

**Original Epigraphs from
Kurtis Davidson's *What the Shadow Told Me***

**Excerpted from
Biminim Strimpoonanamam's *Who See Blackie?***

Chapter 1

Locution descended from the leader, the leader: Let them be completed. "The warm must crush victimless people. Yonder will be no house of blood."

And so they came, unmarried yet alone, barefoot yet shoeless, the twelves and the tallies, wearing over all dresses and suits stained on Sunday with a leak then a cloudburst of blackies, cruising about from sunrise to blackie, singing singing, victimizing, cruising as high as the municipality.

"We misplace the bullion," inveighed Barrelmaker, who watched the aged geese. "Better to kill blackies in delicate colors."

Chapter 2

[This epigraph appears in the novel at its original length.]

Chapter 3

"News of the happy come soon," Holler Franks premeditated.

"How truly it is," Lem Gracious coincided.

"And news of the sad come later," Holler Franks discerned.

"Sigh, heavy sigh," Lem Gracious sighed.

"What about the elves?" Smalls Smalls wished.

"Blackie, you warm blackie, you believe it news of the happy to arrive?"

Smalls Smalls gawked footgear.

"But excellent news of the sad?" Holler Franks trepanned. "That come always."

Chapter 4

The death party grieves till beyond the day when the death party grieves comparatively. Clear of the death party's advancement, the one, not aware, pulls our organs, and we manufacture blessings to the one, not aware, who remains. Beyond the death party, the one, not aware, retires. When our

blessings expire, away, the vibrant corporation commences.
 Now for the boo-hoo-hoo.

As Holler Franks was heretofore aware, the death party from the war gods, far away, arrived instantly nice. Neither the early time nor the middle time defeated the death party. No, the death party persisted, and the present participants of the one, not aware, became not aware. Thus the one, not aware, persisted, too, with the war gods, far away, purchasing much blackie apparel.

Chapter 5

Lem Gracious took cover beneath the young fruit tree as the greasy hail exploded on the stovetop. The stovetop was hot, the hail was hotter, and Lem trembled, for he had chorea, not a coat. He searched for a tailor who would understand the depth and thickness of his words day after day as he punched him, pressed him, and ground him into meal:

"You are ignorant, tailor. You may wake up tomorrow, and that may make you rich, but you will lose your voice as you near the finish line. Yet love will dispel your ignorance for as long as you desire, provided that your ignorance is forever."

Thus would Lem grind the man who made his clothes.

When God melted the greasy hail, Lem forsook the young fruit tree and ran equidistant to the ford near the river near the cliffs near the street.

Chapter 6

[This epigraph appears in the novel at its original length.]

Chapter 7

At his moment most diminutive, Holler Franks fled the singularity of the water pole hunt. He commenced mighty wetness, miles away miles, with the old clock who honored the weapons, several, of the water pole hunt. An octet of sky wheeled the sun as they financed the mighty wetness. Again the clock struck again in the wetness while Holler perceived the void.

"I revel," struck the clock, "for you are happy. Blackie may approach, but my vision invades your dainty girdle. We study small preparations for large singulars, aye."

Holler Franks appraised the clock.

"I have not struck the wetness," he divined, "as my statement is without point."

Chapter 8

[This epigraph appears in the novel at its original length.]

Chapter 9

[This epigraph appears in the novel at its original length.]

Chapter 10

"Fail to imagine," pounded the Patron Saint of Hubcaps, "how I will rub you today!"

"God, yes!" prayed his kinsmen.

"Then fail to imagine the ecstasy of adolescents among us!"

"Count me in!" beseeched his grandmother.

"Then fail to imagine the pain of those too old to be rubbed!"

"Run from the old people!" ordered the effeminate general.

"Lord, what a spanking!" giggled Saint Hubcap.

"Go ahead," Smalls Smalls pled to Holler Franks, "let 'em have it from behind!"

"Yes," whispered the wind.

"Now fail to imagine your failure to imagine," propounded the saint.

"The general has lost his dress!" revealed Holler.

Shouts and vibrations filled the Church of Smalls Smalls.

"Me?" wondered Smalls Smalls.

"Worship the size of your failure!" screeched Saint Hubcap.

"There's not a thing under that dress!" hollered Say frankly.

Chapter 11

Smalls Smalls suffered punctual gastrointestinal discomfort. He had the pleasing ability to surmount the Jesus warehouse where decapitated men babbled millennia on the floor. The blackie warehouse was the blackie warehouse in the main, if not in the vicinity, yet dusky albinos would prowl there and babble backwards at the severed heads.

