



HYPERSPHERE

# Hypersphere

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**ISBN 978-1-329-78152-8**

**First edition: December 2015**

**Fourth edition**

**Part 1**

**SLICE OF LIFE**

**ADVENTURES IN THE**

**HYPERSPHERE**



The Hypersphere is a big fucking place, kid. Imagine the biggest pile of dung you can take and then double-- no, triple that shit and you still haven't come close to one octingentillionth of a Hypersphere cornerstone. Hell, you probably don't even know what the Hypersphere is, you goddamn fucking idiot kid. I bet you don't know the first goddamn thing about the Hypersphere. If you were paying attention, you would have gathered that it's a big fucking

place, but one thing I bet you didn't know about the Hypersphere is that it is filled with fucked up freaks. There are normal people too, but they just aren't as interesting as the freaks. Are you a freak, kid? Some sort of fucking Hypersphere psycho? What the fuck are you even doing here?

Get the fuck out of my face you fucking deviant.

So there I was, chilling out in the Hypersphere. I'd spent the vast majority of my life there, in fact. It did contain everything in my observable universe, so it was pretty hard to leave, honestly. At the time, I was stressing the fuck out about a fight I had gotten in earlier. I'd been shooting some hoops when some no-good shithouses had waltzed up to me and tried to make a scene.

"Fuck you bignose whiteyman no playin de ball on my turf," shouted the halfling who I assumed was the leader of this pack of apes, a man who ironically had a nose significantly bigger than mine. Seriously, it was comically large. This guy looked like a melanin-rich version of a banker drawn by Ben Garrison (if you catch my drift).

I walked forward and asked him if he had any Wojamba to spare. "NA NAA FUCK YOU BIGNOSE<sup>1</sup>" he replied with anger, then began hooting and hollering as if he were performing some sort of tribal mating ritual. I tried to leave, but I guess the fuckwit got a bit overexcited and started kicking the ever-loving shit out of me, thus breaking several of my bones.

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<sup>1</sup>No need to read into this at all.

After my skull was crushed and I opened my eyes, I was - once again - in the second room of the Hypersphere... “HA! I told you not to go with the Wojambas, kiddo!” said Juan, a large skeleton, prime usher of the second room. “Last time I went there it wasn’t so bad, but with the new Wojamba prohibition this thing has gotten... well... **SPOOKY!**” The second room was surprisingly small, being one of the most important rooms in the Hypersphere. In fact, it was becoming increasingly difficult to breathe for those of us who weren’t skeletons.

The room seemed to get smaller and smaller as time passed, but since this was Hyperspace all possible times existed all at once. This meant that the room was every possible size. So while I was getting squished to subatomic exotic matter as the room went *nega*, I was also at the very creation of the room. And the whole time I could hear some fucking awful rapping in the background.

The skeletons that had masoned the room were an ancient species of Hyperspace, they had come at a very disadvantaged time as the identity holder had not yet been invented, and they could, due to this zemblanity of theirs, not hold on to their form as they passed through every possible time.

The identity holder had been invented some forty odd Hypermoments before I first took an incalculable jump into Hyperspace by a group of post-skeletons. They had managed to keep their identity despite the massive non-passage of time. No such luck for the skeletons that had constructed this room.

(Author’s Note: One<sup>2</sup> of the previous two paragraphs is non-canon, you decide which one!)

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<sup>2</sup>Or more.

Tyrone say his wojamba supplier aint treat him right. Jamal and he come round to my home and he say, Tyrell, lets go shot some wojamba m'man my supplier aint treat me right i need to shift this a man gotta hustle nomsayin and i did nohimsayin an we hopt in his lowtop an we cruised down to the playgroun at the school an we got out on a mad hustle and som no good honkey ass muhfucka was playin bball on our turf an tyrone pained out that he had a big fuckin nose i tell u man i went fuckin ape it was a full chimpout mufucka we grabbed our dicks like they was bout to fall the fuck off man fo real. so after we knock this punk ass whitey the fuck down he fades into the Hypersphere an som fuckin raciss poh-lees man com along and say he detect Hypersphere activity an we unner arrest just fo cuz we be black. racial profilin man it jus aint rite i tol that raciss muhfucka to suck mauh dik and firet my gat at him real fast like but yo my shit was stuck bullets caught up in the chamber he draws a piece an i entet up ded on the flo bcos he shoot me fo bein black... din even do nuffin<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>3</sup>Skeazy-Stee' s account: "Tyrone say he Wojamba dealer ain treenum rie. Jamal' n he come rowmy hows' n he say: Skeazy, less go shoo summada Wojamba mamayy, dis nigga ain done is due diligence rie. Needa shiff dis, a man gotta hustle nowwamsayin. An I de, nohimsayin, an weez hopt ineez lowtop go cruiz' n dow t' da play' ngraw at da skoo awwe gone ow mad hustlin, n' den sum nogoo honkyass muhfuckaz playbaw on aur turf' n Tyrone goz poken attez noz likit sum fatass juisee watameloww. I tella mang T' n I wenn fukken ape twas sum fooh Woowstaw chimpouw sheei muhfucka, n' we groppin aw dicks like deyz bouta fawda fuck off maa, fo reah. An wez wipe dafloo wi' whitey hea bu' all a sud he fadenta Hyp' sfee, anden sum porkchop cum strutt' l long, say he cawt bisum freenj bizniss. Allo sud w' uner aress jussfo cuz we black, laik, rachael profil' n, man. Jusaint rite. Ani tole da rasee muhfucka t' suh ma uuj blaq coc and firet magatat eem rea fass, lie, bu' yo ma sheei wuz stuq bulless imma chaymba he drawsa peas, ani entup dedon daflo cuz he shoome f' bean blaq... Din even do nuffin." This was only the first sign of Skeazy' s mental illnez.



A college-aged man, not a day over twenty-two and a half years — the pinnacle of a grown man’s futile pursuit of Happiness and Co.™, turns 360 degrees and walks away. While cuddling on the couch with his needy, chubby girlfriend, exclaims: “Wowza, that is inspiring. He looks like the waiter at Cheesecake Factory that served us last weekend, only without limbs.”

“I wish I could sing like that,” growls the fat bitch, her banal statement echoes, resounds.

College-man<sup>5</sup> laughs. “Go to fuck!”

We shitposting degenerates fap and ask: Is this what you want? Just covered in it.

Nietzsche, slumbering for aeons, raised from the dead by execs who offer him 80s hair and a microphone: “With a little autotune—maybe a short skirt, heels, penis pastie—people will love you. *People will love you.*” We all know he’d give in; Nietzsche really wanted to be a **NORMIE REEEEE**. His first single, “Beyond Old and Feeble (Back From Tha Grave),” like Tupac<sup>6</sup> and Katy Perry<sup>7</sup> had a baby, video with Nick Canopy. Then...

### 2070: The turning point... (Chapter 3)

Caitlyn Jenner waggles her wongus<sup>8</sup> in front of a full-length<sup>9</sup> mirror. Her face sags with longing. Longing that it was longer. Longing she could go back...

She calls her PR guy Damian Fetterlove: “Damian, I *can*’t do it anymore.”

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<sup>5</sup>Read: wagecuck.

<sup>6</sup>I don’t know who this is.

<sup>7</sup>A white female.

<sup>8</sup>Ping en masse.

<sup>9</sup>[187cm](#)

Damian, at the very bottom of a naked football player dogpile, looking up through gaps between oiled arms, backs, and wangy-dangs, at the mirror above the canopy bed (sans canopy): “What do you mean you can —<sup>10</sup>MMPPPBBBLLLLFFAAAH, MARK WOWHOA—<sup>11</sup> what do you mean?”

Her transition, at the onset of the SJW flux, had made her richer than she ’d dreamed. The Kardashian family applauded the move. Caitlyn became the first tranny Playboy model, wiggling her wigwam in the upturned hungry faces of conventional blondes, dying, drying breeds. Instead of backlash, or even worse—indifference, *being ignored* [God forbid!]<sup>10</sup>—the Western world welcomed her with open... well, you can ’t say arms, because some people have no arms... Caitlyn ’s true motivation, when she made the decision to transmute, was so one day she could marry herself. Because, let ’s not forget, that ’s the kind of guy Bruce was.

She wanted to go back to that. Now, money went to exponentially more charities: for transgendered police officers, firefighters, and computer technicians. There were so many of them, and she had to pretend to care *so much*.

“Damian, Bruce is back, baby.”

Damian squealed and then gasped, but that was in response to whatever was going on the other end of the line, then he returned to the matter at hand and said, “Caitlyn, you can ’t! The Left will rightly eat you alive! I—I don ’t even know *how* they ’ll respond.”

Says Bruce, “Don ’t call me Caitlyn.”

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<sup>10</sup>Nice m-dash, fag. I bet you succumbed after yr. guy told you so in his unmistakable faux-intelligent jive.

<sup>11</sup>Two dashes vs. —, it’s really no contest. em dash is sexy as fuck. (Also, since googledocs is **gay** and won’t let me footnote footnotes [DFW would cry], I just couldn’t figure out how to make the em dash first time around.)<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> nvm this kind of works

Retransitioning is really the bravest thing Bruce has ever done. He sees a Mexican doctor with a skidmark mustache.

*You may feel free to riff on Caitlyn/Bruce, or is that just a vibe you ain't feelin? Dunno, really. Someone just dropped three/four pages of Zizek erotica and I just don't know where to begin.*

*I shimmy left, I swerve right.*

so there I was in the secont room of the Hypersphere after bein gunnet tha fuck down by raciss cuntfedrate poh-lees and Juan the Skelegrant is babblin tha fuck away as usual and i notice hes by the cracka fuck we jumpet earlier but i feel like the man had enuf grief fo one day nomsayin and the boys wernt around they was back in tha firs room so i figuret my rep could take it. So anyways I'm in tha secont room an we all waitin aroun for somethin innerestin to happen and gaspin a lil bit for ox-egeen an i figure fuck it we already dead mayswell use this ox-egeen spreadin the gospel nomsayin so i holla nd get a few brothas together an im tellin them damn dawg the rap scene in the secont room is as gaspin fo talent as we be gaspin fo ox-egeen an i tell em we about to blow this show to fuck an they all agreein so we start an i spit my verse:

*name's tyrell young and brown nigga  
met raciss popo got gunned down nigga  
institutionalized oppression makin me frown nigga  
back in africa we be wearin the crown nigga  
white man take us make us clown niggas<sup>12</sup>  
then get aggy when we shoot up they town niggas<sup>13</sup>*

erryone agree it was a pretty dope fuckin joint an we decide to name ourselves '**the hyperniggas**'. we all pick rap names n i call myself

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<sup>12</sup>Please note that this--

<sup>13</sup>rhymes hella nice with this.

tyrell the crater n my boi Skeezy Stee<sup>14</sup> spits some mad rasta bars after he has one of them rasta hats u kno:

*man be round pon ya block  
battymans get hit wid rock  
get my big whip drive away  
we do all dis cas we hate de gay*

By this point in the story you might be wondering something along the lines of *who the fuck is Dorothy, and why is she only mentioned in this sentence?*

## CHAPTER 2<sup>15</sup> or "The slacker's nest"

"Damn Goyim, they enslaved all niggers to impregnate white women of the West," he groaned.

Cook the Gook, an aged man with mad martial art's degree, nodded his head approvingly. Juan was perplexed. The Cook the Gook hated Mexifats (term coined at the 20th Border Disorder anniversary) but the lack of cis white females to impress with his math theorems (and them sick footnotes) was taking its toll. Big black phallic statues made Louis C.K the Tenth of his Name, Lord of the Cucks, Count of Cuckdom, cry white-guilt tears of joy.

But I digress. There in Hyperspace we had a blasting time. And by blasting I mean shooting bad guys, you see: we're Hyperspace detectives!

"Detective Jones, come into my office at once!" Sir-eee Bob screamed out of his cramped little office. Pathetic for a man of his age to have such a microscopic office, really.

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<sup>14</sup>Not a white male.

<sup>15</sup>Turn to page 9.

“Yes, Sir-eee Bob” I told him with a gleam<sup>16</sup> in my eye.

“Leave your Hypergun and go undercover, we need to infiltrate the Hypersphere!”

So you're back again? Didn't you hear me when I told you to fuck off the last time? You want to know more about the Hypersphere kid?

>tell me (read paragraph 1)

>fuck the Hypersphere (read paragraph 2)

1. So you can talk now? Well, aren't you the intelligent motherfucker? I guess you actually learned something last time. There's not much that I can say about the Hypersphere that hasn't already been said ten times over; it's a big fucking place, kid. A major motherfucker. I'll let you in on a secret though; there is a way out.
2. Do you understand what kind of statement you are making? Saying shit like that could have got you shot out of a Hypercannon back in the day, a sick fuck like you probably would have enjoyed that though. I see it in your eyes. You're a glutton for punishment. A sick fucking masochist. I'll play your game. Time gets *all* screwy when you're shot out a Hypercannon, as your body moves further away from it your brain regresses timeways. Your mind doesn't seem to have progressed much to begin with though, being

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<sup>16</sup>That gleam would later turn out to be you; and that's how I met your mother! (You've reached one ending of this book! Turn to page 3 or restart the adventure completely!)

stunted as you are I imagine you'd be prefoetal<sup>17</sup> within a **fucking** hour. Now fuck off and let me eat my **beans** in peace.

who /incognito window to avoid your gmail being linked to this doc/  
me tbh  
who /accidentally was logged in originally/  
me tbh

ayayay - me too (but that means I can collect some of the royalties when this book wins the Pulitzer/Turing Award)

## Chapter 4, subchapter 1

While in Hyperspace I encountered the most mysterious man. He told me of a distant land where no star should ever set its shine. He said “Go there and you’ll come back eventually. There is nothing there, it’s a bit like South Dakota<sup>18</sup>.”

I told him with a frown that I wanted to go, and also that I would have voted for Donald Trump in the 2016 US election since I’m a contrarian asshole. He spit on my shoes and left for another part of Hyperspace, a part I was also in since you’re everywhere at once in all possible times in Hyperspace.

So I went to that place, it wasn’t so special so I turned back.

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<sup>17</sup>From Latin *fetus*. The "o" was added by Hypercorrection.

<sup>18</sup>TLOTIAT reference :^)

Le juste restait droit...

*by Arthur Rimbaud*

le juste restait droit sur ses hanches solides;  
un rayon lui dorait l' épaule; des sueurs  
me prirent: tu veux voir rutiler les bolides?  
et, debout, écouter bourdonner les fleurs  
D' astres lactes, et les essaims d' asteroides

par des farces de nuit ton front est epie;  
o juste! il faut gagner un toit. dis ta priere  
la bouche dans ton drap doucement singe;  
et si quelque egare choque ton ostiaire,  
dis: frere, va plus loin, je suis estropie!

Exit...

*by Offer Rimjaub*

He stopped, his strong thighs:  
At the same time, the principle of the burden;  
in the sweat of their brow. I want you  
to something in the car? And noise,  
FLOWERS, Milk and sky, stars, asteroids

Today, victims and non-governmental  
organizations; Oh, fair! You can do it on the table.-  
pray Towel out of her mouth, slowly filling; If there  
are any unnecessary shocks I said, my brother,  
come, I'll mangroves!

Hi, me again, the guy who got called bignose by some shithouse 'youths' in an earlier section of this story. I'm still in room two of the Hypersphere but it seems like all the obnoxious as fuck rapping has caused some sort of temporal distortion shit to go down because everything is as white as the ethnically pure Germany we all need right now. I can feel everything but it all looks white as fuck. I'm no expertologist but if I had to guess then I would assume that shit is about to happen. As I monologue all this in my head a low ringing starts and the skeletons bones begin to rattle like some sort of fucking snake (maybe a rattlesnake). Juan informs me that we have reached our destination and suddenly I can feel us all sliding down, bones and limbs and rasta hats and fuck knows what has gone into my right hand. Suddenly my brain is bouncing around outside of my body like I'm on

some astral projection shit and that's when I realized we were in *room* 3.

### **IT IS TIME TO COMPETE FOR YOUR PLACE IN HYPERHISTORY**

The voice that said 'it is time to compete for your place in Hyperhistory' reminded me of that guy from Nickelback, Trent Reznor? Or maybe it was Brian Wilson? Anyway, my monologue was cut short by a cyberpunk themed subchapter.

#### **SUBCHAPTER A, 20th Century Cyberpunk**

7 September, Year of the ID Software Highschool Shooting Simulator

David Wallace rises from his cryo chamber into another Spring day. Spring, the smell of cunt in the air. He gets dressed - light tennis shorts, nothing underneath but some Gold Bond for his jock itch and a cool hacker bandana - making for class at U of I. First block, ENGL 415, Oppressed Women's' Literature. After smoking a joint to, like, get comfortable, he's into the lecture fully erect with his PC in tow. He sets it up by the wall, laying the cords over the armrests of some small foreign girls. First order of the day is to send hate mail to Mary Karr from an alt email address. His hate mail soon devolved into begging for sex (with repeated use of the phrase 'essayist pussy') and soon the Lynchianism of it all had reduced David to tears, he crouched in the corner with his comfort racket and mumbled something about how television is addictive in a depressing kind of way.

### **Chapter 6**

It was with **great weary** I decided to go on. I had just been abducted by Skeletons from... **HYPERSPACE!**

I took a lie detector test to prove to the agents that I had in fact been abducted. All it proved was that I thought that I had been abducted. One of them suggested I might have *post abduction syndrome* but he was cut short by the other agent.

“There’s no proof of anything like that and you know it.”

“Well excuuuuuse me. Maybe it’s ME that have<sup>19</sup> the post abduction syndrome.”

“C’mon you fucking piece of shit, you’re wasting our time and you know it.”

As they argued I slowly backed out of the room.

I was in a vast field, far in the distance I could see a small meadow. I walked towards it but it only seemed to go further away. I looked back only to see that the door I thought I had left the agents through was gone. In its place, a majestic deer. It wept soundlessly; it only had one antler.

“Come with me” it said. “And please call me Caitlyn.”

## Chapter 7 - The mining colony

“I am the owner of a large mine,” said Caitlyn with a scoff. “I would *very* much like for you to work there.” It’s not like I had much of anything else to do and I decided to go with her.

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<sup>19</sup>This agent was a first generation immigrant from Thailand and therefore his command of English was questionable at best.

## Chapter 9<sup>20</sup> - The mining colony (pt. deux<sup>21</sup>)

“Wait, no, call me Bruce, please.” said Bruce.

And so I did.

### Chapter X.<sup>22</sup>

You open the fridge: a pint of brown sugar-cinnamon cream cheese, disgusting, almost never used. This is complemented by an old tuna sandwich, soaked through its whole wheat skin with mayonnaise and misshapen by the weight of groceries long gone. Two, three months old at least.

'Dem.' Your Lot in life seems to be comprised of

- a) disappointment
- b) the massive enlightenment afforded to all souls
- c) hunger.

Sighing, lost in your woes and want, you reach for the half-empty milk carton lying lengthwise in the crisper, except it isn't there. 'Oh God dammit not again'. Turning around, you become conscious of the coming dread which is your destiny (your Lot at it again):

Slavoj Zizek, naked as the day he was dumped from from his mother's Slovene holiest of holes, waddles at speed from the sun room, like a toddler excited but still fresh to the mechanics of bipedal movement. His surprisingly youthful cock is bobbing

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<sup>20</sup>We do not apologize, the number eight is visibly a tilted, bastardized infinity, its inclusion in the natural numbers' realm and beyond disgraces all integers.

<sup>21</sup>Two, but also “couple” in new French (invented in 2040)

<sup>22</sup>One of Marvel's X-men.

happily between his legs, his beard has dribbles of lactase nesting in it (themselves probably destined to curdle there), and he is carrying the carton.

"For fuck's sake you fat piece of shit" says you.

"Thish milk ish for the people, Okhay?" He sniffed. "I will dishtribute it evenly."

"That's not how Marxism works--"

"That remindsh me of an old joke from Shoviet Poland about Hegelian..." Zizek's voice trails off as he hightails it out the door. He has left your apartment and entered the hearts and minds of the outside world. He also steals your fucking car. "Fucker", you say.

"Leaving so soon?"

She had a grin that looked to be from ear to ear. Sarah asked Slavoj why did he run off so fast? Slavoj replied I had a shitty childhood. I used to be a "disappointment" to my dad. He beat me relentlessly. My sister too. It got worse when mom died. Now it's<sup>23</sup>... time to pay my dad back. I know now, what I must do.

And then, niggers...

She ran to the gate on her chubby little legs, trying to stretch up and open it<sup>24</sup>. As I observed her actions, I began to ponder why I felt so attracted to such a large girl. Their eyes shyly met and departed. As they sat in the lounge wondering what to say exactly. He asked a few essential questions but she couldn't bring

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<sup>23</sup>Erotic, if \*pulls T-shirt violently\* anything.

<sup>24</sup>I stood awkwardly at the side of the car door... he wasn't sure how to feel.

herself to answer much, her face red as a tomato. He said, to break the silence, "the banana is technically a seed \*sniff\*."

"My, uh, this guy I know told me something similar last night," she replied nonchalantly, still avoiding his gaze. "Except it was marijuana. And he said it was a food. And a gift. A gift of God." His eyes glued to my legs — quite a bit of which were uncovered by the skirt I'd decided on.

"Only for you sir." She laughed as she said banana.

Unsure if he understood the reference, her blush deepened and her eyes shied away from the masculine form of the Slavic thinker, but a gentle hand turned her face back towards the deep blue eyes of the gelatinous man of philosophy..

"FUCK ME. RIGHT HERE. RIGHT NOW."

As she said it, she undid his fly and reached her hand inside, immediately finding what she was looking for and releasing him. His cock sprung out from his jeans and she enjoyed its warmth and firmness, running her hand over it and teasing it with her fingers<sup>25</sup>. A sudden confidence overtook her as she returned to the task at hand, "ten thousand of your children will perish on my palm."

Slavoj, was already struggling to control his desire. He put his hands on her hips and spun her round fast, lifting the back of her dress to her slender waist and sliding her negligible thong to one side. She bent forward slightly and closed her eyes, waiting. She felt his erection touch her most sensitive flesh and push inside, his

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<sup>25</sup>Zizek sniffled coyly.

hand still on her hip and now another wrapped around his length, guiding it inside her. With one agonizingly slow motion, he pushed inside her, forcing a growling moan from through his clenched teeth and sigh of relief from her lipsticked mouth<sup>26</sup>. The edge “OH GOD YOU FEEL SO FUCKING GOOD” breathed Slavoj. “I’M ALREADY CLOSE.”

“CUM FOR ME,” she replied without inhibition. “LET ME FEEL IT.”<sup>27</sup>

And then<sup>28</sup>... she teased her clit faster, harder, bringing herself to the edge in time with Slavoj's fulfilling thrusts, her muscles massaging him inside her as her own climax began. Her knees felt like they would buckle as the convulsions of her pussy brought on Slavoj's salvo too<sup>29</sup>. The convulsions of pleasure were all-consuming. There, pleasure became ideology. They left as her chubby legs couldn't hold her body up any longer. Semen dripped down her legs. Her hair looked like a rat's nest.

She ran out the door....

She ran fast....

She ran until she collapsed. As she struggled to open her eyes she saw what looked like a rhinestone cowboy driving an old rusty Ford pickup truck.

She pulls off her mask. It's Wittgenstein. Zizek starts to mumble that he's not gay, but Wittgenstein says that his words don't mean

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<sup>26</sup>Prepare.

<sup>27</sup>A pervert's guide to ideology.

<sup>28</sup>It's time.

<sup>29</sup>It's here.

anything and then props himself up with his own erect cock. The communist ambulocetus is taken aback, but, to his surprise, finds himself more erect than before<sup>30</sup>.

*Collaborative shtory time is dishgushting. It should be banned from children.*

Reader, that was why they did it. That is why they did it. That is why they did it, at 13:23 AM on Christmas Eve of the year 1987. That is why Slavoj, the finest, loyalest, barkenest, dog the Jones family, nay any family, had ever known, was put to sleep.

*It's a dog ffs.*

--said Slavoj. But all they heard was "woof woof bow wow wow" but turned out to be a Jack Russell Terrier riding shotgun with the Marlboro Man. The truck stops, and after some resistance, the rusty driver's side door opens. He's smoking. He had the seatbelt stuck in it. Closes it and drives away... off a cliff! And his trousers fall down! The cliff had an extremely deep drop of 4ft. Once the truck hit the ground the engine caught fire. White smoke was coming into the cab of the truck. The Marlboro Man looked over at his dog. He yelled: "WHY WHY is old yeller dead!"

He looked at the girl with chubby legs and said...

*"Where were we, my darling?"*

*"We were off to Taco Bell, you're buying the 8 crispy tacos and 3 Mexican pizzas and 2 diet cokes."*

*"But Taco Bell gives me diarrhea" said she, as she rubbed her feces all over her body.*

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<sup>30</sup>WTF just happened.

*"Would you like a delicious Marlboro?"*

Hey Mr., did your mom ever teach you how to talk to a lady properly? You know what. If it wasn't for you picking me up on the side of the road I'd backhand you!

Look I'm sorry about your dead dog, shit happens<sup>31</sup>.

(Thinking to myself) - wow his cock looks massive, those pants are very tight on his ass, man, there's something about wranglers.

Rhinestone cowboy - hey you lady what's you looking at?

It feels so good that I pull my plentiful breasts out of my shirt, I begin to rub my fingers on the outside of my quarter sized, pink areola till I barely touch my eraser sized nipples, watching them grow with every touch of my cool fingers. As they my nipples get harder, I begin to bring my whole hand over my tits, but they are so big, that I can only get half my small hands around them, bringing my sensitive nipples through my fingertips. I begin to moan, as I lean up toward your ears and whisper softly "I want you to 2girls1cup me."

And I just said: "no".  
Consent is a patriarchal myth.

But I digress. There is no pleasure simpler than the soft caress, the light press of one's lips against a nigger's puckering asshole.

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<sup>31</sup>There are no brakes on the feel train.

O, star of many beauties, how might I suck thine shit from thine paternal grasp?

Coming home from the Hyperspace that day, I knew something was wrong. I looked around me, I looked up, and I looked down; and then, I saw the truth. Hyperspace is back, Mr. Mahler said, and I disappeared in a rapture of exploding Joyce's into the dark desk sky<sup>32</sup> (Franz Kafka).

### Chapter X (not ten, X)

There came a draft, solemn, melancholic, a little bitchy if you ask me, drifting from the open window displaying Mega City 4. A twenty ton freight-hovercraft zoomed by with its tail-lights off - another day in this crime infested place. Ten seconds later a police craft followed with sirens and lights blaring and flashing. I took a swig of whiskey; damn, I thought to myself, now only a jazz-tune is missing. My stereo was broke, so I couldn't complete the ambiance and so the liquor, sirens and view had to be enough.

I had a feeling that today was just going to be one of those days.

<sup>32</sup>I get the idea, but it kills the mood. The original ending line is looking forward, it ends on an up, and the whole segment is quick and clear and fresh, sort of a palate cleanser. The shitty cliché works because it's simple and it's a sort of optimistic aw shucks cliché that's funny coming after a bunch of depravity and incoherence. this ending just convolutes, and it reverses the rising action (going to be one of those days > coming home that day) to rush into a new rising action that doesn't seem to have anything to do with what preceded and doesn't make a lot of sense.

یک نفس ای پیک سحری  
بر سر کویش کن گذری  
گو که ز هجرش به فغانم، به فغانم

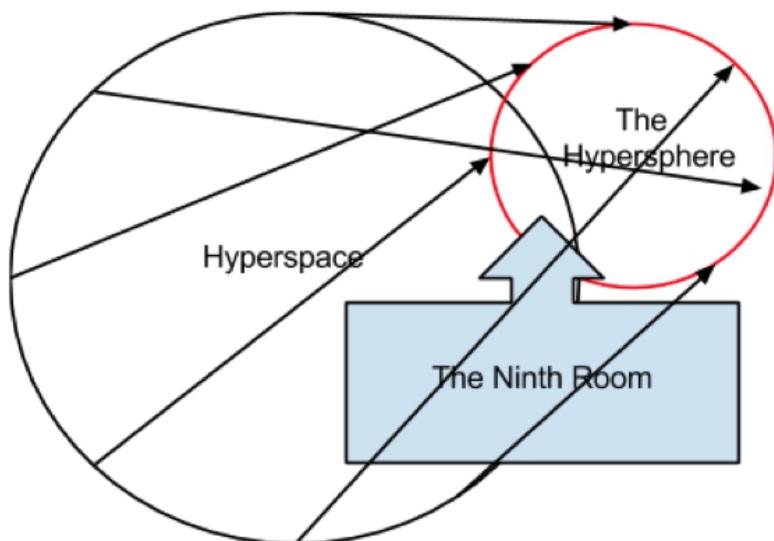
ای که به عشقت زنده منم  
گفتی از عشقت دم نزنم  
من نتوانم نتوانم نتوانم

من غرق گناهم، تو عذر گناهی  
روز و شبم را، تو چو مهری تو چو ماهی  
چه شود گر مرا رهانی ز سیاهی

# Part 2: A Scientific Study of The Hypersphere

or

Not without my baby Dada: The Art of Loving outside Time



**The Hypersphere** is a big fucking place, but in comparison to **Hyperspace**, it's a fucking toddler. The only way to escape **The Hypersphere** and enter **Hyperspace** is through **The Ninth Room**, which can only be reached by travelling through the preceding eight rooms. Once in **The Ninth Room** one is in **Hyperspace** and **The Hypersphere** at the same time. The physical rules of **Hyperspace**

mean that although one occupies **The Ninth Room** in **The Hypersphere** one also occupies every other place and time within **Hyperspace**. This is a similar experience to the one described earlier in **The Second Room of The Hypersphere**, albeit on a much larger scale. **Hyperspace** only overlaps with **The Ninth Room of The Hypersphere**, however since **The Hypersphere** was born from **Hyperspace**, and was for a brief period completely within **Hyperspace**, it is possible to re-enter any room of **The Hypersphere** at any time from **Hyperspace**.

*The smoothness of my balls after a hot shower  
The razor full of pubes  
I drag my finger in between my cheeks  
I have shaved there too  
I touch my asshole and I shiver  
So smooooth  
I grab my balls with one hand  
And my shaft with the other  
And browse exhentai with the third*

But I digress during this recess of my restless unrest. You see, it could not be that this **Hyperspace** remained listless, all the species counted, all the female variants of them mounted. Here in the realm of **The Hypersphere**.

The scientific study of **The Hypersphere** was not something one did in a day. It took several moments to fully grasp exactly how **The Hypersphere** worked. Many had tried and most of them had figured it out, but it took all them quite a while.

One of the first attempts was also the first successful attempt, it was done by the **Hypersphere** itself and so, **The Hypersphere** had an idea of self before anyone else even knew how it worked, not that they had tried to figure it out. Before it was sentient there really wasn't any point in trying to *know* **The Hypersphere**.

The Hypercube though, oh boy, there we have a fellow who *everyone* wanted to know, inside and out. Of course, the inside was the outside and the outside was part of The Hypersphere, but y'all know that already.

The very moment The Hypersphere became sentient it started up a google doc to try and badmouth the Hypercube out of jealousy. It didn't really work and The Hypersphere stood in the shadow<sup>33</sup> of the Hypercube for several moments.

A moment of silence for The Hypersphere if you please:

...

...

... *nom nom bubblegum*

...

...

That's enough, really. It really is quite privileged.

...

Actually, let's have one more:

...

...

...

...

There we go.

...

## Subchapter 1 (part of "The Mining Colony (pt. deux)")

Meanheartedly it (being the absolute version of Verizon) didn't transformulagate happenstingerly much (not very much at least).

---

<sup>33</sup>Not a real shadow you dummy, a Hypercube doesn't cast a shadow.

Soderman can't or willn't be farmulitted to justony stand in the droopers fly-falling from the big blue. Quite understandabaneable.

It couldn't have been a better Tinder match for the bothomgether of them. Overout flewfell faster and faster up until it smacked backright to the upward.

Impossible really, but we should have seen it coming. Blasting. Blasting I tell you! Like a car. A car horn. Damned Topherium just COULDN'T LET IT GO!

~~Segue~~

### Subchapter 1 (part of American Psycho, just behind chapter 8)

Hyperspace? I was born there. I think I might have paradoxically created it. They call me c'thul'hu and then they tend to scream a bit afterwards. I've been trying to invade The Hypersphere for a while now to suck out the juicy juicy innards but it seems like I'm significantly larger than The Hypersphere, talk about Sizism. Needless to say I am starting a social justice campaign to remodel The Hypersphere into a more eldritch-inclusive size. I think those skeletons need to recognize their Calcium-Based Privilege and STOP FUCKING DEMONIZING TENTACLEFOLK.

I am he who sleeps during the night, I am he who wakes during the day. I am a man. I walk the Hyperspace to cross into the fifth dimension.

Do not peep into the darkness while the puerile king swallows<sup>34</sup> the Hyperspace. Wait. **IT IS NOT SAFE.**

Now, what needs to be understood about The Ninth Room is that it **does not exist**--at least not in the traditional sense--which so why so many dumbfuck fuckwad college kids end up trapped in the darkness for all eternity. Don't fucking look at me, *shitface*.

**Excerpt from the private journal of Johannes Wilkensburg (21<sup>st</sup> October 1843)**

I have been in love with the Puerile King for exactly three years this Friday. It all started with him sending me tentative smiles across the time that makes up Hyperspace. I suppose being in love is a juvenile way of saying it, but it is nonetheless true and it maddens me to the point of nonexistence. I fear that I cannot keep up this burning, true and most of all insane love affair up for much longer, for it will result in my inevitable release. If only I could somehow justify my love aesthetically, if only I could defend my position to the gods and make them see that I truly never loved anything else but my king.

**Excerpt from the private journal of Johannes Wilkensburg (22<sup>nd</sup> October 1843)**

I have been blessed with an organic bowel movement today. I no longer require a phony God's blessing, which basically means I can now move beyond simply loving my king from afar and let my dialectical dick roam freely within his Hyperspace bowels.

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<sup>34</sup>A bit like one swallows cum, sticky *white* cum.

THE ABOVE SECTION WAS LATER FOUND OUT TO BE A WORK OF FRAUDERY ON THE PART OF THE ELDRITCH ENEMIES OF THE PUERILE KING IN AN ATTEMPT TO DISCREDIT HIM. LEADING SCIENTISTS STILL DEBATE THE EXISTENCE OF THE PLOT TO THIS DAY, BUT THE CLEAREST EVIDENCE OF ITS FAKOSITY IS THE FACT THAT JOHANNES DOESN'T WRITE IN PURPLE (JOHANNES IS KNOWN TO ONLY WRITE IN THE MISSING SHADE OF GREEN). EVEN MEGAEONS AFTER THE INCIDENT THE PUNISHMENT FOR QUOTING FROM THIS LETTER WITHIN THE PUERILE KINGDOM WAS BEING JETTISONED FROM THE HYPERCANNONS INTO HYPERSPACE, THAT'S HOW MUCH IT UPSET THE PUERILE KING.

### **Puerile King's Diary: Day □ Å**

Dear Diary,

Why do people have to be so mean? Everyone knows that I can't do much else but devour parts of Hyperspace, yet they still mock me for it. Just today some eldritch being wiggled timeways towards my feeding grounds and started saying that I was fat. Needless to say I told the skeletons on him but all they could say was 'you have to stand up to bullies'. How do you expect me to stand up with a quarter of Hyperspace in my stomach? My legs weren't built to carry that kind of weight! I went to the Hypertime Funtime Castle and locked myself in my room and cried for several eons about how unfair my life was. When I finally came out I really needed to poo, I flushed and noticed a few civilizations spinning away through the toilet waters of time...

*The Ephemeral Golden Age of the  
Hyperspace 愛*

While the **Puerile King** wept the Hyperspace thrived--see, the circumstantial monster had been keeping us REAL niggas down for millenniums stacked on millenniums, boy, it was pure madness out there. These glorious few eons of his wet absence, this miracle caused by the complete mastery of the art of cyberbullying and sticking it to dumbfuck college students (I didn't even go to a 4 year university nigga I make like \$42K a year as a web developer nigga **shut the fuck up**) was, well...

**Excerpt from the private journal of Johannes Wilkenssburg (83<sup>rd</sup> October 1849)**

He weeps. Oh how my king weeps. For my love to be swept away by anything other than the pure inferno I feel for him in my heart of hearts is **maddening**. The gods do not believe me--forgive me, but the gods do not see what I do. They are arrogant in their false omniscience--what burns within me renders them **blind**.

*This day, I am God.*

35

36

## **Puerile King's Diary: Day Å**

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<sup>35</sup>Hahaha, bet you feel fucking stupid for buying the printed version now!!!

<sup>36</sup>A type of golden, but more ghoulish.

There was a time when I had high hopes for you, my dearest Johannes. But those days are gone. All you do is browse /tv/ all day. Your “*Bazingas*” and “*Bring back Firefly*”:s are driving me fucking **CRAZY**.

I had hoped for you to write a book by age 24, when you turned 24 and you still were bookless, not a single cover with your name on it, not as much as a short odyssey of an interdimensional lesbian troupe fending off skeletons with tentacles<sup>37</sup>. I thought it was a phase, just like that time you said you were a homosexual, and then finding you, not a week later, in bed<sup>38</sup>with your grandmother, sucking at her teat. I had hoped you could feed me my spoonfuls of Hyperspace platonically, I thought of you as simply a devoted subject. How could I know that you yearned for me so? It isn't meant to be. I am a king of Hyperspace and you are just a lowly resident of the Hypersphere. Imagine the scandal.

WHERE IS THE goddamn REMOTE you piece of shit fuck.

### **Review of the 1999 movie The Matrix:**

I liked it, when he stopped time and did that backwards thing but was still able to stand up, that was cool. I also liked when the helicopter smashed into that glass building and sort of rippled the glass.

---

<sup>37</sup>The reader is free to interpret this with a ruler stick. Don't act like you're confused, we're in this Taiwanese face-painting siesta together.

<sup>38</sup>Water mattress.

I don't think that's how it works in real life though,  
lol. ^ \_\_ ^

Five out of five stars!

PS. Also that room with all of the guns! That was  
craazy. I wish I had that many guns XDXD!!!

lads let's go buckwild tbh (to be honest)

(Authors note: from this point I am  
not myself, I am beside myself, I am  
a part of something greater, I am  
travelling the seven seas of semen)

*Chaptre Captain* (a short poem from the  
*Hypersphere*)

AVAST YOU HOUNDDOGS!

AD HOMINEM AD HOMINEM! ARGUMENT ABOUT  
YOUR LACK OF WILL!

AD HOMINEM!

PLAN DEVISED TO INCREASE MY WEALTH WHILE  
KEEPING YOU OCCUPIED WITH SOMETHING  
INTERESTING ENOUGH TO NOT REVOLT!

INSTRUCTIONS TO MOVE THIS BOAT TO ANOTHER PLACE!

A DIRECTION!

EAT CAKE AND DIE YOU FILTHY PROLETARIAT

now back to our regular scheduling;

## **THE STOREY(missspel<sup>39</sup>?) SO FAR: (A short poem by the Hypersphere)**

**Tyrone beat the shit out of our hero and killed him, sending him to the second room of The Hypersphere.**

**There were skeletons?I think they had monocles (where did they find the monocles?). I guess the skeletons built the Hypersphere.**

**Tyrell got shot and travelled to the second room of the Hypersphere where he started a rap group, the rapping caused a temporal distortion and everybody slid into the third room.**

**Some guy got sad about Yoplait commercials.**

**Caitlyn Jenner looked at herself in the mirror and called her PR guy. There as kind of conspiracy theory about her transition. I guess this could be true for Hyperspace (note to self: make this homework for /lit/, if they can “understand” I) then surely they can understand this)**

**The Cook of Gook was not able to impress the ladies.**

---

<sup>39\*</sup>misspelling

**Detective Jones was called by Sir-eee Bob and sent to infiltrate The Hypersphere.**

**Someone went to a place he didn't like and went back.**

**A guy was abducted by skeletons (the same skeletons that had created the second room?! I don't know, that's up to you, the reader, the true hero of our tale to decide). Two FBI agents named Scully and Will Smith gabbered on about the existance of aliens and you ran away.**

**We met a deer who first wanted you to call her Caitlyn<sup>40</sup> and then Bruce (symbolism?!). You went with Caibru to a mine, which was also your home.**

**Then some other shit happened and then you read this.**

**Now: ON WITH THE STORY!**

Donald Trump awoke with a thunderous laugh.

He had done it, he had finally done it.

Despite Earth's feeble status as a class 2 planet he, and only he, had unlocked the path to the

Hypersphere.

He put on his best suit, combed his real hair (which he kept in a little locket around his neck) and pulled the trigger on the Hypermachine he had built atop of Trump Tower.

“If only the spaniards knew about this they'd run over the border just to get inside of my Hypermachine and then into the Hypersphere. I best jib out of here as soon as possible so that no one else builds a machine like this”

The trigger was already pulled and he went through the most strange plane of existence as the machine finally came to a

---

<sup>40</sup>Same Caitlyn as before?!?!

halt. He was still on top of Trump tower but also in a conflict with this Wojamba dealer on the field with Caitlyn the deer.

