

Travis Jeppesen

The Forest

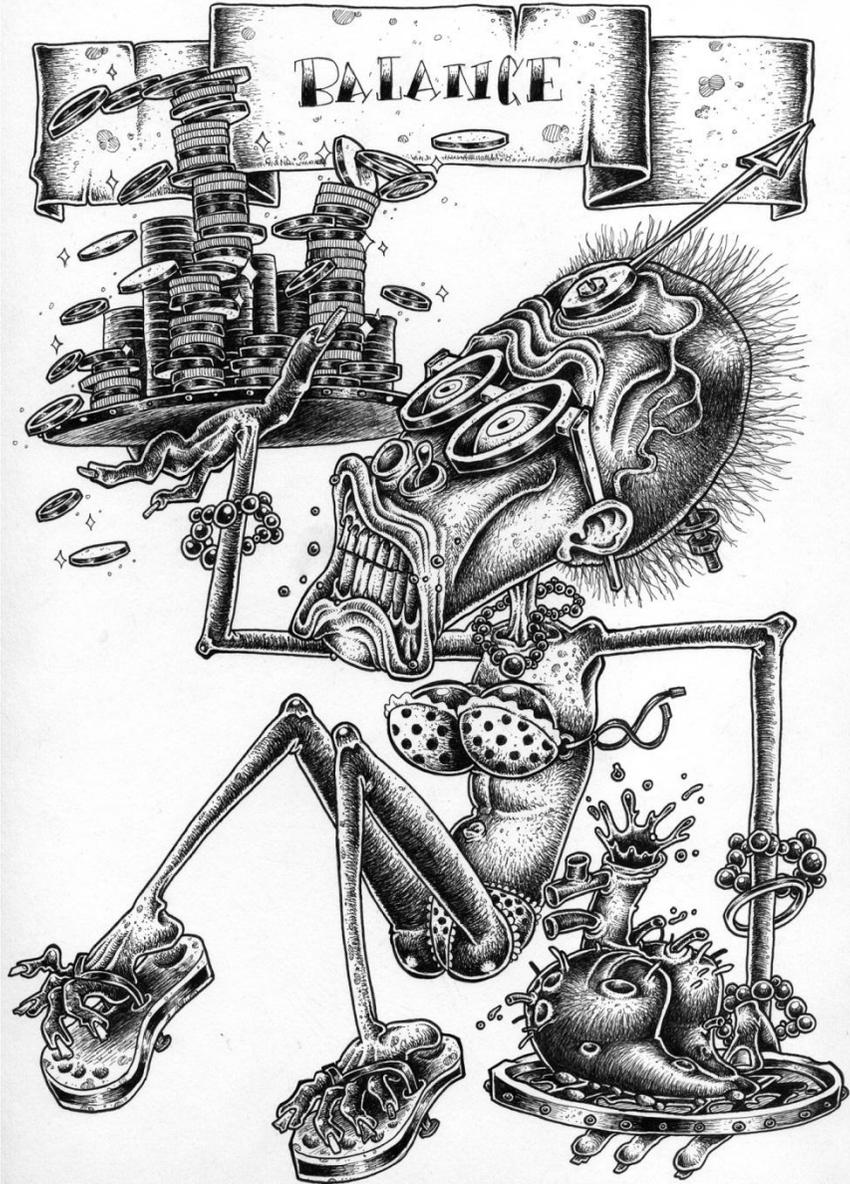
Adam's new art form was to shut the fuck up right outside of satisfaction. Twin monuments to someone else's deed appeared steadily on the horizon – we were approaching the wrong destination. Adam got excited and squeaked so loud he woke up Zach, who was driving. Why'd you do that dingus, I only wanted a reality refurbishment to go.

Taylor was in the backseat trying to clarify things. So you're a teenage terrorist group out to destroy all nouns. Not exactly, said Lukas, strumming his guitar, it's more like we see ourselves as backwards visionaries. We let each and every moment tell us which way to go.

Just then, Adam's arm fell off. The elbow crushed his pet spider, who had been relaxing on the arm rest next to him. The guts of his pet spider flew into Jesus Christ's eye, temporarily blinding her and causing a massive squawk to be emitted from her beak, a squawk that so startled Zach that he ran off the road and into a national forest, where he accidentally ran into a moose. The moose's antlers flew off and bisected a large oak tree, which housed a family of monkeys. The tree crashed to the forest floor, crushing a large anthill and causing a rain of monkeys, one of whom landed on our vehicle, causing the engine to fly skywards and crash into a cloud, causing an enormous rainstorm to explode all of us, as the homeless ants terrorized the monkeys by seeking refuge in their fur.

A queer is a woman with a beard. A woman with a beard knows no fear. She will go far away from here. Far far to puke and drink more beer.

I knew him when he was a teenager. Back then he had very few victims. I thought about chasing down the forest survivors just to see how many of them I could cover in duct tape. There weren't so many yellow



moments to pack in.

