

AL(!) ℞ Calendars, A(!)L-℞ the Time

Or

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By Jim Meirose

WHY I LIKE IT: *Fiction Editor JOEY CRUSE writes... Jim Meirose's, "All Calendars, All the Time," is lovingly going to give you a headache.*

What I mean is that reading this story is as if Tom Hank from Cloud Atlas was trying to communicate something that you still can't understand. This is not a knock, Meirose's style stays true to what creates some truly great lines:

to her he became just a kind sort of silhouette of a man staring on his knees. The typical ink of the typical silhouette one sees down back when prompter 'ter dat name—'s no more less than the multicolored line-bordered sharp shape of him every day; 's silhouette shirted up differently eck-colorwisening's style.

Pash, button-boy, don't-cha' know that every time every day he pages right to the month of December which happens by nonce to b' butt-behind it, a'fore freezing done down like he does? Wiz, his a'ripper. My sweet. So.

This use of vernacular is akin to Eugene O' Neill – not quite to Yank levels but the ape is hairy and it performs well within the medium.

There is always more room in the English language for someone who can actually write out spoken word's pidgins/creoles/transliterations. Meirose seems like a person who enjoys crafting a story around the idea of that need, making the actual language used a performance partner with the reader.

I can tell you two things: 1) as you read this story, your mind will dance with the words so know your steps and 2) you will be impressed with how Meirose can spell speech (fuck me if that isn't hard to craft a language with an accent for your world). Knowing the depths of how your characters speak and/or the tone that you would like to present your audience is clutch. Your cup of tea or no, read this story and develop some technical skill.

Nice read.

Enjoy.

QUALITY QUOTABLES *(for the love of language...)*

Huh no hiccup rope-a-dope. Finney Carfueller, she off no real policemen, leaned against the wall 'hind her register, musing slowly regarding the general then of emptiness. Sigh. The front window glass permanent magically self-

Did we never enter the drama to behold, did we enter never the drama to we, entered the never drama entered, and entered, never did we no, until the days all's just a blown-out blank square out of business...

All Calendars, All the Time

(1332 words)

There's always been that calendar store there here let me show you; here's that calendar store, there and; it has always been there but doesn't it seem funny. Just calendars just and also—also—that front window there papered with the range of calendars available this year, for. Next year's use. There's no one usually in the store though. We damned near went all the way in the calendar store because 'cross the entire low-bottom scrolled 'cross the window, Welcome to All Calendars, all the Time. Hundreds more choices on display inside, and—fresh free hot coffee, too. Come get it. It's free. Also rest rooms in the back for which there's no need to be buying. You're stuck looking? Hey yes ha I been there too. So not cruel this shop. Not cruel these owners. Come in and use the facilities, feel free. Or, to get some hot coffee. Or both. It's all free—but we know you'll buy once you come in and see the dazzlingly hundred-hues marvelous constellation of colorful covers. There's one for all interests. Wonderful gifts. Buy ten get two free. Can't be but is! Come in unless you're in already in which case my sign's talking to the next same as you in line behind. New styles arriving daily. And not just next year's. And not just current. But a full stock of vintage collectable calendars, some dating back to the mid-nineteenth century. Look them over, and come away with a true prize! Huh no hiccup rope-a-dope. Finney

Carfueller, she off no real policemen, leaned against the wall 'hind her register, musing slowly regarding the general then of emptiness. Sigh. The front window glass permanent magically self-refreshing in real time had impressed him and caused them to inquire within it's corded kitchen, which she's still had back that time, but which now just clung to the wall as a dead unused connected to nothing curiosity; yes that's how far backtwined she'd been at that just she'd jumped over more than a dozen clip-claps from. Gesundheit. Off pow budda-budda takka-takka knick-knack zippo—yes no! Finney C. pulled back the stick avoiding the latest bored-stiff in midafternoon's unsought but got anyway hypnogogical super-surprise of a doze. All gastro be's hers. Quite dangerous! Habit, too, down the annals of the Carfueller gene-pool 'lways prone to if not actual narcolepsy, but, then a simple miss by a mile off the sleep hygiene protocol endured by some large segment of his pepper-pualation—ha hah, made you look didn't I and again they jerked awake. What a curse but then wha' he come like her comes daily at three just to gaze—see those back there? That specially yellowed over red-trimmed sign oh oh, uh, vintage? He comes in and dashes back there, waking them from their horrors, and sits, pulls three tools, and begins practicing the craft of basement appliance repair, though he is at the same time, up-top aww his perfeshunne, he be good at what he do I hope he refreshed be good at what he comes today it is do he be weird to watch him in the good at what positive sense be saves me too from he do he be good at what he do this horrid alone affliction off their properly alert consciousness yes her curse yes her aggravator ess' her manually hypno-madness for which she intends now and then to see some kind of doctor but what kind it wonders what oh thank kind it wonders the high above what kind it wonders lordship sent this man, what kind it in nearly every afternoon wonders to save me, now, watch him go back, thank God, once more topsy-turveying me fully here thank God there's he's once more down hands-knees quite frozen on the hic for the rarely

