

AUTHORIZED PUBLIC SAMPLE



LITERARY PRELUDE

Three Hands at the Paper: Before the First Paste

First six pressure points — 13 pages of literary text

German principal text / authorized English literary parallel

Spoiler-light. Establishes the posthumous editorial chamber, the object rule, keys, five newspaper grammars, Alex, and the knife before the concept.

LIANA MARIE SIVE

schattendorfechoes.com

THE SCHATTENDORF ECHOES

LITERARY PRELUDE



Three Hands at the Paper: Before the First Paste

A Prelude in Twelve Pressure Points

A SUPERNATURAL HISTORICAL COMPOSITION



L I A N A M A R I E S I V E

About this sample

This fixed, proofed sample was generated at release time from an expressly allowlisted page range in the controlling publication file. Visitors cannot request other page ranges.

WORK

Literary Prelude: Three Hands at the Paper

EXTENT

First six pressure points — 13 pages of literary text

SOURCE PAGES

5-17

READING ORDER

The excerpt ends at the close of the Sixth Pressure Point, a designed structural boundary.

SPOILER STATUS

Spoiler-light. Establishes the posthumous editorial chamber, the object rule, keys, five newspaper grammars, Alex, and the knife before the concept.

Unpublished manuscript. Representation and publication are sought. Not for sale. No complete reproduction or redistribution; brief quotations in reviews and scholarly discussion remain subject to applicable copyright law.

The complete manuscript is available for serious professional and scholarly inquiry through the website.

schattendorfechoes.com/rights-frankfurt-2026.html

FIRST PRESSURE POINT

The Plain Fact

The room had been chosen because it contained a table. No one had measured the table beforehand.

It stood on three firm legs and one folded residency slip. A medicine glass held paste left from some earlier repair; a skin had dried across it. Beside the glass were an inkwell, a sand shaker, three cups, and two handles. The cup without one had been turned so its break faced the wall. Cold air entered around the window frame and moved the blank sheet at the center by the width of a fingernail.

Zeitblom sat nearest the stove. The Unreliable Editor took the end chair and announced that there would be no head of the table. AFW remained standing because the only unoccupied chair rocked.

"We need a beginning," the Editor said.

Zeitblom warmed both hands around an empty cup. "We need a death."

"We already have one."

"That has never prevented literature from arranging another."

The Editor dipped the pen and wrote:

The plain fact is this: Hermann was already dead when this account began.

AFW leaned over his shoulder. The cuff of his coat brushed the sand shaker. It tipped, scattered three pale fans across the table, and sent one grain into the wet downstroke of *plain*.

Zeitblom smiled. "Providence edits early."

"Clumsiness," AFW said. He rubbed at the grain with a finger and spread the ink.

The word became a bruise.

"Leave it," said the Editor.

AFW looked at him. "You wanted plain."

"I wanted the record of wanting it."

Zeitblom read the sentence aloud. The borrowed cadence pleased him; he disliked being pleased so quickly.

"Marley was dead," he said. "To begin with. Dickens states the death before he permits the ghost."

"Hermann is not Marley."

"No. Marc may bear that chain. Hermann receives the position."

"The position from which we arrange her," said the Editor.

The window lifted the lower corner of the page. AFW put the handleless cup on it. The crack in the cup faced outward now.

From beneath the table came a faint scrape. The short leg had shifted on its folded paper. Zeitblom bent down, drew the paper free, and nearly upset the inkwell a second time. The table dropped to one side. All three cups moved.

The paper was a *Meldezettel*. Its fold had gone white. An old sex designation remained legible. A first name appeared twice: once in ink, once later in pencil, fainter but not erased. The official hand had supplied honorifics, relation, and legal category. Another hand had returned to the name.

"The register says *he*," the Editor said.

"Julia says *Papa*," Zeitblom answered.

"Rita does not always follow either."

AFW took a piece of card from a drawer and pushed it under the table leg. It was too thick. He peeled one layer away, tried again, then another. The table steadied.