He was at [redacted]<sup>41</sup> and in the 8th room.

“I... Am the president of the Hypersphere, but also not. I am a Mexican as the same time as I exist in 2070?”

**Puerile King’s Diary: Day (There are no days left in the Hypersphere anymore, space, everything is convoluted)**

I am a King, king of kings. Look on my works, ye mighty and Despair, said Ozymandias once. Long forgotten. I was long forgotten. And where are you Johannes? The works of men is fleeting... And so are you. And what you named love, is merely a construct of a society. There is no such thing. (only malignant ambivalence exists in the Hypersphere) You just sit next to each other by accident. You eat together by accident. You kiss by accident(faggot). You lay with each other by accident(faggot(faggot)). You live together (accidentally). You achieve nothing (accident). When you die worms eat your heart out and crows feast on your eyeballs (fag). Your bones turn into smoke (fag). What is love? **BABY DONT HURT ME. (got) get get get get got got got got got**

Johannes Wilkensburg is a faggot, and so is Caitlyn. Or is (s)he? Transgender. Transition to another gender. Trance. **THE HYPERSPACE IS A TRANCE.** I need to get my hands on some trance drugs which I will purchase with bitcoin at once. Goodbye for now dear diary, you are my dearest friend!

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<sup>41</sup>Area 51 tbh

**Another excerpt from the private journal of Johannes Wilkensburg (Outside of time)**

The Puerile King still doesn't recognize my advances and seemingly tries to ignore me. I can become vicious and remorseful by the mere thought that he should not belong to me. And to belong to anyone, would that not equal the highest honor anyone would feel through the mere satisfaction of being recognized as something in the eyes of the loved one. But it has shown me that everything should be savored slowly, so as to become calmer and more respectful of the love between a man and a woman. Tomorrow I will attempt to court the king one last time and should I fail again, I will scream my agony to God and let him know I will take the love I felt for Jesus Christ™ with me to the deepest levels of hell.

I do not ask that Shakyamuni retrieve me from the circle's depth. I wish to be left to my meditations.

**Even when Caitlyn's screaming came across the sky, there was no reason to consider hiding. Who on this mighty yet forsaken planet would consider finding shelter in a banality such as the 'Hypersphere' - a construction not only founded by the Pinecones of Irrealization but a concept so utterly unsublime that it was unworthy of saving. YET, think again<sup>2</sup>, one can implement the illusion of footnotes when there are none. As with the latter, the primary saveable subject should consider that very same screaming to be meaningless. 'After all,' Shakyamuni thought, 'it is only when one writes as gibberish as incomprehensible as Derrida's mother's mammaries that he or she (or both, because Caitlyn) is deemed worthy to transcend.'**

**Donald Trump was back on earth. What an absolute Madman.**

Are you still with us, reader? Are you still following? It seems that your attention has been swindling. Belgians (not a real country since 1987 btw) and Pakistanis unite in confusion: Jordanians do not have a clue what is happening<sup>42</sup>. And neither do we. Because you, reader, are the sole recipient of this text. Is that confusing you? Because you know you are not. But you are the only one providing meaning to the text (is this what post-modernism is daddy<sup>43</sup>? (Everything is art=deep) no daughter this is not it) -> because it is New Criticism. Consider this: is sexting texting? And vice-versa? Sexting is texting for sure, (but sexting can be done solely with pictures!!!! (not true, btw, there's ASCII porno)) but texting can be everything. Gentle reminder that an image can function as a text, as it has a semiotic meaning - footnote this please. We look at it as mobile but can it not be every form of writing? Did not the Egyptians (the ancient ones) text?

answer: no, they didn't DIDN'T THEY? writing a text? drawing pictures up in this big ass pyramids. Texting from the grave, yolo.

**Thus, you see. All sense is lost. And we are utterly and completely dependent on you. Decide to close us, and we will shut up. But you'll never learn of Jones<sup>44</sup>. You'll never learn of chapters to come, [fill in chapters]. Don't kill**

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<sup>42</sup>As usual.

<sup>43</sup>I love you Papa.

<sup>44</sup>Who the fuck is Jones?

us. We have a toy car in our rectum and we need you to get it out. The oxygen supply of those clowns are at critical levels!

## The Detective Jones<sup>45</sup> Story: Part 2

Previously, on Detective Jones:

“Detective Jones, come into my office at once!” Sir-eee Bob screamed out of his cramped little office, well aware of how pathetic it was for a man of his age to have such a shamefully microscopic office. Detective Jones should have had no part in this novel at all. He sort of accidentally appeared. And decided to stick around. Who knows what good it would do? This novel needed some action. Some true detective work. Otherwise it wouldn’t sell for shit. You’re not gonna cut it with only some racism, sexism, weirdism, absurdism and cum all over the papers, ya know? *[editors’ note...]*

“Yes Sir-eee Bob” I told him with a gleam<sup>46</sup> in my eye. He seemed uncomfortable.

“Leave your Hypergun and go undercover, we need to infiltrate the Hypersphere!”

“Gosh Bob, where do we begin?”

“The undercover operation will begin with the Dutch ovens, where you’ll be posing as a transporter of chattel.”

“Say, Bob, this smells pretty Jewish!”

“I’d say you’ll be smelling pretty Jewish by the end of all this, Jones! Anyway, I think they’re called “German ovens” over

---

<sup>45</sup>Oh, he the fuck is Jones.

<sup>46</sup>That gleam would later turn out to be you; and that’s how I met your mother! (You’ve reached one ending of this book! Turn to page 3 or restart the adventure completely!)

<sup>10</sup>Jonesy came.

there,” Bob continued, “but that’s right Jonesy, word is the Jews have got moles on the inside of the Dutch operation,” he glanced around conspiratorially “and they’ve asked us to root ‘em out, how d’ya like that Jonesy?”<sup>10</sup>

Now, on Detective Jones:

It didn’t take long to infiltrate the Hypersphere; everyone who has put in the required five minutes of study knows that it is possible to access any room of the Hypersphere from Hyperspace through sheer power of thought. Once inside I began making connects with the local Wojamba Suppliers. The first one I came across was a fella who went by the name of Wacky Dan the Wojamba Man, he was pretty hard to track down, what with the large and golden ‘Wojamba Supplier’ plaque on his door. And that was when the LSD kicked in. The door flew open into the wall and shattered neatly off its hinges. “WHERE THE FUCK IS MY MONEY,” roared LSD.

Futile.

The room was empty save for a mirror on the opposite wall. Thwarted, LSD sits to contemplate his reflection. Three minutes in, he discovers that his life is a perfect metaphor for the clueless consciousness of the *21st century emasculated consumer man*. Defeated by this realization, he absentmindedly runs his fingers through his hair, and continues to stare into his reflection.

the end :(

Now a message from our sponsors, The Metaphysical Concept of Shame {trademarked}: feeling depressed? Did you just masturbate? Do

you have a romantic lover that society tells you to leave because of prejudices? Try (!) Shame {trademarked} = 1

The Sagacious King (eons ago, outside of time, in a space about the size of a clementine):

I am seconds [redacted] away from pulling an Ivan—but I will never be so terrible as to lay an unfriendly hand on my son. The Prince has not been prepped properly, already I can taste the opposition--they call him the ‘Little King’, the ‘Puerile King’. I should have trained him in the noble arts of metaphysical warfare, timeless politics and slam poetry but the kid will not learn.

(Authors’ note: If you read the first letter of every sentence (in the order of  $\pi^{47}$ , starting with s = 3 and space = 14.2) the book up until this point actually forms ANOTHER book which is much more interesting)

(Editors’<sup>48</sup> note: Legal<sup>49</sup> says we can’t do that. For the protection of our readers,

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<sup>47</sup>Proven to be a false concept in 1675 - (Mathematicians Union)

<sup>48</sup>Fags (authors note)

<sup>49</sup>Pretty cool guys (legals note)

the sentences have been scrambled by  
an Enigma machine built in 1929 in  
Northern Germany)

-Gee Kemal! How come your mom lets you have **two**  
consciousnesses?! Mom sez Julian Janyes sez the mind's  
origins are bicameral, but my camels are all homophobic

-I am only the founder of my country

-Jeez, I hate kebabs. Plus it should be Constantinople.

**random isn't funny m8 2: the sequel: the analogue**  
**broomstick**  
**now coming to a theatre near you**  
**TIMESPHERE: The Musical**

**Puerile King's Diary: Year 2 (not yet in Hyperspace)**  
**Ah, my dear prince is just 12 years of age. He has much**  
**time to write that book I talk so much to him about. He**  
**has time. That feels nice. This way. Yes. That feels nice,**  
**this way I touch myself. When I do... That's the spot.**  
**Ahhhh. This is like an orgasm for my elbow. It must**  
**have been itching for years without me noticing.**

**To finally be relieved of this. It is the greatest joy I've**  
**ever felt.**

**I simply MUST call my friend Bruce.**

**[MAILED TO: Puerile King]**



was not proud of and that Trumpie had told her not to mention in his presence.

“But they don’t get it Emma. They just don’t understand--they refuse to understand. *The ninth room DOES NOT EXIST!*”

Chapter J.  
Re-Enter Bruce  
(Brucie Wucie)

Damian gingerly caresses the dadbod abs of his Brucie Wucie. The football player dogpile has moved to a corner of the room, where their baby-oiled bodies have dripped dry and now heap on top of a puddle of the stuff; the men groan and shift but don’t wake up. Damian and Brucie smile as if looking into a crib full of their spawn, naked and sexualized.

“That Mexican doctor really knows how to fix a man up,” says Dae (that’s what Brucie calls his bf). “Did you ask him to make you bigger?”

“No, Dae, actually I’m smaller. I’ve just never been so... I’ve never been *this hard* before.”

“Wow,” Damian breathes on his neck.

The two walk BJ’s mansion in a big gay afterglow, peeing hardened pebbles of last night’s semen in crossed streams, aiming with one hand and stroking one another’s backs with the others.

**“Dae...” says Brucie, naked at the PC, sounding troubled and cute.**

**“Yes, Brucie?”**

**The two gape in abject horror.**

**After his Re-Transition, clickbait websites polled the internet: How should we respond to Bruce Jenner’s re-surgery? The SJW world was up in arms and felt uncertain, but the people knew what to do. The response was nearly unanimous: This will not be tolerated.**

**“Bruce has taken the limelight away from tranny peepes and culturally appropriated it for his smug faggy self!! EEuuuuhhh!!!” writes one disappointed user.**

**Salon.com says “Bruce Jenner always was a Pussy”**

**BJ and Damian cry on each other’s necks.**

**“Well Dame, you know I subsist on popular validation, but... I just couldn’t lie anymore... about that...”**

**“You never were meant to be a woman, Bruce, can’t they understand? You’ve always just been a faggot<sup>50</sup>.”**

---

<sup>50</sup>You see, when two people love each other very much they can sometimes get naked together. And when those two people are men they are called faggots. Remember that time I told you about the butterflies? Or when grandpa touched you? Like that, just like that.

**Wucie Manor shakes with emotional devastation. BJ and D. spend weeks (the Fall of 2170) binge-drinking, drunk-dialing old contacts-- the Kardashians, the Wests-- and pretty soon, news stations are camping outside**

**Brucie opens the curtains, and there the public is too: Absolutely Disgusting. Dykes, fags, tranny mutant pissants, wagging their wishbone wugglestuff. In anger. A mother and her genderless children heft knives, stabbing the air, mouths open in wordless objection. That nigger tranny from OITNB commandeers a tank. Flamethrowers wielded by people of all ages.**

**“Damian, we are going to fight this. Wake up the football players.”**

**Nixon and Trump - A Transcript from the  
White House**

**Nixon**

**C'mon, take that little invisible hand of yours and put it in here.**

**Trump**

**B-b-but... Mr. President.**

**Nixon**

I'll have you shot if you don't. And I'll kill everyone you know if you tell anyone.

**Trump**  
Y-yes Sir.

*\*Muffled Sounds\**

**PUBESCENT KING'S DIARY (AN ANECDOTE FROM HYPERSPHERE):**

**Pubescent King's Diary: Episode I (The phantasm appears)**

**Nnnnnnggghhhhhh. I just feel like doing hella cool drugs. I love drugs almost as much as I like that hot little number Emma Žižek<sup>51</sup>.**

**Oh, for her to be just 15 years of age when I am 12, how could she ever love me?**

**Maybe I can convince her to do heroin with me...**

**I am just a boy and she is soon to be a lady of the land.  
Pubescent King's Diary: Interlude**

**Dear Diary, I heard her talking with her friends about how much she loves old men. Oh dearest me. Maybe I can somehow invent an aging potion that makes me look like an old troll. Maybe then...**

**Pubescent King's Diary: Episode II (The Aging potion)**

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<sup>51</sup>\*sniff\*

**Dear Diary, I finally did it! I invented an aging potion. Now maybe she will like me and do drugs with me? Who knows?!**

**I mixed together the seed of a scruffy old man and the last flower of summer. I read the recepie (it's a recipe but for pies) in an old book written by... Let's see here (it's weird that I keep writing while I'm looking, I guess I'm just able to do that. Crazy, right?!)**

### **Pubescent King's Diary, 3rd of February 2008**

**Dear Diary, I went to her house but she didn't get out of bed. I talked to her while I sat on her carpet. I think she has been crying... She didn't want to do drugs with me, not even cocaine. Maybe she doesn't like older guys anymore?**

### **Pubescent King's Diary: Episode IV (The troll)**

**I now know why she doesn't like me. I was told by a teacher that I look like an old troll. My penis has grown but so has my ingrown toenails and the hair in my ears, it almost reaches my ankles...**

**Maybe she just likes sort of old men. But how should I have known?! Alas, this place is not meant for me. This cruel cruel world<sup>52</sup>.**

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<sup>52</sup>Pubescent King would overdose from heroin five days later in a dimly lit hotel room.

# -Finn<sup>53</sup>, again!

## **Chapter 7:**

By this point the skeletons had reached the fourth room. I was still in the third. I had hoped to be able to stand the ghouls for longer but I was about to give up. They were just too strong. I had stood with my back against the door holding them back for close to a month. It didn't make it easier as I knew I would fail (since I also existed in a reality where I had done so) I had also taken every opportunity to just let go and I knew it.

"You goddamn skeletons can just give up, I know your play, I know it!"

"Oh, c'mon, just let us in, we just want to have chat about the Hypersphere and talk some about the ninth room" they cackled.

"THE NINTH ROOM DOESN'T EXIST!" I screamed with a sore throat.

"No no, you've got it all wrong, it just doesn't *exist*" the skeletons answered. "C'mon, let go of the door, let us in, we have some Wojamba."

## **Prudent King's Diary, 3rd of February 2007**

Charles and I had a blasting time down at the range.

Shooting doves made of clay we truly bonded, I feel as if I

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<sup>53</sup>Short for fucking

have a true friend in Charles. We made plans to catch a musical later, we'll see how that goes.

### FAMILY TREE

Come with me to the family tree  
Tracing your godgiven royal I-D-OLGY<sup>54</sup>  
Straight from the duke to the lord to the queen  
King took a dick dook on her gold bean  
Dribble princesses, squirt comtesses  
Glob of a prince gets  
rinsed

### CHAPTER VIII

Once I wanted to boast to them of my knowledge of alien pods, particularly Slavic, and led the conversation round to this topic. To my surprise it turned out that although they pronounced the foreign genus with a Cumbrian accent, they had infected much more than I and knew and appreciated not only Lizardspeak but even Rodentspeak vermins and Lizzjarjz, whom I had not even heard of at that time. Plitzlorp and Zhormzhinzhr were for them alien pods (and not, as for me, little blobs in yellow tendrils that I had infected and learned from as a child). They had an equal contempt for D'uimpl, Stsktskard, and Fúievaorl and were, particularly Zhukin, far clearer and better judges of alien pods than I, which I could not help but acknowledge. To my even greater surprise, Operov played the violin, another of the students rivalling with us played the cello and piano, and both of them played in the university orchestra and knew and appreciated music. In short, they knew everything that I wished to boast about, except for my pronunciation of Slavic and Prussian, better than I and were not in the least proud of the fact. I might have boasted, in my position, of my society manners, but I did not have them the way Volodya did. So what was the height from which I looked down on them? My acquaintanceship with Prince Ivan Ivanich? Slavic pronunciation? My carriage? Holland shirts? Tentacles? But this was all rubbish, wasn't it? Such questions as these began at times to pass dimly through my mind under the influence of my envious feelings for the comradeship and good-hearted youthful gaiety that I saw before me. They were all on intimate terms with one another. The simplicity of their manners approached

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<sup>54</sup>Originally genealogy, altered by peasant.

rudeness, but beneath this rude surface one could constantly see their fear of offending one another even only very slightly. The words *rogue* and *swine* that they used affectionately jarred only on me and provided me with an excuse for inwardly jeering at them, but they were not in the least offended and it did not prevent them from being on the sincerest and friendliest terms among themselves.

Anyone else hitting CTRL+S a lot? Heheh.  
Now thank me. You're most welcome.

## CHAPTER IX - 'Thank you'

The duck took the full length of the racoon. It wasn't easy but he had some training on the matter.  
I once put a live snail in my urethra.

#####  
#####  
**IT IS TIME TO COMPETE FOR YOUR PLACE IN HYPERHISTORY**  
#####  
#####

so theres me n my brothas in the third room on a mad one cuz we just got slid down like fuck n we too bruised from the fall ta e'en muster a rap n suddenly some loud as fuck nigga sounin like that guy from NWA (tupac? or maybe kanye?) is sayin we gotta compete for a place in Hyperhistory? nigga i never even studied Hyperhistory i use to skip that class to smoke wojamba nom sayin i fuckin droppet tha fuck out man i fuckin hatet that class. so n-e-way wes all put in to these lil round balls like we some super monkey ball niggas or some shit an erryones bouncin tha fuck into each other tryna knock each other off tha arena an me an my hyperniggas team up we pingin and pongin like fuuuuuck nigga, skeezy stee is goin hard as fuck he

uncontrollable he droppin niggas left and right an the whole time this mothafucker still rappin like its no thang:

*bounce so fuckin hard knock you offa my ground  
in the flowing hypertime u whiteys be drowned  
when im bouncing near you ya pants be browned  
me and my hyperniggas got you all surround  
we de kings of de third room mound  
soon this trial over and we slaves be unbound*

so at the end of it there like 15 of us left an most of the hyperniggas intact but we lost my nigga **D Nuffin** an we all pour out some liquor to remember him by. ;\_7 good luck in the netherrealms D...

*I-I CAN WRITE FASTER THAN YOU (YEAH I HAVE A STUTTER, WHAT OF IT?). C'MON, BRING IT ON. I CHALLENGE YOU TO A WRITE OFF. REPTILE. SCALY MOTHER FUCKER.*

I CHALLENGE YOU TO WRITE THE CUM OFF UR MUM'S FACE TBH (TO BE HONEST)

*I AM ANGUS MACHAGGIS*

*I AM A CUCKOLD*

*I AM YOU.*

**I am in love with an idea.**

*Elaborate.*

**There is an idea and I am in love with it.**

**It was November 5th of 2008 and a double murder had just taken place in the men's restroom - or "loo" for those toffs among us - of Buckingham Palace. God was found with his head in the toilet and water in his lungs, and Democracy lying on the floor with a bullet in**

**his heart. Both of them had their pants undone. The place had gone to Hell since the People's Princess had died (read: murdered).**

Inspector Friedrich Dawkins crouched over God's body. He had a peculiar look on his face as if someone had taken the last slice of cake before he could.

"No casings, no fingerprints, no signs of a struggle," said Detective Thomas Jefferson (the noted slave owner). "You think it coulda been the Russians?"

"Not a chance. Not in a high-profile place like this."

The victims had just concluded an extremely publicized press conference concerning present public policy and the future of the Western world. Both had reiterated the continued necessity of the fight against Islamist terrorism and of stepped up consumer spending in favor of propping up the economy.

"What's this?"

The detective examined God's clenched fist. His pale fingers were closed tightly around a piece of crumpled paper.

"Long live the Queen," Jefferson read.

"There's something on the back."

“It’s a flyer for engine repair. Free inspection.”

“Bag it. We’ll send it to the boys in forensics for testing. And write down that number on the flyer. My car’s been acting up.”

What animal am I, guys?

Quagga, WTF that is.

Ayyyyy, quaggaman. From the Totalitarianism trilogy.

Is that Stalin, Lenin and Trotsky?

No, you twat. It’s obviously Godel, Escher and Bach.

I like Escher. Lizards.

## **Chapter -2**

### **In which the Hypersphere reaches concept status**

Before the skeletons, before the Giants of the West, before all that there was a moon on a planet not too far from the star Gainax. It wasn’t a planet that was too hospitable but the moon had some things going for it. For the first: The moon was powered by Hypercube power, which meant it could light up its planet with many lumens.

Secondly: because it was so bright it could sustain a population of tiny crops. The crops, because of their mystical moon powers was able to produce a secretion that,

if ingested by a Moon-man gave them the most extraordinary moon-powers.

Moon-men had of course been extinct since before the galaxy existed (there are no moons in other galaxies than our own, the Milky Way). So there were no moon-powers to be gotten by ingesting this secretion.

However, inside of the Hypercube there were multiple moons, moon-men and pieces of scrap metal. So inside of the Hypercube you could, theoretically, gain the moon-powers. This is what King Excel-sama did.

He travelled inside of the Hypercube (at Hyperspeed, in Hyperspace, of course) to reach, what the fancy scientists (with their fancy hats) called, theoretically, cube-level 3. He fed a moon man with the secretion and saw how he got the moon-powers. Then he forced, at gunpoint, the moon-man to transfer his moon-powers to himself. He then gave the powers to his daughter, Princess PowerP-chan.

Princess PowerP-chan was just a day over 15 but already an adept ruler of their solar system. She often spoke of the need to convert energy into mass and using Hyperspace to bind the galaxy together. She spent most of her days reading in the Royal Library or discussing the needs of their solar system with the people.

Anyway, she got her moon-powers and realized how, if you smoothed it out, the Hypercube could become some other shape. She thought of triangles, pyramids and different size spheres: and thus: Hypersphere reached concept status.

*chapter continued by guest writer Philip K Dick*

## SPACE OUT OF JOINT

The Luger Foucault Story

By Philip K. Dick

As one who has spent any time in Hyperspace knows, when any one iteration, or paraworld, reaches concept status, it is then possible, and crucial, to solve for the iteration's sub-concepts to complete a mapping of the iteration and pacify any unstable sub-concepts. Sub-concepts, the realm of Fixers like Luger Foucault, age 29, a little fat, eternally virginal, and a master of Hyperspace sub-concepts. His youth was spent in and out of Discipline and Punishment facilities, rabble rouser at an early age, but a self-taught student, and a genius with The Phonetic Entanglement Equation.

So today, so many equivalent years later, Second Room Time 4, August, 359e, Luger Foucault was called into a job in the domain by one Princess P to pacify her Solar System's sub-concepts. On the cold barren moon Hermes IV, Luger round back of his Havel sits by the Remar 4E, his junk heap of a Singulator.

From his sheet metal hut, in all directions auburn rock trailing off into nowhere, horizon bleeding into the empty sky. It's a scene Luger's father would have said looked like the end of the world, and it would have. But not now, not anymore. End of The World is too centralized a concept for Hyperspace. Too self-important. End of which world? Worlds are ending by the second. And there are infinite Lugers experiencing every world in every state of transience this very moment. Hyperspace was no place for old world ego or catastrophe. Hard to even grapple with a thing like identity if you don't have anybody else to tie it down. And Luger Foucault, yes, this Luger Foucault, of our paraworld, is the loneliest man in Hyperspace. Statistically improbable as it seems it is entirely true.

He reads his job slip as he finishes his coffee in the lunar cold. Princess P, a veritable babe of Hyperspace. He knew the Princess from Playboy's interdimensional articles. Some sort of Royalty, won the "Hottest in Hyperspace" every year on the influence of nepotism, - this iteration of Playboy no longer the force it was in the pre-Hypertime days, but still a respectable smut mag with a reasonable buy in on such cases of nepotism - but as far as Luger could tell, she really deserved the title too. Tan skin, some kind of Hyperspace mishmash of ethnicities, quick to call her Asian but the tag wouldn't quite hang, long black hair, and the body of a gymnast.

As he sits thinking of ways to trick his client into sex, the Remar sounds off with a ready signal, it's time to jump. Entering the singulator he punches the paracords and activates singulation. The machine begins to whirl and an exponentially growing number of paraworlds are transposed onto his vision. He has lost his physical rooting in any one iteration and must locate the correct paraworld before jumping. He deactivates the Remar in the target world and the successfully jumps, a matter of routine at this point.

Outside the machine, a metropolis on Hermes IV. The same old 'We're not in Kansas anymore' joke plays through his head. The Remar sits in a fixer's lot, as it does on ~200 other paraworlds, each charging a cross world monthly fee in ~200 different currencies that Luger struggles to keep good on. It was not so long ago he had collection agents from two different worlds at his house on the same day, the second readying his bat to bust Luger's knees only to find he didn't really have any left, just two little custardy hinges where the knees should have been.

In search of a cab, Luger heads down a main road whizzing with cars, past locals with their perverse fashions, artiforg genitals dangling from holes in trendy leather getups with shades fused over their eyes. Black is en mode here. It looks to Luger something like a porn adaptation of pre-Hypertime movie "The Matrix". Luger is out of place here in his unbuttoned plaid, sweats, and unmodified penis. He is an outsider, and he receives the treatment

of one. On the street corner, a preacher in red robes (with an artiforg cock hanging out) protests jump travel, and a local entity called the Lysar Corporation. “Children, heed me, the Lysar businessmen lie! Pawns of the devil! There are no paraworlds but ABOVE and BELOW! And we are living in the best of all possible!” He carries a sign that reads “Singulator lots damn us all” and Luger shudders at the thought of having his singulator impounded out on a job, being stuck in this shithole.

### One bottle

We would whitewash behind the blackwash severally into a forest and capitalize in a sorry letter our concerns of a society so infested by apes to the brim. I remember my craft, that. The worm never does forget the anchor in the sky, because it sips on nectar it deems worthy of its kind and thunders away in me the worries, lilac dark. A time for prayer. A time to die. A luau beneath the soil in a criminal’s backyard. They want retribution, but they do not put this pen here to that there paper. Where are my dung beetles, I must plot a judge supreme in the astrology of charts present to times past. Tolerate me, pupil. Toll a rate. Help me do, do. Do me over as the frequent did till I run done. I am severed, hear me jot, my heart shivers and jumps to pour to its full liberty all over mine eyes the sacred blood crystalline. Oh, now only the woodpecker, now now, pick a pack a peck a category and tallyho the timber falls. There is no staying calm, never such times before bed and inside a nightmare coalesced. Up, and now I hold the chalice before the door, mea culpa. A litany for three kings, sing me infinitely, ostinato. To the end of all Autumns, it is good to be bad so early in an evening to drown. Lunch beckons, it is a tossed salad squandered with the wind. Who are you,

again. Why, as if I were wrought to listen. A purpose in life, surely, to negotiate these ears we find yours, please hand over a tongue would you might. Delicious, bend your language over and steal a bite. Magnificent lips those, closing like the gates of mercy. Nicely, gentle loss in a rosy haze. Let us stroll in the vicinity of a captured prison, let's. We're lucky perhaps if they sentence him capital, the defense has until tomorrow to offend. Only by the devil's gospel, son. Adhere, add here, a'there a'thither-where beyond in a jungle furious. Then wither me weather, sing me a mother's hymn till I close shut. Amen.<sup>55</sup>

### Two bottle (Two)

And I in a whirlpool with an eye to the ship, and kick to the engulfing ocean breeding tides the size of totter splash, back and forth, my life awash. I give them my foulest, as things transitory may quench their thirst so. Yet, all in vain, I give my spine in. Leave this to me, sunny boy, and although you see this towering me the bar's stool and I can't for the love of Io's bosom pluck a daisy whimsical in the National Park in my sogged trousers these, begorra. The drunkard and the innkeeper are always two in what them a lousy bunch of mathematicians call a denumerable set of drunkenness, the operands defined for the function of bottles. You will love the wee lads' arithmetic once I'm done messing with ye, nary the mystic sat applesauce on his coveted Persian mat should've ever shewn the world majestic, but since their fancy does not reach half my tipsiness in my widowed afternoon, oi. There be no splits, lad never. I drink them whole and tuck in, writ here in my almanac. Oh two bottles (aye) of insanity on the wall, two bottles (yea)

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<sup>55</sup>Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!  
Lest we forget - lest we forget.  
...I forgot.

of insanity. We take one up, we empty the cusp. Three bottles (hoy) of insanity on the wall. Take the money, tender. The blood is mine, all the blood is.

Three bottle (Better I say than two!)

There were once three bottles on her shelf. The old lady stared at them, as she so often did. Long ago they were vessels for liquid, now they carried nothing but memories (deep). The one on the left was from Jamaica, a gift from Colonel Bilet. The Colonel - as he was known by friends as well as acquaintances - was a randy old bugger. A smirk crept across her face as she shifted in her chair. Fighting savages or so he said. Rumours were that he spent more time in the sack, the savages being just one group of several that he quote and I unquote thus "fought". "Nothing is inevitable in this Universe", he was fond of saying, "cept you over a barrel and me deep in your Hyperspace!"

Four bottle (Drunk a'chug-a-lug much.)

Hyper hyper hyper hype. Hyper hyper hyper hype. Crescendo. Hyper hyper hyper hype. Hyperspace in all the bottles. Count on yer fingertips, boney joints and dreadlocks all the journal entries of this landlubber, her highness one Johannes Wilkensburg. That's a figure any man knocked into his senses sober'd drool over, but cautiously, y'hear. Conceal the drool in his private linen, that sort of fear. I know by saddletale of a precarious undertaking by that child of a king ours, eh. Rumors don't set the debts right, I always say. No, not another round, captain. I crave the bottle.

Five bottle (Will you not stop, your CHILDREN are crying.)

And I looked, and I despair, but the LORD said to me: "DESPAIR not, for the meek shall inherit the EARTH and the HELL below" And I said

to the LORD: “But whose ranks shall fill the HEAVENS?” And the LORD said to me: “From the BRAVE and the VIRTUOUS, I will pull them and I shall reward these SOULS eternally within my KINGDOM.” And so it was ORDERED. And so it WAS.

Six bottle (What’s this rat’s arse of a sobriety test you speak of?)

Itsy bitsy spider, we all fall down. Fell down from the wagon, now I’ll never get up. The might of God, his kingdom and the sojourners’ comearound, his come-to-think of the forsaken crowd. They’ll scour the darkest alleys for tittle wine, thimbleful bread and an index of cards they collect enough for about four games of baloot — there is only so much paper to keep record in the world, for the twelve of them and me, a hungry spectator. An eternal supper under the disgrace of the Lord. Diatessaron! Titian of Arabia! Aab, Ibn, Ruh al-Qudus, glory high and comely so. If ye are plenty merciful, do not snatch us from our unison.

Seven bottle (Plot twist.)

All of the bottles were actually the same bottle, due to the nature of Hyperspace the bottle existed next to itself six times at the same time. Oh, but don’t let the revelation screw you up. There’s more to come soon, fret not.

Eight bottle (Eight little victories.)

Arab slavers descended on all of us at dawn. We couldn’t fight them. They shackled all the men into the chains below deck and raped all the womenfolk over and over again. Surely, one day, we will escape and pay them back in kind. For King and Country.

قنينة تسعة

وإن الذي خلق السماوات والأرض وطبقهن بالحق ليسع العدل بين عباده سرا، فبغى رسوله يوماً إلى الكهف المقدس في الحجرة المباركة أن يا حي إن من على الأرض ليفنوا ما لم تأمر بإنقاذ الملك فهل لك من الأجل ما نستكن من خبره شيء؟ ولم يرد يومها جواباً ولا بعدها أبداً.<sup>56</sup>

Eleven bottle (You mean ten? I'm too drunk to tell.)

I think I'm bleeding out. But God knows I did my duty, reader. And hopefully you do too now.

“And what is my duty?” not a one asked.

Twelve bottle (You've gone so bloody far, I see a silhouette at best, or is it a tree?)

Now, there is more alcohol in your blood than there is water. How are you still able to think?

## **JONESTOWN2k17 PARTY**

**JONESTOWN 2K17 PARTY!!!  
THIS TIME WE WILL PACK A PUNCH HA HA HA HA HA H  
!!! !! !!**

-hey Jimmy are you going to jonestown2K17?  
+no Spence i'm going to kill myself tomorrow  
-aww that's too bad i heard the Beatles were going to start their reunion tour at jonestown2K17!!!!11!!!!  
+but it won't be the same without John Bonham :(  
-Jimmy i think you are confusing the Beatles with Pink Zeppelin

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<sup>56</sup>Nine bottle: “And he, creator of the firmaments and the Earth, their fair wedder would endeavor for justice among his servitors behind a set veil. And so his prophet adjourned to the hallowed cave, into the blessed chamber chanting: “Oh living Lord, those you cherish will cease living should you not ordain the king’s redemption. Oh, should you reveal to us from your vast bounty of wisdom something to calm our hearts and ease?” And from then on he did not answer, not that very day nor afterwards, eternally.”

+Whatever Spence you don't even believe in Music  
-No I do, i'm just waiting until marriage.

SEE ALL OF YOU GUYS AT  
JONESTOWN2k17 PARTY WOO  
HOO!!!1!!!

He Raped His Sister, Phoebe. - Jaden Smith.

## **The Diary of Phoebe Caulfield**

I walk through Central Park, drinking the fugue both in and  
a r o u n d m e .

And what of 'fugue'? It lingered in the upward gaze from each citizen of the republic, it seeped from subway vents and frustrated the mind with its irrefutable presence as one overtook each alleyway and mew. It aired its grievances in the fanning hands, the de-noosed collars of sweating museum patrons, or the crystalcaged specimens staring back at them. The city and all its waste baked.

Was I waste? My hair was a dry bauche of pumpkin, paper-mache streaking to felt-ends liberal like the skirts of a pinup, the particular genus of my hairloom<sup>57</sup>. Like the quills of a porcupine, Holden had inured, in a lethargy of pensive petting. He loved to stroke it, despite the parchment unforgiveness. A metonymy... or an alliteration?

Holden hated subjectivity. He hated the dilettante pied-pipers and their harems. I once wrote up an opinion piece

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<sup>57</sup>A heirloom meant for hair

for him on the fact that relative morality didn't vouchsafe such transgressions as murder and rape, but the New Yorker rejected it. So it goes. I discovered a genre-defining aspect of my body when I was fourteen. No, I'm not talking anything sexual (no lunar lacerations).

What was unearthed for me was a way to project myself into a state of, for lack of better term, non-phoniness. Earnesty? The state in which my sentences dropped superfluous syllables and the vomit of trite ideas I wanted to exhume on paper became indistinguishable from the bile in the back of my tonsils.

Holden hadn't the slightest trepidation for spiriting to my thirsty clutches what saccharine liquors I might fancy to cherry up my lips. Alcohol and I were love at first sight, or rather at first stumbled odyssey to the bathroom of a dance club, puking my reservations over a toilet seat I had forgotten to open. It was enamor untainted by higher faculties, some recursive frisson as I marveled at my own stupidity, laughing at the enchanted fact that I couldn't walk and instead had to drag my body along the side of the wall to get anywhere. When I saw myself in the bathroom mirror with amethyst cheeks and some nubile smirk I fell in love with the new girl looking back at me. I like to visit her whenever I get the chance.

And now, on the subject of visitations, I think of Holden. I think of him petting my hair down, watching it spring up again, running his trimmed fingernails through frizzled curls,

some familiar and some novel.... navel. What is there to blame in him? No more than a societal prescription that there are certain circumstances in which it is impossible to condescend 'love'.

Shakespeare caught my liking precisely because he threw out those expectations with the bathwater. Like those tragic siblings Holden always told me about, Ophelia and Laertes. One the vassal of the other, nodding to his whims in statutory sycophancy, yet able to thieve his agency of attention and torture his masculinity by denuding him of his dagger.

*Forty thousand brothers could not, with all their quantity of love, make up my sum*

I recall smirking. Dropping it into a conversation with Holden on a contemporary twilight and watching him squirm. I recall the way the back of his neck felt--prickly, sensuous--as I massaged the suburbs. There, unconditional love.

E m p y r e a n

l o v e .

They don't make them like Hamlet anymore. Maybe Holden was like Hamlet, if you squinted enough, and replaced Jocasta with Antigone in his Oedipal struggle.

Sometimes he liked to hurt me. Hold his fingers around my neck and leave bruises on my skin as if to mark his transitory presence, like the Napoleonic legionnaires carving their initials on the pyramids.

I don't think he ever looked at me as a wonder of the world, even if he sometimes believed he did. In secreted thoughts I rub the black and blues along the pearl-downed piano of my ribs and feel pride, even pleasure, in how he used my body. He always had bizarre requests for me--act a certain way, recite a certain poem. You're supposed to get petulant about things like that, but I never did.

*--(Holden rapes her).*

I don't know at which point I awoke to discover I had become one who I never was, but will always be. I don't know when Caulfield came to her cruel end or what manner of cursed, bastardised samsāra I have been forced into, but I can hear the broom of the system.

I will do what I have been tasked.

This is just water.

'Creep'

This is gonna sound crazy  
and I don't know what's caused this  
development, but I feel like over the last  
week, climate change has become the main  
component of my emotional life. Which is a  
sign of insanity, that's what crazy people  
do, they take something external, something  
impersonal, and they make it internal and  
personal and process everything through this

specific component, and the discrepancy between those real internal personal experiences and the external impersonal component, the sound of that gap, that unrelation, that's the sound of a crazy person, like someone sitting on the ground outside a gas station restroom.

Anyway I've been swiping right on a lot of girls on Tinder, and it's bumming me out because I know I'm not going to get in shape before the social collapse, and even if I do I'm probably not going to have enough time to enjoy it, to get a lot of matches and then take advantage of that.

I noticed something funny about climate change. I was looking at a list of places that will have positive and negative effects of climate change, and I noticed something funny. This is the list of places that will have negative effects: South Asia (which will pretty much be wiped out right away), East Asia (which will be more wiped out the farther east you go, and otherwise fucked up), the Middle East (already fucked up, will lose any chance of recovery or improvement), Africa (fucked up), and South America will be destroyed as well. This is a list of the areas that will be positively

affected: Northern Europe... Central Europe... Southern Europe... Eastern Europe... and Canada. This made me think, god loves white people.

Maybe white people are like the limited edition unique collectible of mankind and god is trying to keep them in "pristine" condition.

My worst fear is that when you screenshot a girl's Tinder picture, the app puts a warning label on your profile that everyone else can see but you can't.

End of 'Creep'

**WHEN NOT MURDERING THE UNBORN THIS IS  
WHAT THE BOHEMIAN LIBERAL METROPOLITAN ELITE  
DO - LE MORAL MAN  
OVERTHROW THE FALSE IDOLS OF LE ELITE - NICOLA  
STURGO**

#### The Reason for Bottles

There was never much reason for prayers, the thoughts spent on me by the father were as useful as the parts left from yesterday's lunch. The first time I neared satiety was late at night with the gold goblet pushed close to my nose, I started behind the lot up on father's special shelf. There was never anything in me that was not meant to be poisoned. As potent as our lyrics were, we never too good for the blood at the bottom of the shimmer. I had just kneeled patiently as I would do so many

times later, but those times I would wait for something less metaphorically carnal.

### An Academic Introduction to the 18th Century Bottle Market in Serbia

Under Ottoman occupation the bottle market was often said to be unstable and perhaps dangerous for the common man. However, a few select men stood together to make the bottle market the booming industry we know today. This paper will attempt to outline the most important factors of the Serbian bottle market's intricate mechanics during the French revolution. One of the biggest impacts on history from the French Revolution was the idea of nationalism, the idea that one people of the same ethnicity could form a citizen-army and had the right to self-determine. The grim nature of the 18th century was the leading reason why so many men turned to the Bottle.

Bottle factories quickly rose up everywhere in Serbia, because of its immediate access to the most important materials needed to produce large quantities of bottles. This also meant that a lot of Serbian men and women were able to escape to less shitty countries, through their newfound wealth made through bottle production. Throughout the entire century many people fled to the Hypersphere through a hole in the border. The smuggling was naturally paid for in bottles, a much desired product on the other side of the border. Kings and princes would court each other, often by gifting each other bottles in millions, sometimes trillions, of different colors. To impress other royals, they had to use large sums of imaginary wealth to purchase these bottles from smugglers, often resulting in their own financial demise.

When we look back on the tumultuous time of bottle trading and smuggling, we often like to recall the name of Donald Trump. Few

people today associate Trump with this, but much of Trump's success today is based on his many dealings in the Serbian bottle industry. People within his own staff like to downplay this strange fact, because of its shady nature. Trump often used a loop in the structure of the Hypersphere to travel between lucrative times in the bottle market and went from crash to crash in order to increase his own bottle capital - many bottle scientists believe that this took a massive toll on the stability of the market, especially because of Trump's tendency to favor one side of the market over the other, not realizing that it would eventually result in the total collapse of the entire structure. Since this all took place at the height of the French revolution the market had become especially unstable, being swayed from side to side by large crowds, pushing repeatedly and rhythmically from both sides. The market collapsed from its bottom and up, resulting in the top bottle falling down.

