

kiln of inexperience. These... Mold characters behave nothing like the movers and shakers I've had occasion to move and shake. Admittedly, I'm the last person who should indict anyone's arguments for lacking nuance, but in this case I feel comfortable pointing out that powerful families rarely store their legal documents on wax cylinders. Even the superpowered variety. Plinth Mold's rise is left mostly to the imagination, which is the most charitable thing I can say about a sentient slime mold that spends the first few years of its life molesting its employer in a flooded basement.

More satisfying is the depiction of the writer's life, especially in the final chapters, as Pennis Mold (another sentient slime mold) is interviewed for a puff piece in a men's magazine. One presumes the author is more confident negotiating this material, even if he's never sat for a real interview with a national magazine. As something of a writer myself, I can certainly identify with the dilemma of trying to write authoritatively about a subject with which the author is wholly unfamiliar. For example, most of my characters have living relatives.

The end of the world stuff I can take or leave. I've never been much for tying up reality with a bow. If we really are all living inside a computer simulation, I might like to have a word with the lead