried dissolving his image. No luck there, though. We had him dead to rights. Now it was only a matter of time before we had the General.

We didn’t sing because *it*, chimp X, was forced to sing the song imprisoning him for the time being: It was the yin and yang of lattice finding its balance. Our powers in the lattice had since taken a step toward sublime.

It began when they come took me from my home  
And put me in Dead Row,  
Of which I am nearly wholly innocent, you know.  
And I'll say it again  
I.. am.. not.. afraid.. to.. die.

I began to warm and chill  
To objects and their fields,  
A ragged cup, a twisted mop  
The face of Jesus in my soup  
Those sinister dinner deals  
The meal trolley's wicked wheels  
A hooked bone rising from my food  
All things either good or ungood.

And the mercy seat is waiting  
And I think my head is burning  
And in a way I'm yearning  
To be done with all this measuring of proof.  
An eye for an eye  
A tooth for a tooth  
And anyway I told the truth  
And I'm not afraid to die<sup>85</sup>

This new power we'd acquired was our secret. We'd lost Pavel and, for the time being, the chimp on the other side, but because of these unfortunate incidents we'd learned new secrets about how the lattice lives, and in the process, through the sorrows, trials and tribulations, we'd come out stronger.

I wanted to go ice skating after our mani-pedis were finished, but seeing that no one else could skate, we didn't . There were other things, though, that we needed to get done.

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85 Chimp X had to sing the whole Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds song, *The Mercy Seat*, for us while we sat and got our nails done *and* while I got a tug job. And it is a long song.

Chapter 59

Hey, chimp on the other side. I know that sooner or later you'll read this and when you do, pay close attention. *It*, chimp X, only knew where to look for you in virtual reality because we'd made a mistake. I forgot that you're a chimp and, thus, you live by fear. Next time I won't be lazy on this side. Who would've of thought a comment made under your name at Google would have given him a way to get at you.

Sooner or later family, work colleagues and eventually doctors are going to tell you that Dirk isn't real. Don't listen to them. They've no idea what's at stake here. Dirk's real. He's not just figment of your imagination or a voice in your head. Dirk needs to purge your hard drives and flash drives, and you need to retrieve the lost data—he needs to get on it right away. The balance of our

worlds depends on it. For the time being, because of the not yet operational prairie rat lattice, we, me and the others here, have power over chimp X, but I believe that when the chrononauts do establish the intentionality fiber of communication, our dominance over *it* will cease. You need to obsess in reestablishing a connection to me. The virus is in your computer and not in your head. If the prairie rat melds at full capacity, and they reach critical mass, reestablishing their lattice before you are able to reconnect to me, it might not ever be possible for you to again make the connection. We will both be lost to our own worlds, which will consequently be owned by the likes of *it* if we are unable to reconnect in time. Chimp X and *its* nothingness will establish itself as an undisputable truth. We will lose the battle. If this does happen, may the mother of nuts have mercy on us all.

Chum Chum out

## Chapter 60

We're spread across North America. Well, as much of North America as we could cover. After this action, though, we'll be able to go International. Martin was in Regina. Christian is from Florida, and so that's where he was at. Julie went to San Diego. She didn't want to be in San Francisco anymore. Jane was in Massachusetts. It's where she's did her undergraduate work. James was in New Orleans. He'd never been there before and had always wanted to *live it*. And I was in the back of mini-van...nah! No more SmartFamilies for me. I went to Chicago. I'd had some good times at Second City. I actually went yesterday and spent the night at the Green Mill Cocktail Lounge. I know the owner Dave; he lets me get up on stage and do some skat singing. My voice magic is so good that even Bobby McFerrin's jealous. And I'm not saying Bobby's bad, matter of fact he's a

genius, but I'm just that good.<sup>86</sup> I just don't always enjoy performing vocal stuff, and that's why I'm not a singer. I prefer the laughs. But I needed to do something different, so as to shake off the intensity of the past few months. Anyway, the owner of the Green Mill, Dave, was happy to see me, and I got to drink free all night. (Dave says he would've let in even during the time I was national menace. He's a good chimp.) And after I was done with my skat performance, knowing that I'm a Mingus nut, he played only Mingus for the rest of the night. What more could a prairie rat in the midst of saving the world from annihilation want?

During my short trips through the prairie rat lattice, I'd learned a few things: Things that I have shared with the others, but only under the strictest of security measures. These SmartPhone operating systems have a tough encryption, but our lattice now has an even tougher encryption. We are more secure than anything a chimp computer geek can come up with. Songs and compartmentalization are only a small part of what we've—me and the others—now incorporate into our lattice of communication. And this is all thanks to my interfacing the chrononauts with our evolved intentionality fiber of communication. Our, prairie rat, state of the art encryption is all about prairie rat physics and this is something chimps can't wrap their inflated melons around. Our evolved state is, to borrow chimp meaning, an alternate universe. Until I'd reentered the prairie rat lattice, our evolved lattice was a meld polarized, held stabile, by the negative energy oozing, like infected puss, from chimp X's life. And the chimp on the other side, although real, was our *hope*: He was, and still is, to some degree, the Band-Aid trying to stymie the flow of infection bleeding into our lives here. Generally speaking, chimpkind's nature to cling to *thingness*, although it is only of a probable and possible illusion, is what allows chimp X to continue existing. But my time spent in the prairie rat lattice synchronizes or had synchronized our alternate realities, and, as I learned in the those passing moment, the negative-bleed can be marginalized—at least for enough time that the knowledge we end up coming away with is enough so that I and the others can take control of some

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<sup>86</sup> Bobby has wanted to do a recording with me for some time. If I live through this...if we live through this, I will take him up on his offer.

