

The Wyld Lands is the bonus scene to *The Rise and Fall of Chaz Oregano*. It was written as a coda to the novel, in the same style, following the minor character Miriam Odell, and is included in the *Special Edition* of the audiobook. The story revolves around Odell and her comrades squatting the local forest to prevent loggers from deforesting.

Please note: *The Rise and Fall of Chaz Oregano* can be classed as Young Adult fiction, because it follows a teenaged protagonist and is generally toned down. There are literary reasons as to why it is toned down. *The Wyld Lands* does not follow this convention, and is thus much more explicit. Reader discretion is advised.

Content note:

Language: F-bombs, names for male genitalia, female dog

Sexual content: explicit sex scene

Violence: animal mauling, arson

Drugs/alcohol/illicit substances: reference to alcohol, psychedelics

Race/gender/sexuality: self-slut-shaming; description of non-heteronormative sex

Other: fascist antagonist, descriptions of criminality

Personal rating: R

The Wyld Lands
by Anonymous
(possibly Miriam Odell)

Editor's Foreword

The following journal has circulated in underground scenes for years. Believed to have been written approximately seven months prior to the events of Love and Insurrection, it follows the day to day of a 'forest defender' in the Zone 4 Development Area near Great Lake, or the so-called Wyld Lands, during a tense stand-off with local authorities and the Ochir administration. These events have been reported as fact by both proponents of the defenders – various libertarian or anarchist groups, as well as environmentalists and student organizations – as well as detractors; Karter Quartermaine, the intrepid Tasmanian journalist, still cites this despite the fact that many of the events described herein have not been corroborated. In both camps, it has become known as The Wyld Lands, though this name is a later appellation.

I do not take a position on its authenticity. It could well be an elaborate forgery, or so fictionalized as to be less than useless as an historical resource. However, I shall entertain its truthfulness here, given the above caveat, and point out errors or inaccuracies as they occur. If it is real, the common narrative is that it was written by Miriam Odell, believed to currently be living overseas in Southeast Asia. With one exception, personages are only ever identified by their noms de guerre, so exact identification is on shaky ground, but, as an interesting coda to Love and Insurrection, it would not be without merit to place Eilex Turen, the woman identified as Elisabeth, Amelia Kim, and Easton Laidley at the scene of this so-called uprising.

The author, identified only as Comrade Jamie Misson, chose to set this on Flinders Island, rather than her native Tasmania, where the events actually occurred (if, indeed, they did). Unfortunately, a large portion of the narrative focuses on her quest to find a thylacine terrorizing their encampment, rather than a detailed description of the events of the uprising. As such, and given that this narrative cannot be corroborated, one should be cautioned not to accept statements herein as gospel truth regarding Ms. Odell, Ms. Turen, Mr. Laidley, Cyrus Burke, or the as yet still unidentified woman known only as Elisabeth.

14 November, night.

Twenty-five pieces of heavy equipment were shipped in earlier in the day. More than fifty oxen contracted from local magnate Hudson Valchek pulled the murder machines from the guts of the ship and stored in a cleared field outside Whitemark. In coming days, more than one hundred and fifty oxen will arrive to bear the burden. With that, the incursion into the Wyld Lands will enter its most dire stage yet.

Late night, we sneak into the storage field. There is no fence. We have no lights, only the moon and stars. I am there on the front lines. With me is my entire affinity group, as well as the Exarchia group, from Melbourne.*

There were more than twenty of us present this night, including one or two unaffiliated comrades from the mainland. The tactical commander for our group was Comrade Bloodmoon.†

She was coordinating closely with Comrade Bison Rampage, tactical coordinator for Exarchia group. Bison had recently taken over as senior member and de facto coordinator from Comrade BigBootyMoody, who had been shipped to Hobart for trial following his arrest. I don't think he wanted the position.

The dumbasses with Valcheck Timber had only employed one guard, an old man who sat in a lean-to reading by candlelight. We snuck right by him. Into the yard we slinked, crouching low, careful not to trip in

* The author is using this as a stand-in for Launceston. Exarchia Group, documented in the Zubov investigation, was headquartered there. Two of its members, Iiuliia Tchaikovskaya (AKA Arachne), and Vinmark Bryk (AKA Squiddeus) were positively identified and arrested in the course of the Zubov investigation. In fact, they were both apprehended at UT Launceston campus in a mass arrest, the same such event the woman identified as Nhung Le commented on in *Love and Insurrection*, in which she avoided apprehension as a result of cutting class. Ms. Tchaikovskaya was charged with a litany of crimes, including arson, property destruction and harassment, and received a sentence of forty-eight months at the Badger Island Women's Correctional Facility. Mr. Bryk was facing a charge of sedition in the third degree, before a high-priced lawyer arranged a suspended sentence for vandalism and various property crimes in a plea deal. Mr. Bryk did not respond when I reached out for comment on this manuscript.

