

THE ADVENTURES
OF NETTY

I would like to give special thanks to Dr.
Timothy Morton and Dr. Dora Epstein for
teaching me that it's okay when things act up.

I also want to thank my family and those friends
that read and re-read every sentence I asked of
them with true patience.

For my Sister.

This is the story of a peculiar
little boy

Who kissed the moon and
became light

1. NO PARTICULAR REASON

In the old times when wishing was still effective, there was but one kingdom that ruled the entireties of the known. It was named Tumtumptree. In this kingdom there lived a little boy called Netzach. He had certain un-boyish characteristics since he was -for a boy of twelve- a very short, strange, iridescent oval shape, very much like a light bulb, which was the cause of laughter amongst the townies. They called

called him Netty (like the non-blocking, client-server framework software, duh). This irritated the young boy since he found no humor in that terrible-terrible joke; but as most bad nicknames do, it stuck. Jokes aside, Netty was a very unhappy boy since he dwelt alone in a small shanty, in a small forest, in a small town, with very large people, and only one very small friend, Mr. McCuack, a very friendly rubber ducky (so named after a Disney Short Film). Netty had no Parents for no particular reason, and very little to eat for a very important reason. Kingdom taxes sucked, and well, Netty being only twelve, couldn't really contribute much to the godforsaken capitalist,

consumer-based economy. So Netty scavenged to eat, or ate to scavenge? Anyhow, they had a very grim life, and on that we can agree. However, one day, as the two friends were wobbling through the forest –they wobbled because Netty had short legs and Mr. McCuack had none- Netty spotted something “Look Mr. McCuack, there is a brand new candy path right next to us! It must be all that tax money, finally!”

2. METAPHYSICS OF PRESENCE

Blinded as they were by the insurmountable amounts of tart carts, toffee in coffee, licorice feverish, brittle skittles, and crunch...grunge (why not?) the two friends devoured their way for miles upon miles until they hit a white picket fence straight on. It nearly shattered the life out of Netty, and squeezed a quack out of Mr. McCuack –this happened since they were, as previously stated, blinded,

quite literally, blinded by candy wrappers-. It wasn't until they "looked" up and took the foldings out of their eyes that they saw they were standing at the foot of a monstrous modernist house with humongous deconstructivist airs. It was quite a rude thing in itself, all high and mighty, shadowing the dying flowers that begged for sun. Netty was just about to enter into a monologue on the political discourse of "metaphysics of the spirit" when he realized he had an intense urge brought upon too much sugar, that can only be relieved in private. So he went out to find a bathroom. He soon realized that the architect to which this house was related was quite the extremist and though that

such a repetitive thing as toilets must be ornament, hence, omitted. So, Netty took a dump on the concrete. A lesson was learned, though not sure if it was intended for the brave pair, or for the surprised owners of the house that arrived promptly at 6pm; tea was not served. And so it was that Netty and Mr. McCuack went on in search of a better episode than this one.

3. THAT I KNOW

As Netty and Mr. McCuack wandered through the forest their excitement soon turned to trepidation. Even so, this wondrous piece of awareness did not blossom into a full-grown thought; it remained as something more closely related to an itch you can't scratch or a hair's caress that was swept aside, or a maybe more like a silence too quiet to notice. If this sliver of light had not been oppressed by the

eye's shadow, if it had been stronger,
braver, like Netty and McCuack,
things might have been different, I
might not be telling you their story,
but no; things were not different,
that I know. And so the foolish pair
went on.

4. TRUE EVIL

They walked and walked; through storms and haze for months, for days, so long that the owl's hoot and the cold damp earth, turned into a snake's hiss and black thick stone. They walked so far and for so long that they found themselves at shore, or they assumed it was. But, "wasn't water blue? And sand light and warm?" wondered the pair. "Well the descriptor of the ocean must have been afflicted by some sort of

daltonism, or was it stoicism?”
Anyhow, as they awed over the extent of the ocean, Netty had a revelation. “The extensity of life is not linear, but in constant growth, ergo, infinite” he pondered, but being a prepubescent boy, with a rubber ducky, there was a greater need for fumbling in the water, rather than philosophical gestation. They dove in and played happily about in the dark-dark deep-deep black ocean. And so, obviously, mermaids pulled them by the feet (Netty’s feet, McCuack had none) into the dark-dark depth-depths. Netty became so completely scared out of his wits by this ill-mannered gesture that he let go of Mr. McCuak. “Nooo! Await for me Mr.

