

That's my wife's  
fuzzy face!



## Epilogue

Me, my wife, kids, and anything else that  
belongs at the end of a Book.

# Me

Hullo!



**Name:** (Adelphinious)

**Otherwise known as:** Anita Knipping, Anie, Adelphus'Delphi

**Gender:** None and/or potato

**Occupation:** Eccentric, Digital imaging, The Seventh Star Projects, The Missions, Trying to get this damn book published, Hugging, Thinking, Sleeping, Loving my wife.

**Born:** 8/30/1981

**Awoke:** 7/13/1995

**Fully Functional:** 2/06/2001

**Distinguishing traits and personality:** Unconventional, pretty easy going unless brain decides to short. Easily scared by angry people. Only follows rules that make sense.

**Generally Wears:** Anything that doesn't match and can be slept in. Layers preferred, no straight black or white unless accompanied by colour. Blue, lemon yellow or orange is preferred.

**Likes:** Sleeping in the sun, Beanie, the Pilgrimage, Realspace, Gardening, Trance music, questioning things, wind, violent storms, heat, small plastic toys, blinking lights, sitting, hot water, clouds, her birds (children), Paxil, humans, things.

**Dislikes:** Being away from Beanie, Air-conditioning, Horror Movies, War Forums, Wearing things that annoy my sensory things, Unnatural light, Silence, Shoes.

**I.Q.:** 129 WAIS-III (with digit span) 145 WAIS-III (recalculated to exclude digit span section, as I have numerical dyslexia)

**Drinks:** A whole lot of citrus.

**Sleeps:** Always and Everywhere.

**Diagnosed with:** Autism (Aspergers Syndrome), Clinical Depression, Panic/Anxiety Disorder, Agoraphobia, OCD, Synesthesia, Sensory Integration Dysfunction, and a terminal case of Optimism.

**TV:** The Weather Channel, Invader Zim, National Geographic Explorer, Nature documentaries, Futurama, Simpsons, South Park, Harvey Birdman, Venture Brothers, Aqua Team Hunger Force, MST3K, Trigger Happy TV, 3rd Rock from the Sun, just about anything on the Animal Channel or the Discovery Channel.

**Movies:** Monty Python and the Holy Grail, Spaceballs, The 5th Element, Kung Fu Panda, WALL-E, Orlando, Hook, Aqua Teen Hunger Force Colon Movie Film for Theatres. I watch most animated things and comedies that are on TV. Nothing you wouldn't want to experience in real life. The Matrix is my one exception, but it's real hard on me.

**Goal:** To become Wise.

**Is afraid of:** Extremists of any kind, Depression, The Winter, Anger, Fame, Organized religion.

**Plays:** Sitar and I can sing.

**Other Notes:** I avoided this chapter for the entire year that I made this book, though I'm not exactly sure why. I suppose it is rooted in the reasoning for making this book; sharing things with the humans. Much of what I put in is about things you don't usually think about or see, so what is so extraordinary about myself as a personal person? Perhaps not much, but I suppose I should introduce myself anyway.

Hello, my name **Is**, and I **Am**.

How are you?



ECCENTRICITY



**Name: Renee**

**Otherwise known as:** Ni, Beanie, Wife, and a billion other names created by mixing variances of random words. Ones commonly used are; Ham, Cup, Sweet, Sugar, Pancake, Bun, Noodle, Boodle, Cake, Can, Fruit, Fuzzy, Little, Nugget, Bean, Nose, Round, Love, Heart, Soft, Small, and Tiny to name a few. IE: Sweet little nugget of cupcake love.

**Occupation:** My Companion for Life, Financial Analyst at AIG.

**Born:** 12/25/1978

**Distinguishing traits and personality:** Incredibly sensible and responsible. Strong work ethic and moral code. Very open minded but easily frazzled due to the enormous pressure she puts on herself. As solid as I am not. Over achiever, but oh so sweet!

**Generally Wears:** A mix of classic and ethnic.

**Likes:** A million things, world culture, New York City, candy, Asian food stores, Zelda, writing, video games, drawing, reading, learning and seeing new things.

