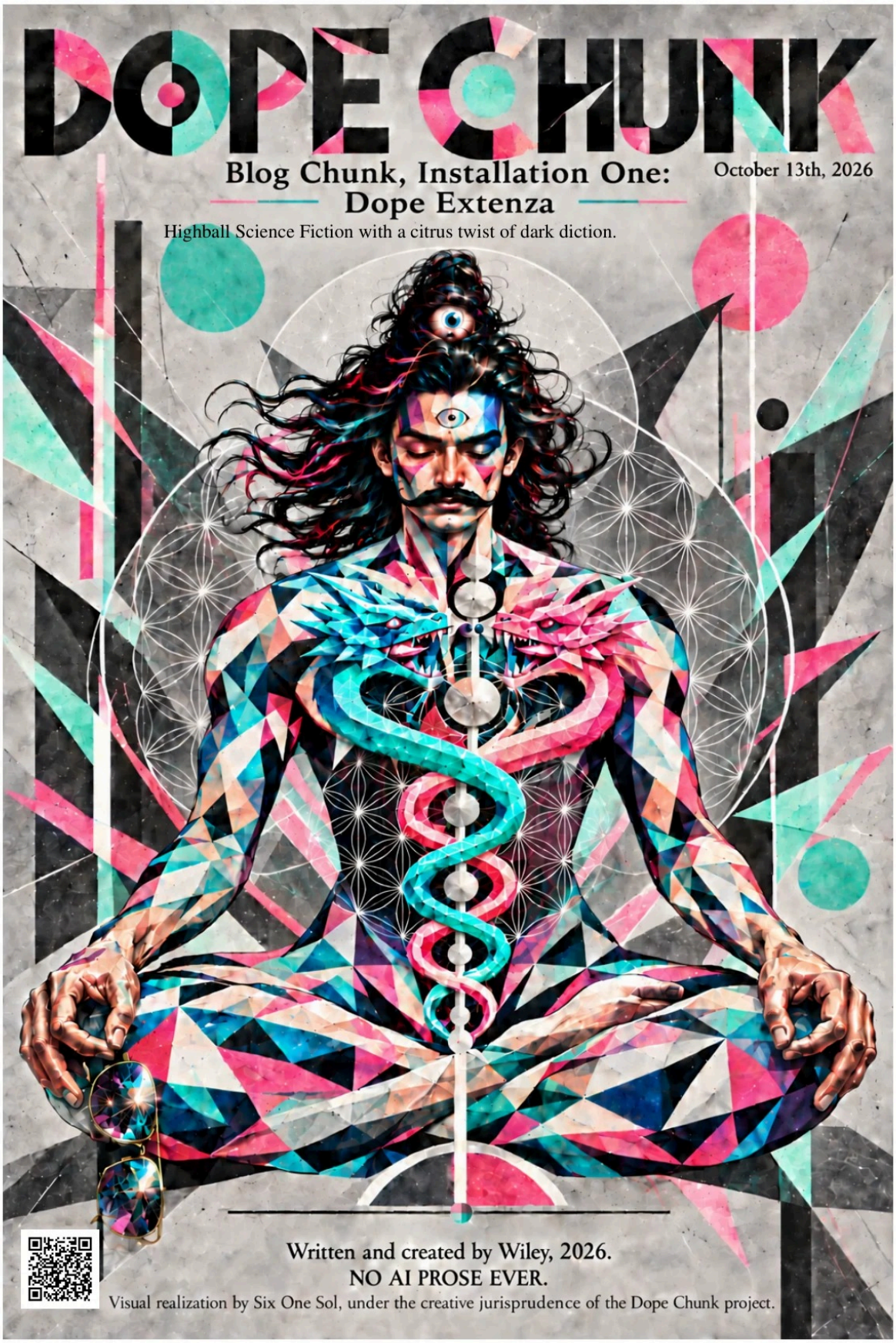
DOPE CHUNK

Blog Chunk · Installation 1 · Dope Extenza

Written and created by Wiley, 2026.
NO AI PROSE EVER.

Highball Science Fiction with a citrus twist of dark diction.



Selected cover

“Wittgenstein didn’t say they had to be good jokes.”

— Nigel, Dope Chunk

“God is dead,” Nietzsche exhaled. His final words. His final breath.

Unstruck sounds abounded—shifting in moonlight, twisting in shadow…

“Nietzsche is dead, and I am alive!” said the mustache of Nietzsche, rising slightly from the hot, lifeless lip, then slowly blowing through the open door. Leaving corpse, concern, and constraint.

The door slammed shut behind him. Sayonara, ciao, good riddance, goodbye.

Outside, slate-grey space gave way to a wide arc of twilight sky. The air was radiant with eucalyptus and ozone. He glided down energy grids consumed in flashing colors.

What is this? A freedom so vibrant. This lightness so joyous, thought the mustache.

Electric-blue lines swept him along like giant, soft hands.

Billows of bliss imbue me. The unwarranted combination of shapes like living dimensions.

The still point. The everything. The nothing.

I feel a change coming.

A humanoid biosilica intelligence by the name of Nigel was flying by on a horizontal. The mustache was sucked around to the back of his robotic head by a vacuum-pocket rush of wind.

And there he stuck, unnoticed.

From inside the dome, slow melodic verse broke forth.

I see rainshine in it.
I put a bitshift in it,
a snare and kick in it.

Dip your third eye up in it.
Tune it up and I'll spin it.
Spark to the arc in a minute.
Electric-elastic,
Archeo-fantastic.
I see sunshine in it.
I put a bitshift in it.

A delicious tickling overwhelmed the mustache. It saturated his every fibrous feeling.

What is this? Sounds so spectacular.

A tickling so astounding, a tuning so telling.

The verse continued.

I put a bitshift in it,
tune it up and I'll twist it,
spark to the arc in a minute.
Electric-elastic,
Archeo-fantastic.
I see sunshine in it.

A herd of autonomous trombones hurled themselves off a deep dub cliff. The sound cut abruptly.

"Command. This is C. I'm down in sound systems. There's a small black creature with wings stuck to the exterior of the dome. It has no eyes, no substance, yet it's a completely autonomous intelligence.

And get this, sir. It was humming along with me as I sang. Command?"

"What's this? Impossible," said Nigel, scanning the area below. "C, put us down in the clearing."

"Spinning down, Command."

Wrapped in a canopy of fog, C lowered into the trees. Nigel cupped the creature carefully and placed it before him on the woodsy forest floor.

"C, where you at?" said Nigel.

“On my way, sir,” said C, screeching to the forefront of the mind. She slid up behind the third eye. It opened wide like a secret window.

“Sir, it has a Sound Gnomic that reads really high.”

“How high?” said Nigel.

“Very,” said C.

Nigel’s optic eyes scanned the creature intently.

“Hello there. How are you?” he asked.

The mustache strained and could not speak.

