reading 4/16

1 NB1
2 CC1
3 D1
4 SVM1
5 V1
6 D2
7 CC2
8 SVM2
9 V2
10 D3
11 V3
12 NB2
13 WA

1 NB1

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2 CC1

“Hello, Incredible Edible Egg, Tiffany Tina speaking.”
“Hi Tiffany Tina, my name is Walter Wallobolly.”

“Good morning Mr Wallobolly, how may I direct your call?”

“Thank you Tiffany Tina, I’m trying to reach Charles.”

“Hmmm. Do you have a department or a last name? I don’t know any Charleses, but he could be new. Do you know if he’s only recently joined Incredible Edible Egg?”

“He described himself to me as the President of Consumer Relations at Incredible Edible. His last name is Shumahker.”

“Oh, you refer to Chuck Shumahker. I’ll get you through to Dr Shumahker’s office right away.”

“Thank you dearly, Tiffany Tina. You’ve been a great, great help. And good morning to you, too.”

3 D1

Denzel Alabama
Denzel Alaska
Denzel Arizona
Denzel Arkansas
Denzel California
Denzel Colorado
Denzel Connecticut
Denzel Delaware
Denzel Florida
Denzel Georgia
Denzel Hawaii
Denzel Idaho
Denzel Illinois
Denzel Indiana
Denzel Iowa
Denzel Kansas
Denzel Kentucky
Denzel Louisiana
Denzel Maine
Denzel Maryland
Denzel Massachusetts
Denzel Michigan
Denzel Minnesota
Denzel Mississippi
Denzel Missouri
Denzel Montana
Denzel Nebraska
Denzel Nevada

4 SVM1

Tell a friend to tell a friend the Anishinaabe left via spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Potawatomi left on a spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Kiowa left by spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Chickasaw left via spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Carrier left on a spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Cayuga left by spaceship.

Tell a friend to tell a friend the Caddo left via spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Kaw left on a spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Arapaho left by spaceship.

Tell a friend to tell a friend the Ho-Chunk left via spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Hualapai left on a spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Innu left by spaceship.

Tell a friend to tell a friend the Chinook left via spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Cherokee left on a spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Sioux left by spaceship.

Tell a friend to tell a friend the Iroquois left via spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Navajo left on a spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Chippewa left by spaceship.

Tell a friend to tell a friend the Choctaw left via spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Apache left on a spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Blackfeet left by spaceship.

Tell a friend to tell a friend the Pueblo left via spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Algonquian left on a spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Pamunkey left by spaceship.

Tell a friend to tell a friend the Mattaponi left via spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Chickahominy left on a spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Tuscarora left by spaceship.

Tell a friend to tell a friend the Tutelo left via spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Saponi left on a spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Yuchi left by spaceship.

Tell a friend to tell a friend the Abenaki left via spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Atakapa left on a spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Malaseet left by spaceship.

Tell a friend to tell a friend the Miccosukee left via spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Nez Perce left on a spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Nootka left by spaceship.

5 V1

Vanessa Plimpton had been on the very last row on her Delta flight from LA. She had stood, hunched, in the rear of the aircraft waiting for the other passengers to disembark. These lines always move more slowly than you think, Vanessa thought to herself, both ways, boarding as well as getting off, which could be annoying if you had to be somewhere at a certain time. Vanessa had no one she was coming home to besides a pile of mail (hopefully a magazine) and milk in the fridge that she’d have to smell before tasting. She smiled at the young woman who had been sitting beside her. Her name was Rebecca Velazquez, and she had spoken early, briefly, then kept to herself for the remainder of the flight. There was no cold shoulder of hostility, so no anxiety was felt, after this preliminary gesture of distancing camaraderie. If one required a common courtesy from the other—Ms. Velazquez shifting over so Vanessa could go to the restroom, for instance (though she’d gone before the flight), or holding an iced water as a tray table was moved into the appropriate position—or a sudden jolt of the turbulence that could happen on flights across the country—these incidents could be expected to pass smoothly. It’s a matter of courteousness, without imposition. And pass smoothly the flight had. A second cocktail for each of them, bits of turbulence, electrical devices on then off then on again, Vanessa stood beside young Ms. Velazquez, who nodded to her as finally it was their turn to take steps forward, to say their silent goodbyes, thank the pilots on the way past.

6 D2

Denzel New Hampshire
Denzel New Jersey
Denzel New Mexico
Denzel New York
Denzel North Carolina
Denzel North Dakota
Denzel Ohio
Denzel Oklahoma
Denzel Oregon
Denzel Pennsylvania
Denzel Rhode Island
Denzel South Carolina
Denzel South Dakota
Denzel Tennessee
Denzel Texas
Denzel Utah
Denzel Vermont

**7 CC2**

“Chuck Shumahker’s office, Incredible Edible Consumer Relations, Amber Angela on the line.”

“Good day to you Amber Angela. Mr Walter Wallobolly, seeking contact with Dr Charles Shumahker, President of Consumer Relations at Incredible Edible Egg.”

