

## Plan Your Getaway

From *According to Plan*. Published by Treyf Books in 2014. Rob Kovitz is the founder of Treyf Books. His previous works include *Pig City Model Farm*, *Games Oligopolists Play*, *Ice Fishing in Gimli*. He lives in Winnipeg.

There's no better time than the Canada Day weekend to **plan** a Canadian getaway. Here are some new things to consider:

—Doug English, **Plan Your Canadian Getaway** (*Toronto Sun*)

"I have a **plan**."

"Tell me."

"Tonight, at the hotel." I nodded. The hotel, of course.

—Matt Cohen, *The Bookseller*

In his excitement Mitya told the people of the house there and then that his fate would be decided that very day, and of course described to them in great haste practically the whole of his **plan** which he had put before Samsonov, and Samsonov's suggestion, his own future hopes, etc. etc.

—Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *The Brothers Karamazov*

DIETER: Now listen. We must collect the rice, and hide it. But we must dry it because it rots too quickly if we don't dry it.

GENE: You want to hide it? We could eat it *now*.

DIETER: No, no, look, I've created a secret compartment here for the rice. It is at the bottom of my crap container. So I don't think the guards are gonna want to check that.

GENE: This is crazy. Why are you hiding it *now*?

DIETER: For our escape.

(*Long pause.*)

DUANE: You have a **plan**.

—Werner Herzog (director), *Rescue Dawn*

I had come this far and waited long enough. I had a **plan**. It might get me into trouble, but it was my concern, my responsibility, and nobody else's. I bent over, ducked my head into the squad car window, and said:

"I'm going to do some exploring."

What was Bellamy supposed to say? If I wanted to hang around an abandoned building in the middle of the night, there wasn't much he could do about it. I was the senior officer. I was a highly decorated member of the department, and as far as Bellamy could tell, I was losing my marbles.

"I've got to do this, Bells. Can't you see?" I pleaded.

"I don't know, Coddy. You like pushing rocks uphill?"

At least Bellamy was getting paid to watch me have a nervous breakdown. It wasn't like he could intervene. It was better to leave me alone; that was the best thing one cop could do for another brother. Let him find his own way. He'd thank you for it later.

"Don't sweat it, Coddy. Just do what you have to. Me? I'll make myself cozy and listen to the radio."

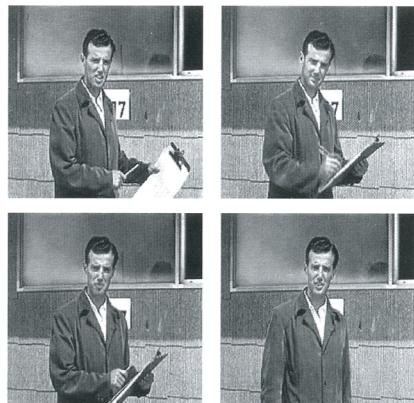
My face eased up; I was acting crazy, but I couldn't stop myself, and besides, I didn't want to stop. I let a shred of a grin touch my mouth.

"I won't be long."

I bounded across the pavement, showing more vitality than I'd had in a long time. I could feel myself gathering momentum, lifting off, gaining lucidity. And simultaneously, I was getting older, breaking down, becoming creaky, forgetful, simply not enough. The two paths were going to converge

on my deathbed. Even now, with the abandoned building before me, I was aware of that.

—Peter Plate, *One Foot Off the Gutter*



Asbestos Cement Products Association, *According to Plan: The Story of Modern Sidewalls for the Homes of America*

To save myself time in the future I put extra compound over some of the plasterboard in those first houses. The wind stopped blowing through them and the stupid young couples kept warm. That was the first of my **plans**.

I took no breaks and I had no time. But there was freedom between my ears, and I don't mean what you think I mean. Building is ten percent concentration and ninety percent habit. You have to think about what you're going to do, but you don't while you're doing it. It doesn't matter how busy your body is, your mind is always free. Free if you have good forearms. Once I know where to put it, my trowel moves steady as the waves—habit moves it, and my thoughts are free. And that's when you **plan**.

Johnny Cooper, Mario Caizone, and Tony Espolito, they don't plan. When they're staring at a wall or choking on sawdust, they're thinking this: Woman, Blood, Bone. They're thinking things you'll never know.

But Jerry McGuinty **plans**.