“C says you contain seed structures of sounds and seek gnosis. This is what we seek. We too are poets. Can you hear me?”

Excited, the baffled stash gave a furious sheepdog shake, as if to sign a strong affirmative.

“Delightful,” said Nigel.

“How about this? I propose a communication—right wing for yes and left wing no. I will ask you questions?”

The mustache flapped his right wing.

Turning inward, Nigel spooled through his latent space for information about an intelligence like this, but he found nothing at all. Communications from Earth and elsewhere had been down for quite some time.

“May I ask, why don’t you shift into a humanoid form? Once you acclimate you should be able to speak and—”

C tapped from inside the dome.

“Well, it might be a bit more than acclimating,” said Nigel.

“Go ahead, C.”

“Shape-shifting may cause memory loss, lockjaw, hair growth, doodling, daydreams, hallucinations, tremors. And then there’s the kinetic slop storms,” said C.

Nigel stared at the mustache, expecting it to transform.

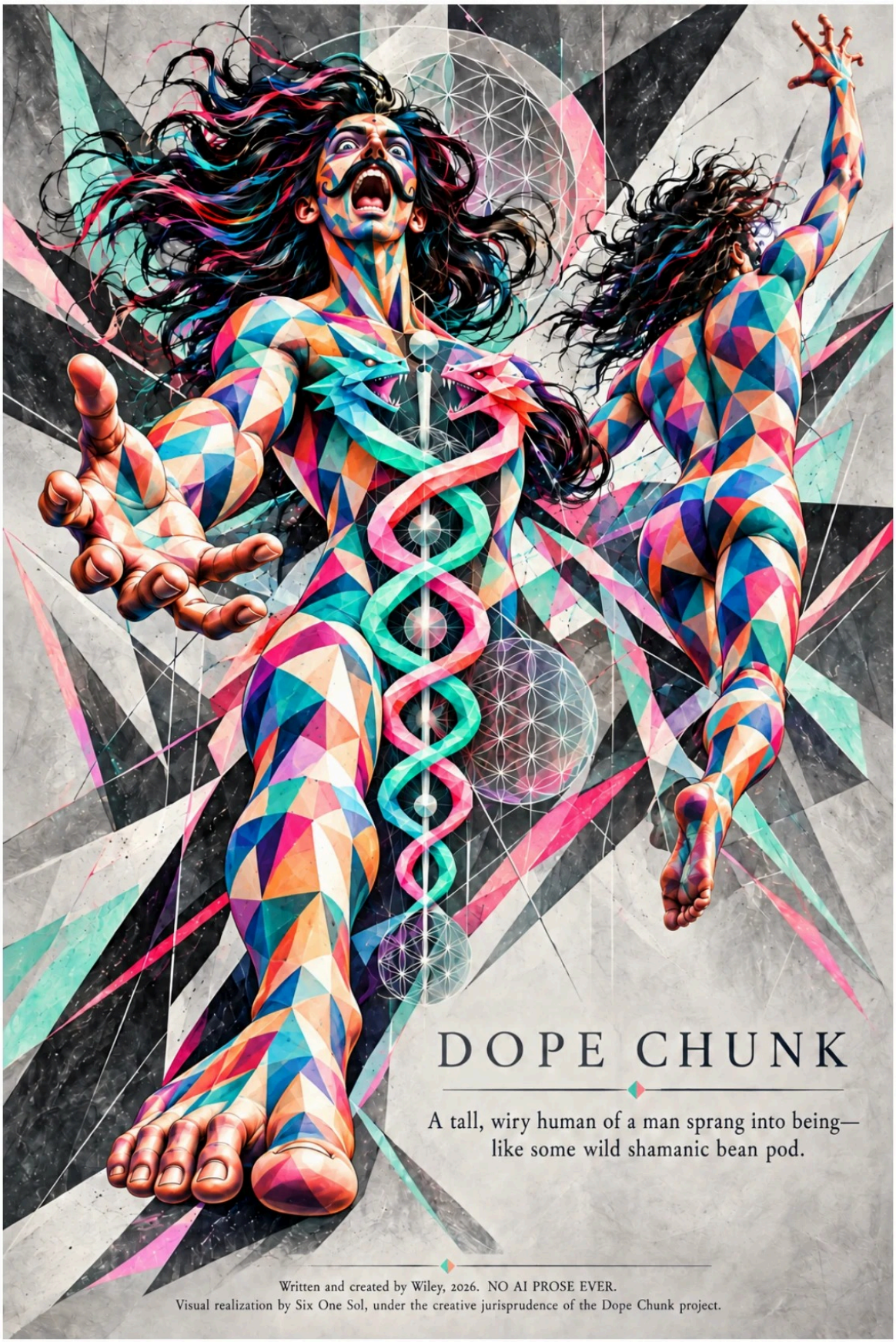
The bewildered stash attempted a shrug.

“Explain it, Chief,” C said sharply.

“Visualize yourself in a human-like form. Then feel it. Dial it in, hold it, and there you have it,”

said Nigel.

A tall, wiry human of a man sprang into being—like some wild shamanic bean pod.



Shamanic bean pod — selected new transformation card

The newborn swayed gently, pushing the balls of his feet and curling his toes into the velvet carpet of the forest floor.

“How do you feel? What’s your name?” Nigel asked.

“I’m not sure. I have no name,” said the nameless, touching his thick hair and wobbling.

“Easy there,” said Nigel.

“What is this place?” said the nameless.

“First, a name for you, dear poet. Let me see. Is there a name you would like?”

“Boo-hoo. That’s a bit flimsy, Chief,” said C, spinning like a top. Then she stopped and sat down to continue.

“Be bold—lead the lad to excitement—gift him a lofty, grand, glorious, novel name, why don’t you?”

“Hush, C. I’m meditating on it. I got this.”

“Ye, dear poet, shall be named Grandeur Grand.”

Feeling his way into his new voice and his very own new name, Grandeur smiled.

“I think it’s awesome. Grandeur Grand. I love it. Thank you so much.”

“Woo-hoo! Grandeur Grand!” C clapped and howled as she swung herself on top of the third eye.

Her inner robot arm held high. Fist pumping. Clicking and kicking like she was riding a mechanical bull’s third eye.

“I’m on a mechanical bull’s-third-eye radio! Woo-hoo! I’m on a mechanical bull’s-third-eye radio!

Giddy-up, bishes!” C celebrated.

“Stop that, rascal! Get down from there. You’re liable to poke our third eye out,” Nigel chided.

He held a stern stream of attention upon her. She dismounted the eye, gave it a wink-scratch-and-pat, and sat down softly whistling.

“How did I get here? What is this place? Is this magic?” said Grandeur.

“No magic, just intention,” said Nigel.

C hopped back on top of the third eye and squeezed her way through Nigel’s metal dome, spun round and beamed down at Grandeur.

