

You Can Fix it, They Said

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A Children's Book for Adults
by Erwin Dink



The entities that surrounded the place
enticed me into wanting to stay.

They, in fact, extended an invitation
with the condition that I bury myself
underground.

This did not feel like a threat.

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In past encounters I was tossed a knife
with the unspoken command that I knew
what to do with it.

These overtures I had taken as threats.



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BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP

Oh no, I thought, it's the same proposition as before.

"Oh, no, I will not do that."

Would I?

Something whispered amongst them kept me at ease. I felt no fear or panic. But, no, I would not bury myself if it meant that I would die.

They smiled.

ИХ! «С» „!†. ЬтМ.„ †.†а ⊗ ьа†. ††аа/а†. †аа°а† †.„

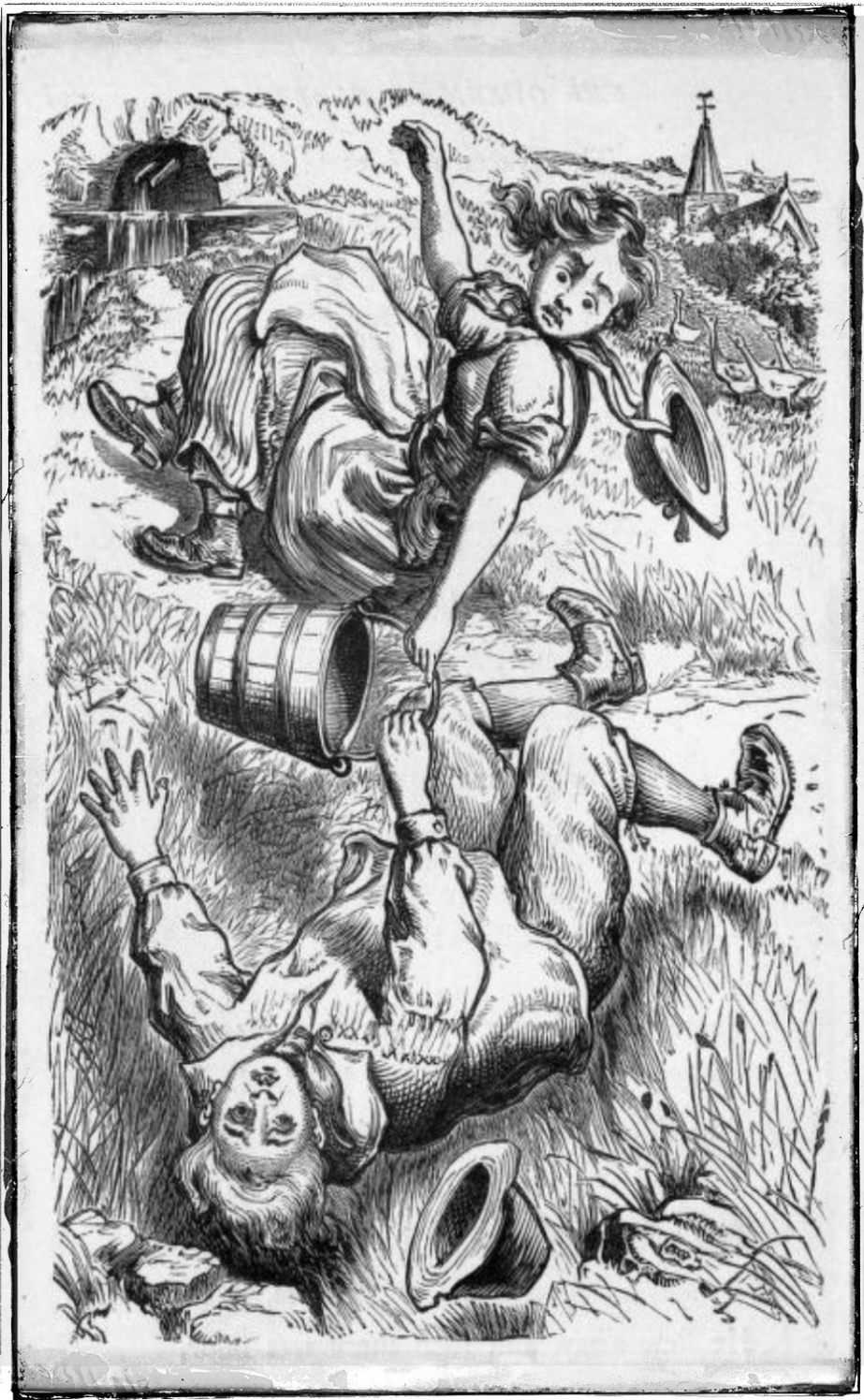
"I do not want to bury myself
underground."

I did not want to die. I did not want to
wake from this dream.

Instead, I fell further asleep, and sank
into the ground.

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Upon waking, the world had been shattered at my feet.

"Welcome back," they said, "you can do anything now."

I looked around at the debris. Nothing but shards of metal and broken rock.

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"DICKERY, DICKERY, DARE."

I stepped up off the ground and into the air.

I thought, "I can fix it."

The pieces of the world floated around me and began assembling themselves. The world was returning to me.

My attention faltered for a moment and the pieces paused in stillness.

I concentrated.

I fixed it.

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The entities showed me the things of the world. They said, "this is all yours. You may do anything you want."

