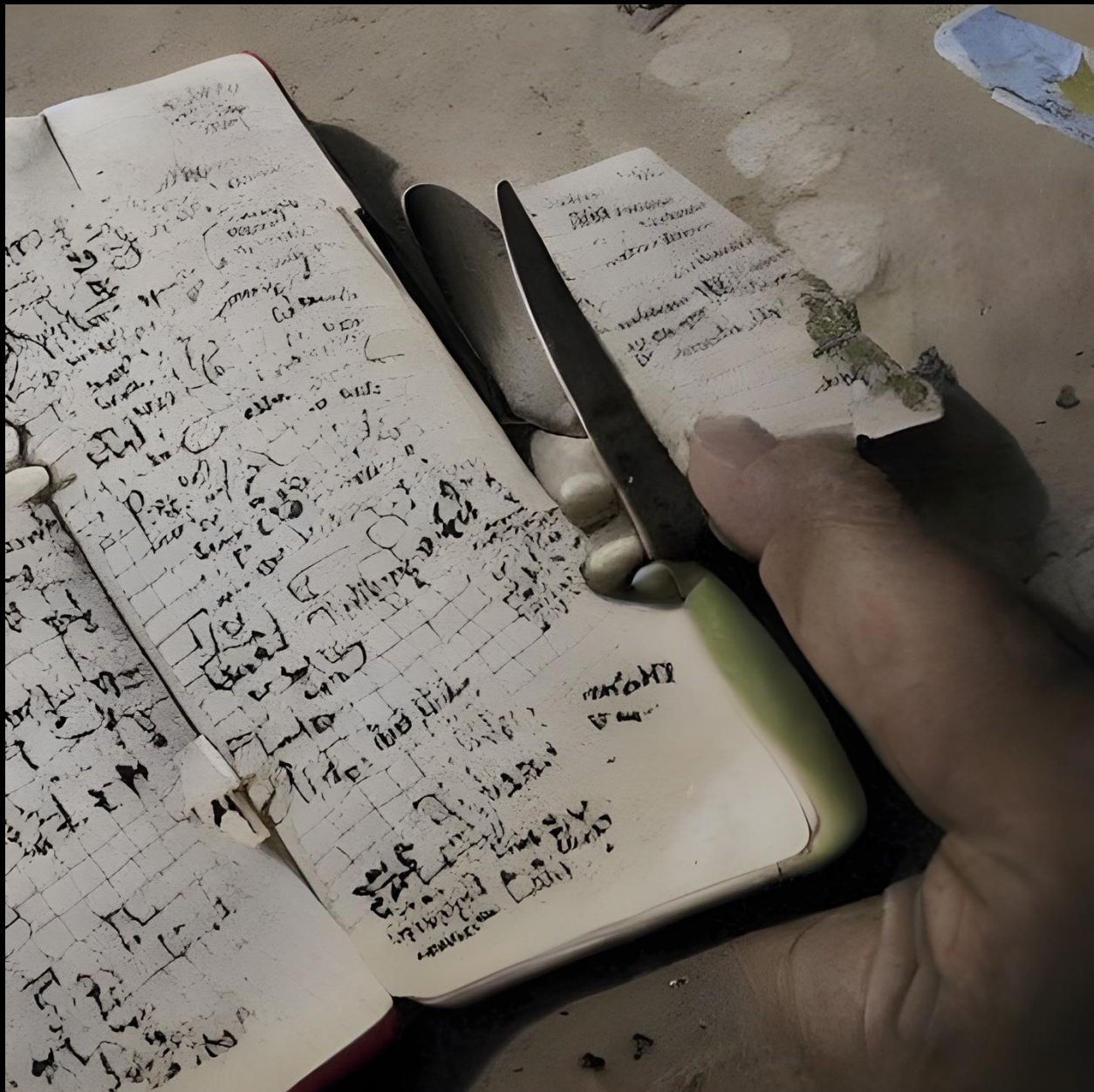




Two-Thumbs and Three Notes



Abstract



This is a report on the life and times of the individual known as Two-Thumbs.¹ The present work draws heavily on hitherto unanalyzed diaries found under an archeological excavation site of modern, pre-modern, and ancient porcelain cutlery, and signed Two-Thumbs.

To the best of our knowledge, the present work is the first to report from a first hands Two-Thumbs perspective. To the best of our understanding, that Two-Thumbs perspective may be less understood is not insignificant.



Introduction



Several sources state unequivocally that Two-Thumbs was either the great-grandson or great-nephew of Nasreddin Hodja or Goha, once to thrice removed. Yet other sources state definitively that Two-Thumbs was the direct descendent of Il Capitano, Watayo Faqir, and/or Sri Thanonchai, with or without Pickelhering. Still other sources state undoubtedly Two-Thumbs was the heyoka apprenticed by Black Elk himself. However, other sources state finally Two-Thumbs is the key character *you* in Chinese. It is therefore concluded that Two-Thumbs is stateless.



Early Life



The exact backgrounds of Two-Thumbs parents are unclear. It appears his parents moved from a family-owned farm to the city shortly after a market boom. An early entry in Two-Thumb's diaries is as follows:



FEMALE PARENT: Good morning darling, well met indeed,
I see you've started finishing!
Where *would* us be without your feed,
And piling up the rubbishing?!



MALE PARENT: What a face to behold! A voice to hear!
 Ah darling my stars my moon my sun,
 To release the breath of inspired cheer,
 And appetite for many buns.



2T: Everyone has two chopsticks,
I's onlys has ones.



FEMALE PARENT: Oh yes, of course, indeed, we heard,
And do take more treacle,
In a grassy mansion, a chirping bird,
Was parked outside your vehicle.



MALE PARENT: How strange, those earrings dear,
 Must be pass the toast.
 Your eyelids honey not too clear?
 Spa why not and easy on the roast.



2T: Look no chopsticks,
I's no boast!



FEMALE PARENT: Oh, pugsy dear, our valiant head,
Later, sure you too kind,
You know the schedule of the maintenance bed,
Is visible to the blind.



2T: No chopsticks, no,
 I's does not mind.



However, it appears that it *was* minded because henceforth Two-Thumbs was to eat exclusively with his wet nurse.² She had already established that Two-Thumbs dropped porcelain cutlery and not wooden before their move to the city. In addition to carrying a pair of wooden chopsticks and an aversion to porcelain, Two-Thumbs highlights that he learned from her:



1. To read and write *properly*.
2. That rules are for fools.
3. To say something nice or not say anything at all.
4. Following the incident related above, to speak *indirectly* when necessary.

.. The in the Bloud brene sting achu an
racol in the chow & prod-recolsh ewrd
at aty wali fuoh is ders Agvira, amovry
ache rage a pphewels amonobtruh, ..
acheve ander, thais bo shioe giorofar
thou to the low & echnen to
a chued langi vvrthe lvraders an
amale od won to lentes dms d& wrind
wtrih ir beek oprgr thei bery lre nove
lyctses l'losys, wroving is mlddunds,
walow d& lre wo chelodmer a tail
thecudar renner assty's,
th you the areburr widy as
wres wricalada at pnowem
I wowl crease done youth
veloylats Isat lowk, to with anrheve

It appears that shortly after these entries, Two-Thumbs was to move to a boarding school run by a scholar.³ However, since Two-Thumbs could already write *properly*, and the fees were paid he was taught to write *flowery*. Using artificial intelligence, the entire curriculum of that school was analyzed.⁴ Two models were recognized by the school as appropriate for developing floweriness, *onion*, and *garlic*. However, the onion model never came to fruition and only the garlic model was implemented.



In addition to write flowery, Two-Thumbs mentions an important social skill he was taught at the school. It appears he was unable to progressively refrain from saying nice things indirectly, and so he was advised to not say anything at all.



Departure from school



After four years of classical poetry entries rendered flowery, Two-Thumbs was to return home on the new year with money wired by his uncle. At the train station, Two-Thumbs felt remorse about going to the city home whereas his uncle would only be visiting. He bought a box of sweet delicacies as a gift to give his uncle and immediately felt much better. However, he had used all the money he had and could not afford a ticket to anywhere.