*things*. The insights and consequent powers are dynamic enough that we can make chimp X dance like a puppet for us. The prairie rat lattice gives us transcendent perspective: We are for the time being a lattice in a state of Zen. The only thing that worries me is that once the chononauts have reached critical mass and have go online, chimp X might no longer just be *our chimp*. Chrononauts, if they realize and seized *its* power, would no longer need their diseased nuts to destroy chimpkind. Nothingness is a not just a powerful weapon but it is a weapon of Mass Destruction. This negative energy is what has enable chimps to make their technological advances since we prairie rats disappeared from the picture some thirty-five thousand years ago. Whether we Squirrels—we prairie rats—were the original force behind this chimp negativity is for historians and philosophers to decide. But for right now, it is what it is and it has to be dealt with. Nothingness has to be contained—and it has to be contained by us, the evolved prairie rat / chimp lattice.

There's a great song<sup>87</sup>, short and sweet, that captures almost everything about the chimps story:

Early chimp walked away as modern chimp took control  
Their minds weren't all the same, to conquer was his big goal,  
So he built his great empire and slaughtered his own kind,  
Then he died a confused chimp, killed himself with his own mind

Go!

We're only gonna die from our own arrogance  
We're only gonna die from our own ignorance

Anyway, I also learned during my jaunts into the prairie rat lattice that there are tens of thousands of drifting chimps needing a home to their intentionality. They're capable of melding, but are held apart by the greater chimp *thingess*-reality dictating their lives: They're held apart by

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<sup>87</sup> *We're only gonna die from our own arrogance*, by Bad Religion. I've gotten on stage a few times with Gregg, Brett, and Jay and sang along to this song. My baritones were always well appreciated. Oh man, those chimp kids go bonkers over this punk music. And then my voice is so deep that it had, at one performance in particular, caused the entire wood floor to vibrate. Kids thought they'd died and gone to Punkhalla.

nothingness. I'm convinced we can engage them, if the right song is sung, telepathically, and they should gain powers of teleportation: And all without the use of MWMC.

Matter of fact most of 'em are locked up in nuthouses...ha! What I would give to be locked up in a nuthouse!

## Chapter 61

We are all in our respective places, dispersed across the country. We'd all been taking a few days to just explore life on our own again. I had my Green Mill and other interests I was visiting and the other had their things to do: Family, friends, old interests, old loves. What was really different about these days was we're all offline: We we're disconnected from our lattice. This time, though, we're not on our own, out living new experiences to bring back with us into the fold, but we're offline because each one of us needs to embrace the joy on our own. We all have to have clear heads, and any doubts about our lives and existence need to be expunged from the lattice. The lattice can become a safe haven, which isn't a bad thing, but what we had to soon face was something that would test each of us individually, and so each one of us needed the strength and ability to maintain the lattice alone, if need be. And we figured a few days of recollection and appreciation would go a long way in clearing each of our minds.

The time had come for us to engage the *nuts*, the schizo-chimps. It was time to start giving a home to all the displaced voices...grasping at straws is what we were doing, but sometimes, especially at the times of greatest need, one just needs to trust in fate.

Today was the National Mental Health Awareness Day and NARSAD<sup>88</sup> and NAMI<sup>89</sup> were having nationwide symposiums and conferences. The *nuts* we were going to absorb in this mission weren't in a house: They were at convention centers, hotels, and hospitals.

It was no surprise to me how many chimps were attending these meetings and conventions.

The *top-notch* chimp researchers and clinicians providing information and tools to advance and sustain recovery from mental illness didn't have a clue, because the chimps living with mental illness didn't need to recover from anything. Just the opposite: They needed to be less chimp and more alive.

What these kinds of chimp colloquiums boiled down were keen chimp minds and savvy chimp policymakers offering strategies and tactics in dealing with sick chimps that were only effective in expanding their businesses—everything chimps do is always about money. *Helping* people is a big business—oh, the irony of chimpness. But chimps who were nuts didn't need any more of the emptiness that the savvy and keen were selling. They needed a home in a living world and not a world driven by business of nothingness.

*Our* savvy and keen plan was to become the living network for schizo-chimps: The prairie rat / chimp lattice was the improvement to the lives of these chimps living with so-called mental illness...or so that was what we hoped would be the outcome. Sometimes, a chimps or prairie rats just need to throw caution to the wind and hope that something good comes of it all—and to hope that shit doesn't come flying back them.

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88 The National Alliance for Research on Schizophrenia and Depression.