**Dislikes:** Religious and political extremist agendas, vegetables, spiders.

**Eats:** Meats, cheeses, ten tons of pizza, most of which she makes herself, NO VEGETABLES!

**TV:** Mostly Anime, Animal Planet, the BBC, and The Discovery Channel.

**Movies:** A lot of foreign films, Miyazaki, Pixar, some Disney and other animation.

**Goal:** To make the world a less narrow-minded place.

**Is afraid of:** Spiders.



## Beanie!

### The One that I Love

Oh Sweet Beanie, you are the Sun in my Universe! Once upon a time I was alone and sad, lost inside a land of dreams. The Real world had nothing to offer me so I stayed in my head always. One day I found the Forum, a place devoted to followers of Carmen like myself. But alas I didn't fit well here either, for my background of Carmen was far too different than theirs.

Then one day a new person showed up named Seldavia. Seldavia was sad because she too was fostered by Carmen and had an intricate background. She feared that she would not be accepted. February 11th, 1998, I replied to her first post and supported her writings, even if they didn't match my own. First we talked on the forum, but the Power struggle at school kept me off-line all of March, so we used the phone. Seldavia told me her real name was Renee and that she lived in the Tundra called Minnesota, 800 miles away. Ni called me every two weeks and for that short hour on the phone I felt alive but still scared that if she knew what I was that she would be too scared to call again.

Ni and I set up our own private forum and started "TSE" Top Secret Experiment on November 6th, 1998. Each night we would add a chapter where the other left off and our Realspaces merged

into One. We wrote that novel together for two years, accumulating 600+ pages of documented Realspace in the process. With every added chapter we were meeting each other and our sub-existences were as well. There can be no greater bond, I say, than when your subconscious melds with that of another.

Late 1998 before we started "TSE", rumour was circulating amongst the forumers about the prospect of creating a Carmen convention, not unlike the ones that are held for comic books and the like. We all planned to meet in NYC that summer but it fell through, except for Ni. I would meet her that Summer after knowing her from afar for nearly two years.

Summer of 1999 was a summer of severe drought, yet somehow a thunderstorm sat on top of Newark Airport for the entire day Ni was to arrive, delaying her plane for 24 hours. What seemed like a disaster was heaven sent. Northwest was forced to give her a \$700 voucher when their flights became overbooked. It was by that sheer luck she was able to come out again for free that January.

Beanie thought she would hate NYC as much as she hated Chicago, but from her first view of the skyline she was sold. By the end of the second visit, Ni was about to do the unthinkable and move to New Jersey.



May 2000, Ni and her Dad came out on the last of the voucher to find an apartment. It was too surreal. Even though the May visit was a nightmare for Ni, it ended with her finding the apartment that would become my second home, a beautiful studio in Hawthorne Towers. It has a pool and a garden. You can see 270 degrees of NYC skyline from the apartment we're in now. July 1st, 2000, Beanie came home to stay.

### Spoiling the Ni

Ni needs to be spoiled. 20 years in Minnesota taught her to be quiet and to keep to herself. No one talked to her out there and by the time she came out here there was a lot of work to be done. When you are quiet in North Jersey, that means you're angry. People thought Bean was a very angry person. You may be noticing me calling her Ni, Bean, Beanie and other things. I give everyone nicknames for some reason. I also I like saying the word 'bean'. It all works out very well. Bean has hundreds of nicknames to be sure.

### Why I love my Ni

Ni is one of those rocks with the crystals inside. If you met her you'd think she was ultra conservative and bookish, but the real Ni is one of many surprises. Not only were we able to meld our Realspaces, but Bean also likes Trance music, International

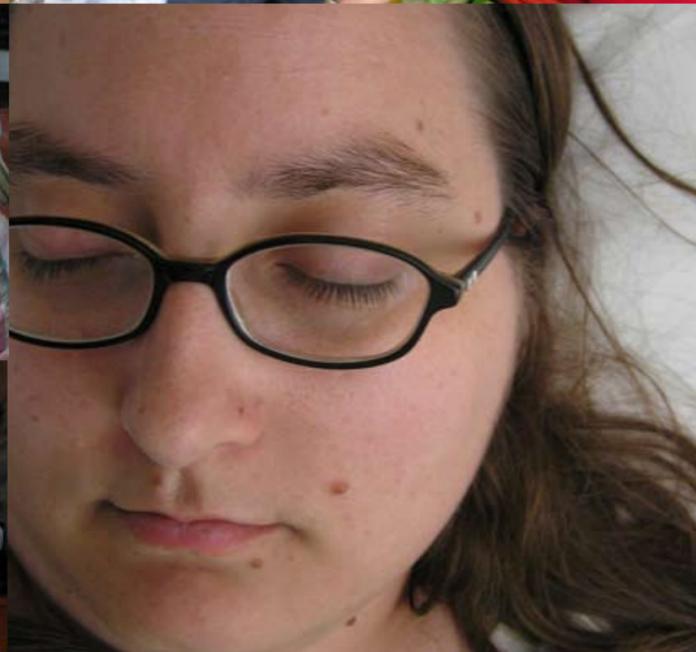
shopping centers, Anime, Saturday morning cartoons, Foxtrot, MST3K, International affairs and lying around doing nothing. Ni is a curious but responsible Ni that keeps me out of trouble. She's warm and funny, listens to you talk, cares what you say. She gets so passionate about things.