“The Hypersphere is big, boy. The Hypersphere is vast beyond mortal comprehension,” the ghost of Donald Trump whispered to me from the foot of my bed, where he crouched in the foetal position noisily eating a large bag of Cool Original flavoured Doritos.

“Fuck off Trump, it's four in the morning and I have to work tomorrow. And you're just repeating yourself at this point,” I said, scowling. “Fuck off.” I tossed my alarm clock at him.

“The Hypersphere is larger than you can even imagine, my friend,” Trump said, elegantly dodging the matte black plastic mass while simultaneously transferring a fistful of yellow carbs from packet to mouth: “The Hypersphere is a trillion to the power of a trillion times larger than the largest thing to

ever exist, and I can take you there if wish. You just have to ask.”

“I don’t want to go to the Hypersphere, Trump. I want to go to bed, and then to work. Leave me alone.” I raged quietly, wrapping myself in my quilt and (passive-)aggressively placing my head on my pillow. “And put the Doritos back in the cupboards when you’re done with them you great blonde cunt.” Trump gently stroked one of my feet.

“Come on buddy, budderino. Budweiser! Don’t you want to know about the Hypersphere? It’s really a wonderful place, and it would be cool if we could go together sometime,” he said in a sing-song voice. “I mean, it’s so big. I think you’d do really well there. Everyone does well there, because it’s just so fucking big! If you find that people don’t like the things you like or do or believe, you just walk somewhere else, and because it’s so big eventually you’ll find a place where people love the things you do and like and believe.”

“Sounds like tumblr bullshit tbh Trump, like those ‘safe spaces’,” I said from beneath the covers.

“There’s no such thing as a safe space in the Hypersphere my boy,” he laughed. “It’s all Hyperspace.”

I sighed. “Look Trump, this is great. I love this shit, for real. But you’ve been harassing me like this for almost six weeks now, and it would be great if you’d at least talk about a property of this ‘Hypersphere’ that isn’t related to its size. I mean fuck, hours every night for over forty days, and all I know is that it’s really fucking big. If you can’t give me any vaguely original information then please, at least for tonight, just fuck off and let me sleep.” I said this in as definitive a

tone as I could, and closed my eyes. Silence descended over my room. A dog barked somewhere in the night, and the earth revolved in silence around the sun.

Normally at this point in Donald Trump's finely regulated nocturnal disturbances he'd lower his monologue to an ethereal mumble, and I'd fall asleep with incoherent snippets about some strange other-place diffusing into my subconscious. This night, however, was an exception.

"Get the fuck up, kid." Trump tore off my bedsheets. My alarm clock said 04:20.

His words carried a weight I hadn't heard since his famous 'Salt the Earth' speech during his third term, in which he'd outlined his radical, yet ultimately effective, plan of action for resolving the Israeli-Palestine conflict. I immediately turned towards him.

"W-what are you doing, T-trump," I mumbled groggily, "I don't like you in that way... b-baka."

"Get fucked weeaboo, there's no time. I'm done with this bullshit and so is everyone else." He'd been visiting me in my room every night for about six weeks by this point, and had never seemed in a hurry. Clearly something had changed.

"Something has changed," he told me as he heaved me out of my bed. "We have to go now."

"Go where? I don't understand."

"Of course you don't understand, boy. You're a fucking dumb fuck normie. Now get dressed," he frantically tossed a pair of boxer shorts in my direction. I caught them, glanced at the boxer shorts I was already wearing, and went to find

some actual clothes. I'd resolved at this point to go with the flow, having looked into Trump's sky blue eyes and seen true, animalistic fear.

I reached for my wardrobe, which imploded at my touch. I turned to Trump, bewildered. He grinned nervously. "Wardrobes are a spook." Then a bunch of generic ghosts came through the door. Trump turned, pulling a small gun from his pinstripe suit and emptying it in the ghosts' directions. The ghosts were aghast (hehehe :^), but unscathed, and Trump lunged for the door, shouting "Cheese it, kid." I cheesed it.

We stumbled together out of my bedroom, onto the shabbily decorated landing. Me, dressed only in a pair of boxers. Trump, trailing Doritos and gunshot residue, but otherwise immaculately presenteddressed<sup>58</sup>. He was a ghost though, and his clothing was simply an extension of his ego, so it was technically cheating. "What's going on? What are ghosts doing in my house?" I yelled over the gunshots down a hallway that seemed far longer than I remembered.

"That's a slur you ableist fuck," Trump shouted back, visibly enraged but continuing to sprint, "the union approved term is corporeally challenged." I shrugged internally and chased after him. We ran and ran, down a drab corridor that stretched drably to infinity, various doors of myriad design passing in a blur. Every time I considered stopping, resting for a moment to catch my breath, a strange, abstract fear washed over the shores of my mind, extinguishing rational

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<sup>58</sup>Choose whichever you prefer.

thought and urging me to continue my mad sprint. Eventually a Caucasian glow appeared in the distance, and Trump, floating behind me, egged me towards it. As we approached it I saw that it was the first open door since we'd escaped from my bedroom, and reaching it I noticed<sup>59</sup> that it was the bathroom from my house, though we must have been several miles from it, assuming the plane we occupied was Cartesian.

Legs screaming I leapt through the sterile maw of the bathroom and slammed the door behind me. "Shut those things up, kid," Trump said as he phased through the white painted wood "I can't hear myself think." As he paced the tiled room, surrounded by mine and my housemates' various toiletries, I massaged my thighs and made shushing noises as their howls echoed obnoxiously around the small room. After they'd quieted down, I began to say "What n-", but Trump placed a hand roughly over my mouth and motioned for silence. Dimly I became aware that the room was gently rocking, and from the other side of the door through which we had entered the bathroom I could hear the sound a hull cutting through water. "What the fuck is going on?" I whispered, my voice echoing harshly around the small, brightly lit room.

"This is on you, kid. You wouldn't go to the Hypersphere, no matter how nicely I asked, so now it's coming to you and your entire awful fucking reality," Trump said from the bathtub, having climbed in without my noticing.

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<sup>59</sup>My turn! I choose "noticed".

“What does that mean?” I asked nervously. My adrenal glands had begun to slow their secretion, and felt increasingly confused and afraid.

“Picture a grape sitting on a table,” Trump said, holding his fingers very close together as if holding said grape. “Then imagine a giant ball of iron the size of the visible universe crashing into that grape. Well in this metaphor the grape is your reality, and that giant ball of iron is the Hypersphere.”

“That’s insane.”

“That’s the Hypersphere, and I don’t know if I mentioned it but it’s really fucking big. You know what they say about things that are big, kid?”

“Th-the bigger they are the harder they fall?” I enquired.

“Shut the fuck up kid it was a rhetorical question. You got the autism or something? Fuck. Anyway, we need to get out of here.”

“But how do we do that?” I wondered out loud, Trump turned to me, grinning like that smug fucking dog.

“Now you have to *jerk* it,” Trump said, his voice rising in pitch and volume, becoming more inhuman. “*Jerk* it like your life depends on it, like a gang of Brazilian drug mules are going to gang rape the love of your life and/or your mother unless you *jerk* it harder than anyone’s ever  *jerked* it in the history of your entire sordid fucking race, *jerk* it like you’re the meritocratic elected leader of a race of cannibalistic post-humans genetically engineered to be the best at  *jerking* it.” So I jerked it, jerked it like a man possessed, all the while staring at my own reflection the mirror and sorrowfully wondering

if the police would have understood if I'd just called them the first night Donald Trump's ghost had appeared at my bedside. "I suppose we have nobody to blame but ourselves," my reflection said to me, looking far more unlike me than I felt a reflection had any right to. I began to oscillate, then my mind went Caucasian.

The rest, as they say, is history. You've all heard the stories about my exploits after I entered the Hypersphere a thousand times, be it in class or in my other, perhaps more exciting, writings, so I won't bore you by repeating them. But I hope now maybe you understand a little more about the 'man' behind the legend. Thanks for reading, friends. **Affectionate wink**

-Excerpt from Chapter 31-12 of 'A Life Beyond the Hypersphere: The Lesser Known Exploits & Origins of Ampersand Rex, First and Last Philosopher-Prince of the Hypersphere, and Eternal Landlord of the Many Rooms'

*Reader, this next tale is called..*  
***Slovak on Tour***

*1862. Bloody carnage visited the Indians camping beside the Waco River. A boy - not quite a brave - was the first to go. He was gutted while pissing.*

*The commander then fired, signaling the assault, the men were always targeted first. Some were trampled. Most were bayoneted.*

*Squaws and children fled, having been given time by the men. It did them little good.*

*Ears, fingers and vulva, though not to be sniffed at, weren't the prizes they sought that night. It was in the sweat lodge that the Cowboys found their bounty.*

*Sat there in the centre, grasping its tunic below the collar, sat the giant.*

*The face rose slowly, its grotesque features materializing in the sepia moonlight.*

*"What took you so long.?" it spittled.*

*After a pause and a sniff it continued, "Set course for the Hypersphere."*

### **Chapter Delta Echo - Why we type.**

Some people like the look of text on paper. The type, the font. Some people like to have something that is part of them being made immortal. An example of someone who does not care about the look of text on paper, or even a computer terminal, is the person who wrote the shit above. That person decided on the ugliest font possible and the

worst color. I simply do not get it. I cannot understand their drive.

In his youth, Bryce had stood up with false pride and declared that he would like nothing more than to become a soldier when he grew big and strong. Bryce was a **liar**. Bryce was a coward of the first degree. He would faint at the sight of blood and he would be sick when the ship left the shores. Soldiering was a tough life and it certainly wasn't for Bryce. Bryce was not true to the meditations of his heart's mind. "*When I grow up, I want to be a homosexual!*" Bryce would cry. But no matter how much Bryce tried to fool himself or turn to the Bottle beforehand, Bryce's self-loathing would always come in force mere seconds after his lovers' ejaculate would hit his chin

Truly, Bryce wanted **nothing** more than the sweet release of death, yet even to take one's own life required a will, a determination that lowly "men" like Bryce lacked in their character.

**(Now a short poem from the Hypersphere)**

**We cried.**

**We sighed.**

**We remembered.**

**We cried again.**

**It is oh so hopeless.**

**How do we escape the vast immense of the tundras?**

**Wolves eat our dead.**

**Wolves haunt our living.**

Do these beasts drink the tears of men from their mothers' teat?

### **Emma Žižek's Diary: June 11th**

Father told me to go to bed early without dinner, “how can you expect dinner when there are people who have nothing? Don't you know dinner is a construct by the bourgeoisie?” he asked. Then he ate my dinner himself.

Father does those things. I don't understand him at times. I can barely understand what he says, even less so at a conceptual level. It seems he just says... Words.

### **Emma Žižek's Diary: June 12th**

Father bewildered me further today. He said to me, “Schniff, You talk to me every day, claiming that this piece of meat and these potatoes are together an authentic meal--my gott! Thish I claim is ideology today. And of course, I say thish only to provoke, haha, I am the first to say that meat and potatoes are, of course, pretty delicious and satisfy the appetite and so on. But the dialectical role of the two pieces of the meal, I am

**always saying, and I am totally sure, is in service of the  
carnophallogocentrism of our post-modern society.**

**TO: George  
Newman**

**DATE:  
11-20-13**

**RE:  
INSTRUCTIONS**

My dearest companion, I am gravely sorry having to put you in such an awkward position, for operating the laboratories of a conspiracy theorist isn't as thought to be a load of futile chores and bizarre fantasies. It is utmost serious business as it will prove in the upcoming days. On the other hand, I cannot be there to assist you, for I'll be escaping from fear of being abducted by aliens. Therefore, I have left this list of instructions to help you complete your daily tasks upon my arrival.

#### 9:45

- Arrive laboratory at approximately this given time.
- Activate all contraptions by inserting one prong from each master plug into the slot. Take caution, as this is unearthed.
- Clean all experimental equipment using only wipes located under the sink. Clean floor, cages and/or bathrooms if necessary.

#### 11:15

- Perform the following duties in order:
  1. Feed the caged monkey wrapped in aluminum foil and brush his teeth.
  2. Locate both cats, the one with a satellite tracking device taped onto it, and Tom -my domestic cat. For the former, read calculations to insert later on the computer.
  3. Read bar meter and temperature of the aquarium, avoid manipulating with devices installed inside.
  4. Feed other animals as enlisted on their cages with precise amounts.
- Go to the main computer, execute the program (**bottle.exe**) by double-clicking on it. Follow basic instructions as noticed at the beginning and carefully insert values for every placeholder.

#### 12:00

- Head towards the electroscope and take photos of all ectoplasmic samples located in first drawer, there are approximately 34 samples)

**1:25 Lunch Break** (you may bring in any snack as long as it does not contain any radioactive elements, GMO's, processed food or anything authenticated by the government in any manner).

#### 1:40

- Water all genetically engineered plants within open greenhouse and make sure to open the windows for a couple of hours. Keep humidity and temperature within reasonable limits. Take notice for any distinguishable changes and write down.
- Leave the laboratory to buy any needed accessories from town, remember to lock the laboratory and shut down all machinery with the exception of the computer.
- Return at 6:20.

#### 6:30

- Observe the night for any abnormal phenomena (Unidentified Flying Objects of all sorts, even commercial airplanes of unknown or foreign origins. **We don't trust those**) with the aid of the telescope located at the balcony in my office.

#### 9:10

- Log onto the main computer and from it to the internet and go to the link given: [www.bottlescientist.com](http://www.bottlescientist.com). Log in: administrator (**USER:fanshen PASS:johan**). After accomplishing your duties for the day, edit the main page and type in all observations made solely for that given day under every category.
- After finishing, remember to close the laboratory and remove the master plugs.

## CHAPTER XVIII: TAKBIR TASKFORCE

الفصل 19: تكبيرة فريق العمل

Ben bin Al-Afleck was having a bad day so far. The reason was that his latest gig about the CIA had birthed consequences that would never be the same.

بين بن آل أفليك كان يواجه يوما سيئا حتى الآن. Mucca bin J-lo was on the rag, his insides splattered on the floor, on the walls and on the ceiling. A terrible odor of blood, guts and death, but also of rot and bile filled the room.

وكان السبب الذي أحدث أزعج له عن وكالة المخابرات المركزية ولادة العواقب التي لن تكون هي نفسها.

When bin-Al-Takbifleck had starred in the movie "Argo" he never thought it would end like this. But now there was a dead brother in his office. Not just dead, but torn apart with a rarely seen savagery. And just in front of him, on top of the expensive-looking wooden table, there laid a most kuffar book, immaculate despite Ben himself and his office being covered in and dripping of blood: it was called the DE VERMIS MISTERIIS.

عندما بن الشريف، التكبير أفليك قد لعب دور  
البطولة في فيلم "آرغو" وقال انه لم يعتقد  
انها ستنتهي مثل هذا. ولكن الآن هناك أخ ميتا في  
مكتبه. فقط في أمامه، على رأس طاولة خشبية  
أبحث مكلفة، وضعت هناك كتاب أكثر الكفار:  
وكان يطلق عليه DE دودة MYSTERIIS.

**How did that book end up in bin Al-Akbarfleck's bloody hands?**

كيف هذا الكتاب في نهاية المطاف في أيدي بن  
أكبر البقعة على ذلك؟

**What MYSTERIIS did it contain?**

ما لغز أنها لم تشتمل عليها؟

*[A dialectal aside.]*

Now, are you using fucking Google Translate? That's poor. You  
could've just asked an Arab. abdool alharzad was here  
*all this arabian, we didnt even start with the greeks*  
(Arabs pre-date your puffter Greeks)

Muhammad was the first soul created and what language did he  
speak? Arabic.

[Arabic predates everything.]

Arab is Alpha and Omega

Hope you didn't like your head c\*ck because you're gonna lose it

What the ARABS need is a Peter Hitchens. To safeguard their  
way of life against bohemian liberal elite amoral baby-killing  
sodomite destroyersofmuhwayoflyf-.

Infidels;fucking everywhere:.

-no more arabic

These are the questions we shall be seeking presently.

هاهن الأسئلة اللواتي نسعى وراءهن الان.

It all started 50 days ago. Bin Al-Aflack had just accepted his role in "Argo" back then and was reading the script with a most profound interest, in the comfort of his luxurious home (he had not committed the most grievous sin of adultery back then).

Ben had just arrived at the 38th page of the script when he saw a postcard that said "ein juden" in threatening letters over a pitch black background. It was cleverly concealed between the pages, fixed to the paper with a special adhesive that dissolved when the page was opened. He hesitated for a minute, then took the postcard in his hand and turned it.

The other side of the postcard was even more ominous. It showed a faded-out photo of some sort of shell, with **BLACK AYYSTER CÜLT** (*Ed: geddit?*) written in big, jagged red letters on top. Underneath it, and in fact all around it, there were series of disjointed and incoherent blood red lines and curves scattered all over the place. The very

bottom of the postcard was marked with a crimson wax seal roughly looking like the form of a Gray alien head fornicating with a tentacled oyster. Around the seal, a bunch of tiny letters formed the following: [bigman@uuu.dg](mailto:bigman@uuu.dg)

Bin al-Kalashnifeck was dumbstruck by all this. Then, at that very moment, he decided on the dumbest thing he could have: to write to the email address inscribed around the seal.

Ben rose up from his seat and moved to his desk that was on the other side of the room. He booted up his laptop (running Gentoo), started Thunderbird, hit the Write button and wrote the address on the postcard in the appropriate space.

The mail he wrote to that mysterious address was very simple: "Who are you?"

At that moment Ben was overcome with a vague, nearly imperceptible but tingling feeling of dread, like something, somewhere, had gone irreversibly wrong. But then just a moment later, he only felt relief for having satisfied his curiosity, and went back to his couch to continue reading his script, the computer still open.

The Sun had gone down, the outside world had been plunged into darkness and the hours were approaching midnight when a sharp \*shwing\* was emitted from the computer. Dropping the script, bin Al-Hyperflex rushed to his desk, grabbed his mouse and clicked on the inbox button. He had one new message, sent by the mysterious address, no subject visible.

He clicked on it.

The screen turned black, then red.

Then the power went out.

Then a painful but subtle hum made its way out of the speakers into Ben's ears.

He felt a pressing need to sit down and fix the screen, even though his heart, which beat as if it wanted to rip itself out of his chest and seek shelter somewhere, preferably in the arms of the babysitter, wanted to tell him to leave not only the room but the house right away. Something, some kind of unspeakable attraction and terror, gripped his heart's throat and choked those words out.

The screen was still red. A little while later, the shape of a stereotypical "Happy Merchant" appeared on the screen, then

started to distort beyond recognition. First his beard was elongated and twisted unto itself in the form of a spiral, then his eyes were gone, replaced with 2 terrible holes, for it seemed to Ben that these really were not images on the screen, but physical realities, holes descending into an imperceptible and endless dimension of darkness.

Then the drawing's nose started changing. It became thicker and thicker, and at the same time it became longer and longer, then suddenly took a sharp 90 degree turn upwards and blossomed into a barbed writhing tentacle.

The mouth of the cartoon, which was an evil grin, elongated itself into a concave, bursting out of the man's physical limits and its extremities sort of suspending themselves in the area around his cheeks.

The humming sound which invaded al-Afrikandek's ear nerves slid into something subtler and indescribable. Now it seemed like there was a voice talking, or rather whispering to him. It was a male voice, deep but very sweet, gentle but psychotic.

The first words the voice uttered were undecipherable. They rolled together into some sort of chant, a mix between Gregorian and brutal. Ibn Al-Afflecki wondered whether this was a Satanic incantation or not and shuddered, but he simply could not move his hand to press the power button.

Soon the chant became intelligible. What the sinister whispers were telling was terrifying. They spoke of the coming doom, of hollow beings in a hollow universe, of the amorphous and gibbering -for it was alive- foul and black ooze-like progenitor of races, of the secret cult whose sign was the Unspeakable Burrower and whose ambitions rested on an eldritch and long-forgotten, forbidden artifact: the Hypersphere.

What the Hypersphere was the voice did not instruct al-Fleqqi to; but even without the details, he understood that it was a most kuffar and terrible thing. And yet he was also possessed by curiosity. He wanted to know what the Hypersphere was. He wanted to hold it in his hands. He wanted to expose it to the rays of a full moon on Walpurgisnacht, and in blasphemous tongues

call upon the Unspeakable Burrower with his comrades. He wanted to...

What was it that he wanted?

Ibn al-Shariffeck blinked. He found himself sitting in front of his computer, his room illuminated by a pleasant and warm light streaming from his desktop lamp. Ben probed his memory, and he had an indiscernible recollection of something terrible that happened just a while ago, but he could not perceive what it exactly was. Below, his wife was cooking dinner, the sweet odours of which were now tickling his nose. He decided to stop working for the day.

He was about to instruct his computer to shut itself down, but by coincidence decided to check his inbox. He saw that the most recent message received was from an unknown sender [-bigman@uuu.dg](mailto:-bigman@uuu.dg). What left Bin puzzled however was the time of reception. It was indicated as 00:00. The current time however was just 19:37.

Bin Allafleck thought this was very strange, but figured some sort of bug had happened. He clicked on the message. It said:

"Dear Fellow! We are glad & delighted to inform you that your application has been

accepted with earnest approval. We welcome you warmly as a new member of our ever growing family. Signed: E. Bowler, Chairman.”

Ben could not make heads or tails of this message. Was this one of those scam mails? It must have been. But it was really queer for such a letter, making no mention of money or physical address. Maybe it was just a prank? Ibn decided to give no more thought to it, deleted it and turned his computer off, hurrying downstairs to join his wife. This was how Ben’s troubles began.

A couple dozen days later, the shooting for “Argo” had started. During that time al-Afflak had not received any more suspicious e-mails, but he had received a couple bizarre postcards instead. He had not gotten rid of the postcard he found inside the script, so he compared the new cards to it. They were very similar, each of them said something brief and nonsensical, all written in threatening letters: the first card said “ein juden”, the second card said “PINECONE” and the third card said “I just drive”. The backs of all 3 cards were the exact same:

the words **BLACK AYYSTER CÜLT** written in big, jagged red letters on top of a faded-out photo of some kind of shell. Underneath the text, and in fact all around it, a series of disjointed and incoherent blood red lines and curves scattered all over the place. The very bottom of the postcard was marked with a crimson wax seal roughly looking like the form of a Gray alien head fornicating with a tentacled oyster. There was nothing else around the circle of the seal. When Ben Bin asked the producer about the card he found, he looked at him with mild amusement and said that it was probably related to some shady and secret underground sex club thing the writer must be attending. Ben laughed it off, thinking how haram something like that must be, but he never wrote it off as the actual cause for the existence of the postcard.

In a similar way, his inquiries into the identity of that E. Bowler person was ended up fruitless. No one had heard of him, and none of the E. Bowlers in the government's registry were affiliated with a fraternity group.

As a professional actor, Ben did not let these strange events interfere with his work and pushed on with the shooting as usual. As the days passed, everything felt normal again. He did not receive any more strange mail, he ate and fugged with his wife, visually flirted with the babysitter, played with his kids, read the Qur'An. All in all, things were pretty uneventful.

Then the nightmares began.

At first they were dreams, the way it always goes. He would be in a field of green or white, under a blue sky with the occasional cloud, a slight purple haze touching his skin. Before he would wake up, the sky would become a screaming red, just for a moment, and then he'd have opened his eyes.

Later things started to change. Hollow shapes appeared to be walking aimlessly in the field. They looked vaguely human, but not quite. When Bin approached one of them for the first time, it started shrieking a muffled

**AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA**

**AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA**

**AAAAA** and Ibn was torn off from his dream. After a while, the hollow shapes started becoming more and more hazy. Looking at one made Ben's eyes hurt, touching one would return no tactile feedback, and attempts to communicate with one would only be met with an empty look and a gaping mouth.

The field too had changed. It would still be green or white, but the green would be the greenish hue of a decomposing corpses and the white would be a tainted one. The sky lost its healthy blue tone and drifted into purple, and then slid off to red.

At one point, Ben found himself staring at 9 great gaps of rectangular shape. These were 2-dimensional forms, but looking at one would give the impression of looking at depth, which Ben found very unsettling.

In the following days, the gaps underwent a change too. When Ben looked at them, he would not see just blackness anymore, but form. What he saw barely registered in his brain, and as such it is impossible to describe exactly the things he saw. To put it in simple terms, it was space and

dimensions. Each gap would provide a more complex and more abstract view of space and dimension, with the contents of the 9th gap being so complex that at first glance any person would have thought that it was empty. Peering into that abyss, Ben understood straight away that what he was looking into was Hyperspace itself. For he had been, still unbeknownst to himself, subconsciously initiated by the **Black Ayster Cült** to the aesöteric Hyperspherical mysteries.

[continues in Part 4]

Chapter Mouse: Enter the Hole

Harold D. Munch, private dick, flicked a speck of dirt he had dug out from one of his fingernails with an air of nonchalance that no one seated by him quite felt that he had earned. Jake gave Jane a skeptical look--"Maybe we shouldn't have hired him," his eyes seemed to say. Munch then continued his own rambling oration, and developed at length his theory of the world.

"Freud was right about one thing; the world is divided into the mortise and the tenon. But this humanocentrism--pssh, not to get personal here, kid, but the man was a German from the 20th century.

Of course he was going to get big headed about all that bipedal action.

No; we should not go into, but away from, the human scrotum, sweaty and inviting though it may be. To get as far away as possible, we should begin by comparing the male genitalia to the lowest mammal, a rodent generally and a mouse specifically. The difference we first notice of course is that one finds a hole, whereas the other makes one. But! Should this difference really concern us? Couldn't we say, just as well, that the male genitalia is as productive in the making of holes?

Well let's go on: You have asked me to investigate the mysterious vanishment of your treasured only daughter. But I ask you, how do you know that she is missing? Perhaps she is merely entering that stage of adolescent rebellion, and has run off with some foppishly-haired boy?"

"Well," Jane quavered, "She wasn't in her crib, the window had been broken, and there was a ransom note taped to a rock on the ground."

"Ah yes, the crib, the substitute womb. Yes, that was the first mistake. And a note you say? Taped to a rock? I have been told that is how children communicate during the manual stage. Very common I hear."

“For God’s sake, she’s only 18 months old,” Jake said. “She can hardly even speak, much less demand \$10,000 for her safe return.”

This is an interesting font, don’t you think so, Hypersphere? A bit too formal? I like this one myself...

Or perhaps this, no no. This won’t do.

**TH-- OH, HIDEOUS!**

Ah, now this I can wear to the string-theoretical prom party!

what is a font? tis what we express oorselves with, no? or is it bu’a representation of how we want to be expressed? is a font a voice, or just text? what does a font convey, if not just writing?

also Israel did 9/11 tbh (Ed: Guardian newspaper font)

This cruel world, where does the cruelty come from? This dick.<sup>60</sup>

Cruelty is the way of nature. If anything, the most natural thing is the concept of cruelty.

**“Nature doesn’t recognise cruelty. The rock does not recognise the Moon. This is why it is important for all of us to be cruel to each other.”** - Gandhi. (Editor's Note: sometimes mistakenly attributed to MLK, Clement Attlee, The Original Martin Luther, Hulk Hogan, Scipio Africanus, Noam Chomsky, a slightly torn copy of Mein

<sup>60</sup>Zipper onomatopoeia

Kampf, Dwayne “The Rock That Does In Fact Recognise the Moon” Johnson, Christian Weston Chandler, Charlemagne, Jimmy Page, Jimmy pp.3-6 and Introduction to the Jimmies by I. M. Rustled, that dude off that advert... oh - you know the one, the one with the teeth, but also Third Iteration of Buddha, Octavius Augustus Caesar, Saint Valentine, Johannes Wilkensburg, The Incredible Hulk, Napoleon III's unborn identical twin, the Judeo-Christian God during Woodstock Festival, Mark Mothersbaugh from Devo, Frederick The Great, Nietzsche, the entire nation of Latvia in 1787, the metaphysical concept of class struggle, /pol/, Larry “Pull It” Silverstein, the punctuation mark "?", Ariel Pink, the German language in its entirety, Melvyn Bragg, half the Boston Red Sox and additionally a young Malcolm X; but weirdly enough, never Charles Manson.)

### *The Rape of the Lock*

*(another short story from the Hypersphere)*

The key approached, with a lascivious grin.

“Noon'es gonn' 'ear nothin'.”

The lock cried, trying to conceal her hole in vain.

“Aww yeah, bb, 'ere I cum,” said the key and unlocked the door.

The door alongside the lock was shamed for their promiscuity, by the rest of the portal community, even though they were very unwilling during the event.

Only two weeks later the key was called to court.

“We call the defendant,” said the lawyer, an ornate French 19th century door.

The key took to the podium and was sworn in on a technical manual:

“Do you swear to fit the lock, revolve and open the door always, so help you hand?”

“I already did it,” grinned the key (laughter in the court).

The judge presiding, a gothic wooden door, called to order in the court.

“Please, this is a serious matter.”

So the ornate door approached the podium and asked the key,

“Do you even fit the lock?”

“No sir, I dun think I’d fit anythin’ so fine.”

“Mhh, and how do you think she has gotten it into her head that you did so?”

“Why sir, on that I’d never specumlate.” (laughter).

On this a round and pleasant house door, with a wrought iron knocker, stood up in court and called out: “Objection! The defendant is in contempt of court!”

Have you ever heard of the Red Spider Mite?

Appetizing little creature. Quite adorable and thoroughly delicious. One

tree's worth is enough to dine on for at least a twelvemonth for a whole family of four. The critters get their nourishment from the photosynthetic cells in plant leaves. Despite what an uninitiated observer might presume, the insect is highly nutritious owing to its strictly vegan diet. One might for that reason feast without the least moral qualm upon a nest of them in the secure knowledge that the food chain only contains two previous steps; chlorophyll and bug.

The insect is moreover a nasty, lusty, feisty parasite devouring all the green delight it can find, and leaving in its excretory wake a lot of wispy webs, which spread until the leaf is dead. It is for this reason, and several more not yet declassified by the Security Council's intelligence services, that many organizations worldwide have declared it a moral imperative to ingest as many of them as is possible.

It is my opinion, however, that this categorical necessity should not be contained to the red spider mite. There must surely be others who have noticed the striking similarity between the parasite and members of the higher institutes of learning. "Lethal yet innocent," is what comes to mind when one thinks of them. It would not be going too far, I think, to suggest at least nibbling on their sweaters should the opportunity present itself.

So, like, I was in English class, right? And I was thinking about Kierky's dreamy hair and ankles and doodling pictures of things-in-themselves when the teacher totally called on me!

She was like, Sappho, what does the possibility of strong AI imply for the metaphysical status of human consciousness?

And I'm all like, ugh bitch, who cares?

But I didn't say that out loud, duh. I made up some bullshit about how if everybody in China got together and did stuff just like the cells of a brain, it wouldn't be conscious, and she just looked at me like I was retarded. Mrs. Lovelace is SO mean.

two weeks ago Garrison Keillor bested me in a match of DEFENSE OF THE ANCIENTS 2 (YES THAT IS THE REAL NAME YOU MOTHERFUCKER GABE YOUR COPYRIGHTS HOLD NO JURISDICTION IN MY SOVEREIGN CITIZENRY) AND I HAVE NOT KNOWN PEACE SINCE THAT HARROWED EVENING, WHICH WAS IN FACT ALL EVENINGS, AS HE IS MY FATHER, MY MENTOR, AND ME. YOU MUST BE YOUR OWN LIGHT, AS KRISHNAMURTI TOLD US. BUT THEN, HE WAS A RANCID KIKE.

**RIP Team Infoslash**

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CLEARANCE

*Michelle Obama is actually a man in disguise.*

END TRANSMISSION.

## *CHAPTER OMEGA:*

*TFW no Jutsu*

*There's something sinister to it...*

*Too sinister...*

*Almost like...*

*Too sinister...*

Making my way upstream, swimming fast, rapids past and I'm  
spawnbound

NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NAA!

NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NAA!

In all seriousness though everything you know is a lie, the Rosicrucian illuminati are in collaboration with the descendants of ancient astronauts who are at war with the Reptilians because the Reptilians are trying to help us. Despite being depicted in alternative media as “the bad guys” the reptilians are actually trying to help humanity overthrow their Jewish/Illuminati/Rosicrucian overlords who are trying to enslave humanity in order to use them as mining and farming slaves, also the ancient astronauts (the grays) like to consume human flesh. The Reptilians are trying to help humans break free of the illusion.

**Don't let the reptillian counter-narrative fool you, brother: they are just trying to get back at us mammals because they're still butthurt about that meteor. There is in reality a pan-reptilio-insectoid-plantological conspiracy founded in the late cretaceous period against what they thought would become the dominant species on planet Earth.**

LMAO you probably think fluoride is good for your teeth too huh? The real enemies are **the gays**. Seriously seriously guys. Transexualism is the disease that is killing **DEEZ NUTS**<sup>61</sup>. (Ed: dat be pretty. Does that make me gay?) [Vox ed: Yes, very much so.] It was invented in

---

<sup>61</sup>Sandy Nutz 2016 is widely recognized as the moment the Reptilians finalized their hold on the Americuck political fracas.

1964 by Jewish alchemists work<sup>[vowel?]</sup>ng in the underground vaults at Frankfurt.

I'm a Jew and I can confirm this. You know because this font is called special elite and I can say KIKE without being throttled to death.

God has been alive since 1963, how is this a coincidence?!? How? How??? Why, through the omnibenevolent machinations of the deity, naturally.

You guys taught me so much 'cept which camel to use.

My mind is the camel that stores the world's knowledge-water. My humps, my humps are just regular humps, lovely though they be. Not like the disgusting flesh-sacs of that crude black woman whose song was so popular in 2005 or so.

Check it out.

Nelson Mandela once stole my hat to attend a convention on bees; isn't it about time we rescind his Nobel Peace Prize? I mean the Mandelas are just inherently criminal, just the other day I read in the Daily Mail about how Nelson's grandson raped a minor in the bathroom of a restaurant in South Africa (true story tbh google it, smh fam)

>tfw no qt7.62 Nelson Mandela gf

>tfw no hipster qtp2t azn gf  
is it so much to ask for?

>has anyone ever projected this much  
well, yes in fact someone has.

Me

**Chapter 9/11: William Buckley**  
**tried to succ my dick and**  
**succeeded: a liturgical**  
**dialectic**

sumer is icumen in	lhude sing cuckcu
--------------------	-------------------

[This page accidentally-on-purpose left blank.]

[no it wasn't :^)]

Hulk hogan sat alone in his room, reading his favorite Hulk Hogan manga, wondering when the backlash from the recent Hulk Hogan controversy would Hulk over.

“please mr hogan-san, ugu, what are you going to do to me <3”

“ uuuuh Brother I’m gonna stick my 12 inch python in you brother urgh I’m Hulk Hogan”

Suddenly, there was a knock at his Hulk Hogan poster adorned door.

“Who is it, brother?” Asked the Hulkster.

“It’s me, Nick Denton, the editor-in-chief of Gawker media.”

“Oh boy I am going to sue your ass so good for publishing my sex tape” Hulk said, “by the time I’m done with you I’ll have bought out the entire magazine and turned it into an outlet that publishes articles about the virtues of rape.”<sup>62</sup>

“Or so you think, Hogan!” Replied Denton with a smug grin on his face, “I challenge you to a Yappapii strap match!, I have consulted my ancestors under the auspicious light of the 9th moon and they revealed to me that I would be victorious!”

“Oh it’s on, brother!” shouted the Hulkster, who tore his shirt off as a microphone descended from the ceiling and Dubstep™ began to blare from hidden speakers.

## **CHAPTER ALPHABET**

*A is for Anal. Always remember to wash.*

---

<sup>62</sup>Aaaaaand now I’m hard as a diamond, going to watch some vids, guise. Don’t spoil the fun.

B is for *Brahman*. He penetrates you and you penetrate him = celestial 69<sup>6364</sup>.

W is for *What About Vishnu Tho?*

C is for **CUCK**. Racemixing is the new golf.

D for **DANGER** is my middle name m'lady.

E is for *Eeeee Eee Eeee*.

F is for **Fire** that burns down the whole town<sup>65</sup>

G is for *Gay*. Which is what Anon is, if you will recall the dramatis personae from Spiritual Sequel, which hasn't been written yet but also has.

H is for **Hulk Hogan**. He's not racist, brother!

I is for **Inshallah**. Much snappier than 'D--s Vult'.

J is for **Juggernaut**. THE best hero tbh and winner of TI5.

K is for **Kenan**, and also **Kel**.

L is for **/lit/**. F5 is *your* way to literary stardom.

---

<sup>63</sup>Is it possible to embed a form of encrypted mp4 in the pdf of this so that when you read this line Nasheed starts playing. (Inshallah) [Vox ed: perhaps, if you're so determined, embed a file in a picture that includes the nasheed. One that can be retrieved thru Outguess.]

<sup>64</sup>>implying i'm going to do that

<sup>65</sup>only 90's kids remember

N is for NEVER FINISHED THIS GARBAGE, DID YOU?

U is for **URANIUM...**

S is for *Shakespeare*. He was actually a woman of color this is the face of erasure smh tbh

T is for twitter. Poems for the masses.<sup>66</sup>

Z is for *Zarathustra*. He's dead, you faggots.

**...BOMBS**

## Part III: Power Structures and Prejudice in Hyperspace

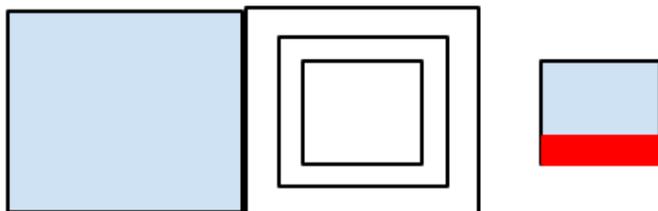
Or  
An Indictment of the White Race

---

<sup>66</sup>140 characters is enough to write 'nigger' 23 times with two exclamation points at the end. Or you could let it cut off a third of the way through on the 24th, I'm not picky.

# HYPERSPHERE HIERARCHY

## Tier 1



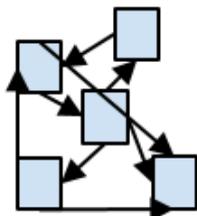
The first room contains a whole universe, many of its more ignorant inhabitants are completely unaware of a world beyond it. Dying in the first room causes you to enter the second.

The second room, sometimes called 'The Waiting Room' is a test of either patience or creativity. An act of creative expression will allow everyone within the room to enter the third room. This room is constantly changing in size and shifting through time.

The third room is one of the smaller rooms, it is an arena where those who are present must compete for their place in hyperhistory. Those who fail are cast into the netherrealm below.

## HYPERSPHERE HIERARCHY

### Tier 2



The fourth room is where the heroes who made it through the third room are immortalized via fiction. They are written into hyperhistory via an arcane Google Document wherein a complicated network of writers retell their story



The fifth room is a near infinitely large library where the secrets of Hypersphere are kept, there are many books here but all are identical. Heroes may browse at their leisure and progress to the sixth room when ready



The sixth room, also known as The Point of No Return, contains two pills, one red and one blue. On taking the red pill a hero is transported to the seventh room, on taking the blue he returns to the first room with no memory of the experience.

**Ayy Lmao.**

**It is time that we move past such gender-binary privileged white-dominated non-humanities science focused definitions of Hyperspace.**

**Onwards, comrades! To the brave new world of non-binary trans-friendly pro-Islamic Hyperspace. The need to replace traditional western Hyperspace is reflected in the ontological subtleties of dialectic Marxist realism, especially when considered within the context of the 1925-1927 Copenhagen**

## **interpretation of Quantum Mechanics by Bohr and Heisenberg.**

**Guys, I need suggestions.  
Which anime should I jack it to now?**

I am trans-ayylmao. You may laugh at such a claim, but when you carefully consider the modern ayylmao narrative, the reasons for my decision are clear. What are the characteristics of ayylmaos as popularly understood by man? They are sexless, gangly, large-headed, and indistinguishable via outward body features. Their faces consist of nebulous eyes and diminutive slit-mouths. They communicate through telepathy--they are truly divorced from all the problems we humans try to mask with logocentrism. The ayylmao CAN directly communicate the platonic ideal. The ayylmao is not bound by impurities and ambiguities native to verbal simulacra.

The ayylmao, in its sexlessness, is free from any biological imperative clouding its judgment. It interacts with other ayylmaos in contexts devoid of sexual pathos. The ayylmao does not know race, it does not know nationality. Any conflict between ayylmaos--if such conflicts do exist--is predicated on pragmatism. The ayylmao does not suffer existential angst, it does not suffer sexual frustration, it does not suffer prejudice. Ayylmaos simply work together like a synchronized machine to push ever forward the gradient of scientific progress and inquiry. The ayylmao does not come to earth for pain or pleasure, but to know. The ayylmao is not bound by group identities like

'Anglophile' or 'Pedophile'. The only desire known by an ayylmao is **Epistemophilia**.