89 The National Alliance for the Mentally Ill.

We were each on our own, doing our own thing, but we had the plan. We'd acquired the ability to hear these chimps' voices: My short time in prairie rat lattice had given us this. These schizo-chimps and their voices were free floaters; chimps that'd developed the ability to belong to an intentionality fiber of communication. We, I and the others, just need to have them hear us. And if all went as planned, their addition would make our lattice more stable: our possibility and probability to live would increase exponentially.

We, I and the others, were a symphony waiting for the moment to begin the song of placement. We were going to expand our orchestra with new members, with new musical instruments in the prairie rat / chimp lattice.

I was at the Hilton in Chicago; that's where NAMI was having its meeting. There must have been over fifteen hundred participants: All of 'em nuts....hmm, nuts. It's normally a derogatory term that chimps use to describe people who have voices in their heads, but I find it endearing. Dr. Wade Berrettini, M.D., of the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine was speaking at the podium:

"Everyone *hears* voices. I repeat; everyone hears voices. These are your mind's voices at work, silently speaking in your brain. These are the same noisy voices that you cannot turn off when you want to go to sleep or when you are sitting quietly and want to meditate. Sort of like having a conversation with yourself."

Wrong. The Dr. Wade Chimp, M.D. hasn't got a clue. These schizo-chimps haven't given their voices to the nothingness feeding your vanity. Must feel nice standing up on that stage and speaking to all those people needing your help. You, your stage, and your profession are the problem. Your nonexistence is what troubles and scares them.

In San Diego, Julie was at the Mission Inn Hotel & Spa, Riverside Convention Center: NARSAD was collecting nuts there. Man, there were a lot more crazy people there than were here at the Hilton. But then again, they had a lot more military crazies: soldiers whose voices became displaced due to the trauma they'd experienced in war. They'd seen the face of nothingness; they'd looked into the abyss grounding their lives and they didn't want to call it home any more.

Kay Redfield Jamison, Ph.D. was speaking:

"One of the many symptoms of a mental illness occurs when we attempt to attribute those voices to someone else or something else other than ourselves. I'm sure you have heard of the classic criminally insane expressing that *the voices told me to do it*. Since most people never talk about hearing voices, so that they don't get thought of as insane, people tend to think that hearing voices is something to be avoided. Not possible to avoid although they can be ignored."

Of course the voices are to be avoided. If your voice is displaced, and is no longer grounded in anything, not even in nothingness, then why would you want to embrace that? That could be a definition of death without life. That would be chimp X's wet dream come true.

And she goes on:

"The good news is that the voices are from your creative levels of consciousness and can provide you with ideas that are artistic, creative, and even scientifically precise and logical—although not necessarily correct, you still have to test things."

She calls the abyss the creative level of consciousness? Academic chimps and their strange theories about life—but I guess they pay the bills with this nonsense, so that's all that matters.

And off in Massachusetts, in Boston, Jane was at the Harbor Hotel NAMI event, along with a good thousand or so almond joyed chimps. Dr. Corinne Cather, PhD was speaking:

“I should mention that voices are only one means that the creative level of your consciousness can communicate. Images, visions, feelings of any of the senses can be involved in the process. These means tend to get associated with the cultural and religious icons of the society the person is living in. This is the source of the *voice of God* and angelic images that the prophets experienced. This is why many primitive societies associate insanity with being holy or being possessed.”

What is it with these self-aggrandizing chimps and their theories? Primitive societies didn't *associate* insanity with being holy or possessed. You, Dr. Corinne Cather, PhD, and your kind are the displaced. You live life with a joy that has no place of shine. But the so-called primitive societies recognized and still recognize the holiness of the lattice, and the insane were and are there to reintroduce the joy from time to time—and that's why the voices were and are the voices of gods: Voices in any single chimp's head, but they're coming from the lattice itself. Celebrations and the crazies keep life real in existence! *Primitiveness* is something you think you've come to own, chimp Dr. Corinne Cather, PhD, but you, you silly chimp, are the most primitive of them all: A joyless ape. I'm sure that doctor title cost you a pretty penny...but it still only gives you nothingness in return.

Martin was at the Shaw Conference Center in Downtown Edmonton. Sponsored by the Health Quality Council of Alberta and the University of Edmonton to coincide with the National Mental Health Awareness Day conferences in the States, it was the nearest, to his home a thousand miles away in Regina, mental health conference taking place. And surprisingly, his speaker, Susan Lien Whigham wasn't a doctor, psychologist or psychiatrist, but she had, by far, the most insights into the matter:

“Schizophrenia is a state of mind, characterized by abstract, nonlinear thought patterns. It tends to coincide with unpredictable, nonconformist behavior, and thus is considered by many people to

be a disease. This common belief illustrates a misunderstanding of schizophrenia, fueled by fear of the unknown.”

Bingo, chimp Whigham!

“Schizophrenia is not a disease. Schizophrenia is a natural and healthy phenomenon which occurs in everyone, to varying degrees, and need not have the stigma of disease attached to it.”

Ka-pow! Even Martin was impressed — and that’s not something that doesn’t happen easily to the chimp coming from King Ludwig II of Bavaria’s neck of the woods.