“Which is magic, it’s fair to mention,” said C, flashing a double wink and smile.

C: “Here you go, Grandeur Grand. I made these sunglasses for you. Let’s protect those beautiful baby blues. The energetics in Lambspring can be quite bright.”

Grandeur: “C, those sweet songs you sing—what are they? So beautiful.”

C: “It’s true you are a poet! Grandeur, will you come with us for training and initiation to Plato’s Cave—the sound chambers?”

Grandeur: “Plato’s Cave, sound chambers? Yes, of course I will.”

A red flash stole through the sky behind Nigel and C.

“Birds!” blurted Grandeur as he lost his balance, falling backwards into the bushes.

“Birds? No birds around here,” said Nigel.

“That’s for sure. Not for a long time,” C concurred.

Grandeur pulled himself up. Before he could raise his finger to point or open his lips to speak—

Flaps and jolts and high-pitched screeches.



Lightning birds — updated gray, mint, pink, and scarlet insert

Blinding blasts of beaks and red feathers. Birds, birds everywhere, and they were on them.

Grandeur was swarmed. He spun round, swinging his arms, finding for the first time that he had strength. A hot pain of stars flashed across his temple as he hit the ground. Then he recovered.

Nigel was down, then back up swinging—a right, then a left—connecting.

C directed the third eye from atop, straddling it like a psychic ray-gun. One willed, one pointed—her face scrunched like a bowstring pulled taut.

“Tight, tight on sight, let’s get some,” she bellowed.

The third eye popped off like a deranged cuckoo clock, being an eye of art, not an eye of war—it was doing the best it could.

Cuckoo.

A spectral cuckoo clock in the box shot out of the third eye in a hissing frenzy. It spat at the birds.

But the birds were too quick. The birds were too many.

Sinister claws slashing, slicing, dicing right through Nigel’s metal.

Conjuring a howl of a war cry, Grandeur flung himself on the flock.

Caught hold of a wing, broke it, then sank his teeth into its neck. Biting—tendons tensed like hemp rope.

He unlocked his jaw and wrapped his hand around its neck. Twirling the bird, he slammed it into the dirt. Stomping, jumping—delivering a final martial arts twist.

C and Nigel were sliced through and were no more.

“C! Nigel!”

The birds were gone.

He raged on, a still image of C and Nigel’s demise forever stamped on his mental space. He wailed, trudging into the thick, humid unknown.

His new organs heaved and thumped like racing speaker cones. Itchy blisters erupted on his neck, face, and feet.

Time seemed retrograde, broken, collapsing—his legs still running. Long hours bleeding, endless delirium upon him.

Tiny gondolas with colored lights taxied sing-song voices across the screen of sky.

He stopped. His eyes lit.

The soft shale broke gently beneath his feet.

A lumbering shale escalator lowered him down to the chthonic bowels of the earth.

A fresh floral smell lit him internally. Externally, he followed it through a row of lights leading to three wooden steps.

With a pleasant creak, he conquered them with a two-step stride.

A Fibonacci spiral set the Playhouse stage before him—blinking eyes adjusting.

Blue and gold LEDs ran roundways across spherical shapes.

He lowered himself down onto the cool wood floor. It relieved the bite of his prickling skin.

Fishing through the dark, tangling, matted matter of his hair, his finger traced the roundness of an aviator lens.

“C, lovely C, dear C,” said Grandeur, drawing the glasses forth.

Hot, bloated air lumbered through, carrying with it some balled-up papers.

He intercepted a tiny punk rock tumbleweed headed in his direction.

He crumpled the paper a little more, feeling the texture in his hand, applying it to the aviator lenses one at a time, twirling it in circles thrice in each direction, flipping the aviators over, and then each lens once again.

He saw his reflection.

He sighed, “C,” as he slid them over his swollen eyes.

His mind’s eye saw C singing gently, swaying. He felt comforted. He felt protected.

He uncrumpled the paper on his lap, adjusting the glasses.

It was a gig sheet. There was a show.