† This name has been connected, following the Zubov investigation, to one Wyllow Stackhouse, a student activist at The University of Tasmania Burnie, expelled that same year for macing the president of a fraternity. Ms. Stackhouse is wanted in connection to the armed robbery of a bank truck near Wynyard. She's believed to have fled the continent.

the dark. We each had a bottle of vodka and a rag, and a flint lighter. It had been determined ahead of time who would disable what equipment. Me and Comrade Arachne got assigned a huge crane at the far west side of the lot. We arrived at it, hid behind its tracks. It loomed large. It would take a dozen or more oxen to work this thing, the poor animals heaving hard.

Rain. Storm clouds covering the moon. Thunder in distance.

I heaved myself up onto the tracks of this behemoth. In my backpack, I had three jugs of vegetable oil, which I quickly uncorked and began gushing on the machine. Arachne produced a hand saw and began making scratches in the cables.

In the distance, glass shattered. A big hydraulic claw machine was engulfed in flames.

“Gotta move,” I told Arachne. We hopped off. She uncorked a bottle of overproof vodka. A rag alight. She threw it. It burst on the crane, flames going wild, igniting the slathering of oil.

Someone shouted. Security guard. He was awake. Coming our way.

Yard was awash in light now. More murder machines on fire. Arachne and I ducked behind a storage shed, trying to escape. Security guard was on the other side.

Sneaking, we heard a scream. Gurgle. Something or someone thrown against the side of the shed. At the end of the structure, the security guard fell out into our path. He’d tripped, lost his footing.

Then I saw. Blood. Entrails. Ghostly white skin. He’d been gored and butchered. The smell of blood. Copper. Straight up my nose and my stomach lurched. I almost puked into my bandana.

A growl. Emerging from the shadow of the building, standing over the dying man – it was a two-meter-long tiger. Thylacine. It’s stripes were fiery orange

Now I screamed. The thyla turned. It’s snout dripped with slobber. It shrieked.

I fell back. Scrabbled on back and elbows. Arachne grabbed me by the shoulder. Flames now engulfed the storage shed. I could barely breathe.

Arachne, fist clenching my collar, dragged me back towards the trees.

15 November, morning

Sun shining through the tent wall. Head aching. Didn't sleep. Shifting, I realized someone else was in my sleeping bag with me. It was a comrade from Exarchia Group. I'd shagged him a week before, and now he thinks we're together. But I just wasn't there.

His name was Kanazaki Lepidus, despite the fact that he's not Japanese. Or Italian, for that matter. But – fuck the Romans. All imperialism began with Rome.

I spread my legs to him because of a tramp-stamp fetish tattoo he had. Hot, but he was a snivelling sissy in the bedroom.‡

Pulled on pants. Went outside.

New comrade with us today. Seen her at rallies the past few months, off and on. Bougie, rage against the system type. Didn't consider her serious. But we put her through a test run; made her intern at the corporate office for Valchek Timber and steal a bunch of files. Friend of another fairweather fighter, who I'm calling Comrade Princess because she's bowing out of this praxis. Family connections to Valchek Timber and the land-clearing operations.

Didn't sleep. Every time my eyes closed, I saw the tiger. Thylacine. Teeth like a jack-o-lantern. Furious. Murderous.

“What's wrong?” asked the new girl.

“Indigestion,” I replied dryly.

“Hey guys!” came shouts.

I emerged from the tent. A dozen other tents were scattered amongst the trees. Comrade Kerguelen Cat came rushing into the camp, a newspaper in her arms. “Front page! They're saying it was seven hundred K in damage, at least.”

Bloodmoon snatched the newspaper from Kerguelen. Bison Rampage stepped up behind her. Both read furiously. Others gathered to steal glimpses.

“What in Valhalla?” erupted Empress of Macao, his eyes bugging out. “*Murder!*?”

‡ This individual is likely Yevgeny Nihonium, who was arrested in a sting operation at an unlicensed fetish sex club in Hobart two months later. The tattoo was documented, and the police file noted Mr. Nihonium was dressed in a red cocktail dress, lace women's panties, and a prosthetic breast harness. He was ultimately released without charge, as the raid was against the proprietor of the club. Mr. Nihonium fled Tasmania following the arrest and his whereabouts are unknown to this day.

I felt my heart skip a beat.

There was commotion, pages being pulled. Bloodmoon snarled. Kerguelen Cat, her hand on the paper, said, “Security officer Randall Hanesbriar was found dead when firefighters arrived on the scene. His body, though badly burned, had clearly been – *eviscerated!*”

There was shock. Everyone was snarling and shouting and shoving to grab hold of the paper. I could say nothing.

Bourgeois Butcher, his face white, said, “I didn’t get in this to culpable for a murder.”

“No one’s murdering anyone,” screeched Bloodmoon. “We’re not a band of roving marauders.” She was furious. Her eyes went to Bison Rampage. “It was one of your sexpests, wasn’t it? None of my people are cold-blooded killers.”

Bison Rampage looked shocked by the accusation. “None of my people would disembowel someone.”

“Especially a worker,” said Kerguelen Cat.

In all the commotion, I was frozen. Debate raged. Hudson Valchek demanding justice. Police crackdowns inevitable. Somewhere in the discussion, it was read out that his body was found near the storage shed.

