

and wove them into a coherent tapestry which produced harmony and unrest, lives well-led and lives of desperation, eager suggestions of reform and low murmurs of revolution. Were this fic to achieve some sort of wide readership -- oh, I can just picture the Masters' theses!

*Life Among The Lorrums* is also around 800 pages long.

People are going to read about Spelunk 04!. What I want to do is seal all information about it in an underground chamber and make any interested party read the entirety of Chesscourt, *Life Among The Lorrums*, Seeking Continuity, and much else besides before gaining entry. This is, of course, impossible.

People are going to read about Spelunk 04!.

I am living in a fantasy. The fantasy says that if only I can *prepare* people, carefully, elaborately, with every nuance of the experience subject to my absolute control, that I can make them see everything I saw. Which is also, of course, impossible. Even if I write the best of all possible reports -- even if I employ the subtlest stratagems, make my readers drunk on my rhetoric, before granting them access to the secret lair where the mundane truths of Spelunk 04! lay sealed -- people are going to just *skip to the juicy bits at the end*. And there is nothing I can do about that.

What I need is not an ideal aperitif, but a meal good enough that no aperitif is required. I need to just tell the story, the fucking story, and do it well, tell it from the perspective of myself as sympathetic character (present self as sane, sensitive). Tell the story so that no one needs thousands of pages of deep-background reading to understand it.

I have been avoiding this because it seems, well, impossible. Unfortunately, there are no alternatives. This is my duty. I am a Salbian, and so I will execute my duty.