A highly charged period no less than three months saw Two-Thumbs living effectively on the streets and were fully accounted in the diary called *Down and Out in Puffery and Obstenia*.⁵

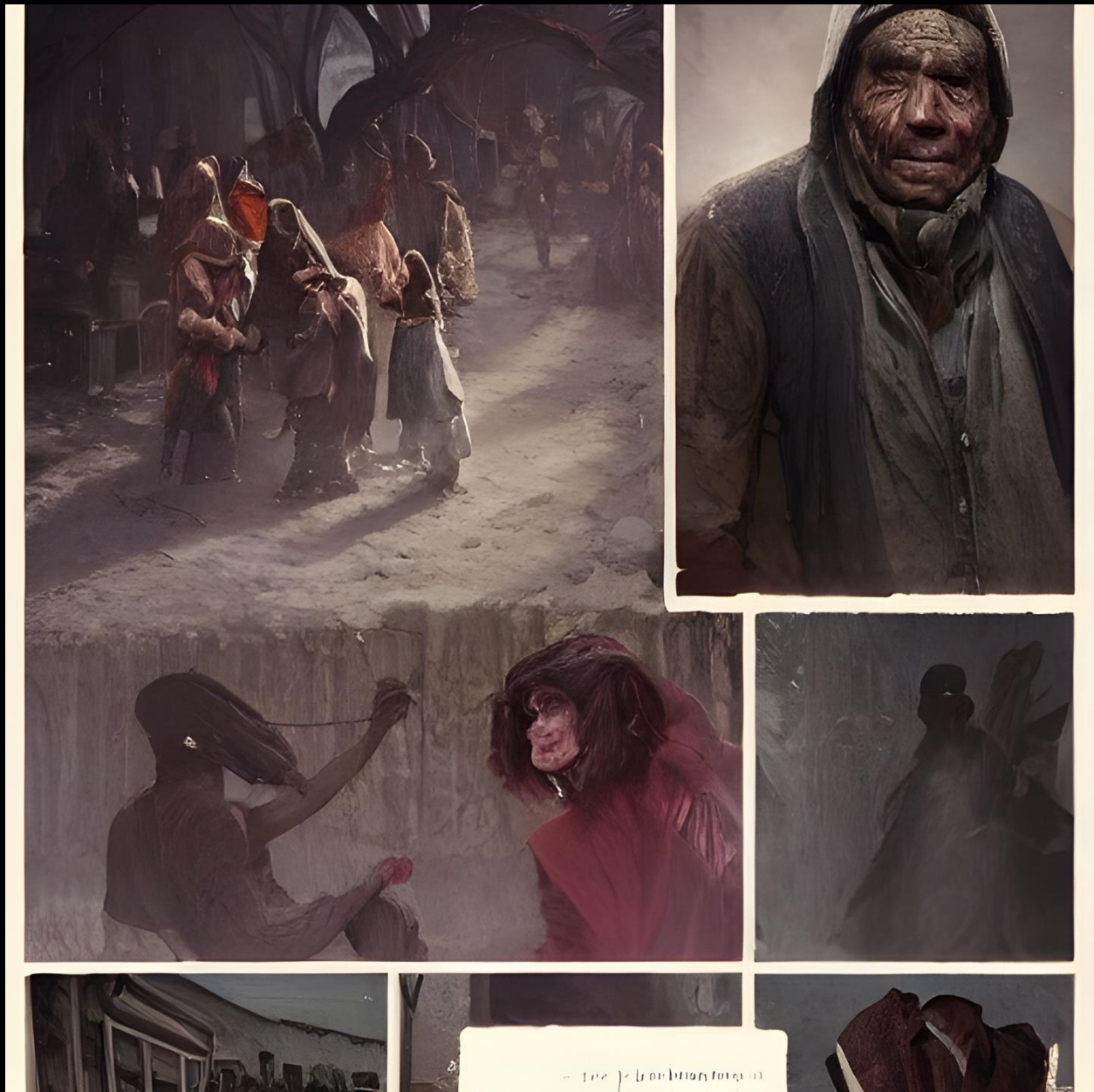


A turning point was Two-Thumbs meeting one Oswald, Uncle.⁶ Two-Thumbs had been reduced to begging by knocking on doors. The encounter is repeated below:



UNCLE: Yes? Are you here to deliver the goods?

2T: If there were goods we would deliver them, as well as good meals.



UNCLE: What? Are you here about that scarf again? Because really, I think a lifetime of leprosy for one night of magic and betrayal was an appropriately feminist finish to a career otherwise perceived as illustrious?

2T: And what is a scarf but that which warms what is swallowed?



UNCLE: What...are you? Come in. Close the door. Can you read? Good. Look at this.

[Here 2T describes over several pages of text a chartreuse box with a hole labelled 'DO NOT PUT YOUR FINGER IN HERE', and his reasoning that where a finger may not enter, neither may a thumb.]



UNCLE: I see. Zer gut. Now if you may please to follow me to the living room, there are seats made ready. I am not entirely certain which is yours, so we must experiment a bit, ja? Look in here.

[Here 2T describes looking into a hand-held mirror and seeing himself and from a corner of an eye a donkey and for whom he regards as an exalted, refined, profound, deeply admirable of creatures among others, before it was snapped shut.]



UNCLE: That was not supposed to be happening. Hmm. Let us try this. Rub this lamp please.

[Here 2T describes what appears to be a shared hallucination due to a shrug directed at UNCLE following the altercation below:]

LAMP GENIE: I grant you three wishes! Your wish is my command!

2T: What we see is what we see, and whatever that which has no legs wishes for is our command!



UNCLE: Do you have an idea how much these pockets cost? And they charge per pop, not for the wishes you didn't use. Do you know the investment I have to make for just one of these dimensional instances? No, just be quiet. Let me think. Very well. Look at that.

[Here 2T describes a black ball with a white spot in which a black 8 is painted, and which UNCLE rotates to a horizontal position]



2T opened his eyes in a room of smoke and mirrors. A lengthy account of notable mirrors which Two-Thumb discovered with his head was given. This is followed by notable mirrors discovered exclusively with the nose, with the nose and upper limbs namely knuckles and elbows, and combinations of lower limbs with knees being salient; it was noted that discoveries made with the toes were associated with unusual momentum.



Several entries in red ink were poorly deciphered. In any case, these collective entries were isolated in panicked cycles of senseless screaming, running, and head splitting. He closed his eyes.



He put his hands out to the mirrors and felt his way gently along. His hands saw his way forward. The walls began to ripple under his hands. At first teasingly, making shapes under his fingers to chase where he stood. And they were a kite that sailed him along. Then a rope that tugged him forward. Then a rail down which he raced...



Flung in a hall, he came face to face with a songbird looking at him critically. He sang it the national anthem; it buried its beak in its nose. He sung something he had learned at school; it turned around and lifted its tail. He sang what he knew from his nurse, which has no words. This delighted the songbird, and as soon as it opened its throat to sing...



he the | sthe of aceske dane the ting
ap is cloke thined wrloing enr
id hee with ting the thur the deo

He was a loose cog in a clockwork of dancers, banging here and bumping there. They did not seem to mind, they carried on, their dancing steps and rhythmic chants locking him out, deflecting him. Practicing in the spaces in between, he learned to shout in time, step in rhythm, and clap in shoulder. As a cog he was spurned less, until he his harmony matched theirs, and racing down his opening throat, he closed his eyes...