“Greetings Mr Wallobolly, thank you for your phone call today. Dr Shumahker is currently on another line. May I direct you to his voicemail?”

“Amber Angela, I apologize in advance, but it’s an urgent call. Dr Shumahker is also expecting my call, if I may note.”

“Mr Wallobolly, I understand entirely the nature of your predicament. If you’ll just stay on the line until I can alert Dr Shumahker that you are on the line, please.”

“With thanks, Amber Angela, for your prompt addressing of my most urgent need to speak with Dr Shumahker.”

“Mr Wallobolly, there appears to be some confusion.”

“Which is what, Amber Angela?”

“Dr Shumahker has just informed me, with great agitation, that Walter Wallobolly is a name or entity unknown to him.”

“That’s easily explained, Amber Angela. We met last week, at the Phil Rocks Gala. I have something of his that I’d like to give him back.”
“Mr Wallbolly, I know that Dr Shumahker attended the Phil Rocks Gala last Wednesday evening at the Artificial Phone Fairground, because I saw to it myself that his SmartCare got there on time. He delivered a small address that night, just before the keynote. I was responsible for putting his cue cards into his hands and keeping them there. As well as for putting his words onto the cue cards. Along with putting his words into his mouth in the first place.”

“Very well, Amber Angela. Merely inform Dr Shumahker that the man who slept with his wife that night, a man named Mr Walter Wallbolly, is now phoning him at his place of business, at this very instant.”

“Mr Wallbolly! If this is your idea of some kind of jest, I would please ask you to refrain from using lightly the time not to mention the telecommunications equipment of Incredible Edible Egg.”

“I assure you Amber Angela. That I am serious in making this confession to Dr Shumahker this hour of this day. Shall I put Ruby Rachel on the line?”

“What the Hell! This is highly unorthodox, highly abnormal!”

“Amber Angela, Ruby Rachel. I know you recognize my voice. We’ve spoken thousands of times over the years. Would you just put my husband on the phone?”

“Dear God, one moment Mrs Shumahker. I’ll tell him it’s you on the line.”

8 SVM2

Tell a friend to tell a friend the Mahican left via spaceship.  
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Montauk left on a spaceship.  
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Wappo left by spaceship.

Tell a friend to tell a friend the Ute left via spaceship.  
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Yurok left on a spaceship.  
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Wabanaki left by spaceship.

Tell a friend to tell a friend the Wappinger left via spaceship.  
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Washoe left on a spaceship.  
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Wampanoag left by spaceship.

Tell a friend to tell a friend the Shuswap left via spaceship.  
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Slavey left on a spaceship.  
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Squamish left by spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Stoney left via spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Shawnee left on a spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Shawsta left by spaceship.

Tell a friend to tell a friend the Shinnecock left via spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Siksika left on a spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Shawanwa left by spaceship.

Tell a friend to tell a friend the Seminole left via spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Skykomish left on a spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Squaxin left by spaceship.

Tell a friend to tell a friend the Pequot left via spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Pomo left on a spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Oneida left by spaceship.

Tell a friend to tell a friend the Osage left via spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Omaha left on a spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Nooksack left by spaceship.

Tell a friend to tell a friend the Mohawk left via spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Miami left on a spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Lenni Lenape left by spaceship.

Tell a friend to tell a friend the Arawak left via spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Comanche left on a spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Shoshone left by spaceship.

Tell a friend to tell a friend the Coushatta left via spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Chumash left on a spaceship.
Tell a friend to tell a friend the Kickapoo left by spaceship.

9 V2

As Vanessa pulled her rolling bag up the steps to her building, step by step, she relished the reality of returning home. The taxi pulled off down the street as she reached for the doorhandle with her keys. Once inside, she checked her phone for messages—there were three. One from her mother, Janet, who had turned 81 the day before Vanessa left for the west coast. The second was from a colleague, Robert Nevilla, whom Vanessa had slept with on three separate occasions more than six months ago. The third seemed to be an automated salesperson. Vanessa had not listened closely; she allowed herself to be distracted, carrying her suitcase
into her bedroom, hoisting it on top of the blankets, unzipping the largest compartment. She had three business suits in a folding bag, at least two of which she'd be able to hang up and wear again before taking to the cleaners. She had spilled a small but noticeable amount of dijon mustard on the lapel of her favorite jacket while meeting with Dr Jack Riding, of UCLA, over street hot dogs three days prior, that hadn't totally come out when he wiped against it with a napkin wetted by his toungue. Setting the blazer aside, Vanessa reached for the small package adjacent her makeup pouch. Under the plain paper wrapper was an electric vibrator the saleslady at the boutique near the hotel had convinced her was worth her consideration. It was Friday afternoon; Vanessa hadn't had to work since Wednesday. At a late lunch, eaten alone in the back garden at a place called Friglioli's, Vanessa had treated herself to a bottle of cava. She lingered over her slice of pie, which she found smallish, finishing her last glass free from any feeling of being rushed. The restaurant, which had been nearly full when she arrived, had emptied out. By the time she left it was after three. She was back at the hotel by four, browsing the shops along the block. The Neige Noir boutique was on the corner, with windows curtained in dark velvet. The little red sign on the door said open. Inside was a saleslady, tall in heels, brunette, 30-ish. She gave her name as Melissa when Vanessa closed the door behind her. Some other customers were further back in the store.

