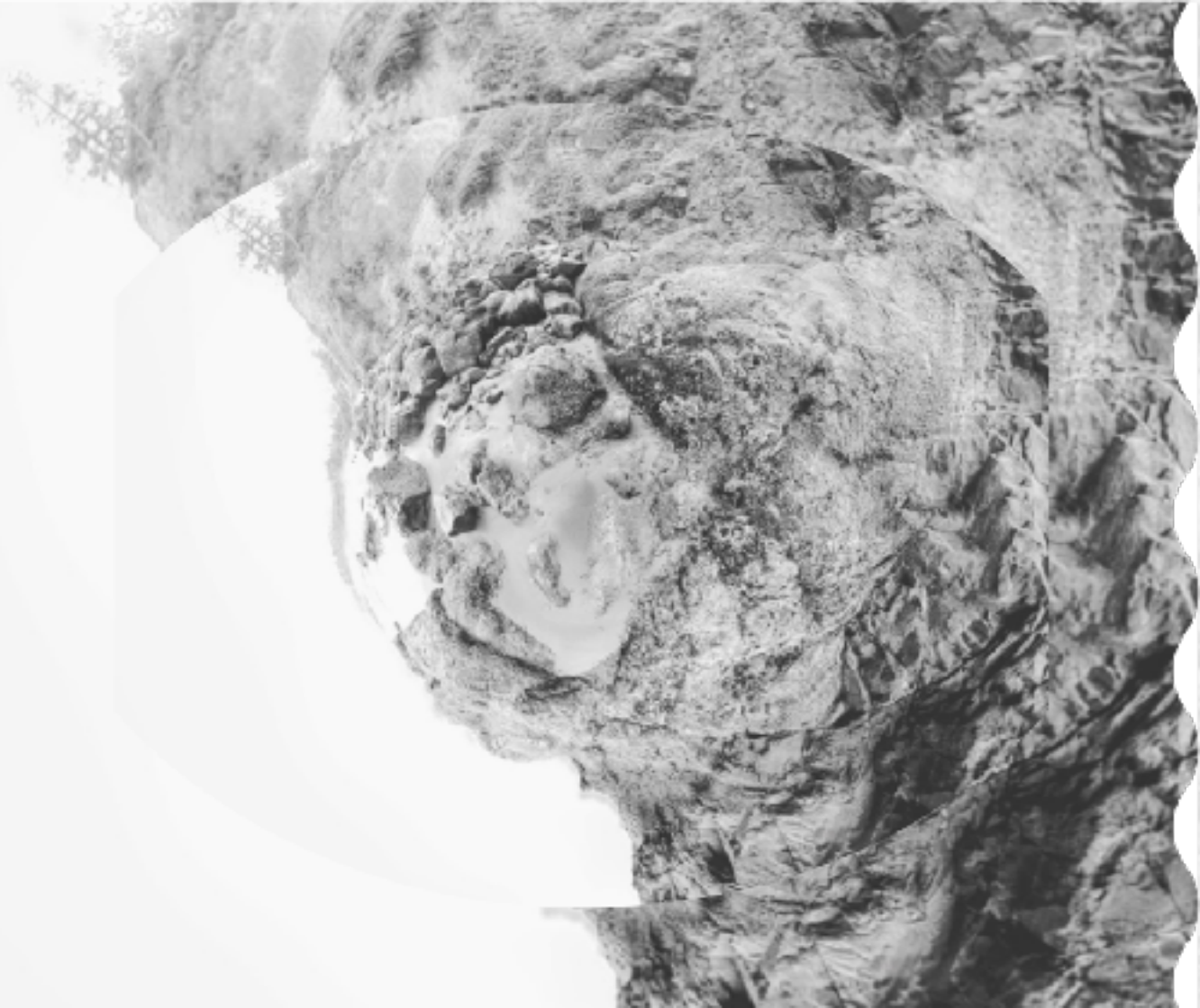


fine print

MAGAZINE

SPECIAL ISSUE



fine print • volume two • issue three

SPECIAL ISSUE

Contained in these pages is a single piece of long-form writing — a terrifying science fiction novella told from the perspective of a man on the brink of emotional and financial collapse.

This inaugural entry in the *Nestworld Chronicles* canon introduces readers to a new kind of story: a collision of high fantasy and hard science that's never been executed in any work of literature to date.

