# GOD FOR SALE

THE KINGDOM OF BORROWED GODS

A short story by WAKS

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## I. Lot Seventy-Three

The first thing Edrin noticed about the god was that nobody wanted it.

The second was that it was crying.

It wept without the theatrical misery of a displaced monarch or the practiced anguish of street preachers. Its grief appeared to be an old and private habit. A silver tear gathered beneath the lowest of its seven eyes, followed a groove in its bark-black cheek, and struck the porcelain dish at the bottom of its cage. The sound was small enough to escape most of the wealthy collectors gathered beneath the auction hall's painted dome.

Edrin heard it because he had spent fourteen months listening for small sounds: *the catch of his wife's breath before she woke coughing, the scrape of an empty money drawer, the footsteps of the landlord who was rarely pleased to see him.*

“Lot seventy-three,” announced the auctioneer. “Lesser domestic deity. Origin uncertain. No surviving congregation. Powers unverified. Certificate of abandonment included, though the seal is damaged. No warranty of intercession.”

At the front, a woman in a fox-fur collar asked whether its tears were silver.

“Not independently assayed, my lady.”

“Then what does one do with it?”

The auctioneer lifted his hands. “One worships, presumably.”

Laughter crossed the room. Nobody laughed very hard. Most people present owned at least one god, and the rich disliked being reminded how little their most expensive possessions could actually do.

Edrin had entered the auction house to escape rain. His shop stood two streets downhill, between a maker of artificial flowers and a moneychanger whose sign promised HONEST MEASURES in letters large enough to be read from the palace. He had intended to keep warm for twenty minutes and leave with

nothing. In his pocket were three crowns, two coppers, and a button from his wife's old blue coat.

“Opening bid, ten crowns.”

Silence.

“Five?”

A man near the front raised a gloved finger and lowered it again after his companion whispered something. There was a rumor that neglected gods attracted bad luck. There was a competing rumor that a god without worshippers was merely an expensive stone. Both had been repeated often enough to be considered wisdom.

“Three,” Edrin said.

He had not intended to speak.

The auctioneer turned toward the back. “Three crowns from the gentleman. Do I hear four?”

The silence this time was almost affectionate.

“Sold.”

An attendant wrapped the cage in wool and handed Edrin a document bearing seventeen lines of conditions. One prohibited exposing the deity to salt water. Another required the purchaser to notify the Office of Sacred Holdings if the god grew larger than a household animal. The final paragraph declared that divine property carried no entitlement to refund, rescue, or restitution.

Edrin signed without reading the smaller print. He had acquired a god for the price of a decent pair of shoes, and there was something obscene in complaining about it afterward.

Outside, rain rinsed the statues of the Twelve Public Benefactors. Their temples lined the square in marble and gold. The god of commerce possessed seven treasuries and an army of accountants. The god of harvest maintained a residence with heated floors even when the grain stores emptied in winter. The goddess of mercy had a queue that extended around two city blocks, and her priests charged an administrative fee to record each petition.

Edrin tucked the cage beneath his coat.

“Don't expect much,” he murmured.

Inside the wool, something stirred.

## II. The Measure of a Lie

His shop had once supported a family. Now its shelves held the unfinished remains of one: *spools of thread his wife had counted, medicinal herbs she had hung to dry, buttons sorted into little glass jars, and secondhand books nobody had asked for since the city discovered cheaper ways to pretend to be educated.* Above the back door, a pale rectangle marked the place where her portrait had hung. Edrin had taken it down because looking at her made him angry. He had not worked out whether he was angry with her, the illness, or himself.

He set the god beside the cashbox. It was no taller than his hand. Its body resembled a knot of burned roots, its face the patient ruin of something carved long ago. One eye opened.

“Well,” Edrin said. “Here we are.”

“You have a good heart,” said Master Pell from the doorway.

The landlord had arrived as if summoned by the scent of money. He was broad, clean-shaven, and perpetually disappointed by the difficulties of people who could not afford to live as he did. He kept a small temple to prosperity in his entrance hall and credited it whenever a tenant paid on time.

The god flashed blue beneath its skin.

“You are one of my favorite tenants,” Pell continued.

The light grew brighter.

“I would never dream of putting you onto the street.”

The cage rattled. Edrin stared at it, then at Pell.

“Perhaps we could discuss the arrears.”

