

Secret Transmission #957

A smattering of deep fried howitzer fragments and a bowl of broken English, that is all that is left of the lunchtime memories in the now defunct cowboy cafeteria. On the first table, a serpent and a key. She who brought me here now whispers warnings from the shadows. "Go with this and keep smiling. Keep the horizon to your left and your two toes to the floorboard." She says. "I will see you on the other side."

Bud Nubbin

Secret Transmission #99

Our days follow along, each one into the next, like faceless, hollow dolls, tossed on the sea of time and made famous by our desires and indecisions.

Submitted by - Pagan Baby

SECRET MESSAGE #56

Be careful.

The next box, package or suitcase you see may contain an unanticipated possibility.

The shape of things to come is long with rounded edges and a clean line.

The price of insubordination is \$2.

From RED LEAGUE

Secret Transmission #17

I enter a room with three fallen kings, each one stranger than the next. Before them on the floor are the latitudes and the sparkles that these regents are known for. Behind them; the liverwurst of a spendthrift. They do not know me but they know of me. I know of them and their ways. Unseen and only half there, the beltway boys are behind the curtains and ready for anything. Ah those beltway boys!

Fr. Poncho Hyrophant
In The Palisades

Secret Transmission #123

The flowers eat the sun, rising like the slowest of passions, these flowers reach like hungry birds, look at them: each one another daydream in the making.

Secret Transmission #244

In the faint but beautiful scent of the just-extinguished candles, we detect a lesser kind of truth, soft and faceless perhaps, but always there. The evening lingers. The children have brought me a bouquet of Snodgrass and I go with them to the bonfire of their vanities for it is Shrove Tuesday.

Coded message #99

From Overlord

Jacques has a long mustache.
Jacques has a long moustache.
Repeat again: Jacques has a
long Moustache.

Transmission 187, June 6, 1944

*The violins of autumn wound my heart
with monotonous languor.*

PV

The bird sings with its fingers. Pause. I
repeat. The bird sings with its fingers.

---Jacques Cegeste,

**Secret Transmission #183 from
Beetlefoot**

CHAPTER 1

Outside the office window,
there is the day.

Up above, we see the thin
white trail behind the distant
plane, a glistening sliver of
silver in the clear blue sky, and
teasing, as if it is an alternate
future, flying off without me.

Below, down there, the circle
in the sidewalk where the potted
plant used to be.

CHAPTER 2

I escape and walk away. They
don't even see me. I am pretending
everything is fine.

How far will I get?

How will I live?

Where will I go now?

Notation 5

Have you seen the evidence of the
whispers that flow through vents in
the untimely waterbox?

-----BUNNYHEAD 1981

Transmission 43-B

Chewing carefully and avoiding between meal
snacks, the patron saint of monoliths heads to
the west. Tide and Time wait for No-man but
they will all be along soon.

Hugo S.

Transmission 43-C

Fate wanders, lost in the wasteland, screaming
like a dog chained to a burning house and
wondering when he will get his ice cream.

By The Rusty Old Sun

Message #2

**STRANGE DREAMS
THAT I FORGOT
BEFORE I WOKE,
DRIFTING DOWN
COME TRUE IN LIFE.**

Fr Havaco Bandy -

#2778

**THE QUICK BROWN FOX DARTS
OFF INTO THE MEADOW AS THE
FIFTH WIND BLOWS DOWN
FLOAT THE CLOTHES-LINE
TRAIL.**

- SCRATCHY HELMET

Secret Transmission #46

CHAPTER 1

AWAKENED BY A DREAM, I LOOK
AROUND ME.

THE PLANE.

THE NIGHT.

I AM 20,000 FEET ABOVE THE
EARTH.

TRANSCONTINENTAL.

CHAPTER 2

THE SOFT, SOOTHING ROAR OF
THE ENGINES.

THE FROZEN, EMPTY DESERT
LANDSCAPE BELOW.

EVERYONE IS ASLEEP, EVERYONE
IS FROZEN IN THIN BLUE LIGHT, AND THE
BABY THAT WAS CRYING SNORES LIKE A
SACK OF POTATOES.

CHAPTER 3

THE DINNER ROLL I COULDN'T EAT
BEFORE IS SQUASHED FLAT AS A
PANCAKE IN THE SEAT UNDER MY HIP.
SOMEONE HAS SCRATCHED THE WORD
"JISM" INTO THE FOLD DOWN TRAY.
THERE IS AN EMPTY BAG OF AIRPLANE
PEANUTS IN THE AISLE.

NOW NOTICE THE AIRPLANE SMELL,
A VAGUE SCENT OF DUST, THAT HAS BEEN
RECYCLED AND EMULSIFIED BY A
THOUSAND NIGHTS OF VACUUM
CLEANINGS... AND THE SMELL OF POLY-
VINYL-CHLORIDE WALLS, NYLON SEATS
AND THE SLIGHT, PLASTICATED DIAPER
SCENT....

THE PLANE FLOATS IN THE
FOREVERNESS OF SLEEP, AS IF BETWEEN
PARADISE AND LIMBO.

I LOOK OUT AND SEE THE TWINKLE
OF A STAR.

I SLIDE OFF BACK UNDER THE
COVERS OF SLEEP, GENTLE AS THE
CLOUDS AROUND ME...

AND DREAM.

I DREAM AND DREAM THE BABY IS
FLYING THE PLANE.

Anthony Sedan

Secret Instruction #93

As soon as you are alone, practice
that art of putting a pencil on the floor.

Let me demonstrate!

Choose the most ordinary pencil
you can find. Yellow #2 pencil is fine.
You stand up; regard the floor before
you - there - that spot right there is
fine!

Yes!

And with all the grace and aplomb
you place your pencil there yes! With
deliberation and precision.

Now stand back and admire your
work. You're doing fine now.

OK. We pick the pencil back up.
See? It's just an ordinary pencil. It
won't bite you!

Now. Place it again.

A new spot!

There are always new spots! Yes.
Place it!

Yes! Quite good!

And always with the class and
pizzazz of David Niven. Pretend you are
David Niven. Precisely. David Niven. The
moon is a balloon! (And how did he know
that?)

Now. Let me tell you. This all
seems kind of strange doing it right
here, right now, but do it, when you do
it... when you're all alone in the house...
all alone at two in the afternoon, and
you place the pencil on the floor and no
one is watching and no one is there.
Then! Then you get the strange
exhilaration of doing something for no
reason. Absolutely no reason
whatsoever!

Call Me Ishmael
Cash Value 1 mil