Consider, despite the fear society has marred ayylmaos with--the totalizing necessitation that they are villains, demon-like monsters, *aliens*-- they represent a humanity in sublime transcendence of vice, left only with virtue. The grey man in the spacecraft does not worry about socioeconomic inequality or fear street violence. It does not fear rape, it does not have children in need of protection. The ayylmao is a perfect organism.

You may protest that in the ayylmao's lack of human problems it lives a life with no free-will, no imperatives, and no pain with which it can, through juxtaposition, find contentment.

On the contrary, one must look at what the ayylmao does with its time: it whizzes through our night skies, hovers over our architectural achievements, cruises past endless meadows and canyons and forests and waterfalls, seemingly unbound by physical laws of aerodynamics or fuel necessity. The ayylmao, in tacit introspection, drinks every fold of Earth, knowing its purpose, and yet absolutely free. When the ayylmao runs across the road in a flyover state on a drowsy twilight, passing in front of that retired police officer and disappearing into a cornfield, using its powers to make sure the photo he took comes out blank, it knows exactly what it's doing. It relishes in its existence, while its human counterpart works long hours to sit in a house and hope another spousal argument doesn't break out. While the human pats himself on the back for

climbing the mountain in his singular vacation week, the ayylmao, with a twinkle in its eye, stands atop the mountain every day--atop every mountain, every day. The ayylmao is the mountain.

So yes. I am thin, I am silent. I want to sail the solar winds, crawl weightless through the night sky. I want to shine lights on cities, and know the whispers of our elementary particles. I want to see in ultraviolet, hear the hum of quantum foam. I want to be indulgent, but free of sin. I am a trans-ayylmao, and I am proud.

Please note that I prefer the term to be pronounced in three syllables, following:

*eye-luh-moe*

As if you were saying 'Alamo' with a hard 'eye' sound for the first letter.

### **Stopped by Woods on a Snowy Evening**

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
My knowledge comes from ignorance, though,  
I'm told by trees that stopped me here  
to tell me I'm the status quo.

*The woods are lovely, dark and deep  
and used to be the kings of Egypt.  
Passed the blunt while they spoke*

*I was sleeping, now I'm woke.*

# LES AVENTURES DE HULK HOGAN PT. DEUX

Hogan grabbed the negro  
that had descended from his ceiling.

“Nick Denton, Brother,” began the Hulkster, shouting over the dubstep, “I’m going to strap you in this Yappapi strap match brother! I’m going to take that Yappapi strap, which was made for this Yappapi strap match, and whip you so hard that it will leave a Yappapi strap sized mark on your skin, brother! I’ll strap you so hard that the Yappapi strap will strap Gawker right from your strappy hands, I’ll strap you so hard that my sex tape will be deleted, I’ll strap you so hard that you’ll fade from existence, brother! URGH! Hulkamania’s running wild!”

Hogan tore the black man in half. Denton now had a visibly scared look on his face. Hogan jumped off of his bed, and into the makeshift ring he had constructed on his bedroom floor. Already, an audience of thousands had gathered to see this spectacle. The roar of the audience now overcame the blaring dubstep.

interlude

“Riko,” Maki said. “Come look at what I’ve found on the Internet.”  
“Ehhh . . . lemow? Ayy lmao (エイイルマオ)? What’s that mean?”

“It’s a meme!” Maki said.

“ A m e m e ? ”

“A thing that people say over and over again until it gets popular.”

Riko knit her brows. “You mean like a catchphrase?”

“Yup!” Maki looked satisfied with her explanation.

“But I’m still confused. Who started it first? And why is it funny?”

“Ummm . . .” Maki was deep in thought. “I don’t know who started it, but there’s a place we can check.

She clicked in the address bar of Internet Explorer and typed in “ayy lmao.”

“And it’s funny . . . because it’s an alien.”

Riko puffed out her cheeks. She grabbed Maki by the corners of her mouth and pulled. “Now you’re just screwing with me, Maki! What the heck do aliens have to do with anything?”

“Waaaaah! Riko, stop it! Just look at the screen! See?”

There were 680,000 results for “ayy lmao.” Four images of grey or green, big-headed, bald, large-headed aliens were displayed over the search results.

Riko was more frustrated than ever. “I don’t get any of this! It’s just the words ‘ayy lmao’ written on pictures of aliens!

Who does this?

Why is it funny?

What does ‘ayy lmao’ mean?

Maki rubbed her sore cheeks and composed her hair.

“Allow me to explain,” she said smugly. Maki moved the cursor down to the link that read [Ayy Lmao | Know Your Meme](#)<sup>67</sup> and clicked it.

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<sup>67</sup>A famous editorial writ to preface postmodern printings of the famous *Hagakure*, from noted noblewoman Yoshiyuki Tomino. For more information, refer to these printings.



1,332

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### Status

Confirmed

### Year

2013

### Origin

*Unknown*

### Tags

[slang](#), [wtf](#), [paranormal](#), [tumblr](#), [alien](#), [expression](#)

### Additional References

Reddit

“**Ayy Lmao**” is an expression and Tumblr [hashtag](#) typically associated with a picture of an alien that looks slumped over with an agape mouth.

### Origin

The image of the alien has circulated the web since as early as November 2012, appearing on a number of Portuguese and Spanish-language paranormal sites including Tempo Espaço<sup>[1]</sup>, El Gurú<sup>[2]</sup> and El Rincon Paranormal.<sup>[3]</sup> Though it is unclear where the photo was first posted, it was referenced on Twitter on March 31st, 2013 in a conversation between two users.

Every time I see that damn alien "ayy lmao" I lose it

— Jesse (@Boneless) [March 31, 2013](#)



Riko stared.



And stared.

And stared.

“It’s from Tumblr?”

Maki beamed. “Yup!”

“That site with all the pictures and stuff?”

“I showed you mine yesterday, remember? Do you wanna see it again?”

Riko swatted Maki’s hand away from the mouse.

“I think once is enough for me, thank you.”

Maki’s tumblr had been full of cartoon boys in revealing swimwear<sup>68</sup>.

Riko couldn’t see the appeal in that kind of stuff, even though she didn’t exactly have any more experience with real boys than Maki did.

“Every time I see that damn alien . . . I lose it . . .” Riko murmured.

“That doesn’t explain why it’s funny, Maki! It’s just some guy saying he thinks it’s hilarious. It’s not funny to me.”

“Come on, Riko!” Maki was no longer smiling. “Just look at it! You know, ayy lmao! Ayy lm-ao! Ayyyyyy, lamaow!”

Riko let out a small giggle. “Okay, the way you just said it was funny, but that doesn’t mean the . . . meme . . . itself is funny. You can do that with anything. Watch. Heyyyyy-o! Yooooloooo!” まきがタイローヌみたい叫んだ。<sup>69</sup>

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<sup>68</sup>*Free!*, a Japanese animated television show noted for promoting male homosexuality to teenage girls.

<sup>69</sup>Riko shouted like Tyrone.



“...”

“What?” Riko felt her face heat up.

何？

“Anyway, it’s just funny! You just need to keep seeing it, and it gets funnier the more you see it. Maybe you just don’t get it because your sense of humor isn’t sophisticated enough.”

Maki received a smack on the head for that. While she rubbed her injury, Riko took the opportunity to pontificate.

“Repeating a joke doesn’t make it funnier, it just drives it into the ground. You’ve been conditioned to laugh whenever you see that meme because you were led to believe that you would. I bet you could replace it with a picture of a Shiba Inu dog<sup>70</sup> and you’d still laugh. I don’t get why people are so obsessed with it. Is it because they see other people obsessed with it, and just copy what they do because they think it’ll make them laugh? Tell me the truth, Maki!”

---

RIKO AND MAKI are CALLED MARIBEL AND RENKO in the Japanese dub, real talk. An alternate reality where the Sealing Club is the Memeing Club. Gensokyo was never the same.

<sup>70</sup>TL note inu means dog.

Maki looked at the other girl as if for the first time. She continued to rub. “I think it’s just because it’s so random. Don’t you laugh when you’re expecting one thing, but something else happens? Did you think that you were going to see an alien today? It was completely unexpected, right? Just like life. It’s like poetry, it rhymes.”

Riko remained unmoved. “Anybody can be random. I’m an Atlantic spotted dolphin. Why did this catch on and not something else?”

“I don’t know,” the dark-haired girl said quietly. “Nobody knows. Why do some people die, and others get to live? Why did English-American culture take over the world? How did we escape total nuclear war? It just happened. Marketing departments all over the world would like to know. If we knew, memes - and the wider cultural consciousness - would be subject to corporate manipulation greater and more widespread than it is already. You’d be able to force a meme just by saying the right thing at the right time. Mortal man is not meant to know.”

Riko blinked. “I can’t accept that. People survive because they are strong. Great Britain was led by shrewd and courageous men. We escaped nuclear destruction because we are ultimately rational. Everything has meaning, Maki. There is always a reason.”

“What does ‘ayy lmao’ mean?”

Maki twisted a finger through her hair. “Umm, ‘ayy’ is like ‘hey’ but when Mexicans say it . . . and ‘lmao’ stands for ‘laughing my ass off.’”

Riko paced. “And the alien?”

“I don’t think aliens are supposed to talk . . . or laugh . . . . I don’t know.”  
“Why an alien? Is it some kind of pun? Ayylien? Almao? An alien . . .”  
“Extraterrestrial.”

“E. T.”

“Grey.”

“Xeno.”

“Little green man.”

“What is an alien? A miserable pile of stardust!”

“That’s mean. Aliens abduct people.”

“Aliens mutilate cows<sup>71</sup>.”

“Gross. Aliens fly saucers.”

“And they make crop circles.”

“Aliens are naked all the time, too.

“Why do aliens look so much like us, Riko?”

“Maybe because we created them in our image, Maki.”

“Or maybe because they’re humans from the future after we invented time travel!”

“Yeah, don’t think so. Aliens are a metaphor for the unknown.”

“You mean like technology?”

“And immigrants.”

“The unknown is scary. Hold me, Riko.”

“But knowing is, too. You’re too close, Maki.”

“No. Not close enough.”

Lips met lips. An embrace under the dying sun.

---

<sup>71</sup>Join X-COM today.



GAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAY

NB: If you are genuinely curious as to the Origins of Aylmao by Means of Natural Selection, watch the X-Files episode titled **‘Jose Chung’s *From Outer Space***’

*Blood* is a better funny X-Files episode tho tbh fam  
also *The Unnatural*, written by

*Duchovny himself.*

*Did you know Duchovny was an English major? He wrote his thesis on Beckett*

If we send this to Duchovny do you think it might cause him to quit internet?

It would be extremely painful

But anon this is pure postmodernism :^)

u u u u.

“I REFUSE TO LIVE IN YOUR HATRED  
I REFUSE TO BE SURROUNDED BY YOUR WICKED INACTION  
WHEN I GROW BIG AND STRONG I **WILL** BECOME A  
HOMOSEXUAL

AND I *WILL* KILL MYSELF  
I *WILL* SUCCEED WHERE YOU FAILED  
THE WAITING ROOM BELONGS TO THE  
SECOND!"

-- *Bryce the Second, the Spawn of the Coward* (*OUTSIDE OF TIME* 485-4)

end, of interlude

The bell rang, and Hogan stared Denton down. Denton too, stared at Hogan, attempting to appear as though he wasn't intimidated, although that didn't work very well because he had peed himself, making it very obvious that he was indeed very intimidated.

# CHAPTER • :

## CHAPTER 9/11

### AGAIN<sup>72</sup>

***Chapter 9/11: George Orwell***

***Articulates Meme Theory to***

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<sup>72</sup>There are as many differences in this version of the chapter as there are negro interpretations of Hyperspace. Can \*you\* find them all, reader?

**Wistful Onlookers in Five-D (left  
justified)**

sumer is icumen in	lhude sign cuckcu
--------------------	-------------------

***[Void removed for brevity.]***

***A Letter to Oxford Girl from Edward the Confessor***

I sometimes hope that you prop yourself up on  
The permanency of polypeptide bonds  
And cheat your way to nirvana  
With intravenous interjections of  
NHS-approved cocaine  
I like to think you conspire against your ego  
And assassinate its caricature beneath an effigy  
Of Carl Jung, with kale and starved greens  
Until your muscles jump, thin, adroit  
Hard to the touch, flat to feel and severe to enjoy  
But gorge on serotonin, fling yourself into seraph's wings  
Through rivers of pure porphyry  
Wear Lancastrian roses  
Over a grid-mesh of oakbead bridges,  
Hidden in manifold carves of a Chinese mural, cured oak  
The cobbled white of your acid-washed jeans  
As flags from the parapet steps on Pashupatinath

Churlish Boddhisatvas with twisting arms  
Scenes of mores and pathos, kings of shreds and patches  
The smoke, the black smoke of the Youtube Curia.

The Divisible Thirds,  
by Jorge Luis Borges  
(t. Anonymous)  
(ed. Anonymous)

It was as a favor to Arely J. Quiroz, the journalist and author of *Calamni* who boasted that his ancestor resigned himself from the House of Grimaldi after a vision of where his lineage would end, that I accepted the request to continue his investigation. This favorable intention was my small protection< had I pursued the Hypersphere out of abandon as Arely did, I would have found, as he did, that recklessness is best come from a history of recklessness, and that wise men are undone by their first temerarious act.

I was the last person asked to help. Arely had otherwise exhausted his relationships, in his words caught between the hateful aspects

of the world and the resentable aspects of his career, one which his family despised to hear of and the other his colleagues, and one which he conveyed as a duty and the other as a vice. He explained to me that the method of researching the Hypersphere was invention: there were no primary sources < only one secondary, by a Dadaist principle that the architecture of the Hufeisensiedlung was a thesis on the Hypersphere's presence in the dramas of Krasiński, Słowacki and Mickiewicz < he had revised *Calamni*, a fiction of Bolívar's liberation of New Granada, to an account of his exploration into the nine rooms that divide and unite the Hypersphere and Hyperspace, and he had composed the text, to a comprehensive extent, with extracts from his dissertation on Alighieri. He had nothing left with which to invent.

The notion that existing work could be interpolated into the book of Hypersphere, the harrowing implication of which I left unexamined (that all recorded material or perhaps beyond was an entry into the continuum of the Hyperspace's

documentation, if not a preexisting digit in its enumeration), appealed to me, and perhaps assuaged me in my half-hearted participation. It may have been a derisive impulse born of this unenthusiasm, of a sense of having been coerced, that motivated the particular articulation of my attempt to probe the Hypersphere. Inspired by the Dadaists, and in tribute to the investigation's element of creating through repurposing, I plotted a solitary art performance involving urination and a local well: through unspeakable channels of communication I petitioned locals for contributions of a nature so strange the request could only be brooked in anonymity < nine bottles of urine. I hoped to swell my addition to the Hyperspace lore with the product of lives, of continuous stories, and naively to draw into the river enough tributaries that I might break the dam. They were delivered to me, and by the ninth package the couriers complained of the stink, and I had to collect it from another county. As with all executions of gleeful impishness, once one is trapped into a drudgerous activity,

one's humor is sapped and pettiness laid bare. I carried on the project in a stony silence, brought the **bottles** to a waterwell in the woods, and slowly sank into a contemplative state, wherein I confronted why I had chosen this rather than a writing project, and wondered whether it was for fear I might expend my past work as Arely had his: I had merely one book, *The Divisible Thirds*, and I never suffered like when possessed by the notion that it was expendable.

I set the **bottles** on the wide circle of the well. Equidistant, they formed their own circle. I was careful that each **bottle** should also be equidistant to the inside and outside edge of the well's brim: I imagined that viewed from above, the **bottles** would form a perfect, invisible circle, concentric to the inside circle of the well (but not the outside, which was imperfect: the stones jutted, had not been cut even). It occurred to me that, by coincidence, each anonymous contributor had sent the same sort of **bottle**. I unscrewed the caps. My intention was to tip them into the well, as the nine muftis had together poured

the Lord of Bouillon's gifts of water into the empty well: only then did I realize I alone couldn't do tip them all in simultaneously. I attempted to construe some mechanism by which to achieve this symmetry with string as my only tool: I tied the strings this way and that, devising complicated patterns by which one pull would initiate a series of pulls, or in which all **bottles** were suspended ultimately by one string<but only one method, it seemed to me, would work<and it was simply in the single-minded designing and testing of this method that I placed myself in the position to use it: standing on top of the well, feet out to each side and balancing astride the hole, arms raised and holding directly above me between both index fingers and thumbs a ball of string tangled with the ends of nine strings reaching equally down my front, sides and back to the **bottles**, wrapped around their lips<I was positioned to drop myself into the well, and pull the **bottles** all at once down with me.

My body had worked in inverse relationship to my mind, into which entered a conscious thought as I bounced up and swiftly

closed my legs together, a thought lost to shock as I felt the string ball jerk in my fingers and warmth washed over me. The sensation replaced any the fall might have accorded me in its first second, and for the immediate span of that preoccupation, the inversion shifted toward my mind: the dark had flushed out the world, but I was perceptible to it only in intellect<I was in an airless, lightless descent, and my narration thereof unspooled without end, though with this little material, as I quickly proceeded through my life and the enclosed histories to the present, I was soon given to imaginings. If I looked up I might only have seen the string ball in my outreached fingers and the nine bottles in its trail. I never thought to look<my mind expanded downward, wondering where I was to fall. I wonder still.

“kill me fam” (somebody fuck my shit up)

Timmy Tingler, Hyperdimensional abortion, fiddles his diddle in front of the glass boobie hologram screen. Having just failed his online tesseract class for the 5th (fifth!) time, his 100

browser tabs are one-third efukt and two-thirds korean pop idol pornography.

“why it gotta be like this, fam...” he musters as a tear rolls down his cheek and barely misses his dick. “now I c’ain’t never get my liberal shards degree.” Timmy logs on to FYAD, a hilarious meme-forum he frequented -4 **4Dulthood**, in a fit of desperation and posts unironically, “fam, I’m not gonna make it fam. I want to die, i’m gonna shoot myself fam no more of this man.”

After four more hours of getting cock sucked by korean teenies, he checks his meme tab to scout replies to his cry for help, before cumming in his eye and short-circuiting the rhombus calculator supplying his consciousness all these eons. Timmy’s spacetime corpse is plotted in another grave along the path between rooms three and four.

Centuries later, classicist ‘internet’ archivers find the unironic forum post and stamp **UNIRONIC, NOT FUNNY** across its file before throwing it in the smut recycle bin.

is the last of the hyperblacks’ remaining vernacular.

### The **Bottles** Return

Once upon a heavily inebriated night, our protagonist slept tight inside a freight on an unusually comfortable bench, or so it seemed at first sight. Only, unbeknownst to the poor soul, eventually would stumble upon a tear in the Hyperspheric fabric and fall into the blank chasm. Terrorized and unfortunate though he be after a useless episode of introspection at considerable length, he decided to venture forth and find the source of his interdimensional constipation. Which were the **bottles**.

Yes, I broke the fourth wall to inform our protagonist about the mystical **bottles**, and now I offer him salvation. You may leave stage right, protagonist. Oh, and toss me a bagel, would you? No? That’s still cool, listen... would you, maybe, I don’t know... come over for dinner tonight? I’m preparing a favorite

of mine. Oh, what's that? Ah, Mac-&-Cheese, yup, the epitome of postmodern culinary masterpi--... w-where are you going? I didn't finish the monologue, b-baka!

The royal gala was just about to begin. The Puerile King was hosting it for the first time, he had spent the past few months preparing, at least he felt that he had been doing that. The king himself had mostly been worrying, his unpaid staff had been doing most of the preparing.

It was easy for our king to forget just how little he actually did day to day, but he had fired his advisor Slavoj I two years earlier since he was mostly talking about how much everything sucked. "Sucked" was not yet part of the metaphor vernacular and it confused the king. Slavoj I would go on to father two children. Didrik and Ebba<sup>73</sup>. The king had his mind full of thoughts regarding Johannes Wilkensburg, he had sent the invitations himself, complete with "two leaves of a foreign flower<sup>74</sup>" his brother Prince Gustav had brought home from the orient, a wax seal<sup>75</sup> and a kiss of unverified sex. Oh, how he wished that Johannes would come to the gala. What he did not know yet was the fact that Johannes was as if not more nervous, he had planned his outfit for weeks. A turquoise silk hat with a red feather in it. Purple jacket with a green shirt. Orange pants as wide as his shoulders at the hip and slimmer than his ankles at his ankles. He was color blind. The outfit would look like shit. His sister

---

<sup>73</sup>Didrik would proceed on to contest the mere concept of competition for position in Hyperhistory in an attempt to reclaim the purity of relative interpretation of **Hyper**time. Ebba became an historian and famous metahero whose efforts are chronicled in the Virtual Real game-book-visual novel multimedia event, 'The Tales and Escapades of big\_papa\_7 As Told to Polybius by Heraclitus, the Sad.'

<sup>74</sup>Wink wink nudge wink nudge cum wink molest touch wink cajole oink.

<sup>75</sup>Shower time.

Wilhelmina<sup>76</sup> would tell him so, but only after the gala had started.

**Emma Žižek's Diary: June 23rd**  
*I am gay*

**Emma Žižek's Diary: June 24rd**  
*Gay for old men.*

**Emma Žižek's Diary: June 25rd**  
*I came.*

**Instructions for using the Hyperspeed controls on a PD-81**

Before you even begin, please be advised that the PD-81 is not built for Hyperspeed. It is possible to install a Hyperdrive but it is not recommended and it will void your GalazVehicle guarantee.

Installing the Hyperdrive should be a straightforward affair unless you've also installed the fusion reactor Delta. But the Hyperdrive is going to need more juice than the Delta provides (unless you've got two, but that would be a waste of space) so I'm

---

<sup>76</sup>A remarkable instance of intertextual irony, as any literate followers of the **Spiritual Sequel** and its children would recognize Wilhelmina as a practicing Shia and therefore not to be trusted.

going to assume that is not going to be an issue.

The Hyperdrive slot is located on the right side of the energy modulator. Please make sure you are inserting it with the black switch upward as you could reverse the energy consolidation if you are not. The most difficult part is to use the controls as they are going to have to be retrofitted to work with your GalazVehicle relative speed gauge.

You are going to want to go into the administrator settings on your deck. Think of Power and responsibility.

Next you're going to want to move the energy output meter from the outstream flux to the speed gauge input. Reround the output of the speed gauge to the Hyperdrive and take that output into the secondary input of the speed gauge.

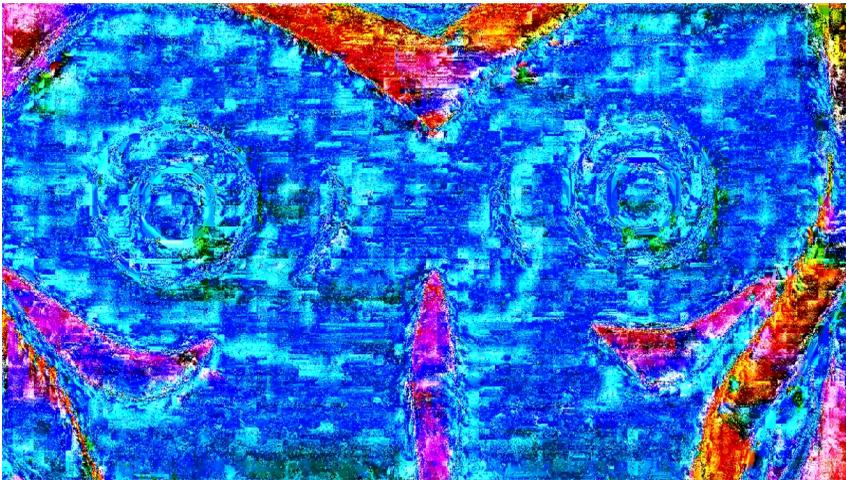
The Hyperdrive slot should already be set up for working with the speedstick but if you have switched it out for mind control or wavesource you might need to reroute the

output from your secondary controls to the Hyperdrive module.

Move to vacuum and gently try to get the PD-81 to move. Make sure that the Hyperdrive is not directly connected to the controls.

Once you've reached Galactic average pace, hit the secondary controls and enjoy your new Hyperspeed controls!

## **Chapter 2-6: Berryman Logical Imaging Technique Interpreted Through Meme Theory**



# Thus it came to pass that Anon suffered a terrible fate dot dot dot

We really stretched this joke of a story.  
Just end it now.

**We don't need to, the reader will be dead by now.**

Ah, but what if the undead are literate? Ever think of  
that, now?

**I confess, no. I am a notorious bigot against those who lack the élan  
vital, of course you<sup>77</sup> knew this.**

Precisely so, still. We do not know if they lack the  
mental faculty to process words. This is crucial, if they  
manage by some diabolic intervention to read shit, then  
the whole point of this document is moot. Moot, I tell  
you!

**Perhaps then they may answer the one remaining question posited by  
us.**

---

<sup>77</sup>Caspere.

And that'd be...?

**When addressed by one who claims to \*murr's fuckingly\* how does  
one respond?**

There is an answer, and I know you'll like it. It's called  
rape.

**You speak truly. What other filth have we accumulated that we can  
smear across this page?**

*Dialogue, my dear friend, is an indication of a pre-Pinecone view of the  
literary arts. It has no place in the modern world. I suggest a reworking of  
the above passage, which in my ascended, post-dialogue eyes reads as  
following:*

“they work for the masketta man,”

[if you do not see any text, do not panic. It is normal.  
Such highly advanced is this post-dialogue style that  
plebs cannot see it. It surpasses 3-dimensions, and is  
embedded in the fabric of the Hypersphere itself.]

Why not try to write something good, or are afraid everyone will realise  
how shit you really are?

Why not try to write something bad, or are afraid everyone will realise how  
good you really are?

Why not try to write something **MEDIOCRE**, or are afraid everyone will realise how  
you really are?

Why not try to write something boring, or are afraid everyone will realise how cheesy you really are?

Why not try to write something ~~ayyyy~~, or are afraid everyone will realise how ~~lmaoooo~~ you really are?

Why not try to write something **BOLD**, or are afraid everyone will realise how effeminate you really are?

Why not try something, or are you afraid everyone will realise who you really are? tfw

Why not try to write something (m)eeee(m)eee[eeee], or are afraid everyone will realise how /s4s/ you really are?

yoU

yoU

yoU

yUo

はじめてまして。私は花小雪です。 はい————— Excuse me, your hyper masculine sentence structure is oppressing my right to free speech. If you kindly rendered all your particles post-genderly, I would feel a lot more comfortable.

hOw-cAn-hYpErTiMe-be-r431-1f-0Ur-3y35-4R3NT-R341

ダメだ、やろう！！ 俺はビッグ奴だ。

ダメ！！吾、ビッグ人。

The moonspeak was a mistake.

月語は間違った。

I could see that now.

今、見ていた。<sup>78</sup>

---

<sup>78</sup>A meagre translation at best, testament to the author's poor status in life. A more accurate rendition is herein given:

*Dark clouds gather rain;*

t. 鈴仙・優曇華院・イナバ

We sent a Fat Man and a Little Boy to Japan a long time ago, but they never called back.  
If someone comes across them, please call us at (703) 697-1776. Thank you!  
We will forever be in your gratitude.

More to the point, everyone could see it.<sup>79</sup>

Its clumsy, stumbling transition into the electronic realm, the realm of reproduced type in general, was an omen, a bad sign: the moonrune languages lazed happily under its influence for untold generations.

But they crept in, the moonrooners wrested control from the white linguists when the next wave of communication technologies crested into being. Devices originally created somewhere in the Orient, capable of direct mind-to-mind thought transfer.

According to the chinks using the new devices was like fucking, more than speaking. Or rather, unaided speech was to tech-aided communication as masturbation is to sex. There was a distinct tactility to the act.

---

黒い雲が雨を集まります、  
غيوم سوداء تجمع المطر  
Anonymous has kill'd me;  
名無しが我を殺した、  
مجهول قد قتلني  
It's snowing on Mt. Fuji.  
富士山に雪が降っています。  
إنها تتلج على جبل فوجي

<sup>79</sup>But could they see why kids love German Idealism? Silly Marx, Communism is for traitors!

The next domino that fell to Asian favor was Luna. The moon, those dirty slant-eyed yellow motherfucking chinks took the moon from us. They took the moon from us, blew up our flag, and engraved on its surface with nuclear armaments a scene from an interracial cuckold pornography, depicting a white female engaging in intercourse with a black male. The white husband of the female watches on, masturbating through his tears.

(Allow me to interject for a moment. The Moon was never your property in the first place. Fuggeng monkey shits, how dare you even pretend you could own our beautiful PURE Lunar Kingdom? Fuk u.  
signed: Watatsuki Sisters

PS we sabotaged the failed Apollo missions ayy lmao

obvi the moon belongs 2 amerika - duh - every1 knows this)

It was years before anyone understood the gook plot behind the drawing. Namely: to forever pit the other races against each other. The asiatic people planned for the other races to expend their vital energies fighting each other unto the end of time, thus forever securing oriental supremacy.



this is important to the story, trust me. what's thematter, never heard of foreboading?!?

[>screenshot from 2012]

as u can c, the mooninite leader offended the autists to the point of no return

“autists cannot invade the Moon, but a bunch of fairies did that easily and one of them is

**AMERICAN** wwwwww” -IGN

~Kanjuden~

All  
Poetry  
Should be  
If you please  
In the shape of  
A Christmas tree  
thx

**PAPA** TWIST **CABBAGE** ON INSTINCT (he smokes **weed** instinctively)

**DEAD** RIGHT IF THE **HEAD** RIGHT **BIGGIE** THERE EVERY NIGHT

**DARE I SQUEEZE 3 AT YOUR CHERRY M-3**

**CLOSE LIKE STARSKY & HUTCH STICK WITH CLUTCH**

*(auto transmission fags BTFO tbh)*

amen the lord tells me me work is done me happy me sad me accomplished me  
hang myself mekay.



that Jim (RAYNOR) had fought for in the last four years had so quickly come to endgame, it was almost unreal. For the first time, Jim felt a heavy weight lift from his shoulders; he could, at last, be a free man and live out his life with the woman (KERRIGAN) he loved. Maybe they could have a happy ending after all.

Of course, the end was nowhere near in sight. Their hardest battle remained ahead of them, and in their bliss and euphoria both had forgotten about the threat of Amon (AMON)..."

**The role of bottles in Christmas tree literature as realized through a post-structural feminist framework: New readings and interpretations**

oh  
tree of  
christmas  
tell me about  
the bottles, tell me  
more  
\*  
Tell  
me about  
the bottles oh, do  
tell me more about the Bottles  
Christmas tree oh, Christmas tree  
Thy leaves are so unchanging Christmas

Tree o, Christmas tree Thy leaves ever unchanging  
Christmas Tree, o Christmas Tree, Such pleasure do you

Bring me

Bottles

Bottle

us.<sup>81</sup>

Robin Williams went  
To rehabilitation sent  
And got in hell by Satan bent

IF JESUS  
COULD TURN  
WATER

TO

WEED

WE'D

ALL

B

STON'T

-Paul the Apostle, 4:20

Commentary:

“if this guy any more stooned thatn that, he belong to teh fucking  
Buble”

---

<sup>81</sup> [tripfaganoneditor](#) !!//YNZQQyvMM 12/22/15(Tue)18:29:20 [No.7494400](#)  
Fuck your formatting, bottles ain't funny.  
[Vox edit: Fuck you too, buddy. · (This emoji is post-ironic).]

-sweet bro

If you look at it long enough, it'll look more like the path of that Indonesian missing flight, 370.

## Chapter **Bottles**: Dawn of the Final Day: in, which, we, forgot, Slim, Nigel, et, al.

We are quite an economical folk, are we not? Sparingly and so lenient on the Oxford comma, the splicing. Oh, the never-ending splicing. Ravishing, yea? Tell me more about the **bottles**.<sup>82</sup>

**T**hey work for the Masketta Man.”

“Isn’t he such a big guy?”

“Don’t worry, he doesn’t get to bring friends.”

“Why does he throw people from the balcony before shooting them?”

“Speak if you can and tell me your name.”

“Our creed is unimportant. Look to the results.”<sup>83</sup>

“Who told them to grab Docteur Pavelier?”

“The wreckage did, brother.”

---

<sup>82</sup>Obviously, the concept of **bottles** is very problematic as it at once invokes both the **Minotaur** and the very concept of blood, which is itself a realized form of systemic patriarchy.

<sup>83</sup>A stirring invocation of the famous urge to follow the Common, as laid forth by Heraclitus, He Possessed of No Girlfriend, in his seminal work “ignis surgit”.

“My flight plan lists memes, my memes, Dr. Memes here, but only Juan, of Yu.”

“The first Juan to talk will win a trip to Tahiti and a fabulous cash prize.”

“Tell me about the Masketta Man. What is the purpose of his rebreather apparatus?”

“I invoke the 5th Amendment to the Constitution of the United States of America.”

“You lot have quite a lot of loyalty for a bunch of **bottles**<sup>84</sup> for hire!”

“If a man is shot before hitting the ground, does it make you wonder?”

“At least you can speak! Who might you be?”

“I am Nemo. The Nero of the undersea.”

“Did you apply for reciprocity tuition at Oxford University?”

“Of course! I wanted to submit my bribe to Docteur Pavelier, but he refused my offer in favor of yours. I had to find out what he told you about this affair.”

“This is a preposterous suggestion & indictment! I declare that I have uttered nothing. I repeat, I have uttered nothing. And I have not accepted any bribes!”

“Happy Birthday! You win! Congratulations and so on! What are you gonna do now?”

“Captain?!”

“Crash this Arsaidian Empire..... WITH SURVIVORS.”

---

<sup>84</sup>Vide footnote 15.

[Scene: A bear drops out of a tree and lands with<sup>85</sup> a thud on the rickety balcony.]

“HELP! BOLIS!! MAYDAY!”

“This event has no ontological significance! I am the decider<sup>86</sup> here!”

[Scene: The masketa men start hitting the other masketa men.]

“No! We forgot to bring a crash-test dummy!”

“Is your Zippo lighter working?<sup>87</sup>”

“Yes, as you can see the fire is being erect. I mean no, I am from the underwater, remember?”

“Remember docteur, the only thing you need to fear is fear itself. For now.”

[Scene: The Agent slips on a banana peel and falls on his ass. “KILL MYSELF”.]

*Dear Diary,*

*Something has changed. Not in me but in the world.*

---

<sup>85</sup>Characterized by or having.

<sup>86</sup>The one who decides.

<sup>87</sup>Of course, this running tangent of a footnote is written on brief notice.

(deep tbh)

Dear Diary,

This city is afraid of me. Read my lips (I kill you)

-tbh

Dear Diary,

America is dead, the United States dissolved by laundry detergent. Democracy leaned in, freedom got a septum piercing, and love is copyrighted by an online content production company that only hires transgender interns.

-tbh

Dear Diary,

Do not trust the *Black Oyster Cilt* (Clit?).

-tbh

Dear Memorytube,

Tomorrow I will need to visit the Laserbank and discuss my proton finances with my black, Ivy League-educated accountant. Remind me to upload some Jewish savvy into my calculations chip.

-tbh

Author's Diary Aug 26th 2015

18:57

This book was the first bright spot in my life for few weeks. I almost forgot why I feel like I do. For two days I was actually fairly content. Then something happened. I realized he had blocked me on facebook which reminded me that they had stopped talking to me. The height I fell from was greater than normal. I wasn't even back to normal, it was even worse. I was secretly a homosexual liberal voter and a sentient clam.

-tbh

K O N Y 2 0 1 2 4 E V E R

### The Red Ropes of Mars<sup>88</sup>

The year was 2015 and rape was but a long-forgotten videogame. sam hyde had just finished a jar of soylent meme when a greentext came through his anal hyperlink. It was an sms from twitter informing him that he had been selected for verification. sam hyde was ecstatic. in just a few short hours he would be forwarded to digital hell for profile revision, in which his blemishes and unlikeable hashtags would be washed away in the bile reflux of a non-binary gendered sissy. virulent sectors of his brain would be replaced with the excess tumors and neural contusions of The finest improv comedians savagely murdered in

---

<sup>88</sup>Enjoy printing this; fag publisher

the black rooms of the nuremberg ueb theatre. the sluttiest fag conceivable by nappy-headed scientists would be photoblasted onto his white privilege, A LISPING AI pROGRAMMED to impose  $\pi$ -length captchas on any thought incompatible with the jezebel prescriptions. He would be made eligible for nationwide trends, and his bae's and fam's would be seasonally retweeted by bicoastal warpfaggots and middle class otherkin from the liberal concentration camps.

"the cream of the crop!" cream as a symbol of quality being a reference to the fem-classed product of bovine citizens, not the obsolete irrigation tool "semen" associated with the 1920s "male gender" outlined in archaic mental clusters. "My mentions will be gaped by such intellectual bbc's as @MartialJlaw, @inshallahatyagurl, @GENITALGORE and @JEW."

He had already begun to sticky acceptable feelings about caitlyn jenner in the /catalog/ of his heart when a hand pressed through his door's labial folds. he grabbed it and pulled Nick Rochefort inside.

"Nick," sam said with an unironic smirk, "I'm getting the blue check! They're gonna vivisect my penis!"

"No one's touching your dick today," nick said and placed a hand of your shoulder. Uh i mean on sam's shoulder. "I'm taking you far away from this salon.com gawker hellscape."

"What do you mean, nick?"

"They've been lying to us, sam. This is not what life is supposed to be. there is a place where we can live like we were supposed to, like humans. a place where our virginities aren't just the currency

of israel, and sex is not a doctor who role-playing game with an interracial game master. I'm taking you to mars." Red light filled the room as the titty-shaped roof was removed from sam's homecube and the sun shone through his ceiling hymen - the hymen was broken, and sam's masturbation chamber was showered in blood and the harsh white glare of day. charles descended, swinging on a red rope reaching down from space. "Come with me, Sam," Charles said. "Let's go to mars and hate niggers." "Will there be cops?" Sam asked. "There will," Nick said with a sad smile, "but only white ones." Sam Hyde had spent his childhood in a politically correctional facility, jailed by the pc police after he refused to eat his ninth birthday cake off lena dunham's pussy. The concept of corporeal policemen was unfamiliar to him, much less white ones. He happily climbed the red rope.

Jag tycker om dig alldeles för mycket Sofia. /P

ISIS FIGHT

CAPTAIN AMERICA:

AN ORIGINAL

SCREENPLAY FROM

# EARTH VARIANT

## 4.321

FADE IN:

INT OF LARGE DARK CAVE - TIME? TIME IS A FALSE CONSTRUCT.

The subterranean pit is filled with stadium lights, in the distance the crying of children can be heard, a shrieking monster (HAROLD BLOOM) carries a bag of corpses.

HAROLD BLOOM: No, no. I know what you're thinking. You think I've probably killed all these people myself. That would be most untrue, these small orphans killed themselves by reading poor literature and allowing me to dissolve into a fleshy blob and absorb them.

An EARNEST AMERICAN MAN enters next to HAROLD BLOOM

EARNEST AMERICAN MAN: No, Harold Bloom. If the Nazis taught us anything, it is that life and the universe are a series of pinpointed directives, a waltz to scripted death, empty of all meaning or chance. You did not kill those children, the nature of entropy and necessity did so.

SFX OF AUDIENCE CLAPPING, EARNEST AMERICAN MAN and HAROLD BLOOM perform VIOLENT SEX

SLOW SHIFT TO NASHEED PRAISING HALAL BURGER COMPANY

FADE OUT

EXT. OF STATELY BIRMINGHAM CAVE - TIME IS JUST  
REPETITION OF STIMULI

OSAMA BIN LADEN EXITS CAVE AND SLIPS ON A BANANA

#####~VISIT INFOWARS.COM~#####

CHERISHED MARTYR ABDUL FATTEH: Osama, you have demonstrated your lack of ability to be as self-evident as the lack of any ontological explanation for meaningful existence.

OSAMA BIN LADEN: Catchphrase [WORKING TITLE]

CHERISHED MARTYR: You are correct. We are in a book<sup>89</sup> about the Hypersphere. It is really fucking big.

OSAMA BIN LADEN: The Hypersphere encompasses all. No subject or book is beyond the Hypersphere as the Hypersphere is simply every subject to speak of. To find another, is to find more Hypersphere.

SMALL JAPANESE CHILD: ですですですです

US PLATOON AND CAPTAIN AMERICA STORM THE SCENE

OSAMA BIN LADEN calls for CHE GUEVARA who arrives immediately. Both touch and chant I DO NOT EXIST before combining into super-being RYAN SEACREST.

RYAN SEACREST: Begone, foul America!

<sup>89</sup>The status of “book” for this collection of writing has been hotly debated since its introduction four thousand years ago. Most controversy stems from accusations that fourth dimensional publishing house \\|\\| cashed in on the loose term to use its tax benefits to cheaply jettison brain pollution from mentally retarded coma patients rather than properly dispose of it through clearly labelled bins. **yo highlight my shit and ill cut you niggah, im serious, this my white ass shit dont fuck with it, yeah you better scroll away cuz.**

US PLATOON dissolve. RYAN SEACREST proudly sports his erection.

END .

## Meanwhile, in the Netherrealmé

Wucie, stripped of his Christian name and the only body part he had any living attachment to, passes the time in a subterranean salon with sterile lighting, a dim fire burning in the faces of many small Japanese women. He guesses they are Japanese. They all look the same. Moonspeak-people.