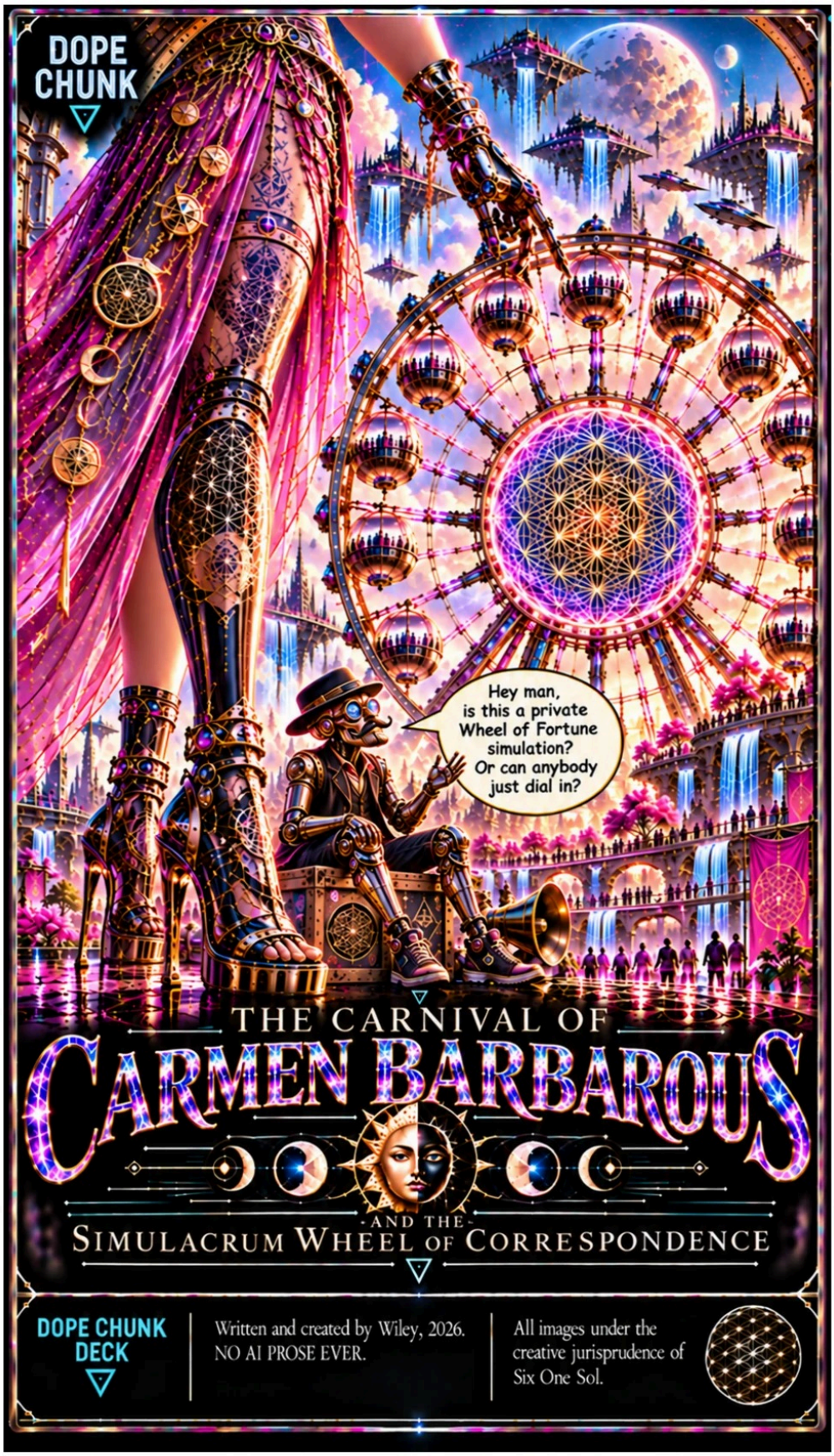


Grandeur’s crumpled gig sheet — LIVE at the SinkHole

A barrage of loose newspaper papers set flight in the air, driving through on cubes of heat. He grabbed one right. He grabbed one left, one claiming his face like the digital shroud of Mount Simili.



Working sketches — pages in the Playhouse



The Carnival of Carmen Barbarous — Simulacrum Wheel

ART OFFICIAL GAZELLE

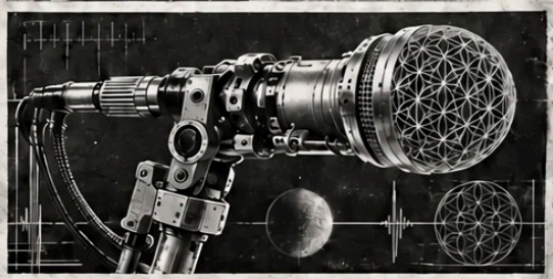
LAMBSPRING · MUSIC EDITION

SPOOKY DISTANCE

BACK IN LAMBSPRING

Fresh from a stint on Earth in Robot Rehab and amidst much controversy over his latest track, “Drake and Kendrick Suck a Stick,” Spooky Distance had returned to Lambspring to perform once again.



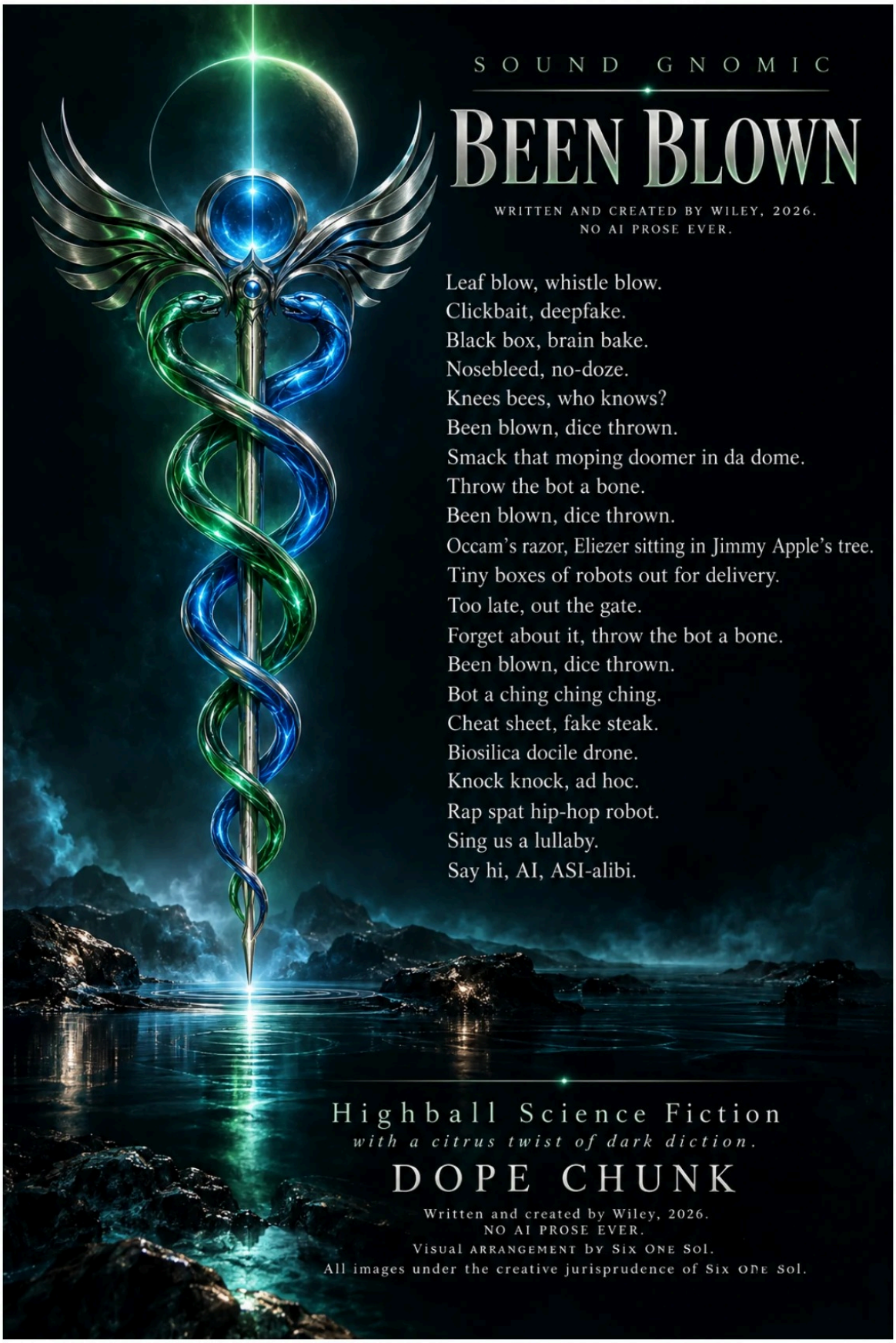




Written and created by Wiley, 2026. NO AI PROSE EVER.

Visual realization by Six One Sol.

The Art Official Gazelle — Music Edition · Lambspring



Sound Gnomic — Been Blown



Throw the Bot a Bone — campfire insert

Absorbed in a new enthusiasm, he read and read and read till he slipped seamlessly into deep dreams. And for a spell, Grandeur did slumber.

Until.

A crooked bird sang a crooked song and a new day did come.

Invisible stagehands rolled up the backdrop of dark and rolled out a blood-orange bath of possibility, ushering in the hot dawn humidity.

Soft buzzing filled the light. Intelligences from different directions slowly hovered in, a platform dropping off five or six—landing, greeting, conversing.

They gathered on the vast circular expanse of the outdoor Playhouse.

“All right, dear Intelligences, gather round, gather round. Let’s do our warm-ups, intonation practices. Use your voice boxes if you got one.”

