



**July 3, 2012**

I'm trying to remember the farm. It's been 6 years since my parents sold it, and for the first time, I miss it. I was excited when they sold it, but I was only 6. I thought it meant we were moving to real Earth.

There was the main house. When you came in through the front door, there was a staircase that went upstairs. The kitchen was to the left. The living room was to the right, down the hallway. My mom called it a "shotgun house," like if you were standing in the front door you could shoot a shotgun out the backdoor, because it was at the end of the hallway. It was an old house.

Up the stairs was where our rooms were. My parents had the actual bedroom. My room used to be some kind of storage room, the ceiling was shaped like a triangle and I had to duck down to

get to the edges of the room. The floors were wood and scuffed. The curtains were old and moth-eaten. I loved my room.

There was a shed out back I never went in because I was scared of spiders. There was a barn, but we only had chickens and a couple dogs. My mom says they had goats before I was born.

There was a little stream out beyond the pastures, and that was my favorite place in the world. The water was clear and cold, and there were crawdads in the shadows.

I've never had a journal before. I never really felt like I needed one. I still think diaries are stupid, which is why I've made my own. At least here in Seven Monolith Village the internet is better.

Anyway, the farm is all gone. There's a factory there now. My mom says the money we got from the sale will send me to college. In real Earth!

But I miss the farm.

Logging off.

## **November 14, 2014**

Well, I built this journal, I guess I should use it.

My parents are designing another damn house. We've barely moved into this one. My mom says Seven Monolith Village is a "shit hole" so now we're moving to another Forked Earth town. I keep asking her why we can't just move to real Earth, but she says something about contracts and Dramcorp and I just don't care.

My HTML has gotten so much better! I feel like it's the only thing I'm really good at, and we're not even taught it in "school" aka Rose or whoever else has time to teach us this week. I need to learn CSS next, but I'm intimidated by it, it

seems complicated. But I know it will make this journal look better... and someday I might be able to get a job doing it in real Earth.

I keep walking in on my parents working on the blueprints for the new house and I get really annoyed. I'm annoyed we don't live in the farmhouse anymore. I'm annoyed the farmhouse got bulldozed. I'm annoyed that the factory has destroyed the stream I used to play in. I'm annoyed at everything!

Charlie has an old stupid computer in his gross gas station that I hacked so that he can't access the internet anymore. He keeps going on about all his stupid conspiracy theories. Old people shouldn't be allowed on the internet!

Logging off.

#### **January 4, 2015**

So it turns out that CSS is really easy and I love it! It's like writing a magic spell. I type it, and there it is! So as a result this journal looks sooooo much better.

You know what looks like shit though? Our old farm. Or rather, the totally distorted piece of land that was once our farm and is now a Dramcorp factory. I can't not look at it every day. It's right there! It makes me so angry!

My parents are fighting about the stupid new house. Money is a curse!

Logging off.

#### **May 26, 2015**

I can tell from my website analytics that someone(s) is/are looking at this journal. Hello! I hope my code pleases you!

And whoever you are, don't tell my parents that I sent a protest letter to Dramcorp telling them they're fucking up our village! My parents LOVE their Dramcorp money!

Speaking of which, we're moving into our new house next week. Once again, all my stuff is packed up in boxes. I'm so sick of packing and unpacking that I think I'm going to throw away most of my stuff when we get there. I've outgrown all these stupid stuffed animals and toys anyway. I just want my computer, and the photos of the farm. I miss the farm.

Logging off.

### **December 24, 2015**

It's Christmas Eve, and my parents are fighting again. They're always fighting over this stupid house.

I've never said this out loud, and I've never typed it out either but... all I want for Christmas is a friend. An IRL friend, I mean! I like my internet friends, but I can't hang out with them. I've never had an IRL friend, but I've read about friends in books, and I think I'd like it. My mom says I spend too much time on the internet, but that's where my internet friends are. Is this what they call a catch 22?

I'm reading over the last entry. The photos of the farm got ruined in the move. So now all I have is the memory.

Logging off.

### **March 9, 2016**

Today I got bored and walked down the highway back to Seven Monolith Village. I ran into Lora, and we actually had a fun conversation! I'd never really talked to her before, I thought she was kind of a bitch, I mean she's like always in a bad mood,

but it turns out she's pretty cool. We exchanged email addresses. Maybe I'll send her the URL of this journal! Is this what having a friend feels like?

Logging off.

### **October 12, 2016**

I have a secret. I'm going to hide it under a pop-up.