Bloodmoon’s eyes shot to me.

“It... it was a tiger,” I blathered. “A kanunnah.”

Silence.

“Arachne, you saw it.”

“My eyes were stinging with smoke,” said Arachne.

Eyes came upon me. Not all, but at least a few of my comrades were leery.

They thought I was a cold-blooded killer. §

15 November, afternoon

Labe Sextant going commando. ¶

§ Mr. Hanesbriar’s remains were badly burned. The coroner was able to confirm lacerations, though the state of the body was such that little more could be ascertained. The Breona police treated this as a murder case, and it remains open to this day.

¶ Mr. Sextant ran one of the logging crews for Kunnus Logging, a subcontractor to Valchek. He and his crew had been set to begin site surveying on that day, a task which was postponed indefinitely with the fire damage to the storage yard. This pushed back his start date, and therefore also his pay cheque. Loggers on his crew reported he became apoplectic with rage, and even smashed a window on the mobile trailer and overturned a portable toilet when he heard the news. He

Kanazaki practised his samurai charge all afternoon, with a shitty katana he had picked up at a flea market. Charged saplings yelling “Banzai!” Douche.

We had a mass meeting, both Whiteway and Exarchia contingents. Beware ’roided up right-wing weirdo playing khanate-resistance re-enactment in the woods. Possibly armed. Sworn vendetta against Anarcha “pinkos”. Possible ties to Cyrus Burke, or Millard Denbigh down in Edith Creek.

After, spent my time drawing in sketchbook. The thyla. Vicious, snarling, claws, spittle flying from open mouth. Flames behind it.

“Should give her dragon wings and a cyborg eye,” said Gochujang Ayahuasca. “Maybe flamethrower mount attached to her shoulder. I’d get that as a tattoo on my hammie. Oh, and give her some tits. Psychedelic lingerie – so hot.”

K-babe is tatted to the gills. Barely any room left for new ink.#

“This is the tiger,” I barked. “The kanunnah.”

“Oh, right.”

I exhaled deeply. Eyelid was twitching. Does no one believe me?

15 November, sunset.

Awoke from nap. Still not rested. New girl shaving her head with a straight razor. Rinsed it off – I saw she’d given herself audacious mohawk, dyed bright tangerine orange. I groaned. Dumb bitch is going to get herself nabbed for being so flamboyant.

“I wrote a poem,” she said. “Monsoon rains hit and the female spirit of the forest washes away the Valchek assholes into the sea, where hungry sharks await.”

Pretty-faced runt is cute, but annoying.

“She wash ’em away with tit-milk, or spunk?”

She frowned. “Water.”

allegedly vowed “those pinko ratfucks” would pay, at which point he stormed off site. That same morning, a mistress of Mr. Sextant filed a restraining order against him for intimate partner abuse, and, when the police were called in regarding the death of Mr. Hanesbriar, Mr. Sextant went off the grid, likely to avoid police scrutiny.

This individual is Amelia Kim, confirmed by documentation of her tattoos upon her arrest.

16 November, morning.

The thylacine drawing isn't finished. Frustrated. I flipped to my masterpiece. Two-page spread. Cutie in torn Japanese maid outfit, at zenith, scissors her thighs and crushes dude's head like a cantaloupe beneath stomping hooves of rampaging ox. I add a little to it each day. Added more to the blood geyser. Brightened the red.

Comrade Princess rode out today from her comfortable home in Devonport. The new girl with the flaming hair is her bestie. But she came mainly to see Empress of Macao, the curly-haired chap who fancied himself a poet. His poetry is shit.

Princess and Empress – what a pair – kissed briefly, then went for a private walk.

Bloodmoon appeared. “Her buttboy,” she said.

I raised an eyebrow inquisitively.

“I don't believe you,” she said coldly.

I opened my mouth to speak.

“Solidarity. I'm not turning you over to the cops. I'll stand by you if the group becomes fractious. But after this campaign is done, once Valchek pulls out from financial loss, I want you out. You can quietly retire. Focus on schoolwork.”

“I didn't...”

“Arachne didn't see anything. And your story... it's absurd. A kanunnah? Really?”

“It was a tiger!”

“Calm down, keep your voice low. As I said, hammer's not coming down on you. But murder... I won't stand for murder.”

“You bitch!” I snarled. “It was a thyla. I swear it was a thyla.”

I stormed down the gully, fists clenched.

Through a thicket of trees. I walked towards the bluff, fuming.

Voices. One said something about Cyrus Burke, I think.

I stumbled upon Bison Rampage, standing on the rock. He was meeting with another comrade, someone not a part of either Whiteway or Exarchia groups. This guy was in his twenties, tall, slender, camou getup, tattoo of a buzzard silhouette on his foreman. Kinda cute.

I apologized for interrupting them. They were clearly chatting.

“That's okay,” said Bison, a little awkward. “This... have you met Turk?”