The Editor wrote four words at the top of a second sheet:

Register. Daughter. Rita. Editor.

Zeitblom added, "Witness, when there is one."

"And the dead?"

"No hand available," said AFW.

The Editor glanced at the blank page. "That is the difficulty."

He copied the sentence again without *plain*: *Hermann was dead when this account began.*

Zeitblom wanted the Dickensian turn restored. AFW wanted the sentence left bare. The Editor wrote both versions, one beneath the other, and placed a small question mark beside each. When he reached for the sand shaker, AFW moved it beyond his sleeve.

"Do not make my mistake invisible," AFW said.

"I had no intention of giving it that dignity."

The *Meldezettel* remained on the table. No one returned it beneath the leg.

A soft knock came from the wooden box under the window.

Once.

After a pause, once again.

Zeitblom looked toward it. AFW looked at the page. The Editor capped the ink.

They left the box closed until morning.

SECOND PRESSURE POINT



What Lies in the Box

The paste had cracked overnight. Three fissures crossed its skin, and the mass beneath had hardened near the glass.

Zeitblom reached for the water pitcher.

“How much?” AFW asked.

“Enough.”

“That measure has ruined more archives than rain.”

Zeitblom poured anyway, carefully at first. The water sat on the skin and refused to enter.

The Editor had already put the key into the box. The lock resisted. He lifted the lid while the rear hinge still held, and a splinter tore loose and fell among the contents.

“Make a note,” he said.

AFW reached inside.

“Splinter first,” said a woman from the adjoining room.

Frau Klemper did not appear. Her voice came through the wall with the smell of coffee and stove soot.

AFW found the splinter and set it beside the blank sheet. “I was doing that.”

“You were looking for a meaning.”

“I was looking for the wood.”

“Then you looked too slowly.”

The lid bore the name KUNSTDORF beneath a scratched crest. Dust lay thickest in the U. Zeitblom traced the groove with one finger.

“Kunst. Dorf.”

“Name,” AFW said.

“Also an instruction.”

“Perhaps.”

The Editor wrote *family name* and, beneath it, *perhaps an assignment*. He did not ask AFW for permission. AFW added a question mark after the second phrase and smudged the first with the side of his hand.

A gray cloth covered the contents. AFW lifted it and said, “Hermann’s.”

Frau Klemper entered at last, carrying the coffee pot. “Mine.”

The cloth had silver polish at one corner, paste along one edge, and stove black in the center. AFW folded it again without comment.

Beneath it lay a blue ribbon; a small bag of white beans; a bread knife; a buttonhook; a bent nail; a cracked slate; a child's drum bound with loose blue thread; a paper crown; two keys; a bundle of newspapers; and a strip of paper sewn into a loop.

The Editor began an inventory. Zeitblom moved each object toward him as it was named. Frau Klemper moved the knife back because its flour-paste edge touched the ribbon. AFW placed the nail beside the splinter and then, after a moment, separated them.

"Twelve," Zeitblom said when the list was complete.

The Editor counted again.

Frau Klemper poured coffee into the two cups with handles. She looked at the third, fetched an enamel mug from the next room, and set it before AFW.

"You have repaired the number," Zeitblom said.

"I have repaired the drinking."

The crested key was heavy and polished at the teeth. The smaller key carried no ornament. The letters stamped into it were uneven:

GEMEINDESAAL.

Zeitblom held up the first. "The house."

AFW held up the second. "The room."

"The novel," said the Editor.

Frau Klemper turned the key in AFW's fingers so the word faced him. "It opens metal if the metal agrees. The rest is your trouble."

One bean rolled from the bag and stopped against the inkwell. The Editor wrote *one bean outside the bag*.

Zeitblom laughed. "At last, a fact too small to oppress anyone."

The bean rolled again when Frau Klemper set down the coffee pot.

They worked until noon. Rust remained on the nail. Flour remained on the knife. The crown had been folded and unfolded so often that one point leaned. The slate was marked CHARES on one side and tally strokes on the other. No one touched the drum.