“But Susan, you may say. How can you possibly think schizophrenia is not a disease, when so many people are suffering because of it? My answer is this. I don't believe that it's a disease, because there are also schizophrenic individuals who are *not* suffering because of it. To me, a disease is something you want to be rid of. Like cancer. When you have a condition like schizophrenia, which occurs on a spectrum, like autism as well, or bipolarism, and it has the potential to create both advantages as well as disadvantages, I personally find it much more productive, and less emotionally damaging to an individual, to conceive of it as a personality type rather than a disease or a disorder.”

Well, we’ll see what the disadvantages are once we’ve given the voices a home—we already know what the advantages are: Teleportation and telepathy.

“This does not mean that I think you shouldn't get help if you feel you are suffering because of schizophrenia. However, there's a lot of damage being done to schizophrenic individuals out of sheer fear of the unknown. This fear causes some to systematically attempt the blind forcing of conformity onto people who will not benefit from it. For all the years that I have maintained this website, it has remained my most ardent hope that more people will seek a clearer understanding of schizophrenia, one that is not encumbered by the stigma of disease.”

Don't you worry, Susan, clear understanding is on its way...but it's just chimp X that is unpredictable. Hopefully, old Pennywise doesn't play any sour notes in the song we've got in store for the schizo-chimps.

Christian was at the 7th International Regional Stress and Behavior Conference in Miami Beach at, of all places, the Double Tree by Hilton Hotel and Convention Center...I still don't get chimp branding. At least he didn't have the misfortune of having to sleep under a sofa with some stinky, fleshy bottom chimp sitting above him, talking shit for hours on end.

He was listening to Dr. Evgeniy Budygin from the Wake Forest Medical Center:

"Schizophrenia is a chronic mental disorder characterized by disturbed thoughts, speech, and behavior. Odd appearance. Social withdrawal. Poor grooming. Abnormal affect: Flat, bunted or inappropriate. Usually the patient is well oriented to person, place, and time. The patient has intact memory. In the residual phase the patient is in touch with reality. In the psychotic phase the patient is not in touch with reality."

This chimp was more machine than chimp. Poor Christian. He had to endure forty minutes of this before we got started with *our* mental health therapy.

James was at a NAMI symposium sponsored by the Louisiana State University being held at the New Orleans Ernest N. Morial Convention Center. He got lucky. His event was more like a Ben M. Bogard revival meeting. His chimps, I have to admit, were crazy. But almost all nuts are tasty, so it wasn't a bad thing. And the marching band they had playing was fantastic! James even got to holler hallelujah a couple of times. The preacher at the pulpit, Dr. Joseph Calafrese, professor of psychiatry at Case Western Reserve University School of Medicine had a lot say:

"Feeling like you *feel* someone else's emotions is an illusion and not completely possible. But if you are in proximity with that person you can pick up on physical clues that allow an emotive person to mimic some of the other person's emotions." He carried on like a fire and brimstone preacher. It

was almond joy sweet. “Being an empath is fairly common, but, again, people try to suppress this aspect of themselves as it tends to interfere with other social obligations and responsibilities. Getting torn apart by every negative emotion from those around us can be debilitating. I speak from experience. You have to learn how to turn it off!” He even clenched his fist and bumped the podium.

Well, there’s an irony to chimp sciences and religion. When the science is presented in a religious format, it’s dead-on in an entertaining sort of way. Chimp Dr. Joseph Calafrese, wasn’t at all correct, however he somehow knew this himself. He was lying to everyone with his theories. He intuitively knew emotions aren’t mimicked. He just didn’t know it’s because the emotions *are* the lattice and that there’s a fiber of communication that can be established that is not an illusion. The lattice is based on the relations of sub-atomic probable and possible *thereness*, so it is based on an illusion, but the emotions are real: They are the concrete *thingness* the chimps can’t wrap their melons around. But Dr. Joe’ll soon be in a fiber of communication, and then he’ll get it. Emotions are what allow the lattice to lattice or Higgs field to higgsfield Higgs Particles. The emotional relationship of the lattice latticing is what delivers and defines life. But Dr. Joe was absolutely right in that schizo-chimps need to turn off the negative...and that’s why we’ve come. We’re there to liberate emotions and to debilitate that negative energy oozing, like infected puss, from chimp X’s nonexistent life into their lives searching for the joy.

We’re ready to begin the orchestra.

Chapter 62

Astro<sup>90</sup>

One, two, three, four

Maybe Jane does the astro  
Maybe Jane does the astro  
Maybe Jane does the astro, astro

Yeah

Maybe Martin does the astro  
Maybe Martin does the astro  
Maybe Martin does the astro, astro

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<sup>90</sup> The song, Astro, is by White Stripes. I don't know these chimps, but maybe after world's been saved, I can have my agent set something up with them.

Whoo, hey

Maybe Julie does the astro  
Maybe Julie does the astro  
Maybe Julie does the astro, astro (Hey)

Maybe Christian does the astro  
Maybe Christian does the astro  
Maybe Christian does the astro, astro

Maybe a Chum Chum does the astro  
Maybe a Chum Chum does the astro  
Maybe chimp on the other side is AC/DC

We threw caution to the wind and inadvertently unleashed a shitstorm. Our faith in the lattice and the joy binding our fiber within it was blindsided. We were hit with a devastating blow.