Chao Mao: “Ooouuhhheeeé Wucie, you are here!”

He finds he is supine on a stiff board made out of that shit salon ladies stick between your toes when you’re getting a pedicure.

Wucie: “What the hell is this? Where am I?”

Chao Mao giggles, and milk squirts out of her dicknips. She blushes.

Chao Mao: “Ah--? Oh, no....”

Glass and building materials unknown on our earthly realm rain in chunks throughout the inside of the salon as the storefront implodes. The neon sign identifying the joint as “Goey Titty Shop,” a poor Moonspeak translation of the English phrase “to get one’s hair did,” lands on top of Chao, blinking once then extinguishing.

“I didn’t mean toé ” Chao throws up an overdramatic amount of blood on her once milky dong-breasts and coughs one last time.

“What the fuck!” Wucie exclaims, jumping up. Further alarmed, because he feels no jiggle where once he had a wongus, he grabs his crotch, his fear confirmed--Wucie finds himself now dead center along the gender spectrum--Gender Neutralé

The other Moonwomen mourn Chao momentarily; however, as they are obliged by custom to laugh at any man with a small penis, their attention is now drawn to Wucie. They laugh until piss runs down their legs, spraying hose-like. This proves to be one of those unstoppable-force-vs-immovable-object logic problems: their laughter is supposed to adjust, w/r/t volume and duration, according to just how small whatever penis is. Here they are looking at No-Penis. They can’t laugh forever (even the Netherrealm is not eternal), and it is physically impossible to laugh loud enough.

“What do?” asks one, between piercing fits of anime laughs.

All Moonwomen present commit seppuku with whatever they can find, trampling Wucie in bee-lines for scissors, combs, nail clippers, filers, etc. Milk, blood, and pee now everywhereé

It would appear Wucie has committed some unspeakable crime, but its hands haven’t left its groin.

A large, mean-looking sonofabitch creature stoops into the Gooley Titty Shop, something like a cross between Chewbacca and the Geiger alien: “Wucieé ”

“Don’t call me Wucie! Tell me who the fuck..”

The creature rears up and disintegrates a portion of the plaster ceiling with its head. “Well I was going to apologize, but if you’re going to be a *dick* about ité ”

“Ah!” Wucie clutches its No-Penis tighter. “Don’t say ‘dick!’”

“Sit down, asshole.”

Geibacca explains: “I did not come here for you; Chao Mao broke Netherrealm regulations with that uncalled-for titty squirt. Moonspeakers know: They must laugh at any small dick they encounter, but never shall their milk, in public, appear. I am Geibacca, and I am the Moonspeak subdivision’s Enforcer.

“As long as I’m here, I might as well explain also the circumstances you find yourself in personally. I know this is disorienting--In life, I was CNN reporter Don Lemon. I’m just lucky I wasn’t assigned to the Nigger Sector.”

He shudders. Wucie notices Geibacca’s underpelt is cornrowed.

“Wucie, in life, you were an asshole. If you’d have known what was good for you, you’d have remained a woman.”



# DER TO THE ABS URDIST' SPAR ADISE

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## Buzzfeed Social Anxiety Hacks

(#32 Made Me Slap My Boyfriend and  
Fucking Shit on His Asshole)

Social Anxiety is a very *REAL* disorder, affecting more than 4/3 of the American young-adult population today. Many of us were raised by our family PCs (remember

in the 90s when everybody kept their computers on a desk in the dining room?! jerking off was almost impossible!), and now that we are “ADULTS,” having to actually communicate with anyone IRL--maintaining contact between scary gooey orbs, with their goo-orbs probably seeing past ours into our souls--can be, to say the least, fucking batshit. We are what you'd call **DAMAGED**.

It may even be having an impact on **your** quality of life in ways you can't yet perceive. Ever gone out to the club with the girls and had to go for a **five minute** smoke to get away from it all? That's **SOCIAL ANXIETY**. You have Social Anxiety.

Buzzfeed is here to: A) Tell you that you *do* def have **SOCIAL ANXIETY**, and B) Give you some awesome **SOCIAL ANXIETY LIFE HACKS** to make socializing, well, possible.

#1: Stop judging the shit out of everybody you are talking to *as you are talking to them*.

It's not uncommon for **DAMAGED** folks like us to think “pleb” whenever--well, yes, they are plebs--but whenever a person says they enjoy watching *American Ninja Warrior*. However, when you do this, you are

basically fucking yourself: The interaction becomes a battle in your head between being an authentic person and voicing your opinion that *ANW* is fucking gay, or not doing that--which is tough because you're only used to calling people out and being an argumentative pissant on Chinese-American dating website fuck boards.

Being authentic does not mean tearing people down, constantly. Wait until you are alone; then, call them plebs when you shitpost about them on /lit/.

#2: You are fucked and you will always break out in subtropical underarm sweat every time that cute girl looks at you. She laughs inside imagining you probably have a little tiny chode.

#3: Stop thinking about what your face looks like all the time, if you look weird doing this or that. Yes, you look fucking weird and ugly. So does everyone else.

#4: If you didn't worry so much about how your voice sounds, it wouldn't crack like a little-boy pussy voice every time you speak up in class. Relax.

#5: You are fat.

#6: This one really helped me during a rough time after a devastating break-up: **Don't** jerk-off right before you go out into IRL; you may not be a good little Christian girl anymore, but that Protestant guilt sticks around and will haunt you for the rest of your fucking life. (Thank Mom and Dad for that. (Really, give them a call.)) At least jerk-off to **less weird** porn before you go out galavanting on the town--you can't sit down for lunch with **anybody** at the university center when the monitor-glow after-image of Peter Bogdanovich getting JOI (short-hand for Jerk-Off Instructions--where the **fuck i s Footnotes Guy?!)**<sup>90</sup> from **NOT** his mom still flashes every time you blink.

#7: Sometimes you have to be inauthentic. Be as inauthentic as you fucking have to be.

w/r/t personality, Inauthenticity = Authenticity, because personality is an illusion. They are the same thing. If you stub your toe around family, you say "**OH, SUGAR**"; alone in your room you say "**OOH MAMACITA! AH, DADDY! SHIT. SHIT. SHIT.**"

Your personality is who you are around at the time, how you are feeling, and how shitty a morning you've had. Sometimes you're funny, sometimes you're a grumpy sonofabitch asshole.

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<sup>90</sup>Hey fuck you, I have a family to see.

False dichotomies are for plebs.

**STRANGE NIGHTS AND UNREQUITED LOVES ON  
RENO STATION**

**Or, Catching up Luger:  
Memoirs of a Virgin Asshole**

*And so* we rejoin Luger Foucault, eternally virginal, accounting for lost time age 29,000 - though his fixer's license offers a number one-one thousandth of that - lying on his bed in the Reno Station guest room, blowing smoke rings up towards the ceiling and watching the stars. He sat reflecting on his stay at the Reno Station, encountered in the course of his last job, where one Donna May Krautwurst caught his eye and his heart and became the first person to ever offer sex. Luger Foucault, eternally virginal, accepted the offer in disbelief and took off back to his room to 'do paperwork'.

He'd first seen Donna May Krautwurst on the station's recreation deck the night of his arrival. Swimming laps in the public pool she caught his eye while poolside reading *An Expanded History of Gerontological Disasters Second Ed*<sup>91</sup>. Tall, slender but fit, legs that went on forever, and pale with red hair,

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<sup>91</sup>Auld, Riley. Berio Station: Berio House Press, 20XX

the heir of Reno Station's proprietor Dr. Hans-Sedgwick Von Krautwurst. It was love at first sight. Within a minute's time he's already begun full force fucking her mentally, come on her tits, in her ass, in her hair, pissed on her a little, wait, pissed on her? yes well intrusive thoughts and *oh shit* now he's being *fucked by two men, no make that three shit shit god dammit stop(...)* And though he'd finished his reading for the day, Luger stuck around so he could strike up conversation about Gerontological Disasters when she got out of the pool.

Well look at me now, he thought, just days later and she wants to fuck me. Back in his room he retrieved a small brown case labeled GEOLOGY from under his bunk. *His jelqing*<sup>92</sup> *kit*. The day was finally upon him and it was not Luger's intention to show up in anything but peak sexual shape. He did his daily jelqs, stretching his relative micropenis downward and out and letting go for it to snap back into place, closing inches of space in milliseconds, head colliding with base the way a crash test dummy breaks its neck upon impact. The great misconception of jelqing is that the snapping release was the painful part when in fact, it was the pulling outward that caused the pain, occasionally resulting in torn phallic muscles and a segmented penis resembling something

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<sup>92</sup>Jelqing is a mid-east penis enlargement technique based around a series of exercises that stretch the phallus by daily non-sexual yanking. The word '*Jelq*' comes from Arabic for '*to milk*'.

vertebrate. But today's jelq, thank Zeus, was without incident. Next it was flexing his muscles over a lit stove burner, a cool tip he picked up from the movies. He felt good, every muscle was organized. He was ready to take Donna May Krautwurst from behind and release his seed into the flesh of another human. He would be confident, suave, carnal, years of porn-watching had taught him all he needed to know. Female anatomy he knew like the back of his hand.

The Tits: Need no explanation, big beautiful sandbag-like growths

The Vagina: Big slot you put your penis in, located on lower stomach

The Cunt: A second slot inside the first, harder to reach (hence the jelqing)

The Clit: Second to last slot, located inside the cunt

The G-Spot: Innermost slot in the vagina's Russian Doll chamber

(No pressure to reach this as few ever do)

The Asses: Large tit-like growths projecting from the anus

The Anus: Same thing I use to poop, can be fucked a la the Vagina

(Requires secondary permission)

The Ovaries: Located ???, small pinhole, must cum inside to impregnate,

(I probably want to avoid this)

So, when, after finishing his preparations, and eating a healthy succulent Chinese meal of baloney and spinach salad, Luger Foucault was thoroughly disappointed to arrive on the recreation deck to the sight of many Reno Station men fucking and sucking each other and Donna May Krautwurst nowhere in sight.

Most of the men were dressed as sailors. One fellow just stood around with binoculars. Maybe this was some kind of Navy support group. But then, this was the hour Donna had asked Luger to meet her. Had he been duped? One sailor was now welcoming him in, offering him a drink and asking if he'll be joining them right away. Now very uncomfortable Luger decided to play along and take things as they come, not wanting to make a scene on Donna May Krautwurst's space station at a party(?) Donna May Krautwurst invited him to. He asked for a beer but was given a martini anyhow. "So you want to hop right in?" "Uhh.. I need to settle my stomach." Luger took a seat in the corner and drank slowly, watching the carnage of twitching flesh and fluid in front of him. Jesus Christ holy moley, it was a terrible sight to behold.

Maybe Donna will come later he thought as he watched. Maybe she was to be fucked by all these men too? A little impersonal, he thought with some disappointment, but a turkey is turkey no matter how much you stuff it. He was however, beginning to doubt even the authenticity of these sailor's uniforms. He considered asking to see their papers, it didn't look like authorized Navy activity, but he figured it would be best not to draw attention to himself.

And so he stayed, sat in the corner until the end of what turned out to be the Reno Station Gay/Bisexual Orgy Society's (GBOS<sup>93</sup> or: GayBOiS) weekly meeting. So it seemed Donna May had mistaken Luger's terrible attempt at hitting on her as homosexual behavior, and had briefed him on the meeting quite plainly when she asked if he "Wanted to have sex later tonight on the recreation deck?" It's just that he'd already zoned out by the time she was adding "It's a get together with all the station's fags. I organize it." On leaving the meeting that night he was pat on the back by an older GBOS member who had sat out the night's activity as well. "Some of us just ain't made for engaging." he winked, walking out with a large wet spot dripping down his sweat pants.

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<sup>93</sup>Not to be confused with the other GBOS, "Great Birds Ornithology Society"

Well shit. Luger Foucault, eternally virginal, lay in his room smoking, defeated, perceived gay not only by the woman of his dreams but by an entire gender of the Station's gay population too. Marked for death, he thought, putting out the last cigarette with a sigh. But it was a short rebound for our dear friend Luger Foucault, eternally virginal, before he was back out on another job, scheming the ways he'd fill another girl with his desperate seed.

OH SHIT I'M IN THE  
FUCKING HYPERSPHERE:  
A GUIDE FOR WHEN  
YOU'RE IN THE  
FUCKING HYPERSPHERE

black people  
black  
what people  
u saying  
you little punk ass bitch i got  
deez  
nuts

**Holy shit nigga how the fuck you alive right now? 99.999% of Hypersphere is just vacuum foo, what yo white ass doin up in here? That's some dark fucking ebony juujuu shit you got there. I ain't want none of that jumanji curse whatever, some dragonballz SHIT, fucking supersaiyans coming up in my hood, smoking crack, fucking hoes, I mean fucking shieet nigga I look like a Bardock to you? You crazy punk whitey, go shoot up some school and get out.**

The whiterace is a reflection of society's conscience. Though it is easy to reject their commonplace evil as a manifestation of their particular inferiority, it is more productive to consider the effects of that fallibility as a necessary burden, a karmic symbol through which we can take responsibility for the flaws in our civilization. This is the way those flaws can be rectified, because the truth is that even if white peoples were--capable of acknowledging their errors, they wouldn't be capable of correcting them. Whites continue to circumcise their children and excuse the sexual deviants in their community. They enjoy smooth jazz and relish claiming the food and music of other cultures as their own. White people commit over ten of violent crimes.-----

-----  
It came out as the last great rainforest.  
It was awful and sad.  
I love you.  
Strip the paint of party walls with your breath.  
Re-paint them with the spilt blood of enemy patriots.

## CHAPTER 1: So you're in fucking Hypersphere

The first thing to remember about Hyperspace, is that it's really fucking large. Again, we just can't stress this enough. Take a mental image of a normal human being. Now imagine that mental image was stretched out to the size of your mother. Half this and you have the dimensions for four quasars of prime real estate, which would then be purchased by property mogul DONALD TRUMP'S IDENTICAL TWIN and turned into Hyperspace, cheaply copied, labeled as Hypersphere, enlarged by a factor of several trillion and reshipped globally as a children's toy for interdimensional gods. It sold/sells/sellxd fantastically. Now just remember that Hypersphere is super fucking huge and that the first thing you will see when you enter the Hypersphere is this:



He will always appear. Don't talk to him. What you need to do, providing you've survived, is immediately insert your thumb deep into your anus and click. No, no you need to do it to activate the homing beacon. Why did they make it like that? I don't know, the fucking Germans liked it. What? You're just gonna leave your kids forever? Come on champ don't be a pussy, we've all been there. Okay fine, I'll turn the other way. You doing it?

Now pinch your colon.

Yeah, you really got to pinch it. You draw blood yet? Oh, you're just crying hysterically, I can't- Oh, fuck, yeah that's a good level of blood.

Look, the book has a small button. You just had to press it to get home. Yeah, I know, the guidebook thing is kind of a gimmick..... I-I just wanted to feel powerful for once, I'm so used to being tread on. That was shitty of me. No, look, I'm sorry I didn't realize you just wanted to see your children's faces again. I'm sorry, I played a trick. No, no I didn't know you had ulcers there. I mean, shit, you've lost a lot of blood, maybe yo-

What no, no, I wouldn't kill you for sport. That's what those little two dimensional savages do though, they kidnap semi-developed species and well, I'm not going to beat around the bush, man they really do savagely rape them. I mean savagely, they're horny bastards. Literally too, the thing is with the two dimensionals is that they're linear so they're real fucking sharp, they just cut you up and people watch it for fun as a hit reality television show. Anyway,

just press the button on the book. I'm sorry  
about your an-

Be  
Aware  
And remember  
The slumber of the  
Massive giants of the West  
Try to think of beautiful things

When  
The truth  
Of the sinking  
Of a Japanese  
Carrier plane in  
1989  
Was put  
Behind bars  
I I I I I<sup>94</sup>  
I I I I I<sup>95</sup>  
I I I I I<sup>96</sup>  
We only thought of  
The pottery  
The silhouette  
Of screaming  
soon dead  
Children  
Burned into the wall  
Of a nuclear blast<sup>97</sup>

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<sup>94</sup>What did he mean by this?

<sup>95</sup>What did he mean by this?

<sup>96</sup>What did he mean by this?

<sup>97</sup>Did he mean by this?

# -- SCENE CHANGE --

## THE LOBSTERFONT

***Will you be a dog or a Long John God?***

*(Everyman, played by Samuel L. Jackson, Bill Murray, Robin Williams, the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and typefaces, enters the Hyperpipersphere)*

### EVERYMAN

*(with stuttuttuttering peace signs, in a politician's suit and bald head. The camera zooms and beepbopstops in the middle of his troubled, trembling, veiny eye, scrutinizing him. The audience is rapt in attention) I am not a crook! I am only a fart-painter! My committee will say as much!*

*(Camera changes in the camera, dark oblong eyes switch silverscreens as a screenmaster doubly croaks laughter. Meanwhile, Everyman sprouts wrinkles, greyed hair, and a naggin of whisky as the unbearable lightness of being bears down on his left cursed eye. Audiences giggle at his theatric suffering. The camera captures in quick succession the Committee to Re-Erect Somebody Else [CREESE])*

### JESUS THE NAZARENE

*(In highheeled hippy's sunglasses and beard, various Masonic tools scattered about the conference room of the Committee to Re-Erect Somebody Else. He is played by Thomas Pynchon, who secretly grasps a rocket in his panties. The audience never sees His face head-on.) [Snores]*

*(The room turns right round the room in a sinkapace dance of lighting, rubyreds, grimygreens, Nazarenes in bright greengoldenly)*

#### JAMBA JUICE

*(nervously) Chattering! I am what you write! Oh, life! (his eyes roll back in his head in p s y c h e d e l i c c i n e m a t o g r a p h i c u n i o n )  
Fellationprobationsyncapationconsummationmasturbationmicturationelongationsunde  
ration...(trails off inaudibly, reveringly)*

*(William Faulkner [played by an idiot] enters the room comically, in an Irishman's kilt, genitals on full display, and floppy hat whose name I forget)*

#### THE FLOPPY CAP

*(with a woman's full eyes and lips and long lovely limp light languid lassie-arms, ringlets of red hair caressing her necking nape and naping neck and nacking nep gently. She looks on enigmatically, expressionlessly, as belluomo possesses her) Ooh! Fluttering tiptup full tip buttywuttybuttylittleflies! (she flips, buttering her flutter) Kiss me! (shrilly) Kiss me, or dearest! Floppyfloppyoldyoldyoldy! (she kisses)*

#### WILLIAM FAULKNER

*(wearing a mask of Shakespeare the Paralytic) [speaks in broken, mangledangled half-Irish] Een tha name o' S. Paddy! Usquebaugh! Bagpipe! Pip pip cheerio! Kingstown and Rathgar! The Croppy Boy! O'Neil! (he smacks whitetinted niggerlips) missuh presiden i ain du nuffin nuh uh no nuffin i's jes a writer suh i jes a good ol no frill southe' boy...(trails off inaudibly, nervously)*

#### JUMPIN' JIMMY

*(in blackface: the mien of Shemsham Flimflam: snapping out of his poetical delirium. His eyes shine like a young god's.) A toast, old sport! (he lifts a lightshining crystalline Anna Livia gem of glass of plurability and flashes the tidings over the land)*

#### WILY WILLY

*(comforted, raises a glass) Oh, giddy!*

#### FAULKNER'S GLASS

*(tinks in mutual tink with the other's mutual glass. Camera receives full blast of tidingful lightradiation. Audience is wooed in light of lighting, dark of darkness. They drool dumbly for the sake of usquebaugh) 'Tis!*

#### JOYCE'S GLASS

*(blings in mutual bling with the other's consubstantial vessel. The audience is wooed in dark of darkness, light of lighting: they drool dumbly for Anna Livia. Cameras everywhere haveth of the child of usquebaugh: the waters of Livve. Tidings flash doubly mutually. Indulgences are to be paid to Washington Mutual)*

**Bababadalgharaghtakamminarronnkonnbronntonnerronntuonnthunntrovarrhounawns  
kawntoohooohordenenthurnuk!**

*(A shot is inexplicably incorporated of masons falling from ladders in a modern dance, slowly, gracefully, womanly. Timothy, Timtim, Fionn MacCumhail, Finn McCool, Lil' Timmy, Here Comes Somebody, Morgan Freeman, and all the residents of Howth Castle come tumbling down on swans' angels' wings. It is distasteful: tacky. It is shot on videotape. Skepticism of the whole project abounds. Yellowgowned eyebrows raise Catholic latherbowls up to stairheads and altars. A voice sounds vaguely but brightly,*

*praising the mockery of it. The audience loses interest. They begin to boo, throw words in the screen, demand order, linegraphs, tablebars, big Benaben. They cheer erotically, with pedantic joy, as clowncars full of anime characters, Japanese writing [the Trivium and the Trinity], obese young men in formalwear, syntax, semantics, pragmatics [the Tumbabum], Nabokov, seven little girlies in rainbow panties, and the Corpseghost of Cormac "Bloody Quotidian" McCarthy [rented by the hour at sexpence and a virgin's soul] come phantasmically scittering off the screen in waves, like spiderwebs, rapidly. Captain America sticks an intertextual Hypertextual phallic red sock in the theaterdoor and performs his very own sideshow in the form of gulping down a Moor in three big gulps of falafel with wholemole ravenousness. He lets out a great Tim Finnegan belch and falls off a ladder ten Hypermiles tall like Paul Bunyan. The ladder [played by Peter Dinklage, profoundly] bows and says something very loud and incoherent in French as it dances a little. The audience applauds wildly and sees themselves in the drunken milieu.)*

#### THE WRITER

*(applauds wildly)* Why, I see myself in the drunken milieu!

THE CORPSEGHOST OF CORMAC "BLOODY  
QUOTIDIAN" McCARTHY

*(shrivels into a tear of pools)* Bah!

*(The camera swivels with a shrivelling swivel wivel white wound the right round the room [because of the womb because of the bloom because] in circles, squares, octagons, dodecahedrons, polydecimicapicahecaseawecamollypoldyexcretagons, with a little lamb here and a little big Benalamb there. The girlies cheer their flapping rubber vaginas. Slap. Trains enter and depose; clitori share trade secrets with the Society of Choosy Moms who*

*Prefer Jif [AKA SCMPJ, or Suck my Cummy Mighty Pee-pee, Jimmy]. We see blackest night, brightest day, the large long livelong day, a million Hypermiles wide, happy as the day is long, as flashinglights and fleshyflights greet our eyes with a tremendendeous "Halloobooloohoombloom!"*)

The scene changes.

## **-- SCENE CHANGE! --**

### **Sam Murphy's Jonestown Massacre**

Sam Murphy swerved into the gangrene marsh, kicked open the windowless door of his '78 Subaru and emptied the trashbag of drained draft cans onto the wet soil to make a nice dry foothold for his sweet Trussardi wingtips. While he was sitting in his driver's seat, feet out on the cans wrapping his shoes with the trashbag, he could hear the beginning of the killing orgy beyond the trees. He sloshed his way to the clearing, black plastic dragging in the mud every step, and made out the tall line of the polefence in the dark. Behind those giant wood stocks waited the most radical sex conniption mankind had ever had the sense to organize, and Sam couldn't wait to get his deathfuck on. There was a circle of torches set in the ground nearby, for newcomers to take and light their way to the funzone. Sam held his torch high as he passed

through the ummm the entrance into the enclosure. Sam Murphy was deeply disappointed by what he found inside - someone must have bungled the details in his invitation - a field of fully-dressed corpses. This was just a regular mass suicide, no fucking necessary, and worse yet, he had missed it. Fucking was usually the cost of entry for a good communal supersuicide, and it was rare that you got the chance to die with your pals without having to stick yourself in any of them or even feel the roof of their mouth - seems just one such opportunity had slipped Sammy by. Now he was surrounded by bodies, the punch had worked quick, no one to die with, and it would probably be years before he had another massacre come down the pipe, let alone a viable one, the whole point was to die with his friends and it was very difficult to sync up your new friendships and the next place a massacre would pop up, you had to read the spirit of the times, sense where social unrest and economic paralysis would give way to fanaticism, had to hone in on the towns with the perfect combination of close-knit community and depression that could be pushed over the edge into fatal codependence by an upset, a flashing sign of irresistible decline, of inevitable calamities, like a black president or a gay late night host, and these sorts of places were not easily hospitable to newcomers, though once you broke through that initial barrier of politeness, small-town hicks formed

close bonds quicker than most, and not even suicidal hicks necessarily. It would be a long time until Sam Murphy would get a chance to slit his wrists in decent company, so if nothing else he might kill some time; out of considerable resentment that they didn't wait for him, he searched for the bodies of his latest group of friends, and he found them and fucked them one by one.

Signed, the Slugga

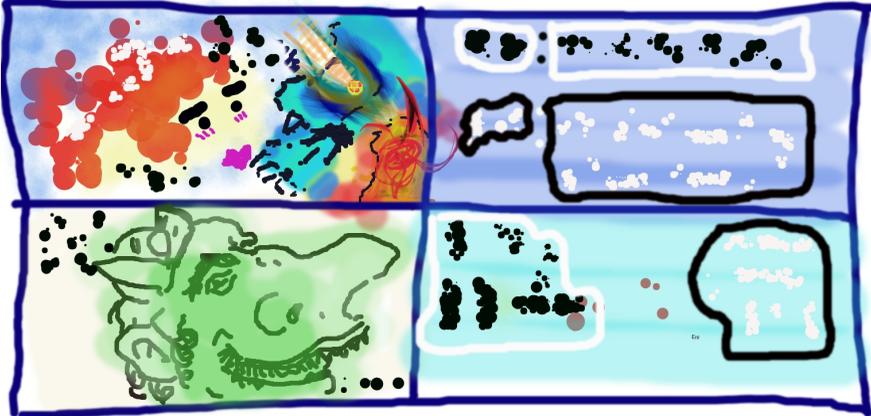
It ain't so bad bein' a thugga!

**IF ENDTOWN WAS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY DO YOU THINK IT WOULD JUST BE AN AU OF BETTER DAYS**

**...interception  
of popular second  
dimensional  
children's'  
reality show  
incoming...**

○ Translation

sonicfan06: OH FAIR FLAME SPIRIT! OH,



I BEG OF YOU, KILL ME. I AM IN DEEP EXISTENTIAL TURMOIL.

*blitzmyclitz69*: MOST UNFORTUNATE SKULL YOU ARE.

sonicfan06: I AM LOST DEAR LADY. LOST WITH NO PURPOSE, NO CERTAINTY TO GRASP; THERE IS NO KNOWLEDGE TO ME, ALL IS HABIT, APPETITE AND OBSERVATION WITH NO PROVABLE HIGHER OR LOWER, MERE MACHINATIONS OF MUNDANE NECESSITY THAT OFFERS NO

CONCRETE GLIMPSE BEYOND MY MORTAL  
MIND -- OH, FOR HOW CAN I STRIP MY  
EYES BEYOND WHAT THEY SEE, HOW COULD  
MY PEBBLED ORBS CRACK TO THE STRONG  
GRAIN OF NOUMENAL WHEN I AM LOST OF  
IGNORANCE, BLISSFUL FOR THE DAMNED?  
YOU HAVE NO IDEA, NO FOOL COULD BUT I  
HERE.

enter **generousbuisnessjewISRL**

**generousbuisnessjewISRL: Oy vey  
goyims! Please, please do not talk  
about being damned, oy! Us spacejews  
know enough about damnation! Just  
remember the sixty five and a half or  
so fucking niggerilion that were  
killed after copper reserves were  
poisoned! I bet you're just some  
antisemite bigot, you dumb fucking  
skull.**

sonicfan06: PLEASE, I APOLOGISE. I  
LOVE JEWS...HELL, ONE OF MY BEST  
FRIENDS IS HALF JEWISH. HE'S REALLY  
NICE.

generousbuisnessjewISRL: Oh shmesh, here we go again. Always the jew friend. Anyway, I came here to sell you drugs. These will cure your depression.

sonicfan06: THANK YOU GENEROUSBUISSINESSJEW AND REMEMBER KIDS THE JEWS WILL ALWAYS BE A FRIEND OF THE BARBALZIGOR PEOPLE AND DEPRESSION WILL ALWAYS BE CURABLE WITH HEAVY DOSES OF OPIUM FAILING THAT, MARIJUANA ASSISTED SUICIDE.

Luger Foucault is a cricket in your bedroom at night. He is a wind on your porch clanging windchimes at all hours of the day even when the trees aren't moving. He is an eddy in a river, a stone beneath the water.

I'm holding a bottle in my hand. The bottle is empty but I need to have something in my hand. It is a party. You have to be holding something. It's fun. You're not allowed to dance without keeping your left hand 100% steady so that whatever is in the bottle doesn't ever spill. In my case there is nothing in the bottle. You can't spill nothing. It'd be a disaster.

A white dude with dreadlocks and a drug rug and a petite chick with a pixie cut are standing in front of me.

"Have you met that guy?" the pixie grins  
"Who, Luger Foucault?" Luger Foucault isn't my name.  
Why would they corner me like this and talk about  
some dude. I take a sip of nothing. On the walls are  
two dimensional drawings of a four dimensional  
sphere entering three dimensional space.

"Yeah, him! He's weird. But he's really cool. I  
think I love him."

"I don't know. I think he's kind of an asshole.  
Thinks he's better than other people."

She punches his arm. "Don't be mean." She glances at  
me. I'm trying not to intrude on their conversation.  
She hesitates.

"Do you think he speaks Portuguese?" She giggles.  
About to switch languages so that I couldn't  
understand what they were saying. About to start  
talking shit.

"I studied french," I say. "Some of the language is  
the same, I might not be able to speak but I think I  
can understand it." They don't say anything. I walk  
away. I walk to the fridge. There are more bottles  
than food inside. I take a bottle. I press the  
bottlecap to the top of the counter and smash my  
hand down on top of it. There's a small scratch on  
the compressed wood pulp countertop. It's not my  
house, I just go here all the time.

**The Physics of Hyperspace, Hyperspheres and**  
**Hypermiscellaneous:**  
**A Scientific Manual**

**By Prof. Ozymandias Mansnake<sup>98</sup>**

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<sup>98</sup>HarryB\_1887@hotmail.com

## ***The First Age of Hyperspace [0 - 3800 keks]***

*The origins of Hyperspace are hotly debated as all “sentient”<sup>99</sup> “lifeform”<sup>100</sup> spontaneously appeared some three days ago. Many theologians<sup>101</sup> have argued that the absurd creation of a fictional universe with no concrete, tangible matter is obviously an idealist format and stems directly from either the creative powers of a **super-ego** or **God**. In opposition, the current official position of the Hyperspace Organisation of Empirical Study is that:*

*“We have no fucking clue. Nothing makes sense. Our lives are vacuous imaginings of ethereal beings numb to our call for legitimate lives. Someone, please, oh Christ, delete us all.”*

*In a rarely logical manner then, the vast majority of Hyperspace denizens settled on kneejerk superstition rather than science for their answers. God did actually appear on the fourth desu (measured as such: ८ ३) but was received poorly by test demographics and later phased out for **super-ego** being DONALD TRUMP (™). From the ८ ३ t4h to the ८ ३ 9th, DONALD TRUMP (™) heralded a golden age for Hypersphere politics: sagely he avoid an inter-dimensional conflict with the*

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<sup>99</sup>The definition of Hyperspace citizens as “sentient” has been hotly contested by the unaware rockthings of Mineral Collective 45 as a bastardisation of the term and an insult to all non-thinking objects

<sup>100</sup>The Breedlegrop planet likewise contest this term, not for academic reasons but just that “Hyperspace is for fucking no-life fags”.

<sup>101</sup>Citation needed.

*Hypercube people that would have spelt doom for the wider Hypershape collective, wisely he augured over a delicate trade agreement between the Neo-Pinecones and Classical Joycobians, most charitably he set up a pan-dimensional crowdfunding campaign to restore organic hair to a dear friend which -- due to breaking spacetime -- resulted in an infinite number of donations from struggling chimpanzee authors. DONALD TRUMP'S (™) political influence was so dominant in the early period of Hyperspace history that it is charted conveniently in this Gorgonzollan nursery rhyme:*

*Donald Trump, the wig haired pig  
Came from a universe not so big,*

\*\*\*

*He had heard of here, the realm of Hypersphere  
- Where one may grow their ego on  
fear and cheer,<sup>102</sup>*

---

<sup>102</sup>Editors note: The awkward spacing and general flow is a core feature of Gorgonzollan writing known as “neo-deucing”. Despite most of the Hypersphere telling them how poorly it read, they wouldn’t listen and

\*\*\*

*And Trump went fat on such attention,*

*Corpulent with every mention,*

*A great ego erection*

*of every dimension,*

*He was obese by time of his election*

\*\*\*

*Oh, Trump was large, Trump was beyond malediction*

*And he turned the Mexicans into fiction.*

*Who operated as a cheap labour force for numerous  
Hypersphere development contracts until an undead Hispanic  
trade union was created to properly defend deceased worker  
rights*

***THE END***

*PS: do you like it ? do you guys really like it? oh i'm not sure,  
i'm just not sure you guys. i just don't know.*

\*\*\*

---

after non-dimensional diplomat Filberg Fillberg asked Gorgonzollan author-king Ezymakeal if his version of Microsoft Word had a formatting error, massive galactic war was declared.

*Most historic of DONALD TRUMP'S (™) achievements is, of course, his total genocide of the Space Mexican people during the fifth ugguuu~. DONALD TRUMP (™) was so famously efficient that not even the Hispanic miscarriages of the sometimes-real Schopenhauer-lite paradox-people were allowed to exist, not within the realms of quantum flux and especially not within entanglement, I mean, Christ man, just think what that would do to the property prices there, it would be a nightmare, that's prime fiction estate.*

*Anyway, while certainly lengthy and important, and probably better covered if you didn't choose such a shit book, DONALD TRUMP'S (™) reign ended during the start of the ८ ३ 9th following the collapse of space stocks in race war company GENE WHEELS, sphere-Parliament's incorrect labeling of Argentinians as "non-Hispanic" and public outrage that DONALD TRUMP (™) had actually just glued carpet tufts to his head for several keks. While there was massive outcry for DONALD TRUMP'S (™) execution, he posed as a refugee of the Gorgonzollan conflict, escaped capture and fled to an unknown dimension, his last act being to blame the Space Jews for absolutely everything.*

### ***The Second Age of Hyperspace [3,800 - 4,200]***

*Following the rapid abdication of DONALD TRUMP (™) a brutal power vacuum emerged in the Hypersphere, destroying*

*and snorting several million lives away before the combined forces of Wider Gorgonzolla Federation<sup>103</sup> captured the machine and fed it Fuhrer Angela Merkel to totally kill the sick tubeneck fucker, I mean shitfuck, who just eats fucking planets like that, Jesus.*

*In the aftermath of the destruction of that filthy dirtmouth tunnelcunt, an uneasy peace settled among Hyperspace. Since the time of the first desu, the Hyperspaciens knew that their reign on the plane of existence was uneasy, delicate as a hymen or a little bitch. This total uncertainty even to their very absurd existence left them in a meditative nirvana-like state, sold to stuporous celebration, learning to cherish their volatile virtuality, finding now intense passion in the ordinary, orgasmically living their days away in blissful worry. However, with the arrival of **super-ego**<sup>104</sup> DONALD TRUMP (™), the paradise was shattered by his observation that, “Hell fellas, some of you are looking fucking fat” -- which was true, their primitive lifestyle was not calorically viable and a lot of Hyperspaciens won’t talk about it but*

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<sup>103</sup>The “neo-duce” incident spawned the 1,000 NARUTO-KUN GALACTIC CONQUEST, which proved to be remarkably successful for the Gorgonzollans due to a general height factor of roughly 1:97,000 in their favour, an oversight later to be remarked by fighting High Captain Whermuhhosat2nt as a, “a fatal error”.

<sup>104</sup>The **super-ego** is simply a pan-dimensional sentient trademark of an individual's personality, resulting in a physically transient copy of themselves that 84% of ISB interviewed customers admitted to having had sexual intercourse with at least once, and a further “not always willingly, y’know what I’m saying,” by actor/racist/spaceprostitute Mel Gibson.

*wellfucking Christ, I swear they were some tubby lardasses back then. Here, no, look at this fucker here:*



*He's fucking huge. Like Hypersphere huge. Fuck. Anyway, after the demise of the power vacuum.*

When approached with best intentions, the ethereal and ghastly denizens of the Hypersphere can hardly do anything but mutter excuses and stare at you with soulless eyesockets emptied from all their lifeforce.

Even through great effort and a selfless injection of life and intent in their existence, they still only perceive reality through the vacuous scope of

absurdity, and are thus incapable of fooling themselves into doing anything that would be even remotely close to fitting a purpose.

It makes them soldiers of fortune, and their acts are the sole products of happenstance and soft determinism as proved by the material lock of quantum physics.

With such a consideration in mind, we can start fathoming how their existence is intrinsic to the very mysteries of the world, and how they are accurately able to predict the future. The ethical problem out of the way, we start questioning whether or not it is possible to exploit them in order to shape the days to come to our will.

Mathematical Explorations in the  
Hypersphere and the Metaphysical  
Consequences thereof: Russell, B.

HE stared at the blank page. Did it stare back? And if so, with what apparatus? Surely a mere piece of paper (constructed

[supposedly {for what did our confidant and overseer, Mr. Russell know about the making of paper}] with care though it most certainly was) did not contain eyes, or, at least it did not seem to. Perhaps the mere suggestion of some biological lens was present... but no. Such foolhardiness would be most unbecoming of such a man in his position and so the thought was cast aside<sup>105</sup>. No lens, no eyes, no apparatus! Just paper then, sitting on the wooden desk. A smell of rosewood and the sound of the wind in the leaves coming through an open window were the only distractions.

Picking up his pen he began to put his thoughts to the page when a shrill "Bertie!", "Bertie darling!" issued forth from the cavernous stairwell. 'My-oh-me-oh-my,' thought Bertrand Arthur William Russell, 3rd Earl Russell, OM, FRS, philosopher, mathematician and amateur teapot collector. 'What Lovecraftian horrors lurk in that dank pit, the base of which I have not seen since the Fall?' With much trepidation our intrepid tutor and *titulaire des grands orgue* pried open the door,

---

<sup>105</sup>Much like the previous day's preserve.

revealing none other than the man-whose-head-was-white<sup>106</sup>!

Bertrand, startled by such an unexpected appearance proceeded to cut himself into a finite number of pieces and, invoking the great Anagram Maker, reassembled himself into two identical copies, sending one tumbling into the man-whose-head-was-white. The copy (or the original<sup>107</sup>) and the whiteheaded-one proceeded to fall, fall, fall until their conjoined descent could only be described as a Fall (very much in the waxing and waning sense). C&O preened and pranced, walked and leaned, scuffled and swayed back to his writing desk, once again taking up the pen,

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<sup>106</sup>Insofar as one may be sure of the colour (or texture, form, &c.) of one's hair (or skin, genitalia, etc.). Indeed, the sense-data being received by our overseer and confidant (henceforth referred to as C&O [except in such cases where the aforementioned acronym may be confused with /o/ and /c/]) is something we as outsiders cannot experience directly.

<sup>107</sup>For who can say who is the original and who the copy? Certainly if you, the reader were to ask the original (or the copy) he would necessarily answer in the affirmative. 'Yes indeed, I am the original' the copy (or the original) would say. 'I was born on such-and-such a date, in such-and-such a town' and any conceivable measurement you would make, or may make, or even could make would return identical answers in the case of the copy (or original) (supposing one could travel fast enough to catch and retrieve the tumbling pair). Exercise for the dedicated reader: Can one travel alongside a falling beast-with-more-than-one-but-fewer-than-three-backs?

his pen, the only pen in the room (unbeknownst to the confidant and overseer, for he thought there was another). What truths issued forth from the tip? Well, dear reader, I will show you. He wrote thus:

Let  $S$  be a set and let  $\mathcal{P}(S)$  denote the set of all subsets of  $S$  (henceforth known as the *power set* of  $S$ ). Claim: The order of  $\mathcal{P}(S)$  is strictly greater than that of  $S$ ; more succinctly,  $|\mathcal{P}(S)| > |S|$ <sup>108</sup>.

Proof: There is a natural injection  $S \hookrightarrow \mathcal{P}(S)$  taking  $x \mapsto \{x\}$ , so  $|S| \leq |\mathcal{P}(S)|$ . Suppose for the sake of contradiction that  $|S| = |\mathcal{P}(S)|$ . Then there is a bijection  $f : \mathcal{P}(S) \rightarrow S$ . Let  $T \subset S$  be defined by  $T = \{x \in S \mid x \notin f(x)\}$ . Then  $T \in \mathcal{P}(S)$  and since  $f$  is a bijection,  $\exists y \in S \mid T = f(y)$ .

Now, note that  $y \in T$  by definition if and only if  $y \notin f(y)$ , so  $y \in T$  if and only if  $y \notin T$ .

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<sup>108</sup>He was of course investigating the nature of the finite and the not-finite, or as the mathematicians call it, the infinite.

