



'Blake Butler writes out of a chocolate energy. Rumor has it his sideburns shanked a guy in prison, though they don't like the way the words shanked and prison interact. Canned corn didn't make it into the final cut of PRETEND I AM THERE BUT VERY LITTLE, but, thankfully, a singing tumor survived intact. The sentences are short and sharp like daggers thrust through the eyeball and into Broca's area in a fit of hyperbole. PIATBVL starts innocently enough, with the sale of teeth to a museum and the money spent to replace a deceased dog. The replacement dog ends up being a diseased dog. Emails are written to Emily, an unresponsive spambot. But soon the story slips into a Lynchian waking dream where a sick, motionless dog has the power to terrorize and the interior of a house expands and contracts like the inside of a lung.'

-JOSH MADAY

**PRETEND
I AM THERE
BUT VERY
LITTLE**



Blake Butler



Publishing
Genius