“Absolutely not. Business is business. You have eleven days.”

The glow disappeared as soon as the landlord spoke plainly.

When Pell left, Edrin crouched beside the cage. “What was that?”

The god closed its eye.

Edrin spent the evening experimenting. “The sky is green.” Nothing. “I own seven ships.” Nothing. “I am the king's illegitimate nephew.” Still nothing. The claims were false, yet the little thing seemed uninterested.

He tried memories. “I was a good husband.” A dim blue pulse moved beneath its bark. He waited, ashamed of how quickly he had found the statement. “My wife never loved me.” The little body shook so violently that its silver dish jumped against the glass.

He stepped away. He had told himself that sentence during the last months of her life, when pain had made her impatient and he had resented the price of medicines that did not work. He could still hear himself asking why she had not thanked him for a soup she could not keep down.

“I've been happy since she died.”

A light like white fire filled the shop. Three panes shattered. Every loose page rose into the air, and every bell along the back shelves rang at once.

Then the god spoke in a voice much older than its body.

“Do not lie to yourself in my presence.”

Edrin sat among the broken glass until morning. It had occurred to him that the creature was feeding not on falsehood but on the dissonance between knowledge and speech. Anyone could make up a story. Only a person who knew the truth could betray it.

At dawn, the god opened two more eyes. The silver dish held a coin Edrin had not put there.

## III. The Kindly Merchant

His first customer was a woman named Mistress Halen, who had purchased thread from Edrin since the beginning of his marriage. She admired the strange creature, disapproved of the broken window, and asked whether Edrin meant to sell religious advice.

“I mean to sell thread,” he said. “But you can sit while I find the green.”

As he searched, he asked whether her husband's long illness had improved.

“He's doing wonderfully,” she said.

The god glowed. The woman stared.

“Of course,” she added, “we are managing.”

The blue brightened again, then softened when she began to weep.

“He doesn't remember our son's name anymore,” she admitted. “Yesterday he called me his mother. I said it didn't matter. It does. It matters terribly.”

Edrin found the thread, and for the first time in months he did not charge for it. The god watched the woman leave. Its dish contained another silver coin.

Word spread by routes faster than commerce. A baker came in to ask whether he ought to reopen a shop closed by debt. A teacher wondered whether her children feared her. A retired soldier insisted he had no regrets and was forced to reconsider this assertion when the thing behind the glass flashed like a thunderstorm. Edrin learned the value of questions to which people had already prepared answers.

He was not malicious, he told himself. He did not force anyone to confess. He offered tea, listened attentively, and sold a button or book when the customer was ready to depart. If the god left a silver coin, he deposited it with a moneychanger. He paid Pell two months in advance. He replaced the window. He repaired the shop sign and bought a wool coat that fit his shoulders properly.

Customers began asking for appointments. Edrin kept a ledger headed CONSULTATIONS, though the god had never consulted anyone. Under each name he marked the date, the question that produced light, and the amount of silver collected. Mistress Halen's entry read: *I am managing.* One coin. A merchant named Torv read: *My partners trust me.* Four coins. A young man newly returned from the border read: *I did what I had to do.* Eleven coins.

That entry troubled Edrin. He knew nothing of the young man's service, and the god's light had nearly destroyed a shelf. He tried to tell himself that an honest question had no victims.

A girl of ten visited one afternoon carrying a basket of mended stockings. Her name was Lysa, and her mother worked in Pell's kitchens. She looked at the glass and asked whether gods were lonely.

“Only if they're not very good gods,” Edrin said.

“Then why does yours cry?”

He looked at the dish. It was filling more quickly now. “Perhaps it doesn't like this place.”

“Wouldn't you let it out?”

“I paid for it.”

The child nodded, but her expression changed. “That's what my mother says about the house. She owes wages to the man who owns it. She says we're free to leave, just not free to stop owing him.”

Edrin could not think of an answer. He gave Lysa an apple and told her to visit when she wished. She lingered by the cage.

“What is its name?” she asked.

“I don't know.”

“Doesn't everyone have one?”

He told her gods were different. After she left, he examined the certificate of abandonment. The place reserved for a name had been scored out so thoroughly that the parchment had nearly torn. Beneath it he made out two

words in an older script: *Witness Without.* He was unsure whether they referred to a title, a place, or a warning.