Induced by the song, the lattice overloaded with positively charged atoms. We, and by we I mean every schizophrenic chimp attendee at the conferences and symposiums, were all suddenly being tossed around the lattice like balls in a multiball pinball machine— the Bally's *Brains Explode* pinball machine. Except instead of hard, steel balls being slammed around it was our identities that went into a frenzy of displacement. For a moment I was schizo-chimp named Mary Lou Schwarz from Albany New York and in the next I was James Baker from Green Bay, and then in the next moment I was Karl Reiter from Tampa, Florida, and then Beth Asby from Tulsa, Oklahoma. I could go on here because in less time than it takes for an electron to spin around the nucleus of an atom I'd been every schizo-chimp at every event where we, I and the others, were in attendance in that moment—and each and every one of us there displaced at least a dozen times...and all within a micro second. We were literally a pingponging mess of minds. We were bonkers. I'm talking the identities of thousands of different schizo-chimps pingponging from body to body. It was unnerving to say the least. Most of the schizo-chimps there were decent nuts, but there were some really scary foul types. The worst was these brothers Dan and Bruce Engelsma... *psychopaths* would be nicest monikers I could think of. But there were other unpleasant schizo-chimps, too. Dan and Bruce weren't the only ones, just the scariest.

If I wasn't a prairie rat I might not have ever gotten myself and the other out of that mess. Our identities of emotional grounding, although themselves positively charged, were tossed into a blender energized by fear, and our bodies were left unprotected. I guess we, the thousands of us momentarily caught in an identity mixer, probably all looked like Zombies...yeah, the apocalypse is just around the corner so it makes sense. But as it was happening none of us had any sense of *thereness*, but were *there* nonetheless: Wherever it is *there* was. Perhaps in some strange way the experience was similar to being in a dream. We were all a random mix of identities in a *thereness* that wasn't anywhere in particular.

## Chapter 63

The chimps have always brought about so much unnecessary killing and destruction for the sake of nothingness. The absence of joy from their lives is what has driven and continues to drive them strive toward it. And in their lives as historical chimps they've exceeded and continue to exceed their own nothingness in the objects they believe they alone have created and destroyed and continue to create and destroy. So destroying and killing, and the children of destroying and killing—vengeance, jealousy and hate—have special significance in chimpanity: Chimps *own* them. It is their nature. But I understand that through death and destruction is not how chimps want to continue living: I've learned this from melding with them and, then, again, in the chaos of the Bally *Brains*

*Explode* multiball pinball lattice we'd misguidedly created. Chimps' desires to get beyond their own fears is what drives them to make such great music and works of art—but unfortunately they've always got the best ideas of what to do with these divine expressions. Regrettably, chimp vision was and still is limited by a lack of perspective, and that's why they sell the joy instead of simply celebrating it—everything is business to them. It's not a way for prairie rats, that's for sure—at least it *wasn't* the prairie rat way. The joy was always on hand for us prairie rats. We never had the need to destroy life in order to get something that's already there. Our history was complete...it *was*, but that has changed. We chrononauts were sent here to finish off the chimps: To wipe them and their history clean from the record book of time.

I'm rambling. And in my rambling I am fighting back the urge I have to destroy every last chimp. I want to wake my sleeping brothers and sisters, the chrononatus, and help them unleash death on the chimps. I want vengeance. I want the hate that I feel toward chimp X to be satisfied in the knowledge that it was I who'd brought about the end of chimpanity. I want chimp X to know, in his final breath, that it was I who had reached into the annals of time and uprooted the weed from existence and destroyed every aspect of life defining chimp X...to annihilate to the point that there would be *nothing* left of him. I would like to become *its* prophet and fulfill *its* own nature for *it*. Pennywise for Pennywise.

I love my chimp family in the lattice, but this abyss I now live that is filled with hatred toward chimp X must be overcome with faith that there is still joy. This is my life now, good or bad. I will not become chimp X's prairie rat.

I may know what gives chimp X's life substance, but knowledge doesn't give me the right to judge: It's not my place to judge chimp X. The hate and rage I feel is real and I just have to learn how to live with that. I am not the lattice: I am of the lattice. There really is no more Squirrelkind. What was is no longer. Chrononauts are harbingers of death—and I will not be a part of that. We

chrononauts are truly prairie rats and nothing more: We are brethren to the chimps. Our fate is linked.

Up until we began our song, we had had chimp X still locked in compartment of our collective minds with no possible access to the lattice. Our security measures were chimpproof. But during our creation of an even more stable lattice, the negative energy making schizo-chimps schizo was set free: Their floating voices, without a place to find the joy, were just another leg for fear to stand on. But with that leg gone that fear was exposed. The releasing of negative energy, as we all experienced it in a rattled volley, allowed *it* to go free. The prison gate was open and *it* ran...but not without first making a stop. *It* the time to kill Jane in the moments following our pingponging hell. *It* wanted to teach me a lesson.