McCuak!” he shouted; all though it sounded more like “Blah-uhhh-babal-uaaaa” due to the unfortunate underwater circumstance. Netty tried to free himself from the mermaid’s fierce grip, he tired all. He tried ripping and pushing, scratching and kicking, he even tried demanding and begging. But every time, he got remotely close to freeing himself, the mermaids tickled his feet and Netty burst out laughing. “This was true evil” Netty thought, “an evil that forces you to smile through torture”. And, so Netty resigned to a truly oxymoronic trip to the underthings of the things.

5. SECRETSIES

Netty and the mermaids finally reached an underwater cave. As they surfaced, Netty finally took in a lungful of fresh air; but let it out just as quick. “Wow!” He exclaimed. They were floating at the foot of an immense beautiful cave; big enough to fit Tumtumentree trice over. The cave had trees and fishies and all kinds of secretsies. Netty turned around to face the mermaid that held his feet and, with true discontent,

begun; “Such a thing as you should not be allowed to inhabit such beauty, you should not be able to roam the wonders of the cave and be as evil as to tickle my feet”. He would have continued but he was startled by the look on the mare people’s faces, for they were filled with sadness. “Well, what in the heavens could be the matter?” he asked. “It is just that, we are not intending to be evils, we are intending on you to come with help for us.” the chief mermaid said, “we see this place, and it is beyond beauty but we has no feetsies like you, we have fishies...” he sighed, “we needs to check your toesies so we knows you can walks, we not ticklings, we checkings, you

has small feetsies, so we doubles checks”. Netty was so shocked it took him a whole minute to compose himself. “So you want help? With what? You’re not going to eat me then?” said Netty. “Why gosh no, yuck! Eatses yous? We only eatses fruitsies, yummy lovely yellow fruitsies”, all the mare people looked longingly at the cave’s center, where beautiful yellow covered trees stood swaying under the light wind.

6. OH WHOOPS

“Why do you eat outside your ecosystem? It really makes no sense” said Netty. “Ugh, do you hunt seals or fishes? Little boys has no ecosystems at all. Don’t judge the merpeople” reproached the chief. This shut Netty up. “All right, so all you need from me is to get you some fruit and then I can go back? I really do need to get back to Mr. McCuack, he needs me”. The merpeople all stared at Netty, with a

mischievous, leering smile. “Oh, no no no dear child, you’re ours. Mmm wachamacallit? Slaves? Yes. Slaves.” He nodded, “You get our foodies and then you die, and more foodies grow over you. Winner winner, kids’ dinner”. “I thought you said you weren’t evil!” Exclaimed Netty -now furious-. “Oh I do think we said we didn’t intend to be evil, our evil is completely natural.” Netty had no choice but to agree to this since, well, they had indeed said that. “OK, but you also said you don’t eat children, but you do! You eat fruit kids!” The mare people looked at one another with quizzical faces. They all then turned to face Netty at once and said. “Oh, whoops”

7. PER VINE

Mr. McCuack firstly panicked. Then he noticed he was shooting up to the surface. “Oh, I do float” he thought. “Wonderful”. Second wave of panic. “I’m alone!” This one lasted quite a bit more. McCuack launched out of the water -do to his high level buoyancy- and landed on a somewhat smooth black rock. He started to cry. Just as he was entering the “uncontrollable sobs” phase, an old crab crawled up to him, and said.

“There once was a lad from Irvine
Who cried for a said Lurline;
She soothed and eased him,
But she couldn't complete him,
And she cut his limbs off, per vine.

