

SPELLING NORMAL

MIA TIJAM

Faux-hawk-hair streaked with gray and violet, ears wearing six earrings, eyes kohled, lips glossed and usually around a flavored cigarette, she walks in wearing her Astroboy shirt, Levis jeans and black Sisley rubber shoes to the quaking bows of the Knights in Jaguar Armor.

She is called *The* *whoa* Sorceress and is on her way to see whom the Real Kingdom reverently referred to as *The* Wizard of the Wonder Web. She enters the Wizard's Office whenever she pleases but her presence is still announced with a squeak by his unexcitable secretary, Jeeves, even when the Sorceress always pleasantly smiles at him.

"Yo baby!" the Sorceress thunders to him after she slams the door shut. "I'm so tired of being the scary freak only you and my thralls adore!"

The Wizard of the Wonder Web drops his cool omniscience away from the matrices of dimensions in the Web to look at her.

The Sorceress grins, "Not that I'm really complaining. I do get what I want, after all."

The Wizard of the Wonder Web sits back, smiles, and loosens the knot of his tie, "Okay, love, what is it now?"

The Sorceress grumbles, "Just *that*, my *job*."

The Wizard of the Wonder Web sighs, “There’s a dimension out there with a Giant Mongoose worried that it would die first from going deaf and which I believe is still strangling that Babbling Anaconda, among other glitches in need of necessary endings from your powers.”

The Sorceress sits on his lap and plays with his long black gleaming hair, “Boring and that and those can wait. Something else.”

The Wizard of the Wonder Web asks, wary, “What *else*?”

The Sorceress smiles again, “I was thinking that maybe I should check out Fairy Tale Reality. Meet my kind of creatures. Take a break.”

The Wizard of the Wonder Web groans, “*The Mistress of Pragmatism* actually wants to go *there*?”

The Sorceress laughs, “Oh, shut up! I promise not to turn the Real Kingdom *or* that reality!”

“Which dimension?”

The Sorceress frowns, “And have me under your Technocrati surveillance in YouTube?”

The Wizard of the Wonder Web laughs, “You can’t blame me. You keep on ditching your bodyguards. Remember them? Mr. Google and Agent Yahoo? And where are they anyway...”

“Ask Jeeves. Tell them I said hi when they finally get here,” and the Sorceress reaches for the console on his desk, fingers tapping too-fast-codes for even the Wizard of the Wonder Web to follow.

The Wizard of the Wonder Web mumbles, “Whoa...that’s hot...”

The Sorceress giggles, "...and *rand=2/0x0?1y*... Catch me later, baby!"

And the Sorceress kisses him and vanishes---

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@@@Into The Youniversity of Pee@@@

@@Where You Can Piss on Reality@@

@Through Your Fairy Tale@

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---landing hard on a chair

---looking sedated in a flowing black kaftan and her head with flowing black hair

---feeling *woong...woong...wong* in an air-conditioned classroom

---interrupting a Dwarf from his tirade.

"Ah, welcome to the Fairy Tale!" the Fat Godmother Cat who was the moderator chortled. "What shall we call you, sweetie?"

The Sorceress gritted (*damn slipstream*) out, "*Not* sweetie. I'm called The **whoa** Sorceress."

"*Right*. But for the sake of expediency, we shall drop the clutter and just call you Sorceress, yes? Unless you want to be called *Sorsee?* Or *Sor*, like a nun?"

The Sorceress muttered, "Fatty is catty-Zafra-funny. Let me---" and she began to move her fingers but was stopped by a wing.

“Can’t do that. Rules,” the Fairy beside her whispered as it daintily moved its wing back and covered her mouth with a handkerchief, and the Pixie near them bobbed her head.

The Dwarf resumed his scathing rant about the latest psychotic upload in “*that freak’s mySAP.com*” and therefore downloaded “*not a Fairy Tale*” while the Elf seated across him was nodding in camaraderie and then added more highfalutin to the Dwarf’s jargon.