Vanessa had never owned a vibrator, or even thought about owning one, until Melissa pressed one of the small machines against the palm of her hand, and pushed a button at the base. Her entire arm had shuddered, up to the shoulder, and they'd laughed. Five minutes later Melissa's assistant was wrapping the petite box in plain paper. Vanessa headed back to the hotel to pack and catch her flight to New York.

10 D3

Denzel Virginia

Denzel Washington

Denzel West Virginia

Denzel Wisconsin

Denzel Wyoming

11 V3

Her first two orgasms came quickly, with only a minute between them. Vanessa still wore her button-down shirt, a sheen of sweat crossing her brow. She had pulled her skirt quickly past her heels, leaving them on, inserted the batteries into the base of the machine, twisting it, laid back in bed, on top of the duvet. Her suitcase sat open on the bed beside her. Her bedroom door had been pulled closed. Vanessa looked down, watched herself again press the shaft of the machine against her vagina. She brought the machine to a medium speed, centering the
motor against her clitoris. The third orgasm had taken only five minutes beyond the second. She heard the front door open slowly, but didn't react, as if in a dream. Was it possible? Had she forgotten to lock it when she came home? Vanessa gasped, but then tried to stay quiet. But it was all stupid, she threw the toy onto her bed and opened the door. Her neighbor, Joan McKenzie, stood with her broad back to Vanessa, the refrigerator door ajar, humming. She had let herself in with the spare set of keys.

"Thanks for getting my mail," Vanessa said, knowing she would startle Joan, who jumped.

"Oh god you're back!" Joan yelled. She had gotten a haircut in the past week. Vanessa thought it was too short. "You have to turn on the news. Mr Matlock, you know the man from downstairs, he was murdered this afternoon. Murdered! Shot six times."

"Mr Matlock? The old man with yellow teeth and no family? What the fuck are you talking about?" Vanessa had known the man by sight, but stopped exchanging words with him after he had invited her, somewhat crudely, into his apartment. "I like your haircut."

12 NB2

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13 WA

Yeah, why not. Yes, let's make rules. *For when I shit there is a trauma in your ass.* Tetsuro said, Hard to believe, because even though we get older, we do not feel old. It was about 46 years ago when I got out. I have been old for my entire life! I have been old & tomorrow I will be old & you are altogether young & still I will outlive you. Do you know where you are going? About where you are headed to? Exactly what is your advanced knowledge of your destination? Have you been delivered unto me equipped with real, verifiable information? Of unassailable accuracy, the veracity unable to be discounted? You say it's big? I wouldn't speak unless I were quite certain. But let me tell you, *I am quite certain.* It's big! There's the opening, already visible, you can see that it's already opening. Here it comes! I will ride with you toward it as it moves toward you. For now, for these moments, I am here with you. Ho! Do not be alarmed—the chance is slim that harm will be caused to me. That is one of the few certainties available to your group at this moment. The probability of corporeal endurance is largest for the lone man in the dark cape speaking before you. The margin is quite significant, even, between my physical security & that of yourselves. You, or you, or those littler ones over there,
all hair & tears, the truth is that all of you are in danger for your lives. Yes, 
only some of you will eat again. Who was that? Who was that that I saw 
shuddering? In the back, by the window, perhaps you’ve heard the stories 
others have not dared listen to. I can tell by your face, I say. Perhaps those 
stories are the true ones. I can tell by the way you hold your face. Soon 
enough, each will know all, soon enough. Over there, where you came 
from, you all get rewards and punishments as the form of education. Over 
there where you came from, they say the luckiest are those that don’t have 
to face this for long. That is their logic. You know, a hasty expiration. But 
as you may have guessed, we don’t look upon the present situation in line 
with those who implicitly ascribe to such sophistry. We are not currently—
nor ever have we been—in accordance with those who would use such open 
chicanery. For there are passable paths to the truth. Have you been 
preparing yourselves? You have been preparing yourself? Prepare 
yourselves. What petty wisdom, of what small wisdom do you speak? I will 
not hesitate. You may have small & great speech. It is first by doubting 
that we came to investigate, and it is investigation with which we cognize 
the truth. But get ready now. As the partition recedes, begin to feel the 
coolness of the breeze moving across your bodies. If I may encourage you 
to maintain a cheerful frame of mind, reinforced by relaxation: it is that 
medicine which puts on the run all the footprints of fear. This will be the 
last time any of you shall see the daylight through untainted eyes. The key 
to sanity is this—constant, persistent inquisition. For by searching we are 
led to question and by questioning we arrive at the truth. Take this final 
opportunity to bid farewell to the sun’s rays. Go ahead. Adieu. You are the 
unfortunate ones who have made it this far, & there remains nothing in this 
small world that can cleanse your soiled fortunes. You are the lips of the 
infant emerging beyond the maternal vulva, struggling to consume your 
first air. I am the light that shines in the terminal.