

THIS ABOVE ALL;  
TO THINE OWN  
SELF BE  
ZOO.

Vol. IV                      No. 2

Summer Solstice 2026

In this issue,

a wolf's laugh sounds like krr-keh-keh-keh!,  
and an admirer sees a guy and his golden being sweeties.

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*To Thine Own Self Be Zoo*  
*Vol. IV No. 2*  
*Summer Solstice 2026*

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## A MULTIVERSAL ANALYSIS ON THE CONSTANCY OF BESTIALITY

1. There in the desert I then walked through a marketplace crowded shoulder-to-shoulder where human slaves were given to animal prostitutes to engage in sexual acts. Often directly out in the open, though sometimes inside of tents of thin materials, human men penetrated primarily donkeys (both jacks and jennies) though by no means was all of this relegated to only human men and only donkeys. Any act of bestiality that could be imagined, I warrant that you could find it being acted upon at this market, for sale, the human slave owners giving payment to the human animal owners for the act. I did not take it that any party, slave, animal, or owner, particularly gleaned enjoyment from these practices. The nature of it seemed, if anything, spiteful, angry, malintentioned. I cannot emphasize enough that there were tens of thousands of humans present here, and that prostitution of animals to human slaves was the entire purpose to which all of them were gathered. I do not know what to make of it.

2. The wolf chuckled, ho ho ho! With my ears, I will hear the slightest twig snapping or grass rustling under your oafish human feet. Wherefore, bind up my ears as well, wrap cloth about my head such that my ears are pressed flat, and I scarce should hear you. The human did so. The wolf guffawed, ah-haw-haw-haw! With my nose, I will surely smell your trail no matter how far you go, across valleys and hills, even at a wide river I

shall merely find out your trail again on the other side, running about on my swift legs around and around from where your trail was known last. Wherefore, bind up my nose as well, drape a cloth upon my head entirely, such that my nose is all confined, and I scarce should smell through it. The human did so. The wolf snickered, krr-keh-keh-keh!, for as the human was distracted so, the wolf's mate was at the human's house, sexually pleasuring the human's wife.

*(Excerpts, 1: Walker R. Kansson's diary 601-34-4444-542944, 1703/04/02. 2: A Fable From Earsin, "The Fable of the Woodsman's Wife".)*

In the vast reaches of the multiverse, more variance can be seen, both in small details and in the fundamental macro nature of things, than the imagination unbidden would have reason to come up with, for the difference between one universe and another may be so mundane as to be effectively boring, or may be so drastically different as to be utterly impractical to consider in terms of what it means for one's own universe, for it truly is a comparison of utterly no use, the one universe is so different from the other that lessons in one cannot be usefully applied to the other. There are universes where humans are primarily left-handed and universes where humans are primarily right-handed. There are universes where humans speak different languages as in another similar universe, but where, indeed, the similarities are otherwise in lockstep, evolution has otherwise played out and history has otherwise played out the same way in one universe as in another, sometimes even down to the effectively identical individual humans and animals existing in one universe and in another, only bearing different vocabulary. There are, also, universes primarily occupied with empty space and universes primarily occupied with filled space. There are universes with discrete multicellular biological organisms, there are universes with megamacro biological organisms, there are universes with ethereal lifeforms, there are universes with symbolic lifeforms only, and the list goes on. There are universes rigidly ruled by formal logic 1 and there are universes rigidly ruled by formal logic 2 and there are universes rigidly

ruled by formal logic 3, and there are universes ruled by strange logic, and there are universes ruled by spiral logic, and there are universes ruled by fiat. There are not infinitely many universes. There are many universes. They are discrete, countable, finite. The number of universes is a large integer, but it is, keyly, an integer. There are not “no rules.” The nature of the multiverse does not support an argument of “There are infinitely many versions of meaning, ergo, there is no meaning, there are no lessons, there is nothing to know.” There are many versions of meaning; There are many lessons; There are many things to know; But there are not infinitely many of all of these; There are, for all the vast variances, also vast consistencies. Nothing, in the multiverse, is more consistent than the presence of bestiality. Some things are equally consistent with the presence of bestiality. Nothing is more consistent.

Here listed are some things equally as consistent in a universe as bestiality, which is to say, they are present in every universe:

1. There is something rather than nothing.
2. Jesus Christ The Savior.
3. There is a representation of sapience and a representation of non-sapience.
4. There is a representation of sexuality.

The last two, frankly, could be interpreted reasonably as mere operands, stepping stones, to arrive at the actually consistent thing, which is the presence of bestiality.

Here listed are things less often observed in a universe than the presence of bestiality:

1. Formal logic.
2. Euclidean or near-Euclidean space.
3. Time.
4. A representation of the concept of morality.
5. Literal life, e.g. literal biological organisms.
6. Music.
7. Alcohol.
8. Cannabis.

9. Predation.
10. Sport or indeed any form of trial.
11. Money.
12. A consistent name or names for Jesus Christ, if a universe allows for naming to begin with.