It's unlikely that additional chronicles in the *Nestworld* universe will ever be created, due to the immense spiritual toll this kind of heavily intellectual literature carries. So get yourself comfortable and enjoy *Nestworld Chronicles: Part I: Dark Satellite: A Blace Davidian Story for Young Readers*.

illustrations

cover

Jean Henri Gaston Giraud

pages seven and eleven

Doonie 'Doonbug' Dreap

a blace davidian story for young readers

NESTWORLD CHRONICLES: SHADOW SATELLITE

When I woke up that morning I saw writing scrawled on the ceiling right above my bed. I rubbed my eyes and stared stupefied for a moment.

...iridescent galaxies ruled by sorcerers of science...

Then I noticed that there was more. The whole ceiling was covered in writing that extended down the walls, filling the entire room. I didn't hear

anyone in the apartment but I was terrified. I read more:

...star librarians locked up their truths in infinite halls of unlimited genius...

I cautiously sat up and looked around. There was a step ladder and several black paint cans by the door. There was a small brush in my right hand. I had black smudges all over my arms. Did I do this in my sleep?

I sneaked out of the bedroom. No one was in the living room, kitchen, or bathroom. I was the only one in the apartment, but every surface was covered in writing.

...Alchemists on unmoving asteroids discovered powerful vibrations from the void, upsetting the interstellar balance of the universe: the end of an age of planetary peace...

...‘I am not programmed to perform miracles, my operators removed that functionality when I was decommissioned from ministry and sold for parts’...

...Mysterious phenomena utilized by the Visage Syndicate can only be classified as epiphanies of scientific witchcraft...

...‘The trick with a spheroid scissor scope is to polarize its nano-oscillators while simultaneously tuning for inverse encryption’...

... The decision to ban manufactured inorganicisms came from the Council of the Second Simulacrum in star-date 3:5[000,1·h]...

... The first great miracle manifested as a liturgy of angelic lords, granting safe passage through

slip-space. This is why rapid transit technology is attuned to the guidance of heavenly seraphs and requires computerized piloting...

...‘It wouldn’t take more than a nanosecond for this arc-capacitor to rip apart every single atom in your body, leaving a wisp of fog where you once stood’...

In the center of the living room the writing was much larger, like the passage at the heart of the home was somehow more significant. But it still read like ridiculous gibberish to me:

The ancient principalities are said to occupy unexplored regions of the cosmos known to astronomers as ‘Telescopic Dead Space’ (after the superstition of some to avoid even looking upon them). Legends tell of a reckless young stargazer who peered into an unoccupied celestial

swath between Quasar Seven and the Gate of the Heavens. She saw something awful in the bleak darkness. The mere sight of it was so tortuously horrid that she lost all memory of the vision and went violently insane in the following years. Could it have been one of the ancient overminds that corrupted this scientist’s intellect by its incomprehensible appearance alone? Or are there unknown demons that lurk in the brutal emptiness of deep space? The answer, like so many others, is impossible to ascertain.

I checked the front door and all the windows but everything was locked from the inside. I read more of the sloppy writing, but slowly now, to try to really understand it.

Angels, commissioned by the last research magicians, cross the cosmos to search for any glimmer of hyper-

intelligence that could restore the magic of science. But they aren't the only ones hunting for the next generation of scholars. A fleet of itinerant mercenaries also scour deep space, killing all sentience in their path. They are a virus birthed in the secret quantum catacombs of the Reckoners, deep beneath the surface of the third sun.

Angels? Sorcerers? Scientists? A third sun?

We'll never again cruise about the heavens to trade nucleus particle extracts or raise our banners on faraway moons, because everyone who departs this hidden orbital system forfeits their life to the blasters of the swarming scoundrels.

Your parents took a wave-jump to form a rebellion against the wicked

Overmind X, but none among us has the courage to take up the galactic fight after them. So we've raised you as our own in this radiated cobalt farm.

I am sad to say that our cowardice has led us to deny the call of cosmic justice. And now I fear it's almost too late to redeem the interstellar balance and bring back planetary peace.

But you, young Blace; if you could reach the Duchess of the solar realm and deliver our family's sacred crystals, then she could access the ancient halls of the star library and save the galaxies. The crystals are the key; take them and flee from this place before Momad's thugs arrive from the village!

Were these the hallucinatory ramblings of a psychotic or did I just

write a hacky science fiction novella in my sleep?