By the first frost the creature was too large for the counter. Its roots pushed against the glass. Edrin moved it into the rear storeroom. He ordered a partition built and registered the change of size with the Office of Sacred Holdings, which charged him six crowns and sent an inspector who did not look inside.

“Profitable, is it?” the inspector asked.

“Quite respectable,” Edrin answered.

Through the partition came a weak blue glow.

There was, Edrin discovered, a second danger in the god's power: *people came to believe that its light could replace their own judgment.* A husband who had neglected his family demanded that his wife be questioned before he agreed to return home. A magistrate offered an extraordinary fee to test a witness while insisting that the court could not itself be examined. Three brothers arrived arguing over their dead mother's last wish, each prepared to accept the god's verdict provided it condemned the others.

Edrin turned away the husband. He declined the magistrate's invitation. The brothers returned twice before he explained that the creature could respond to what a person knew and concealed; it could not discover objective facts merely because an observer wished it to. A person might speak a mistaken belief sincerely. Someone might tell the truth cruelly. Confession was not justice, and a bright room did not turn a merchant into a judge.

But the lessons were hard to sell. Visitors wanted a miracle with an answer attached. They disliked being told that difficult problems remained difficult even when a god was present. Some stormed out without paying. Others praised Edrin's integrity loudly enough that he began to suspect the praise was another method of buying his cooperation.

One afternoon a woman returned with her son, a boy of perhaps twelve. The boy's hands were folded tightly before him. His mother said he had stolen money from her brother's workshop and that the family required proof before

deciding his punishment. The boy said nothing. His mother pushed him toward the door of the storeroom.

Edrin stopped her. “Does he wish to speak?”

“What does that matter? He has a guilty conscience.”

“Then perhaps you ought to hear what he has to say.”

“He lies.”

“Probably,” Edrin said. “So do you and I.”

The woman stared at him, took her son by the arm, and departed. Edrin watched them go, unsettled by how easily he could have accepted her payment. Behind the partition, the god was perfectly still.

For the first time he began writing a second ledger. Its cover read QUESTIONS I SHOULD NOT ASK. He filled the first page that evening. The list grew much faster than the other one.

## IV. The House of Truth

Success changed the way people greeted Edrin. Men who had ignored him while his wife lay dying now invited him to dinners. Shopkeepers who once refused him credit offered favorable terms. He purchased a better bed but found sleep increasingly difficult. At night the storeroom breathed; sometimes he dreamed of the god's roots winding beneath the streets, touching the foundations of palaces, banks, schools, and temples where people spoke with practiced certainty.

One evening he entered the rear room with a lamp. The god occupied most of it. Its skin had taken on the texture of polished charcoal. Twelve eyes watched him from folds that had not existed the week before.

“You are making me ill,” it said.

“I've made you powerful.”

“Those are different things.”

“The money has paid my debts.”

“And what have your debts purchased?”

“A living.”

“Only that?”

Edrin put down the lamp. “Don't become self-righteous. You produce the silver. You're as responsible for the bargain as I am.”

“You own the bargain,” said the god. “That is your law. Not mine.”

It told him, in fragments, of a valley whose inhabitants had once refused to divide speech into public and private truth. Their children could invent dragons and distant voyages; imagination was not deception. But when someone said they were not afraid, or not grieving, or not responsible for a neighbor's suffering while knowing otherwise, the people stopped and asked what had been concealed. They honored the god not because it punished them but because it helped them endure the discomfort of honesty together.

“What happened to them?” Edrin asked.

“Visitors came.”

“Conquerors?”

“Merchants first. Then officials. Then people who claimed to rescue us from disorder.”

“You can't build a society on everyone saying whatever they please.”

“We did not.”

“Then what?”

“We built it on the ability to listen after someone spoke.”

Edrin wanted to dismiss the tale. He knew the world. Words were tools. A merchant shaded a price. A grieving husband said he was coping. A magistrate declared himself impartial. A king announced the love of his people. If every convenient fiction were removed, society might not survive its next breakfast.

The god turned one eye toward him. “Why did you say your wife never loved you?”

“Because she left me.”

“She died.”

Edrin struck the table with his palm. “I know she died.”

“Those are different things.”

For a while they listened to the rain.