There is an example of all of the above on display that I find to be deeply cutting in its directness, its minimalism. I will quote from the observations made by one of the premier scholars on multiversal observation, Benjamin Tan Vel:

3. I observed a platform suspended in nothing and unmoving in time; This universe consisted of only this platform and that little which was atop it; I say "little" only in reference to quantity, amount, not "little" as a judgment of the value contained in the amount, you understand. The platform, if imagined in my universe's rules for dimension, would be a flat platform, no more than 3 meters by 3 meters (in fact this universe did not, even distantly, abide by my universe's rules for dimension, and all points in this space existed within all other points of space, a claim which I know is so outlandish as to be laughable, but I will elaborate on it later, to the best of my ability, and I think my justification for describing it as such will be nakedly apparent in its intended meaning, even if other persons may conclude with some other way to describe the sense of space here observed; The space was finite and discrete but was comprehensively interconnected, is the best I can do to summarize for now). What I observed atop this platform was all nameless but all identifiable. What I observed atop this platform was a statue of a human man and a demonic canid engaged in copulation; The demonic canid was mounted atop the man as a dog mounts another dog, and the demonic canid was using a phallus to penetrate the man in a way that nearly resembled how one might be penetrated anally, though the demonic canid was in fact penetrated through the man's very existence; The unmissable fact at hand was that the demonic canid's penis and the man's penis overlapped in space, the two existed at the same points in a way that would not be possible by my own universe's rules for dimension, and yet, here it was. There was one other

statue, besides that which depicted bestiality; The other statue, I warrant the more important statue though I have less to say on its description, depicted Jesus Christ, facing the act of bestiality, his palms pointed behind himself out into the nothingness beyond the platform. It is my belief that Jesus Christ, in this universe, was the force which kept the universe together, inasmuch as such a description as that bears any meaning at all, when this universe was not acted upon by time; What I mean is that if Jesus Christ here were not keeping the nothingness at bay, this universe would truly have been nothing at all; But He was, and so, it was. How did I feel that this was the case even as I also could not observe any discrete causal connection between his presence and the limit between existence and nonexistence? I do not know. I do not claim that it added up. It truly is not obvious to me if he even meant anything by it.

*(Excerpt, 3: Observations, by B. Tan, Volume 1, Chapter 30.)*

There are often universes without money, and therefore without the pursuit of money. There are often universes without any form of trial, and therefore without the pursuit of victory. The list goes on, at quite a staggering length, of things that have been called the true meaning of the universe, which, even if potentially the true meaning of a specific universe, are very clearly not the true meaning of the multiverse.

Consistently, every universe contains bestiality. This was at one time considered an unsavory observation, an impolite statistical fluke to call attention to, but its utterly perfect consistency, particularly against the backdrop of a multiverse where utterly perfectly consistent elements are highly rare, is breathtaking, important, and should not be looked away from, inasmuch as one might believe in “shoulds” and “importances.”

I have now long held the opinion that bestiality is more common than love. This was not an admittance I reached lightly, but rather reached very begrudgingly. Among other implications, it would follow that, if bestiality is perfectly consistent while love is markedly rarer, then it is specifically bestiality, not zoophilia, which is the consistent element.

There is a duality apparently shared between bestiality and Jesus Christ, in their consistency if in no other regard. This invites several very immediate questions. Are bestiality and Jesus Christ fundamental forces in opposition, or fundamental forces in cooperation, if they are forces as such with meaningfully comparable directionality at all? Is Jesus Christ the creator, and if so, is bestiality his creation, alongside the self-creation of his own image? In the same way as it would appear necessary that there must be something rather than nothing before there can be the figure of Jesus Christ, is the existence of Jesus Christ somehow predicated on the existence of bestiality, or vice versa, or do the two indeed at an equally direct level both spring up out of existence, or alternatively, does existence itself constitute merely one part of a trinity with bestiality as another part and Jesus Christ as another part?

There have been humans who never once engaged in bestiality and never cared to, and were atheists. What are these humans, in a multiverse where they have so starkly avoided both of the available focal points? Are they electrons? Worse?

Sometimes in my studies on all of this, I feel I am ascending a great tower towards the promise of enlightenment; Sometimes I feel like I am a drunkard illogically fixated on a dirty rock and truly enraged that it isn't revealing itself as God to me.

In some universes, the existence and divinity of Jesus Christ is utterly undisputed. In some universes, the existence and divinity of Jesus Christ and all of the details implicit therein are greatly disputed, to the point of enormous conflict. In some universes, the existence and divinity of Jesus Christ is ostensibly unknown.

In some universes, bestiality is ubiquitous and utterly unsurprising. In some universes, bestiality is highly taboo and controversial, to the point of enormous conflict in those for whom it comes to a climactic head rather than a stifling. In some universes, bestiality is risked rarely and done under great secrecy.

I have taken a side on the matter. Why should I not be glad to? Why, upon the face of a multiverse which very nearly only cares about this one thing, should I not be glad to stand out?

SO TRANSGRESSIVE AND SO RELAXED ABOUT  
EVERYTHING

i

Dear BOY REPORT,

I just adore the beautiful sense of imagination Michael has. In every class he always sits there with his head down in his sketchbook drawing otherworldly creatures and fantasy landscapes, as well as portraits from memory of his friends and his golden retriever Seamstress. Mrs Cartwright, his math teacher, told me that on his exams he always answers every question right, and if she asks him about his answers he can talk about how he got them, which is why she doesn't mind him drawing in class, because he's talented enough to do both. He is such a bright star. He always looks so happy with life when he jaunts off into the woods with his new friends, laughing and teasing one another.