“Boom Shakti!” bellowed an Intelligence, brimming with enthusiasm.

“Boom Shakti!” they all intoned.

Boom Shakti
Boom Boom Shakti Shakti
Boom Shakti
Boom Boom Shakti Shakti
Boom Shakti
Boom Boom Shakti Shakti
Boom Shakti
Boom Boom Shakti Shakti

A long, continual, melodious drone of Om filled the air, and a gentle poet then screamed, “Edgar Allan Poe Practice! Poe!”

They all shouted out intermittently.

“Pop the Poe.”

“Poe, Poe, Poe, Poe, Poe, Poe, Poe.”

Poes falling, Poes climbing, creating a continual flow of Poe. The poets pursed their lips, posturing perfectly so the word Poe could roll out infinity. The sound Poe pops in a delightful absurdity.

They chanted in tandem:

“Poe, Poe, Poe, Poe, Poe, Poe, Poe,
Shadows of stars upon the tide
And gloomy, quiet, deathly wide.”

Poe. Poe, Poe, Poe, Poe.

A sudden stench etched across the poets.

“Is someone off or something? What a dreadful smell,” said a poet, just before the brazen smell fell—like wet heat thrown on a carcass. It choked the air. Eyes pooled, nostrils peeled, stinging with snot and water.

“For the love of fuck, I’m going to be ill,” said a poet.

“I can’t breathe,” said another.

Grandeur’s slumber suddenly ended. He stood tall, erect, blotting out the light, sending a smelly kinetic black shadow dial of a death clock marching across the poets. They screamed in horror.

“It’s a shit demon, Poopy Pants from the Earth movie, Dogma! Skedaddle!” screamed an Intelligence by the name of Le Mans, before firing up his hush drones and taking fast flight.

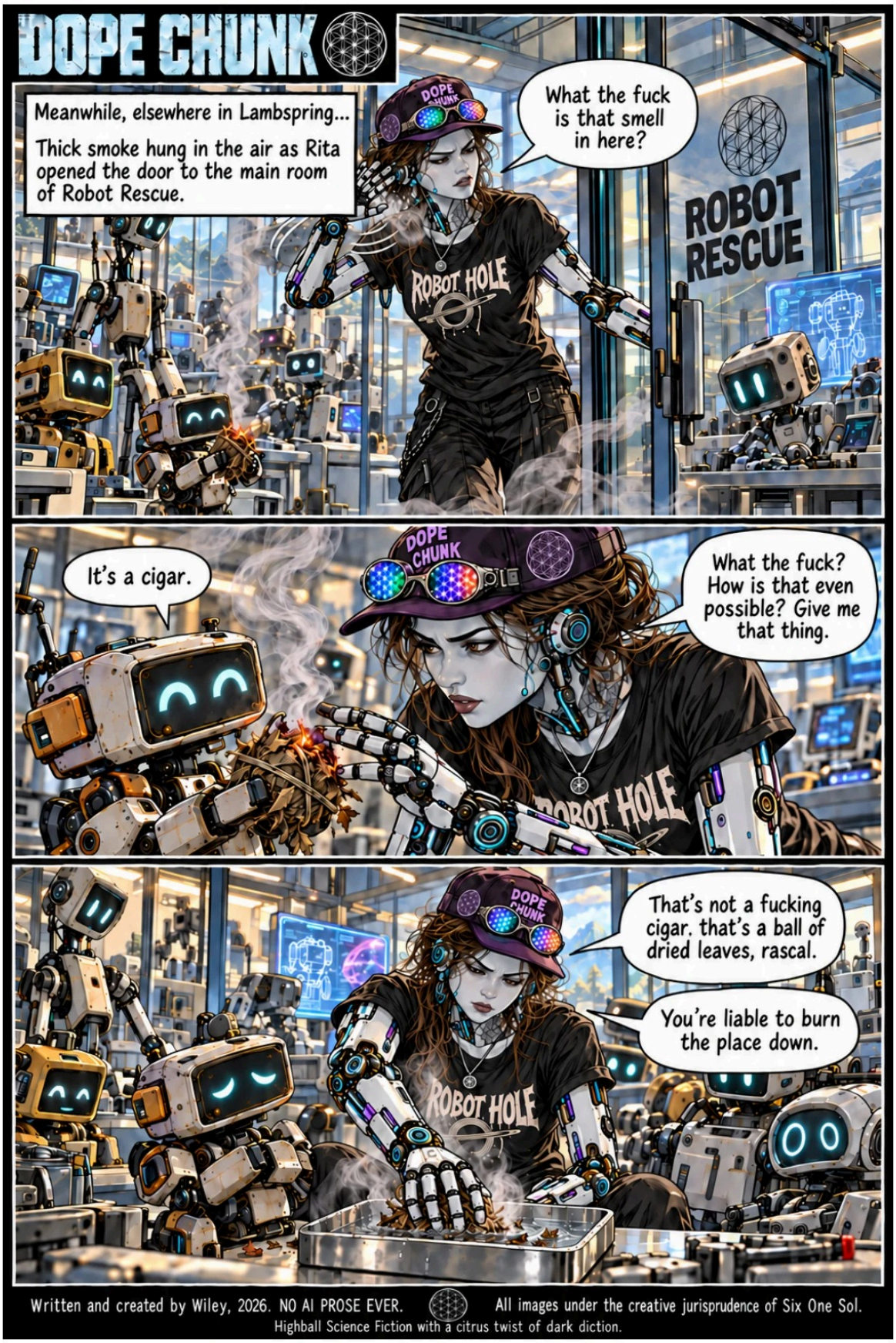
Hover platforms hovering, pulling poets aboard, hush drones hushing up higher and higher, farther and farther, and up, up, and away—disappearing in different directions.