His wife's name had been Mira. In the last winter she had asked him to read aloud, but he had grown weary of the same book. Once, when she called him from the bedroom, he waited deliberately until he finished counting his stock. By then she had fallen asleep. He carried the memory like a secret proof of his ugliness.

“I loved her,” he said at last. “I also wished I could leave the room. Sometimes I wished she would stop needing me. And after she died I was relieved. For one hour, perhaps two, I felt relief before I felt the rest of it.”

The god did not flare. Edrin had expected punishment and received nothing.

“Does that make me monstrous?” he asked.

“No.”

“What does it make me?”

“A person who told the truth.”

Edrin sat until the lamp burned low. He thought of the ledger, of strangers whose private grief he had converted into silver, and of Mistress Halen walking home with her green thread.

“Can you choose not to feed?” he asked.

“Can you choose not to hear?”

He had no answer.

## V. A Thousand Crowns

The royal summons arrived three mornings later on blue paper thick as thin leather. The king requested a demonstration in a private chamber. The king also offered one thousand gold crowns, enough to purchase the building containing Edrin's shop and the neighboring two houses. The message said that refusal would be interpreted as a deficiency of civic loyalty.

Pell came in smiling. “I hear you're going to the palace. I knew you'd do well.”

Edrin watched a blue pulse behind the partition. “You threatened to put me in the street.”

“Only to inspire enterprise.”

“You said you wouldn't.”

“Did I?”

“Yes.”

Pell glanced at the rear room. “You'd be wise not to make enemies now that you have something worth taking.”

That warning did not produce light.

Edrin rode to the palace in a carriage guarded by six soldiers. Across the city, winter queues formed outside the mercy temple. Lysa was standing among them with her mother, both carrying empty baskets. He wanted to call to her, but the carriage passed before he could make himself heard.

The palace chamber had fourteen mirrors and no windows. King Arveth sat beneath a canopy embroidered with victories his armies had never won, according to the veterans who gathered in Edrin's shop. Three ministers stood behind him; two scribes held blank paper; and a priest in white gloves watched with the open disdain of someone confronted by a competitor.

“What is this creature called?” the king asked.

“I don't know, Your Majesty.”

The king's smile sharpened. “A merchant who sells truth and cannot name his god. We shall have to educate you.”

Edrin placed the deity on a stone table. It had compressed itself to the size of a dog, and its roots shivered inside a wooden carrying cage. The king leaned forward.

“I am beloved by my people.”

Blue light rose against the mirrors.

“My ministers are loyal.”

The light became hard to look at. One minister glanced sideways at another.

“The realm is prosperous.”

The table cracked. A scribe dropped his pen.

“I have never ordered the death of an innocent man.”

Every mirror burst at once.

The priest cried out. The ministers fled toward the door. A rain of glass fell onto the carpet without touching the king, who sat rigid beneath the canopy while a creature of black roots rose toward the ceiling.

For a moment Edrin saw people suspended in the god's widening eyes: *prisoners in stone cells; widows outside closed gates; soldiers beneath a banner, their names erased from the rolls; a baker and his hungry child; a woman holding a bowl while a clerk explained why she had not qualified for help.* The eyes held no verdict. They simply refused to look away.

“What is that thing?” Arveth whispered.

“Something,” said the god, “you have fed very well.”

Guards came running with swords. The king pointed at the creature. “Destroy it!”

Steel struck root and came away twisted. A guard stumbled backward as the god unfolded another pair of eyes. Edrin felt the room pulling toward a single terrible admission, the one no courtier could survive speaking aloud.

The priest descended from the platform, his white gloves dusted with glittering glass. “Majesty,” he said, “the creature is a counterfeit. A creature of confession, perhaps, but not divinity. Its exhibitions of light prove no doctrine of ours.”

“You object because it gives the answer for free,” Edrin said.

The priest faced him with the calm menace of a man who had practiced appearing merciful. “Our temples protect people from unregulated powers. Would you let children bargain with the weather? Would you trust farmers to decide which gods deserve the rains? There is a reason the state registers the divine.”

“Because it can tax what it registers?”

“Because power without custody creates chaos.”

Edrin looked again at the king, at the frightened ministers and the floor covered in glass. “Custody has done a remarkable job here.”

For the first time the god's many eyes focused not on Arveth but on the priest. “You know,” it said quietly, “that I am not a counterfeit.”