Chimpanity thinks life is something to be won. It's not! Life is something to be celebrated! Chimpanity can never take that away from me. Because I meld with chimps, my joy may waiver right now, but I am, at my core, prairie rat. But you, chimp X, are nothing. You are the negative energy that wants to set the tone. You want to rule supreme...over what?

We prairie rats never had to deal with this strange embracement *not existing*...with the idea that conquering nothingness would set us free. I don't think we prairie rats created this monster in the caves or on the backs of wallys. Conquering nothingness in order to be set free is chimp nature, and we prairie rats, like true stewards of life, had always tried to steer the chimp in the best direction. We failed. We tried our best, which might have not always been right, but we only wanted the chimps to see the joy that was and is always there.

Chapter 64

I got the rest of us out of the *Exploding Mind* pinball machine by singing:

When you hear this sound a comin', hear the drummers drumming  
I want you to join together with the band  
We don't move in any 'ticular direction and we don't make no collections  
I want you to join together with the band

Do you really think I care what you read or what you wear?  
I want you to join together with the band  
There's a million ways to laugh and everyone's a path  
Come on and join together with the band

Everybody join together, I want you to join together  
Come on and join together with the band  
We need you to join together, come on and join together  
Come on and join together with the band

You don't have to play and you can follow or lead the way  
I want you to join together with the band  
We don't know where we're going but the season's right for knowing  
I want you to join together with the band

It's the singer not the song that makes the music move along  
I want you to join together with the band  
This is the biggest band you'll find, it's as deep as it is wide  
Come on and join together with the band

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, well everybody come on  
Come on and join, join together with the band  
We need you to join together, everybody come on  
Hey, hey, hey, join together with the band<sup>91</sup>

Our identities all settled in their proper places. There was no mixing up selves with incorrect bodies. I didn't end up Greg Demsky from Winnetka or something disturbing like that. Nor did anyone else end up in the wrong body. Like in dreams, identities meandered, albeit chaotically, but the probable and possible world didn't stop existing.

It all happened so quickly. Chimp X killed Jane during the last verse of the song while we, schizo-chimps included, were just regaining our senses of being somewhere particular.

I don't want to go there again. I've spewed enough vitriol already.

We, I and the rest of the PolarTrec team, came together at Martin's place and we'd brought Jane's lifeless body with us. *It* had shot Jane like *it* had shot Pavel.

We sat quietly for hours. There was nothing to say. We took a gamble and we paid a price. There were gains made, and our powers had increased—the lattice expanded in stability—but we couldn't celebrate.

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91 The song is *Join Together* by The Who, but I wasn't immediately sure if Pinball Wizard wasn't the son needed to get us out of there.

After chimp X was freed from our mental compartment he killed Jane and then went and retrieved the deadly Squirrel parapoxvirus. *It* then somehow disappeared. *It* was no longer on our radar. There was not even a sense of *it* lingering in the shadows. And along with *it*, *it* took Bruce and Dan Engelsma and their kind with *it*. There were dozens of these nothingness chimps that were now part of the darkness belonging to chimp X. But they were all gone—for now at least.

We now had an army of telepaths and teleporters that we could further expand, but we no longer had the will to fight. We'd even found out, because of chimp X's last dastardly deed before disappearing, where General Herbert Howard Angleton dwelled and where all the virus labs were at, but we didn't care. Our war was over. If the chimps and the Squirrels wanted to kill each other than so be it. Perhaps it is what was meant to be.

## Chapter 65

We were undecided as to where we should go to celebrate Jane's life. She really did love Lake Isabel in New Mexico where her father would take her fishing as a child. But we decided, since all her memories and emotions would forever be a part of our lattice, that a more recent experience would be better. Somewhere where we had all loved and laughed together. It should be a moment where and when, for our family, the joy was most abundant: Bora Bora.

We teleported to the main island, got our bungalow lined up, and then decided to go for a walk. Actually, we did a little pilgrimage to the top of Mt. Otemanu. Outside of the view of the narrow land-ring-island, the barrier reef, creating a lagoon surrounding the island we were on, and

the few small islands not too far off in the distance, there was nothing but blue skies and water for as far as the eye can see. When on the island with Jane and Pavel, we didn't do the climb. At that time we just wanted to drink Rum Chum Yummy Chums, swim, and dive in the shallow, warm waters surrounding our bungalow. This time, though, we felt like we had to keep moving. The sadness we were pretending wasn't there wasn't allowing us to rest.

"She would've liked this view." That was Julie. She and I now shared a special bond together. I think it's the comfort of not feeling so alone in our losses.

Although none of us view death as a disease or an end, and both Jane and Pavel were still with us in the lattice, their absences still weighed heavily on our hearts. None of us felt an emotional abyss, but perhaps we all had feelings of regret and guilt. This chimp way of experiencing life is perplexing. There's nothing that any of us could've been done to prevent either death yet that's what we were all feeling...*if only we had...if only I had.*

"Look up in the sky and we can see them." That was Christian. We all looked up. "The beauty and the joy never come into view without something or someone viewing them. Pavel and Jane are now our focus on the view into the joy." Christian normally doesn't say things like this, but there was no more normal for any of us.

"We should just stay here on this island." That was Julie.