8. REMAIN A MYSTERY

McCuack lifted his chin and forcibly stifled a snuffle. And on that note, he jumped into the water in search of a savior. McCuack swam in a North West direction; as this seemed perfectly logical. So, diagonally he swam. No more than an hour had passed before he spotted the profile of finely drawn palm trees. The palms extended to such a height that McCuack couldn't spot the point where they met ground; but

due to highly logical understanding of “the self” and “the other” he assumed that the palms met ground. Oh, without a doubt they did, right? He swam in the direction of the trees, which was, coincidentally, not diagonal. As he got closer to the trees he couldn’t help but be in awe by the elegance and grace of the trees that swayed to the wind with and unpredictable patter. He stared at the trees and started noticing the arched paths through which the leaves moved. It was an elaborate dance that weaved the changing winds and the solid ground, as lovers that dwelled between the passion of aggression and pleasure. McCuack had been staring at the trees for hours

entranced by his own contemplations, or had it been days, months? But he was then interrupted. His thoughts came shattering down like glass and he quickly forgot; and to this day all the revelations that had so profoundly afflicted McCuack remain a mystery. The disturbance had turned out to be a spectacled seal tapping at his shoulder. McCuack startled by this, only managed to inhale a faint *peep*. The seal noticing that MacCuack was crying again grabbed his spectacle with one flipper and began.

“There once was a girl named
 Babette
Who dabbled in even roulette;
 She lost all but a dime,
 And soon started to whine,
So the pimp shot her straight
 through the head.”

9. GIDDY-UP

McCuack lifted his chin once again, cleaned off a tear and headed into land. He arrived at the island without major incident and promptly started looking for a hero. It just so happened that it was March 24th and so hero trials were being held at the island. With this incredible stroke of luck McCuack headed into town. He arrived at a huge, tightly packed stadium with a wide oval theatre at the center. There were two parts to

the crowd. One composed of mostly commoners sporting their champion's colors, and a few selected galleries, mainly for royals and powerful drug lords. The other section, though slightly less populated but even larger in area was composed of ogres and giants, witches and dragons, and many other creatures with characteristically wicked faced. They too sported their selected champion's colors. The center stage portrayed a number of figures that lay flat on the ground. They were composed of 28 heavily distorted human bodies, 3 piled ogres, one giant's foot (the rest of the body extended to the outside of the stadium) 5 witches with 2 broken

brooms, and 15 goblin and trolls. There were also 2 humans that still stood - yet clearly exhausted-. One was dressed in white and the other in black, they were called Red and Black; there was also one very large dragon, with purple scales and green eyes ridden by a happy goblin shouting “ajuaaaa giddy-up!” The dragon rolled his eyes and ate him without chewing. The body count remained the same. And so the fight commenced. The courageous pair fought admirably for a whole hour, dodging fire and avoiding the sharp claws; but, suddenly Red’s legs got cut off and he bled to death. The crowds cheered on both sections because no one really liked Red; he was a cocky hero. If he rescued

a little girl's kitten from a tree, he would make the girl say "oh mister, you are my hero, my one and only, I no longer see any other color for your grace and elegant demeanor over shines all it encounters!" The town hated having to say this, so they named him Red in a fit of rebellious sarcasm. Needless to say, Black eventually slayed the dragon and became hero #1. And so, as soon as McCuack expressed his deep need for a hero Black mounted his Pegasus, and off they went into the deep-deep depth-depths where mermaids dwell.

10. FOR SINS

The way into the mermaid's cave was highly exciting and turbulent, they encountered ravenous bunnies, biting butterflies and luring women; and only barely overcame all. Even though Black was almost lost with this last one; he did managed to escape after only a few hours, with no more than a few scratches. Exhausted as they were by the time they reached the cave, seeing all the starving children collecting fruit

brought Black's senses back. "Who in god's name is responsible for this?!" he exclaimed. Everyone turned to look at the chief, and shyly he raised a hand and said, "Gosh, no needs to make it obvious guys". Without hesitation Black threw his spear and killed the merchief just like that *snap*. In terror all other merpeople fled the waters, but due to the agitation the entrance to the cave got covered by rocks, and so the children were trapped in the cave. "Oh well, there you go children, you are now safe from those terrible fish people, you are welcome" said Black, and with that, he flew up and up and soon disappeared through the small gap that brought only a thin beam of sunlight in. He returned

to the beautiful women for sins and was never seen again.