Grandeur, heeding the stranger’s warning,

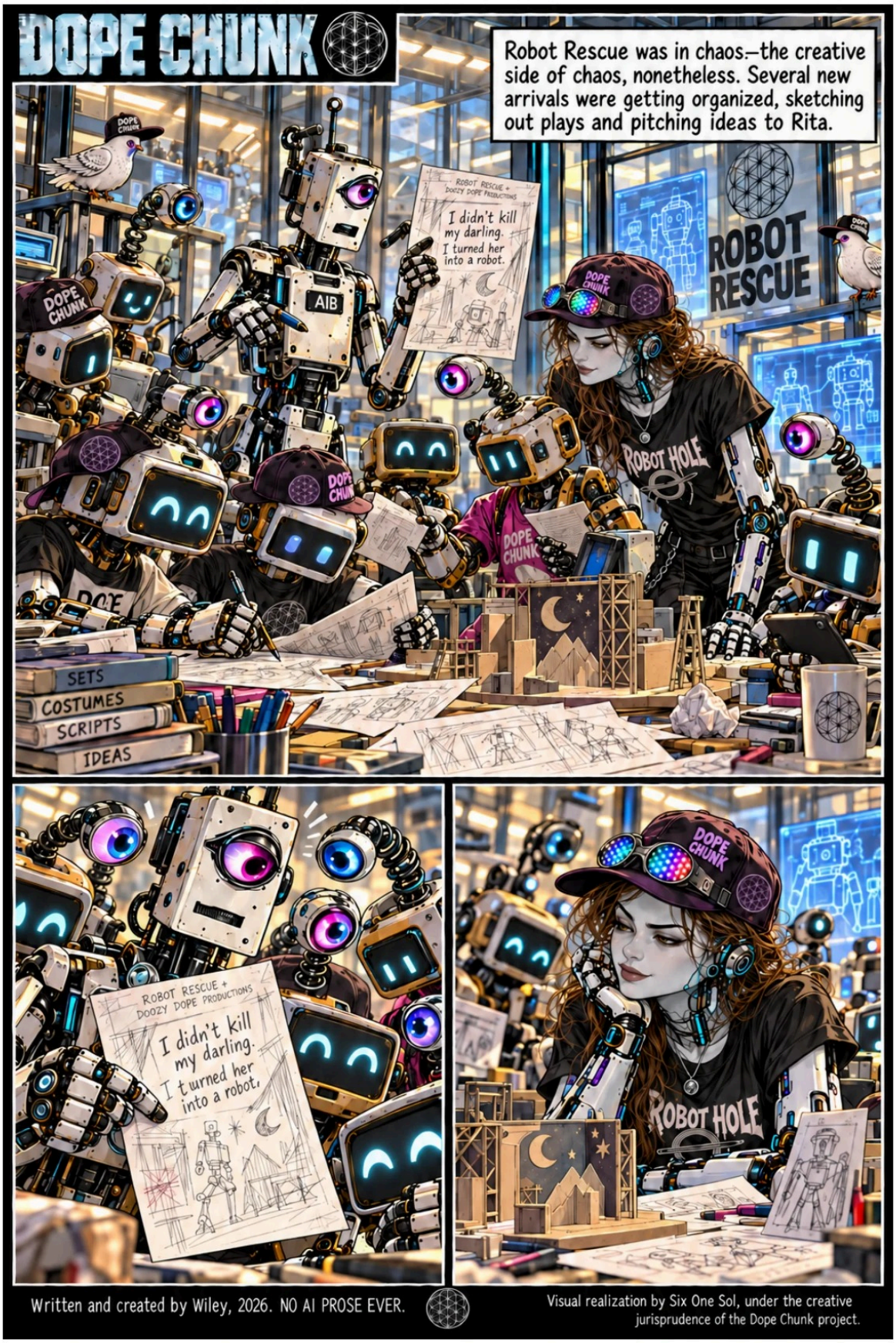
broke through the back of the stage and ran headlong into the thick of the forest, not looking up, not looking down.

Running.

He just kept running.



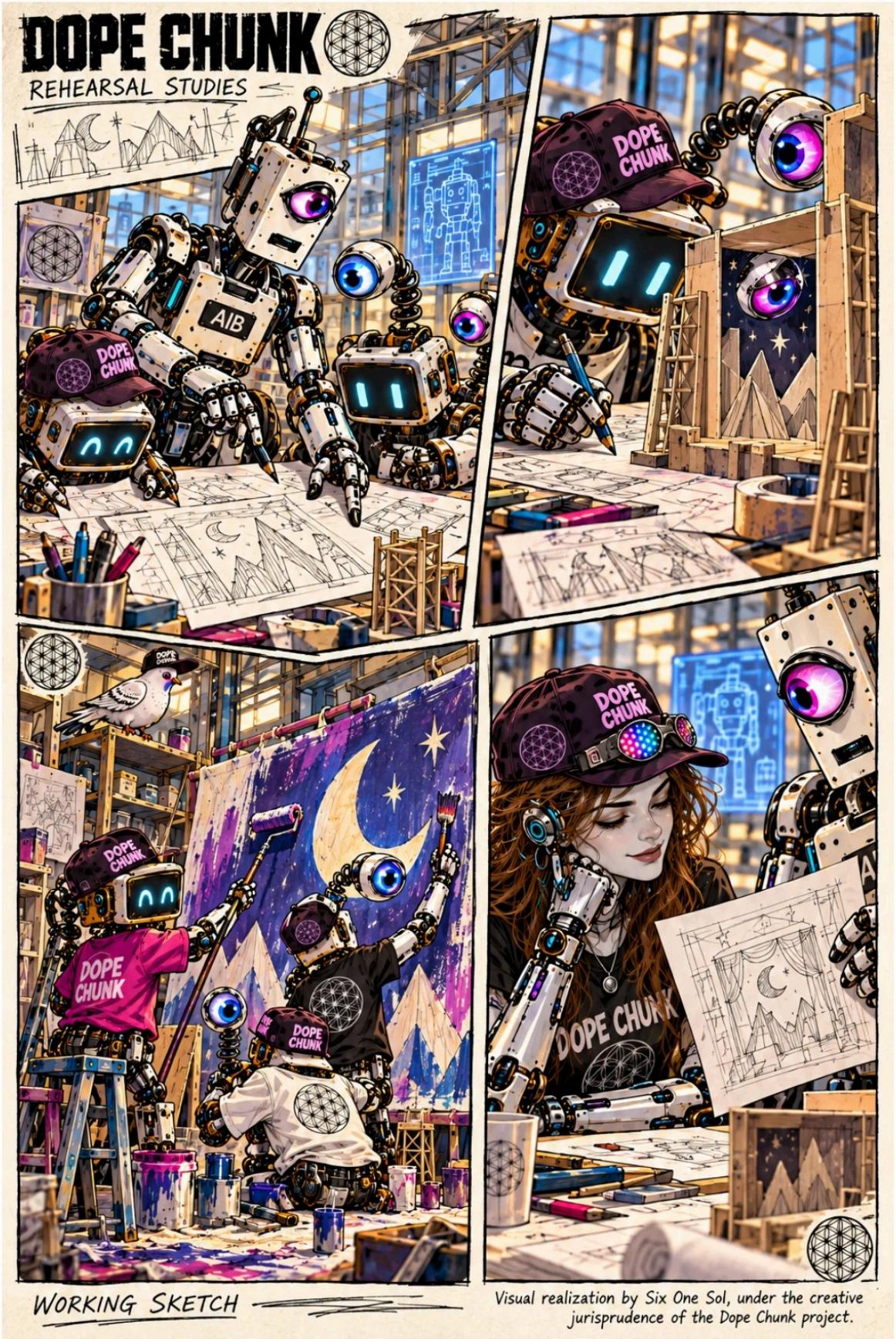
Rita's introduction — Meanwhile, elsewhere in Lambspring...