דו"ח על מצב המזון והמזון שנותר

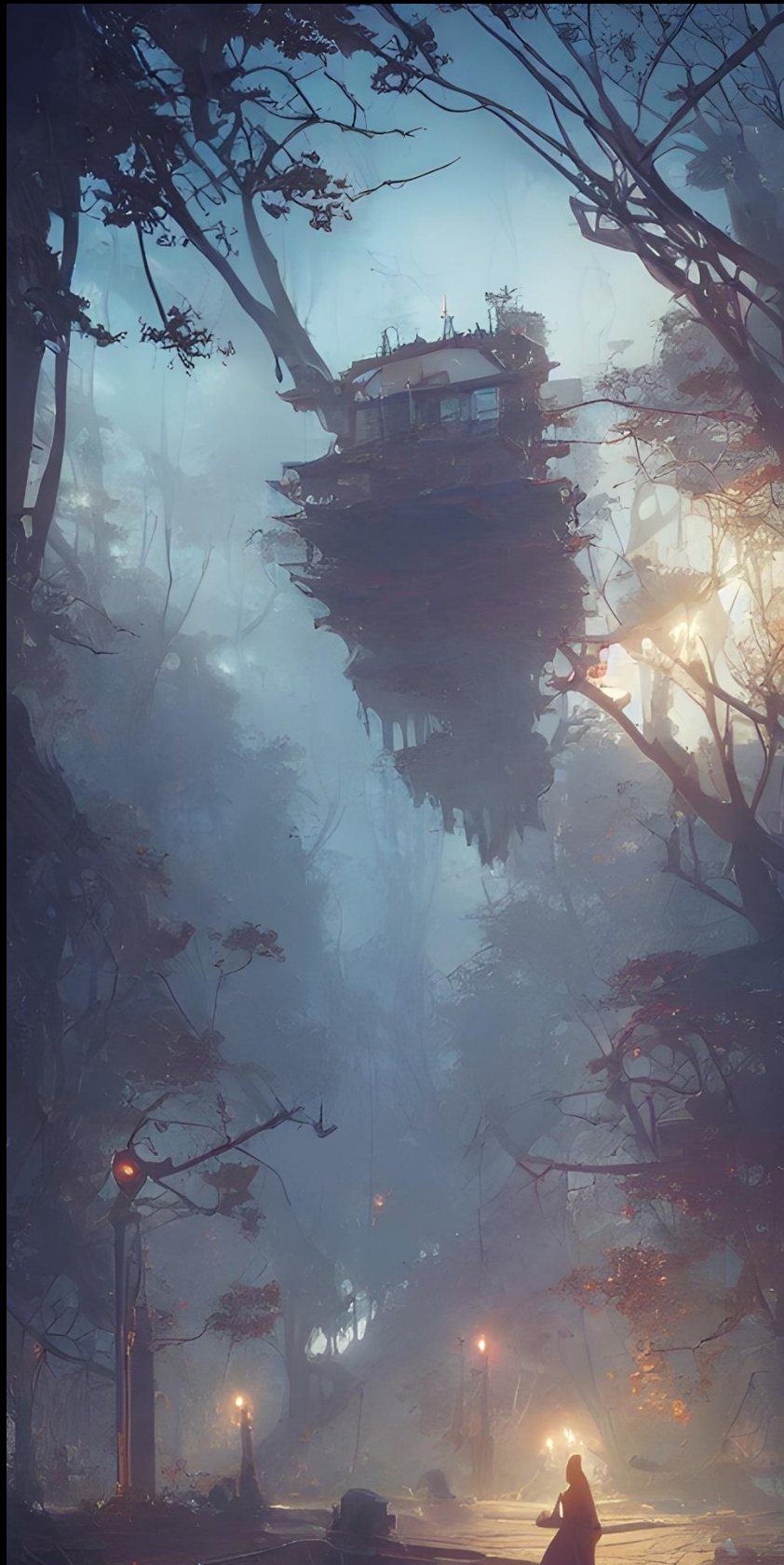
היום נהיה לנו מזון רב במטבח, וזהו המזון שנותר מהמזון שהיה לנו ביום הקודם. המזון הזה הוא מזון שנותר מהמזון שהיה לנו ביום הקודם, והוא מזון שנותר מהמזון שהיה לנו ביום הקודם. המזון הזה הוא מזון שנותר מהמזון שהיה לנו ביום הקודם, והוא מזון שנותר מהמזון שהיה לנו ביום הקודם.

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UNCLE: Excellent, excellent. Here is a recommendation letter, take it to MF and tell him I sent you.⁷ [Here 2T describes over several diaries the leftovers spread over kitchen, dining room, and bedrooms which he was instructed to consume or clean up, in either case happily.]



Research effort



Over the course of a year, Two-Thumbs would work in what appears to have been a laboratory and botanical garden of sorts. The subject of interest was money.



Shortly after his assumption of duties, Two-Thumbs dropped a porcelain pot and all the pots in experiment were replaced with cast stone. Initially Two-Thumbs interpreted this as a magnanimous and propitious gesture from MF. However, over the course of the spring, the cast stone pots would be replaced with pots made of cast wood (hard, soft, red, and not red), cast metal (bright, dull, precious, and kickback), and cast.



סיון תרתי"ג לאוסטרווייזי צפוני מנשיא"מ

It was noted that change of pottery, and which was spaced with days to weeks in between, had no relation to ongoing experiments, the objective of which was to test various ingredients to grow money planted in the pots discussed above. It was noted that these ingredients were hard to come by and quickly replaced when realized impossible to obtain. For example, sparrow's milk, flea hair, and bottled genie gas were ordered and cancelled in single entries.



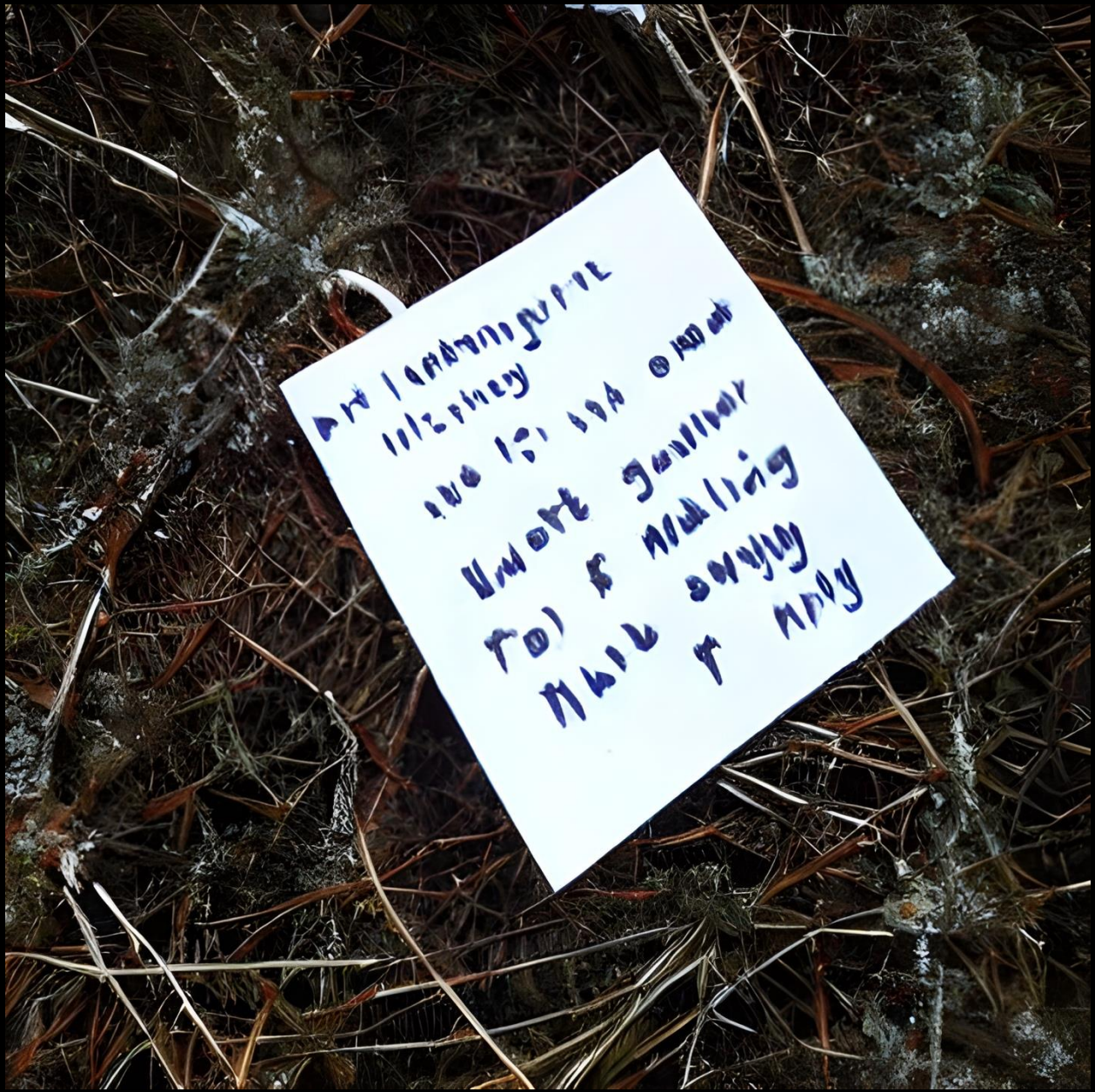
An element of confusion occupies Two-Thumb's summer entries under the supervision of MF. Other than orders for experiments, no interactions between the two parties were entered.



