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**T R A V E S T Y
G E N E R A T O R**

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```
#/usr/bin/python/three_last_words
```

```
def permutations(elements):  
#the  
    if len(elements) == 0:  
#the knife  
        yield elements  
        #the knife they  
    else:  
#the knife they hung  
        for result in permutations(elements[1:]):  
            #the knife they hung him  
            for i in range(len(elements)):  
                #the knife they hung him on  
                yield result[:i] + elements[0:1] + result  
  
                #the knife they hung him on  
                #was a legal trinket
```

```
print (list(permutations("I")))
```

```
['I']
```

```
#run the code  
#in this cell  
#away
```

```
print (list(permutations("can't")))
```

```
print (list(permutations("cant")))
```

```
[
    "cant", "acant", "ancant", "an'cant", "antcant",
    "cnant", "ncnant", "nacnant", "nancnant",
    "nan'cnant", "cn'ant", "ncn'ant", "n'cn'ant",
    "n'acn'ant", "n'ancn'ant", "cntant", "ncntant",
    "n'cntant", "ntcntant", "ntacntant", "ca'nt", "aca'nt",
    "a'ca'nt", "a'nca'nt", "a'n'ca'nt", "c'a'nt", "c'a'nt",
    "ac'a'nt", "ac'a'nt", "anc'a'nt", "c'na'nt", "c'na'nt",
    "nc'na'nt", "nac'na'nt", "na'c'na'nt", "c'n'a'nt",
    "c'na'nt", "nc'na'nt", "nc'na'nt", "nac'na'nt",
    "catnt", "acatnt", "acatnt", "atcatnt", "atncatnt",
    "c'atnt", "c'atnt", "ac'atnt", "a'c'atnt", "atc'atnt",
    "ctatnt", "ctatnt", "tctatnt", "tactatnt", "tatctatnt",
    "c'tnatnt", "c'tnatnt", "tct'natnt", "tnc'tnatnt",
    "tnac'tnatnt", "cant", "acant", "ancant", "antcant",
    "ant'cant", "cnant", "ncnant", "nacnant",
    "nancnant", "nantcnant", "cntant", "ncntant",
    "ntcntant", "ntacntant", "ntancntant", "cnt'ant",
    "ncnt'ant", "ntcnt'ant", "nt'cnt'ant", "nt'acnt'ant",
    "catnt", "acatnt", "atcatnt", "atncatnt", "atntcatnt",
    "ctatnt", "tctatnt", "tactatnt", "tatctatnt",
    "tatnctatnt", "ctnatnt", "tctnatnt", "tnc'tnatnt",
    "tnactnatnt", "tnatctnatnt", "ctntatnt", "tctntatnt",
    "tnc'tnatnt", "tntctntatnt", "tntactntatnt", "cat'nt",
    "acat'nt", "atcat'nt", "at'cat'nt", "at'ncat'nt",
    "ctat'nt", "tctat'nt", "tactat'nt", "tatctat'nt",
    "tat'ctat'nt", "ct'at'nt", "tct'at'nt", "t'ct'at'nt",
    "t'act'at'nt", "t'atct'at'nt", "ct'nat'nt", "tct'nat'nt",
    "t'ct'nat'nt", "t'nct'nat'nt", "t'nact'nat'nt"]
```

#return

#this articulation

#the exhaustion

#we can't stop hearing

print (list(permutations("breathe")))

#this

#last

#voice