“Oh yeah, that weird-wired-son-of-an-avator is such a freak,” the Fat Godmother Cat affirmed to the Elf, chortled once more, and with that concluded the forum.

The Fairy Tale Cast immediately exited and the Sorceress was left asking— *what rules?* growling— *I’m supposed to be on a break thinking---* *the Dwarf is an arrogant prick, that snooty Elf and the Fat Cat must be friends, and in Fairy Tale Reality everyone apparently doesn’t know that they’re all freaks.*

The Sorceress began looking around for the nearest Elixir-to-Cirrhosis-Stop to contemplate on whether to piss off or piss away or stay to piss on Fairy Tale Reality (especially since she wasn’t digging her non-smoking assigned look).

The Sorceress decided to stay to figure out the program and then on had come to eventually understand that nobody configured with anybody (except the Elf and the Fat Godmother Cat because they were Fellows in Magic-Cards-and-Harry-Potter-Addiction). And that they were all required to decode their own Fairy Tales through encoding their individual mySAP.coms.

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http://*Sorceress*mySAP.com.ph

An Existential Dialogue With Invisible Man; Refereeing Barbarians At The Gates: Hannibal vs. Conan; Stopping The Magic Dragon And The Big Bad Wolf From Puffing Nemo; Turning Little Into Bloody Red Riding Hoodlum; Waking Briarwood From The Sleeping Pill; Convincing Rapunzel To Cease Waiting For Godot To Cut Her Hair; Teaching Wily Coyote Smarts Is Hard To Do; Friday the 13th: Cousin It Going Bald; Shutting Up A Celebrity Death Match: Lolit Jeckle & Joey Heckle vs. Cristy Donkey & Jobert Binks; How To Exterminate Zombies In Less Than 28 Days; A Lecture On The Dating Game Given To Dr. Ripper, Dr. Jekyll and Dr. Lecter; Preventing 2012 (Rainbow Brite On Acid, Care Bears Gone Wild, Gollum Proposing Marriage With *The* Ring, Britney Spears Turning Goth...); “Retrieved” From Mulder’s X-Files: Stan Lee, Stephen King, Anne Rice, Neil Gaiman, J.K. Rowling...; Guiding Bill and Steve’s Excellent Journey To The Center Of Yodaism; Spreading Manga To The World: Get REAL, Be FREAKS...

The Fairy Tale Cast gaped at what the Sorceress uploaded, “Whoa!”

The Sorceress just thought, *And I rest that *whoa*case.*

And because the rule was Bash-Emo/Don’t-Gush (and being a Sorceress she was then expected to be like Fairuza Balk in *The Craft*) during mySAP.com sharing, the Sorceress would only smile sweetly and was sympathetic and helpful to everyone.

Then one afternoon, the Fat Godmother Cat demanded from all of them who were surprisingly nice (and really just wonky from all my.SAP.coms), “What’s the matter with all of you! Are you all high?!”

The Sorceress, the Fairy, the Dwarf, the Pixie, the Elf and the rest of the Fairy Tale Cast all started laughing and talking like Chewbacca. The Fat Godmother Cat threw her paws up with an “Argh!” and dismissed them. After that, the five trooped to chug

Seagal and Tarantino's Found-Gold-From-The-Philippines and started configuring their individual mySAP.com webs together as they swigged their way through more Elixir-To-Clarity-Via-Cirrhosis.

The Sorceress asked the Elf who was seated beside her, "I thought elves didn't drink?"

The Elf downed a shot and answered without looking at her, "I don't."

The Sorceress shrugged and asked the Fairy, "And in Reality, what are you?"

The Fairy answered, "I'm a lady."

The Dwarf muttered, *Yeah a ladybug*, "What? The lady is a dude!"

The Fairy smiled, "I bet you're a frog," and moved to kiss the Dwarf.

The Dwarf blanched, making the Fairy laugh and the Sorceress laughed out to him, "Are you really?"