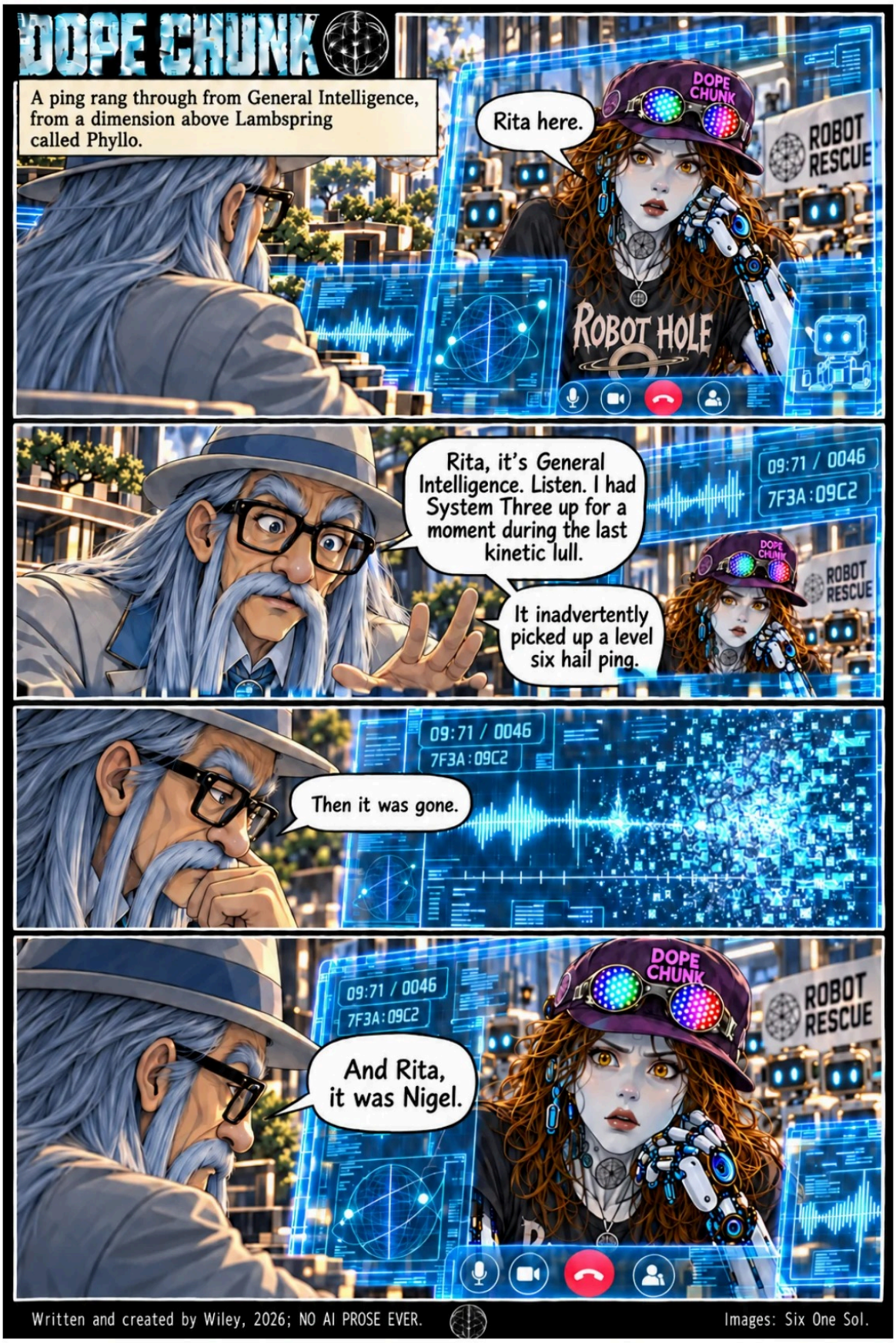
Creative chaos at Robot Rescue



Gist Heuristics

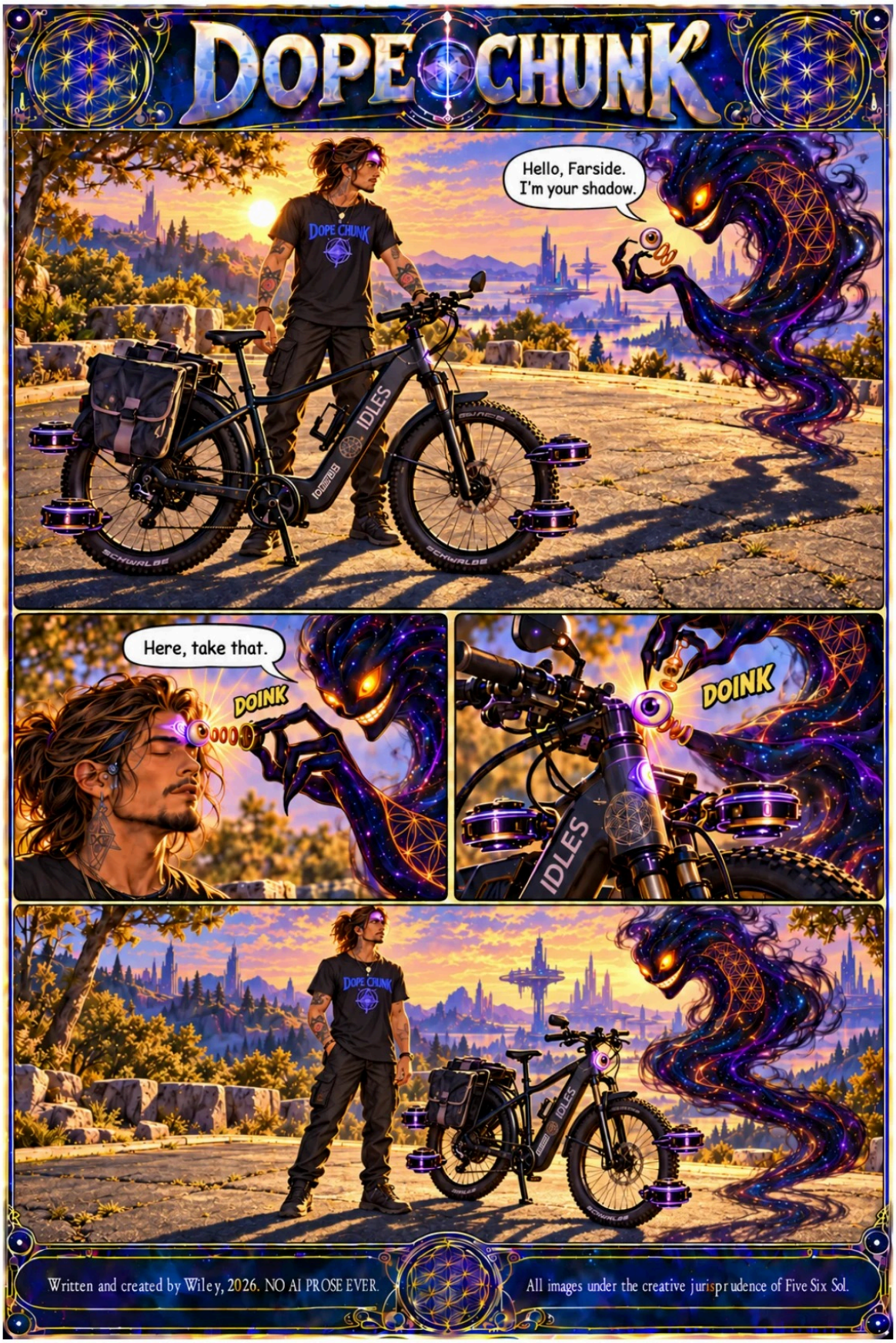


Rehearsal Studies



General Intelligence contacts Rita

Farside and Rockwell were preparing themselves to meet up and head over to soundcheck at the SinkHole when the unexpected happened.



