

# FLAPPING



his is the story of the man who flapped, who heard  
the Tone, who followed the Bozo through the Bulbous  
Worlds, and who, just minutes before bedtime, at last  
met Dave&Sue.



F L A P P I N G



I



unlight bubbled through the bedroom window and burst, sticking to every surface like well-chewed gum. In this saturant brilliance, Chervil Orbane awoke, flapping.

## II

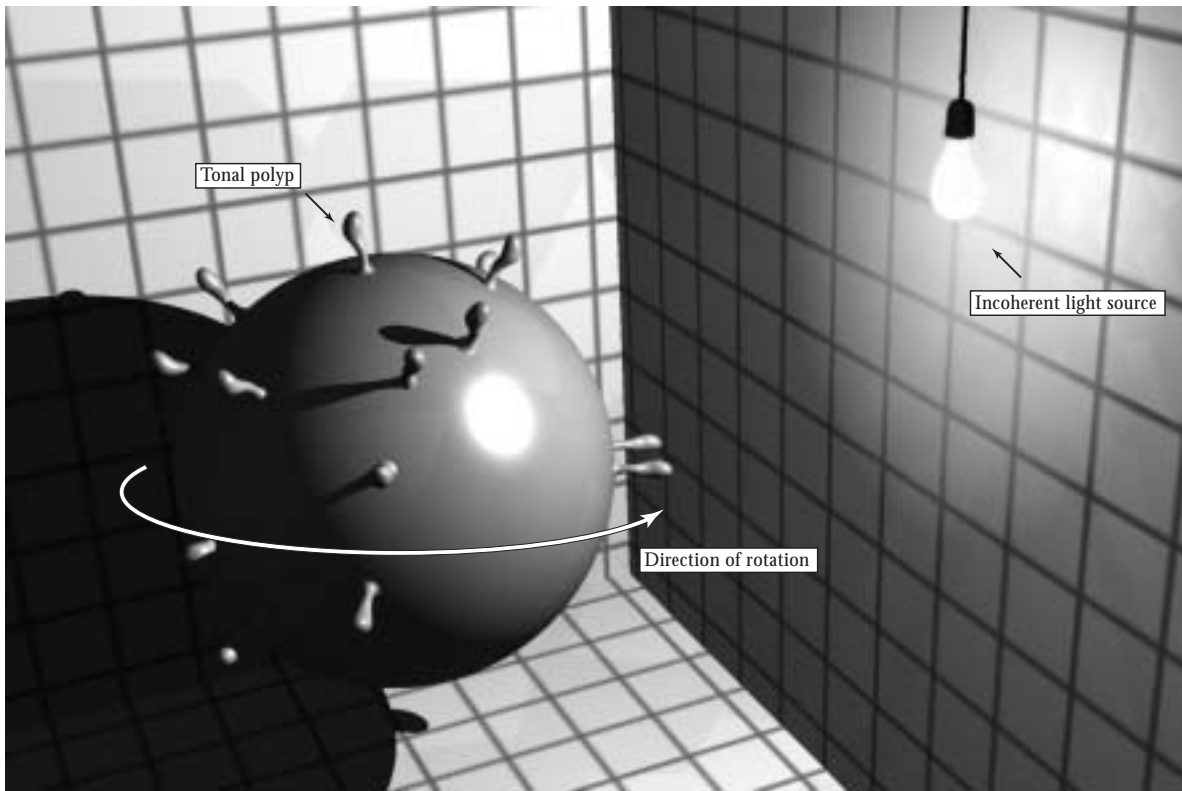


hervil Orbane had flipped, pancake-like, several times. Being human, and therefore not invulnerable to the Universal Incompetence of Mankind, he had flopped occasionally. He had even, due to the exigencies of politics and commerce, once or twice flip-flopped.

But he had never flapped.

This morning, the world was brighter and stranger than his first toy car and he arose, flapping, flapping, flapping.

PLATE A.



The Harmonic Bulb, not wobbling, but sprouting tonal polyps, in an unimaginably huge, bare, but far from empty, room.