

Space bars are susceptible to memory loss

12/25/1987:

Hello... as it says here. To the one Billy "Rush" Khai. I must first extend my apologies for writing in your book and any other burglary-esque actions I may unintentionally take. Please understand that time and I suppose space as well, is urgent. (Wh)-who exactly AM I? Yes, yep, yeah. I understand you wouldn't know 'who' I am. However I'm looking around at my locale, Mr Khai, and from one person to another I think that a little light reading on your end couldn't hurt. Sorry no, I meant you seem well versed in strange circumstances yourself. But whilst the melophile-type of indication I take is far from subtle, alas this barren muse landscape hath lead me here. This book, 'The Hardline According to Merry's Bartending' seems the closest thing to a trace, skimming through it seems as if there are others like me written in this book. To tangent for a second, Mr Khai. I have to agree with the judgment of 4_{NO}-Rush, the decor of this place is quite 'avant garde' and it does well to match its structure. But if I could add, imagine the decor and the building are like a belt and dashing suit respectively. This 'third stooge' of architectural design, the wider placement of the building itself is akin to the shoe. And Mr Khai, this place, Merry-Me Merry-You is a man dressed a black suit, black belt and a giant pair of clown shoes. Sorry I mean no disrespect after all, what separates the highballs from the mocktails is the clown shoes. Back to my matter of hand, Mr Khai I had hoped you'd have an inkling of a clue. The other people inscribed haven't led me anywhere, there is something served that I cannot down. If you happen to see this please get back to me, you will probably see me first anyway. Sincerely, 5th-Rush

12/25/1987:

These Pillars of Creation are quite pretty, aren't they? Please. Khai. Let them catch what they should, so we can be caught. Actually nevermind. Listen, do not expect pity 'sorrysts' for the intruded imposition. You understand, yes? Understand that I've had 'the' revelation. Halt you fret, I've essentially pieced together all you haven't left behind. Because you should remember that story Khai. No one else hasn't not and for everyone's detriment I shall recount the pieces left 86'd. Think back, gentlemen and gentlemen, don't bother because I'll do it for you. These hands, they carved those planks that indented and cuffed the heels of feet. To you all I mumble, although to specifically Khai I preach do they still feel smooth? Perhaps the land of the rocks comes to mind when the opening night is prompted. Remember dearest guests, that the vocals were asphyxiated and the barren muse landscape had ensued itself for longer than anticipated. Although that may be too subtle. The bells will certainly ring, yep. For the first French 77 Darby Dane shaken. Trust me when I say a concoction of idiots could replicate the F77 in a heartbeat, luckily Khai we were those idiots. And idiots still had odds. On the three deep was Merry for her third anniversary, with her bartending on par idiotic, yeah? To Khai and my gracious audience, shall you understand, NO. Yours truly, 2nd_{NO}-Rush

12/25/1987:

Thank you 2nd_{NO}-Rush, when I first indented my heel in Merry-Me Merry-You the avant garde texture and barren complexity reminded me of our days. Your postcard of sorts struck the jukebox jive within me. But don't you fret Bill, you aren't alone. They all romanticize in some

form or another, this is my love letter to us. To you all, I wish you merry. To Bill I preach safe travels when red handed.

Sincerest wishes, 4th_{NO}-Rush

12/25/1987:

Why did this happen to me? Billy. You. Billy. You didn't not did not do anything! You couldn't say not your wretched Pillars and not your land of rocks and not even your Merry-you! What happened to the Merry-Me in this Billy. I'm on my own and not you NO it. What if this place, Merry-Me Merry-You becomes a flawless landscape of ghosts? Where there is true oxygenless ness and subtleties nude of their sheep's clothing. You are the ship and we are the replacing pieces. Here, sealed within these walls. But I am not sealed, I'm empty within those of my own. I've lived loved another life. His greatest achievement has finished her marathon, the third anniversary is caught and your planks are sodden with my fear. But Billy, how do you tell that to yourself? You have entrenched yourself in a recipe book, cursed him, shut him out of this metal box. And not no matter how hard you overcome Billy, you feel scared? If I could wish I wouldn't be honest with you, if I can be honest I wish I could be you. Please. To you, the future ones however, don't worry. Put down this little book 'The Hardline According to Merry's Bartending' and let its story lay. God forbid you recall what I have, paint over it if you must. Or turn around, the view is pretty from within the hand.

Bye, 3rd_{NO}-Rush

12/26/1987:

I understand it is too little too late.

To the robust 2nd_{NO}-Rush, You couldn't have made that cocktail, a rocket scientist is no idiot.

To my graciously convoluted 3rd_{NO}-Rush, "The Hardline According to Merry's Bartending" is framed. The engine room was a tad bare of artistic flair so I hope you don't not didn't mind. May the Merry-me forever live within the Merry-you.

To the kind 4th_{NO}-Rush, Safe travels. Everyone is too caught within themselves to be alone.

To the oblivious 5th-Rush, These clown shoes were tailor made and it was a choice that drove our locale away from any atmosphere.

Finally, to the one Billy Khai. I fixed your clock.

Love, Rush