There were many tools and many parts in boxes on many shelves. They took something from a box and offered it to me. I didn't know what it was.

They said, "take it." They said, "you can be anything you want."

I took it.

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RIDE A COCK-HORSE.



"A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO."

They tricked me. The object in my hand was the knife. I dropped it.

"Too late," they whispered.

My arms merged into my sides. My legs fused. My openings became skinned over. I floated high in the air. I couldn't speak or move.

I became a giant erection. Alabaster white. Uncircumcised.

"This is your new purpose," they said.
"Relax and enjoy it."

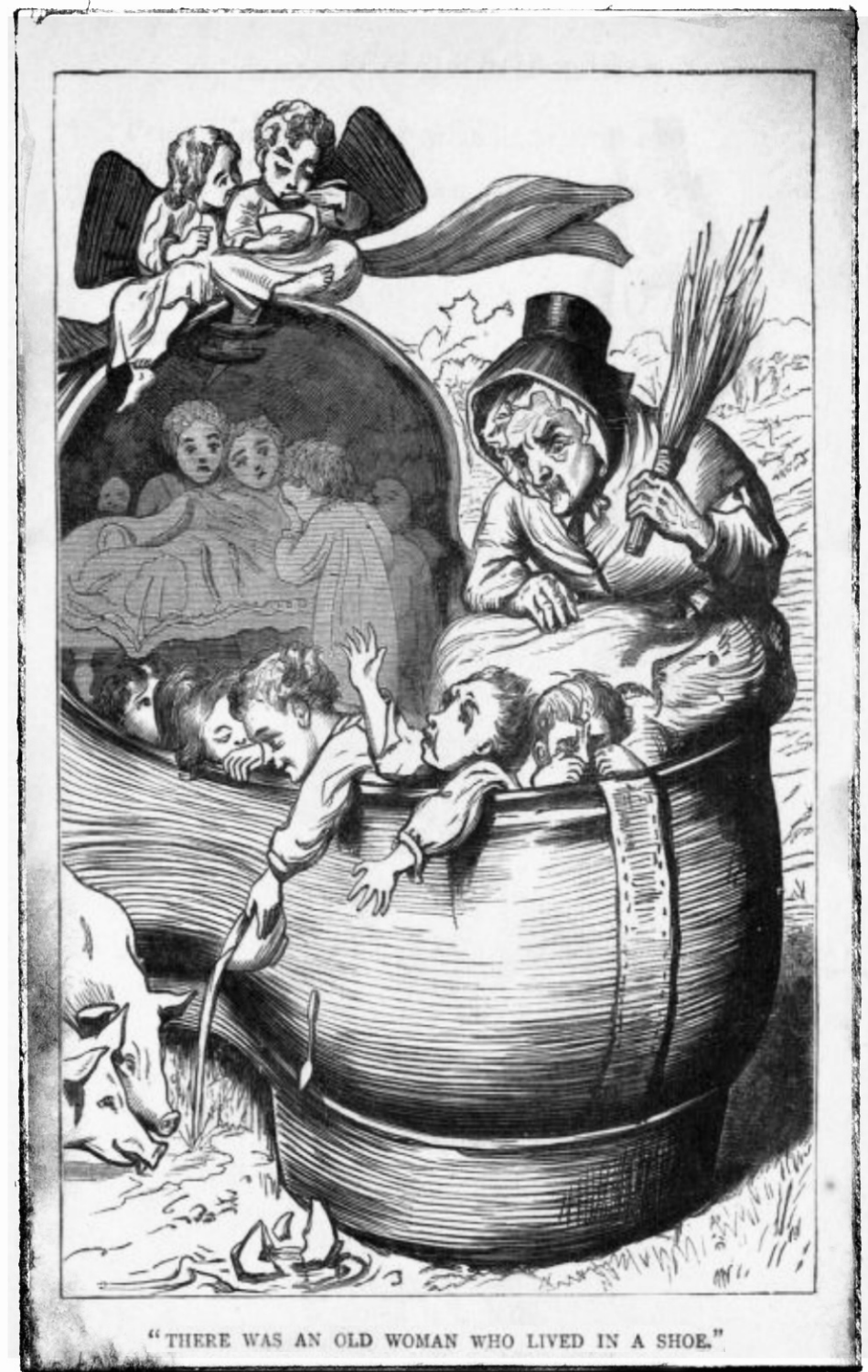
ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय ॥ श्री गणेशाय नमः ॥

I floated through a window into a room.

In the room was a naked man and a naked woman, preparing to have sex. Hillary Clinton and Jimmy Carter. No, it was Ted Danson portraying Jimmy Carter.

I floated closer and became Jimmy-Ted's erection as it approached Hillary's anus, which was open wide. Inside was a dark open space.

Floating in it was a single bright red string vibrating in the key of a minor.


$$\exists x \otimes y : (\otimes b \neq 0) \# \langle y \rangle \} \forall b : (\wedge x \otimes b \neq 0 \rightarrow \langle x \rangle = \emptyset)$$



As
I
contemplated
the
string,
I
faded
away
and
disappeared.

Δ79±. "80: <⊗▷ "...ôô< 9±. 6t". ·<f>≥: 78▷t.t{8·".

The smallest particle known to people
(us) isn't a particle, at all.

It
is
a
past
particle.

."a# [90t'q0 ""> ["l {w,"" 9f9r [11.Ku [