Zeitblom returned to the paste. He broke the skin with the knife tip and poured water into the opening. Too much entered at once. Thin paste ran over the rim, crossed the inventory, and blurred *key*, *drum*, and *paper strip*.

The Editor stood so quickly his chair struck the wall.

"The original."

Frau Klemper laid the gray cloth over the spill. AFW reached for it, then stopped because it was hers.

“Hold the corner,” she told him.

They lifted the wet sheet together. The cloth took up water and ink. The object names remained, but their edges had feathered into one another.

“We need another inventory,” Zeitblom said.

The Editor spread a clean sheet beside the first.

“And this one?”

Frau Klemper rinsed paste from the knife. “Dry it. Keep it. Do not call the second one cleaner unless you write down who made the mess.”

AFW copied the first line. His handwriting was less certain than the Editor’s. Zeitblom watched him misspell *buttonhook* and did not correct it until the line was finished.

The first inventory dried under the window. The second began beside it. The bean remained outside the bag.

THIRD PRESSURE POINT



The Second Key

The small key appeared the next morning on the lid of an empty coal scuttle. No one admitted placing it there. Frau Klemper said she had left it beside the medicine glass. The Editor said the room had moved it and withdrew the sentence when AFW raised an eyebrow.

The letters were struck crookedly. The second e sat low; a burr rose behind the m. The word looked less engraved than forced into iron.

Zeitblom placed the key in the scuttle. It struck the bottom with a sound that made all four of them turn.

“The house is property,” he said.

Frau Klemper took the coffee cups from yesterday and inspected their rims. “The house is cold.”

“The hall may become public use.”

“The hall needs coal.”

AFW sat for the first time. The rocking chair had been wedged with a folded scrap from the spoiled inventory.

Zeitblom began with 1918. He spoke of crown, emperor, army, territories, and the name Deutschösterreich, forbidden almost as soon as it was attempted. He spoke of Vienna occupying buildings meant for a larger state and of offices that retained the habits of empire after their map had shrunk around them.

The Editor drew two columns while he listened.

Under HERMANN he wrote: *one life, bodily continuity, official misnaming, recognition.*

Under AUSTRIA: *state, institutions, altered borders, disputed scale, Anschluss.* Zeitblom added beneath Hermann: *recognition permits her to remain herself.*

Beneath Austria: *incorporation promises enlargement by ending separateness.*

AFW wrote across the bottom:

NO EQUATION.

He pressed too hard. The nib tore the page below the N.

Frau Klemper looked over his shoulder. “Now it has a hole.”

“It had one before.”

“Not in the paper.”

The Editor placed the torn sheet under the key. No one recopied it.

Zeitblom reached into the scuttle and came away with soot on his fingertips, though the scuttle had been emptied. Frau Klemper took it from him.

“Carry this to the stove.”

“It is empty.”

“Then you may learn the handle without losing coal.”

He carried it badly. At the stove he set it too close to the door. Frau Klemper moved it aside so a person could pass with a bucket.

The Editor wrote something in the margin. AFW read it, crossed out *public life*, and left the rest:

begins with a passage that has not been blocked.

Zeitblom came back rubbing the red mark the handle had made in his palm.

“Who holds the second key?” the Editor asked.

“Not the municipality,” Zeitblom said. “A municipality has no pocket.”

“Rausch?”

“Then the hall will be called a party office.”

“The priest?”

“A chapel.”

“Zeller?”

“He will place it inside a book and remember the book.”

Frau Klemper held out her hand.

The key lay in AFW’s palm. He hesitated. The room waited long enough for the hesitation to become visible, but no one explained it.

He gave her the key.

She tested its weight, wiped the soot from it with the corner of her apron, and put it in the pocket where she kept string, a pencil stub, and the cupboard key.

“That does not make the hall public,” said the Editor.

“No,” she answered. “But now someone else can open it.”