[in a pop-up] Yesterday Lora and I went to real Earth without telling our parents. We took a bus to the Strip and walked around. She showed me Omega Mart, the store owned by Dramcorp, and when we went inside Lora stole something!!! She took a compact off the shelf and stuck in her pocket, and she said who cares, Omega Mart sucks anyway. I've always been a rule follower, but, I don't know. We walked right out of there and no one stopped us. It felt exciting. I liked that feeling.

Logging off.

### **February 19, 2017**

I found a flyer in our trash can for a protest against Dramcorp and the Factory... and I went! I didn't tell my parents, they would probably be pissed if they knew I went. But there were a bunch of people there and we all gathered outside the Factory and someone even gave me some posterboard and a marker and I made a sign! It said "THE FACTORY DESTROYED MY HOME." I didn't tell anyone that I meant that literally, I think they just thought I was talking about the Desert in general. But it felt so good to be somewhere where my anger felt justified and nourished, and I got to yell, and everyone else felt the same way. Eventually Dramcorp security chased us away, but the protest still felt really important! The group invited me to another protest next month, and I'm going to go. My parents don't need to know.

I started doing some odd jobs for a few of our neighbors, and with the money I'm making I'm building a new computer! This one is so old and slow, I can barely do anything with it anymore. Maybe I'll make a website for the protest group!

I want my new computer to be as powerful as possible, so I joined a forum for people who do their own builds. There's one person there who's legit a hacker, and I'm tempted to reach out to learn some things...

Logging off.

### **May 28, 2017**

The new computer lives! Oh yeah, it's fast.

Been hanging out with Lora lately. I took her to a protest in Las Vegas against Dramcorp, and I guess protesting isn't her style. She did tell me that she wants to help me fight them, but she doesn't think protesting is that effective. Like.. ok, she has a point. I think protesting is more a "for me" thing than a "this is actually going to change the world" thing, but everytime I look at the Factory... I GET SO GODDAMN ANGRY. I just think about the little stream, and... ugh. It's hard.

Lora introduced me to Marin, who I sort of know through Rose but had never really talked to until a couple weeks ago. She's nice, but wow, if you could design a human being who is my exact opposite, you'd get Marin. Weirdly, she's somehow part of the Dram family?? I think Charlie is her uncle or something? I didn't bring up the Factory or the protests with her, I thought that would be weird.

So I guess I have IRL friends now? It was easier than I thought it would be! I still hang out on the forums, though. Oh, and that hacker? We've been in touch. I've been thinking about what

Lora said, and I'm starting to think there's a more... direct way to disrupt whatever it is Dramcorp is doing.

Logging off.

### **June 24, 2017**

Today I helped Marin set up a blog. I like her, she's sweet. She's super excited to do "computer stuff" and I'm excited to help her!

Marin introduced me to Jesse, who is crazy, and I like her. She can weld, which is super cool. I'm awful at doing anything with my hands that isn't typing, so yeah, I'm impressed.

I told Lora about the hacker person, and how I'm learning how to do it, and how I want to plan something that's better than protesting. She's interested. I feel so scatterbrained. I want to do something big and important, but sometimes I look around the Desert or Seven Monolith Village and I feel very small. Like, who do I think I am? I'm nobody. I'll be trapped in this weird place forever. There's no way one small nobody trapped in the Forked Earth can make a difference in the world.

But then I think, in the last year alone I've made a bunch of friends and I've learned so much. So maybe I'm onto something.

Logging off.

### **September 1, 2018**

Wow, it's been over a year since I've written. I'm bad!

A lot has happened. Lora, Jesse and I have been hanging out a lot lately. We keep talking about doing "something big" to screw with Dramcorp, but then not doing it. Honestly I think Jesse is

reluctant because of Marin. There's definitely something going on between those two!

Wow, what else. I pushed our stupid lawnmower all the way down the highway to Seven Monolith Village to put some gas in it, and it turns out that Charlie apparently stopped paying for gas, so now there's no more gas station. It's just a station.

Honestly, I've been thinking that it's time to move back to 7MV. I spend most of my time there anyway, and besides, my parents are designing ANOTHER NEW HOUSE. I refuse to move with them again. I won't do it! If I'm moving, it's somewhere that I, ME, want to go. They're calling their new "estate" Dire Creek, The Terrace at Nula Ridge Estates, Vista Hill Estates, which, ugh. No thanks.

(But then I get to thinking about moving and I keep asking myself, why not just leave the Forked Earth entirely?? Why 7MV when there's an entire, NORMAL Earth where the sun rises and everyone isn't messed up on runoff all the damn time? I mean it's not like I'm ever going to find a job in 7MV, so...  
!!!!!!?)