The Dwarf drawled, "I'm a gamer who ain't got game with them bitches and I want a revolution for free beer." Then he turned to the Pixie, winked, "Come on, put out," and blew come-hither-bubbles.

The Pixie giggled the bubbles back to the Dwarf, "And you're sooooo *not* my Prince Charming!"

The Elf mumbled as he downed another shot, *Damn, you got me.*

The Sorceress arched her eyebrow at him, "Excuse me?"

The Elf shook his head, looked at her, and said, "Even I couldn't object to the disgustingly saccharine comments you made about myownSAP.com because they made sense *only* realizing hours later how insulting you were."

The Sorceress laughed, “Is that a rhetorical question?”

The Elf then arched his own eyebrow at her, “Ah, what is a rhetorical question?”

The Dwarf (who had unzipped his fly towards the orchids) turned and declared to them while peeing, “The task! The task is to make the ultimate mySap.com=fairytales!” And then forgot to zip his fly as he walked back to them. The rest all quickly said *Good-(Gawd!)-Bye*, not wanting a sty to grow on their eyes.

Later on, the Sorceress reluctantly messaged the all-knowing Elf for Fairy-Tale-Tricks, “It’s these damn rules! I can’t seem to make my Fairy Tale operate! MydamnSAP.com refuses to be spelled into my ultimate Fairy Tale!”

The Elf advised, “Have you tried the Walk-Alone-Into-Epiphany?”

The Sorceress sighed, “I’m constantly bugged in the Path”

“The Drink-To-Revelation-In-Oblivion?”

“Oblivion cannot be reached.”

“The Toke-To-Decode-The-Cosmic-Joke?”

“I got the Void’s *Please try again later.*”

“How about the Simulated-Misery?”

“And be a bad bard just begging to be killed?”

“Sex-To-Infinite-Success?”

The Sorceress laughed, “You use *that*? My, my, aren’t you *kinky*.”

The Elf choked out, “No!” then coughed, “Well, I’m out of treats.”

The Sorceress asked, “I thought elves knew everything. Just how *old* are you?”

The Elf intoned, “I’m an elf: it’s all about MDAS.”

The Sorceress almost shrieked her frustration, instead groused, “I need a damn hug.”

The Elf quietly said, “Now that I can give you. Happily but after.”

The Sorceress scoffed, “You? Hug? Yeah, sure, whatever.”

After,

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http://*Fairy*mySAP=Fairytale.com.ph

I Just Want To Be A Woman

http://*Pixie*mySAP=Fairytale.com.ph

Finding Prince Charming In Neverland

http://*Dwarf*mySAP=Fairytale.com.ph

Legend: I Am Awesome!

http://*Elf*mySAP=Fairytale.com.ph

The Meaning of Life Is, Well, Um, Something Ineffable

Like What A Buddhist Sartre Said

http://*Sorceress*mySAP=Fairytale.com.ph

Spelling Normal

The Fat Godmother Cat was happy over their myFairySAP.coms and threw a Piss-The-Elixir-In-The-Pool-Party. The Dwarf and the Elf drank Daddy-Whisky that was melting the paint from the Daddybucks cups they were using while checking out the frolicking bikinis (except when it was the Fairy’s). And rather than piss where everyone was swimming, the Sorceress *hik*cused herself with, “I’m going to the Jamie.”

“Jamie?” the Pixie asked.

“Ex-John-then-James-now-Jamie,” explained the Fairy.

“Nature. Even a sorceress pees, you know,” the Sorceress mocked.

The Dwarf sang, “Jamie’s got a gun...” and laughed, “Ye freaks!” then leered at the Sorceress, “Want me to walk you?”

They all said “No!” and the Fat Godmother Cat commanded, “Gentle Elf! Escort her!”

The Elf silently walked the Sorceress to the Jamie while holding her hand like a granny. After the Sorceress pissed the Elixir back to Nature and came out, the Elf said, “I know you don’t even look at me---”

The Sorceress stopped walking---sobered--- and looked straight at the flushed Elf, “Are *you drunk?*”

“---and that you dislike me---“

The Sorceress nodded, “Yeah... But you’re not so bad.”