The guy introduced himself to me with a militaristic bow. “Turkey

Vulture Imperium.”*

Evidently he came from an affinity group on the mainland. He was here supplying intelligence.

“I should leave you two.”

“I was just leaving,” said Turkey Vulture. He ducked down another path.

“I’ll walk back with you,” said Bison.

Walking, I asked, “I heard something about the Old Boys. Was he talking about that miscreant role-playing commando?”

Labe Sextant. How hard is it to not be an asshole?

16 November, afternoon.

“I’ve been thinking about dying my hair,” said Kerguelen Cat. “Like the new recruit. She looks good. What’s her name?”

“I don’t know, some bitch,” I murmured. I couldn’t give a fuck about this skank’s hair.

Labe Sextant possibly spotted. Empress of Macao was reconnoitring our perimeter over lunch, out in the gully. Old campsite there, we used it five weeks back. Empress says abandoned tent has been slashed. Not sure if believable or not. Think he shirked duty with Princess, licking emerald minge. Ayahuasca, Kerguelen, Vicky Vixen, and Arachne went out to investigate. Kanazaki tied headband around his forehead.

I offered to go with the group. Empress said, “Just make sure to leave your boytoy’s katana here.” Guffawed like a cackling crow.

I wanted to punch him in the dick.

“Don’t worry about him,” said Gochu Aya. We were in her tent. She was changing into hiking gear. I wasn’t going.

“You believe me, don’t you?”

“The thylacine? Sure, sweetheart.” Wasn’t enthusiastic.

She stripped put of her skirt. Pull up hiking pants. Left buttcheek had my ink on it: the so-called bandit kingpin the Moon Panther, spotted and razor-clawed, slicing blouse off Brazilian cutie, old Braz flag bra. I called it: The Poon Lancer. *Love* that Aya had my art stamped on her bum.

“Think I’ll stay here,” I said.

“You should come,” said Aya.

* This is the nom de guerre of Easton Laidley. The author’s description matches police records of Mr. Laidley’s tattoo, and the name was nom de guerre was confirmed by Officer Bashir in his undercover investigation. Mr. Laidley remains at large, and has an active warrant for Lady Erhi Beki’s murder.

But Vixen came and got her, insistent. I stayed behind.

16 November, late night

Bloodmoon, Gochu Aya, Kerguelen, Vicky Vixen, Arachne, Kanazaki Lepidus, Empress, and Squiddeus spent all afternoon on the hunt. Labe Sextant remains elusive.

Glad I didn't go. K-babe Gochu told me late at night that Bloodmoon decided to hold impromptu strug sess over dinner while out in the bush. Usual stuff. Anti-comradely behaviour. Gochu got chewed out for having identifying tattoos. Not the first time this has been pointed out to her. I'm sure my 'murder' would have been the source of much verbal flatulence.

But main event was shame session for Squiddeus. Guess he has fantasy about three-boobed empress-concubine being his wet and eager fuck-doll. She's a fash collaborator, and also a pitiable victim of trafficking. Both, maybe. It changes day by day.

Personally, good on the Squid-diddler for giving it a toss. No shame there. I've paddled the pink canoe to the empress-whore before – that bitch is a proper milk mama who can treat a skank like a skank. Tie me up and call me a skut and force my face into the muff of the new girl. Mohawk normie would be all “Oh, no-no-no! Not an orgasm! How unfeminist of me! The Man (or, in this case, the Woman) is viewing me as an object of lust – the horrors!” as she's building to the most pent-up spunking of her life. And trip-tit blondie is pushing more fingers in my pooper as I struggle to make the girl shoot it down my throat.

Not my proudest wank. Give me the ick after come-down. Probably won't mention to Aya – or anyone. But fuck, that mama would be more of a man than Kanazaki. Wouldn't even mind if *she* wore my underwear.

17 November, morning

Bison Rampage and Bloodmoon came strolling through the campsite. I went charging out. In front of everyone, I jabbed a finger in Bloodmoon's face and snarled, “It was a tiger. I'm going to prove it. I'll find the thing myself.”

“Jamie,” Bloodmoon urged in hushed tones. Wanted me to calm down.

“I'll find some of its fur. Then I'll present it to the whole group and

clear my name. And then I'll be calling for a vote to have you step down."

"Jamie Misson," she urged, stern but hushed, "you're out of line."

I was irate. Furious. I won't be tried and sentenced without presenting my case, even with a stay of execution. My fists were clenching at my sides.

She looked indignant. "There's Old Boys and Valchek goons out there, you think you're just going to wander into the woods and produce an orange-coloured marsupial..."

I bunched my nose up. About to curse her out right then and there and pounce on her. I opened my mouth, "I—"

"I'll go with her," Bison Rampage suddenly spoke, his voice strong, decisive.

Bloodmoon looked aghast. He was actually humouring me.

She said, "You actually—"

"A couple days," he cut in. "We spend two or three days away, let tensions cool, and let the chips fall where they may after that."

Bloodmoon and I glowered at each other.