Sometimes she stresses and worries too much, or gets mad and needs Ni time, but our fights only last 15 minutes anyway because we can't stand to see each other sad. I can't stand not to see Beanie for more than 24 hours. Oh there are so many things about my Ni! No one has ever treated me the way Ni does, no one has ever fostered my eccentricity, held me when I'm sad, put up with my weird ways, wanted me there. I look up to Ni for a lot of things because she's smart. She has a budget and does her own taxes and manages to hold a job that I wouldn't last five seconds in. She keeps me from buying things I don't need, drives around with me in the car when I'm sad, and let me eat her food and call her in the middle of the night during my darkest days.

I don't know how she tolerates me sometimes. I take showers at three in the morning and babble constantly. I always need attention and reassurance, and somehow Ni always has an endless supply. In return I shower her with love and devotion and make sure she goes to the dentist when she's supposed to. I love her. I love her so much.

Trying to cram as many Beanie pictures in here as I can.

**ECCENTRICITY**



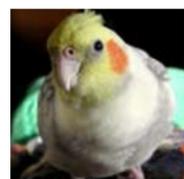


# The Babies

I have kids. They hatched from eggs.

## The Boos

Cockatiels; a whole lot of weird that fits in the palm of your hand.



**Name:** Squeaky a.k.a Crapfoot the Pirate, Lord Hissyfit, Fuzz-Butt, Sir Flappen'crap, Count Crapula, the Spazz-a-tron5000, Spork, Whiney, Shutthellupbird, Pain-in-the-ass Bird, Dorkus Aurelius, Clingy, Pesty, Sir Squeak'n Speak, Una Crappy-barra, Crappy McCrappercrap, Lord of the Crap, and other various crap-related names.

**Born:** We aren't sure, but we think Spring 2006

**Gender:** Transsexual (Has the weight, behaviour, colouring, vocalizations of a male, but has laid an egg.)

**Eats:** Will ignore the food and eat the bag it came in. Millet (bird-crack), anyone else's food but his, basically everything but what you give him.

**Sleeps:** Randomly in certain places. Always has to wedge himself into a 90 degree angle first.

**Distinguishing traits and personality:** Drama Queen, short and simple. He acts like a big man until the parakeets comes out, then he's a wuss. He complains about everything, even when he's not sure what he wants, and demands you to pay attention to him at every second of the day, except those few seconds he wants you to piss off. Then he bites you, but true to his nature, his bark is far worse than his bite. He sounds exactly like a squeeze toy when he wants your attention.

**Is Afraid of:** Things that should scare him, don't (like the vacuum cleaner and flashing lights), and things that shouldn't, do (like his own pulled feathers and this Beanie Baby we have that looks like a cockatiel). He's afraid of the dark and TERRIFIED of the 'keets.

**Likes:** Making a bloody racket, chewing things, whining, so much whining, jumping on the keyboard when he KNOWS he's not supposed to, millet, showing off, demanding you scratch him, sitting on my head.

**Dislikes:** Being put in his cage, food that's good for him, being touched anywhere but his head, parakeets, being looked at wrong, well, pretty much everything makes him angry.

He is a little miracle. After my first bird Bitey died, I really wasn't sure I wanted another bird. Then a few months later my neighbor from the sixth floor came down and asked if I had lost my bird, because one had just flew in through his window. I went upstairs and there was Squeaky, sitting on a chair like he owned the place. So I took him. Squeaky has cheated death four times already. Somehow that bird finds something to eat that he shouldn't, even though he's attached to me every second of the day. It's a gift, I suppose.