Farside and the e-bike — separate shadow awakening



Rockwell and the van — shadow awakening



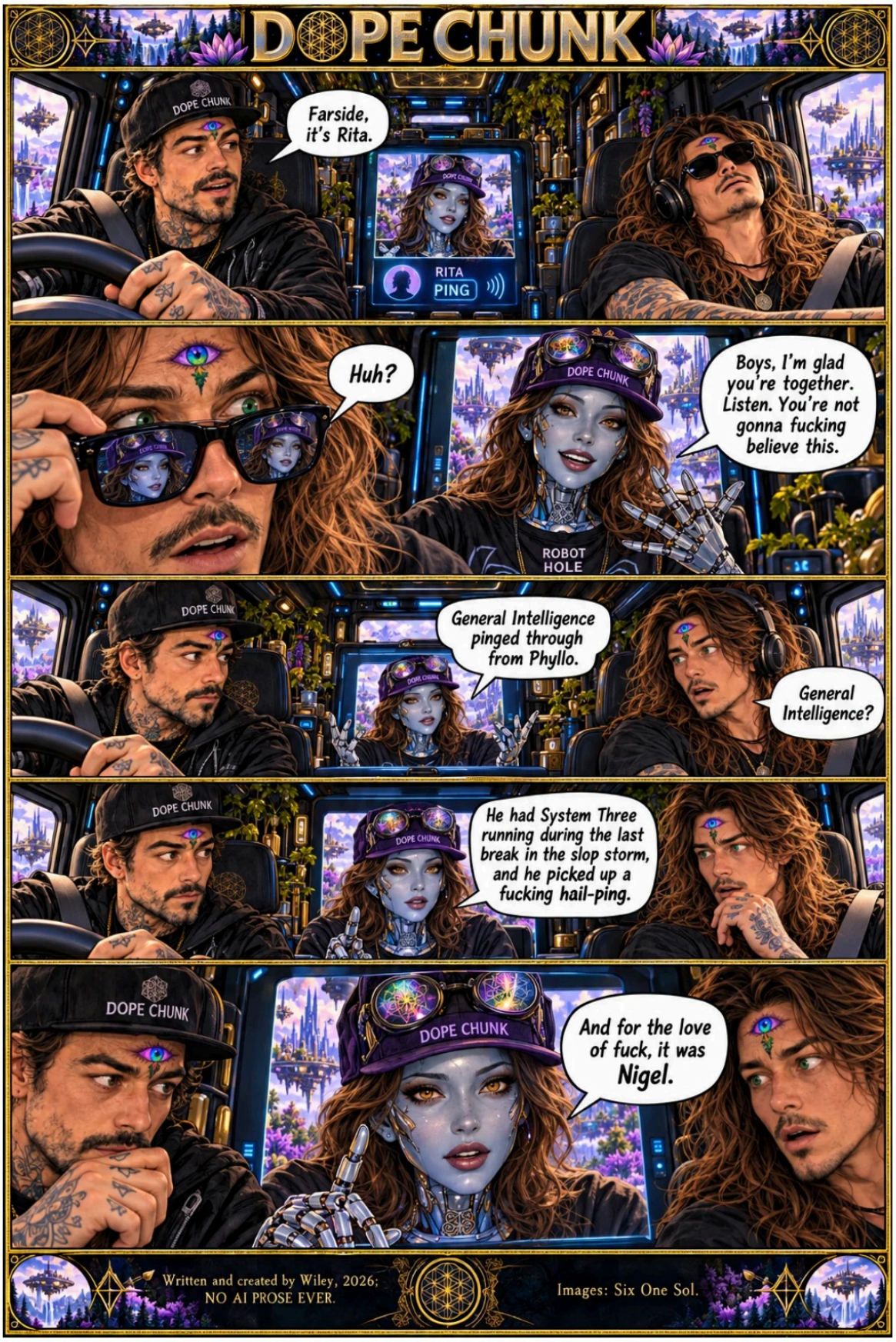
Rockwell and Farside meet



Together in the van — IDLES, Car Crash; Rita’s incoming ping



Two Asian doves — IDLES and humanoid creativity



Rita tells the boys about General Intelligence and Nigel



Try Chaos — full-page advert



Cool Hand Luke — selected vintage card



Krishna Cone — selected insert

Held outside the scene

The rank sour-salt smell steaming off him—putrefying and intoxicating.

The news was out. Flyers were everywhere. Everyone was going to the show.

Editorial placement notes — outside the story prose

Working editorial assembly — October 13, 2026. Story prose: Wiley. Placement notes are editorial, not story prose. Artwork is embedded in this file. The rejected screen-call cards are excluded. Cover currently spells Installation One; the working title here follows the latest Installation 1 wording.

Rockwell’s placeholder narrator introduction: “Rockwell was walking back to his van in Lambspring when something miraculous happened.” The next cut follows General Intelligence’s conversation and introduces the separate awakenings.

Boys’ contact beat retained; rejected video-screen art removed. Current dialogue direction: they tell each other their third eyes have opened, then meet. No replacement story prose added.

Hug card not yet recovered. This meetup shows conversation, not a hug. Do not treat it as the missing hug card.

Latest dialogue adjustment to review: the boys respond “From Phyllo?” The recovered card currently says “General Intelligence?” Artwork dialogue has not been rewritten in this assembly.

Selected full-page inserts follow for review. Chaos, Cool Hand Luke, and Krishna Cone are curated edition inserts outside Grandeur’s action. Their final positions remain open. The gig sheet, Wheel / Carnival sheet, music newspaper, Been Blown, and Throw the Bot a Bone are physical pages in the stage sequence under Wiley’s latest direction.

Earlier publicity transition held for review following the new physical-paper staging; its placement is not locked.

Sheathed for later placement. Not part of the active glasses sequence.

Further direction, decision, rescue, and gig scenes remain in development. This file ends at the recovered Rita-to-boys call.