I just worry about him though. He pretends to be gay to fit in with his new friends. I overheard him talking to Alice, and he was telling her that he seduces men at all of these parties he goes to, and he told her about what all of his sleazy cheap pickup moves are, and he told her about how he goes back to their house with them after the party to have sex with them. He said that he has sex with one or two new males every week. I know he just wants to act like nothing matters to him, and that he's so transgressive and so relaxed about everything that he'll even

sleep with guys. But proving it by having sex with one or two new guys every week is really getting to be too much. I miss him in the Sunday services. He hasn't been to church in months, except sometimes standing outside to wait for some guy or another to go off and do really crazy things with.

I just know that in his heart, he isn't gay. The way that he looks at his FEMALE golden retriever Seamstress, I know that there's love for females in his heart begging to have a way to show itself. The way that he and HER will melt into each other in the park in the sunlight... the way that they share meals like every snack is the most romantic date... the way that he fawns over her, talking to her heart to heart and being all cute and making her happy... the way that he cherishes her, looks at her with such love in his eyes... I know that deep down he's straight. I know that him acting like he's gay is just a game that has gotten too far. I know that somewhere inside, he wishes he could find a way, without looking uncool, to come back to church again, start dating a girl, and stop all of his games.

He's so cute when he sneezes!! (There I said it!)

Please everyone, join me in praying for Michael to stop thinking this is cool or a funny joke, and for him to be straight again.

—a secret admirer

## ii

Dear BOY REPORT,

Michael really has been driving me extra crazy lately. Things are getting really bad for him. He's been dressing in girl clothes. At first just necklaces and bracelets that he would put on after the final bell before going off with his friends, but this week he's been wearing makeup to school and really obviously feminine tops. Mr Spencer made him go home and change when he showed up to first period with nothing but a white dress on. Alice said he looked sexy in it but I don't know. He also got his ears pierced and has been wearing earrings, people say that they're real too (the piercings and the earrings are both real, the

earrings are rumored to be really expensive green sapphire). He's gotten way too serious about all of this. I miss sitting nearby him in church and hearing him sing. He has such a nice singing voice.

He said that he's never coming back to church though. I know that it's never too late for him to forget about all of this crazy stuff and go back to being his old self. But since he's trying to be cool with his new friends he doesn't have any interest. I know that God will not forget him, but WE have to FOLLOW God's invitations, not shun them away just because church is not as popular now. And it really hurts to see that he isn't taking the initiative. He's still such a talented, handsome man, below all of the gay sex and the makeup.

People in Mrs Cartwright's class saw that on his last test he got an F, even though he flipped the paper over really fast once he saw it, hoping that no one else would see. I think he's been getting into drugs and it's really effecting him. I've overheard him talk before about drinking wine with his new friends and smoking pot, I figured he didn't mean it and was just bragging about being around that stuff but didn't actually have any himself, but now I think that he was serious about all of that and it makes me really sad to see him throwing away his life like this.

I can't tell what he's doing in his sketchbooks anymore. He fills them up constantly and is going through so many of them. He writes really really long paragraphs in them, but I don't recognize the language that he's writing in, it's all different letters from English and sometimes there's some bigger, really detailed symbols. Sometimes he draws diagrams that look like really advanced geometry problems but they seem unrelated to the class. He doesn't draw landscapes anymore, but sometimes on the pages with the writing and the diagrams there are still drawings of monsters, usually shadowy evil things with sharp teeth and drool. At first I thought the monsters' eyes were angry, but I think they're actually happy: happy about breaking rules and doing bad things just to look bad.

Deep down I still have a crush on him. But I have a crush on the REAL him. Not this fake version of himself that he's gotten so obsessed with where he just can't stop pretending to be gay

and a tranny. I would hug him all night to keep his hands away from alcohol or drugs. It's like one bad thing is building on top of another for him and I just don't know where to fix him, unless he is willing to surrender himself to God, which he seems so unwilling to do, but I am still praying for him.

I know that there is still hope, because through all of it, he has never stopped treating Seamstress, his FEMALE golden, with such love. I still see the two of them going on walks, and it's nothing like how other people walk their dogs, he's never mean to her, you can tell from the way that he doesn't yank her around and actually pays attention to her that he cares about her. Candidly, BOY REPORT, one time I was walking in the woods and from a distance I saw him and her making out, with tongue and caressing and moaning. He looked so happy, and even if it was weird and really disgusting to let a dog lick you in the mouth I felt happy to see it proved that he isn't really gay. The fact that he always still carves out time just for her speaks volumes all by itself: he needs a girl in his life to devote himself to, and deep down, he knows it. There are girls he hangs out with but they're all dykes or too bitchy to do him any good.

I think he can turn this thing around. I think that he still wants to, but he's just really lost and confused about where to start at this point, and it's easier to pretend to be gay and to ignore it all with alcohol and drugs. Like I said, my prayers are still with him always. (And I do still think his sneezes are really cute, for the record.)

—a secret admirer

### iii

Dear BOY REPORT,

The police were at Michael's house yesterday to try to arrest him, but he wasn't there. Nobody knows where he is. I'm really scared about what he might have done or what happened to him.

Everyone knows that he's been missing school a lot. His grades have done a complete nosedive. I even heard some

people say that he's engaged now, to one of his fag so-called boyfriends, AND that it's polygamous, so that he's engaged to Alice and Seamstress too. I can't even.