"Ladies," he insisted, "can we agree to that? Bloodmoon, if we find evidence of the thylacine, Jamie Misson will have a strong case to clear any insinuations or suspicions. And Jamie, if we don't find evidence, you'll respect your coordinator's judgement, and we can begin the process of initiation for Exarchia Group, if you should so desire."

I stared into the bitch's laser eyes. "I'm cool," I said without looking at Bison.

"Ditto."

"All right. Jamie, let's pack some supplies, we can head out this afternoon."

17 November, afternoon.

"It's summer," I said. "Thylacines shed their fur in the warm weather. If we find some orange fur, we're golden."

We were about three clicks from camp. Western Wyld Lands. Been hiking for a few hours. Green everywhere. Pacific mist gusting in. Utterly isolated, away from the bullshit of capitalist, misogynistic society.

Reminded me of Peru.♥

♥ This line is not expounded upon. Through her private girls' collegiate, Ms. Odell spent six months studying overseas in the Peruvian highlands, studying the legacy

We walked and walked. Stopped for a snack. Stomach grumbling. Bison analyzing compass and old maps. I was grateful for his help, coming with me. Wouldn't want to be doing this on my own. There was real comradeship with him.

He had a pamphlet on local wildlife. Had circulated it amongst Exarchia when they came out for the forest defence. Tassie devils, red foxes. No thylacines. Supposedly went extinct ages ago. But I know what I saw.

I asked about Empress of Macao's sighting of Sextant.

"A few of my people went," he said. "I'm not holding my breath that he's there. I'm more concerned with the police presence in Whitemark."

That was in response to our praxis. The fire. The tiger-mauling. A whole battalion of mainland officers had been brought in. Things were not boding well for the cause out here in the Wyld Lands.

17 November, night

Slept under stars. No fire in case Labe Sextant on the loose. Made me worried about tigers. But Bison tied up our food in a pack away from camp.

We had thin sleeping bags, rations of food, one bow each with a quiver of arrows. Maps and a compass.

As sun was setting, we ate from our rations, cleaning up all wrappers and packaging after. Leave the forest pristine. Chatted. I told him about my courses at UT. Keggers I'd been to. Activism around de-colonial efforts regarding fishing rights. TA I'd slept with my first year. Bison told me about an old relationship of his. He dated "outside the community". Ex was blonde, apolitical. I got the impression she was very bourgeois, normie.

Dark. We slept. Unfolded sleeping bags. Slipped my boots off. Turned my back on Bison, ditto he to me, and I pulled off my hiking pants. Under cover, I looked over. Bison was pissing on a tree. Stark naked. Mostly covered in darkness, a little moonlight on the bum.

Should have turned away. Didn't until he was done.

of Marxist guerrilla movements from the twentieth century. This line has been scrutinized heavily by proponents of the case that this journal was written by Ms. Odell.

19 November, midday

Several kilometres from camp now. No sign of fire-orange kanunnah. Afraid Bison is starting to doubt me. Is he just humouring me?

Lunch. I didn't have my sketchbook with me. Just a rolled-up notebook. No pencil crayons. Nothing professional in here. I pulled it out, began sketching with a pencil. Inner artist took over. I had no plan. Just fingers moving.

Twenty mins later, had a rough outline. I did Gochu Aya's request: sci-fi tiger with tech visor, spiked helmet, leather jacket, standing upright. Gave her six *chichis* beneath the jacket, nips poking through white tank top. Then I smirked like a mean bitch. Hastily sketched Cyrus Burke, the fascist dipshit, bent over, pants down, worried look on face, sweating. The thyla lubing up a clenched fist.

"You know, that's a real visceral hatred." It was Bison Rampage. He'd looked over my shoulder, seen the pencil sketch.

Felt like invasion of privacy. Weird artistic fantasy I was playing with, not for outside eyes.

"He's a Nazi piece of shit."

"Fisted to death by a tiger? We want to socially ostracize these yahoos, not absorb their malevolence."

I thought it weird he was... strangely defending Cyrus Burke.

"It's just a twenty-minute sketch."

"Still, a bit venomous." Then he used my real name. I wasn't aware he knew my name. I realized, like a dumbass, I'd scribbled my initials into the shoulder patch on the bear's leather jacket. Didn't put JM, like I should have.

I shrugged. "I won't invite you to my art installation."

Then I had a thought. I realized that I didn't know Bison's real name. I'd been acquainted with him some time, even when he was a somewhat background figure during the tenure of BigBootyMoody. Kept to himself. Always just 'Bison'.

I felt exposed – both the art, and my name being uttered here, in the Wyld Lands. I was well aware that on the previous page was a very detailed sketch of a dick. Huge, veiny, unattached to an accompanied man. Embarrassed. Said, "What's your real name?"

"We don't speak real names on these islands," he said mechanically.

"You've already said mine. Come on, I just want to know."

We didn't go to the same school. No one in Whiteway ever

mentioned it.

“Forget I said anything,” he said dismissively.

I crossed my arms. “What’s your goddamned name?”

“I’m not saying it.”

“I’m not asking your dick length. I just want your name.”

