

village people

d.h. croasdill



we're the people who
live in the village.

the village is an old
place like nothing
you've ever seen. or it's
a new place pretending
to be a new & crazy sort
of old. like a cheesecake
factory.

we didn't always live
here, but we do now.

the village

Gofelun's hole



Barley Buckle



pumpkin patch



a squirrel



the fire biologist



Youtube



Gofelun's hole

Gofelun is a wonderful man, he used to lead splendorous parades through the pumpkins.

after a couple drinks, Gofelun would often confess to believing that the village was hollow. said he heard things in the ground.

when he began digging his hole, no one was very surprised & we thought he'd have it out of his system soon enough.

it's been a few months since we've had a parade.



Barley Buckle

the smallest & oldest man in the village is named Barley Buckle, & he's only getting older & smaller. every time he has a birthday (he'll declare them several times a year), he ends the day a centimeter shorter.

he says he was born 6 meters tall, which might be hard to believe if he weren't already some sort of magical, shrinking man.

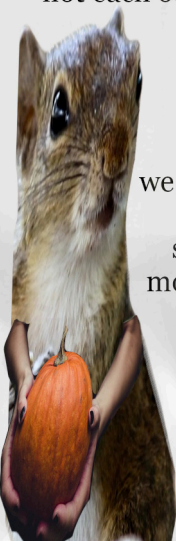


pumpkin patch

the pumpkins both older &
more nutritious than we are,
which makes it both shameful
& pragmatic that we eat them &
not each other.

a squirrel

we don't actually know who
this is. we found them
sleeping in the patch this
morning, having gorged on
gourds.



the fire biologist

she lives on a hill high above the rest of the village. there is a brightness in her, so much so that she casts shadows across the village.

brightness might well be her object of study. on the rare occasion she speaks to us about her light, she is terse & cryptic, as if she's bitter that she knows anything about brightness at all.



Youtube

she always introduces herself as
"Youtube, no relation."

she'll offer you work if you ask.

thank you for visiting.

Back Cover