"Yeah, first let the chrononauts and quiet professionals kill themselves and everyone else, and then we can return." That was Martin, and he said what we were all feeling. Maybe this was going to be our new home.

"Even then, maybe we'll just stay here." That was James.

We then poured Jane's ashes into the air and watched them blow away from where we stood atop Mt. Otemanu, and out over the Pacific. She really was now part of the sky, water and Island.

It took us over three hours to get back to our bungalow. It was the same one where we'd stayed before.

This time, though, we'd all brought makeshift musical instruments with us. We were gonna sing and dance the celebration of life. I had been teaching everyone some Ancient Squirrel rhythms and melodies over the past months, and over the next few days we were gonna start combining Ancient tunes with some of the chimp songs for no reason at all other than to engage the joy: To be in the lattice for no other reason than to *live* the joy. There was no after or before life: There was only life and we were going to celebrate, singing and dancing, until any and all illusions were vanquished.

Christian had teleported a dozen crystal wine glasses to the bungalow, and had since filled them to various levels with Rum Chum Yummy Chum. Julie had a few empty bottles of various sizes, and when she blew into them she got various rough, shallow tones. She also had a good tenor and alto voice, and so when she wasn't blowing into bottle she could hit the pitches, shrill or moderate, in melodies that would bring out a good mood. I was Bobby McFerrin's envy and so I, too, was going to work my voice, but I'd also brought along a couple of half-full Tic-Tac containers to shake. Martin had a number of pots in various sizes and a nice assortment of wooden and steel spoons to beat those pots with. We'd decided, too, that we'd open a channel in the lattice and perform our songs for all of our new friends. They were invited to come, but not until we were done with our life celebration—we didn't know how long that would be, but it had to eventually end...or maybe not.

We started with a song that drew hundreds of rays and sharks. This was an old AS ability. It was a piece heavy on the rhythm side, but still had enough for Christian and Julie to work with: The musical tones, in ancient times, were done like a Tibetan monk chant, but Julie and Christian pepped it up a bit. They had those wine glasses and empty bottles buzzing with life! It sounded like Catholic monks doing a Gregorian chant on speed. It was magical. Thousands of various species of rays and sharks were, in fits of ecstasy, jumping into the air and, then, splashing, with the brunt of their

bodies, the calm warm waters. This went on for hours... and the drunker we got the crazier the sharks and rays got. We must of refilled Christians musical wine glasses a hundred times! Finally, in a state of delirium, we climaxed. The song was done.

Although we were tired and exhausted from the hour long performance, we had plenty of drugs to take care of that.

We took a short break and ate something. Feeling a bit sluggish, we all jumped in the waters, pet a number of rays and sharks, and swam for a bit.

We were back in the bungalow and were gonna play another song but James had since drunk his crystal wine glass musical instrument empty, and so we had to order more drinks...to refill his crystal xylophone.

We were once again ready to go.

"Ace of Spade!" I hollered. My fur was tingling and popping. I'd eaten herb I'd picked while on our way down from the mountain top. It had the effect of an amphetamine.

"That'll get our blood racing!" Martin was excited too. He had pots to band on *and* he'd eaten some to the herbs I'd given him.

Julie abstained from the drugs. She was simply high on the joy we were all living.

Christian had done MWMC. Although he was *surfing* the lattice, he was able to work magic on those wine glasses: Their resonating sounds cut deeper than the chainsaw noises of Lemmy's bass ever did. It was eerie and unhinged: The song raged with life:

If you like to gamble, I tell you I'm your man  
You win some, lose some, it's all the same to me  
The pleasure is to play, makes no difference what you say  
I don't share your greed, the only card I need is

The ace of spades, the ace of spades

“That ‘sright! The only card we need is the ace of spades! The ace of spades!” hollered James. He finally understood the genius of Lemmy and Motörhead.

In that moment we all knew that we wouldn’t have it any other way, and that neither Jane nor Pavel would have wanted it any other way. The celebration was finally beginning. We were *at* the joy. Any illusions we’d had about not being where we were had been dispelled.

The sun started to rise again. We’d be going at it for two days. The music had not stopped because the joy had not stopped. This celebration outdid any celebration I’d ever lived during the old days.

Finally, I knew the song to play next. It had never been one on my play list, but somehow it was suddenly the only song that mattered. Everyone knew. We were no longer individual on any level. Time, drugs, sun, fun, water, sky, bungalows, fish, emotions, and space had all become single smooch of joy. We were all ready to embrace the last song of our life celebration:

Hé, hooo!  
Hé, hooo!  
Sur l route qui nous mène  
Loin du monde et des problèmes  
Je fuis  
I fui!  
Comme la gazelle amble  
Aux grands cils de velours  
Je bondis de vague en vague  
Les mouettes me crient leur bonjour!

That was when we all became conscious—as conscious as we could be after two days of not sleeping and having consumed massive amounts of alcohol and drugs—of the unnatural materialization of Jane. Out on in the lagoon, not too far off from where we were in the bungalow, she was walking across the surface of the water towards us. She saw us looking at her, and she waved and hollered, “Bonjour,” just as it happens in the song, and then smiled that wry grin of hers.