The priest went pale. A single blue vein of light ran through the creature's body, then vanished. Edrin understood the distinction. The priest had made no false claim about what he believed when he called the god counterfeit. But the moment he said it knew otherwise, the statement had betrayed him.

“Once you belonged to our order,” said the god.

The priest withdrew his hand as if from a flame. “We were entrusted with your care.”

“You bound me with silence. You scraped away my name. You taught my keepers that truth is a privilege to be distributed.”

Arveth struck the arm of his throne. “Enough riddles. Tell me how to control it.”

The god turned toward Edrin, and the chamber seemed to shrink until the two of them stood alone among the broken mirrors. A bargain was possible. Edrin knew it. If he commanded the creature to obey the king, he could purchase his safety and receive more money than his father had earned in a lifetime. He

could also preserve it as a possession; royal custody would not be freedom, but perhaps it would be kinder than the auctioneer's cage.

He thought of the unnamed valley, of its people listening to things they did not wish to hear. He had wanted their virtue without their discomfort. Now discomfort had found him at the center of a palace.

The god bent toward him. “You may command me. You are my lawful owner.”

The king turned. “Then command it to kneel. A thousand crowns. Two thousand. A title if necessary.”

Edrin considered the promised money. He could restore the shop, buy a house, pay for children to learn their letters, build a memorial for Mira where he might someday speak her name without flinching. He could take the bargain and tell himself that power, once safely in his hands, would be used more kindly.

The god watched him. It did not glow. It was waiting to discover whether he would lie.

“I didn't buy you to be cruel,” Edrin said.

“Many owners begin there.”

“I needed to survive.”

“Yes.”

“Is that a defense?”

“It is an explanation.”

Behind him the king shouted for chains. Edrin reached for the document in his coat, the certificate of abandonment that had once seemed no more consequential than a receipt for thread. He tore it across the seal.

“I release you.”

The god went still.

“This law has no provision for that,” said the priest.

“Then the law will have to learn.”

The king stood. “You cannot simply give away property I have declared subject to royal acquisition.”

“I am not giving it away,” Edrin replied. “I am saying it isn't mine.”

A pulse traveled through the god's body. Its roots contracted, drawing the enormous shape inward until the creature was scarcely larger than it had been in the auction hall. Silver tears rolled into a dish that no longer existed.

“What shall I be without an owner?” it asked.

Edrin looked at the small thing on the broken table. For once he did not try to improve the answer.

“I don't know.”

The god laughed. The sound carried through stone, down stairways, across courts and gardens, and out over the city. Then every temple bell began ringing. Not in celebration, and not by command. The ropes lifted and fell though no hand touched them.

The god vanished.

## VI. The Cost of Freedom

The king did not have Edrin executed. A public execution would have required the palace to explain why a merchant's god had shattered its mirrors, and the court's preferred strategy was to pretend that nothing unusual had occurred. Instead officials fined Edrin for unlawful destruction of registered sacred property, revoked his commercial license, and ordered him to pay the cost of fourteen mirrors.

He returned home to discover the shop sealed. Pell stood at the door holding a parchment.

“Your tenancy is terminated,” he said. “The palace has advised me of your offenses.”

“You came to warn me about enemies.”

“A warning isn't a promise of assistance.”

This was true. Edrin felt an unexpected exhaustion.

At the neighboring doorway Lysa waited with her basket. “Did the god get away?”

“Yes.”

“Was it happy?”

“I don't know.”

“Will they punish you?”

“They already have.”

She held out a piece of bread. Her mother had baked it from flour paid for with two days of wages. It was still warm beneath the cloth. Edrin tried to refuse.

“Don't lie,” Lysa said solemnly. “You're hungry.”

He took the bread, sat on the curb, and ate. Nobody in the street bowed to him. Nobody consulted him. For the first time in months, the air around him was unlit by other people's confessions.

That evening he slept in the stockroom of the artificial-flower maker, who had given him a corner in exchange for repairing the windows. He dreamed of Mira sitting beside an open door. She was neither angry nor forgiving. She was reading and did not look up when he arrived.

“Will you tell me what happens?” he asked.

“Not until you've read the rest,” she said.

When he woke, the dream seemed neither instruction nor consolation. He wrote her name on a scrap of paper and kept it inside his coat beside the button.