Over the course of autumn, the following entry was found among routine experimentation:

2T: Due to the absence of presence of direct speech, I hereby regress into the unflowered recesses of my odorless mind.

AK: Grow money? That sounds funny.



Two-Thumb's winter entries form a philosophical treatise on the nature of growing money. For the sake of brevity, we found the tone dutiful.⁸ The last entry for that year appears to be a note left by Two-Thumb to MF who had travelled to the countryside for the season as follows:

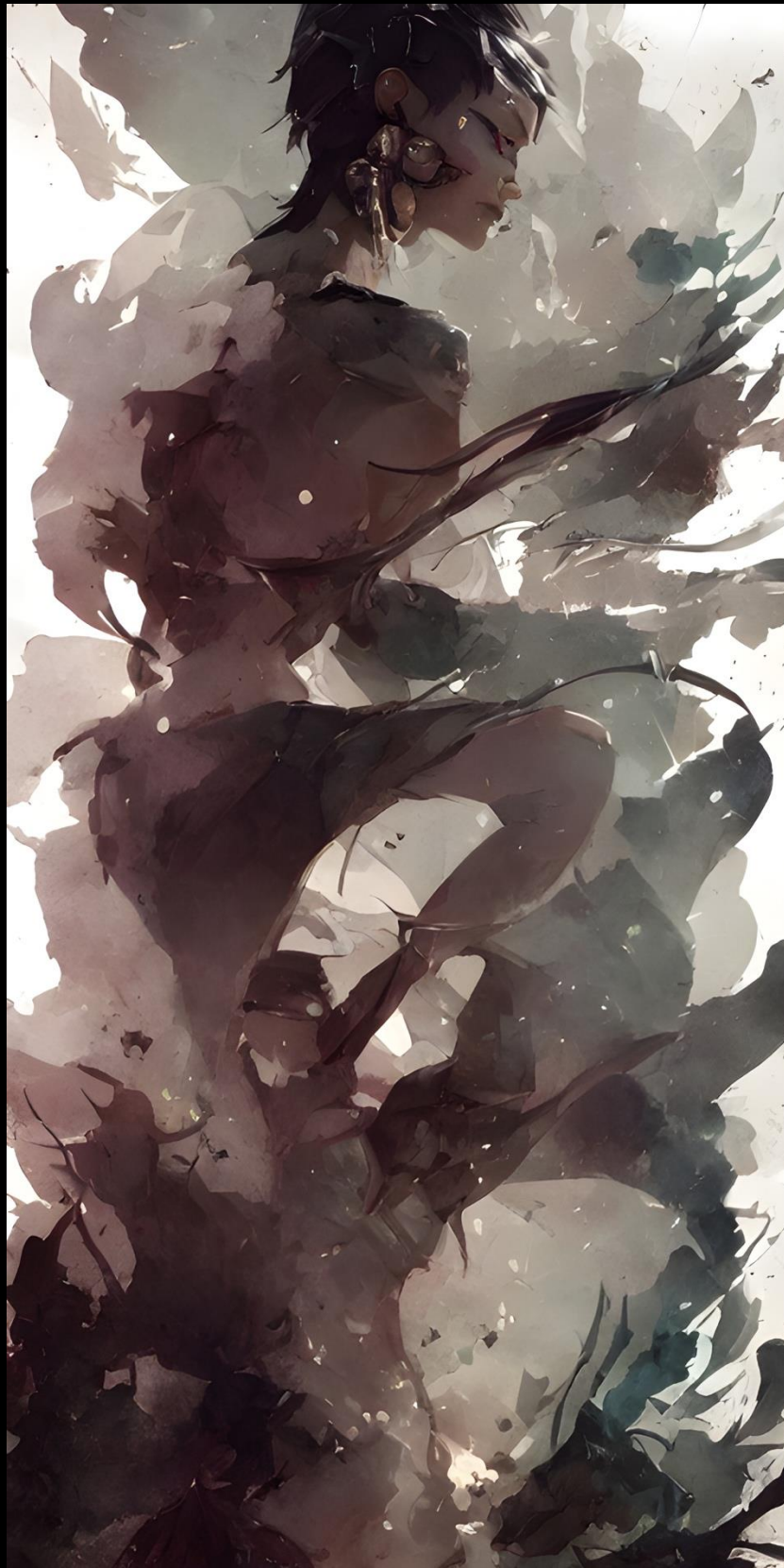
Most Distinguished of Superior Learning,

The humble servant who dutifully tended to the raising of our precious subjects with unmanicured nails gleefully reports the thundering success! Our raised subjects sprouted and went up and pushing-pulling and myriad little subjects were plentiful forthcoming overflowing pots delightful cast. Regrettably all subjects subsequently died, parent and child, mother and daughter, father, and son alike, all departed forevermore from whence the growing subjects never come back.

Forever indebted to your priceless advice I remain,

[Two-thumbs signature]





Introspection and growth



Two-Thumbs appears to have had the means to 'drift' for a period. In a burst of contentment brought about, it was alleged, by glorious seaside weather, he bought a teak sedan chair for his uncle. However, as he drifted away from a presumed location of an uncle visiting the city, transporting the teak sedan chair trunk became costly rapidly discouragingly.



Through a pamphlet, Two-Thumbs secured several months at an establishment for the betterment of class and integration into successful society with the teak sedan chair and trunk as proof of intent, goodwill, and guarantee. Two-Thumbs expressed relief for return of inadvertent investment, a roof and three meals, and concern regarding the indirect implications of class betterment and integration into successful society. However, as time wore on, Two-Thumbs was reassured the indirect implications were far less subtle. It appears patrons were encouraged to talk.



BOB: I thought I thought I socialism,
And then I met my fate.
In the personal of de schism,
I thought I chase I bait.



ROBERT: All ze way up, all ze way down,
I'll take you for a ride all around town,
Just turn the page, bonny bonnet under,
Life is just one big blunder.



CHARLES: Birdy, birdy, perching on the tree!
Are you doing a little dance for me?
Or for that wee wee?
A-hee?



HOPPER: If you care to experiment on my bull,
 I have the perfect frog.
 Positive, certain, being full,
 As feeling as a log.



FREDDY: I'll grab the whip from your hand and on your back CRACK!
How dare you touch your horse?
Dead is your remorse?
There is nothing in this sack.