Silence for a moment. “It’s Ramsay,” he said, sheepish. “Ramsay Hearst.”

“Hearst-Nash?” I gawked, spitting out the name.

That was a fake name. Knew it was a fake name. First semester of uni, I honed my art by crafting fake IDs. Made a dozen of them. Girls and boys. Sold them for tequila money. And Ramsay Hearst-Nash was one of mine. My own fake name was Leah Pardina – always wore my leopard-print panties to the bar when I used it.

“Yeah,” he said, no eye contact. “Hearst-Nash.”

I crossed my arms, said, “Do you go by Ram?”

“Well...”

“Ram her snatch? Very inventive. I bet whoever came up with that one bought herself a fancy bottle of tequila.”

He couldn’t meet my eyes. He started to blather something–

My spine became rigid. I droned, “I emphatically deny any involvement in anti-social affairs. I am not resisting. I insist upon legal represent–”

“Julien,” he blurted. “My name’s Julien. Itugen’s tits, put your hands down. I’m not a cop.”

My reaction to Hearst-Nash was snarky. Didn’t suspect him of being a cop. But – about two-point-four seconds after he’d whispered his real name – I nearly collapsed and tumbled down the nearby ravine. It’s like when you do too big a dose of mushrooms and everything hits you all at once. Blood drained from my face, and, simultaneously, I thought my heart might explode and gush blood out my nose and ears.

Julien.

Turkey Vulture Imperium having a hushed conversation about Cyrus Burke.

I froze, my knees and elbows locked.

The mohawk girl’s hazing ritual was interning at Valchek Timber and stealing files. Mine was waitressing at a bar on the mainland gathering intel on the fascist Burke.

He had a daughter named Eunice.

And a son named Julien.

My face went pale. I’m sure the colour drained from my lips.

“Oh come on, I’m protective of my identity. You know the risks of your details getting out...”

He turned back, saw my white face.

“Jamie?”

“*Stay the fuck away from me!*”

I took off running in the other direction. Pell-mell through the woods. Branches whipping face. Shoes slipping. Shirt torn.

“Jamie!”

I didn’t know where his voice was. Somewhere behind me.

We’d never gotten a look at Julien Burke. Didn’t know his face. And he was here the whole time. Infiltrated us. Had arisen to coordinator.

“Jamie!”

My foot slipped. Same time, he tackled me. Football tackle. I went down. Two of us tumbling.

“Calm the fuck down,” he said sternly, after we came to a rest. He had a hand on my shoulder.

“First they came for the communists,” I quoted, “and I did not speak out because I was not—”

“Sins of the father, right?” he scoffed, spittle flying from his mouth. “Whatever happened to being judged on my own merits?”

“Your father is Cyrus fucking Burke!” I snarled. “If I cut you, you’d bleed black – and that’s if your kind aren’t zombies, with no blood at all.”

“Real goddamned inventive, Jamie. Take your slander and shove it up your ass.”

I couldn’t believe his tone. I... my skin prickled. Hair stood on end. He was Julien god-cursed Burke. A fascist woman-basher, asshole piece of shit – but he was also...

One of us. Kind, loving, selfless. That was there, too.

My heart was surging, beating a million miles a minute.

I barked, “What did you just say to me?”

“Bitch, I said you can shove it up your—”

I slapped him.

He glared at me. Fury in his eyes, he said, “Listen, you fuckhole—”

I jumped him then. Dove at him. My lips hit his. My tongue in his mouth. Hands in hair. His hands were on my body. Ripped buttons off my shirt, cold hands on bare skin. He wanted it just as much as me.

He had a strong hand on my ass. I unzipped him and reached into his pants.

I whispered in his ear, “Defile me.”

He didn't ask. Didn't push away. Just kissed. I opened his shirt. Nibbled at his nipple. Felt his hand on my shoulder. He was guiding me down. Pushing me.

I got on my knees. He moaned. I said, "You like face-fucking an Anarcha bitch, you Nazi cockwomble?"

"Shut up and take it."

I'd shagged Bourgeois Butcher a few months bag. He's a little weiner who needed to be held and I never spread my legs to him again.

We laid down. I spun, straddled his face. A shiver went through me. Went back to work on him. His tongue worked wonders.

Wetted my middle finger. Slipped it inside him.

"Call me a slut," I begged.

He was barely paying attention. Two of my fingers were working him now. "Wha..." he gasped.

I slapped him hard on the backside. "Listen you pervert," I barked, "call me a fucking—"

He pushed two fingers inside me – same treatment I was giving him. And the words came from his mouth. Vile, derogatory, woman-hating. He even called me flat-chested. I could feel his warm breath on my body as he spoke them. Bimbo. He moved his fingers in and out, and his tongue kept working in between the epithets, and I called him a reprobate and a cad and a *puto*.

Mierda! I swear to the multi-titted Inca Earth goddess, he had three fingers buried in me now. The pressure was building. Intense. His mouth was gonna be full of me—

Voice from nowhere. Startling. Like loud speaker. It said, "You hippie degenerates ever hear of a straight up fuck?"