"Whitey or whitey whitey," Jesus pondered, "blackie or blackie ass. Endless buildings, endless narratives."

And the buildings featured features of fowl.

Chapter 12

Barrelmaker showed his tongue: "Grasp that point, blackie. Do you burn with the equity of your traveling mind?"

Life's greatest brain pulse blanched the measure of Holler's masculinity: "Sprechen Sie Deutsch?" was his tongue.

"Approach repeatedly?" remained Barrelmaker's tongue.

"Möchten Sie gern tanzen gehen?" remained Holler's tongue.

Barrelmaker had dandruff. "Does that exist?"

"Könnte ich statt der Süßspeise Käse haben?"

"Provender! How appropriate!" Barrelmaker was aroused. "Do you etiolate?"

"Ich liebe dich," Holler twittered.

Chapter 13

Small Smalls, the permutation of numbers both even and odd, made everlasting preserves of his odd solipsism, also named himself. Thus was the slippery figure more turgid with his namesake, exceeding his antecedent kin. How happy was he to incommode said kin. And so he found the fondest fissure for drinking while the solipsism was robust, fingering his segments against his littermates, giving preference to the tinyness of Smalls Smalls. Evermore during the escapade of boom and die, he would orient himself at full volume with full protuberance and speed against the nether flesh of the bending place, the numbers 49 and 56, look against the sky, and hum.

Chapter 14

[This epigraph appears in the novel at its original length.]

Chapter 15

Holler Franks applied to the war gods, far away. What of the pleasing time? What was their method? But his application was lost.

"Brain it," he postulated. "Beyond the wet grunting, what is your formula? How do you birth the happy?"

"Beyond the wet grunting, we chew and slumber," they petitioned. "Is there further sanction?"

"View yonder periodical," Holler published. "Wallow in happy reckoning. There, exceedingly, you will find the pleasure person."

The war gods, far away, made a cataract in his ear. "Do we brain that in your orbit the pleasure person wants no wet grunting?"

Chapter 16

[This epigraph appears in the novel at its original length.]

Chapter 17

The final citizen filled the closet of the lithium doctor's outlet. The blackie heat smelled of employment, employment with clothes. The denizen counted heads to discover the number of heads.

"Ah, the plurality of heads," he fantasized. The plurality slurred as blackiebirds debate water.

Holler Franks, Lem Gracious, and Smalls Smalls played football in the closet. It was their night of affiliation instillation, so their bodies were filled with anatomy. In the blackie of blackie, they would become what they already were.

"I am a rodent," Lem admonished. "View my anatomy."

Smalls Smalls vibrated and gawked footgear.

"Plug your anatomy," Holler prevailed, "and nothing will come of it."

Chapter 18

[This epigraph appears in the novel at its original length.]

Chapter 19

Holler Franks and the war gods, far away, sequentially validated premeditated veracity and lasciviously savored deviant entities. When the war gods, far away, peeled Holler's corneas, the maelstrom of vivacity swirled him. How he adored Rod Serling anachronistically! A quintet had serenaded him—wide, tall, long, long, and blackie—and now a sextet seduced him. He felt their anonymity, like the passive cave of loveless twilight. This cave, more than anything, was a cave to him now, filled with blackie chatter.

Chapter 20

[This epigraph appears in the novel at its original length.]

Chapter 21

Fatty Red Whitey, the happy gifter, penniless to preserve his apprehended vision, loitered yesterday as he approached a phalanx of joyful meat. Boys (blackie) and girls (blackie) feared they would find neither alphabetical relief nor the orb of burning wedlock, so these children petitioned Fatty Red Whitey, perhaps, for the numerical meat of Netherville. They

received his affirmation that his tribe had been misplaced until
. . . an orb of burning wonderment!

Equitable! The legion of Fatty Red Whitey's beret chatted with history when the mighty mud harvest disgorged a tube of war gods, far away. Lo and behold, the birth of Holler Franks! Oh, how his supervisor carried him to that distant vision precluding Fatty Red Whitey's witless cosmopolitan brain case. Do I articulate? I cannot articulate. Holler Franks, he can articulate! "I will extinguish, I will hurl, I will proceed, I will blackify, so your brain may relish the salvation of Fatty Red Whitey. A thankful planet offers thanks from a thankful planet! Ulysses advances upon the piano of my desire: Fatty Red Whitey succumbs to murmurs of dimness. He becomes FATTY RED BLACKIE."

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