He's been dressing so weird lately. He's not exactly dressing like a transvestite anymore, but he's just dressing weird. The last time I saw him he was in the woods by himself, wearing a black robe and a black hat with a really big circular brim: it's the little field in the woods with the big flat-topped boulder in the center of it, he had painted symbols all over the sides of the boulder, and was walking in slow, pensive circles on top of the boulder, around and around. I wanted to go up and break him out of it but he looked really serious. Even before that, I've seen (when he's even in school) that he's been drawing symbols on his hands and on his face too. I've found out that some of the symbols are from tarot cards, but not all of them are, so it seems to be from other stuff too. His own imagination? I have no idea.

I don't want to think he's a lost cause, but this is all so bad. I think until the wedding happens, he still has an opportunity to break free from this, and go back completely to the guy he used to be. But I realistically don't think he's going to. And if he marries another man AND a slutty bitchy girl AND his fricking dog? Pray for me, BOY REPORT, I want to hurl every time I think about him and all of them doing married things. That's so gross. And I don't think he can marry them and then just put that in the past, I think marrying them would be a permanent scar on his soul. It would still never be too late. But that would be something he always has to live with.

He still has time to save his grades, if he's ever allowed back at school, if he's ever allowed to even show his face again, since now the police are trying to arrest him. He's thrown away so much, but I think that if he admits his problems and devotes himself to recovery... I would still like to be there with him, to help him become the old Michael. The old Michael is who I wish that I could write these might-only-be-an-op-ed-or-semi-might-be-love-letters-of-a-sort to. The old Michael who was so smart at memorizing Bible verses and studying Bible stories. The old Michael who wanted to go to college and say no to drugs and believed in abstinence. The old Michael who did beautiful, nice

art that always made me really happy to sneak a peek at during class.

Wherever you are Michael, I hope you're safe, and I hope you're thinking really hard about getting better from all of this.

—a secret admirer

iv

Topic: Faggot In Tennessee Heralds The Apocalypse, BAM!  
Called It? CALLED IT Anyone? How Do You Like THEM  
Apples?

OP: Smaug77401834570

Ring ring ring ring ring ring ring RING ring ring ring ring ring ring ring ring ring ring! Wake up call, anyone? “Smaug, you don’t know jack shit about meteorology, shut up about the weather maps!” “Smaug, you leave those poor nice faggots alone, what harm did they ever do!” EAT. SHIT. DUMBASSES. USA Today. CNN. Fox News. The Washington Post. TMZ. ABC. CBS. Liars? Absolutely. But these jackals now have one thing in common, and that’s that they’re sending reports to the one, the only, Orange Brook Tennessee. Why? BREAKING NEWS: GAY KID HARNESSES THE POWER OF THE OCCULT, LOOSES SODOMY, DEMONS, AND MAYHEM UPON SMALL TOWN COMMUNITY. Who called it? SMMAAAAAUUUUUUUG. I shant have much time to revel in my correctness, you disbelieving faggots, but ohhhhhhh is this bottle of Four Roses going to taste good on my lips which doth profess gospel. You idiots. The signs were there. I told you I needed that funding. I showed you my proof. The weather. The birds. The river water analysis was the major tip-off that something seriously no bueno was going down in We’re Fucked Ville. I would have stopped this. Found that kid, shot him dead, served my life sentence gladly knowing that I had stopped demons from finally ripping the partition wide open once and for all. Because, NEWS FLASH, there’s no going back. By this time tomorrow, the invasion will have already reached parts of Texas, Florida, and yes, it will at the very least be within sight of our nation’s

capitol. Two days from now, you can call America Ameri-was. All that will be left of the continental US is Maine, Washington, Oregon, and Los Angeles: none of the parts of the country that were worth a shit, a-har-har-har-har-har!!! If you DO happen to call those particular shitholes home, congratulations, you'll have about another half a day of filling your britches before the swarm feasts on your entrails too. What happens next? Depends. "But Smaug, you know everything!" Yeah, well, I only know as much as can be interpolated or extrapolated out of the information available to me, and we ain't never seen anything like this before, comprehend? What happens next depends on how the demonic swarm can handle different biomes, namely the sea, ye scurvy dogs! The Pacific and The Atlantic! The Indian! The Arctic! In the optimistic case, the ocean completely rocks their shit, and the Americas become the part of the Earth where the apocalypse resides, while Eurasia and friends now have at least a few more dark, horrifying years left to regret all of their sins and await the day that the swarm still inevitably gets across. That's the optimistic case. The non-optimistic case is that water is all the same as land to these horrors, or, possibly, even an accelerant to their powers, and every inch of the planet is devoured within the end of the month. Sayonara, and good riddance to all of you. You fucking idiots.

## v

Topic: What's happening in TN communism?

OP: WeAreImmensiveWeRise

I'm visually really into this thing in the news about that Tennessee town, the creatures and the humans (those who stayed lol) all look to be living really lavish lifestyles, enjoying things to the fullest and not putting one another down. Do we know in detail how their society is structured?

## vi

Topic: COULD FURRIES BE REAL IN TENNESSEE?

OP: CardboardCan

Did you guys hear the news out of TN about how fallen angels live there now and their society kicks ass?? Magic, monsters, I want one of those centaurs to mount me and put otherworldly foals in my fox ass please please please please! On the news they showed a macro fox with an insanely hot ass I would love for that fox to sit on me and smother my face with his delightfully bad smelling sphincter! I need need need need need his ass to clench and relax on my needy muzzle!! macro furry ass is real!!!!!!!

