

I'm online, sometimes she'll pop up on instant messenger but ignore my chats; what secrets is she so busy accessing? A whole world has suddenly become her domain, and it's unsettling to have no influence over how she's exploring it.

When our mum went to Portugal, Cara predicted, "Something awesome is going to happen to her over there." This worried me, this vague "something," which for some reason had me imagining her hang-gliding across Europe. And with no word since that baffling, exclamatory email three days ago, Cara, Anna, and I are a little worried, especially since, even if she messaged us, Sue would be incapable of explaining what's going on. But we're trying to be excited for her, too. Something awesome might well be happening, and we have to be okay not knowing exactly what that is.

PASHA MALLA  
TORONTO, CANADA

DEAR MCSWEENEY'S,  
Last night I had a disturbing dream. In it, a beautiful woman I know was standing next to a dead swan. What does that mean? Also her mother had a block of something that glowed like amber. There was a letter trapped in it: not a piece of written correspondence, but a letter from an alphabet, though

it was the Hebrew alphabet rather than the English one. The letter was a Nun Sofit. Does that represent finality? And that other guy we know, Gerry, was halved, as if by scythe. His entire right side was gone and you could see inside of him. There were gears and wires. I woke up screaming.

Yours,  
BEN GREENMAN  
NEW YORK, NY

DEAR MCSWEENEY'S,  
A friend recently tipped me off to the Amazon Associates program. Anyone can receive a small referral fee—four to eight percent of the price—for every purchase made of an Amazon product via your individually identified link. It's a vehicle for getting consumers to advertise Amazon products for them. Thinking this would be a means of making some extra money on the first novel I just published, and rationalizing that I've already sold out to corporate interests in far more pernicious ways in my life, I signed up and posted the link to my website (where an Amazon link would have been anyway, sans referral).

It appears that you also receive a percentage of other orders purchased along with the designated referred product. Amazon, in a breach of privacy, displays what these orders are. It

exercises great restraint, however, by not revealing who placed the orders. In the one week my book has been out, I have made a grand total of \$5.36. (Chai latte, anyone?) In the same period, nine different Amazon Kindle titles were purchased by someone who also bought my novel. They are:

*Adult Erotic Fancies - Forced to Fuck*  
*Adult Rape Fantasies - The Taking of Amanda*

*Adult Rape Fantasies - Sorority Rape*  
*Adult erotic Fantasies - Gang Rape of Teen Virgin*

*Aimee & Chloe: Two Sordid Stories of Sin and Incest*

*Deb's Horny Dad*

*Honeymoon Perversion*

*The Horse Mistress*

*The Violated Virgin*

For reasons I cannot discern—either because they are “third-party” orders or because Kindle sales do not apply—I have not earned any monies from the ancillary sales of these e-books. I have very conflicted feelings about this situation.

Best,

TEDDY WAYNE  
 NEW YORK, NY

DEAR TIM,

Unlike some people around here,

I will compost literally anything. Egg shells, banana peels, grass clippings—anyone can compost that stuff. It's the minor leagues. Try chicken bones. Try pork tenderloin en crouete or spicy beef short ribs. Try tin foil, or medical waste, or asbestos. Try a mattress. Try breaking that down and then come talk to me.

On one or two occasions various officials, not to mention certain members of the Federal Bureau of Tobacco and Firearms, have done just that. Apparently a neighbor, possibly as an attaché of some neighborhood association, about which I was completely unaware, complained. She called it a trash heap, an illegal dump.

“No,” I explained, “it's a compost pile. I'm making dirt. Isn't that what God did? I'm giving back. It's very green, but be patient. It can take ten or twelve years.”

She whined something about the animals it attracts.

She's right about that. That part I agree with. At night it's like the wild kingdom back there—the wild kingdom after the apocalypse, when only the world's most foul, indestructible creatures have survived. Coyotes, raccoons, vultures, possums, jungle crows, rats, dogs, skunks, cane toads, at least one very thick snake. Don't you see? It's all part of it. The animals