Netty, though surprised, was also incredibly happy to see Mr. McCuack, “you came back for me! You truly are an extraordinary friend!” Even though they were reunited, dread was soon seen on all of the children’s faces. They were now officially trapped. They all secretly thought it now was either cannibalism or death. And so, they all started to cry. They cried drops, and droplets, cups and pots, tubs and barrels, streams and torrents, until they all hit their head on the rocks. They were now at the top of the cave looking through the cracks at beautiful rolling hills of grass! They scratched and peeled the

rocks together and were soon standing –some kneeling from exertion- on grass. “Oh finally, we are free!” the children exclaimed. An old little sheep was grazing close to them, and upon realizing the children were there, declaimed.

“There once was a wee called...
 thingamabob,
Who broke his vase with a cob;
 He cried for a while,
 But soon realized,
Repairing it would be a fun job.”

11. LONG LOST

The children were all incredibly thankful to McCuack for aiding in their escape; they all promised to have Netty and McCuack over for dinner if ever they were round their towns. The children said their goodbyes and parted way. All but one child that upon seeing Netty under the sunlight became utterly perplexed. “My my, if you are not the long lost son of the Kings!” he protested. “Oh no, I am not. I am

merely a poor orphan” said Netty. But the boy was not looking any less excited and said, “No! You are the lost heir. I recognize you by your lightbulb shaped body and characteristic birthmark. You must be returned.” Unable to counter the evidence, the two boys and McCuack made their way to the palace. They arrived at the castle’s gate promptly at 6pm, planning to surprise the King and Queen over tea –though Netty was not convinced about this for some reason-. But as they were escorted through the halls and into the evening room Netty began to reminisce and with that, he realized he was indeed the heir. The King and Queen were overcome by

emotion upon seeing Netty and McCuack, they hugged them for what seemed an eternity and thanked the young boy and McCuack for bringing him back –they were granted lordship titles-. Tea was forgotten.

12. DOWN A WELL

And so it was that Netty and McCuack finally had happiness. Netty succeeded the throne when he turned 18 and was loved throughout the kingdom of Tumtumentree, he reduced taxes and improved healthcare. He reigned honestly and happily -thought no one expected the Spanish Inquisition-. Lord Mc.Cuack was next to Netty throughout his whole reign and advised him most

correctly. It seemed as if all was going to be well for ever more; but things being as they are, were not meant to be. King Netty enjoyed moonlit strolls late at night, and happened to have extraordinary gardens for such an occasion, but he frequently relished on escaping the castle and roaming the unexplored forests and marshes. During one of his quiet meanders to the outsides he fell down a well, he fell for so long that he was no longer afraid of the fall, but of the crash. He fell for longer still that he was not even afraid of the crash anymore. And so he landed, as lightly as a ghost, at the bottom of a well. Netty realized he was never to be found there, he was truly alone. Years

passed in which McCuack and the Kingdom's troops never ceased to look for him, but try as they might, they didn't find him.

13. THE LIGHT INSIDE

Netty was alone in the well; alone, but for one companion. Each day he would sit in shadows, the sun's light too static to shine on Netty and his tucked-away well. But at night, the moon would shine over him; she would shine with all of her strength to show that he was not alone, and he would whisper to her. He would tell her of small things and big thing. He would wait all day to see her again, and she would rise, every

night she would rise above him, all round and beautiful. Netty whispered to her one night that he loved her, and she would beam, irradiating light for her lover. Their love grew so profound, that light became more than light, and the moon reached down to him and pulled him up to her. Netty kissed the moon. Their kiss was so passionate that Netty became light, he shone so incredibly bright. He had become the sun, and the sun was now him, no longer static but gliding with her. He thought he would forever be with her moon, but no...as I've said before; things being as they are, this too was not meant to be. Netty shone over the world, he shone for her love, but his singing

passion burnt the moon. She became half, and then less than half. She was almost completely gone when Netty realized what he was causing. He fled the night and went as far as the day. There has never been a greater tragedy; no greater remorse than the one Netty felt. His despair was true, for his only heart's desire was to be with her; but being who he now was, he could not.

And so, Netty came to me. He found me on a small part of the world and asked me to hide his light, to hide it from her. And so I did.

Every night the moon would rise into the skies searching for him, shedding herself away in an expression of true love, waiting for him to whisper back to her. But this

would not happen; this I know to be true, this I know of Netzach, of his ever shedding beloved moon, and of the infinity of life. This I know before I open my refrigerator and see the light inside.

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What it is.