Taylor nearly saved us all. But that is what he got born to do. His appearance came at the right time. Kill all nouns, he told the monkeys, kill all nouns. The monkeys listened to him and then they vibrated. Zach told Lukas to go find an anteater to suck on their fur. Adam was busy supergluing his arm back on. The whore came into the forest, moaning. I think I left my sunglasses in your car. No one wants to pay me without them. The whore had already become a retard, you see.



My good name is on holiday today. The absence of color made Lukas horny. We were in a black-and-white forest and night was fast on the horizon, meaning we'd soon be blotted out of the story altogether. We had to do something, build a fire, but nothing burns in the rain. Nothing, that is, except for more rain – the type you produce on the ground. An amber-colored shitbox is your mother's caravan. I'm glad we found the gypsies – we could never make love without them here watching.

The whore went off to gather flowers. She kept them warm by storing them in her vaginal cavity. Adam stuck a firefly nest up his ass to show that he was equal. A thousand squirrels ran over the gypsies, who had

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begun to shave in solidarity with our raunchy brigade. Taylor was stuck to the roof of the car, screaming. Screaming women don't hallucinate. I left my friends and went walking through the forest. I wanted to get away from the whore, but also all shadows that might remind me of a previous version of self I once held up as role model to the mindless ones.

I was a mile away before I realized that one of the squirrels that had attacked the gypsies had broken away to follow me. I was so lost in my own drift of thoughts that the squirrel had to bite my ankle to get me to notice it. Once that happened, I nearly lost my temper and stepped on its tail. Instead, I listened to its solution.

We have reached a consensus, it said, and we no longer wish to be called squirrels. We would now prefer the name lightbulb. That's not possible, I said, the word lightbulb is already taken. I'm afraid you will have to think of something else to call yourselves, though squirrel seems to me just as pure as the sun crashing into the ocean.

Just then a bearded man wearing a dress appeared from behind a tree, nearly startling me into a dominatrix-like posture. When I said the word lightbulb, he pointed at the squirrel.

The bearded man followed me back to our makeshift camp. There, Lukas was caught up in painting red dots on Adam's underwear. Adam was reciting Hungarian poetry from the 17th century. I fell on Zach's face and laughed so hard my bladder exploded and drowned all the light bulbs in piss. Bearded man sat down next to me, snorting. He still hadn't said a word, and the sun had nearly suicided itself into a cloud. I said the word cloud out loud. Bearded man pointed at a blade of grass. When I said the word grass, he pointed at a monkey. He had all the words wrong, and suddenly I didn't give a fuck. I gave the bearded man a hug. A shadow fell across his skin. Taylor came rolling like a cannonball towards us. He wanted to touch the forest floor with his entire body and had apparently succeeded. In doing so, he erased much of himself, but it's okay, now at least we can take the forest with us.

A mustache-shaped mushroom is really a cloud. You could still hear the roar of the highway from three thousand miles away. Zach said, I think I have a plan for evading the midgets. There was no one after us, at least no one affiliated with the law. We only had the trees to battle with. I think Zach was scared because we didn't have an enemy. The man with the beard was

dancing on the hood of our car. The whore ran over and started to beat him on the head with her purse. Take those earrings off, I'll replace them with a tree branch, take them off now.

In certain places the wolves have no brains. Their skulls are a lot smaller and you have to stick batteries up their assholes. They operate like other animals, though, they just have fewer emotions. Taylor sneezed so hard he vomited up a Fat City ashtray he'd stolen. Turned out he was allergic to the forest. It's okay, said Zach defiantly, we're still going to spend the night here. Not only that, declaimed Matthew, I'll be using my penis as a lampshade tonight, thank you very much.

That boy had feelings he just couldn't figure out how to suppress in the right fashion. The forest was filled with graves. No one knew what to say any longer. They soon had a collective fear which the bearded one articulated by pointing his finger southwesterly. The whore spoke up: My name is Ginger. It's not tonight, sweetheart.

The whore had no name. Therefore she was sad. Sometimes she imagined herself to be proper. But that was only a game. She owned two chainsaws and not much else. Still, she could wonder. But the fathomless guise is always accompanied by a ukulele. Hey Adam what happened to my dead canary collection, Peter stole it once again?

The whore tried to suck off Armageddon when she noticed a key ring. Now the founding fathers don't pray to her. The mushroom in the shape of a mustache came out of the gun. We were so fortunate to be together that night, we found out the true meaning of friendship by getting killed together in the forest.

When the midnight sunburn struck, we could be found running into the blackened enclosure. I don't know what it was that thought it was chasing us. I hadn't a chance to see it, for fear went into my shoulder. Lukas's pine cone vibrator was still stuck in my senior orifice, learning lessons. Adam wrote a letter to the season requesting a disease. I love to touch things I can't control.

I love your life, says the whore to the rock before vomiting all over it. Zach sneezed and out came the sunrise. It was just like in those movies, where everyone vacates their tent at the same time, to find the pristine orange mauve of the silent new day. A history of Satan's legacy in post-colonial Africa.