You Need To Rest

Give me rest, or give me death.

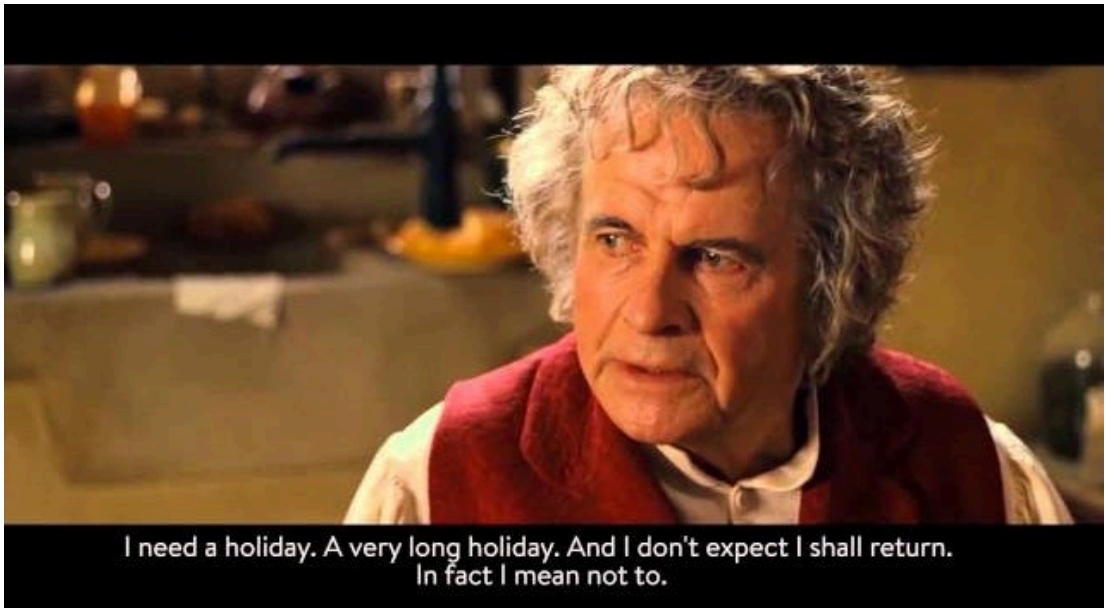


NICOLAS HORNYAK
MAR 24, 2025

I don't know who needs to hear this, but you need to rest.

In the spirit of "Go The Fuck To Sleep" and any/perhaps all sequels, you need some fucking rest.

Not so much a nap (it'll help) or a proper, lengthy vacation (you're overdue). But perhaps a holiday. The kind Bilbo went on after telling Gandalf he needs a very long holiday and means not to return.



Rest.

Somewhere along the way, we traded rest for anti-destitution, and it's still in my head that we don't have a more amicable trade agreement there. We even managed to whittle away rest near the end—a Social Security promise that we won’t see fulfilled.

So we don't rest. We don't come to rest. We don't find rest.

I sort of blame my student loans. How dare you leave the rat race when you owe some nebulous entity money that was supposed to help you find the kind of future where you can rest! Results not guaranteed.

It feels as though everybody who came before me found rest in a silent world, where the phone is attached to the wall and truly optional. Now it's almost a fireable offense to leave your smartphone on the train by accident.

Who did this? Who saw the opportunity, that if you take away a person's rest, you take away the people's strength?

Eventually, you give up, and the truth sidesteps you until it seems as though you have only yourself to blame.

So choose: rest, or anti-destitution?

Choose to lay down your arms, your hopes, and your dreams, so that you won't commit the atrocious sin of...being poor.

Nah. We deserve both, and more.

Short on rest, dysphoric in yourself, and stepping into unkind chaos day in and day out, I have to believe in the wisdom that you can be better than whatever rags they drove you ragged for.

But there's the fear. That if you stop moving, you'll never start again.

But somehow, some way, you have to come to rest.

Retrospective

Have you ever written or said something that makes all the sense in the world, and yet it probably makes no sense outside your own head? That's what this edition of the newsletter is: a weird step up onto the soapbox, screaming into the internet with no real need for validation.