I went to the kitchen for a glass of water and found that even the insides of my cabinet doors were painted with more bizarre scrawling. It looked like some kind of proper protagonist's journey had kicked off by this point:

We walked towards the back alley of the city's central market, making our way past tents of selenium farmers, ion gem miners with glowing jewelry, and cephalopod hunters serving up hot meals from bubbling pots, oozing with shimmering slop.

And just like the informant told us, at the back of the market was an odd mechanical heap. A squirming pile of disparate robotic parts and severed android limbs, somehow still powered on and writhing

stubbornly. There was almost a rhythm to the undulating mass, accented by the occasional beep or loose spark shot out of exposed wire. I was scared that the whole thing might rise up as one hideous machine to take revenge on the world that allowed it to be formed.

I hardly noticed the automaton that presided over the mess as its merchant: a decommissioned subspace TC-05 (a terrestrial fighter pilot). The few patches of its original lustrous red paint that weren't scratched off had dulled and all four of its legs were severed at the orbital joints, so it had cleverly attached a set of wheels to scoot around on.

'This establishment is for bots and droids only. So if you have a heart, then beat it.' Its distorted voice was hoarse and loud, cutting the ear

with a harsh tone.

Captain Jal implored the battered android: 'We need to get to the synthetic planet V.A.C.E. 39. Everyone knows that only an artificial intelligence can navigate cybernetic map coordinates, and we hear you're the best electronic pilot in the system. So what do you say; will you help a ragtag band of rebels ... like old times?'

The robot scanned our faces with its one good eye. Its internal servomotors scraped against each other and its fans spun to life as it processed our request. Then all the sudden it yelled: 'You'll have to find another way to access to the inter-axis mainframe because I don't work with meatbags and breeders!'

The team glanced anxiously at each other until Ace — still lugging his

heavy arc blaster — quipped: 'Well he's fun.'

We all rolled our eyes and continued planning our entry into the intergalactic frigate supplier as if the exchange never happened.

It was worse than I thought. Not only was there writing plastered across my entire home, it was a sci-fi genre piece, replete with cornball tropes. This was not only bizarre but deeply embarrassing.

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***K**lissa is an inter-species Luminary that has studied artifacts like the Sacred Reticle of Yehi'id since the very founding of the Magisterial Academy of Science. But when a few rogue scholars were caught developing theorems for phase teleportation (an affront to the divine seraph technology that has guided hyper-speed travel for*

millennia), the sequencing wing of the academy was disbanded for fear of sanctions from the Regal Transit Authority.

So Klissa took her work home and secured discrete benefactors. But a lone sequencer without the protection of the institution won't remain independent for long in this cruel age of crime and disorder.

Someone powerful always comes along eventually to coerce the weak into applying their virtuous skills to devious ends. Unfortunately for Klissa, galactic gossip says that the infamous Binomial Hounds descended on her home laboratory a few months ago.

The Hounds are a fanatical terrorist group bent on purifying the

scientific arts from all aspects of mysticism and fantasy. We don't know what the Hounds have been forcing her to do, but their work is always macabre. So if we were going to get a chance to recruit the brilliant Klissa to our cause, we'd have to go through the brutish Hounds first.

We arrived at a rural starport near the Chronox gas giant. The place was completely empty; no local clanspeople, shopkeepers, or Travelers' Union personnel in sight. The remote reaches of space are usually quiet, but this station seemed completely abandoned. We took our shortwave speeder towards Klissa's last known coordinates.

As our map brought us to our destination we could see it was clearly Klissa's atelier, a home laboratory floating in the substrates

of a colonial island planet, but the lab itself was in ruins. There were instruments and specimens scattered across the floor around a dusty old machine with a 'Harbinger Electronics Corporation' mark. The large calculator looked like it exploded from the inside. There were also burned bodies on the ground, each bearing a Binomial brand, still glowing through their seared foreheads. So either an accident killed everyone or Klissa managed to eliminate the Hounds at the cost of her personal research sequencing setup.

Just then a strange voice came over our private intercoms: 'Step away from the lab or you'll end up just like your friends here!'

Our artificial consciousness, Egress Nine, chimed in: 'An intruder has gained access to our private

communications channel. Shall I eject this user and restart my operations?'

Captain Jal responded: 'No Egress, it's Klissa. We need to speak with her. Patch her through.'

'As you wish, Captain.'

Jal continued: 'Klissa? We're not Hounds or marauders or anything like that. We're part of the Sentient Rebellion. And we have a proposition for you. If you decline, we'll leave you to your work, but I think you'll want to hear us out, given that your calculator is blown to shreds and all your findings likely went with it.'