The scuttle stood one foot left of the stove. The torn two-column sheet remained on the table. When the wind lifted it, the small key was no longer there to hold it down.

FOURTH PRESSURE POINT



Five Papers

Zeitblom wanted eighty-three newspapers.

The list filled six sheets: Vienna and the provinces, party organs and official papers, Catholic, Social Democratic, German-nationalist, *völkisch*, local, regional, papers that reported the shootings for columns and papers that gave them three lines between grain prices and a railway delay.

“There is no room,” AFW said.

“We can bring another table.”

Frau Klemper, polishing the coffee pot with the gray cloth, said, “You can carry it.” The Editor chose five papers for the table and left the list of the others on the chair by the wall.

The *Arbeiter-Zeitung* came first. Its headline used the word *ermordet* without official gloves. Beneath the accusation were names.

The *Wiener Zeitung* brought station, route, weapons, investigation, funeral, and procedure. Its sentences placed the bodies later.

The *Salzburger Wacht* carried the stoppage and burial beyond Vienna and Burgenland into rail, post, factory, siren, and provincial solidarity.

The *Welser Zeitung* entered more quietly, with tragedy, family, order, Christian responsibility, restraint, and the hope that authority might contain what violence had opened.

Last came the *Deutsche Arbeiter-Presse*. Zeitblom left it in the bundle.

AFW drew it out.

“Why give poison a chair?” Zeitblom asked.

“So the bottle keeps its label.”

Frau Klemper set a saucer over the worst column. “And so the child does not drink while you discuss the bottle.”

The Editor made five cards: ACCUSATION, PROCEDURE, SOLIDARITY, ORDER, INVERSION. He placed one before each paper.

Zeitblom looked at the row. “Too neat.”

The Editor moved the cards. It remained too neat.

AFW tore INVERSION across the middle. The word could still be read. Frau Klemper collected the paper fibers from the cloth and put them in the stove.

“You have made it dramatic,” Zeitblom said.

“I have made a torn card.”

“You chose the card whose tearing would be most legible.”



AFW looked at the two halves and, for once, had no reply.

The Editor returned to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. He lifted the headline by one corner and reached for a pin.

“Names,” Frau Klemper said.

He lowered it.

They read:

Matthias Csmarits.

Josef Grössing.

Josef Haring.

Alois Schmiedel.

Josef Wagner.

Jakob Stromer.

Martin Grössing.

Zeitblom misplaced a vowel in Csmarits. The Editor corrected him. Zeitblom began again from the first name, though no one had required it.

The list of eighty-three papers no longer looked like abundance. It looked like work delayed elsewhere.

“Five in the house,” the Editor said.

“And the others?”

“Countercheck. Chronology. Disagreement. Later.”

AFW glanced toward the door. “Later belongs to a hand too.”

“Then write yours beside it.”

He did.

They stacked the five papers slightly askew, leaving a strip of each visible. The saucer remained over the poisoned column. The names stayed on the table while the headline waited for paste.

FIFTH PRESSURE POINT



The Boy Counts Chairs

The slate read CHARES.

On the reverse were twenty-seven tally marks and a wolf with four legs, five teeth, and an expression Zeitblom called tragic until Frau Klemper told him the wolf was hungry.

“Spelled wrong,” he said.

“Counted right,” AFW answered.

The Editor wrote ALEX on a card and, after a pause, added: TINY TIM? AFW tore the name from the question. He did it too quickly and took the lower point of the X with it.

“You cut the child,” Zeitblom said.

“I cut the comparison.”

“You cut what was on the card.”

AFW looked at the torn X. The piece was too small to restore cleanly. He placed both parts beside the slate.

Zeitblom did not conceal his satisfaction. “The hand has entered the argument.”

A child’s voice came through the wall.

“If the chair is broken, does it still count?”

No one went to the door.

The Editor answered, “Yes. Write down that it is broken.”

“Then it counts twice.”

Zeitblom leaned toward the wall. “Why twice?”

“Once as a chair. Once when somebody fixes it.”