The following week he found work repairing ledgers for a printer who paid poorly but honestly when he could. Edrin had never before appreciated the difference between honesty and punctuality. In the evenings he wrote down the things he remembered of the god's valley, the unnamed people who had tried to listen after one another spoke. He did not call the account history. He had only one witness, and that witness was gone.

Some citizens insisted the palace incident had been a trick of light. Others claimed the creature had escaped and was spreading sedition among minor deities. A sermon from the prosperity temple warned against unauthorized emancipation of sacred assets. The Office of Sacred Holdings added a new line to its registration form: *Is the deity presently asserting personhood?*

Edrin did not know whether these changes meant anything. He knew only that a god once small enough to carry under a coat was no longer in anyone's ledger.

In the weeks that followed, Edrin learned that a familiar city could become strange without changing a single street. The officers who had once admired him now crossed to the other side when he approached. Some of his former customers left bread at the printer's door but did not wish to be seen doing it. Others demanded the return of consultation fees on the grounds that a god capable of leaving was defective merchandise. He returned the money when

he could. When he could not, he wrote the sums beside their names and promised to repay them.

Mistress Halen found him in the market one morning and pressed a green scarf into his hands. Her husband had died peacefully in the first week of spring. She had been angry with him for forgetting her, she said, and ashamed of the anger, but before his death there had been one afternoon when he recognized her in the garden and thanked her for staying. She did not believe the god had arranged the moment. She only wanted Edrin to know that speaking about the anger had made it possible to accept the gratitude without pretending the harder days had not existed.

“People have been asking whether you regret what you did,” she said.

“Sometimes.”

“Do you regret freeing it?”

“No.”

“Then perhaps you regret the cost.”

Edrin examined the scarf, the patient stitches, the imperfect pattern that showed where her hand had trembled. “I suppose that's exactly it.”

She nodded. “There are things worth doing that do not become easier because they are right.”

He carried the scarf back to the printer's shop and wrapped it around his neck when he worked. No revelation attended it. He had begun to distrust revelations that arrived on command.

One evening Lysa brought him a folded note. Her mother had been dismissed from Pell's service after asking why withheld wages did not appear in the household accounts. She had found work in the dye district and would be moving with the girl to a smaller room where the roof leaked. They would be poor, the note said, but the earnings would be their own. Lysa had added a drawing of a tiny black creature whose seven eyes shone above a row of houses. Beneath it she had written, in careful letters, DOES IT KNOW WHERE WE ARE?

Edrin did not know the answer. He wrote back that he hoped the god was wherever it wished to be, and that he would gladly help them move their belongings on market day. The promise seemed smaller than what he wanted to offer. It was also one he could keep.

## VII. The Things We Cannot Own

On the last day of winter, a woman visited the printer's shop. She wore a dark coat, carried a small valise, and asked for the man who had released a god.

Edrin was replacing the binding of an old municipal register. He showed her the workbench and asked whether she needed paper repaired.

“I need a witness,” she said.

“To what?”

She opened the valise. Inside lay a brass collar, narrow enough for a child and inscribed with a temple's ownership mark. Edrin recognized the symbol of the goddess of mercy.

“They say the collar has always belonged to a relic,” the woman said. “But I've heard it speak.”

The printer looked up from his press. For a moment all three of them listened to the street, where the bells of the wealthy temples sounded the hour.

Edrin could have told her to go away. He had no license, no money, and no appetite for another royal inquiry. He had been punished for freeing one god; he did not suppose the world would reward him for finding another.

“Why come to me?” he asked.

“Because the priests say a thing can be owned if it has never possessed a name.”

Edrin thought of the scratched certificate, of the god's tears, of Lysa asking whether everyone had a name. He placed the register to one side.

“That's a convenient rule,” he said.

The woman did not smile. “Is it true?”

“No.”

There was no blue light in the room. There were no coins. Nothing trembled. The truth remained an ordinary sentence, requiring him to decide what to do next.

He took a fresh sheet of paper and dipped his pen.

“Tell me what you heard.”

The woman sat. Outside, a cart rattled over the stones. A dog barked. Someone argued about the price of apples. The city continued with all the indifference of a place that had learned to survive its own contradictions.

Edrin listened.

And for the first time since he had bought the little god, he understood that the listening had been the gift.

REFLECTION

# *If something can be owned, does that mean it should be?*

... from the Eclecto-Pragmatism of Cedric Jones