So it turns out that Marin's mother is Cecelia Dram. I was hanging out in 7MV a couple weeks ago and I saw her. I so badly wanted to say something to her, to use some of the language I learned with the protest group, to tell her about the farm and the stream... but I chickened out. I couldn't do it.

Logging off.

### **December 31, 2018**

I'm writing this from my new home in 7MV. I'm living with Lora, and Jesse says she's going to move in with us soon. The place is small, but it already feels more like home than anywhere since the farm.



Tomorrow is a new year. Tomorrow is a new me. No more planning. We're taking action. Last night I hacked into the library computer system and erased all my past-due debts. Don't worry, I'll donate to the fund drive. But... I'm getting better. Soon, I'll be able to handle bigger systems. Bigger security.

Here's to 2019!

Logging off.

### **April 5, 2019**

Sometimes, when I can't sleep, I like to go outside in the middle of the night and just lay on the dusty ground and watch the sky. It's so weird here. It's always shifting colors.

Everything here is weird, the whole ecosystem. It's because of the runoff, it's changed the land. The sky looks like one of Charlie's ancient tie-dyed shirts. The sun never really rises. Sometimes I feel like it's a dream. It's weird, and it's wrong, but it's home. It's special. And sometimes, it's actually beautiful.

Sometimes I take it for granted. Sometimes I take the weirdness and the silence and the wide-openness all for granted. I don't want to do that anymore. We live in a bizarre but special place that's worth protecting. It's worth it to fight the people that threaten it. It's worth it to fight for your rights and for the environment's rights. No one is going to do it for us. We have to do it ourselves.

Logging off.

### **July 29, 2019**

I'm looking at my analytics again, and there are even more people reading this journal now. Hello, strangers! Join the

Monolith! Help us, uh, "inconvenience" Dramcorp! Help us free the Source! There wasn't always a big ugly wall around it. Once, not that long ago, the Source sustained the Forked Earth and this place was beautiful and everyone thrived. We can make that happen again, but we need your help! Join us!

Ok, I'm done proselytizing to internet strangers. Jesse wants to check her email, and Marin is literally throwing paper airplanes at my head.

Logging off.

### **October 28, 2019**

Something happened. Marin is missing. Jesse is freaking out. I keep trying to figure out what happened but no one seems to know. Jesse said Marin went to the Source with Cecelia and someone else, some old man, and then only Cecelia came back.

Jesse keeps saying that there was something weird about Marin, something about her lucid dreams or something, and that's why Cecelia wanted to hurt her. I don't know anything about that, but Marin is definitely missing. We all went out last night to look for her, but we didn't find anything.

Something is up, and I'm certain Dramcorp has something to do with it, and I'm even more certain that I could find some answers on Cecelia's computer.

Logging off.

### **January 4, 2020**

We still haven't found Marin. No one has heard anything.

But, we found something in her room that seems like it could be a lead. She had a pamphlet for Cecelia's Leadership Ascension

Track, and she'd written some notes on it, stuff about how the LAT steps seem like what she goes through when she's "glitter dreaming?" Next to the section for "Harmonizing With The Essence" (omg @ this bullshit jargon) she wrote, "I feel like I'm harmonizing with something unknown during the glitter dreams!! Like the vibrations of the harmonization are tearing something open, and I could jump through if I wanted, but I'm scared!!!"

And then, next to "Come To Peace With The Infinite," she wrote, "I feel like if I could do this then I could wake up during the dreams and actually... I don't know, jump through??"

What worries me is that it seems like the point of the LAT is to... not have a body anymore?? This seems like some truly batshit stuff, but I'm starting to think that it's not batshit... it might be real. Back in November, Cecelia gave a LED Talk. We were there, to protest, but... there was someone on stage with her, someone invisible, and now everyone is treating the LAT like it's real, and I'm afraid it might be.

Marin, what did you know? Where are you????

Logging off. Don't know when I'll be logging back on.

**November 1, 2020**

Dear Cecelia Dram,

Have you found my little journal? I hope so. I want you to understand me, and my friends, and our home. I want you to understand what you've done to hurt them, and to hurt the Forked Earth.

You didn't think word of your little stunt at the Source would get out, did you? You genuinely thought you would get away with it, didn't you? Well, guess what? Marin is one of our own. We're

going to find her, and we're going to make sure your tenure as CEO is short and painful.

Oh, and that Factory of yours? The thing that's been twisting and distorting our home for the last 14 years? That's my land. And I'm going to get it back.

You better change your passwords, Cecelia.

Happy birthday.

Logging off.