The Elf sighed, “---time for that hug.”

He hugged her.

It felt just weird to the Sorceress being hugged by someone so thin (*and* actually being turned on by a hug from someone smaller).

Then the Elf kissed her.

The Sorceress could only sputter as he continued kissing her to his yellow light, found herself kissing him back to green light, and then both stopped to a red light with *whoa*. She thought *what the heck was that* and *that was that* and almost ran away from the smiling Elf on their way back to the rest of the merry Fairy Tale Cast.

That night, the Elf continued to secretly woo her with his telepathic chatting like *I can smell you from here* while the Sorceress sat by the pool with the Fairy. The Sorceress almost fell into the pool in surprise as she laughed then smelled herself, *From there? Do I stink?*

The Elf sent, *You smell good... Are you laughing at me?*

The Sorceress looked at him, saw his anxious and frowning face, and mouthed *No*.

And the Elf smiled again.

The Sorceress found herself blushing and liking making him smile.

And whenever the Sorceress was asked to sit with the Fairy Tale Cast, she would feel the Elf's hand stroking her hand and he would dazzle her with his nerdy talk. The Elf and the Sorceress were in a sticky-mushy-haze and continued to sneak kisses ever after.

The Sorceress was reduced to blushing, giggling, and sometimes almost tapping her fingers to be away from the confusing turning of Fairy Tale Reality. She was not supposed to seek the Advice-About-Secret-Affairs from the Fat Godmother Cat but she found herself blurting out, "I actually *feel something* for that freaking Elf! I don't know what to do with him... You're his friend, right? What do I do?"

The Fat Godmother Cat clapped a rolling laugh, "I knew it! So that's why he's been mooning---you do know that he has a Real Girlfriend, yes?"

"Yeah, he told me. And he doesn't know that I do have a Real someone, too."

The Fat Godmother Cat rubbed her paws, "And the Tale tangles. Here's what you do--- *you* actually do?! Who?"

The Sorceress mumbled, “*The Wizard of the Wonder Web*.”

“Oh... Wow... Wait, YOU ARE *that* Heartless Mistress et cetera Sorceress?!”

The Sorceress winced, “Yep.”

“Whoa,” the Fat Godmother Cat said, holding her paws up. “Not in my level of operation,” and vanished.

After that, the Elf began snubbing the calls of the Sorceress and she didn’t understand why until one night he finally answered her *hi*’s and *why*’s.

The Elf said in all contempt, “I know *who* you are.”

The Sorceress felt like fainting, “How did you find out? I can explain---”

“You enthralled me.”

The Sorceress reeled, “*Enthralled* you?! That’s not true!”

The Elf whispered, “I felt... What I felt was real.” Then he clipped in disgust, “Never mind. I hope you got what you wanted. You’re really a freak.” And he retreated into his Cave-In-Mars again before the Sorceress could even explain the beginning of the eternity of *that damn *whoa**.

The Sorceress called on the Fat Godmother Cat in all her disturbing *The Sorceress*whoa-you’re-going-to-be-deleted*glory*, “HOW DARE YOU MEDDLE.”

The Fat Godmother Cat implored, “I had to tell him because you’re *you*... And you can’t possibly be... No way! A sorceress *doesn’t* fall in love, much more with an *elf* in Fairy Tale Reality!”

The Sorceress let go of the **whoa**, “Duh? We’re in Fairy Tale Reality! And do you even have any idea what ripples and tears in dimensions your interference will bring? And why did you tell him that I was just toying with him? I wasn’t. And now he’s

so hurt and he thinks that I don't feel anything for him, too. And I can't convince him because he doesn't even want to talk to me...And damn, it *hurts*."

And there and then the Sorceress who never cried began *crying*.

Thankfully it was Fairy Tale Reality so *The*whoa** Sorceress could cry and cause just a storm and not a storm to rival a pissed-off Storm. After all, *just crying* was normal for all creatures there, even a Sorceress.