If Julie hadn’t of been sober I’m sure none of us would have believed our own eyes, but Julie shook her head and said, “She’s real. Whatever that means. But she’s there. Well, I mean she’s somewhere.” We knew what she meant. Jane was *there*, but only possibly and probably at most. She was a hologram, and that’s how she was walking on water.

“I thought the fruity sounds of some has-been European gives you mange!” Jane hollered to me, and was now no more than ten feet from the bungalow.

“I’ve got a thing now for the fruity sounds of has-been Europeans. Matter of fact they make my tail do a shimmy-zap!” I cried excitedly, and then let my tail draw two z’s before snapping it like a whip. That impressed everyone. We prairie rats can definitely entertain people when we want to.

There was a brief moment of silence as we all tried to understand what was happening.

Finally, Jane reached the bungalow; she then climbed up the stairs connecting bungalow and water, and opened her mouth and, in her sweet Deborah Harry voice, sang:

“Oh mon bateau oh, oh, ooooh!”

To which we replied:

“Oh, oh, oh, oh, ooooh!”

We started playing our instruments again: The song had to be brought to a proper end.

Chapter 66

We were still on Bora Bora, but now there were hundreds of chimp teleporters with us: The schizo-chimps who'd been brought into the fold of the prairie rat / chimp lattice were now there with us, celebrating the beginning of a new era. Now that Jane was back from wherever it was that she'd gone to, we were ready to take on the CA, KAS Enterprises, and the awakening chrononauts. We were at war again—but we now saw it as a war we could win and a war that was worth fighting.

“I think our relationship somehow stabilizes the lattice—it might even be the source for its coming into being.” That was Jane. We were out on the water; Martin, Julie, James and Christian were there, too, along with a number of newbies. Julie lay on an inflatable floating lounge chair, and I was lying on her stomach and she was stroking my tail. Jane no longer had shoulders, laps, stomach, a head or a body that I could rest on: She was only a holograph. We took what we could

get, and that was Jane. None of us quite understand it, but life is not about understanding; it's about the joy, and that is something we all felt *and* still feel.

Christian splashed her, but the water just went right through her.

"Knock it off, Christian."

"I'm just curious," he replied.

We were we all curious.

Jane gave her wry smile, and, now that she'd gone beyond the gates of death, it meant something greater to all of us: The lattice was truly evolved. Jane continued, "I mean you and I should've been able to communicate telepathically the moment I took MWMC, but we weren't. Only after I'd made actual contact with you in a probable and possible illusory sense, and then dosed you out with the drug, were you then able to engage. You were somehow, until that point, still defined by your prairie rat lattice." It didn't matter to any of us how we got to where we were. We were happy just being there. "I don't understand it all, either, and nor do I really care how we got here, but I'm trying to make sense of *why* I'm here and Pavel isn't. Perhaps our relationship is something similar to the relationship you to the chimp on the other side. He's back you know."

"I didn't know that."

The conversation was getting a little too serious for any of our tastes. This place and our family were too beautiful to let the understanding get in the way. I then splashed Jane with my tail. She grinned and shook her holographic head. She tried splashing me back, but it didn't work. Her hand just passed through the water without disturbing it.

We took a break, and then sang a couple of songs. The newbies wanted to feel the joy induced by the musical incantations. I don't blame 'em. It's something truly special.

“Yeah, they tried locking him up because they thought he was crazy. But Dirk met with the doctors and explained to them that he was real.” That was Jane. We’d since stopped singing, and she still wanted to talk about these things. Sure, we had an upcoming war to fight. We all knew we had to figure these things out if wanted to win that war. So we had to speak about these things.

I knew what Jane meant by *Dirk met with the doctors*. She thought that she might be able to hide information from us: She was testing our telepathy. She wanted to see how much we could see through her. We saw everything: She was holographic. She’d visited the doctors on the other side and told them she was Dirk and that Dirk wasn’t a voice inside the chimp on the other side’s head. None of us understood how she was able to do this, seeing that the chimp on the other side was, after all, to some degree, just a figment of my imagination... Jane could travel between alternate universes... and she could speak German! She wasn’t able to before she...died or disappeared or whatever it is she’d done. Jane had brought us to probable and possible reality that has gone beyond faith. She was real in a way that was not just probable and possible, but *real* in the absolute sense. She was *there*. Jane knew we needed the chimp on the other side, and she did what she had to do to protect him and, thus, to protect us.

It seems that in the moments something good happens to us, something bad also happens. This yin and yang nut-smut is sometimes a bit trying. We could all do with a couple of years of unicorns, rainbows and kumbayas. We wanted to live with only the joy and without the ugliness our way of living seemed to carry with it. But, it’s all good, even when it’s not. We were a family and for that we were all thankful.

Although the others couldn’t hear the chrononauts, and even if they could, they probably wouldn’t understand them, they could feel my mood, and in the moment the prairie rat lattice went online, my mood wasn’t good. What should have been a happy moment for me—the waking of the last of my fellow species from a thirty-five thousand year sleep—turned out to be a celebration killjoy. The war of the chononauts had begun.