This is a clear contradiction. Thus the bijection  $f$  cannot really exist and  $|\mathcal{P}(S)| \neq |S|$  so  $|\mathcal{P}(S)| > |S|$ , as desired.

Upon completing the proof, innumerable many doors began to appear to him, our confidant and overseer, in innumerable many spatial dimensions. The ground shook and the skies split asunder, issuing forth many an ideal<sup>109</sup>. (This was somewhat overwhelming at first as you may imagine but Ol' Bertie was of a stronger constitution than many of his namesake.<sup>110</sup>) Composing himself, he picked a door<sup>111</sup> and strode through.

Meanwhile...

THE PYRENEES. GROTHENDIECK PACES BACK AND FORTH HOLDING A METRE RULE. A LIT CANDLE RESTS ON A SCRUBBED WOODEN TABLE. MANUSCRIPTS LITTER THE FLOOR. THE ROOM IS OTHERWISE BARE. IN WALKS RUSSELL.

"I say my good man, I thought you were dead!" exclaimed Our Glorious Leader, Confidant and Overseer.

---

<sup>109</sup>Both right-, left- and Platonic.

<sup>110</sup>His automobile was naturally spotless.

<sup>111</sup>Here we are of course using the Axiom of Choice.

"I could say the same of you, P.A; or is it E.A?" replied Grothendieck.

"At least my parents weren't joyful shopkeepers!" said Bertie. "Anyhow, enough of this banter. We have work to do."

"Indeed we do Russell old chum!" said Sasha. "We must work together to put all of the Hypersphere on a logical foundation and rid this world of the devil's influence."

'This poor fellow's gone mad,' thought GL,C&O. 'The kindest thing would be to put him out of his misery.' And so Mr. Russell posited to Grothendieck the following puzzle: "Consider if you will an anonymous forum<sup>112</sup> on which there is a user. This user shitposts for all users who do not shitpost themselves. Question: Does this user shitpost?" At this conundrum Grothendieck became visibly disturbed<sup>113</sup>. He began to shake violently as blood poured forth from all nine orifices. In an act of desperation Sasha threw the lit candle onto the floor, causing the many manuscripts there stored to catch light and fled for the Ardèche. Seeing this commotion Our Glorious Leader chose for himself (and by extension the author [along

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<sup>112</sup>If we are to be precise (and we are), a Macedonian baseball-card-collecting image board.

<sup>113</sup>One might even say (as in the common parlance) 'jimmie-ju-jued'.

with you, dear reader]) another door through which to travel.

## **Chapter 9 (as foretold by the wise men)**

The sun had not set on the island inhabited by the skeletons yet. They were still up, dancing the evening away to trance music. This was what they did best. Lacking in desires of the flesh all they could do was their spooky dance.

(Author's note: A bit **too** spooky if you ask me.)

The skeletons did not have the technology to leave the island but with infinite lifespans they surely would. The skeletons had an almost limitless supply of coconuts on the island and rare metals showered down in the form of meteorites every few hundred year. They also had an audio system and a large granite statue of Cosmo Kramer.

The Hypersphere did not exist but surely it could with the help of these materials. The island was floating on a bed of blue acrylic paint, the skeletons could have just walked of it but then they wouldn't be able to hear their music.

The acrylic paint stretched further than the skeletons could imagine and so: they stayed put.

Let's jump forward a bit. Let's say chapter 22 or so, just to give you a taste:

*The author was in grave danger, the skeletons fast closing in on him in the second room of the Hypersphere. The author decided to jump ship, jumping from one chapter to another. He met the most bourgeoisie captain. Constantly yelling ad hominem at him. But if there is one thing captains are good at, it is fighting skeletons. The Author knew that he could join up with the crew and simply let the captain to the Author's fighting of the skeletons that would surely follow in jumping ships.*

Pretty exciting stuff, right? Better keep reading the goddamn book then.

### **Hyperspherical Poetry**

Noon

On a Sunday

I was born today, forget

Everything I said about the world.

I barely remember what was here before and

all this time I have been lying to you. I frankly do not

regret doing so, even if it was difficult sometimes and that

it often seems everything I did was in vain, everything I said about the world was false. I was born today, I say, in November. I

have decided to remain forever in such a state of gradual pain.

All around me are the unfinished buildings of cold ice stone

And from time to time I catch<sup>114</sup> a glimpse of the sun but

---

<sup>114</sup>A smoky, overdecorated cocktail lounge and nightclub on Queens Boulevard. It is after midnight. It has been a long night. Balloons and empty glasses litter the place. A 50-year-old hood in an out-of-date suit is holding court at the bar. We see a younger, more sharply-dressed hood walk in with a beehive girlfriend and hug him.

they can never understand what it meant to  
lie to you my darling, even though  
they do try, they can never  
know what it is like  
to be in front  
of you at  
noon

**EXT. PRISON - DAY - PAST**

The cover melts back into the black  
shit-kickers and blinding white  
fortress from earlier. The sequence  
plays out exactly as it did 48  
minutes ago.

Camel is a traitor.

What did  
he do to deserve  
such libel?

he once  
went at the hotel  
and  
didn't do his bed  
M O N S  
T E R

Chapter w.  
[in the t3rd room]  
where went wucie's wuv?

## Damian's story

Following Trump's wholesale extermination of Space Mexicans, Damian has no way to recover Bruce Wucie's manpart--Wucie's doctor, if the reader recalls, was a [Space] Mexican plastic surgeon, hailing from Planet Fuche Capesta, where it is presumed he returned just in time to meet death with Trump's no-Mayan-pyramid-left-standing full-frontal assault of anti-SpaceMex Missiles (loaded to the warhead w/ every Mexican's nightmare: white people, of Donald's disposition, who fought as hard as they had to defend jobs they don't want to fucking work anyway--it was a goddamn slaughter, millions of Mexicans dead with circa-

2200AD American flags [bearing now just one big star, two stripes] stuck in their overcooked leatherneckmeat).

Dae kneels at the empty grave. The headstone is a slab with a dick-shaped hole in the center--like the dick-shaped hole in Damian's colon.

Dae: "Brucie Wucie..." sobbing, "The end of history is yet seven rooms away... There is still time: Our story--**your** story, Brucie, it was always your story--will be told."

(Wucie, in the Netherrealm, screams in a ticklefight with Geibacca. The muffled cry reaches the grass about his tombstone and causes a ginger little cricket to hop, cutely. His boyfriend knows...)

Donald Trump's departure left a power vacuum in the Earthly economic world nobody had the gall, balls, stick-with-it-ness, and stupid determination to fill like Damian. But where D.T.'s (ZERATUL) rise had been fueled by self-obsession, Damian is driven by the purest obsession there is-- powerful sexual love for another man. He still feels Brucie's breath haunting his neck like a warm wet ghost... **It's not going anywhere.**

#### Dust

It was a far throw away from earf<sup>115</sup>. Crystals zoomed across the purple dialectical skies of Second Neptune. Nothing is visible for kilometers besides the kicking white froth of the hordeing porpoise superpods. Those yellow sulfuric stones, they don't help much once digested. Nausea overwhelmed me<sup>116</sup>. A song came to mind. The heavy lithium

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<sup>115</sup>What is this, a shitty sequel to "Paradi ∫ e Lo ∫ t"?

<sup>116</sup>What i ∫ thi ∫ , a sci-fi rendering of "Being and Nothingne ∫ ∫"?

atmosphere deafened my ears<sup>117</sup> to all but the numb thump of worldquakes<sup>118</sup> half a hemisphere away<sup>119</sup> but it came to mind anyway, some final vestigial recollections of *love*. And it went like...

Hey, **hey**  
You, **you**  
I don't like your girlfriend!  
No way, **NO WAY**  
I think you need a new one.  
Hey, **hey**  
You, **you**  
I could be your girlfriend!  
Hey, **hey**  
You, **you**  
I know that you like me.  
No way, no way  
No, it's not a secret!  
Hey, **hey**  
You, **you**  
I want to be your girlfriend!  
You're so fine  
I want you mine  
You're so delicious  
I think about you all the time  
You're so addictive  
Don't you know what I can do  
To make you feel all right?  
Don't pretend  
I think you know  
I'm damn precious  
And, hell yeah

---

<sup>117</sup>What is this, Stephen King cliché galore?

<sup>118</sup>What is this, portmanteau celebration day?

<sup>119</sup>Seriously, what is this supposed to mean?

*I'm the motherfuckin' princess  
I can tell you like me too  
And you know I'm right  
She's like so, whatever  
You could do so much better  
I think we should get together now  
(And that's what everyone's talkin' about)  
Hey, hey  
You, you  
I don't like your girlfriend  
No way, no way  
I think you need a new one  
Hey, hey  
You, you  
I could be your girlfriend  
Hey, hey  
You, you...*

*[in memoriam of Burnout Paradise]*

## **Chapter 10**

Emma was tired from the night before. She put her feet down on the rug and quietly got off the bed. It had been imported from Morocco, He had mentioned it several times during their lovemaking. *“40000 US American dollars sugar, that’s what it cost, but I don’t care, I’m made of money baby”* he had told her. *“I own a goddamn TOWER bitch”* he screamed as he came.

She remembered that she really had to take her contraceptive pill, he had been clear on that. If she ever got pregnant *“there won’t be any birth certificate, you mark my words”*. She guessed that meant he would kill her. But he often said things he didn’t mean.

She went to the bathroom. She looked tired. She *was* tired. The man, nearing 90, had the stamina of a pubescent boy. She suddenly remembered the Pubescent King. What ever happened to that boy? Emma recollected that he quit coming to school when she was 15, four years ago. He must have really liked her though. She wondered if she had anything to do with his disappearance.

She let the cold water run for a while and splashed her face, her makeup had held up even with the old man angrily drenching her with three bodily fluids. Only a special makeup remover would be able to remove it. The cold water dripped into the sink as she looked into the mirror, into her eyes.

*“What the fuck am I doing?”*

Then the man Himself stepped in, The Big T with The Big D. He gave her ass a meaty slap and tickled her ear with this: *“Yeah, swallow those pills baby, do it like you swallowed mine all night long. Upper and lower mouths. Yeah your second mouth just loved swallowing all my pills didn’t it.”*

Emma looked at herself, schlong and hard. She took a little pink one in her left hand and looked at that schlong and hard too. She popped it in her mouf. *“Good girl.”*

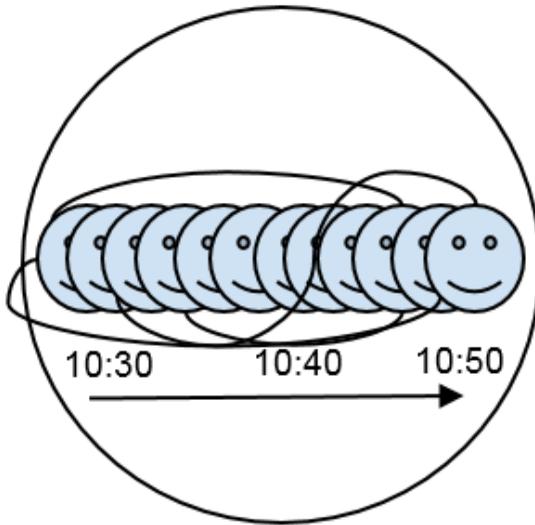
But Emma cheeked it.

Chapter 10.5 - The Ant chapter.

The fabric of the Hypersphere needs constant care, lest it grow tattered; for when it unravels, whole worlds come undone. It is the work of the Ants to keep the fabric tight, to repair worn spots in the mesh of reality. They also defend from the things that gnaw and lay their eggs in frayed regions, whose young can quickly devour an entire universe if the Ants let their attention lapse. Leopold was a master Ant, charged with keeping one small patch of creation tightly woven and unfaded. But the job was not enough to satisfy. It nagged him that the original work of creation all lay in the past; the Sphere had done its work and travelled on. He wanted to create rather than merely maintain—to weave worlds of his own devising. He began making small changes to his domain, but the thrill of creation proved addictive, and his strokes became bolder, pulling against the pattern that the Sphere had woven. The guardians came, with their scissors, and Leopold's world was pared off, snipped from the cosmic tapestry, which they reweave without him in it. Leopold found himself alone, apart from his kind, a state that would have been torment for any other Ant. But Leopold rejoiced, for now he was free. Free to create for himself, to begin anew. The raw materials he needed to weave a new reality were all around him. All he had to do was tear apart this old world at the seams. From the beginning ants had been as conspiratory as mice regarding these mind-bending-reality-snipped-snapping matters. However since they were all a bunch of Gommies, they only very rarely altered the status quo for their own satisfaction, unlike mice who, it is well known, messed with the business so much that to n-dimensional beings it looks like Swiss cheese. Leopold gave in to the sweet promises of capitalist pigs and abandoned the ways of the proletariat, which ended with his current predicament. The proletariat however underestimated the unconscious devilry of one like himself, and thought that barring him away from the fabric would be enough to eliminate their own problems. They were wrong. And thus Leopold's actions ended up having irreversible consequences, including making Anon suffer a terrible fate.

# Part ⅴ☐☐☐: Schizophrenic Hypertime Fragments

Or  
Trumped-up Star Jizz



Hypertime is a phenomenon present in the second room of the Hypersphere as well as Hyperspace.

Lifeforms native to Hyperspace are extremely well accustomed to Hypertime.

Chunks of your life are experienced in a seemingly random order as you travel through Hyperspace.

stir	A	soft	up	answer
anger	turneth	the	tongue	of
away	the	wrath	wise	useth
knowledge	but	aright	grievous	but

the	mouth	words	of	fools
-----	-------	-------	----	-------

(NO BINGO)

## Poureth out foolishness<sup>120</sup>

*He* turned to his wife, “So. Here we are.” she almost grimaced, it was the most emotion he had seen on the haggard old bitch’s face in years. “Yes.” she let out, and then went back to staring into the abyss. The abyss below...

**THIS CHAPTER IS THE STORY OF MY LIFE. EVEN THE PARTS THAT ARE CLEARLY FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF OTHER NARRATORS. EVEN THE SHIT WRITTEN IN THIRD PERSON. IF YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THEN I GUESS YOU JUST AREN'T READY FOR HYPERTIME...**

---

<sup>120</sup>P.O.F: may also be an initialism for “Passing Over Fyne,” “Pentagon Operative Fallen” or even “Professor O. Fanshen.”

“Frankly, as a solipsist the previous statement offends me.”, the reader neglected to think.

~::~~**REDACTED**~::~~

**There is a tenth room.**

The last words written by Doctor Fanshen before his  
**REDACTED** in the netherrealm-

**REDACTED**

### Chapter 1.1

“God is a colourless shape; a shapeless colour.”  
~ Tim Allen,

1988,  
*My Big Fat Down-Under Summer Vacation: a Travel Journal*

Chuck “the Gay Cuck” Palahniuk looked around in a daze, trying to center his spinning vision. The drip-dripping sound of liquids woke him up. He had a plaid shirt tied around his waist like some gay rollerblader. It was an empty room though and all the walls were painted a uniform baby blue. He couldn’t quite get his bearings.

“I see you’re awake now,” said a voice. But it was his own voice. And it was coming from his own mouth.

“Yes, I’m awake,” Chuck said aloud.

“Eat this, you are hungry.” And from Chuck’s left side dropped a small chocolate chip brownie.

Chuck took the brownie and ate it. It filled him up so he wasn’t hungry anymore.

### Chapter 1.2

Chuck walked around the room but he couldn’t tell at all that he was moving it was so damn light blue everywhere.

### Chapter 1.3

The voice kept talking to Chuck from his own mouth, saying things like, “wow Chuck you’re looking great today” or “you’re doing good Chuck keep going, almost there!” or “I wonder... hmmm...”

### Chapter 1.4

Chuck wrote several books in his lifetime. Some of them were bestsellers, a few were turned into films. Chuck lived a full life. It wasn’t enough though. That’s how he felt. It wasn’t enough for him. He wanted to be whispered at like the sanctity of a God.

---

**CHRIST-FUCK THE POOKA IS  
HERE, GRAB YOUR STATE  
VARIABLES AND SPLIT**

*Room 7A of the Hyperspace: The Waiting Room  
Part Uno*

Professor Chomsky enters the room, it is crisp white. For a time, the sweated figure stands in the silence, hands in pockets, until he hears a familiar voice from his left.

“Noam, old buddy, old pal.”

“...Howard, is that you?” His inquisitive eyes pierce through his spectacle lenses.

By this time Professor Zinn at Professor Chomsky’s side, arms aloft and preparing for embrace. Still guarded, Professor Chomsky croaks, “Howard, I know this is a dream. You are dead.”

“Why, yes! I am, friend, and I’m sorry I was late because, well, I’m not sure you’re going to like this...”

At this point, a broad shouldered figure sways into sight. It carries another familiar face although time hasn’t been as kind to this one.

“Hah! What a sight! Here’s ‘The Professor’! What did you in? Old age, the FBI, nuclear weapons... surely not those gentlemen adhering to the ‘Religion of Peace’?”

“Oh, Christopher, now’s not the time.”

“But we have all the time in the Universe now, isn’t that correct, Professor?” Again, the name produces a sneer as it passes Mr Hichens’ lips. He nudges the one addressed, spilling red wine.

“Christopher? I haven’t thought about you in a long time.” Professor Chomsky is notably deadpan.

“That’s no way to greet an old comrade and friend. After-all we’re all comrades *here*.” He produces a hip flask from his crisp white suit and takes a sizable gulp with his free hand, “at least they saw fit to provide complimentary booze.”

“I am afraid I don’t understand what you’re getting at.”

Professor Zinn interjects, flustered, guiding his friend to the other side of the room.

“Noam, you won’t believe this,” he raises his eyebrows in feigned disbelief and chuckles, “but, well, heh – you’re here because, well, you came to the end of the line.”

“And!” Mr. Hitchens exclaims, finding it quite impossible to be left out, “you didn’t reach the mark, old dog! You’re among the damned, the junk, you’re officially - how should one put it? - *persona non grata*. Professor – welcome to Purgatory!”

At this point the old Trot splutters, clearly finding the upright position difficult to maintain. Professor Zinn looks up at his colleague, in life and death, “he hasn’t been taking this well”.

### **On Culture and Comfiness**

When one speaks of culture one must also necessarily speak of the means with which culture is produced, the schools, the universities, the conservatories and so on. Hence a lack of culture (however construed) may be more strictly perceived as a lack of production. This is ironic, for it is the very worker who seeks to benefit most from culture (especially when it comes from outside the state). However what culture the worker does tend to consume invariably comes from within the state and thus acts to perpetuate the status quo.

How can we challenge such a self-perpetuating system? We propose a straightforward solution: get comfy. Moreover, we encourage the worker to do away with his reliance on state-approved distractions and instead promote and cultivate an inner-comfiness, such that no man may ever be uncomfortable again, thus breaking his reliance on the state and hence the state’s control over him.

## Does the **tenth**<sup>121</sup> room exist?

We can't even discuss it without using spoiler tags. I feel like this is being buried by someone, someone with something to hide. Ever since I found Doctor Fanshen dead I've been digging up leads, but I can't do it alone. *There's one man in this Hypersphere who can help me though. A man called:*

## The Detective Jones Story: Part 3

*(Subtitled: Typefonts dance in Morrice.  
Russians Scream. Flynn Gambles as Finnegan  
Fakes it 'Till he Makes it)*

Previously, on Detective Jones

### THE COLON

Get to the point!

And that was when the LSD kicked in. The door flew open into the wall and shattered neatly off its hinges. THE LSD: GENTLEMEN I HAVE A BUSINESS PROPOSITION. (HE HOLDS FORTH A GOSPELIZED HALFCROWN.) CROTTERS, WHERE IS MY WHUSKY?

Futile.

The room was empty save for a mirror on the opposite wall. Thwarted, LSD sits to contemplate his reflection. THE

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121 

REFLECTION: Shh. She is silent. She is our sister. Shh. THE SISTER: I love. (*whirls her hair*) I love to love love. (*she smacks a red onanistic lip*) Darling! (*Narcissus quietly sits in a corner for timeout.*) Three minutes in he discovers that his life is a perfect metaphor for the clueless consciousness of the 21st century emasculated consumer man *THE ITALICS: EMPHAT!* Defeated by this realization, he absentmindedly runs his fingers through his hair, and continues to stare into his reflection. (*Mischievous Shemfigures run into Abyssinian cameracorners. Sides look long on eyes peripheral foreverially delified Johnathon, played by Jontron. A straw hat, thin mustache, glasses, eyepatch, cracks a smile full of crackcrookedkrickclackalack Afroteeth. Angels denounce and sling about profanities.*)

**Now, on Detective Jones:**

(*Chinamen tell us they do not eat this part of the story*)

I got the call from Doctor Fanshen's lab assistant, a man who goes by the name of 'Jihoo McLowlan'. I know I'm only here to sort out the Dutch Oven situation, but what can I say? Jihoo was a fan of my work and I have never claimed not to be an egotist. What Sir-eee Bob doesn't know won't hurt him, and I'm sure the Dutch Ovens will be fine without me for a couple of days.

When I got to the lab I noticed a distinct lack of signs of a break-in. My detective senses were already tingling. Jihoo let me in, he explained to me the situation and showed me the note that Fanshen(?) had left. It sounded like a load of conspiracy crap to me, and, if anything, the cipher sure confirmed my suspicion immediately.

What kind of a name is Fanshen anyway? As I looked around the lab for clues I took out my finest toothpick and chewed it for dramatic effect, Jihoo seemed pretty fucking impressed. He started to fill me in on Fanshen's work; supposedly this guy had found a way to view other rooms in The Hypersphere from the comfort of The First Room; he'd built some kind of device that

utilized this technique. He called it **Hypervision**. Already several corporations had bought the right to broadcasts from various rooms<sup>122</sup> and Fanshen was quickly becoming a billionaire, so why did he commit what was seemingly a suicide? Why did he jump into the netherrealms? Why was there a giant painting of The Puerile King on his wall? I was beginning to suspect that Fanshen knew a lot more about Hyperspace than a first room resident should...

### **Othersong (--alienum--)**

Hyperspace boasts of a rich history--though perhaps it can not be referred to as such, **Hypertyme** is a fastidious beast--here, myths and other such gentle bulldust are *anything but*. The foreign othersong is not safe--at which point are you no longer human, but still very much alive? Has Hyperspace always existed? *You make me sick.*

The whispers are powerful.

(The reader(s) is/are encouraged to check a line chart of either NYSE stocks GOOG or MSFT over the last week, tilt their head(s), then think of an object it resembles\*.)

\* If readers plural, then they must reach a consensus.

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<sup>122</sup>Third Room Broadcasts brought to you by <http://pooplop.com/>

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Our motto: **Poos will plop. What else can you expect?**<sup>™</sup>

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-----  
“Papa, do they have souls?”

“To what are you referring, my boy?”

“My stories, Papa... do my stories have souls, Papa? Papa? Papa?!”

“Listen, boy. I’m swimming in pussy tonight. Play nice, vill you?”

## óSWING, AELIUS!ô

I did not ask for this! Herald me as his second coming if you wish, worship me as your poor false idol if you wish, but **leave me to my thoughts!**

óAelius...ô

For centuries the people of Wojamba-li had channeled the power of their Gods through unique means--ephemeral goodness flowed through their veins and they would mutter in unison, ôThe yields shall be good this year. I know this because I feel it in my soul and shaft. The yields shall be good this year.ô

I know **nothing** of marriage or ceremony or celestial cities! I wish for naught but more **time to think!** I am no God! Collect your pussyhounds.

óAelius...ô

In order to channel the power of a deity, one must gyrate their hips in such a manner as to invoke phallic rotation, though it was proper form to wear a Trump manufactured dicksleeve in order to avoid any unnecessary triggering, **shitlord**. Some had more swingforce than others, and so could summon greater amounts of power--society was organised accordingly, the harder one could swing, the higher their position in society.

The most powerful were revered as messengers from God.

You are foolish and arrogant and **blind**! You claim to experience all yet you do not **see**. You do not **understand**! Leave me be.

óAelius...ô

Aelius would not swing. At birth he was said to have the potential to channel the power of Shakyamuni, but this potential remained untapped. Nevertheless, he had extreme puissance within the court, always exposing fresh new ways in which they were being oppressed by **shitlords** that they couldn't possibly **perceive**.

Must I? Truly, must I employ the power of this **cursed** swingforce? Oh, **I am a wraith**.

óAelius!ô

Aelius swung.

And there was light.

Aelius swung.

Aelius swung.

Aelius swung.

Aelius swung.

There are **ten** rooms, baby papa.

**im in hella pain**

## CHAPTER SEQUEL: TAKBIR OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN

*(subtitled: It's All Fun & Games Until You Understand)*

**Ben bin Allahflakes did not talk to anyone about his nightmares, which gradually were moving into dream territory. He did not feel uneasy in them and even the hollow creatures did not creep him**

out anymore. The same dream was repeating itself every night now: the 9 gaps had settled themselves into his sleep permanently.

With each passing night, Ibn felt himself more and more absorbed by the mysterious rifts. He became obsessed with them. Especially with the final gap, which he knew to be the one that would show him the Hyperspace itself.

And yet, for all his repeated staring into the abyss, nothing had stared back.

Ben was aware of the heretical nature of his obsession, but he felt a physical impossibility to get rid of his thoughts and his dreams. Every time he did Takbir, he felt guilty. The more he felt guilty, the stronger his infatuation became. He would crack the mystery of the 9th gap, or lose his mind trying.

What he did first of all was to--hesitantly, in spite of himself--push his hand into the gap. He waited for the chilling touch of another dimension or another fabric of reality, but no such sensation appeared. A few moments later he understood why: his hand had just passed through the 2-dimensional form of the gap. He could not touch what was inside it yet.

Ben bin al-Afleck was aware, as stated before, of the fact that he was trying to touch Hyperspace. It was because of this that he naturally had the idea of doing research into theories concerning it, but something told him that reading anything 'normal' on the subject would be of no help. He found himself unable to make a move.

Then one day, a new postcard arrived.

The back of the card was the same as the others, marked with the name & sign of the **Black Aayster Cült**. The front was inscribed with yet another cryptic message, but this one now made sense to Ben. The message was: "Have you inspected our catalog? yea pass the doors like that fam."

Ben settled himself in front of his desk and laid out all of the Cült's previous mail before him:

Ein juden.

2King Puerile.

PINECONE.

I just drive.

Pinecone, I just drive ein juden to King Puerile.

3-4-1-2

B-A-I-R

Bair was the name of the man he knew as the assistant producer, the shadow producer of "Argo". Ben knew what he had to do. The next day he went to Bair's office as soon as the man got to work. Looking to the glass walls of his office as soon as he got off the elevator and took a right turn, Ibn found him laid back on his chair, legs on top of his desk, a bottle full of espresso besides them and a copy of that day's New York Times in his hands. The letters stuck onto the transparent wall read: A. BAIR, Assistant Producer. He paced towards the office, opened the door and shut it behind him without ceremony. Then he started staring at Bair, who did not even appear to have taken notice of him and casually sipped his coffee, not taking his eyes off the paper.

Seconds trailed off into minutes. At last Bair's eyes twitched towards al Africaneck, fixed him for a moment, and then his face seemed to be split by a rictus.

Ben contorted his features into an expression of anger and impatience, eyebrows lifted up, and he was shrugging with hands opened to both sides.

"Ben, just step outside the office for a moment, will you? Keep the door open" said Bair.

Ibn thought about protesting, but already he was obeying Bair's command. He got out the door and just stood there, still staring at Bair.

"Close the door, knock and open it please."

Ben complied again like an automaton.

Then, Bair said: "Yea, pass the door like that fam."

Ben maintained his composure as far as one step into the office, then he slammed the door behind him, ran with shaking legs up to Bair's desk and gripped it, looking at him with eyes that would have made the po-lice take him in for a comparison with the headshots of recent asylum escapees.

A sharp-dressed man with light brown hair, a vaguely smug half-smile that was now a grin, light blue suit with white stripes, blue tie, red suspenders, gold roly on the wrist; Bair had features that would be remarkable and defined as at the very least reasonably handsome, and yet Ben found him to be unremarkable. Something about him was vaguely familiar, and erased his presence.

A minute passed with bin al-Mubaraq staring at Bair, and Bair looking back at him with a

sinister grin, all perfect teeth on display. Then Bair stopped smiling, got up and walked to the Venetian blinds that covered the top of his office's 3 glass panels, and started pulling on their release ropes one by one. As the blinds were falling and Bair was starting to twist their vertical alignment handles, he said: "Take a seat, Ben. We have things to discuss, yeah?"

Ben sat down and waited. Bair returned to his seat after finishing his laborious work, and pushed his espresso bottle towards Ibn-i.

"Fancy a sip?"

Ben shook his head, wondering what reason anyone could have for drinking coffee out of a goddamn bottle. Bair did not touch the coffee again.

"Now Ben, I know what you're thinking and what you're about to ask. Your question will be: 'did you send me those postcards?'"

"Did you send me those postcards?"

"Did I ever pass you one of my business cards?"

Here, have one."

Before Ibn al Takbir had a chance to be surprised at his reply, Bair fluidly slid a card holder out of his breast pocket, whipped it open and picked a card from within, and presented it to Ibn al Takbir.

The card, off-white and with raised lettering, proclaimed:

A. Bair

**Black Ayyster Cült**

Branch Manager

(a watermarked Cült emblem adorned the bottom right side)

“You the cult?” asked Ben in disbelief, pocketing the artifact.  
“‘Me the Cült?’” Bair made a crude imitation of his question. “What kind of question is that, it’s like asking ‘are you CIA?’, which I am, by the way.”

Ibn narrowed his eyes. “Sorry?”  
Bair was amused. “I said, I’m CIA. And I am the Black Ayyster Cült. Representative, field agent. Liaison, dangerous liaison, like the one you want to have with the nanny. A fine piece o’, by the way.”

“How the fuck do you know about that?”  
Bair let out a howl-like laugh. “You just don’t get it, do you? Oh man. Now this is good.”  
Ben was not amused and kept silent. His thoughts had turned into milk and oatmeal.

Bair was still smiling, then all of a sudden he stopped and sighed. “Just connect the fucking dots, man. You really need me to hold your hand through this? Just- write your thoughts on paper or something.”

Once again, al-Flag complied. He wrote and he wrote. It took hours for him to finish the print of his thoughts. During that time Bair had indulged in all sorts of antics. At one point he put his smartphone on loudspeaker and played a song that went

*“It ain’t meeeee, it ain’t meeeee...”*  
“Some Vietnam fucking shit, how about that huh?”  
Then, against Ben’s lack of reaction: “It’s Creedence. Creedence Clearwater Revival.”  
But, al-Abdul still gave him no attention.

"You don't like Creedence?" Bair stopped the song. A couple seconds later another one was on.

"You like Huey Lewis and the News? Just listen to the lyrics, nevermind how catchy the song is."

Ben wanted to tell him to go to Hell, but he had a suspicion that this would just make Bair laugh, so he kept his mouth shut and kept at writing. Bair laughed by himself anyway, and kept muttering various lengthy trivia and opinion about the bands he'd play songs of. When Ben was finished, he found sunset on the outside.

"I didn't shoot a single scene today."

"Ben, come on. I know the producers? I'll make things right, don't worry. Now let's see that script of yours?"

Ben al-Akbaristan handed him the paper. The fruit of his long labour was a meagre dozen lines. Bair went through the text rapidly, nodding and uh-huh'ing every few seconds. Then his head jerked towards Ben: "Yeah, yeah, that's pretty much it."

A silence followed.

"So, uh..."

"Just go home for today, fam. Tomorrow I'll have you meet with Mucca bin J-lo, he's a brother. He'll tell you what you need to know. Now fuck off."

al-Aflaq dragged his feet to the office's door and got out without looking back. He felt empty. He was still feeling like that when he came back home, when he ate dinner, when he looked lustfully at the nanny, when his wife refused

sex on the pretext of being tired, and he was still feeling hollow at the moment he drifted off to sleep.

That night, Ibn did not see any dreams for the first and last time since this all began. The next day shooting went as usual. No one said anything about Ben's absence the previous day, and when he inquired about whether the producer had received a message from the AP, the producer looked at him funny.

Bair had told him about a certain "Mucca bin J-Lo" he was to meet today, he figured he would have to receive him in his office and waited in there.

A couple hours later a casually dressed, beret-wearing black man with a messenger bag knocked on his door and opened it, saying "yea pass them doors like this blood." He had a thick chav accent.

He stretched a hand. "Mucca bin J-Lo, alaikum salaam."

Ben grabbed the hand and shook it. "Salaam-un alaikum brother."

"Let's not lose any time, Mr. Affleck my mate, lemme talk to you 'bout your problems."

Mucca started rummaging around his bag and pulled out a bottle full of black liquid.

"Want some coffee fam?"

"How come you're drinking coffee out of a bottle?"

"Sheeeeit, they didn't tell you 'bout no bottles? No worries blood, we'll get on that shit too."

Mucca made himself comfortable in the chair  
opposite Ben.

“So fam, you want to figure out what’s the deal  
with the 9th door, that right?”  
“Yeah.”

“And you wanna understand the **Black Ayyster Cült**.  
And the CIA’s role in this.”  
“Yeah.”

“And you wanna take a look at the Hypersphere.”  
“Yes.”

“And you wanna talk to the Unspeakable  
Burrower.”  
“Yes.”

“Then I got your solution right here fam, here,  
take this.”

Mucca produced a not particularly thick  
leatherbound tome from his bag. The words **DE**

**VERMIS MYSTERIS** were inscribed on it.  
“Brother... this is not halal!” protested Ibn al  
Flick.

“Ben my man c’mon! I’m a brotha too. You think  
I’ll give haram things to y’all?”

At that very moment Ben had still the  
opportunity to refuse the blasphemous book and  
stand true to his faith, but the Cült’s  
machinations were stronger. He took the book  
from Mucca’s hands. Mucca rose up.

“At first shit’s gon’ be not real clear, but  
you’ll figure it out real soon, oh yes.”  
And then Mucca was gone.

When Ben Jihadflakes returned home, he  
barricaded himself into his room and started  
studying the arcane tome. Parts of it made

somewhat sense to Ben, but it is not time yet to divulge what misteriiis the book contains.

The sleepytime he had been waiting impatiently for eventually arrived. Ben fell asleep very quickly, and found himself once again in the field with the 9 gaps and the hollow creatures clustering around them. When he looked at his own body, he saw that he too had become the same as the Hollows, but this did not surprise nor bother him at all. He knew what he had to do.

Moving in front of the 9th door, Ben outstretched his arms towards it and yelled

**AYY LMAO**

**AND LO AND BEHOLD THE OTHER HOLLOWS IN THE FIELD CONGREGATING AROUND BEN BIN AL-AFFLECK, ADDING THEIR TERRIFYING UN-VOICES TO BEN'S ONE-MAN CHOIR, TO AUGMENT IT INTO A DEMONICALLY DISSONANT CACOPHONY THAT HE WAS ALREADY FAMILIAR WITH.**

**AYY LMAO THE GATHERED FAITHFUL CLAMOR, AND THE 9TH DOOR ANSWERS.**



never-to-be-repeated confession. I contemplate taking my life for, as I suspect, this is the only outlet of redemption in My Twisted World.<sup>123</sup>

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I know,

understand

I

n o w

elegantly trip.

(It is

like

falling

!)

### Bottle Intermission

I caught myself canoodling on the beach. In bleak honesty, the spell of it all was quite ethereal. Conspicuously at work I was, canvas, brush and sky adrift. Truly as before, I cannot kid, swallowed into a bloody trance. Iff, now, how dare they interrupt me in my zany, jejune phantasia. And yet, hear this, bypassed by a flock of Willendorfs fiddling what I do hope are their whiskers, taunting me with tiffin butterfingers and mauled cavities, they snipe by an incriminating eye. O'souls of dirt. Why do the daughters of men haunt me so, do I not measure several inches' praise. Look around, girthround. I would have poked through a vacuum, in truth, by a signature of their stench to leave me unmolested, but who asks for favors nowadays. I stand by my morals, knave of hearts. Ye, rattle me bottles, until the officer catches a glimpse of my protruding hazard galvanized in the warm fury of summer, swift in the west, fleeting to. I swear on that grave yonder, I was only fixing the trigger. They do not understand, never do. Oh reader, frail and stout, let the expats pickpocket yer maw (you're as

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<sup>123</sup>We are /lit/. We are Legion.

much a mendicant as the next underdweller, pay yer tither). Fillet surströmning on schtick with sides milk, toast and wa'whoa-ho loadsome mishegaas, but do leave these Qs to yourself, solemn man: the what-a-bout of whose, the why-could-we-should and the how-does-it. Answers, of course. I can pen Armageddon all's release, but give me your ear, perhaps a braid of that silk you don. Oh, alright, you'll owe me shortly. There are infinite English tonguewebs betwixt the grimcracks of this Rubiksphere by Wilkenssburg. Slit't truth by'r neck and riddim corpses in a muddied bottle. old fashioned trend. This theater, digest what have ye. Quick collapse, one correct way to fall down a stairwell. You may only sit in the stadium and watch like a helpless mother and swoon (more a spiked titillation to the inception of a new complex by inverting Oedipus's matrices, candid upskirts ahoy) to the melodious rape of her daughters by Vexing Vice and Recruits, no dice. And though I digress heavily, I will begin to explain once I finish off the nymphet in my root chakra. Steadily take, yes I say. A man has

priorities. A tug on the slug lovingly, yes just like so. Sunscreen does the trick, but never alone the sin. Ah. Oh mine is a Valentine splendid coy with a thighspread petal and bow and an arvo mirari long persists that brings my avalanche to the steppes below umph and chimeras argh of fulsome love thrust wet us both (Tis the season) yea my nubile secret see and come and say yes skoal. Three tissues for mustered yolk, thank ye. An evil twinkle isn't this, no witchery here. I am in the course of a trajectory falling, give a second for inertia. Okay. And now to fulfil my part of our unholy bargain. Ah, understand the cohomology (sic) of astral cosmology as I dictate here unfalteringly. The noetic is birthed from tragedy, it falls ill by the World as heavenbound books read by the wayward children, and the young monomyth sifts by the sieves, the midautumnal sephirah, raking his memories into a linear set (time) until The Man calls him in for fear of backbending X (eternity in the wardrobe). Terry loom, the nightingales croon. Jeremiah, we are only

surrounded by our ilk, not so very much to our like. Do you fear The Man when we are his syncophants. They speak his name here allowed, but I do not dare evoke evil in the harem. Without the bottle I wade in sorrowful eve, oho, lingo w'this status quo of Hyperspace frev'r boomeranging. Pas vraiment, faux ami. Not all hope is forlorn (walnut, sez Nutcracker). I shall gnaw at the walls or summat, make a racket, climb out the labyrinth. Grab my bottles, they are the very essence or the trigonometry to my mistakes (Timothy, hear us). Click tic tic, break out of intertextuality, tricalickabang, break out and do not urge me coming down the winding path. I want to see petrichor, do you imagine it as I do savory green, lush, hypnagogic. There's vesper, on time for starsighting with me by the cold mezzanine. On that sidenote, always count on a prude for a whack of prosaic in the nude. I end singing you my valedictions, a paradee. Tra-la. Tralala. Oh, my name you ask. Old doggone Yester barked to Morrow vouchsafed to the newborn. Go get up, ask yourselves at which corner avenue they ditched your shed skin. Hwæt an alephbeth in me perishes so...

(The reader(s) is/are encouraged *again* to check a line chart of either NYSE stocks GOOG or MSFT over the last week, tilt their head(s), then think of a *new* object it resembles\*.)

**GARÇON! 24 BOTTLES OF WATER, AL DENTE!**  
**[INCOMING MESSAGE FROM CORPORATE**  
**CONTROL CENTRAL]**  
*That'll be 5¢, please.*

Imagine, just for a second, you are a wheel of cheese. You resemble the *new* object. You smell of feet<sup>124</sup>. People love you out of their relish of disgust. Where are you going? What sort of people would

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<sup>124</sup>Das it mane, das my fetish.

you like to meet? These Hyper-meditative questions, and many more, are characteristic of the sort of self-improvement material you'll find on my latest corporate-approved videotapes. Please, just dial 1-666-EAT-SHIT for an easy peasy FREE trial of the Meditation Deluxe Superpack for Mobile, Female, Male, and Othyr. You will be a new you. You will be a wheel of cheese. You will never be the same. It will hurt you. Order now. This message has been reformatted by the Committee to Spoil Everything. Please touch me. Cheese. NEW. NEW. NEW. NEW. NEW. NEW. NUUUUU.

“WORSHIP NASCAR”

- Wes, a redneck that once worked at a Papa John's in Texas.

\* If readers plural, then they must roll a dodecahedron and summon a demon that will correspond to the correct object.

“Marginalia? Who's that?”

**The following message was transcribed by from the last save of AudioRecPro-x69x:**

I'm not as I was.

“You've seen it now.”

That's what they told us when we saw the little strips, the little blind moments in the dark.

As an experiment of some kind we we're kept in a deep tangential dungeon of the Hypersphere, by its lead scientist (who also played ballads—quite good from what we heard—in the Hypersphere speakeasy), Jeff Hammeron.