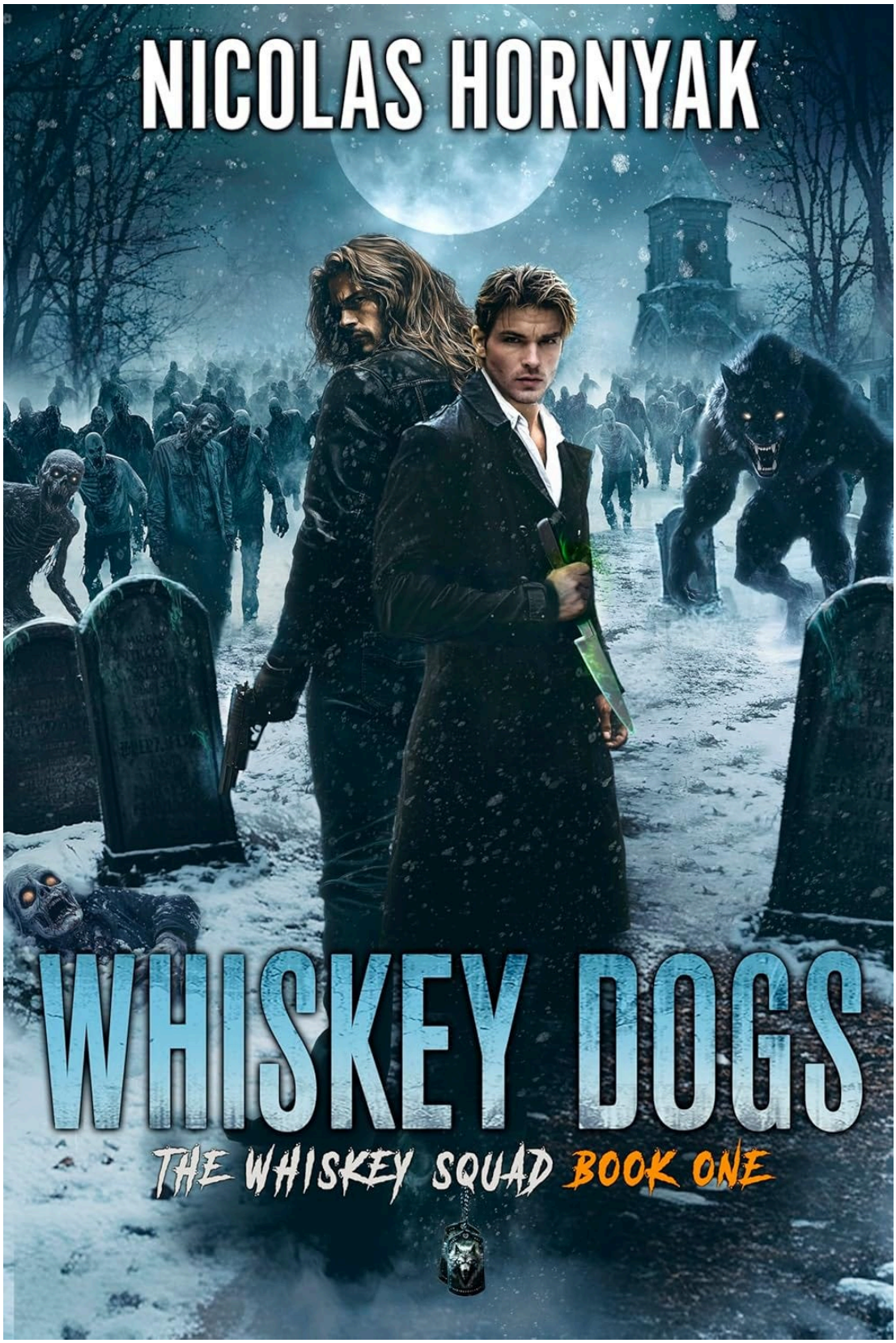
It's a strange confidence boost.

But also: I am tired. I don't have most of my life figured out. I'm a little tired that I have to take so much accountability for myself, for so much garbage that's manufactured in this hyper-connected age. It makes me want to live in a skoolie somewhere out west (and you don't want to know the reality of cassette toilets).

That's where this one came from. Thanks for reading.

To Do

Guys...Whiskey Dogs...has *cover art.*


NICOLAS HORNYAK
WHISKEY DOGS
THE WHISKEY SQUAD BOOK ONE

Many thanks to Gene Mollica and Sasha Almazan at G&S Cover Design Studio for their amazing work and such a fun collaboration. This came out *incredible.*

Bonus development: the manuscript is in the hands of the final beta reader!

We even have a release date: ***June 14!***

It's available for preorder, and it would mean the world if you placed an order.

But I've also got my work cut out for me this April and May. I need to wrap up final edits, get some ARCs out there, do a little marketing.

Either way, Pride is around the corner. And baby, I'm *back!*



There is also something else in the works. I'm moving into a new phase of my work where I'm not locking myself into categories of "writer" or "musician" or "game designer." As I spend time with more and more

artists and community figures in Newark, NJ, I'm moving into my "interdisciplinary artist" era.

So you will see something really cool from me, really soon. Peep the last pic!

The Whiskey Dogs sequel is moving slow but headed in the right direction now.

Ever forward,
Nico