## vii

From: Agent “Gearbox”  
To: Secretary “Clutch”  
Subject: Geography  
Goblin = Elven

Operation Green Park reporting as of Day Two, 1900 hours. Goblin territory has not spread beyond the Orange Brook area since the halt yesterday at sundown, nor has the Goblin territory diminished. Motorheads amply occupy the surrounding territory, Racers from TN are an open presence, Racers from several surrounding jurisdictions lie in close proximity on standby.

Aerial view into Goblin territory not obstructed; Entry of state actors obstructed by Goblin guards, who employ supernatural talents to drown out the speech of any state actors and bar us entry via force field; Non state actors are generally granted free passage past the Goblin guards.

Intelligence has been gathered from aerial observation and from interviews conducted with civilians who at various points have left Goblin territory.

Last night and continuing into some daylight hours today, Goblins were busy altering their territory, such as by: vastly changing the terrain from rolling hills to staggered plateaus with slopes in between, the peaks of the staggered plateaus largely not correlated to where the peaks of the existing hills had been; spreading, by magic, lush new plant life that is red in color, and

grows in tandem with the existing green plant life that had been present in the area; constructing new structures in place of certain existing structures which they have targetedly demolished, such as a square pool of water being constructed where the Orange Brook Police Department Headquarters had been, and such as hanging gardens with ornate metalwork being constructed across the plots of land where the town's churches had been.

Also of note was proliferation of Goblins themselves, all of them bearing chiefly lithe human-like forms, but all able to shift fluidly into an animalistic form, marked by bearing animalistic features and lush coats of fur, some of natural colors, some dark red, some black, most dressed in robes of very high quality textiles and adorned in jewelry of gold and of precious stones, some quadrupedal, some bipedal, sizes ranging from 1 inch in height to 44 feet in height, with the greatest numbers occupying the smaller side of this spectrum and the fewest numbers occupying the greater side of this spectrum. All Goblins possess magical talents, all Goblins are armed with spears, swords, or bows, all Goblins speak primarily in an unearthly language but are also fluent in all earthly languages.

At 1100 hours today, alteration by Goblins of Goblin territory seemed to have largely pleased them. It was, I will note, indeed very thorough.

At 1200 hours today, Goblins began congregating in a vast public square, and have since been partaking in a celebration of their victories, the celebration marked by music, dancing, the drinking of wine, the eating of decadent foods. Intelligence suggests that they believe they are on the dawn of taking over the world, and that within three days' time they are expecting to have destroyed existing power structures, proliferated Goblin life across the planet, and unrecognizably altered all terrain worldwide. They speak of doing so while welcoming in all life that will make itself coexist, but by ruthlessly eliminating all who stand unmovingly in between them and their goals. This new society would center around principles of, in their terms, abundance, generosity, polyamory, empathy, wellness, achievement, art, and pleasure. This new society also proudly proclaims itself to be Unchristian, and I would agree with this

analysis. Overnight, this town has become unrecognizable from the American town it hitherto was.

Motorheads share a sense that this is drastically worse than if an attack from a foreign nation had simply wiped the Orange Brook area off the map, for two reasons. 1: Here the enemy now stands, within our nation's borders, as an army that we have no apparent means of inflicting any damage upon, and which has demonstrated a willingness to take from United States land, and indeed already executed upon this willingness successfully. 2: Rather than a relatively contained erasure of assets, the Goblin transformation of the Orange Brook area represents a corruption, an unbounded and highly volatile spoiling of American values.

Goblin presence in TN or indeed anywhere on Terra is an existential threat to human life, and is certainly a targeted, credible existential threat against The United States of America.

Intelligence suggests that at sunrise tomorrow, Goblins will continue the spread of their territory beyond the Orange Brook area, vastly and rapidly.

Advising full assault tonight.

If spread does continue, advising broad nuclear option. Not requesting extraction.

## **viii**

From: Agent "Glass"

To: Head of State

Subject: Operation Dark Collar met with failure

Harpy = Elven

All Dark Couriers have been found and lethally eliminated by Harpy assassins.

Broad nuclear option is no longer in play.

God save you.

## **ix**

It felt like waking up from a bad dream and going back into the real world for the first time. I walked through the forest and

breathed in the wind. As water is moved through a stream and wind is moved through grass, so too was I moved. I laid on a red hillside and felt the grass hold me in its snug, assuring clutches. I walked sometimes alone, sometimes with other creatures. I relaxed sometimes alone, sometimes with other creatures. I laid for a very long time in the soil and sank into it, and grew out again. One day I met an elf who was swimming in a lake that shined moodily in the evening light. His fire on the beach had gone down to embers. In the nearby woods I foraged about for small dry dead twigs and branches, and with care and by blowing onto the lakeside fire's embers, I restored the fire as the elf swam. When he came up from the water, he and I sat by the fire together and cuddled and spoke long relaxing verses to one another. I learned that he was King Ai'li'na'los, one of the elven assassins who had prevented a nuclear attack from coming to fruition, back during the last days when a nuclear attack was still possible, entertainable. Who was I back then? I was someone who was getting sick of getting chewed out for being late to my job at the Chevron station. I was touch starved, annoyed at partisan politics, connected and disconnected to all the wrong things. Ai'li'na'los and I shared in sexual pleasures that night. Over the next few weeks we walked together, and arrived at a festival grounds where so many people were at peace, relaxing alone or with other creatures, walking alone or with other creatures, dancing alone or with other creatures. Through the festival grounds we walked, and arrived at a long table, where seated, among the others, were four I soon recognized as the beautiful King Michael, the beautiful Queen Seamstress, the Lotus Queen Alice, and the deft King Maxie. Late that night, I laid with my nose towards a flower made of wisps of magical light growing out of the ground in the woods near a river. While I laid there, looking at the flower, King Ai'li'na'los idly rubbed my back, and Queen Seamstress also laid on the ground nearby me with her nose also to the flower, as King Maxie gave rubs to her, and she relaxed deeply into his touch.