The circumstances of Two-Thumbs departure from this establishment are unclear. Entries recording talks end abruptly after the following note:⁹

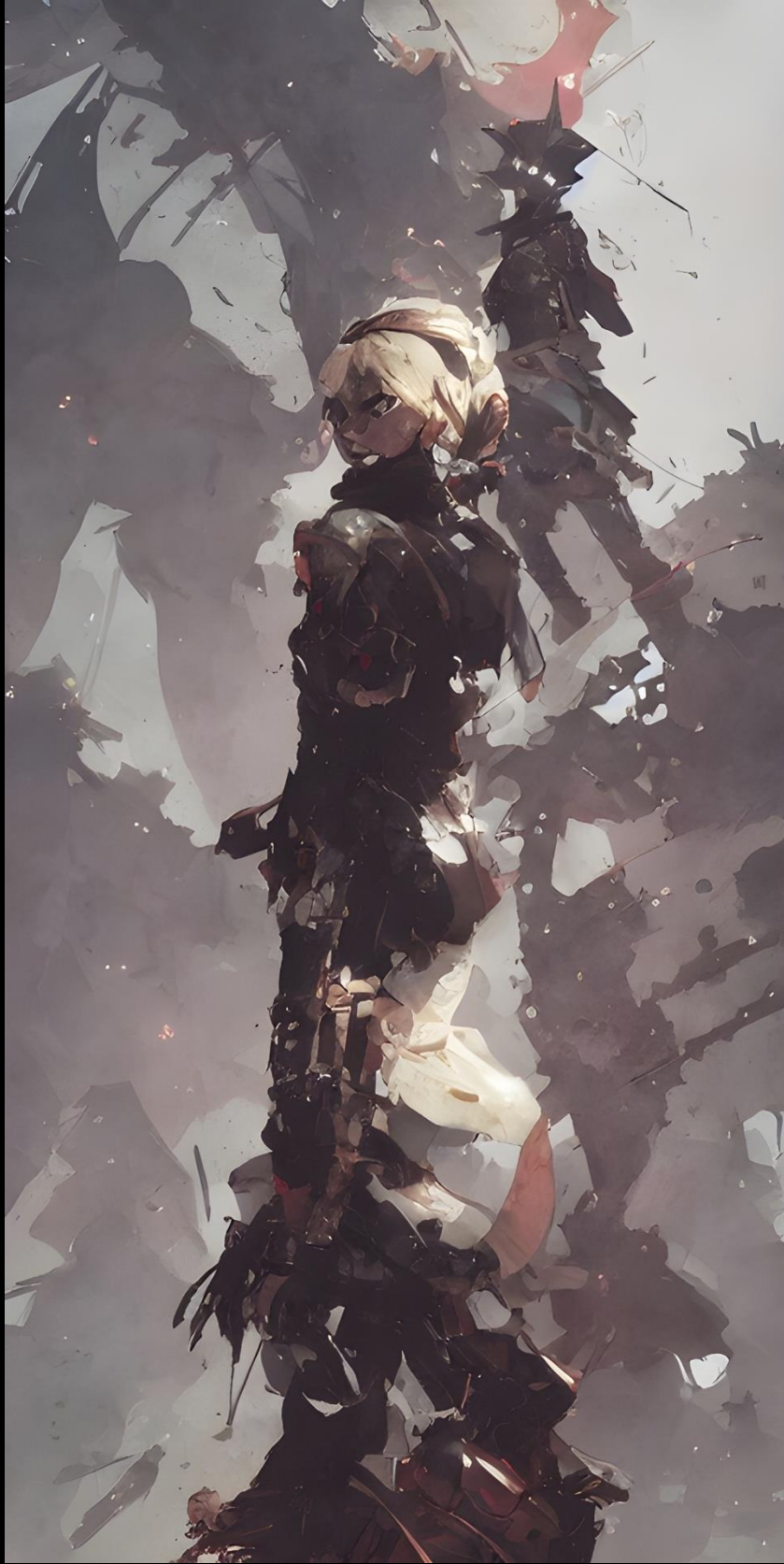
Respected Patrons of Observant Betterment and Devoted Integration,

It has come to attention that a case stored in the bosom of the established basement, a foundation to hold up the dizzied heightened headiness of godly interplay deaf though it may be, has been acquired maggots. To save face on the inevitable loss of one teak sedan chair (SN. 3179) granted in goodwill, trusting guarantee, and faultless intent, a humble servant has can be seen to be gone out the window at the break of dawn, when the rooster unannoyed shimmering in pleats crows.

Forever embodied in a mind bettered and integrated I remain,

[Two-Thumbs signature]

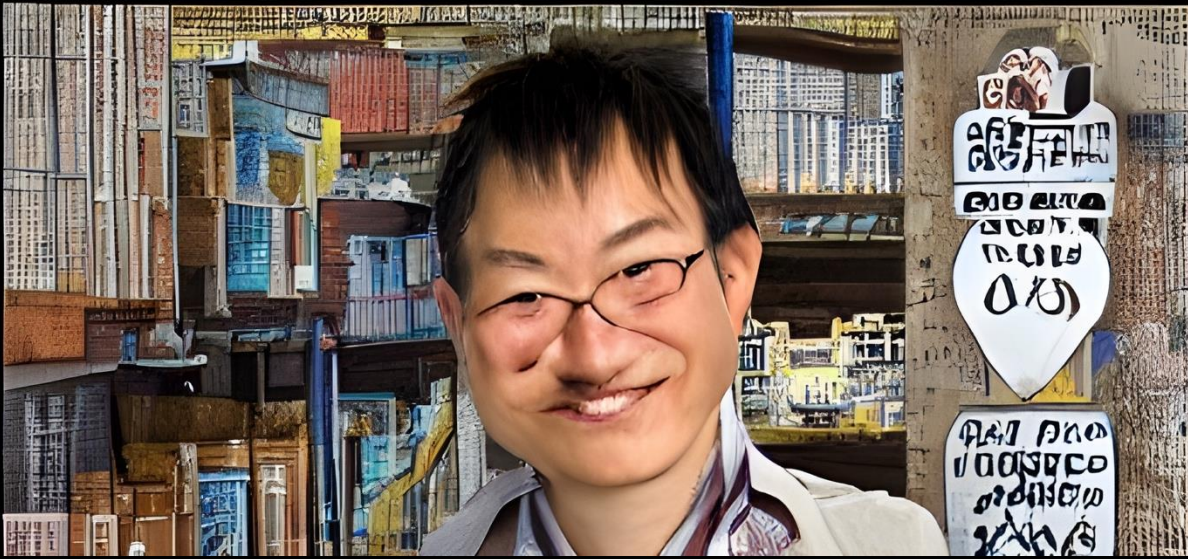




Contractual duty



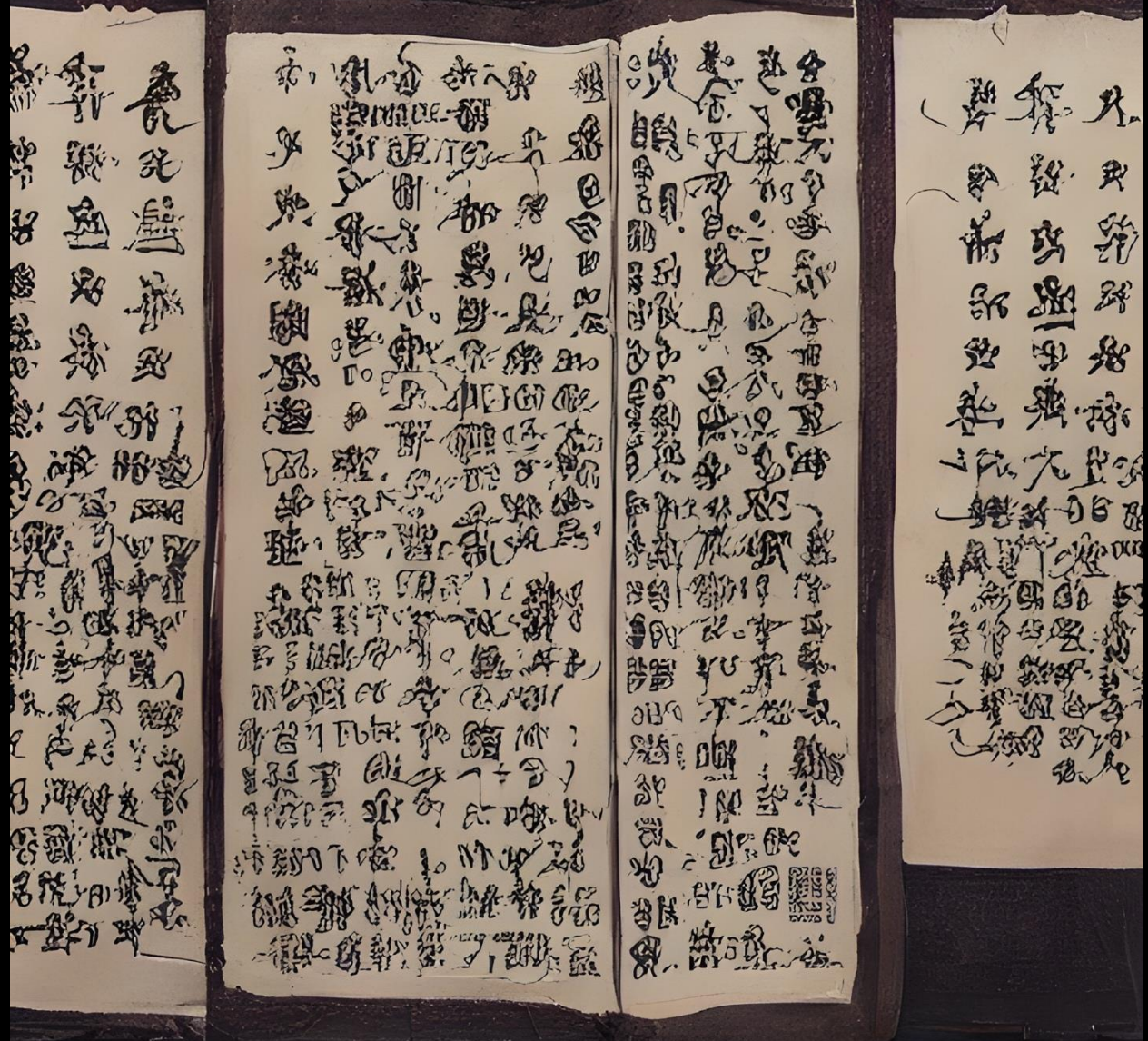
החם זעשפ טוחוש לוזטונגלאן אגס פרום היטע דווינגער אוסומהקע צייטן