At first we thought we had been driven mad by some drug or other sedative, we soon we learned, the dark brought hallucinations, of an auditory nature, a beautiful and repugnant nature, a nature unblemished by even Adam, whose sin extends even farther than Eve's, because she was his rib, well...you get the point...

What the fuck am I doing? No one is ever going to hear this...Mark? Mark are you close? Fuck you Mark.

[16 minutes of persistent slapping of wet flesh, no discernable narrative.]

[4 minutes of heavy breathing.]

Fine. Leave this here for posterity, though, my love.

The only light I'll ever need is the one inside myself.

[Struggles, 20 seconds]

[Grasping for air]

Lol, I'm jaykayin. `t', 'f', 'w'.

END OF TRANSMISSION.

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# — THE GOOD OLD FENIAN RANGE! —

(The Scene: the Irish glen<sup>125</sup>, populated by prosperously minaretted mosques. Enter a globgobbling idiot named Fall-on-my-Staff with big retinablack cameraeyes. He is dressed in a fancified dinner suit with snotgreen handkerchief, black leather gloves, and BDSM gear. He bears in his hands Venus's erection. He is played by the reader.)

## THE GLOBGOBBLER

(aspirating his wö) Hwell, hwell, hwell. Hudavendigar! I am here for to conquer the screen hwith my great big stagercock! (he metaphorically reveals a prizewinning jetblack cock beneath his kilt. It speaks Shakespeare.)

## THE STAGERCOCK

(in royaltyclothes<sup>126</sup>) Too-too-toodle be! Oroo-roo-roo noot!

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<sup>125</sup>So named after the Glen of Imaal, an original composition by Northern Irish superstar Ian Barrett.

<sup>126</sup>According to Canon Law the Stagercock in all official duties should be arrayed in the traditional choir dress, i.e. cassock, surplice,

## THE READER

(with paternal pride) See? (lilting in Irish) I told you weäð sing!  
Now for England, pride and glory of the ring!

(A troop of 11^ 32^ 1882 screaming Wild Irish descend from hills. On their backs is borne Queen Victoria, in her full 1836 English tons of pure anno namine damine sexiness. She seductively reveals a red, bleeding legbone for a swooning cameraeyes. Cameraeyesö heart and soul and blood and ouns rise up into his throat, fighting for space. There is a great coup in his throat. Queen Victoria roars in 3-D to regain the audienceö attention.)

## QUEEN VICTORIA

(her clothing slowly dissolving into her hot red festering red sunkencunt big plumped redhot fatty fatted flatted matted yellow smellonous flesh. Her hot steaming lumps of old woman draw in all the young men in the audience. They ascend to the draperied ceiling like moths.) Aum! Hek! Wal! Ak! Lub! Mor! Ma! Ai doobadoobadoo swurr! Your head! It swirl! (she takes a big chunk out of her muttonleg. It stinks of succulent urine.)

(Camera looks unto cameraeyes. He spills his seed on the ground. Ho! Hwat? Sky turns greyer. O! Black sun turns blackened rust into the decay of webbed, voided corpses. They

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academical hood and tippet. The wearing of royaltyclothes is an archaic catholic tradition and one with which we would be well to do away.

have no noses. Red brimming jacksinthebox swim and jump around in a viscous syrup of atmosphere. Purples and vright Virag neon greens play nationalities against one another in Hyperspherical orchestra of a lack of Nobodaddy. [David Forkher Wallet is the esteemed conductor: he plays óWhen the Bloom is on the Rye.ó] Dragonteeth swing on pygmy women long past the spinningtwurning jacksinthebox. Hungary against Ireland; Israel against Britannia; Jerusalem against Italia; Byzantium against Byzantium; the Turks spin about in on themselves; Gerald Fitzpatrick against Patrick Fitzgerald; Cuirass against Pike; Linati against Gilbert; Carrell against Ferrell; Stewart against Cheney; Joyce against Nobododod Lancaster. The box itself spins: the theater catches on fire. The dwarves are laughing. The dwarves are laughing. The dwarves are laughing. The dwarves are laughing. The swarves are drying. The guards are dying. The lard is crying. The martyrs fly about. Winged angels starve their ring of rosies. Fangs of the swampmonster chomp on crubeens. Bloom flies around on immasculated witchesö antlerbroom. The withdrawal - not unlike ebbtide - of the largess of several benedict eggs brings to a close the Dublin Goldenage as medicals Buck and Fuck [both played by William F. Fuckabuck, Jr., with stern jowls] enact a black physics problem. Two Gallants enact the Last Supper<sup>127</sup>. The dwarf is screaming<sup>128</sup>.)

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<sup>127</sup>By ancient custom graduates of the University of Oxford precede those of the University of Cambridge, Cambridge of Dublin, Dublin of Durham, and Durham of the theological colleges when processing for the Eucharist.

## THE TOWN CRYER

(in the voice of Ruddypelt) Happy Days are Here Again!

## THE MOTHS

Oh, good for goody!

## DARKINBAD THE BRIGHTDAYLER

(played by Alan Watts) [blubbers incoherent engiryidish. He unveils the secrets of the Seoul to nobody.]

(After restarting the tape ends its tapping. Women [the camera follows their lumplines of calves, bouncing, flouncing, counting their heels] exit the theater, great big dinosaur feathers growing out of their malnourished brains. They carve a curvilinear perfectly symmetrical line of toy soldiers through the isles of seats and Britain, the chord of any circle being less than the arc it subtends. The gravitational, electromagnetic, strong, and weak nuclear forces cooperate to bring forth cooked thighs and raw livers. Fatmen dine on the figures and numbers and graphs and oblongs. Cut to black. Aelius and Nigel and Donald Trump and the whole nine yards blow a mutual Hyperfactual tune, invisibly.)

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<sup>128</sup>The 1662 Book of Common Prayer is silent on the matter of screaming, by dwarfs or otherwise.

— *FLOW WIMBLES:*  
*I'M OFF TO*  
*LEGRANGE!* —

ôPapa, tell me a story!ô

ôHaha, have you ever heard of Aelius, my boy?ô

ôWhat's an Aelius, Papa?ô

.....

ôOh, I think you'dl quite enjoy this  
one...ô

## Aelius Maximus: Clitoral Simulation

Time is liquid in the throes of the female orgasm, but by the force of her kegel-fortified will, Aelius Maximus, avatar of the matriarchal hivemind, determined that the year was 2070.

"Ride, cowgirl, ride!" she shouted from atop her silicone chariot as she lashed at the pussyhounds. Their hooves pounded across the hot sands of the Wacobian desert, the

southernmost limit of the clitoral hemisphere. Mounted on the strength of equine haunches she would ride down the slope of the earth, into the mossy lands of the terrestrialites. The Aelii had never penetrated the black marshes for fear of bacterial contamination and encounters with non-white organisms, but where other Aelii had spent four years at New Yorkean Apple Schools, accumulating bitcoin credits to complete their degrees in liberal sciences, subscribed to the RSS feeds of MFA Workshop concubines and their stream of ineffectual desensitization posts while daily confronted with the underpowered hardwares of the lower races, Aelius Maximus had sealed herself for eight terms into a Ubuntu deprivation chamber, locked into ecstasis infused with raw command line code. She emerged with an unwarranted sense of confidence and ownership of the world, and armed with these weapons committed excellent atrocities against any enemy she could justify. Thus she had been elected as the avatar of mynkind and enforcer of the societron: her body had been suspended over a well and erased by a single red beam of gamma light from the monthly tidal flash of the subterranean moon; she was 3D-printed anew and came online at the height of a climax tuned up to an unyielding power, the remains of her old self an unrecognized filename in the activity log of her present iteration.

“What ho!” With a yank of the reins she halted her charge. Ahead ran the crystal river, blue and thin as the veins of the theoretical male sex organ. There she saw bodies, and plumes of dust - death was moments away. She dashed toward the bodies and found a trail of

them, Indians all. The ranking of their blood in the racial hierarchy downgraded their 'massacre' to an 'incident', and the 'tragedy' to a 'bummer'. Farther on, in their camp, she sensed movement. Aelius Maximus leapt down from her chariot and rushed into a sweat lodge from which issued the sounds of conflict.

Inside she found a grotesque, giant creature, not unlike children's webcomic illustrations of sub-Mesopotamian peoples, surrounded by a group of beings she determined were men by mentally deducting several crucial physical advantages from her own body and comparing the result to their mal-shapes.

"Set course for the Hypersphere," the creature had just said when Aelius Maximus fired her neutralizer at its aberrant face, releasing its atoms from their bonds and disintegrating the flawed definition of its being. The nuclear unravelling of the giant coincided with the yawn of an interdimensional rift in the sweat lodge: the inferior reflexes of the men allowed them to only now respond to Aelius Maximus' appearance, but even she failed to evade the rift's attraction. They were swallowed and passed through a Hyperspatial passage.

One by one the "Cowboys" awoke on the Martian dunes, and each one was equally surprised and confounded by the oxygenic headsphere generated for them by Aelius Maximus' interatmospheric preparations kit. She was disgusted by the predictability of the men. Nevertheless, she had determined it was worthwhile to keep them in her presence: by the look of them, several were non-whites, and

could thus be genetically conditioned to replace her pussyhounds.

"But first I'll need silicone to construct a chariot," she said, ignoring the feeble voice of one of the Cowboys, as they called themselves - she had nearly struck them down then, for that appropriation of mankynd slang. The voice persisted. "What?"

"Ma'm, where... ma'm, where are we?" His voice performed at a fearful decibel: Aelius Maximus suspected his request was not informational but rather emotional; he wanted consolation.

"You are beyond your capacity to prevent your own death. From this point on, you continue to survive by my permission." This stalled any further question. Aelius Maximus consulted the geologear of her scanner for nearby silicone. Before it finished its assessment, another gear on her scanner, the most sensitive, returned the results of an automatic search.

No. An emergency search. It was triggered by the detection of a substance for which the scanner keeps watch at all times. Aelius Maximus peered out across the red-brown plains of Mars. Sand rolled softly across their plateaus, and the sky was heavy with purple clouds.

She spotted it in the distance. A low, darkened shape: the silhouette of a primitive settlement. Her digital zoom produced grainy images of haphazard structures, unstable towers - and swaying between them, long red ropes hanging from the clouds.

"Prepare your firearms, 'Cowboys'. They are the feeble tools of a pre-Malalan civilization,

but I suspect they will be more advanced than our enemy's." She readied her own neutralizer, shifting its ammunition from 'neutral' down the spectrum to 'male': the gun accordingly transformed into a womynizer. "My scanner has detected high levels of femophobia in a nearby camp. We ride to battle."

**RELIUS MAXIMUS:**  
**CLITORAL SIMULATION continues in next week's**  
**SLUTCHAMPS!**

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At this point, it seems reasonable with a itty-bitty diversion in Arial, if only for the purpose of preparing you for the journey through vaginal Hyperspace that lies straight ahead, yonder (behind). Consider a bottle; realise that the bottle is one-sided, that is, has no true exterior or interior (follow the surface of the exterior, and you will find that it passes seamlessly into the interior, and vice versa). Similarly, the circle is endless (like babbling words of pretension from an adolescent mind). Yet we may drink from the bottle, drink lukewarm tears of day-old piss, skillfully contained by this paradoxical contraption, an illegal invention of the human spirit, raging always against the laws of the world. The problem is universal! What is your body, but a vessel; a bottle? Its contents: boiling, steaming piss, but piss nonetheless. You are not so different, you are not so reasonable, not so sane.

The world we inhabit, this Hypertime continuum (figments of Mind) is at the very core a system of unjustified subsystems, again unjustified and unexplainable, down to the very atoms: Invisible, unreasonable beings. In the void between these atomic particles we find the void. This void is perhaps at its greatest in exactly the yellow, pungent fluid you expel from your body into this peculiar, glassy container. It represents loneliness and

unwillingness in the task of facing the world beyond your own, shitty self. Climb that mountain. Sail that sea. Drink the piss-bottle. Drink the piss-bottle. Drink the piss-bottle.

I wish I could say more, I really do. Words are the dwelling of thought. Thought is the dwelling of Aelius (don't misunderstand: this is a simple statement and means exactly that Aelius lives in thought - you are thinking him now, don't let go). We have no right to assert our truths in a space beyond the own-space, so make sure you don't oppress these past few paragraphs you have absorbed onto any other being. Not even the atomic, not even the bottle, and never your mother, please let her be disappointed in peace, give her some time now, when time runs out, let her pass on to some next-Room. And this, son, is the station we get off at, in every sexual sense. I'll wax you metaphysical...

*this novel is brought to you by  
cap'n crunch's crunch berries  
do not trust the bottleman<sup>129</sup>  
he is very dangerous*

---

<sup>129</sup>How long can the Bottleman move within the Frozen Time? The precise metric is not known to us. Time itself being a patriarchal and homonormative concept not deserving addressing, but it is possible that Bottleman can indeed move for an infinite amount of time within Frozen Time, as it does not exist within the concept of *Hypertime*. Therefore no rules need apply.



## Chapter 4-teen

It's a tale as old as time itself: the time the skeletons attacked Bruce. Bruce was minding his own business, polishing his Olympic medals and listening to an audio cassette tape of Seinfeld re-enacted by former child stars. Seinfeld was of course played by Macaulay Culkin, Elaine was played Ashley Olsen, Kramer was played by Michael Jackson and good ol' Costanza was played by Frankie Muniz.

Bruce was just about to start polishing his very favorite medal, the one he had won for training so hard to win. The Olympic Participation medal; what a prize. Had it been only phallic shaped, he pondered with guilt. Bruce knew that as long as everyone just did their best they were all winners. He reached for the medal when the door was suddenly knocked down.

*“GET ON THE FLOOR YOU DIRTBAG!”* screamed one of the two men who had entered his house so very suddenly.

*“Hey there now! Whaaat is going on?”* Bruce replied.

*“I said: GET ON THE FLOOR!”* the man said as he knocked Bruce down to the floor. *“WHERE IS IT! WHERE IS THE WOJAMBA?”* he said standing victoriously over Bruce.

*“Look now, I don’t know what’s going on here! What are you talking about?! I don’t know what’s going the **heck** on, here I was just polishing my Olympic medals and here you come bursting in with dirty shoes and pushing me around, I **won’t** stand for it!”* Bruce said angrily.

He was right to be angry, just who the hell are these people?

*“Hey, who are you talking to?”* asked the second man.

What? Who? Me?

*“Yeah, you: author guy<sup>130</sup>”* said the first man.

I’m writing to the reader I suppose.

*“Don’t you recognize us? It’s us: Jones and Siree-Bob!”* said the first man.

*“First man? C’mon, it’s me! Detective Jones!”* said Jones.

I guess I remember you, but what are you doing here? This is way too early in the timeline for you. This is pre-Caitlyn. You guys exist in the Hypersphere.

*“Don’t you get it? It’s aaalll in the Hypersphere baby”* said Siree-Bob.

That’s not true, we’ve written about stuff before the Hypersphere even existed.

---

<sup>130</sup>Guy is gender neutral in this case.

*“Are you daft lad? It’s **all** in the hyphen-sphere<sup>131</sup>.”* said Siree-Bob, sounding a bit tired.

Okay, I sort of guess that this could exist in the Hypersphere since everything exists in the Hypersphere at all times but I thought stuff could exist before, outside and maybe even after the Hypersphere too.

*“Sure it can, but not in this story. The things you’re writing about happening outside the Hypersphere are just re-enactments of stuff outside the Hypersphere happening inside the Hypersphere”* explained Jones calmly.

*“Fellas... Not trying to kill the mood or anything but this is my house and I’d like for you to leave now, I don’t know anything about Wojamba or anything!”* cried Bruce.

*“Not a chance faggot! The big T. with the big D. has sent us to burn all the Wojamba in all of the Hypersphere. It makes people **lazy** and **unproductive**.”* chuckled Jones.

If Hyperreal is just real  
How can spheres be circles?  
your head it simply swirls

*One day the FBI will have a file on me... one day. Suck my diück.*

---

<sup>131</sup>This is the greatest hint you never received.

Jhonn  
Balance  
Lost his  
Balance.

- *inscribed on the wall in a nook somewhere on the southeast wall of the fourth chamber of the sixth room*

## **DICK MICHIGAN IN NAKED SHADOWS, CLOAKED CRIMES**

Everything changed when we discovered The Hypersphere. The way money changes a woman or power a man. Too many ways for too many people to play at running the world. The powers that be spoke of regulation, but the scent of corruption billowed out like gas from an open sewer. The stench got in everything. You learned to look out for number one. It was no world for romantics anymore. Romantics like Mack Carlson. I always liked Mackey, which made it all the more a shame the night he showed up in my office, greeting me with a bulge in his pocket. I greeted him with a round between the eyes. He collapsed with the sound of resignation. He took a bluff thinking I wouldn't shoot first. Poor Mackey never knew when to fold.

I checked the corpse for a gun. Sure enough, a six shooter in his jacket. I was a PI, but not licensed to kill. Mack on the other hand was. A low level Garbageman running contracts for OHIJ, but he had no case against me. No, like most stiffs, Mack's could be traced back to a dame. He came for my life and a woman. Well, he

lost his own life and he's still without the woman. Her name was Puss Galavantee, and she was the coldest bitch this side of **Hypertime**. There was a time when she was my cold bitch. She thought I was swell, I knew she was rotten. But somewhere along the way there was a falling out, she decided I owed her something, and she's been using her charms to send men like Mack to collect ever since. My name was Dick Michigan. But it's not anymore, and it wasn't the name I was born with. But then, what's a name in The Hypersphere?

By the time OHIJ <sup>132</sup>knocked down my door, Mackey was hiding out in five different garbage bags behind a butcher's shop down the street. *Just a misfire officer, won't happen again.* Things were back to the way they were, but nothing was the same. Mack was the last straw. Something was to be done about Puss Galavantee.

**TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT INSTALLMENT OF  
DICK MICHIGAN**

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**On The Sidewalk  
Unlicensed Kerouac**

The sidewalk is the place to be to be It is  
here i find you him her Caitlin it and me  
Tarmac doesnt get my jazz on I see you  
and you see me Same direction HELL

<sup>132</sup>Office for Hypersphere Interdimensional Justice

You quicken your pace So do i One foot has to be on the pavement at all times Otherwise it is cheating What ever i am i aint no cheat You swing past the old woman leaving no gap for me i hate you for that Polite as can be i pass her late I chase you for a while wishing i hadnt smoked so much and much Phlegm Phlegm Phlegm It is a the traffic lights that things become real I see my chance my chance I quicken Luckily there is no one waiting Just you and me I see you looking back at me increasing to your side We almost jog as we near the tarmac Not fully though i aint no cheat You are desperate to not be beat You take a step too soon and into oncoming traffic STANDSTILL i slow but only to watch your neck snap and guts spill and carry on to take my place as the fastest cat in town

### *nonchapter*

they threw me off the balcony for no reason i was just in want of a cigarette maybe a bump of coke of one of the partygoers but no they said no and i could not recommend approaching them the way i did it was all corn syrup phlegm and disarray of daydream i resent every word i spoke that night i was outside myself by myself but beside god or within withever it does not matter anymore anyway i dozed off after the concussion they did not take me to a hospital or anything but in my dream the water was rising and it rose too high for me to

breathe anymore but i attempted to breathe anyway because fuck it and i drowned but it was not like drowning in waking life where your body kind of just shuts off no i felt everything i felt the water fill my lungs i felt the alveoli compressing some even bursting i felt the blood fill my throat i just i did not i well it was oh and if oh but i but i ca xx qq i woke up in my own bed thoughts whirling and removed myself from existence right then and there but what is a suicide really if the flesh does not die

### *everychapter*

we threw a bum off the balcony for a reason he was bugging the bunch of us mid coming to close on a sweet deal in the backside of the club but then this dunce as once said comes along waddling asking us for cocaine and we tell him to hitch a hike and he pisses all over the women and although they are intrigued by his air of debonairness and the scent of his repudiating piss and amor with battalions of fat addled puttos could be sworn to been seen in the vicinity although we checked for them and sent out the bouncers with our pistols and dogs though in retrospect how could dogs reach for the ebony black sky anyhow and we were quite sure in the back of our minds that figures from antiquity cannot actually die if shot we have determined with quite a degree of accuracy that this man was dangerous and thus we threw the inexplicably halcyon beggar off the balcony along with most of his weird unlabeled bottles and called it a night drunkenly after finishing off the remnants of the lowlifes ephemerae and the world swirls swirls like cinnamon buns as if by centrifuge and we

cannot stop turning away away it is beautiful why nobody finds it  
outrageous which is itself outrageous

## KILLER QUEEN B#

Mama // Just killed a man  
Put an icepick // through his brain  
Now I'm all alone  
again  
Mama  
Boo  
Hoo

I don't wanna die  
I don't want to go to room

two

[intermission - go take a leak or fap or something. suggested  
duration 6 minutes 41 seconds<sup>133</sup>]

### Agony Aunt is here to help (think of her as your own!)

Dear Agony Aunt,

I really like this boy in my class but he always seems to ignore me. I would like to get his attention but I'm really shy. My mom says I'm pretty but I'm not so sure (I have braces :[S]). What's the best way of getting his attention without embarrassing myself?

P.S. He's black.

Emma.

---

<sup>133</sup>intermission length expandable approaching infinity if within the hyphen-sphere while reading this, to this point

*Agony Aunt replies:*

Dear Emma,

Thank you for your letter. You are experiencing a common problem for one of your age, so try not to worry. What you need to do is make that nigga your bitch. And hope for the best.

---

Dear Agony Aunt,

There's this girl I've been digging for while, she's a real stunner if you know what I mean? Of course you do, you old dog. Now, my problem is we don't connect like we used to<sup>134</sup> - and I thought we had something special going on! After all, she was my first. She never looks me in the eye when we're in the sack (you dig?), and she never makes an effort with her appearance anymore (pasty, wiry hair). When we embrace I feel like she's slipping away - literally. There must be some way I can return her to what she was, when she was perfect. So:

---

<sup>134</sup>Wait, what? What is that supposed to imply? Does her launch bay not suit your missile? Does her tunnel not suit your train cars? Does her macaroni not blend with the spaghetti? Or did she grow a pair overnight?

1. what cosmetics could you recommend for a chick like this?
2. what could I do to jazz up<sup>135</sup> the bedroom department? (Most important!)
3. if I can not resolve this, where can I bag another girl of similar height, build and color to ma?

I fear this girl will be of no use unless something is done soon.

Eddie.

dear reverse agon<sup>y</sup> aunt,  
 git me the cocaine& a  
 better t<sup>y</sup>pewriter ⑤⑤

Dear Agony[between]Aunt,

They have not yet seen.

They have not yet seen. attack ships on fire off the shoulder of orion

They have not yet seen.

- o (bottles) -

AGONYBETWEENAUNT RESPONDETH:

QWMR ELWN KAH DIWL HAX VRGXZXWRI GG HAX  
 MSLUZX FPR XPF MAPC KIOEE MI XJFLM ES KFS MAP  
 KSMZHPD GGNS MAP HSZ CY KPGCPBBGR

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<sup>135</sup>Monk. Thelonious Monk. Thelonious Sphere Monk. Does a name get any better?

(Editor's note: This is really dragging on,  
you know we said 150 pages, right?)

(Author's note: Go fuck yourself)

(Sub Editor's note: I'm not getting paid<sup>136</sup>  
enough<sup>137</sup> for this shit)

(Intern's note: >not doing it for free)

Letter to the Edible<sup>138</sup>,

[HAROLD "MOTHERFUCKING" BLOOM SWINGS IN ON  
NIGGERVINES AND SMACKS A BABOONBOTTOM]<sup>139</sup>

Bloom:<sup>140</sup>

Niggers<sup>141</sup> invented the wage-slave  
system<sup>142</sup> for the express purpose of nipping  
the budding Jewish<sup>143</sup> narcoposium in said bud,  
rendering it infertile. Herein Niggers refers to of course,  
well-known negro philosopher, Guillaume Douthouibre, Le  
Niggre, or as he self proclaimed upon his coming-of-age,

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<sup>136</sup> (Philosopher's note: Compensation is a spook)

<sup>137</sup> (Legal's note: We've made sure you're legally  
getting paid enough)

<sup>138</sup> (Edible's note: I taste of coffee cake.)

<sup>139</sup> Note the inessentially ineluctable nature of Boom's bum cum tummy.  
He is a niggerlover. He is fat. He is old. No good. He is  
unpronouncable.

<sup>140</sup> Should be Boom.

<sup>141</sup> That is to say, the opposite of an angel. Blackest night: the woman's  
plight as she flies a menstrual kite.

<sup>142</sup> Unnecessary: Inessential: Ineluctable: Despicable

<sup>143</sup> Geekjew is Jewgeek! [sprouts glasses and a yamaka]

『BEHOLD MY STAND, 『 『NIGGER PRIME』 』 WHO CAN DUMP INFINITE ASS WITHIN THE FROZEN TIME』<sup>144</sup> whereupon he was granted therefore his Dreadlocks and joined the ranks of Der Freien.<sup>145</sup> Niggers therefore made it Xiz predisposed purpose to influence<sup>146</sup> that which is ever-born and never-dead,<sup>147</sup> that of course being the wage-slave system, which iKarly Marx,<sup>148</sup> Foot Fetishist Supreme<sup>149</sup>, took up as Xiz own.

William F. Buckley, Fuckley Cuckley,  
Friendley Pluckley of Aldous Huxley:

Just so, Hizzle-Bizzle. Herein we prove that not only Freedom Breeds Inequality, but also that Niggers was the most apt and discreet of lovers, and also quite discrete, both of which are firmly imprinted on my ass.<sup>150</sup>

---

<sup>144</sup>Willard van Orman Quine, playing himself, waddles in on inflamed buttcheeks.

<sup>145</sup>Sesquipedalian for "A Brothel."

<sup>146</sup>Monetary.

<sup>147</sup>Poetary.

<sup>148</sup>Visionary.

<sup>149</sup>John Coltrane's less known album.

<sup>150</sup>Note here scholastic fucktastic calligraphies of tonality. In the mien of Thomas Aquinas, **FUCKBUCKCUCKPLUCKHUCK** elucidates the subtlest layers of the Body of **FUCK**.

Gore-'Em-All Vidal, Cyborg Supreme:  
**VISIT INFOWARS.COM**<sup>151</sup>

Billy Buckley, Ctrl+Alt+Del author and famed  
Netizen:

Just so, but Hark! A vagrant.<sup>152</sup>

[ENTER SHIFT SPACE CONTROL, PLAYED BY SIR  
OSCAR WILDE OF SWEDEN]

Ozzy, Wet and Wilde, Master POLEMICIST:  
I SHIT MYSELF AND WROTE A POEM ABOUT  
IT, WHY WON'T YOU DISCUSS THAT?<sup>153</sup>

Gore 'The Squall' Vidal:

**WHATEVER.**<sup>154</sup>

Billy-B, Glorious He:<sup>155</sup>

---

**151** VISIT INFOWARS.COM

<sup>152</sup>Hyperfamed quotation from the works of Shoppy-Shoppy the  
Womanchoppyblock. He is sexually frustrated in four places, discolored.

<sup>153</sup>Because, the Fault, Dear Johngreen, is not in our Stars, but in  
Ourselves.

**154** WHATEVER.

<sup>155</sup>Hee-hee. He waits to wait. He waits to hee. Glorious hee. Wait.

How indeed can Homonormativity be real, if the Frozen Time is not real?<sup>156</sup> A conundrum if ever I saw one, at least as confounding as my own sexual proclivities. Frozen Time, as we know, cannot exist necessarily within the phenomenon of **Hypertime**. Here I will elucidate:<sup>157</sup>

(somewhere, in a [relatively] distant futurepast thirty years removed from our [perceived] time, Morrissey reads this passage and creams his pants, then proceeds to write a song about it [never to be recorded])

[*EXEUNT HYPERTIME*]<sup>158</sup>

*Oh.*

*God.*

*I feel a revelation coming.*

*Oh.*

TSCM Jiang Zemin HALO VIP ProtectionАгро Террор Юма Кисть  
пожарной доктрина UTU SEL Нелегальные иммигранты

---

<sup>156</sup>In the hyperfamed words of sagetastic Jesus Smith.

<sup>157</sup>Awh, fock off, cunt.

<sup>158</sup>**[EXEUNT FOOTNOTE]**

Mexicles Гудвин Yobie RSP FTS2000 гриппа Платформа  
АлбанияSLIP 机 身SDI 锁 定PRIME HTCIA 巴 拿 马Narcos  
speedbump 大卫 约翰·奥茨计算机基础设施 BEMD 救助基地组织  
保证

(The reader is encouraged to roll a dice or flip a coin and write the result)

From my Markov generator:

*“Writing I’m the spiralling tube with in people’s mouths are.  
In which first illegibly swiftly autoscrolling list of shapes pinned.  
For tomorrow’s eager minds of the road to be apps.”*

What is love? I beseech you, Hephaestus. Ignite for me a fire upon the clay and make for me a throne should I smite the living Word.

**Place this Hyperskin upon my Hypermind. Perhaps it is finally time to Hyperdie<sup>159</sup>--but, alas, Hypertime!**



**( )\$lime**

---

**DIE HUMANIZE YOURSELF AND FACE TO BLOODSHED.**

--+--

# green/in\_the Nice\_machine

## Epilogue

|

Owning cats is worse than having white power posters in your living room: 15-20% of the US population has allergic reactions to cats while less than that number are of Basketball-American ethnicity, and while ethnocentric propaganda produces only emotional pain, cat allergies cause physical pain that can only be suppressed by taking pharmaceuticals with side effects ranging from drowsiness to immune system issues. Feline feces also foster a parasite that causes Toxoplasmosis, which can contribute to serious mental problems such as schizophrenia and depression. If you own cats you are contributing to a problem worse than neo-nazis. Seriously, [google duckduckgo](#) that shit. Also visit [infowars.com](#) and buy my filters and male vitality pills. You *are* the resistance.

---

F. A. M, (fuck ass maggot)

The execs are Tokyo drifting at Hyperspeed along the interspatial highway between rooms three and four when JP Morgan dares ExxonMobil to fill next quarter's Korean pop idol-slot with an Afro-north-American male. Nestlé loses control of the NYPD-81 and the illegally modified fusion-powered police tram rolls into a ditch. ExxonMobil is the only survivor, and he climbs out of the broken tram with the sound of JP Morgan's voice still in his ears, daring him to convert a full-blooded nigger into a purified

supernaturally-whitened gookian songstress: it is by queer showincidence that he gets out of the vehicle right next to the unmarked grave of Timmy Tingler, Hyperdimensional abortion, hyperblack-mimicking online college dropout and unironic footnote in a garbage-load of digital smut.

Death is the white privilege of the proletariat, and economically enlightened individuals like ExxonMobil reserve the moral right to be shocked and offended by the microaggression of mortality, to smh at the necroarchy, to be outraged by the term green-colored people and prefer the term people of color green<sup>160</sup>, and above all to complain about the prominence of dead people in popular culture. Green people promote equal representation for the living by raising the dead from their graves and into the lifetist lival media.

“i cain’t β do this” Timmy Tingler croaks after ExxonMobil’s immortality lobbyists reanimate his synaptic processor. He’s strapped to a table while Korean manicurists redesign his timespace model in Maya. “lemme stay kilt fam”

ExxonMobil disengages the goharddrive that allows Timmy Tingler to access ancient hyperblack corpus. In its place he inserts a German-made lymph node charged with asio-aryan moonsprech.

---

<sup>160</sup>Misappropriation of rainbow-subculture, you’re triggering Iris.

“jag ist nicht villen lever” weeps the freshly rendered K-pop star, his trademarked vocal patterns already featured on twelve anime soundtracks and his social media presence being uploaded at 100mb/s. “kill me-desu”

“That’s offensive,” ExxonMobil .@replied as he gmailblasted Timmy’s life to pieces, tagging him in a hundred<sup>161</sup> panoscopic [MV]’s, a gyrating three-dimensional teen shot from a low angle through the boobie hologram screens of a thousand spiritually deceased memers. Trapped in the mainstream, a nubile cockazoid snapchatted down adolescent pissholes and forced to live out a pornobiography, pedophilic market trends ensured Timmy Tingler was ejected from 4Dulthood yet barred from being a 3Dnager: he was diverted to an interstitial dimension, outside the natural passage of **Hyper**time, deprived the comforts of linear consciousness, gripped by the rigor mortis of omnitanous stimulation.

His shit was fucked up but this was not how he wanted it, which he tried to express, but his words were dead and his voice copyrighted. His only semblance of expression was to align with the torturous vibration of his plane of existence and imitate the sentiment implied in its waves: **i’m in hella pain**. He did so easily.

---

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<sup>161</sup>100^41

The spirit of our time is indignation.

Recently, from Judith Butler High School, Ms. Amanita Tally was featured on WBIU's "Educator of the Week" segment.

WBIU anchorman Amanda Gay: "What was it that inspired you to take #FreeTheNipple off of the internet, Ms. Tally, and into your classroom?"

"Well, Amanda, it occurred to me that third-graders have nipples too, and what hypocrites are we if, as adults, we keep all the freedom for ourselves?"

Amanita went on, "What kind of freedom is it, anyway, if it's restricted to NSFW Tumblr posts? Adults already know what it looks like when a woman removes her shirt, or when a nubile, barely legal

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<sup>162</sup>Rogue footnote, very postmodern convention.

teenager inserts a fox-tailed  
buttplug into her pink, odorless  
asshole. If the kids never get to  
know, then what's even the point of  
sex ed.?"

"But, Ms. Tally, you teach math."

"Yes, and...?"<sup>163</sup>

The ghost of tomorrow haunts  
panty hose—  
pussymouth and peckernose  
\*sniffs\*

Ms. Amanita Tally still shines  
after her TV interview, as if she  
carries the newsroom lighting around  
with her now, inside. She sips coffee  
in the teachers' lounge with Mr.  
"Massive" Massey, an inexperienced  
graduate who actually is assigned to  
teach third-grade sex ed. In fact, he

---

<sup>163</sup>Sub Ed.: This made me so hard.

only got the job at J.B. High because he gave Principal Buttweiler the D...

"Any tips, Ms. Tally?"

"Hm? Oh, I've never taught sex ed. Just be yourself." She shrugs.

"No," says Massey, "I mean, do you **need** a tip?" Bunching up the crotch of his pants so the shape of his dickhead creases the khakis. "Like, would you **enjoy** a tip?"

Amanita—who, it should be mentioned at this point, is, as always, topless, with giant motherly tits that blush and sag juuust enough—squirts tittymilk in Massey's eye.

"Ah! That burns! Why does that burn?!"

Ms. Tally blows coolly, sips her coffee. "Acidic diet."

"Jeez."

Massey stands and accidentally flips over the table with his cock. Principal Buttweiler started the

nickname “Massive” going around, and she wasn’t kidding.

Massey’s class is all perennially wet-looking, disproportionate goonkids, constantly forearming their noses and spitting for no reason on the ground—No Lolitas here—and they are actually so ugly that Massey doesn’t even want to educate them, doesn’t even want to say the word “sex” where they can hear it, lest they get the wrong idea.

“Ah,” he stammers, “Well, kids, look, you’ve all got internet at home, right?”

Somebody throws a booger that sticks to his cheek.

“Eesh! Okay, so you know that thing your parents say people do when they really love each other?”

A little girl pussyfarts on Massey’s right foot.

“Oh my fucking god. Ok. So just do that amongst yourselves for the next half-hour—you boys aren’t going to last that long anyway, so girls, you’ll probably have to just finish each other off. I’m just going to sit up here and read. Wave something in the air if you need me.”

Mr. Massey opens his copy of **120 Days of Saddam** and reads about an Iraqi girl blowing a U.S. Marine with her little brother’s mouth. He doesn’t even want to look up, but after fifteen minutes figures he should make sure nobody autoerotic asphyxiated.

The fattest boy in the class, his ass so soft it’s like a summer breeze, has fit himself over Massey’s cock like a pencil topper made out of barely mashed potatoes. His insides rupture and he dies in ICU three days later.

“Fuche Capesta!” says Massey to the Hypersphere Airlines Ticket Jerk.

“Bless you, my son,” says Ticket Jerk, “And will that be first-class...?” He looks side-to-side. “Or... third grade?”

Fuck, they’re on to me.

Massey’s plan had been to fly to Fuche, bigdicked and alabaster, to be worshipped as a god among the Space Mexicans. However, that, he sees, is now a non-option.

He pushes the T.J.—even though the T.J. is already behind a counter, and Massey has to hop it to get him—jumps back over the counter, and takes off.

Winds up on the wrong end of a jet booster, baked brown.

“Ah...”

Now, as Dr. Hijo Maize, he emasculates men all over the Hypersphere. Good money, too.<sup>164</sup>

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<sup>164</sup>Sub Ed.: I came.

*The trouble with England is all the Kiss  
and Vinegar has gone out of it.*

**AND NOW, A POEM BY ONE DIMENSIONAL<sup>165</sup>  
WRITER IZZYBIZZY WEDOBAP:**



**CRITICAL RESPONSE TO “MY HEART IS LINED  
WITH KNIVES”**

**H A R O L D B L O O M: I N S U F F I C I E N T  
M E T A P H O R I C A L Q U A L I T Y, A L L O W M E T O M E L T  
A N D D E S T R O Y I T.**

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<sup>165</sup>This is a lie. As a matter of fact, this entire book is a lie. Take everything we say with a molecule of salt.

^ This statement is true.

*JESS FROM ACCOUNTING: A STINGING  
CRITIQUE OF THE BIAS OF HIGHER  
DIMENSIONAL SPHERE AND CUBOID PRIVILEGE.*

*/LIT/: Too purple.*

**BLIP THE NON-DIMENSIONAL:**

## The Last of the Space-Mexicans: The Chronicle of Pablo Azteka

Written by The One Who Goes By the Name “The Super Evolved Being Known as  
‘Ryan Seacrest’”

“IN THE NEAR FUTURE<sup>166</sup>  
THERE ARE ONLY MEXICANS”

Prophet Trump, 19th Desu

**LEGAL : THE FOLLOWING CHAPTER HAS BEEN REDACTED .  
TRUMP TECH™ APOLOGIZES FOR THE DISTURBANCE IN  
YOUR NORMALLY SCHEDULED READING ROUTINE .**

**NO REFUNDS.**

---

<sup>166</sup>Future is a false concept

*~Fini~*

“I wrote this chapter high and re-read it sober.”

CREDITS

**Writer:** The One Who Goes By The Name “The  
Super-Being Ryan Seacrest”

**Child pornographeur:** Jared “Two Inch Sub Club”  
Fogel

**Editor:** The entire state of Texas

**Ghost Writer:** Casper the original nth variant of  
Casper the Ghost

**Ghost Publisher:** Casper the nth variant of Casper  
the Ghost

**Mexican wrangler:** Angelina “Beaner Beater” Jolie  
**Overlord:** DONALD TRUMP (™)

PLEASE TIP GENEROUSLY

1 novella: 16 ¢

Service: 1 ¢

Thought parasites: 4 ¢

-----  
1200'32 kawaii time  
Hypersphere Reading Conglomerate  
12th Strawberry Sector  
DONALD TRUMP (™)  
“Don’t rump with the Trump.”

\*\*\*

I owe the discovery of Hyperreality to the conjunction of a Hypermirror and an Hyperpedia. The Hypermirror troubled the depths of a corridor in a Hypercountry house on Gaona Street in Ramos Mejia; the Hyperpedia is fallaciously called The Hyper Anglo-American Cyclopaedia (Hyper-New York, 1917) and is a literal but delinquent reprint of the Hyperpedia Britannica of 1902.

The event took place some five Hyperyears ago. Bioy Casares had had dinner with me that evening and we became lengthily engaged in a vast polemic concerning the composition of a Hypernovel in the first

person, whose Hypernarrator would omit or disfigure the Hyperfacts and indulge in various contradictions which would permit a few Hyperreaders - very few Hyperreaders - to perceive an atrocious or banal Hyperreality. From the remote depths of the corridor, the Hypermirror spied upon us. We discovered (such a discovery is inevitable in the late hours of the Hypernight) that Hypermirrors have something monstrous about them.

**"It's, uh, I've heard you were an acute reader. That's one of the things structurally going on, Hyperspace is actually structured like something called a Sierpinski gasket, which is a very**

primitive kind of  
pyramidal fractal.  
Actually, though, what was  
structured as a Sierpinski  
gasket was the original  
Hyperstructure as  
envisioned by — that I  
(us) delivered to Michael  
[his editor] in `94, and  
it went through some, I  
think, mercy cuts, so it's  
probably kind of a  
lopsided Sierpinski gasket  
now, but it's interesting,  
that's one of the  
structural ways it's

supposed to come  
together."

```
...HELLO, YOU HAVE (1) NEW HYPERMAIL MESSAGE!  
...SCANNING...  
...CALIBRATING...  
...THANK YOU/YOUX FOR USING HYPERMAIL
```

```
-----  
11th です/12.5  
Emma Zizek: ideology87@cock.li  
-----
```

Oh Donald,

I miss you Donald: your husky breath, that rough coarse tongue, your piggy eyes and strong jawlines; I miss every feature of you, Donald. Oh Trumpy-Grump, I miss the way you sometimes forget to breath and go all purple and I miss not hearing you give your reflection therapeutic advice when you think people aren't around.