'I'm listening.'

'Alright. We're looking for the Dark Satellite and we have reason to

*believe it's vulnerable to Overmind
X' ...*

I slumped down at the kitchen table, just staring at the mess. The living room was so empty just yesterday. Clean and bare in the absence of Isla's art supplies. But at this point it was a nightmare. I had to find a way to clean off the walls before she came to pick up her last things. If she saw this junk all over, she would think I had gone crazy.

I picked up a dish scrubber to try to get rid of the paint. That's when I found the title page. It was on the front door.

*The Children's Fiction Self-
publishers Network Presents:
Nestworld Chronicles
Part I
Shadow Satellite
A Blace Davidian Story for Young*

*Readers
By Peter M Richardson
Available Exclusively Throughout
the Interior of 1323 SE 27th
Avenue*

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Cleaning was a slow process but I committed myself to the task, starting in the bedroom where it all started. The paint was almost entirely dry by this point so it was equal parts stubborn and goopy. Meanwhile I couldn't stop myself from piecing the story together as I worked to erase it from existence.

Blace was the plucky protagonist: a young idealist from a rural planet of simpletons cast into a whirlwind tour of the universe's most eclectic and important locales.

His task was mostly a litany of sci-fi smut, but at the core of each task or challenge was a personal demon for Blace to confront and conquer. His past, his inadequacies, his self-doubt, his assumptions — every stage of the journey was turning him into someone stronger, wiser, and more compassionate. It was all leading up to a confrontation with the antagonist, a disembodied 'ignorant consciousness' named *Overmind X*.

The eccentric sage looked towards me and whispered: 'Threne these quattish flubies for they proceive little but enflont much. Be ever reshontful, young niff, and keep thy bord wrinted.'

After a millennium of guarding the secret of the Shadow Satellite from evil, it seems that the old one lost its mind.

I tried to respond tactfully: ‘Yes sir, thank you for the advice.’

It cut me off, now yelling with a deep growl and awful breath: ‘Be n’er vaysed! Go forth and pline! Quire and glam, not sistfully but with an awn of liddence!’ The sage grew more intense and gripped the ceremonial dagger that hung from a chain around its neck. Something was very wrong. At this point I was backing away quickly.

The sage’s voice grew to a deafening roar that echoed through the vast cavern: ‘Goethe veris tacitum, keenful rax!’

The walls were glowing red and purple, seeming to flicker with every inflection of the sage’s voice. That’s when I realized that the lunatic sage wasn’t protecting the satellite from unholy infidels, but serving as

a proxy consciousness of Overmind X. Together they were conjuring transdimensional beings by positioning the dark Satellite directly over a hellmouth on the stationary asteroid below. Using the scientific power of the blood moon, the corrupted sage was bringing about the end of the age of planetary peace!

And almost as if the sage could read my thoughts, it began speaking clearly to me: ‘Ah “Overmind X” you call them. But they don’t have a name, you know. And if they did, it would not translate into the tongues of mortal sentients. I know them as “Masters,” worshippers call them “The Threshing,” but most who behold their terrible ignorance refer to them as a “Gaping Darkness!”’

And then, like a waking dream, my mind was flooded with thoughts of

a formless void laced with the knowledge of true nothingness and shrouded in the truth of unimaginable ignorance. It was none other than Overmind X, beginning to enter the temporal cosmos. If I was going to preserve free thought across the galaxies, it was now or never.

Suddenly I remembered the cosmic amulet given to me by the Elves of Multiverse Order. Doesn’t it silence the chants of dark science? I pulled it from its pouch, held it high above my head, and said the holy words:

‘Empirical knowledge, drive back the scourge with inquiry and magic!’

And right as I was caught up in the story, I heard Isla start to open the front door.