I flipped. Fell off Bison. He was rolling, too. Hit my elbow. Face in the mud.

I scurried back, whipped head to flip hair back.

Labe Sextant stood there by the rock bluff. Fifteen paces away. Watching. Pervert.

Axe propped on his shoulder.

"Let me guess, next it's the electrical cable to the nipples to finish the job? You pinko twerps are fucked in the head. Future generations will look back at your free love perversions like we do Roman orgy debauchery."

"You make it a habit of wanking in the bushes as young couples make love?" snarled Bison.

"That what you call making love, Junior?" chuckled Sextant.

Junior.

“Never thought I’d see the day,” snorted Sextant. “Cyrus’ own kid, a champagne socialist shitbag.”

I stood up. Naked as the day I was born. “You fascist c—”

“Ah, ah, ah...” He hefted the axe. Also had a machete on his hip.

I realized our daggers were with our clothes, half the distance to him. We were out in the remote wylderness. Outlaws. Squatting. ‘Trespassing’. We had technically committed an act of arson. And this fascist fuckwad probably thought we were responsible for the security guard’s death.

Naked and unarmed. Alone with a psychopath.

He could kill us now and they’d never find our bodies.

Would he do that? Would he hack down Cyrus Burke’s kid? Or would he just kill me to show the Hitler Youth how harsh the ‘real world’ is?

“Try and run, I’ll cut you down,” he said in a low voice. “Scream... go ahead and scream. I don’t care. This is a citizen’s arrest. You two pinko perverts are—”

Bison rolled. Mud in hand. Flung it. Splattered in Sextant’s eyes. Fascist spat. Growled. Axe now in both hands. Feet moving. Bison was shrieking something. Run. Get out. Saw him dart behind tree.

Panic. Breath like maelstrom. Heart in throat. I danced on the spot for a second, then dashed.

Bare foot on rock. Slipped. I landed on my hip. Yelped. Mud-faced fascist heard me. He’d wiped the muck from his eyes by now. Snarled like an animal.

I leapt. Jagged rock dug into foot. Hopped. Slippery mud. Ran right into bramble. Thistles poking into my thighs, sides, hands.

“You cocksucking slut!”

I remembered my first kiss.

Commotion. Sounds coming from behind me. A scream.

I turned. Labe Sextant slammed bodily into a tree three paces from me. Whole tree shook. Birds flew off. His axe clattered on the rocks before me.

Sextant was out of breath, gasping. Shirt in tatters. Blood on forearm.

He sucked in breath, tried to move.

Charging in like a stampeding bull, the two-meter-long thylacine bulldozed itself into the staggering man. Sextant collapsed like house of cards in a tornado. I heard him yelp like a little girl.

The thyla crushed his ribcage. Tore out his guts in a swipe of its dagger-taloned maw. Kitten with a mouse – puma with a mouse.

Sextant was dead, blood seeping into the mossy soil.

Kanunnah looked at me, eye to eye, now red in paws and snout. It was not snarling. Looked innocent, afraid. We were in its home. It looked past my eyes, deep into me, and I stood there, naked and muddy, twigs in my hair, looking back.

Bison clamped down upon my arm. Pulled me. Whispering frantically. We had to go. This thing was a man-eater. Forget the clothes.

I stood there for a long minute, eyes gazing upon the tiger. Seeing something snagged on a branch before me, I took a tentative step forward, collected it. It was a piece of Sextant's sleeve, torn and eviscerated. Had his Old Boy insignia on it. Holy Roman eagle. And orange fur snagged in the burlap stitching.

21 November, evening.

We strode back into camp victorious. Also naked, blistered feet, dirty. Empress of Macao and Squiddeus whispered to each other lecherously as I walked by. Kanazaki rushed out with a blanket and swaddled me in it. Also squeezed my butt affectionately. I turned and glared him. "Touch me again, and I'll tell them about the panties, Keiko," I hissed.

Turns out, the whole ordeal was unnecessary. Bloodmoon had been ousted. A secret vote was convened. Now an interim co-consulship: Vicky Vixen and Gochujang Ayahuasca. Two women I respect much more than Bloodmoon.

Happened almost as soon as we'd left. Gochu Aya hadn't even been aware of my feud, my storming off. Was counting on me for a vote. But Bloodmoon was not popular. She rage-quit, sailed back to the mainland that same day. Big disagreement with the new coordination regarding a big piece of praxis. The new girl with the flaming hair told me all about it, blood still seeped into her shirt and pants.

At campfire that night, I presented the piece of Sextant's sleeve. Told all. The orange fur was obvious. Everyone was silent. A few looked to Bison, who stared back stoically.

Gochu Aya stood. "Now I definitely want the flamethrower cyborg thylacine tattoo, but make sure to include Labe Sextant's mangled

corpse beneath her feet.”

Hoots and hollers. It seemed no one dared raise an objection. I was on the inside again.

Bison ran off to his tent. Turns out, Turkey Vulture Imperium had delivered two bottles of a high-end tequila he and his mates had recently expropriated. We passed them around, swigging deeply.