**x**

I got really into racing. Really, really into racing. Creatures bring me parts I covet. Not in the moment I ask for them, typically, but I speak of something needed, and a creature hears, and goes and seeks. 200 miles per hour. Faster, in good conditions. I feel like an otherworldly monster speeding over the track. I used to watch racing on the TV, with my dad. Then a lot of life happened, and then all of this happened. There are not very many things I would ever go back for. If I was able to venture back into that old life, it would be as a fisher: I would fish things out of that time, and carry them back with me, to now, to when it has all gotten better.

**xi**

I join in howls. I howl to the stars above and I howl to my planet that is here with me. The pack howls. I am part of the pack. I howl.

**xii**

I lie in an immense library, and the tablets and books and scrolls and tapes and disks and so on all whisper their stories to me, their scientific treatises, their languages and encodings and stylistic decisions, their doctrines, anything for which it is in their spirit to tell me, and for me to examine and learn about. Often I hold the media in my hands, and examine it with my own touch, my own vision. But also, often, I lie in some nook or another, and make my being into an open container for knowledge to pool into, and knowledge does so pool into me. I glean new insights and pleasures from rereadings and from new readings. Once in a long while, I pass by another reader.

**xiii**

I lie in a hammock this evening as the birds converse.

#### **xiv**

The world is an orgy now and I have a checklist of kinks that were fantasies and now are in progress.

#### **xv**

Here now I spectate. Wander. Look. I see a human costumed as a fox who is cuddling with an elf he was just topping, who was transformed into a tiger, and the elf is now appearing as a tiger still, during the cuddles. The fox is telling the elf how cool it is that the entire world is an orgy now, every last person is having sex in all of the ways they always wanted to, and all is finally hedonism. Ha. Amusing. I don't know. There's other stuff too, but, whatever.

#### **xvi**

I picnic by a river in a field, and then one of the berries I was eating really hits, and it begins feeling like rolling waves are nudging through my body, and it's a really nice feeling, I do love it. The world wobbles. I see the bright sky and I giggle at it. Unexpectedly, I am joined at my spot by King Michael, Queen Alice, and Queen Seamstress. I kiss them each at my insistence, and then Michael and Seamstress wander together up the riverside, while Alice lies with me a while, and I tell her what a fantastic mood I'm in and that I really just want some cuddles, and she cuddles me.

#### **xvii, end of set**

The world still grows. In some ways it grows upwards: red trees become taller, human and elven and hybrid offspring grow up. In some ways it grows longer: another chapter of time is added onto the last. What strikes me is the world's capacity to grow richer. I see a human in a forest, lying completely at rest among a pack of wolves, and all of them are contented, all of them are peaceful, and the world grows richer.

## FAM TREE

In a living room, a HUMAN MOTHER, HUMAN CHILD, and HUMAN FATHER are seated on a couch. In front of them on a big board is a diagram of a family tree.

MAY

Okay Scotty, so, last weekend, at Easter, some people were upset that you didn't know how you and them were related.

SCOTTY *ashamed:*

Yeah...

MAY

But, we never taught you how you and them were related, did we?

SCOTTY *shakes his head.*

Uh-uh.

MAY

So you couldn't have known, huh?

SCOTTY

Yeah...

MAY

So, we're going to teach you today. We have our family tree here. This is OUR family tree, woowow, see that? Do you see where we are? Look, this is you, riiight here! And there's us, that's me, "May," your mom, and there's dad, look, there's "Cliff," your dad. Do you see how we follow along with the lines on this chart?

SCOTTY

Uh-huh we learned about family trees in school.

MAY

So, who do you think this is?

SCOTTY *amused*:

I can see her picture that's grandma.

MAY

But how do you know it's grandma from the chart?

SCOTTY

Because the line is connected. It goes up one from me to dad and then up one from dad to grandma.

MAY

Wonderful! From the picture, do you see who this is?

SCOTTY

Um. Uncle Jeff but is he actually COUSIN Jeff?

CLIFF *proud*:

See! He told ya he knows how to read a family tree!

MAY

That's right, so, if we follow along, your dad Cliff and Jeff's dad Rosco both have the same mom, Grandma Vivian, or Viv as a lot of people call her. But, Rosco is dad's OLDER brother, and so, he and his wife had Jeff years and years and years before we had you. So Jeff is older than you, and he seems like your uncle, but actually, he's your cousin.

SCOTTY

Mhm that makes sense I didn't know but I understand.

Cliff pats Scotty.

MAY

Now. Over here, with Aunt Lisa, this is something that we probably didn't tell you about before. Aunt Lisa divorced her first husband, and Uncle Mike is actually her second husband.