The future was there one day, dry-ing around my fingers.

—Colin McAdam, *Some Great Thing*

#### VOICE OVER

The Cylons were created by man. They rebelled. They evolved. They look and feel human. Some are programmed to think they are human. There are many copies. And they have—a **plan**.

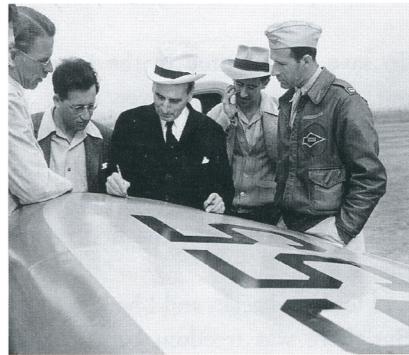
#### MALE CYLON

What's the **plan**?

#### BROTHER CAVIL

The **plan** is, everything blows up a week ago. All humans are dead, we Cylons all download, and the universe basks in justice...

—New Trailer for ‘Battlestar Galactica The Plan’ ([youtube.com](https://www.youtube.com))



Dr. Theodore von Karman (black coat) sketches out a **plan** on the wing of an airplane as his JATO engineering team looks on. From left to right: Dr. Clark B. Millikan, Dr. Martin Summerfield, Dr. Theodore von Karman, Dr. Frank J. Malina and pilot, Capt. Homer Boushey.

I immediately understood that there was nothing I could do to stop him. His mind was made up, and rather than try to talk him out of it, I did what I could to make his **plan** as safe as possible. It was a decent **plan**, I said...

—Paul Auster, *Moon Palace*

Slyly going into Cantor territory on Friday, the president promised a sustained campaign to sell Americans on

his **plan**. A re-energized Obama urged students at the University of Richmond to lobby lawmakers: “I want you to call, I want you to e-mail, I want you to tweet, I want you to fax, I want you to visit, I want you to Facebook, send a carrier pigeon.”

—Maureen Dowd, *Sleeping Barry Awakes* (*The New York Times*)

“Well said,” cried Aramis; “you don’t often speak, Athos, but when you do speak, it is like St. John of the Golden Mouth. I agree to Athos’s **plan**. And you, Porthos?”

“I agree to it, too,” said Porthos, “if D’Artagnan approves of it. D’Artagnan, being the bearer of the letter, is naturally the head of the enterprise; let him decide, and we will execute.”

“Well,” said D’Artagnan, “I decide that we should adopt Athos’s **plan**, and that we set off in half an hour.”

“Agreed!” shouted the three Musketeers in chorus.

—Alexandre Dumas, *The Three Musketeers*

Project management involves the process of first establishing a **plan** and then implementing that **plan** to accomplish the project objective. Taking the time to develop a well-thought-out **plan** is critical to the successful accomplishment of any project. Once the project starts, the project management process involves monitoring progress to ensure that everything is going **according to plan**.

—Jack Gido and James P. Clements, *Successful Project Management*

But, before they set out, the com-modore paid the compliment of communicating his **design** to Mr. Pickle, who approved of the **plan**...

—Tobias Smollett, *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle, in Which Are Included Memoirs of A Lady of Quality*

Wait. Nancy. I’ve been saving these for myself, I want you to have them. Make a **plan** for yourself. For both of us. Those mitts are the key to our future.

—Jenji Kohan, *Weeds: Season 7, Episode 1*



Encyclopedia Britannica Films, *Baltimore Plan*

But wait: I had a **plan**. I couldn’t stop now. I was standing back and looking at myself enter a tunnel. There I was at the entrance, catching a glimpse of myself as I disappeared down the tunnel’s bore. Follow me, the hole was saying.

—Peter Plate, *One Foot Off the Gutter*

As Archie left the office he suddenly worried that he might not have enough video space to cover his evening’s viewing. He had some room left at the end of his *Star Trek Volume VI* tape. Maybe there would be enough to accommodate the *X Files*. He wondered whether it might be a bit sacrilegious to mix the two programmes on one tape, and slipped into a daydream of Scully encountering the Cling-ons, and what the FBI might make of Spock and...this kept him more than amused while he walked out of the building towards the bus stop. A nagging doubt of change interrupted his sci-fi day-dreams. He really should be on the safe side and buy a videotape. If