Afterward came the scrape of something being dragged, then a smaller thump. Frau Klemper closed her eyes as if counting damage in the next room.

AFW placed beans along the tally marks. At the third, the first bean rolled to the floor. He bent to retrieve it and struck his shoulder on the table.

The inkwell trembled but did not spill.

Zeitblom picked up the looped paper strip. “The child makes this.”

“Later,” said the Editor.

“Everything interesting is later.”

“Only because you keep arriving before it.”

Zeitblom put the strip down. He took the card marked TINY TIM? and slipped it into his pocket.

AFW noticed. “Why keep it?”



“Because the mistake is mine.”

“It was the Editor’s card.”

“The comparison was mine.”

The child spoke again.

“Do chairs remember who sat on them?”

This time the Editor did not answer immediately.

Frau Klemper called through the wall, “They remember weight. People remember the rest, badly.”

The wolf on the slate remained hungry. The torn ALEX card lay beside it, the missing point of the X visible between the two halves.

Zeitblom kept TINY TIM? in his pocket.

SIXTH PRESSURE POINT



The Knife Before the Concept

The bread knife was blunt. AFW established this by cutting the loaf. The first slice was too thick, the second tore, the third came out properly, and the fourth carried away a piece of crust that should have belonged to the fifth. He gave the thick slice to Zeitblom and the torn one to himself.

Zeitblom exchanged them.

The Editor thanked him, mistaking irritation for generosity. They ate over the working papers until Frau Klemper entered and moved the paste glass beyond the crumbs.

“Dialogic Pragmatism,” the Editor said.

AFW stopped chewing.

“We will need the name.”

“Not with bread in your mouth.”

“The principles—”

“Who has the cup without a handle?”

The Editor looked down. The broken cup stood before him. He moved it aside and uncovered the last letters of *security* on the page beneath.

Zeitblom read the word. “Security for the owner, the policeman, the mother, the worker, the child.”

Frau Klemper cut herself a slice. “Security from what?”

No one answered with sufficient speed.

The Editor wrote two sentences and struck the first because it sounded finished. The second he folded and pushed beneath the closed door to the adjoining room. It returned after several minutes. Someone had changed *claim* to *request*, *render* to *say*, and added a question mark after *yes*.

“Wrong,” Zeitblom said.

“Usable,” said the Editor.

“Who is in there?”

Frau Klemper pointed with the knife. “People you did not invite because you planned to discuss them.”

The Editor began a card for the missing fourth principle. He wrote JULIA, saw Zeitblom reading, and turned the card over.

AFW set a heel of bread on the blank side. Grease spread slowly into the paper.

“That proves nothing,” Zeitblom said.

“It proves the bread was here.”

“And philosophy?”

“Has eaten enough.”

They listed tomorrow’s work without giving it a title: Rausch, Zeller, the curate, perhaps Josef; coal; lamp oil; a repaired window; minutes; someone to wash the cups.

“Who holds the key?”

“Frau Klemper.”

“Who pays for the coal?”

“Hermann.”

“Who writes?”

“Adornfeld.”

“Who cleans this?” Frau Klemper asked.

Crumbs, paste, grease, and sand occupied the table. Zeitblom took the gray cloth, then stopped.

“May I?”

She gave it to him.

He wiped. The grease mark remained on the blank card; the crumbs caught in the cloth’s paste-stiff corner. AFW reached for the word *coordination*. The Editor put his hand over the pen.

“Let the cloth finish first.”

Frau Klemper watched Zeitblom shake crumbs into the stove. “It will not.”

The missing principle remained beneath the bread stain.

Continue reading

The literary sequence consists of the Prelude and three novels. Complete manuscripts and critical books are supplied on request to qualified agents, publishers, critics, and scholars.

Request the complete manuscript

schattendorfechoes.com/rights-frankfurt-2026.html

All public samples

schattendorfechoes.com/samples.html

lianasive.writer@proton.me

The Schattendorf Echoes — Austrian literary project