

HOW

DAD-D... Y M-

UM

...FOUNDIE-F'RST

H

OUSE

... ... (DIS OUR NEW HOME...?)

By

*Jim Meirose*

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Fiction Editor JOEY CRUSE writes... Jim Meirose's, "How Daddymum Foundie-f'rst House," sounds, to me, as if Eugene O'Neill was a millennial and buying his first house. In other words, I have no fucking idea what is being spoken (because I haven't the time*

*for Eugene O' Neill as much as I enjoy his work and I haven't bought a house nor gone through the excruciating legalities that probably entails), and if it was a scene in a play, and I were the actor, I would also have zero clue as to how these words were supposed to be spoken and would need someone to hold my hand, like a child, along the way.*

*Having said that, the piece has style. Style for ages. Even typing that bastard up (good on you Mr. Meirose) must've been a broken, convoluted fight with the fingers.*

*I like this piece because it shows how craft and nonsense can come together to make a story. Now, is that a story that I can follow? Not necessarily. Is there a discernible plot somewhere in that rainbow? Certainly. Is this a story you should read? Definitely.*

*What I will say is this: there are times when the things we read do not make sense to us and that by no means is a problem. This piece is worth reading for the use of language, for the use of craft, for the use of style, for the use of dialogue, and the use of classical literature that has done the same before it and that future writers will continue to use again.*

*That there is no sense is oftentimes when we can drum up the most.*

*Enjoy.*

### **QUALITY QUOTABLE (for the love of language...)**

Ooh, gotch' Miss realta' you might of just joyed us all down do dum joyously joyed us all the way down, et et, so tell us please tell us now please oh oh. Boom.

### **HOW DADDYMUM FOUNDIE-f<sup>r</sup>st HOUSE**

Maybe.

No?

'splain as bestus aw cando please Maybe.

Oh, thanky Peter-San one?

Yes, No. Gut; the cried out all crying seeing child up'n the yonder to the nearest house get shack-shoppe, to the lovingly love of a long-faced realty-ore in her very self-person please, Missy missy well-dressed suit suit find us a house yah yah ooh.

Ut?

Oh, missy all dressed up missy suitie suit suit find us our house yah yah eh. Good?

No, no. Ut say time it once more yet go go go on once more—but first; oh, thanky Peter-San this one?

That later. Kay here; all dressed up missy suitie suitie suit suit find us our house plead oh plead on you eh. Good?

No no no, no. Time it once more but differently yet go go go go once more—but please—first, Oh thanky Peter-San missie. This one?

Said later. Now kay here, then; Missy missy suit suit find us oh find us some house any house plead you oh plead you oh well. Good?

Hak-oof! Bitte, but; now canny et oh oh oh thanky Peter-San ah missie this one?

Thit's it.

Oh! Thank God, lastie, yah last-thatch got found us some house any house this house the right house oh oh hey hey hey, oh missie?

Yup! Hot'n all yasso! Fartbummed over by yon my youndering mooseman of a collie-gue.

Oh thanky, butte; Peter-San house ah missie this the one?

Oh? Huh. Later no. But yes now, oh yah!

Hey, me too. Butt the ell.

Eh, all happy us also, but, Oh thanky Peter-San wise house ah missie got this the one bah?

Sorry, but so, uck, no. Much more innerportendant now d' she. Do us sweet. Can, ut?

Oh. K. Hey ess ess we mista' foundya yo' baby in this book in these old fashioned oakenwood shoelasts. Look!

Oh, thanky Peter-San gimme gotcha wise house ah ah house missie missy got this one be the one bah sis hey?

Heaven? Please, say that!

Ah!

Ooh, gotch' Miss realta' you might of just joyed us all down do dum joyously joyed us all the way down, et et, so tell us please tell us now please oh oh. Boom.

K. Oh. Look; number-ator she has. In the bassman 'neath the fender be that and aparted togetherneat bump bumpidy firelogs. Like?

Oh, thanky Peter-San gotcha wise house ah house missie got this one the one bah hey?

Oh!

Great. Oh. K. Look; plus, a number-bat twoator she has also-gut twin Barbara-bar Bushies auto-swat terminally Trantorian blaster-funk identically twinned-out odepools. Like?

Oh thanky!

Oh. K. Great. Look; and, in dat just's the lowbasketsful—just ten steps up see the football hurlingcourt manned with multiple Stephensons randalled in perfesh-analy meant to last three or fifty more or less slickly hardwired brunos. Like?

Oh, thanky Peter-San hey-o gimme gotcha wise hot house ah ah big house missie missy gotcha got this one here be the one hessa' bah sis hey?

Oh, thanky one!

Great.

So.

< Nebba-mindaibo, but >

<It's a living >

Say. Nextclient.

Nexthouse?

There you go. Hippo!

Thank you Maybe.

No promembo-luna, No.

**AUTHOR'S NOTE:** *This story is taken from my novel "No and Maybe-Maybe and No", published in 2020 by Pski's Porch. It's not so much a story as an explanation by the characters "No and Maybe" (extradimensional birds brought by accident into this dimension and in the process transformed into humanoids) of how their parents worked with a realtor to obtain their first house. (in which dimension this is occurring is up to the reader to surmise.) To write this kind of thing in this style I need to know exactly what the piece is describing. There's no "discovering the story as I write" sort of thing. Then, I warm up, get in the "zone", and write the thing out fast and loose in a very improvisatory manner, which works as long as I never lose track of exactly what is being described. For a text this short I nearly never have to edit afterwards. Stylistic influences on a piece like this are hard to pin down. I went through my Beckett period and my Joyce period and Faulkner and even Blake, but before those I got a kick out of Brautigan Gogol and Gurdjieff ( in particular his hilarious "Beelzebub's Tales to his Grandson" books). Sorry but I never really understood the allure of Kafka. Very early on I read nearly every hard science fiction novel the bookstore carried. Which of these influences are at work in this piece I cannot possible pin down.*

**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](http://www.jimmeirose.com)