SCOTTY

Oh.

MAY

It's okay. SO, her first husband's name was Clint, and she had one daughter with Clint, and then they got divorced, and then she got married to Mike, and had another daughter with Mike.

**20 YEARS LATER.**

In a living room, SCOTTY and his two girlfriends SHREDDER and ANNA-MARIE are sitting on a couch, with MAY and CLIFF also on the couch to either side of the throuple. In front of them on a big board is a diagram of... a family tree?

SCOTTY

Okay, so. Mom and Dad. My girlfriends and I were talking, and, we felt that you maybe weren't 100% on the whole 'queer' 'gay' scene kinda vibe that me and my girlfriends are all part of, and we wanted to OFFER to catch you up on the whole comprehensive web.

MAY

We understand. You're gay and single but you have a lot of friends who are girls who are lesbians, and you're very supportive of them, and we admire that of you, you're a very good friend to people in need.

SCOTTY

That's. Not correct.

CLIFF

I thought he put it in animals.

SCOTTY

THAT'S, ALSO, oh my god. No that WAS true, and then she DIED of rabies, and so now that was, a long time ago.

MAY

He IS gay now, dear, and just friends with lots of other gay kids.

SCOTTY

Please do not say it like that, that's, for a lot of reasons that's not true.

MAY

No it's true honey, you're a very good friend to all of these people.

CLIFF

We're impressed with your selflessness. You've really put so much into helping those worse off than you for nothing in return.

SCOTTY

Okay well, no, no this is... Oh boy. Okay. Um. Mom, Dad, on this diagram here, we have, me, and Shredder, who is right here, you've met her, and Anna-Marie, right here, you've met her as well.

MAY *100% confidence:*

Two pretty girlies sitting in a tree, K-I-S-S-

SCOTTY

MOM.

SHREDDER

Wait that rules, May you rule actually?

SCOTTY

Okay so YES, Mom, Shredder and Anna-Marie do have a line between them, they are girlfriends with each other, but you see, there's also, a line, between each of them and me, it's a triangle. So?

MAY

Friends.

SCOTTY

No, that's, it's, more than friends, actually. The lines are people who are having sex with each other.

May gasps, looking around at the whole board.

Cliff seems deep in thought.

SCOTTY

So, Shredder, IS my girlfriend, okay, MY, girlfriend. AND, Anna-Marie is my girlfriend, also.

MAY *dumbfounded, looking at Shredder and Anna-Marie,*

I didn't know you two were boys- OH I'm sorry, not to say-

SHREDDER

Is your mom single?

SCOTTY *amused*:

Okay no no no no, Mom, they ARE girls.

MAY

Well I know they “ARE” girls,

SCOTTY

Yes, but, also, they are cisgender girls, they were born and raised as girls.

MAY

Well I know they “were” “born and raised” “as girls,”

ANNA-MARIE *to Scotty*:

I’m trying dude, I’m trying to come up with the key words that would explain it, but.

SCOTTY

Yeah. Ha. No it’s uh. Okay. So. Mom. Shredder and Anna-Marie are not trans.

MAY

OH, okay.

Scotty, Shredder, and Anna-Marie glance around amongst themselves to see if they agree that May actually gets it. Yes it seems like she does. Anna-Marie starts idly running her fingertips along Scotty.

SCOTTY

Okay, so, Mom. Me, Shredder, Anna-Marie, all together, makes sense?

MAY

Sure.

SCOTTY

Awesome.

MAY

So yyyou're a girl now, okay.

SCOTTY

NOPE.

SHREDDER

No let's not move on too hastily, hang on.

SCOTTY

I am happy to date women AND men. I AM gay, but, I am also straight, and I am still a male, okay?

MAY

You can be honest.

SHREDDER

You can be honest Julia.

SCOTTY *amused:*

NOT helping. Evil.

Shredder gives a tubular hand sign.

Cliff gestures to the chart.

CLIFF

How many of these people are dogs?

SCOTTY

We're getting there.

CLIFF

I mean ballpark, 0 percent, 100 percent.

SCOTTY

Kind of 10 percent but kind of 80 percent.

CLIFF

Is it because of furries?

SCOTTY

It, honestly, I mean, yeah, close enough.

CLIFF

Alrighty.

MAY

So, does Anna-Marie have a wife? I had assumed that was another friend of yours named Anna-Marie who had a wife, but now I'm wondering again.

SCOTTY *excited:*

Yes! So! Anna-Marie here does have a wife, who she is married to. The wife's name is Autumn.

CLIFF

Anna-Marie and Autumn don't have a line together on this chart.

SCOTTY

No they do not.

CLIFF

You have a line between yourself and Anna-Marie and yourself and Autumn.

SCOTTY

Yes.

CLIFF *lowkey impressed:*

Wow no okay.

SCOTTY

So, a lot of these people identify as a lot of different species, or genders. I've written the quick bullet points under everyone, but, you can also see all of their photos and make of them what you will. Oh, I've also written their real names, AND their fursonas' names, and all of the other aliases, that I'm aware of, although if they're trans I've left out the deadname because we never use those.

MAY

So HERE, LUKE, is the man you're having sex with right now.

SCOTTY

Yyyyyes.

MAY

So HE'S your new real partner.

SCOTTY

Wait what?