**Name:** Chicken a.k.a Chicky, Chicklet, Chick Flick, Milkshake, Chicky Boo, and recently, Humparella.

**Born:** Some time in 2004

**Gender:** Female

**Occupation:** Artist.

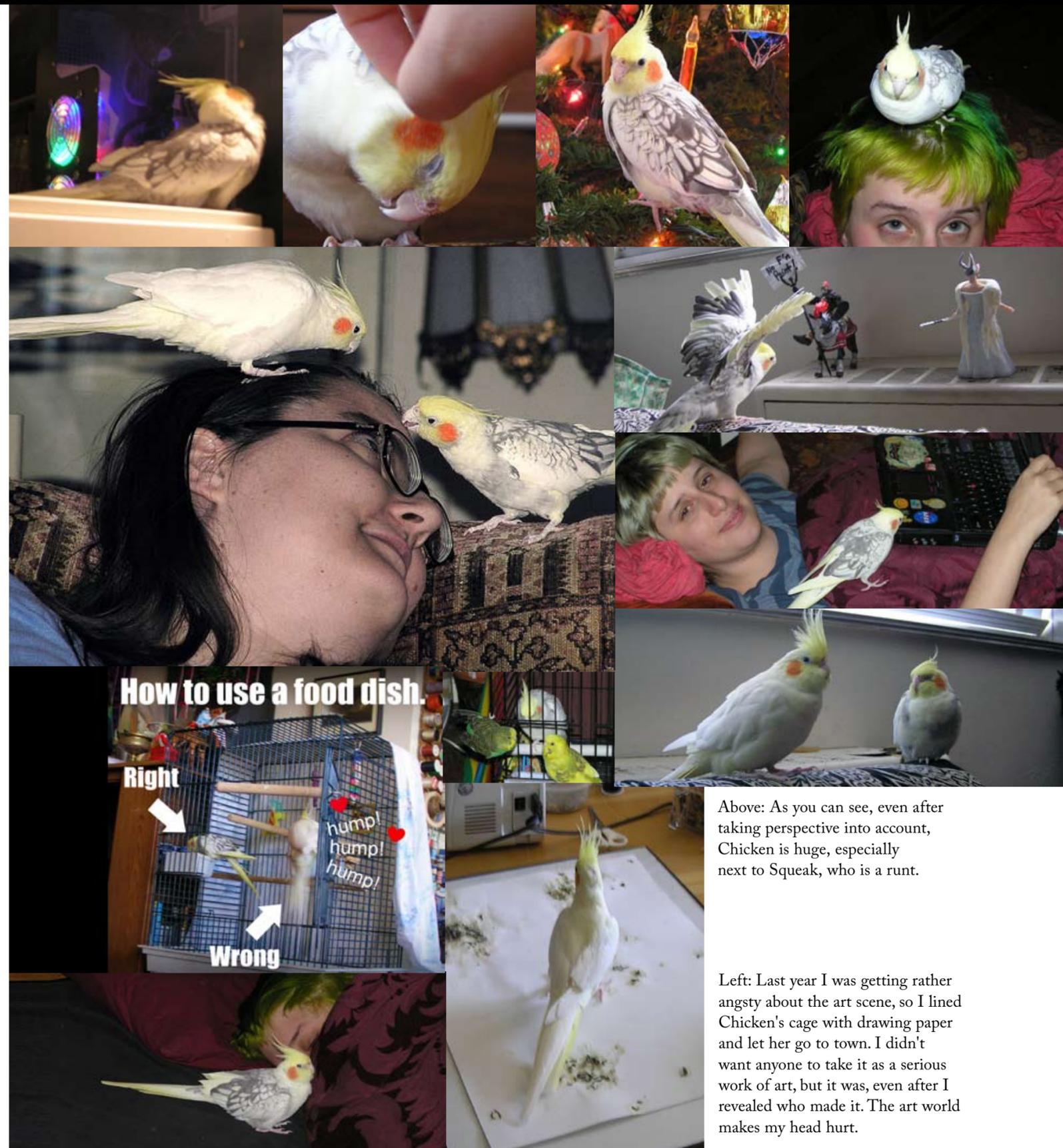
**Distinguishing traits and personality:** Scared of most things still, but better than she was. She's a big, white, chubby marshmallow and flies about as well as one. Humps her water dish at least five times a day.

