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By and large, though, there will be little to distract you from the prospective flow of burnpy asphalt across level land and iron. Bergstedt: Time bridged canals. It is perhaps in this very solitude and flatness that the charm of such roads lies. In November the defunct stubblefields, overflown by flocks of crows, lie glistening in the pale sun. And in werflown by nocks of crows, he gustering in the pale sun. And in F_{eb} ruary the wind whips up huge clouds of powdery snow which obscure the old farmsteads and woodlots on the horizon. Amid the emptiness, there is plenty of room to think about the day of your birth and the day of your death, and what has happened, if anything, in between

And finally, Transmontania has its share of old, "unimproved" roads. Though they may be seventy-five or a hundred or a hundred roads. Induction of they have been dirt roads all their lives and seem and fifty years old, they have been dirt roads all their lives and seem content to remain so. They are at their best in Winter, when the old gods of Greenland and Lappland and Spitzbergen come down from goes of regain possession of their rightful domain. By the middle of December these washboard roads will have become covered with a hard, milky coating of ice several inches thick. The ditches or runa near third of the side of the become filled with drifted snow which merges imperceptibly with the roadbed on still, sunny mornings, and swirls wildly across the ice on dark afternoons when a storm is blowing up. Shadowy stands of birch and spruce and fir, their trunks flecked with snow, hem in these icy tracks and make them seem even narrower than they are. Generally there is not a sound to be heard, except the wind in the trees and the occasional cracking of a snow-burdened bough.

Such roads simply wind further and further into the woods. Some of them were originally laid out for the use of lumber jacks in the days of logging; others were put through for the benefit of hunters and trappers; and a few are so old that no one alive can remember who built them or why. But they all eventually come to a dead end in a clearing, or beside a stretch of long-abandoned railway, or among a wilderness of gray, frozen swamps and frosty deadfalls. There, if you are wearing your boots and your heaviest wool mackinaw, you can plot slowly and quietly deep into the gloomy forest, where the animals are hibernating and there is no sign of life or movement. Standing there, listening to the ininitesimal rustle of falling snowflakes, you can be alone with the North.

These are the roads of Transmontania, more commonly known as the *Midwest* — the place they say is dull and bland and flat. Theses are the roads you never see on television nor in travelogues, the roads no chamber of commerce boasts of ...

Ourroads.

TIME By Carla Bergstedt

Walking. I am walking. Walking, form of walk. Walk, move by steps at a moderate gait; go or travel on foot. Current definition in a changing world; walk, to move on foot to places inaccessible to superior forms of transportation. But I am walking. I am walking on a street called Washington.

Washington is dirty-gray. It has selling establishments on both sides. The selling establishments are dirty-white, dirty-yellow and dirty-rainbow. Washington is covered with a dirty haze. Washington is indistinguishable from all other streets. That is why it has a name. Washington is a name of distinction. America's first president was named Washington. Also numerous schools, companies, and many where treating the set of the set sell your time, travel, buy. Travel, sell your time, travel, buy. That's sell your time, travel, buy. Travel, sell your time, travel, buy. That's teonomy. Economy is taking over and we are being consumed. Consumed. Consumed. Consumed, 1. devour, 2. Use up. "We are all consumers and we are being consumed by our consumption." Those

quotes are there because I said it.

I have never said that I didn't ask to be born — instead I say, I din't ask to consume. I was trapped into consuming the day I was born. Trapped. Trapped did I say? I am no longer trapped. That is why I am walking.

I am walking to a wondrous invention of modern man. An invention my mind could not even begin to conceive, but I may reap the benefits of it like I have with so many other inventions I have consumed. I no more comprehend this new wonder than I could a light

switch. But I may use it anyway. The inventor is selling it to people who wish to escape. Many people have escaped already. I may escape too.

Chapter 2

escape' 1. get away or flee, as from capture or confinement; evade

or avoid threatened harm. Escape! I may escape! Joy! Absolute! Confusion. I cannot go. But Washington is dirty gray. Washington is dirty-gray.

time heals all wounds

"A man's greatest burden is being subject to the whims of the Century he was born into" I said that too. I am subject to the great ones can think — I have to learn and become them.

Time Machine. The invention is a time machine. Rather sci-fi cliche' isn't it, but the time machine has become a reality. I can choose any time. Any time. Any time that allows me the freedom (cliche') to become. Become. Become, 1., come into being as. I want to become.

Chapter 4

Starting Over

I am walking to a selling establishment to buy time because Washington is dirty-gray and I too am indistinguishable from any other member of my species. I also have a name. I also sell, sell, sell, so I can buy, buy, buy. Now I want to buy time.

Chapter 5

more confusion I am walking, but there are cars all around. Cars. Flashy and fancy cars. I hate cars. I bought one last week

I wonder where everyone is going? All these people out and about when usually they are contained in a structure which steals space from the outside. Houses, selling establishments, cars, and roads, they all steal space from the outside. People build them and use them to create an illusion of security. They also sell and buy them.

It is Sunday; maybe these people are going to church. Church, 1. an edifice for religious worship; the chief services held there.

A church is also a structure which steals space from the outside.

Chapter 6

Space People are abandoning their cars and beginning to walk. There are people all around me. More and more are coming. My space is dwindling. Dwindling. Dwindling everytime another individual makes his way into the masses. Masses. I am one of the masses. I

wonder where they are going? People. People walking, people talking. People carrying posses-sions. Possessions? Where are they going? All these people. I must go. I must go to another time. I must

leave here and escape. Escape. Leave, go. I will. Joy! Absolute! Confusion.

Where are these people going?

I am so massed into this crowd I can hardly see. See. I see a door. The people are stuffing themselves into the door. They are stuffing themselves into the structure of a selling establishment. A structure which steals space from the outside. Let the people have it. Wait. There is a sign above the door. Time Machine. The sign says time machine.

Chapter 7

AAAAAAAAAAUUUUUUUUUUUGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHH! ggggghhhhhhhh! (Scream therapy.)

Chapter 8

Why? Why? Why, 1. used interrogatively, for what reason, purpose or cause

Why?

I hate consumption, yet I want to buy time. Why?

I want to become an individual, yet here I am, one of the masses again. Why? Why?

Chapter 9

Contradictions

"You can't select people with the qualities you admire and then blow up the rest of the world." I said that once.

High among the qualities you'd admire would be peace, love and compassion. Blowing up the rest of the world would be a contradiction. No one could pull the trigger except someone who should be blown up.

Same with me.

I can't consume to avoid consuming in the future. The beginning would be contradictory to the ultimate goal of the end.

I am leaving., I am leaving. Let the other people buy time. I will stay in my own. I will come into being as.