

The Great Wheel of Turkeys

OK, here's the background. The Druids discovered America, OK? - In as much as anybody ever did, really. Thanks to the joys of temporal paradox and inter-dimensional timeline amalgamation, pretty much EVERYBODY discovered America, including Christopher Columbus... but the point here is that there has been a Druidic presence on the North American continent for thousands of years, and that very much includes their arcane dendroidal computing architecture.

Arcane meant in both senses of the term, of course: Druidic computing is both magical, and almost deliberately difficult to understand. Unfortunately, it's also legacy code that's responsible at this point for keeping various pieces of the landscape from blowing up, dimension-shifting, subsuming, overflowing, or detaching from the mainland and setting out to visit Japan. We **do** have redundant systems largely in place, and we are **almost** confident that they'll take over without a significant bobble if the original system ever fails. Probably. Hopefully. If the Druidic shutdown is managed properly, which is where we start arguing with the Druids who are still in charge of the original code. To be fair, it's their throats for the sickle if the

system crashes, assuming of course that the Yellowstone caldera doesn't bury them first under twenty feet of ash; so the negotiations are rather stalled.

In the meantime, it's in everybody's interest that local system breakdowns are investigated promptly and carefully. Case in point: [this](#). Yes, that's three turkeys tightly chasing each other around a tree... only the tree is also a regional node for the West Coast's shared-consensus paradigm network. If that node blows, you're going to see Hog Bears and Ghost Deer start cropping up and down the Pacific Coast. And that's *best-case* scenario. *Worst-case* scenario is that the San Andreas fault starts screaming like a tortured choir of castrati. And that's pretty much what it would sound like, in fact, and for a very good reason.

So, here's your plane tickets. Get out there, liaise with the local Druids, find their problem, and get that problem fixed. Keep the Druids alive in the process, because we're stepping on enough toes as it is. And, for the love of whatever particular deity or deities you've signed up to follow: if you're not from that area originally, *wear your portable shared-consensus paradigm generators at all times*. It's a whole different **world** over there. If you let your personal reality-parameters get converted

involuntarily, well... as the song says: you can check out any time you like, but you can never *leave*.

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