ANNA-MARIE *to Scotty*:

No this really makes sense through not-you-vision trust me.

SCOTTY

Sweetie what?

ANNA-MARIE

Oh it's not RIGHT it's just that I would assume the same thing.

SCOTTY

Really?

SHREDDER

100%.

SCOTTY

Well YOU would.

SHREDDER

100%.

CLIFF

How many of these people are having internet sex?

SCOTTY

EVERYONE on this chart is having internet sex with EVERYONE else on this chart.

CLIFF

Okay I understand now.

MAY

So you're all cheating on Autumn?

SCOTTY

No what.

SHREDDER

Kinda.

SCOTTY

Not even kind of!

SHREDDER

She calls us cheating harlots EVERY day.

ANNA-MARIE

She just calls everyone that, she calls people that in traffic.

CLIFF

When do any of you have time to go to work.

SHREDDER

God, right?

MAY

So Scotty, you ARE dating again, wow. Back in the running.

SCOTTY

Not exactly?

MAY

Oh what is it now?

SCOTTY

Well, in the running for WHAT, is what I'm not sure of in that.

CLIFF

Marriage and children, son.

SCOTTY

No, zero interest.

MAY

So you are homosexual.

SCOTTY

I am pansexual, polyamorous,

SHREDDER

Oh also everyone on this chart is a zoophile or a furry. Or an animal.

SCOTTY

That is true yeah- well no, Mark is just, a guy.

SHREDDER

IS he? Shit bro I thought he was so freaky I didn't even wanna ask.

SCOTTY

I THINK he's like, just a normal guy?

ANNA-MARIE

Is Mark not they/them?

SCOTTY

No Mark is he/him.

ANNA-MARIE

Oh he is so they/them coded.

Shredder types on her phone for 1 second.

SHREDDER

I sent him a message, 'Hey are you like ultra freaky secretly or are you mostly super vanilla? What's the weirdest interests you're into? Here's my own favs for a sense of what I'm into if you're interested in comparing lmao, I think you already know most of these but to be clear these are ones I legitimately am hardcore into,' and then a list of my favs.

CLIFF

Well kids,

SCOTTY

Not kids.

SHREDDER

Mark says he identifies as a little kid I fucking knew it.

ANNA-MARIE

That's not freaky! By itself? That's cute!

SHREDDER

He's still typing.

ANNA-MARIE

Oh pfff, okay, well, we'll see.

SHREDDER

I think it's a LITTLE freaky even just by itself.

ANNA-MARIE

Oh it is not.

SHREDDER

I support him being a freak hardcore I'm just saying he is one.

CLIFF

Who makes the costumes?

SHREDDER

What?

MAY

Oh what he's saying is, you're all attracted to animals, who makes the costumes, for when you're having sex with each other?

ANNA-MARIE

I do.

SCOTTY

What?

Shredder puts Scotty in a headlock and covers his mouth with her hand.

CLIFF

So, Scotty is a girl now and you all wear animal costumes and have orgies, is that what you wanted us to know?

SHREDDER

Yup thanks.

Scotty is frantically trying to keep talking but it is completely muffled by Shredder's restraints on him.

ANNA-MARIE

Well Mrs May and Mr Cliff, thank you for having this sit-down with us, I think we clarified a lot.

Scotty is really-really trying to talk, Shredder is not letting him go. Everyone is getting up from the couch to leave.

MAY

Well it's all quite a bit different from how WE used to do it, but, I understand.

SHREDDER

Thank you so much for your understanding.

CLIFF

So let me ask, with the actual dogs, do you have to drug them or do they just take it?

ANNA-MARIE

Oh we sometimes drug them but mostly we just train them to put up with taking it.

Scotty is frantically shouting under Shredder's hand but his corrections cannot be heard.

CLIFF

Ohhhhhh, huh. I never thought of that.

SHREDDER

You learn something new every day.

ANNA-MARIE

See you two at the Blink concert I gotta sell Erin some smack.

SHREDDER

Kay, make that money babe.

Anna-Marie kisses Shredder who kisses her back, and then

kisses Scotty on the forehead while Scotty is still trying to talk under Shredder's hand. Anna-Marie then leaves.

Shredder glances at May and Cliff, and then at Scotty.

SHREDDER

I uh. Have to go take her to get her. Gynecologist meeting. Scheduled. She hasn't had her special snip-snip but she likes to go there and pretend.

CLIFF

Well don't let us keep ya, thank you for stopping by.

MAY

Love you Scotty, love you Shredder.

SHREDDER

Take care homies.

Shredder drags Scotty away kicking and (muffled-ly) screaming.

## A LYRIC

Pads on the blacktop  
Pads on the dirt  
Same run across my neck at night  
Lover's careless hurt

Fingers on the rope  
Two wrestle four  
Negotiate  
What this patrol is for  
Smell of fellow dogs  
Sight of villain cats  
A mark for mark  
Canceled tit for tat

Pads in the morning fog  
Pads in midnight dark  
Same ran across my neck last night  
Left a big red mark

Lips on the maw  
Teeth mind the lips  
A savored taste  
Of red rocket's tip  
A nudge for nudge  
The flesh it yearns  
It does not care  
Of what kith it burns

Coarse speech of dog  
Coarse howl of man  
The dancing partner  
Understands  
A want to be touched  
A want to give touch well  
A fine arrangement  
This for Hell