```
print (list(combinations("I can't breathe")))
```

```
-----  
MemoryError                                Traceback (most recent call last)  
<ipython-input-6-9f1f016de5c5> in <module>()  
----> 1 print (list(combinations("I can't breathe")))
```

MemoryError:

COUNTERNARRATIVES

inspired by John Keene

[1]

...God's gonna trouble the water.

[2]

It was a gated community. ...The boy is a high school student. ...There are rows and rows of others.

[3]

Forty-two miles from Disney. ...The frangipani swans
in the streetlight. ...A patrol car's siren sings several
streets away.

[4]

Everything signs its name, leaves a trace. ...Real gaps spread in the tropic of paradise. ...Forty-two miles from Disney. ...He never told anyone, but he always wanted to go to space camp.

[5]

Only the flowering catalpa trees are on watch and they don't have guns. ...The boy likes Skittles. ...Real gaps spread in the tropic of paradise. ...He rides from station to station until he can rest at home. ...*People also ask what was he wearing. ...People also search for Emmett Till.*

[6]

Sometimes he wakes feeling gone and doesn't know why.
...Only the flowering catalpa trees are on watch and they
don't have guns. ...It was a gated community: cause of
death. ...He rides from station to station until he can
rest at a home. ...Gone with his father on a visit. ...God's
gonna trouble the water. ...bloodies the ground we stand on.

[7]

Forty-two miles from Disney. ...He rides from station to station until he can rest at a home. ...Before he became someone's Halloween costume punchline, he had a name. ...No mention made of his clothing. ...The warm air is a little brackish tonight. ...The frangipani swims in the moonlight. ...People also ask what he was wearing. ...He never told anyone, but he always wanted to go to space camp. ...follow a star north.

[8]

He plays a game he knows he's too old for: pinches the moon between finger and thumb, pulls it to his lips.
...Everything signs its name, leaves a trace....Real cancer spreads in the tropics. ...Forty-two miles from Disney.
...He rides from station to station until he can rest at a home. ...He never told anyone, but he always wanted to go to space camp. ...Gone with his father on a visit and God's gonna trouble the water.

[9]

Sometimes he wakes feeling gone and doesn't know why.
...Everything slings a trace, mouths its name. ...Only the
flowering catalpa trees are on watch and they don't have
guns. ...It was a gated community. ...Cause of death.
...Real gaps spread in the tropic of paradise.
...Forty-two miles from disease. ...No mention made of
his clothing. The warm air is a little brackish tonight.
...*People also ask what was he wearing.* ...He never told
anyone, but he always wanted to follow a star north...

[10]

He plays a game he knows he's too old for: pinches the
moon between finger and thumb, pulls it to his lips.
...Sometimes he wakes feeling gone and doesn't know why.
...Only the flowering catalpa trees are on watch and they
don't have guns. ...Real treasons spread in the gaps of
paradise. ...Before he became someone's Halloween costume
punchline, he had a name. ...The frangipani swans in the
streetlight. ...Several weeks away, a patrol siren sings...
People also ask: *what was he wearing?* ...if God's
gonna trouble the water.

[11]

Only the flowering catalpa trees are on watch and none
of them brought a gun. ...Causes of death: ...The boy is a high
school student. ...The boy likes Skittles. ...Feel gaps
spread in the tropic of paradise. ...Forty-two miles from Disney.
...Before he became someone's Halloween costume punchline,
he had a name. ...No mention made of his clothing. Brackish air
tonight stings with a little sweetness. ...A patrol car's siren
sings several streets away. ...People also ask: *what really happened?*
...He never told anyone, but he always wanted to go to space
camp. ...but God's gonna trouble the water, bloody the
lawn he stands on.

[12]

Sometimes he wakes feeling not really here, not knowing why it was a gated community. ...The boy is a high school student. ...The boy likes Skittles. ...Real gaps peel apart the treads of paradise. ...He rides through all the houses before he can rest at home. ...Before he became someone's Halloween costume punchline, he had a name. ...The frangipani stitches up the streetlight. ...A patrol car's siren swats bugs and halos away. ...He never told anyone, but he always wanted to go to space camp. ...Gone with his father on a visit to follow a star north. ...People also search for Emmett Till. ...Stand on bloody laws. ...There are rows and rows of others.

[13]

[14]

He plays a game he knows he's too old for: pinches
the moon between finger and thumb, drinks it through his lips.
Sometimes he wakes feeling gone. He reaches
for why everything sings its name, traces its leave. Gaps
split open the tropic of paradise. The sea air brackets
him tonight. People also ask: *what really happened?*
Before he became the punchline to a costume, swans
of frangipani backlit him in the night. A siren signs

several streets away. Cause of death: It was a gated
community. Gone with his father on a visit.
People also ask: *what was he wearing?* He never told anyone,
but he always wanted to go to space camp. God
wasn't near the water.

People also search for: *Emmett Till*.