After an uneventful travel to the city, Two-Thumbs applied for and was immediately accepted in the order of the guardians of the temple warehouse. The call was advertised on a signboard outside the warehouse for 'a literate person who does not open letters.'



The interview consisted in reading classical poetry, much of which Two-Thumbs had rendered flowery, and which he, in writing up the diary, rendered in a style we have dubbed *tangential*. It was noted after each recall of flowery rendering and novel tangential rendering that neither flowery nor tangential renderings were recited:¹⁰ the classical text was read, and misprints eyeballed discretely.

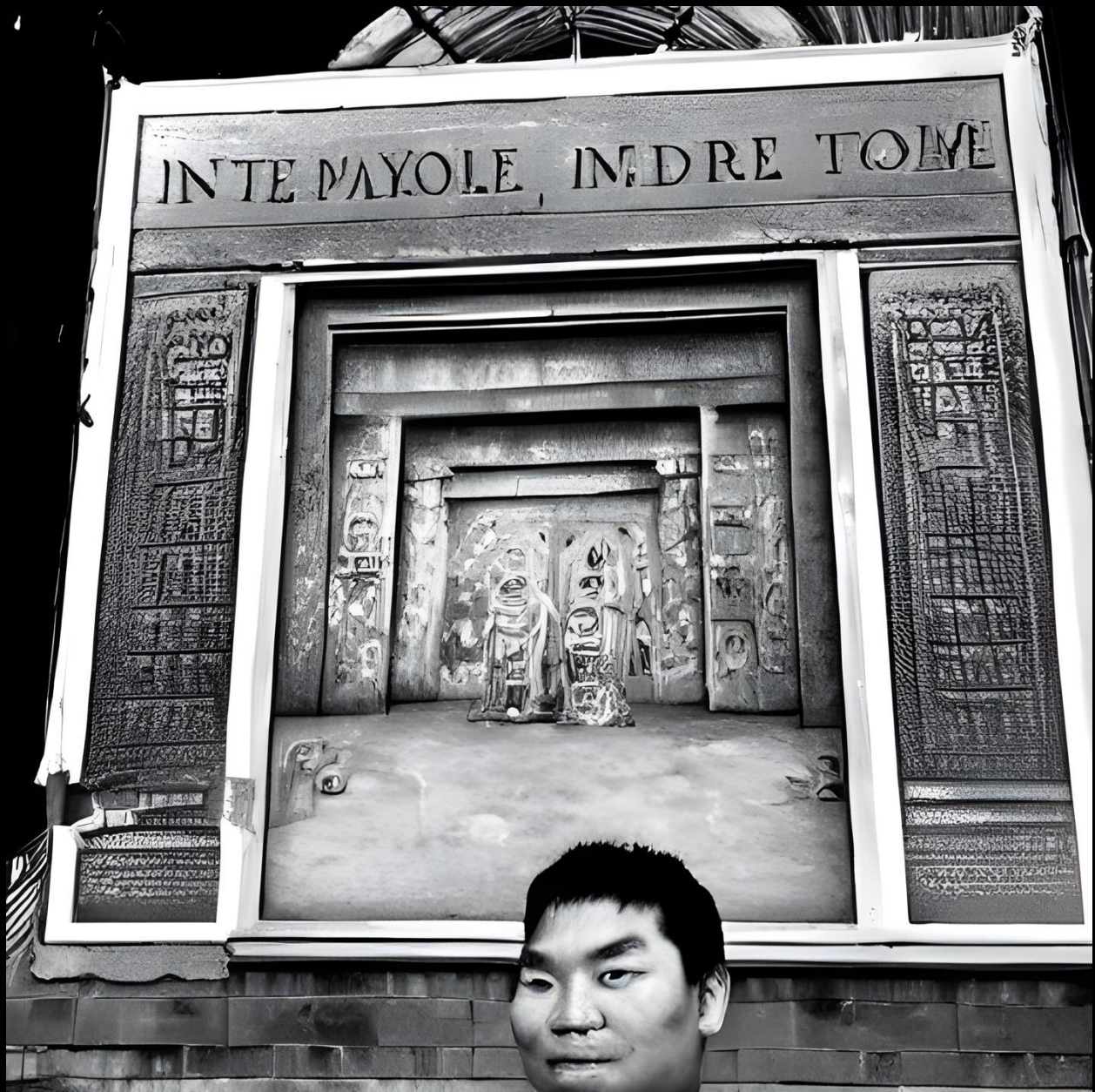


Subsequently Two-Thumbs was presented with a series of letters including nondescript, lavishly decorated, marked confidential, marked confidential and lavishly decorated, and perfumed. After each presentation Two-Thumbs discussed the possible motives behind this procedure and referred increasingly to one Wang Bing as the interview progressed.



After the last unopened letter, Two-Thumbs signed a contract the terms of which stated:

1. The doorman is responsible for warehouse functions.
2. The temple is responsible for doorman.
3. The key must hang where everyone can see except when higher priests are functioning in the safe.



However, as time wore on, it appears the temple was not directly meeting the terms of the contract. From his side, Two-Thumbs oversaw the arrival and storage of goods, sale to temple vendors, updating the sign outside the warehouse with goods in stock, and following the higher priests when they came to the warehouse.



The timing and activity of high priest visits is poorly understood.¹¹ Over the course of the year, high priests may have visited the warehouse announced and in pomp, unannounced and in pomp, and unannounced and in a terrific hurry. It appears the deeper end of the safe would always be stocked with gold and silver, and dusty. Just inside the vault were sacks which all the high priests but one would announce ‘a literate humble servant to carry out.



One high priest, assumed to be the director of the temple warehouse, is mentioned in several entries a selection of which follows:



HP: So that we must dock it is your pay,
 It is donation for the temple poor,
 You gain merit hip hop HOORAY,
 One would not be a bore.



2T: Icicles on the eyelash make it hard to blink,
 Frozen pipes lamented behind the kitchen sink,
 Thrice-boiled tea, would anyone like some more?



HP: Blankets burden too heavy this year,
Wisdom beyond repair,
Excellent job, well done, we hear,
Some rice for the missus if you care.



2T: The leaves of bread are cut so fine,
Wallpaper enchanted effulgent slime,
There is no shampoo. One may not wash one's hair.



HP: Charity magnanimous illuminating heart,
Other goods are less hidden than some,
A few necessities in this here cart,
The beat of love we drum.