**Is Afraid of:** Everything but Beanie, because Beanie is magic.

**Likes:** Beanie, humping her water dish, chewing things, sleeping on the fruit basket in my bed, stealing keys off keyboards, and kissy sounds. God does she ever love kissy sounds.

**Dislikes:** Most everything else.

We got Chicken when one of our 'keets got sick and we had to bring him to the bird hospital. By that time the bird hospital people knew me well so they asked me to adopt Chicken, who had been waiting for an owner for a year. I make the joke that the vet had a special; Get one bird fixed, get the next one free.



Above: As you can see, even after taking perspective into account, Chicken is huge, especially next to Squeak, who is a runt.

Left: Last year I was getting rather angsty about the art scene, so I lined Chicken's cage with drawing paper and let her go to town. I didn't want anyone to take it as a serious work of art, but it was, even after I revealed who made it. The art world makes my head hurt.

# The Bits

A collective of deceptively cute fuzzball parakeets that will someday *RULE THE WORLD!*



**Burble** a.k.a. Spazzy, Bur, Burbur, Burburburburbur, "a fine looking male" (courtesy of vet)

The blue keet is like a superball in a small room. Is capable of flirting, humping, and making noise constantly, even when sleeping. He thinks he is the best bird in the world and tries to convince the others in various ways. Tries to assert dominance over Spree but is totally pwned by Bree and Bitsy. Is madly in love with Bree and shadows her everywhere. I think Bree secretly enjoys this. Burble came to the House for Wayward Parakeets for making too much damn noise.



**Bitsy** a.k.a. Bit, Bittles, Pudgy Budgie, Bitty Bit, Chub

The yellow keet, who looks incredibly fat but is actually just really fluffy. She's more docile than the others and will let you hold her for a few minutes before running off. She loves toys, especially anything with string, and tends to be ever so slightly smarter than the other birds. She also enjoys hanging upside-down and will always descend head-first when climbing down something. She is pushy, bossy, curvaceous and loves to tease by taking long, sensuous baths that drive Spree insane. Enjoys knocking the pellet dish on the floor so no one can have any and making a whole lot of noise at random or during important parts of television shows. Bitsy came to the House for Wayward Parakeets for being on a hunger strike over the lack of sexy man-keets at her former home.



**Spree** a.k.a. Spreebles, Spwee, Insane o' keet, Spazzerkeet

The electric green keet, the only one capable of matching Bitsy in pure screeching ability. He is in love with Bitsy but is easily distracted by the voices in his head. You know how there's always a completely oblivious nutball at a frat party (according to TV)? That's Spree. He is the last one to fall asleep, mostly because he tries to sit up Bitsy's butt long after the lights are out, making for many night freakouts from the others. Spree came to the House for Wayward Parakeets as a runaway from god knows where. Spree is named after the candy Spree.



**Bree** a.k.a. Breebles, Baby Bwee

The olive green keet, will cut you up, man, so back off. She is soooo cute and sweet and scared of coming out of the cage, but when Burble starts bothering her for hump he gets smacked. She is also possessed by the ghost of late Don Teeny, who wrote the declaration that all keets must pester Squeaky. Bree came to the House for Wayward Parakeets for killing two other keets. True story.