Bottle in my hand, my eyes met Bison’s across the fire. He smirked deviously. I sucked my middle and ring fingers.

Editor’s Afterword

Julian Burke has never been implicated with Anarcha, and has, so far I can ascertain, never made a public statement in relation to this journal or subsequent rumours. According to his sister, who does publicly detract from their father’s political associations, Julian and his father are not on speaking terms.

The most significant praxis of this protest is only vaguely referenced, as the author was not present when the co-consulship of Vicky Vixen and Gochujang Ayahuasca spearheaded this action. Following the fire which left Mr. Hanesbriar dead, more than one hundred oxen were slain in their stables almost forty kilometres away. The assailants went through systematically, using short swords to slit the throats of the animals one by one. These oxen were the chattel of Valchek Timber, and were set to be the horsepower behind the logging equipment and timber hauling operations. The loss of capital was substantial, and United Insurance, the underwriter of the policy, got into a lengthy legal battle with both Valchek Timber and the Ochir administration (vis-a-vis their lax policing at the time) to divest payment on the claim. Moreover, the loss of life shocked the island, with newspapers as far as Hobart calling the action “barbaric”, and “an insurrection led by savages and ghouls.”♦

Animal rights groups denounced the act as “cowardly, fiendish, and

♦ Both statements from *The Hobart Observer*, July issue.

vile,[♣] and called upon the Ochir administration to launch a full investigation and press for mandatory maximum sentences. Hudson Valchek and family were personally distraught over the loss, as some of those oxen were their personal livestock, and started a foundation for ethical animal labour and treatment.

In a bit of animal rights propaganda, one vegan magazine, in some convoluted passive voice prose, even cast Mr. Hanesbriar as a martyr for animal rights, despite the fact that the two events occurred separately, and Mr. Hanesbriar never displayed an interest in animal welfare.^α

An investigation was launched, and the files were handed off to the Zubov investigation following the murder of Erhi Beki, though no charges were ever filed. Amelia Kim, Johnny Buxton, Iiuliia Tchaikovskaya, and Vinmark Bryk were questioned about both the death of Mr. Hanesbriar and the slaughter of the animals, though no one admitted to anything or corroborated any details in the investigation.

The thylacine, or Tasmanian tiger, is a carnivorous marsupial looking vaguely like a crossbreed between a wolf and a tiger (though, as a marsupial, being more closely related to a wombat). Officially, it went extinct in 1936, though a cottage industry exists of conservationists who have tried to prove it is still extant. It was never extant on Flinders Island, though it would be an easy mistake to make, or could be a bit of literary flare. The orangeness of its coat, and its size, is most certainly exaggerated here. It was never regarded as a threat to humans, and, in fact, its alleged predation of sheep, a reputation which led to its extinction, was tremendously exaggerated, though a jaw which can open eighty or more degrees could certainly make the animal appear more frightening.

A missing person's file remains open for Labe Sextant. Officially, he has committed no crime, as he has not violated the restraining order filed by his former intimate partner. After four weeks without contact, his wife reported his disappearance to police. One officer I spoke to, on condition of anonymity, believes Mr. Sextant fled the island to avoid child support. This cannot be substantiated.

Miriam Odell fled Tasmania following her assault on a fraternity member in Burnie, evading arrest. Judging by the sentences handed

♣ Joint statement by Vancouver Animal Rights Society, Breona Animal Rescue, and the Western Khanate Society for the Humane Treatment of Non-Human Sentient Creatures.

α *Veg Nation*, Issue 117, page 18.

down to Ms. Kim, Mr. Buxton, and Ms. Tchaikovskaya, among others, she almost certainly would have been tied to Anarcha activities following an arrest, and likely would have received a harsh sentence. Her accuser in the assault case, Exondo Havergil, suffered a rupture to his left testicle, and nearly had to have it removed following an infection. Emergency transportation to Melbourne was required. Years later, the Havergil family, following years of opaqueness with the Ochir administration and the still only partially-disclosed Zubov files, used their wealth to hire a private investigator. The investigator refused to comment to me, though Mr. Havergil told me that Ms. Odell had been tracked first to downtown Melbourne, which she'd evidently used as a waystation, then to Adelaide, where she'd spent a year with a cousin, then a possible flight to Darwin, and at that point the trail was cold. A string of petty burglaries followed her, including one audacious roadside robbery of a banking carriage near Tennant Creek, from which one participant gave a sworn statement regarding her involvement. According to the case file prepared for Mr. Havergil, she may have possibly picked up the alias Jaggie Wahr from a pimp and black marketeer in Darwin, though this could not be confirmed. One Ms. Jaggie Wahr filled out a customs form in Dili, Timor, some weeks later, never to be heard from by officials in the Jirghadeid Isles again. Mr. Havergil did not find it financially advantageous to pursue any further at this point, as all possible movements beyond Adelaide remained tenuous at best. Her connection to this journal, if any, remains unsubstantiated, and the events described herein can only be confirmed inasmuch as I have via footnotes. One should continue to view this document with suspicion.

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