I tried to run out to stop her but I stubbed my toe and when I bent down to nurse my foot, I smacked my head on the dresser, lost balance, hopped on one foot toward the door, slipped on a pillow that had fallen off the bed and slammed backward into the bed frame. And when I tried to yell out in pain, a huge fly went straight into my mouth so I started coughing and spitting and convulsing so I accidentally kicked the bedside table and the lamp came crashing down on my head and made a huge mess on the floor so I tried to clean it up but cracked myself on the nose

with the broomstick and fell back into the bedside table again which spilled my cup of water on the floor so then I slipped on the puddle and went straight out the open window and into the front yard where I got tangled up in ivy vines that just seemed to get more and more wrapped around me no matter which way I spun or twisted around so I fell into the grass and started rolling down the hill and I couldn't stop myself because my arms and legs were totally bound up by the ivy and I rolled straight into a huge puddle of sticky mud and my neighbor's kid

started crying and screaming *Mud monster! Mud monster!* So his German Shepherd attacked me and Isla was just recording the whole thing with her phone because the same exact thing happened a week earlier so she thought it was a weird joke or prank or something.

But then everything started to fade away and go quiet. I felt so peaceful, like nothing mattered and everything in my life was just a distant illusion. Then it all went dark.

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Ace hammered through the ceiling of the sacred cavern with a plasma detonator and plummeted down, guns blazing as usual. Behind him was Captain Jal and Klissa, carrying some kind of gleaming casket.

‘Blace, we found the Ark of Oscillation! The vessel of Sentient Virtue is real and it’s exactly what we need to seal the hellmouth on the asteroid under the Shadow Satellite! Just hold off the sage’s spell while we get in position.’

How did they know where to find me? I left in an untraceable cargo pod in the middle of a warp jump. Plus I made a fool of myself at the ceremonial Magnetic Alignment. I don’t know what compelled me to be so arrogant. Wait, could I have been under the influence of

Overmind X at the ceremony?

Jal landed next to me and gave me a big hug: ‘Now’s not the time to beat yourself up, Blace. We’re here for you and we always will be, you hear?’

‘But I said—’

‘We don’t care what you said, we know how you really feel. You’re a good kid and there’s nothing wrong with having strong feelings from time to time.’

‘Thanks for understanding, Captain.’

Ace wizzed by on his grav-wings and yelled: ‘Let’s send this overmind back to oblivion!’

I nodded. With Ace distracting the sage, I was able to run right up to

it, plunge the elves’ amulet into its chest, and recite the holy words again:

*‘EMPIRICAL KNOWLEDGE,
DRIVE BACK THE SCOURGE
WITH INQUIRY AND MAGIC!’*

The amulet emitted a bright light and filled the sage’s body with a golden shine. It clutched my arm and we locked eyes. I could see the ignorance dissipating from its stare at the same time as its life was fading. The possession that Overmind X had over the sage was failing, maybe for the first time in decades. It coughed up a thick black substance.

‘Sele thy grane and cing prine e’er highly, dier bas.’

‘I don’t understand, what does it mean?’

The sage coughed again. I looked up and saw that the chamber was returning to its natural color as the glowing symbols faded. Jal and Klissa were presiding over the Ark, which floated over the opening of the hellmouth and sealed it shut with the Infinite Algorithm of Science.

Just like that, after so many days of nonstop running, fighting, and crisscrossing the solar system, it looked like our journey was finally over. Overmind X would never again be able to corrupt the minds of the living with superstition, faith, or insanity. The dark power that threatened to tear the universe apart was suddenly absent.

The sage whispered: ‘Thy work ne’er be o’er ... Keep thy mind sharp as thine blade, young niff. Vacile, study, and quain all thy

days.’

‘I think I understand now, sage.’

‘Yea, seek understanding like a salve against idiocy.’


The sage’s three eyes closed and its small body went limp in my arms. Even after being possessed by an extraphilosophical overmind, the sage’s consciousness was still in there, waiting to be set free. And just like that, the sage’s energy was released into the universe in a luminous flurry.

I opened my eyes in a strange room. The ceiling was bare, except for fluorescent bulbs and old ceiling panels. I looked down and saw a curtain and a chair with someone bent forward, asleep.

Isla? Is that you?

She flinched in a sleepy stupor and started to rise. But it wasn’t Isla after all — it was my lawyer, Dennis, with a large packet of papers. He stood up and came to my side: *Pete, I’m glad you’re back! You’ve been in a medically-induced coma for weeks. I hope you feel like you have a new lease on life because you were as good as dead. But listen, I did what I could while you were under but it looks like you’re headed to prison for a long, long time.*

I was so confused. A weeks-long coma? And now prison? Was he crazy? *What are you talking about, Dennis? You’re not making any sense right now.*

Dennis walked to the exit. As he was leaving the room he said: *Your lease agreement was clear: no painting. There’s nothing we can do now. Defacing a rental property is a sick thing to do. Read the fine print next time.* 

bonus entries

GOOGLE MAPS REVIEWS

THAT I ACTUALLY POSTED UNDER MY REAL NAME FOR SOME REASON

CLINTON CITY PARK 5576 SE DIVISION ST

There is a steep hill in the middle of this park that's possible to cartwheel down so fast that all of your clothes fly off and your friends run away with them as a prank and then you get charged with *'indecent exposure'* by the Portland Police Department.