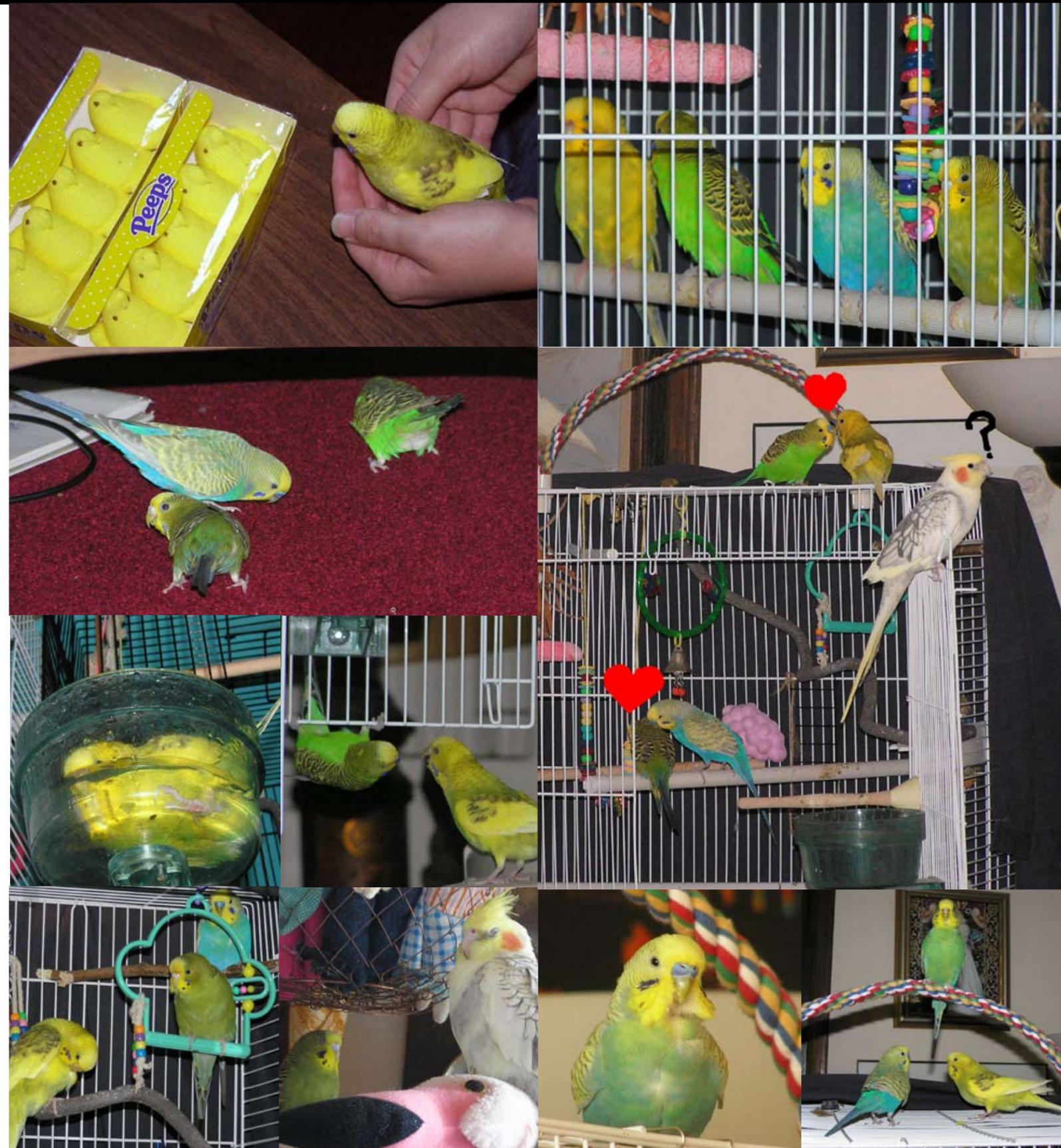


**Teeny (rest in peace.)** a.k.a. Teeny Weeny, Lil' Booger, Spoot, Isa lil iddy bitty baby, yes you are!

The ghost keet. She enjoyed shredding things, throwing things off the top of my computer, millet, chasing Squeaky, preening Squeaky, peeing off Squeaky, trying to land on Squeaky, swimming in her water dish, playing with Bitsy, the crinkle of plastic bags, heavy metal, and making a whole lot of noise at random or during important parts of television shows. Currently enjoys possessing the other keets to bother Squeaky from beyond the grave.

Teeny came to the House for Wayward Parakeets from a divorcing couple when she was just a baby. After two years of terrorizing Squeaky and teaching Bitsy all she knew, she died in July of 2010 from ovarian cancer. She had the best doctor and had the best treatment, but the tumour was too entangled with her intestines. She was put to sleep before it ever caused her pain.

Night night, lil' baby. You were the boss of bosses.



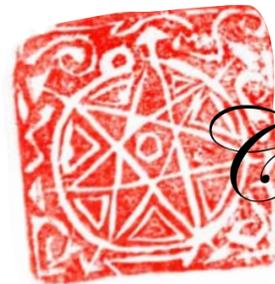


## The End

### Or is it?

Chances are that by the time this book (ever) gets published, I'll have a whole new bag of things I'll need to illustrate, or at least revise from the current addition.

If you want more, let me know.



*Cheers!*