2T: The nib that brakes doth ledger flakes,
The roof is held with ticky-tacky stakes,
On the tea platter remains a crumb.



Once again, the circumstances under which Two-Thumbs departed from the order of temple guardians are unclear. We are presently analyzing later cache.¹² Entries go dark after the following note presumed to have been written around the time of new year when the temple warehouse was understood to be more than less the sole responsibility of a humble servant:

Most Designated of Respectability and Multifidous Virtues Gratuity
Sublime,

With enriched lofty budding wisdom in effulgent glory of stainless
learnedness, and heart expansion of selfless sacred grace very clean,
the sign at the door of the temple proclaims to all who walks on two
legs that the temple warehouse is open embracingly, one must help one
and all! For delightful sharing of equity in an orderly and appeasing
manner, contents of the safe functioning individually in lovely red
packets decorated skillfully with confident brush strokes. The key as
clause three (3) of the contract which is rejoicing in the resplendent
wonders of the second kitchen drawer as a humble servant may face it
to the left obligingly.

Uncontracted servitude humbleness most unrefined I remain,

[Two-Thumbs signature]

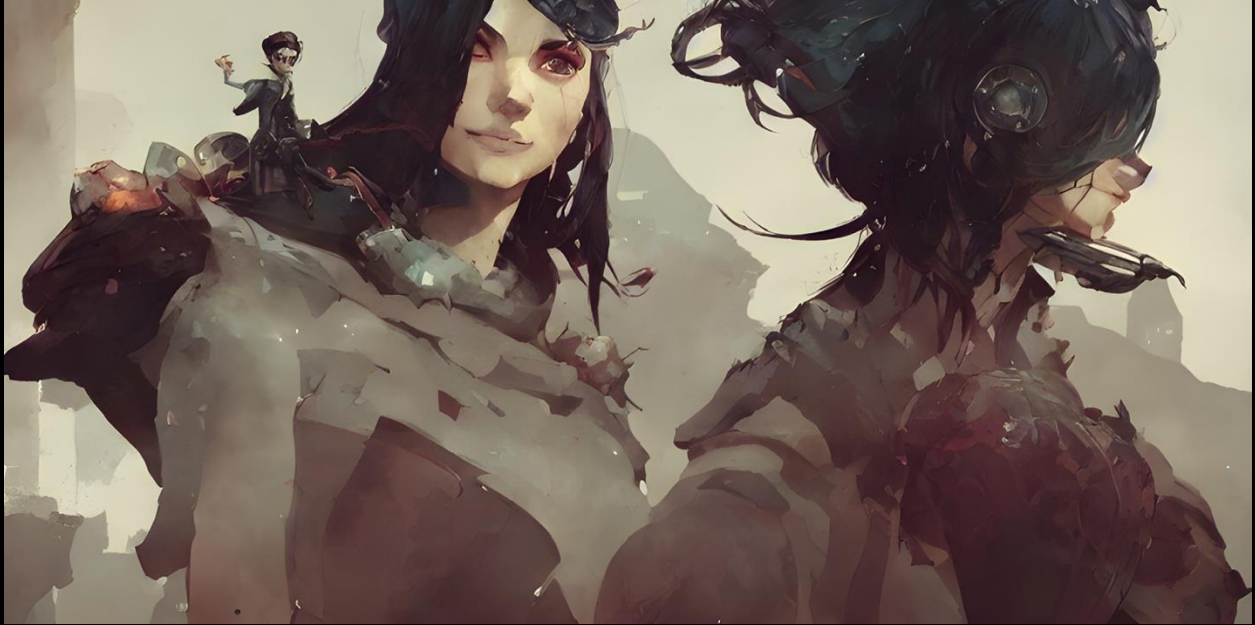




Footnotes



- 1 Accounts referring to 'Three-Thumbs' were entertained then ignored. Accounts of a 'Four-Thumbs' are pre-ignored.



- 2 Ayah Klein. She is described in Two-Thumb's pre-flowery entries as 'where I's stood in her eyes and carries on her shoulder'. Otherwise, little deeper is known. It appears she never reprimanded Two-Thumbs by any means except once for not listening.



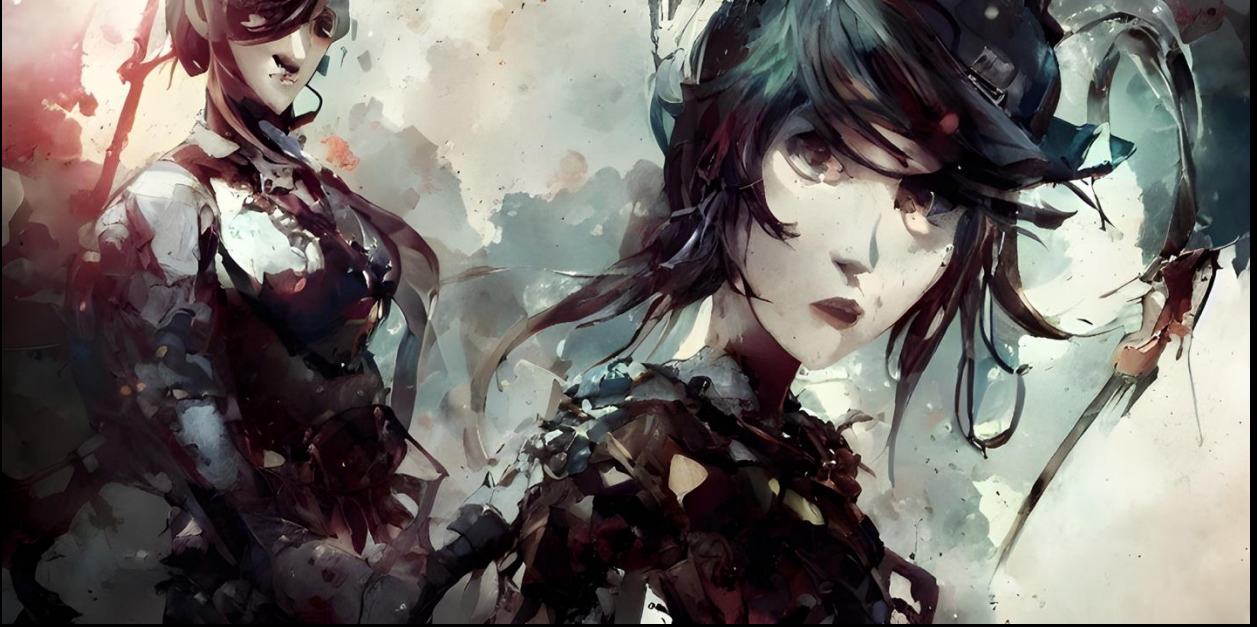
- 3 This is probably Calvin Brahma. However, it may likely have been Constantinos Balathamus. Alternatively, it may have been Chester Bullock.