FRED MEYER 3805 SE HAWTHORNE BLVD

If you walk through the lesser-known aisles upstairs at midnight on a full moon, you might encounter the ghost

of Carol Fleming, a former employee who can be seen huddling for warmth in a pile of comforters and beach towels. You see, she was organizing the bedding department — deep in the obscurity of the home goods department — when her coworkers forgot about her and locked up for a long weekend in the winter of 1995. Poor Carol Fleming was trapped inside the mega-mart / superstore for several days. She didn't last long before starvation set in, but legends say she still haunts the bedding, crafts, and auto parts section of the Hawthorne Fred Meyer to this day.

U.S. DISTRICT COURTHOUSE 1000 SW 3RD AVE

I got sentenced here. Gorgeous architecture, friendly front desk staff, holding cells have all the amenities you'd expect (and more), but the prosecutors can come off as a little bit rude in the courtroom. Still, five stars — I'd love to be on trial here again someday.

COSTCO WHOLESALE 4849 NE 138TH AVE

I work at Sam's Club and we always talk about how Costco sells twelve-

packs of Pop Tarts. Like wow what a rookie move. A twelve-pack? Come on, that's amateur stuff.

What is anybody supposed to do with twelve of those? It's just childish. I can understand an eight-pack (enough for a week plus one extra) or a twenty-four-pack (gets you through most of a month if you eat a pack every morning). But a twelve-pack is utterly ridiculous. There's no use-case for that quantity of Pop Tarts.

At Sam's Club we sell them in thirty-two-packs and six-packs because that's what the people need! Costco is over here selling twelve individually sealed pairs of Pop Tarts in one absurd box.

I would have loved to be in the room at Kirkland Signature HQ when they were deciding on quantities of Pop Tarts to sell to Costco members. Did

an intern walk in and just say *'how about a classic dozen'* without even knowing what anybody was talking about? And then the team just went with it because they're so disconnected from the average American family that they think people want twelve packs of Pop Tarts to be packaged together as one unit in the kitchen pantry?

Twelve-packs of Pop Tarts. Man it just kills me. We talk about this all day over at Sam's Club and laugh our heads off. One time I went and bought a twelve-pack from Costco so we could see it in person and Diane almost suffocated from uncontrollable spasms of laughter. She passed out and we had to take the box away so when she woke up she wouldn't see that we had opened it up and laid out twelve pairs of Pop Tarts on the break room table just to visualize how insane the whole thing is.

Honestly I think it's incredible that they've never backed down. I bet they even tricked a lot of Costco Members into thinking that a twelve-pack is a good idea — average consumers don't think about this stuff the way that us professionals do. Shoot I bet they think we're a little bit silly for offering a six-pack, which I sorta understand because it's exactly half of a twelve-pack but we have our reasons and so do they.

At the end of the day, we're all just making Pop Tarts accessible to hungry Americans and that's a beautiful thing. But still, twelve? Wow. They must have oatmeal where their brains are supposed to be.

WOODSTOCK PARK 4700 SE STEELE ST

In my experience, this park is not safe! I came here to enjoy a low-key

afternoon in the shade and immediately got attacked by my karate rival from childhood. Long story short, she obliterated my nose and now I need reconstructive surgery.

What I would recommend is that if you have powerful enemies, maybe stay away from public places such as Woodstock Park.

BIPARTISAN CAFE
7901 SE STARK ST

The sound of a distant stampede of cattle is growing ominously louder.

NEXT ADVENTURE
426 SE GRAND AVE

I've never been in here during business hours, but I have broken in and walked around at 3 AM on many occasions. From what I can tell, it's a

pretty nice store! They have way too many wool socks.

WITCH'S CASTLE
2960 NW UPSHUR ST

The Witch's Castle is not a castle and there are no witches here. It is, however, a known soft place where inter-dimensional beings congress with our world. I have personally encountered several 𐄂𐄃𐄄 priestesses and a powerful subconsciousness whose name roughly translates to *The Corrupted Thought*. These immaterial phenomenations are usually not threatening but they can occasionally inhabit the souls of small pets, giving their subconscious minds a glimpse of formless cosmic secrets from Beyond.

FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL
5405 SE WOODWARD ST

Be aware that students at Franklin

need a special skill or area of expertise if they're going to be able to enroll. This could be math, science, or writing, but they also have admissions slots for masonry, business administration, theology, animal husbandry, skydiving, whiskey distilling, and more.

PENINSULA PARK
700 N ROSA PARKS WAY

As a general rule, I find peninsulas to be among the least interesting natural geographical features (after fissures and atolls, obviously). So the fact that the city parks department made an entire park in honor of peninsulas really calls into question the efficacy of this public institution.

I lost a water bottle here and it even had a sticker on it that said: *'don't steal this water bottle.'*

TRADER JOE'S**4715 CESAR ESTRADA CHAVEZ BLVD**

Have you ever looked at your own reflection with stupefied awe at the hideous old man you've become — seemingly overnight — only to realize you're not looking in a mirror but through a window at Trader Joe's on Cesar Chavez Boulevard?

BELMONT LIBRARY**3905 SE TAYLOR ST**

I use this location to meet up with potential recruits to a certain secret society that is ushering in a new world order (I won't use its name but it rhymes with *ill-lumen-ought-ee*).

The compact but beautifully-designed Belmont library allows us to whisper through the shelves between aisles so nobody can tell that we're conversing about the cabal of political, business, and cultural leaders that are listed

among our ranks.

The vast majority of people are not worthy of this organization, but every once in a while we're able to convert a mayor or police commissioner or, if we're lucky, a Nike CEO.

If you encounter us in the library please speak in a low whisper and give the secret handshake (which is just a regular handshake) to identify yourself as a fellow member of our secret society. Also make sure you get a Multnomah County library card because the selection of books and services is really great. And we don't want to get a reputation as loiterers.

BERRYDALE PARK**9004 SE TAYLOR ST**

I lived off-grid in rural Nicaragua for two years to get out of a grocery co-op. All that to say, Berrydale park is

no different from any other city park. It's great — but don't expect anything special.

GOOD COFFEE**1150 SE 12TH AVE**

If I was on morning radio, my name would be *The Moose* and they'd play a donkey sound every time my name came up and every week they'd ask me how I got my nickname and I'd make up a new story each time but they would all revolve around '*partying hard*.'

LAURELHURST THEATER**2735 E BURNSIDE ST**

I got into a heated debate about the limitations of hard sci-fi in the middle of *Guardians of the Galaxy 2*. But in hindsight the other dude was actually right.

OMSI**1945 SE WATER AVE**

Followers of my local reviews will know that I've danced around this entry for a very long time. Kind of a *will-he-or-won't-he* dynamic. Honestly I didn't feel I was ready to tackle a landmark like OMSI until now.

But after fourteen lengthy trips to OMSI, the time for my official review has finally come!

Before I get into the *Oregon Medical Science Institute*, I'd like to thank my followers who show their support by reading, sharing, emailing, and sending donations so that I can do this important work for our community.

I'd also like to take this moment to thank the board of trustees who lead and administrate OMSI so that we can come and see these exhibits year

after year.

Of course I can't go on without saying that I would be nothing without my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ who bought me with His precious blood and called me to His kingdom as an heir of grace and unmerited blessing. All the glory and fame and recognition truly belong to Him alone. It's not just that He helped me see the error of my ways — no it's so much more than that. He continually shows me the infinite goodness of His character, His redemption, His recreation of the world: one soul at a time. Yes He is good! So let's praise him, Portland!

As for OMSI, who cares? It's a family-friendly museum with information and art. But it pales in comparison to the presence of the holy God, dwelling in my heart and giving my life meaning as I offer my

whole self to his service.

Does it sting to deny myself in favor of God's likeness? You bet it does. Is it agonizing to know that I'll continue sinning every single day even though I say I love God more than anything? Uh huh, big time. Does it grieve me that I don't have all the answers to satisfy the valid questions of unbelievers and skeptics? That's gonna be a *Y-E-S*, brothers and sisters. But I persevere because it's not about me. I'm just an ornament of celestial praise, pointing to the real star of the show: God almighty, the maker of all things and the king of the universe!

Thanks for reading and don't forget to share this review with others if you appreciated my in-depth review. This helps others find my work and make informed decisions about their next trip or meal.

