

Disjointed Theories
of the
Universe

(A TRAVELOGUE OF THE WIND AND WUSINGS)

STEPHEN SEABAUGH
AND ALYSA DEETS

Disjointed Theories of the Universe

(a Travelogue of the Mind and Musings)

by

Stephen Seabaugh and Alysa Deets



Strategic Book Group

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Special thanks goes to Alysa Deets, who was considering writing her own book but decided against it when she read this one—only to contribute later after she had stopped laughing (her stuff is in italics). The project then became a joint venture, and many of my semi-colons and “&s” were expunged upon Alysa reading the manuscript. She also knew the rules of punctuation, which was helpful. Emily Hack designed the covers and illustrations that appear in the in the text.

The book could not have been completed without their input, and now they seem even more apprehensive when I approach them on the street.

All music was written and performed by Bob Dylan, with a few riffs by Richard Wagner. A few words were borrowed from Bill Shakespeare and Walt Whitman, but not many.

Preface

This book is written specifically for dyslexics with Attention Deficit Disorder. This fact becomes abundantly clear when the reader discovers that there is no consistent narrative, and that the writings consist of only a collage of stories and mental images. Consequently, there is no particular order required when reading. The book can be read from back to front just as well as from front to back, and the reader wouldn't lose much meaning—although the current organization is a sequence that seemed most reasonable to the authors. Many characters share a thread of association, but most of the vignettes can be read as individual pieces that require little background. The authors prefer to read these stories aloud, but that is a choice left to the reader.

Most of the text was written in longhand, with a 1000 pens that didn't write. Therefore, some shorthand was useful. The ampersand symbol (&) was often used, among other abbreviations, and numbers weren't spelled out (until the editor revised them). The publisher asked for a typed manuscript, and the job was sub-contracted to a slothful typist who retained much

of the shorthand—no doubt to the frustration of the thoroughly overwhelmed editor who had no similar avenue of escape.

The book is a work of fiction. All characters resembling any actual people are coincidental—except for a few who are probably dead and have bad lawyers, so hopefully they won't sue. The authors did not create these characters, merely reported some of their expressed thoughts and more foolish actions.

People often wish to categorize works like this, determining a genre and style. In this case, however, categorization would be a difficult and perhaps even futile task. If Homer's *The Iliad* is considered the "birth" of the novel, this book might be viewed as a modern day "miscarriage" of word groups gathered primarily as the result of a long northern winter. Although steady jobs were held during the writing of this tome, it is not a product of employed thinking, but rather absurd musings about the edges of beauty around the restless anxiety of cabin fever.

The publisher asked that something of a short "sales pitch" be included to help market the book. However, our marketing experience was so limited it was decided to hire a small (and very inexpensive) Public Relations firm to handle this distasteful task. The blurb that follows is their work and is included in the forward at the request of the publisher.

"Hi! This is Vince with a new product for all you confused people out there. Tired of wrong answers? Sick of 'self help' books that only help the authors? We've developed a product

you're gonna love! It's called *Disjointed Theories of the Universe*, and it was recently published by a bunch of Germans—you know Germans write good stuff.

“This product is amazing! It absorbs half its weight in delusional ideas, and then allows you to wring them out to be used again. Even more astounding, it has all the right answers to all the wrong questions. This book never goes out of style! You spend thousands of dollars on useless instruction in your life; this book will last a lifetime!

“Here's a demonstration. Read closely: Has your boss ever asked you, ‘How did that happen?’ And then you fumble and stammer for an explanation? Well next time try this retort: ‘Why doesn't it happen more often?’ Here's another: Does your wife ever harangue you about not being uninterested in or even bored by what she is saying? Next time try this response: “Honey I am interested in what you're saying but it bores me, therefore I hardly listen.”

You won't find that kind of candor in other books! Don't just take my word for it; listen to what our satisfied customers have to say:

“I was skeptical at first but after reading this book I was fired and divorced in the same week! I've never been so miserable!” raves Roy, from Frog Jump Tennessee.

“This book isn't just for the country folk,” says Janice, from New York City. “Finally someone has legitimized things I say to my boss everyday!”

“Folks if you don't buy this product you're going to be missing out.”

Now, here's what we can do for a short time. Order now, and send just \$19.95 for your complete German to English translation of *Disjointed Theories of the Universe*. If you order now you will also receive the pamphlet 'How to Make Intelligent Decisions after Watching an Infomercial.' Many of you might argue that an intelligent decision after an infomercial is an oxymoron, but you will be surprised by this amazing book. Hurry! We can't do this all day. Your order will be accepted online as long as we remain in business. Call now! Our operators are standing by!"

Other ideas fomented in the Travelogue of the mind that you probably never considered before include:

Price check on egos, extra-large.

Repeat again?

Two broken people never make one whole.

Aisles of issues sold, mandatory to each child.

Discount: The Dented Shells We May Occupy.

Label a sale on: Ideas We Never Try.

Fresh or Frozen?

The debate drags on,

As if the end product we then tainted

Toss away the unwanted or just feed it to the dogs

Loose scraps of souls invoke a lick of canine lips

Drooling eyes fixated over perfection,

While I find it ineffable.

Never forgetting to thank others for key ingredients

A single chair and one plate,

Always overflowing

And always with unappetizing sides

We finish the whole thing with one gulp,

To a very short demise.

The mind moves more quickly now. This window's for sale like everything else. It never fails to quicken your pulse to see signs that hail the patently false. The sign is the tale. That sign is the "thing." It only veils what we need to see. The sign is for sale, the window is free.

This tree is for sale, its forty board feet, the check's in the mail. Forty years of Sol's precious heat, yours for the price of cutting it down. This tree is for sale, it grew from a seed. Now it feeds man's need for heat, shelter and various other activities. From the seed of need comes the "thing." The "thing" becomes the word, and from the word "need" comes greed.

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