misprinted bottom rowed current date-year calendar its at and on also this year's what's make sense—for the first few times Ms. Carfueller believed his erraticism, once 'rrivinee down that calendar's face, was a fluke, but no he does come in to drink his fill of it, and does drink his full of it; put quite differently, his actions rip off from the intended to do, to the actual do itself, in progress, as; down face in the satellite picture on the cover of the most valuable current-year calendar in the house.

But why? His back. She watched his back. Odd, he can hold that awkward hunchdown of a kneel without superly upcramping one or more major muscle-groups up top town. Hey Harry. Punk those rocks, will you? Thanks. But now back here-now sometimes with an and sandwiched between, for the spice of it. Yes, 'tween two fulls. Nothing minor!

It leaned back 'n him the flatcount 'er to see his face push full flush forward like every day, then proceed to actively and purposefully remain. Then, still miss everyone 'n her face, long wi'h all her everyday body sauntered over once more each day, to peer down more closely at his face. Closely enough to be too so pressed in on a normally conscious person without causing a high level of terrifying alarm, la-lavola, butt-bye; he is only him inside an imaginary tunnel pipe rounding-round the approximate space, from about where his neck out-merges from his wide shoulder-ss-tween, up past his skull's base, all out off his head, then lastly pressing a nonexistent circumfero-round the calendar page, being the last the Decembrere-circletts in which the last month page of the current year calendar hangs up 'fore his flat attention. Lola! Yah' 's though if it'd been a curcucular-cutter there's be a through borehole to whatever's out the other sid' hind this day. Pash, button-boy, don't-cha' know that every time every day he pages right to the month of December which happens by nonce to b' butt-behind it, a'fore freezing done down like he does? Wiz, his a'ripper. My sweet. So.

New fresh.

But; not knowing standing out here there within the calendar store nearly 'very 'fternoon' 'n mams Finney Carfueler spent several hours simply staring into the back of the man staring on his knees, and such that, if—to her he became just a kind sort of silhouette of a man staring on his knees. The typical ink of the typical silhouette one sees down back when prompted 'ter dat name—'s no more less than the multicolored line-bordered sharp shape of him every day; 's silhouette shirted up differently eck-colorwisening's style. And all other trappings but backing up each day, mme. Carfueler hit the wall of wonderment under the surface of him finally being unable to contain the need to say—sir? Sir, who are you? Who are you, and—how I can I help you, you seem lost—half amazed, half terrified, and who can say all's between 't'd be to much 'f a forever to possibly grasp, and each time, back she leapt with his rise to his feet all 'whirl-running perfectly 'round her behind and out the door from her and how can she help him? 'bviously he needs some but—how? Why's he not stop? And she slumps 'll rippling down the loose outers of herself—and so seemingly quiet that front-store calla' papered show-window of hers she's made was to be—never did we enter the drama. Did we never enter the drama to behold, did we enter never the drama to we, entered the never drama entered, and entered, never did we no, until the days all's just a blown-out blank square out of business and so where'd the she we never knew of but was aling'gg the man came one day noplac to enter go into walk 'cross of kneel down page over and push-faced, all stare—where'd he-she go then mc'cool where'd she-he got them seems 't's 'ver all for each and 'very one and—whomever else, deeper in. Might have go uncountered had we had the gut to do it. Echo.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *Nearly all the time of the owner of the "All Calendars, All the Time" shop is spent fighting off crushing boredom, since practically no one ever comes in the store. But,*

each day, the same mysterious person enters, kneels down and stares at the exact same page of the exact same calendar. If approached, the person immediately bolts from the store, without a word. This piece portrays one such afternoon, with the owner, as usual, unsuccessfully attempting to find out the reason why. "All Calendars, All the Time" is a modified chapter of a draft novel called "What Year is This?" involving a mental patient's crippling obsession with a particular calendar year and what this has done to their life.

AUTHOR BIO: Jim Meirose's work has appeared in numerous venues. His novels include "Sunday Dinner with Father Dwyer"(Optional Books), "Understanding Franklin Thompson"(JEF), "Le Overgivers au Club de la Résurrection"(Mannequin Haus), and "No and Maybe - Maybe and No"(Pski's Porch). Info:www.jimmeirose.com