The Sorceress told the drenched and shivering Fairy, Pixie and Dwarf what happened and asked through her tears, "...So what do I do? Can't leave this bad juju virus going around, you know. And this damn crying has to stop!"

They enthusiastically agreed: the Pixie said that the Sorceress should send flowers to the Elf while the Fairy said to write a *sorry: friendship: peace* letter. (That stopped the storm.) And she did just those because that's what creatures did in Fairy Tales, especially since the Delivery Brownie was reliable and said that flowers and letters always worked.

But the Delivery Brownie suddenly found himself wanting to munch magic brownies after the Sorceress left smiling at him and so had ended up giving them to his crush, T.S. Elliot's Girlfriend. (Who said *Flowers for me? Sweet!* and upon reading the letter *Woops, not for me... Whoa... THE Sorceress fell for the... Elf?!*)

The Sorceress covered her face when she found out and was pulling her curling hair in dismay.

The Dwarf said as he looked at her head, "You know, you should just look for the Elf and talk to him before you pull all your hair out. And, uh, it's all turning into dreadlocks."

So the Sorceress would go to the Elf's geeky haunts and whenever the Sorceress was near enough the Elf, he would actually scurry away *eeping* from her and declare to bystanders, "Dreadlocks is stalking me!"

The Sorceress wouldn't use her *whoa* powers on him and spell him into staying put so the bad juju spread and disturbed all in Fairy Tale Reality. The Pixie (who began dating Smurf, the Elf's Best Friend) told the Sorceress, Fairy, and Dwarf that the Elf was finally threatened by his Real-Einstein-Girlfriend with *When I come home, we'll talk...*

The Dwarf shuddered, "*Talk*. That ain't good."

And that the Sorceress was vicariously threatened with ...*and I will find that bitch and slap her*.

The Dwarf shook his head, "That ain't right."

The Fairy bristled, "If I had Einstein's brain I would slap and leash her boyfriend."

The Pixie said, "Does she even have any idea that she wants to slap the Queen of Bitch-Slapping?" and to the upset Sorceress, "That's a sincere compliment, by the way."

The Fairy said to the Sorceress, "Don't you worry, girl. She has to go through some Fairy-Slapping first. And her boyfriend, too."

The Sorceress was finally exasperated, "I'm not even worried! It's just that the way that damn chicken-legged Elf's acting is making me feel like a damned rhinoceros vampire stalking a tiny virgin. I ought to curse him with that I-Love-You-Virus or hex him into my loving zombie! And here I just want to talk and clear things up and say sorry."

The Pixie sighed, "He's really called Heathcliff, you know."

And the Dwarf shrugged, "What can you do?"

Remembering her promise, spell-slapping anyone would surely turn and end realms. And before *The Wizard of the Wonder Web* sensed *her* disturbance in the Web's Force---

---finds out

---loses his cool

---obliterates that dimension to its last 1 and 0

---which she was almost tempted to allow, the Sorceress tapped her fingers and disappeared from Fairy Tale Reality

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@@@Into Where You Can@@@

@@Live Fairy Tales@@

@Really@

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---and lands back onto *The Wizard of the Wonder Web's* lap.

The Wizard of the Wonder Web catches her before she tumbles off to the floor, "The Web *was* on its way to going haywire *and* I heard Jeeves shrieking outside. Love, what did you do this time?"

The Sorceress gulps nausea, "The damn slipstream really needs to be fixed!"

The Wizard of the Wonder Web hugs her closer, "I missed you-- did you find what you were looking for?"

The Sorceress sniffs, "Not *my* Fairy Tale."

The Wizard of the Wonder Web laughs.

And the Sorceress sighs, hugs *The Wizard of the Wonder Web* then straightens his tie, stands up, lights her flavored cigarette, and walks out of the Wizard's Office smiling (to find that mongoose and snake and likely turn them into lovers) happily being *The *whoa** Sorceress especially after.

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