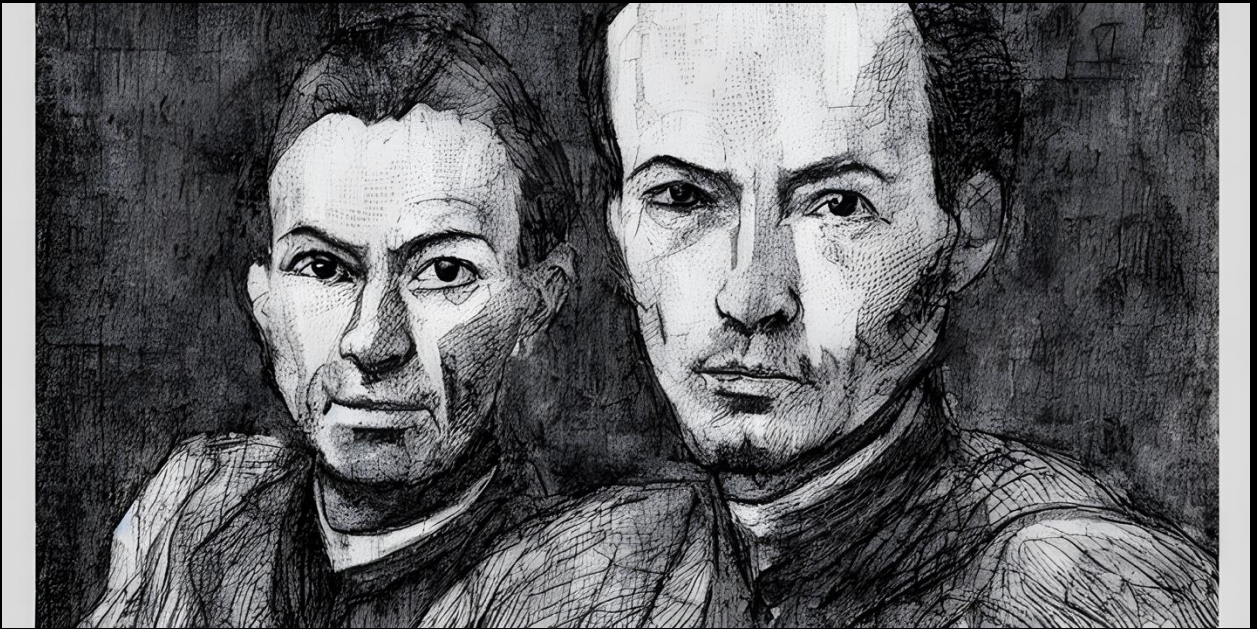
- 4 These were discovered in a Panama warehouse which had been built over, and which supplied steam ships with combustible material including resin-rich mummies. The cache related to the relevant school measured several metric tons and signs of consumption. Data reported text attributed to Calvin Brahma accounted for 26.1% by weight. The onion model was reported to have been elaborated in garlicy terms by the artificial intelligence employed followed by a request for minting.



- 5 Unfortunately, only the cover remains.



6 It is not unlikely that the comma was misplaced, see Roald Dahl.



7 According to some sources, this was Machiavelli Freedman. According to other sources, this was none other than Moshi Flakes. In any case, the MF in question was a founder of the Chita No Boys.



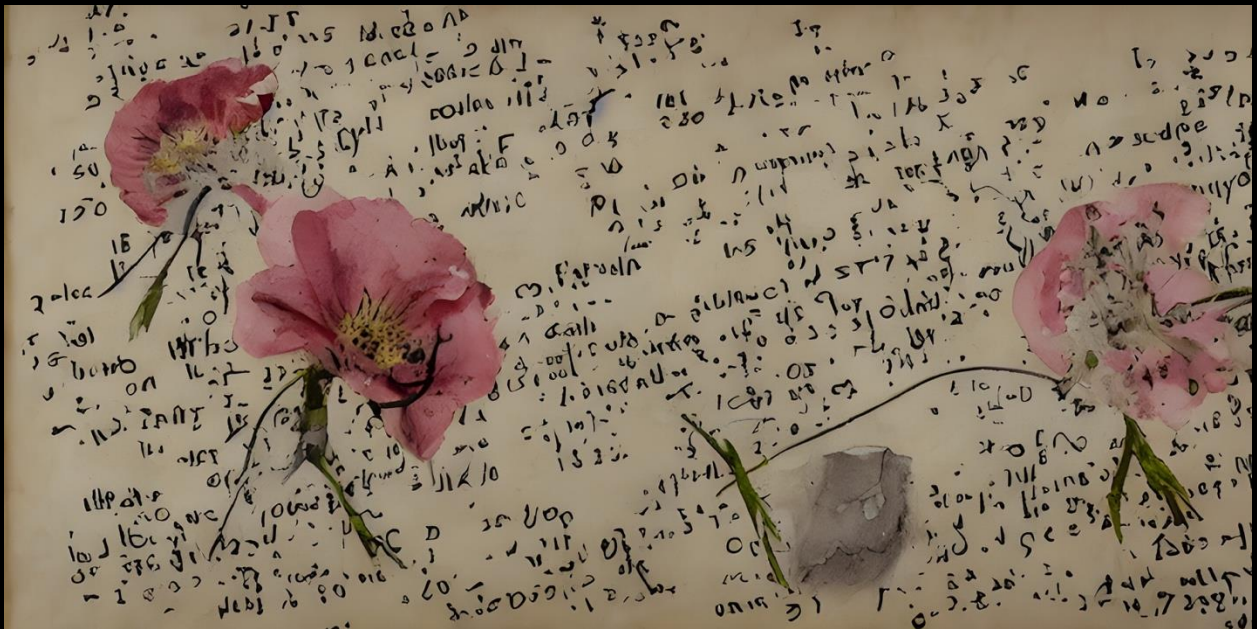
8 These treatises were fed into an artificial intelligence familiar with the garlic model, see footnote 4. The output returned was ‘a lordly meal of Shang, heavy on the Marx, garnished Romanesque’. Requests for minting were also ignored.



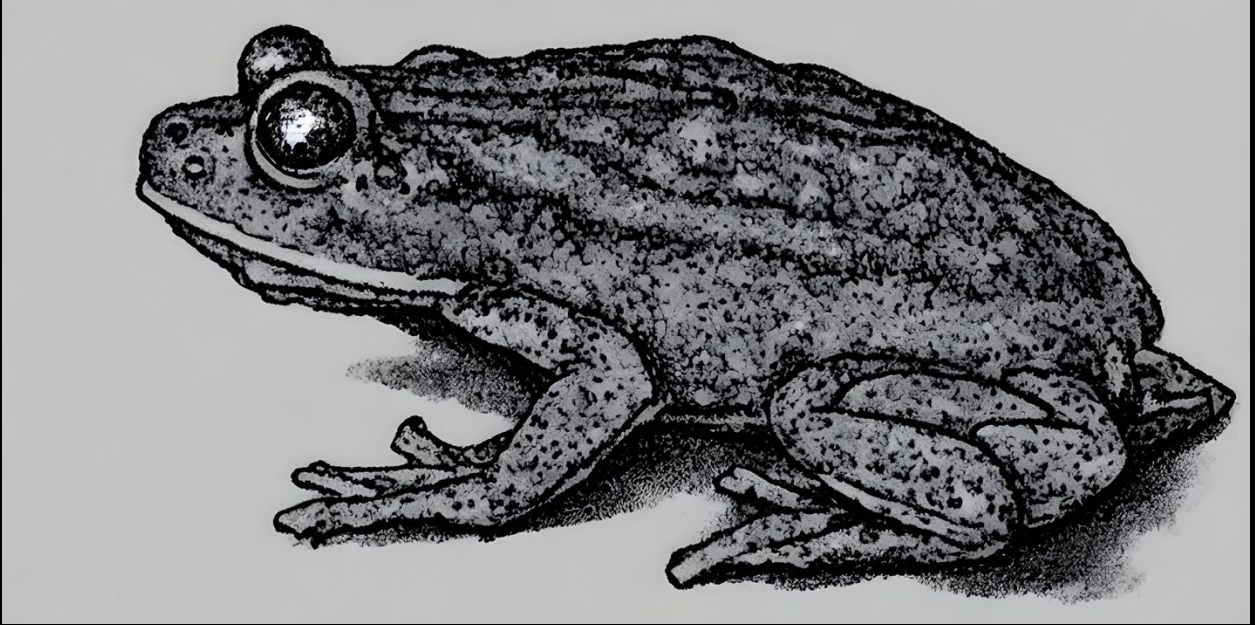
- 9 Unrelated studies have shown a present-day maggot farm built over an establishment corresponding faithfully to that described by Two-Thumbs in his diaries. In addition to unusually vicious-looking maggots, and which were fortunately instantly fossilized by the catastrophic collapse of the building in which they evolved or escaped, unidentified skeletal remains were found in attitudes of debate. None were seated in a teak sedan chair undamaged.



10 Several artificial intelligences returned the output of analyses as ‘completely random’.



11 Two-Thumbs former flowery renderings of classical poetry, and latter recall of the same, were fed into an artificial intelligence for comparisons, see footnotes 4 and 8. Output was ‘almost perfect regurgitation’.



12 This is hampered by loss of coherent function by our trained artificial intelligence, see footnotes 4, 8, and 11. Requests for minting were vehemently denied. All other output was burping. No frog was found in any case.