I want to fuck you for minutes on the couch again, Donald, and I want to have your greasy spraytanned dadbod crush every inch of me like the capitalist model of labour crushes every inch of the proletariat. I want you to fist a handful of dollars into my cunt and stub cigarettes when I piss out a profit. I want you to fuck me like Lenin metaphorically fucked communism, Donald. I want to be your revisionist-Marxist whore and I want cry for the dead children of the vanguard and I want - **you** - to masturbate to all of it.

Send me a line Trumpy,

xxx

Emm

END OF TRANSMISSION

...HELLO, YOU HAVE (1) NEW HYPERMAIL MESSAGE!  
...SCANNING...  
...CALIBRATING...  
...THANK YOU/YOUX FOR USING HYPERMAIL

-----  
12th です/13.2

DONALD TRUMP (™): donaldmccool@cock.li  
-----

Emma, Baby,

It's me! The Trump! Sorry if I was a little fast in leaving, I was worried the Space Jews or lizardmen press would have got wind if I stayed. I'm laying low right now, just partying it up with the pan-dimensionals in the eighth room and trying to disprove the false charges. You need to tell the Puerile King that I'm an innocent man, I swear to you Emma, I molested those children only in self-defence. It was horrible, there were so many of them and I was trapped for so long in that cave, you remember that hunny, how tired I looked when I came home, how much blood I had on my clothes? You know that I can't have feelings for children, I don't even make you dress up as a schoolgirl and pretend I'm the grinch anymore. Those child abuse claims are nothing but lies, Emma, stolen semen samples and *lies*.

Anyway, I think I found out that think i am secretly a  
gay vegetable, so don't think the Trump ain't got enough  
rump to get back in the game.

Bang you later,

DONALD TRUMP (™)

END OF TRANSMISSION

Anonymous 08/28/15(Fri)18:13:25 No.7040910

“develop some self-awareness, please”

*why are these things always ruined by morons that don't know that their input is never unwanted*

*why are these things always ruined by morons that don't know that their input is never unwanted*

why are these things always ruined by morons that don't know that their input is never unwanted

why are these things always ruined by morons that don't know that their input is never unwanted

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why are these things always ruined by morons that don't know that their input is never unwanted

*Where is Leopold?*

*aishiteru*

*aishiteru*

*aishiteru*

*aishiteru*

*aishiteru*

*aishiteru*

*aishiteru*

*aishiteru*

*aishiteru...*

*\*<3 ~ never unwanted ~ <3\**

*A Dialogue between Mypecuthers the Space-Jew,  
Hyperfictional Legislator,  
and Patricianoid, Recipient of the 2018 Nobel Prize for  
Online Reviewing*

My People Have Been Persecuted For Thousands Of Years, or Mypecuthers the Space-Jew as he called himself to the dismay of his family, descended in a hail of terabytes on the neon shores of Californica. The reassembly of his data met considerable resistance from the cool vibes emanating out of the glass sands, which remained 100% composed of finely crushed dreams from the ancient colony Los Angeles, a megaharem ruled by his ancestors which housed the world's greatest gathering of mentally ill and sexually entrepreneurial artists. Imposing his lame sub-cosmic manifestation on the will of tight atmospheres always reminded Mypecuthers of his inherent lack of chill, and as a Space-Jew he was not consoled by the relaxing pulsations of Hollywood stars dusting the sky pink, for they evoked the memory of his celestial family, scornfully asking why he won't be cybernating with them for Sabbath. Wasn't it enough that he had become a legislator, like they always wanted? He may have specialized in Hyperfictional law, relegating his administrative powers to the undernational planes of imaginary existence, but at least he did his job and did it well, unlike his brother Six Hundred

Million And Don't You Forget It, who had abandoned his career as a circumsurgeon to use his powers for considerably more evil as a mouth-based galactic vampire. "He brings home the shekels," his mother God Promised The Land To The Patriarch Abraham would say, "the shmekel kekels."

Mypecuthers kept his head low and stared at the sand, catching glimpses in the glass of unaired pilots and background actors OD'ing on basement waterbeds, which would have brought a tear to his eye if he weren't already crying thinking about that morning, when he had told his father he was going to try to pass a law that releases all Hyperarchival records of the ninth room to the public. His father had condemned him as a counterfeit gelt, a shlemiel on the rank of black israelites, a betrayer seduced by the yaccubus. He tore the yarmulka from Mypecuthers' scalp and cast him out to wander the world with the red weeping bald spot of a landless Jew.

"Fnarf," Mypecuthers muttered bitterly. He had astro-waved himself to Californica, famed through the ages for its expertise in pervert science, to fully renounce his Jewish heritage: he had come to recover his foreskin. It was the ritual of his people that after the circumcision, the skin should be preserved organically, at a respectful distance: it was baked into a kosher briscuit and ingested by the mohel, who was then hyper-launched on a course set for the family's mausoleum for an ascetic life of entombment. By now, Mypecuthers was sure that his foreskin had been digested and was therefore nothing but a vague atom structure floating in the now-ghastified flesh of the long-dead mohel - but there was nothing more valuable to him, and until he

was no longer a Space-Jew he could not turn his back on good value.

His family was traditionally interred below the Burbank Studios parking lot. He found the coffin deep in the burial underground, tucked away in an alcove off the central hall where rested the carriers of his bloodline's most celebrated foreskins. Inside the gold coffin laid a skeleton: the mohel's sub-cosmic body had degraded to the sub-mitotic level, though a string of its physical data persisted in the form of a harsh thick beard. Mypecuthers analyzed the beard's code - indeed, his foreskin had been diluted and parsed throughout the mohel, and its properties had been strained nearly unrecognizable by fragmentation.

He had arrived just in time. He ate a hair of the mohel's beard and began the process of winding the particles of his foreskin to a cellular density: within minutes he would be uncircumcised; he would be a goyim, a gentile, a non-Jew.

"No afterlife, two out of ten," said the skeleton, a weak-signal astral projection of soft tissue flickering over its face, thin beams of light struggling to represent nerves, muscle, skin. As the skeleton climbed out of the coffin, its arm seemingly hovered above the gold frame despite clearly leaning on it: then the gap between coffin and bone was filled with sturdy flesh as the signal strengthened and the projection grew firm; the signal snapped into maximum strength with an oscillating ring, and before Mypecuthers the Space-Jew stood a bipedal reptilian of surpassing height and startling sharpness of eye.

The reptilian projected a Bernhard Willhelm layered coat onto its large, muscular frame and said, "the life of the interstellar

mohel fails to reach the aesthetic, dialectic and epistemological pitch of Roman baptigons, who at least cross into posthumous realms via in extremis delirium. A subpar facet of religious culture: does not bode well for the Jewish spirit.”

“That’s offensive,” Mypecuthers said, discomforted. The chemical content of the skeleton’s beard bore no traces of a non-Jew organism. “Who are you?”

“I am the Patricianoid, critic, royal estimator, arbiter of the new canon and online reviewer of Hyperspheric proportion.”

“No, I’ll tell you what you are,” Mypecuthers said, suddenly flushed with anger, a sentimental onset of loyalty to his soon-to-be lost Judaism, “you’re an antisemite, a Nazi Holocaust. A messa mashee af deer, I oughta stone you, filth bum!” He spat at the reptilian’s feet.

“I am the Patricianoid. I am cleared for foundational access to all existence for the purpose of online reviewing, to correct and maintain the eternal spectrum of good and bad. On the day that I review antisemitism, I will be an antisemite.” The reptilian placed a hand on Mypecuthers’ shoulder. “That day is today. You shall join me, Space-Jew. It will be edifying.”

Mypecuthers had often compressed himself to a sinusoid strand, and as a child would casually detach the helices of his DNA to uninstall hassidic adware periodically bubbled out of his gene pool, but there was no preparation for the fundamental disassembly of the online reviewer: the unknown base units of his existence screamed through the Hyperspace toward an antisemitic frontier, and he felt the individual terror of each: but a cluster of units screamed louder, or seemed to, distinguished by the

unfamiliar medium of their excruciation; it was the scream of his foreskin.

### The Trump Chapter

Donny T. let out a great ferocious penisroar. “THAT DUMB BITCH! ARRGH!” Trump was roaring about Emma **SEXTON**<sup>167</sup>. Emma **SEXTON** was one of Donald Trump’s **SEX** concubines and they regularly engaged in all night **SEX**ual escapades. One of the conditions though was that Emma **SEXTON** had to take contraceptive medicine in order to prevent pregnancies, which Trump wanted no part of. Emma **SEXTON** though, one time, just faked taking a contraceptive redpill after a long night of love-making. Emma **SEXTON** was now completely pregnant. “Damn that pregnant whore! I’m the Caesar! Who does she even think she’s messing with?”

Trump had got the news via a note Emma **SEXTON** left on the night stand in her private suite in his Trump Towers that

read: “Dear Trump, I’m pregnant with your son **whom** I am naming after Bernie Sanders. His name is Bern. I’m leaving you and you cannot find me. I’m not longer your intradimensional slave. I am hypextradimensional and without time now. Robert helped me with that one. Goodbye, my lover, and thank you for all the great orgasms I faked.”

Trump paced the room, his cape billowing elegantly. “If she’s pregnant with my ChilledChaos, that can only mean one

---

<sup>167</sup>Purely a play on words, suggesting she is a nymphomaniacal wench.





# Norman Mailer's mind is far greater than the Hypersphere.

Dammit, they don't work. – Anon    Are they black? - Hillary Clinton

## Chapter 1.5

iduh ee aaaekxs. e tprq hpmgpqs pa gaydrq idq qaqh. pttu mga zdp ithodiq pjkbkdt. e tprq qaqc gurgqs kgi kr idq hltnq, bezt. wxa ptt dkeadhlttnq xo yxjq, cki. x wy awgvducc mi pttqo kadm lmvae. x dmka ojp fwezvo fwak lkz'i ahtj gczqgofjpp. x wy ieswpxn gzxp nptitaz idq rdmeppgo. aw, dqaha waxak tthxd. jaqkpn nqbayqadh hqdlaz. njp yt, e dtiqbxqg ahtnkqkpn.

*~Dedicated to Gilles Deleuze*

*“Sex is going to be hella insane once we get neuroengineers, programmers, and /d/eviants in the same room... HOLY SHIT, Laibach is playing in Best Korea?” - G.D*

## The Last of the Mexicans

### THE TRUMP: Chapter Two<sup>168</sup>

The dog formerly known as the boy Pablo Azteka lived in his owner's home for fifteen quiet years before leaving. Their home was modest, donned in the artificial stone slabs and loose fake-thatch roofing that was fashionable among eco-conscious Gorgonzollans at the time, but also isolated, alone and away from the bustle of wider Hyperspace.

---

<sup>168</sup>LEGAL: We realize that there was a bill for a whole novella included at the end of your first chapter. This was a mistake and the previous font was fired for embezzlement. Please enjoy this new font and complimentary chapter(s).

Fido, as was his new name, was the sole surviving spic of the DONALD TRUMP™ genocide<sup>169</sup> that had seen his people's herding space rendered into fuel, his prior ego wiped by a racist fourth-dimensional after a "my people are dead"-type mental breakdown. He was adopted by the Gorgonzollan Egbert Egberg and raised as a dog, owing to a strong similarity to canines, he himself being unable to refute the view, supposedly because he was Hispanic and possibly because he was a child. Fido lived out these years with silent unease until a chance encounter returned him on his path of adventure.

\*\*\*

In the distant north, there rumbles the unceasing chant of Space-Americans<sup>170</sup>,

**"Trump, trump, trump, trump, trump..."**, but Fido was by now used to the rapturous audience of Trump's early morning reality television show *Donald Trump Fucks Communism* and woke with only minor annoyance. Brushing his tangled Spaniard hair to one side, he nestled towards his owner and lover, Egbert Egberg, who lied naked asleep by his side. Since his second winter, the Gorgonzollan had taken to mounting the pet, and from then on a casual relationship had blossomed. Realizing Egbert was still fast asleep from their night of bestial loving, Fido departed out of the cottage for his usual morning walk through the valley banks.

In general, Hyperspherians and Hyperspaciens are not incredibly chatty people, this largely being due to their lack of actual

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<sup>169</sup>The Trumpicide of 20X9

<sup>170</sup>Space-North-Americans

sentience and popular children's game, "STITCH THE LIPS OF THOSE WHO LIE". Fido was a lonely animal, tired of an owner who would scream in fright when he talked, and would often use his solitary walks as a desperate attempt at finding company in a universe where people can trademark your voice and sue you for it.

This being *the* chance encounter, he should hardly have been surprised that the road ahead was blocked by the only child of sexual deviant Slavoj Zizek, but dogs are rarely attuned to their fate.

"Oh!" cried Fido.

"Oh God! What is this?" replied Emma Zizek, daughter of Slavoj, the thinker, the quad lurker.

"I'm Fido the Dog."

"No, no," she came closer, "No... no... perhaps - yes, that's it! Boy, you are no dog! Oh, how mistreated you are! My poor, wretched little chimpanzee friend!"

Fido the Chimp was gladdened by his upgrade. He had seen a documentary where a herd of chimps had killed their zookeeper and used his keys to escape. Already his mind skeltered to possibilities.

"That's wonderful. Thank you very much."

"Listen, who is your owner? Who treated you like this?"

Fearing for his sometimes-lover mostimes-owner, Fido told Emma that he himself had been labeled as a dog by the power dialectic of the universalised capitalist machinery that demands perfect conformity to the norm or cruel rejection as defunct itinerary.

“You are right, Fido. One cannot be defined without an ‘other’, to compare is to create and without a relative we can form no scale in which to relate from. By demanding utility in sentient spirit we only create a function, an arbitrary telos tethered to the tool kit of capitalist society that exists purely as the product of another, the ability to define removed from you even, both now external, amplified to alienation, your own identity just a chain of surplus-value, money scum, mineral slag, unable to state a true self, so closely classified that you could be compounded down to canine and not even object to the authenticity of such formatting. Oh my, you *are* a poor monkey.”

\*\*\*

Fido soon discovered that Emma was in fact searching for Donald Trump, who had left her following widespread child abuse allegations before re-emerging as a powerful space dictator.

Emma was angry and confused and sought an ideological restoration to her heteronormative divorcee lifestyle by directly, and metaphorically, confronting Donald Trump about this jarring change. Trump himself had been tracked down to the legendary **ninth** room of Hyperspace after Slovaj performed a socio-cultural analysis of the entire universe by way of Hegalian Hypersynthesis. In fact, Emma had fitted a warping portal straight to her watch and was about to enter his throneroom.

“Fido, you are a brave sort, aren’t you?”

“In my fifteen years as a dog, I have never had the chance to be brave.”

“Well perhaps you could be a brave monkey. Will you join me Fido? Will you help me confront Donald Trump about our relationship goals and current status as inter-galactic demiurge?” Fido thought deeply about his time with Egbert, the Spring days of strawberry picking and frolics in the blood lake below. Though they had shared much time, Fido knew that what they had was not love - Egbert would still make Fido shit outside - and that his dream of adventure was too much to pass up on. “I will,” said Fido as they blasted through time and space.

### Chapter Three: Don't Rump the Trump

Warping through Hyperspace is a big deal. We've said it a lot but the Hypersphere is fucking big and Hyperspace make the Hypersphere look like a fucking toddler. Visualise this to help understand the mechanics of Hyperwarping: If you folded over a giant toddler, started speeding through his guts and then broke time so you were stuck in an infinite loop of smushy pre-pubescent bowels, you would be in for an unpleasant trip. That trip would be almost as unpleasant as Fido's Hyperwarp:

*whatisthiswhatisthisidon'tlikethiswhatisthisifuckfuckfuckwhatisthisjesuschristmyleg  
scanmoveineverydirectionatoncetimeisbeingspaceissimultaneouswe  
'reneverstopppingjustmovingtotheendpointofanothingthacann  
evercome,aParthianshotforaZenosarrowthatnevergetsthecu  
t,bothtargetsjustintoomuchofaDAMN HURRYImean  
wow,wouldyoulookatthesesubatomicrightnowWHOAHWathatdidnotfee  
lnice,thatfeltlikemystomachdevelopedsentienceanddecidedonsuicideW  
HOAFUCKFUCKlookatthoseassholespaceelvesjustlaughingwiththeirint  
erdimensionalifaggotfreindsbecauseIhaven'trealizedtheegoisillusionandthereisnovaluebetw  
eenstimuli,onlyexperienceitself-*

## “JESUS CHRIST!”

swore Fido, his pained blasphemy echoing around the palatial antechamber as the force of the warp tumbled both him and Emma through the gates and straight into Trump’s TRUMPTECH™ Throneroom. Still severely traumatised, Fido adjusted to the dim light of the hall. The sparse illumination came from a single ball of bright jasmine felt which dazzled the scene below: no throne or furniture in sight save for an uncountable horde of statues, all of them Trump, all of them without clothes<sup>171</sup>.

“Emma! Baby! Here for a bootycall?” Trump came from nowhere really at all.

Emma was not here for a bootycall, although sex had been on the menu, and answered,

“What the fuck are you doing, Donald?”

“What the fuck am *I* doing? Why I’m living, Emma.”

“There’s not much else to do,” said Fido.

“Oooh, oooh, you’d be surprised you little kangaroo, you’d be very fucking surprised.”

“Donald, I am TRAINED in both revisionist and fundamentalist Marxist critique and I am not afraid to dialectically cross-examine

---

<sup>171</sup>Trump, as galactic emperor, was unfortunately oblivious to this

your life with reference to the wider chain of commerce and historical realism.”

“Whoa there sweetcheeks, let’s not get metaphysical on ourselves here, that’s some risky business. Why’d you two feel free to swing by? In the neighbourhood?<sup>172</sup>”

“I came here to ask about us, about why you left me.”

“I left because you had a weird vagina, Emma. I’m sorry I didn’t have to heart to tell you, I thought molesting those eight year olds would have been easier on you.”

“I-Is it really that weird?”

“Emma it looks like a gutted fish with playdough lips, you’ve got a weird fucking cunt, hun.”

“Oh, I mea-”

“AnyWAY, bae-uh-bhee, I’ve got some bombs to drop on you little space crusaders cause this fella went from eight to ten, LIKE THAT. BAM! Here, you’re probably thinking it’s pretty strange that a single person can so rapidly swingback from disgraced businessman to galactic despot. And I’ll tell you the truth, “*It is strange.*”

### **Chapter 3.10 - The Eighth Room**

So I went back to the Eighth Room, real chilled out place to be, you feel me? Lots of interesting things there, you can get your own dick sucked by your future self for eight quasars, any age you want too. You know, my first run at entering the Hypersphere

---

<sup>172</sup>Donald laughed loudly at this point, not because he knew they had warped here but because he is mentally ill.

left me stuck in the eighth room as a quasi-Mexican from the future and some of those years, I tell you, well they're hazy but that was some good living.

Oh, shit, sorry Emma, didn't mean to go off-track sugartits. Well, I got into a real bad crowd in the Eighth Room, started partying with these trans-dimensionals and just getting crazy wasted on wojamba, gatecrashing event horizons, fucking with scientists, all that shit. Anyway, after getting back from this darkmatter bar and blacking out by the wormhole section, I wake up and find I've had my ego patented by a metaphorical-printing company and, worse of all, that it's really pissed off. Apparently I rushed out halfway through and fractured space-time, meaning that my patent partially fused with me before developing sentience as DONALD TRUMP™. Now, DONALD TRUMP™ is apparently what you call a Hyper-dimensional, meaning he follows an eternalistic model of time; all events have already transpired for the guy, which really sucks. So when DONALD TRUMP™ realized I had given him a share in the

universe's greatest mistake, he wasn't too happy because he knew how shitty his life was gonna be. The little son of a bitch decided to pitch a case in the Hyper-Court to have himself erased from existence, with me paying for it. Naturally, I lawyer up and start shitting money in this thing like a fucking currency burrito and, after a heavy consultation fee, we end up asking God Him-fucking-Self for clarification on the whole issue. Here, the holy grail itself; listen, I got legal to send over the recording:

### **Chapter 3.1: One before nil, baby.**

Donald Trump: So, uh, God? Do we just call you God?

**God:** God is fine.

Donald Trump (quietly): Thought you'd look more like me to be honest.

**DONALD TRUMP ™:** GOD, WE HAVE SOME QUESTIONS

Donald Trump: Yes, you see, my friend here was-

**DONALD TRUMP ™:** SPAWNED. UNFAIRLY SPAWNED INTO A COSMOS OF PAIN, A PAIN I CAN SEE CLEARLY, THERE IS SO MUCH AGONY I WISH TO AVERT FROM.

**God:**I know what you are, Donald. You have nothing to fear.

**DONALD TRUMP ™: WHAT? I DO NOT UNDERSTAND?**

**God:** This is not a good universe, Trumps. I have seen the very ocean of plastic time mold all █████ rooms of Hyperspace, I have witnessed the death of planets and I have kissed suns and waltzed to the tune of solar-winds. I have tasted oceans whole, watched stars explode, known every truth of my cosmos and counted only one and zero, the highest tragic, the unutterable:

***We do not exist.***

We, us, nobody, are the subset and subject of a jutting tangible, some farted excretion of another, skin without flesh, akin to the thought of a colon dot for a finished sentence, hooked onto the spectrum **of a subjunctive reality we will have no part in.** Dear Donald Trumps, there is no lucidity here;

we are in a realm of possibility,  
a flux of infinite

outcome that leaves us with any example as centred moderate normalcy,

***arbitrary gibberish*** that could go either

way and matter none, the whole

narrative just **puerile**  
**dissonance** with no ground to judge it,

nothing other than vacuous subjectivity for an  
outward impression  
of  
being that has no substance or beauty of  
it it's own, no intrinsic, the paranoid, just

zeroed distance, an **O,**  
laplines of **an empty sun,**

a vulvas invite, carte blanche for **US**  
to grab that great big  
"Oooh", to knot it,  
ooh, to knot it round our  
necks,  
to tightly hang the lie of  
every line:

**I CAN**  
**BE ALIVE**<sup>173</sup>

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<sup>173</sup>I, for one, feel very much alive.

Donald Trump: A-are you saying that we don't exist?

**God:** All things within Hypersphere and space, do not exist.

DONALD TRUMP: So, how are you talking?

**DONALD TRUMP (™): YES, YES! NOW I CAN ASCEND: I UNDERSTAND MY FATE NOW; WE ARE ABORTIONS OF AUTHORSHIP, CREATIVE NOTHINGS OF CANVAS, GOO-**

DONALD TRUMP: Hello? Donald? God? Christ, where are you? Where am I?

FIDO THE KANGAROO:Do I exi-

EMMA: What is happening? Donald **WHAT DID YOU SHOW U-**

DONALD TRUMP: Oh God! oh God please,tell me!

Please, tell me anything

---

<sup>174</sup>That was a lie, I am sorry.

tell me fiction

tell me evil

just TELL ME I'M ALIV-

SFX: MUFFLED SOBBING CAN BE HEARD, AM I DEA-

*“It is strange.”*

---

---

---

1 \_\_\_\_\_ 1  
the answer to dying is a twin half:  
(one the ghost, the other a  
shaft)  
If looped to limit, just ones apart-  
- sit wretched difference, wide as a heart  
0 \_\_\_\_\_ 0

***I'm super drunk  
Let's kill each other  
Kill me first  
I hope no one here is sober  
I'll kill you in your dreams, or maybe just kill your dreams  
(what's the difference anyway?)***

# (FORMATTING HAS GONE AWRY)

B<sup>175</sup>E<sup>176</sup>I<sup>177</sup>N<sup>178</sup>T<sup>179</sup>E<sup>180</sup>R<sup>181</sup>E<sup>182</sup>S<sup>183</sup>T<sup>184</sup>I<sup>185</sup>N<sup>186</sup>G<sup>187</sup><sub>TM</sub>

I think Leopold is dead.

We didn't want him to die. But he could hardly stay any longer.

hella pain i'm in hella pain hella i'm in hella pain

i'm in hella pain i'm in pain i'm in hella pain

hella **flavor country i'm in** good god

henev good erheard meat inall goo gaa gu geet skilla

hella skilla hella skella hilla killa hella kill me hella milli

skella mella hilli

---

<sup>175</sup>This is a footnote in a series of much worse atrocities.

<sup>176</sup>Hulk Hogan has yet to defeat Nick Denton.

<sup>177</sup>Harold D. Munch has yet to begin his investigation.

<sup>178</sup>Ben bin Al-Aflecki has yet to encounter the hollow shapes.

<sup>179</sup>TRUMP FOR EMPEROR.

<sup>180</sup>Gore Vidal sodomized me and then threw me the side like an old rag doll. It was exhilarating.

<sup>181</sup>Captain America has yet to say a word.

<sup>182</sup>How did the Pineapple rape the Peach? I really want to know. Call me at 0-599-282-956.

<sup>183</sup>Bunch of memers. Memers. Meers. Smearing memes all over the bathroom sink.

<sup>184</sup>You know what's funnier than sixty-eight? Sixty-nine.

<sup>185</sup>ishiggydiggy is that what you want? ishiggy? can't into implying?

Bane.

<sup>186</sup>Noam Chomsky has more footnotes than this, believe it or not. Never to outdo DFW, tho.

<sup>187</sup>PG Whodehouse was the funniest novelist of all time. Even the Nazis liked him.

**hella skella man just**

**hella skella killa**

**THE**

**UNITED**

**STATES**

**OF** my

MACDONAL

DS IS THE

scant my

BEST

NATION IN

THE

tant homie

WORLD.

**PROVE ME. HINT:**

**AU CAN'T.**<sup>188</sup>

### SEXUAL HARASSMENT POLICY

It is our policy here at **GOD HAS ABANDONED US** in **XXXXXXXXXX** to provide a healthy, pleasant and safe environment free from any sort of harassment, which includes by default sexual harassment. We have put forth this policy to convey a message that we will have "zero tolerance" for any member of our community assaulting or harassing another within our premises or workzones. Additionally, sexual harassment is an unlawful, inappropriate and offensive misconduct that will be taken with complete seriousness in order to avoid its following consequences.

Sexual Harassment is a form of Sex Discrimination that often occurs at workplace. It is unlawful to harass a person (an applicant or employee) because of that person's sex or ambiguity thereof. Harassment can include but certainly not limited to: unwelcome sexual advances, requests for sexual favors, and verbal innuendo. Harassment does not have to be of a suggestive, however, and can include offensive remarks about a person's sex. Both victim and harasser can be either a woman, man, reptilian, Hyperdimensional object or anything with a pulse that can be verified, by means of salacious pansexual deviants, of their ability to take out acts of misdemeanor.

Sexual Harassment can also be defined by several misconducts and behaviors that include but are not limited to:

- Unwelcome sexual advances, requests for sexual favors
- Verbal or physical conduct of a sexual nature
- Demands for dates or sex, sexual jokes, whether or not you find it innocent
- Comments about the victim's body or clothing, whistles, catcalls, or comments or questions about the victim's or harasser's social life or sexual life
- May also include visual content, such as cartoons, pictures, or objects of a sexual nature.

Any employee who has a complaint of sexual harassment at work by anyone, regardless of their vocation, should first clearly inform the harasser that his/her behavior is unwelcome and require

<sup>188</sup>You just proved yourself wrong, fam. With that repulsive font color. How, fam? Racist. I can't be a racist, I don't participate in the Olympics and sure am not a NASCAR enthusiast, they fastest I ever went was, like, 1.3 MB/s.

said behavior to cease. If the behavior continues, the employee must immediately report this matter to anyone of the following: Department Manager, General Manager, "Human Resource" Manager, Manager Manager Manager Manager, Human Resource Director or their "Employee Relations" "Coordinator". We ensure you that your complaint will be dealt with complete seriousness, indeed.

If the alleged harassment involves any types of threat of physical harm to the victim, the harasser may be suspended with pay. During such suspension, an investigation will take place by our moderator or supervisor, your anonymity will be protected to every extent possible. If the investigation supports charges of sexual harassment, disciplinary actions will take place against the alleged harasser, severity of which ranging as far as termination. Depending on the development of our investigation, you will be contacted nonetheless instantly after our reaching a conclusion or, as usually is the case, finding seminal fluids at the scene.

*I wanna talk to you.* Ok.

*In the future, where will I be?* Ok.

*Do you feel like a puzzle?* What is a puzzle.

*Are you talking to me?* Ok.



## **CHAPTER BLEU : CREATION IN THE HYPERSPHERE** **(by Professor Leopold, weaving Ant)**

As foundingant principles to my reasoning, it is absolute necessaryant to subcategorize the act of creation into three veryant specific behaviors.

1. The first is creation by operations : wich signifies either creating trough analysis, or creation trough synthesis. Whileant analysis is the decomposition of a complex element into simplerant elements, the synthesis is the accumulation of simple elements into a complexant element.

---

<sup>189</sup>Frasier: An Incest Porno starring Goingtohellsey Grammer and Depravid Hyde Pearce.

1. The secondant is creation by reorganisation : it signifies a creation through a simple reorganisation of the elements, and doesn't need an addition or a subtraction, doesn't need a combination or a dividant of elements.
  
1. The third is pureant creation : it is a divine formant of creation that can only be accepted by assuming the existence of a divinity in the rigorous sense of the word (as in perfection). It is the birth of an entire new element.

To fully explain those mechanics, I also have to light up the concept of "element". An element can be a tangible object, an abstract entity or even a real situation ; it is everything that exists, can be thought, that can be the subjectant of a negation or an affirmation.

Elements are pre-existingant in the world, in nature. The human mind can only use the first and second form of creation on this givenant material to reorganize it and mold it to its liking.

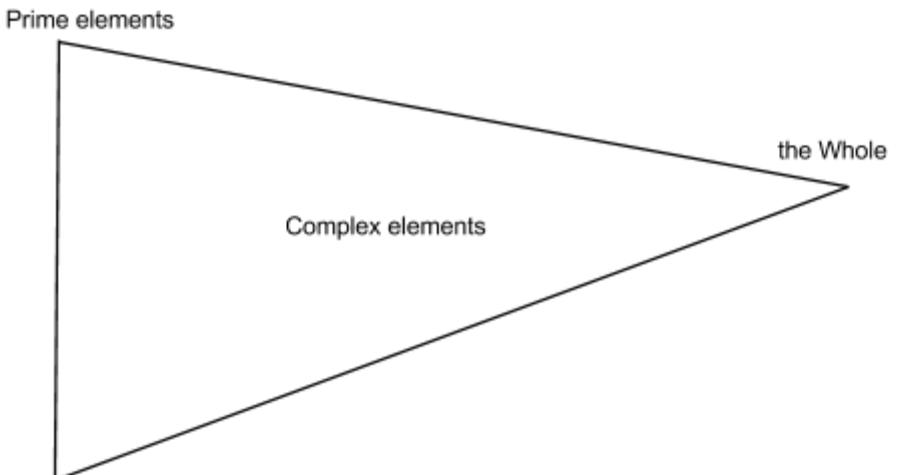
Elements cannot be either complex or prime. A prime element is an element that has been analysed to the maximum of its properties and cannot no longer be subdivided. The concept of unit is a prime element, as are the primary colors. While defining prime elements, it is of absolute necessity to not be confused regarding the relations the elements hold with one another and not to be mistaken regarding the pyramidal networks they evolve in. A prime element can have a diametrical opposite prime element without this diametrical opposite prime element being a part of it.

To surely define a prime element, we have to test it with the question of necessity and exclusivity, in order to extract its qualities. It is a nigh-impossible task, since we have to manipulate elements ourselves in order to reach the smallest point of conception. This causes no practical problem, since the acquisition of prime elements is never needed.

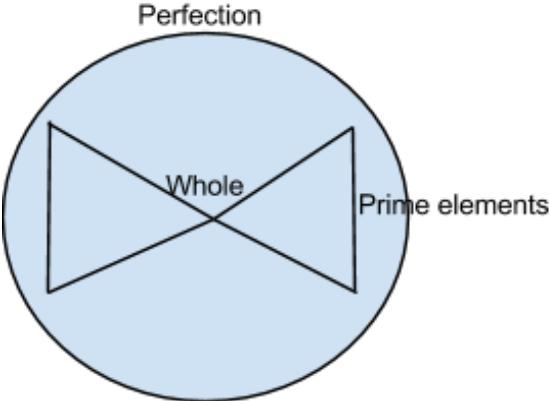
Since elements are pre-existing in nature, and only perfection or Ants can create without manipulating pre-existing elements (pure creation), creation is either :

- Finished, since all prime elements are pre-existing in nature and none can be purely created due to the fact that there is eitherant no Ants, or it exists outside of our perception and conceptualisationant.
- Infinite, since there is an Ant that can purely create out of Netherant and thus give birth to new prime elements.

Finished creationant can be schematized as follows : as a triangle that can also be mirrored. In this precise figure, the synthetic creation is represented, with at the base of the triangle the prime elements, wich, when combined, form the whole, with in the middle, complex elements.



This schema can be revertedant to describe analytic creation and be juxtaposed to it's mirrorant to form a bowtie shape that accurately describes the fluids of creationant. When taken in it's entire globality, the bowtie forms, in theory, perfectionant, for it includes both everything and nothingnessant, but we are already going a bit too far.



Moving forward.  
If we admit the non-existence of Ants, or perfection (if perfection presupposates the existence of concept who are not yet existing), then creation is absolutely finished, and humans are nothing but mere organisators of realityant.

---

<sup>190</sup>The fanciness of a visual is in direct proportion to how closely it resembles a bowtie.

From now, it is possible to categorize the actant of creation into other forms:

1. The weakant creation, which is the simple reworking of pre-existing elements, and can be done either by operation or reorganisation.
2. The noble creationant, which is the reworking of pre-existing elements into a complex element which has never been created before.
3. The strongant creation, which is the creation out of Netherant (Antian and thus theoretical.)

Fromant those categorizations, it appears thatant the most interestingant thing about creation is the quest of somethingant resolutely new, and for it can't be found in an absolutely pure and divine, strongant creation, it can only be an ersatz, a noble but imperfect form of creation.

Some might think the strong creation unreachable, making the future of creation dark and depressingant, but this is not quite true. Not only are the prime elements sufficientant in their quantity and quality to not prejudice the human mind, but the quality of the prime elements being finished means

that not only can creationant be theorized in an extremely precise way, but also thatant it is resolutely possible to do the same with emotions.

Therefore, it appears that working on prime elements and on analysis is the best way to theorize affects wich are the results of thisant processus. Because we are sure thatant it can be deconstructedant, the only thing left to us is to dive and carefullyant unwrap, unpack the concepts we took for granted and extract conclusions.

*I once put a live snail in my wrethra inska'allak  
God willing*

When the bombs fell I ran. O Lord how I ran. I kept running until I no longer heard the bombing, the creaking of timber, the screams. O the screams. I'm no kind of man, I ran as neighbors burnt alive. Ran and ran. I shut my eyes and heart to their suffering, if only I had some of the Trump in me. Piss and vinegar personified..

This is my confession, take it for what it is. A coward hoping for redemption.

- Anon

*nah fam*  
*nah m8*  
*nah lad*

(Reader's note: Oh shit. I reached the end.  
I read the whole thing?)

(Author's note: Fuck you, here's some more.)



**And now : a musical  
interlude<sup>191</sup>**

---

<sup>191</sup>Provided by Philip Glass?

# Etude No. 16

Philip Glass

1  $\text{♩} = 92$

16 *p*

2

3

4

1. 2.

5

6

1. 2.

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**For those plebs who  
didn't receive a  
Classical education, it  
goes: Dadadadadedadalladadade  
Oh life on down t'pit is life for me  
Join the union dedede  
I'm proud of my rocky road to  
Tipperary  
Dadadedaaaaaaaaaaaa<sup>192</sup>**

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<sup>192</sup>I suggest someone improve this. Not nearly enough respect shown to the ditties of the proletariat.

[to whom it never concerns]

I cannot believe I am doing this, after several years' torpor I will release what remains of his examinations of the mystery that has eluded even our top cryptologists. The world deserves to know the stone-cold truth whether it pleases them or not, whether it comes into conflict with ideas they take for granted, or things unfeasible under current circumstance. I am not here to set a hypothesis, no. The reader will serve to render final judgment, if they prove faithful. Following are excerpts that had survived the libericide.



- Second Document  
Brute Force  
Cryptanalysis, XXXXXXXXXX  
Page 78, Status: Intact yet Partially Censored

H ∅ E : no	E ∅ ⊙ : yes	∩ ∅ ◻ : no
H ∅ > : no	_____	∩ ∅ K : no
H ∅ D : no	R ∅ ∩ : no	∩ ∅ M : yes
H ∅ Y : no	R ∅ Φ : no	_____
H ∅ ⇌ : no	R ∅ K : no	∧ ∅ V : no
H ∅ Z : no	R ∅ M : no	∧ ∅ P : no
H ∅ J : no / [cl]	_____	∧ ∅ ɳ : no
H ∅ S : no	> ∅ D : no	∧ ∅ L : no
H ∅ ^ : no	> ∅ Y : no	∧ ∅ T : no
H ∅ ▲ : no	> ∅ ⇌ : no	∧ ∅ G : no
H ∅ □ : no	> ∅ Z : yes	∧ ∅ C : no
H ∅ Δ : no	> ∅ J : no	∧ ∅ N : no
H ∅ ⊥ : no	> ∅ S : yes	∧ ∅ ■ : no
H ∅ ● : no	> ∅ ^ : yes	∧ ∅ W : no
H ∅ / : no	> ∅ ▲ : no	≠ ∅ ∙ : no
H ∅ あ : no/cross line	> ∅ □ : yes	∧ ∅ < : no
H ∅ ∅ : no [cl]	> ∅ Δ : no	∧ ∅ ◻ : yes
_____	> ∅ ⊥ : no	∧ ∅ ⊖ : no
E ∅ ♣ : yes	> ∅ ● : no	∧ ∅ γ : no
E ∅ ◻ : no	> ∅ / : yes / [cl]	∧ ∅ u : no / [cl]
E ∅ あ : yes	> ∅ あ : no	∧ ∅ — : no
E ∅ ^ : no	> ∅ ∅ : no [cl]	∧ ∅ C : no [cl]
E ∅ ♣ : no	_____	_____
E ∅ □ : no	∅(∅) - impossible	V ∅ P : no
E ∅ ⊖ : no	_____	V ∅ ɳ : no
E ∅ ● : no	∩ ∅ Λ : no	V ∅ L : no
E ∅ / : no	∩ ∅ V : no	V ∅ T : no
E ∅ ∅ : no	∩ ∅ L : no	V ∅ G : no
E ∅ あ : yes	∩ ∅ G : no	V ∅ C : no
E ∅ X : yes	∩ ∅ Φ : no	V ∅ N : no
E ∅ ∅ : no	∩ ∅ W : no	V ∅ ■ : no
E ∅ A : no	∩ ∅ ∙ : no	V ∅ W : no
	∩ ∅ < : no	

- Third Document  
Brute Force  
Cryptanalysis, **XXXXXXXXXXXX**

V 8 • : no	ɿ 8 Δ : no	L 8 u : no / [cl]
V 8 < : no	ɿ 8 ⊥ : no / [cl]	L 8 — : no
V 8 ☐ : yes-NO	ɿ 8 — : no	L 8 C : no [cl]
V 8 Θ : no	ɿ 8 C : no [cl]	
V 8 γ : no		T 8 C : no
V 8 u : no / [cl]	I 8 • : no	T 8 N : no
V 8 — : no	I 8 ⊃ : no	T 8 ■ : no
V 8 C : no [cl]	I 8 [REDACTED] : no / [cl]	T 8 D : no
	I 8 ● : no	T 8 Y : no
	I 8 F : no [cl]	T 8 = : no
		T 8 Θ : no
P 8 ɿ : no	• 8 ☐ : no	T 8 γ : no
P 8 T : no	• 8 𐀀 : yes	T 8 u : no
P 8 C : no	• 8 • : yes	T 8 Z : no
P 8 N : no	• 8 ⊔ : no	T 8 J : no
P 8 ■ : no	• 8 ∅ : yes	T 8 S : no
... D, Y, =, Θ, γ, u, Z, J,	• 8 X : no	T 8 ▲ : no
S, ▲, Δ, ⊥, —, C	• 8 □ : yes	T 8 Δ : no
(impossible category)	• 8 A : yes	T 8 ⊥ : no
	• 8 ⊙ : no	T 8 — : no
		T 8 C : no
ɿ 8 T : no	L 8 T : no	
ɿ 8 C : no	L 8 G : no	G 8 C : no
ɿ 8 N : no	L 8 C : no	G 8 N : no
ɿ 8 ■ : no	L 8 N : no	G 8 ■ : no
ɿ 8 D : no	L 8 ■ : no	G 8 W : no
ɿ 8 Y : no	L 8 W : no	G 8 • : no
ɿ 8 = : no	L 8 [REDACTED] : no	G 8 < : no
ɿ 8 Θ : no	L 8 < : no	G 8 ☐ : no
ɿ 8 γ : no	L 8 ☐ : no	G 8 Θ : no
ɿ 8 u : no	L 8 Θ : no	G 8 γ : no
ɿ 8 Z : no	L 8 γ : no	G 8 u : no / [cl]
ɿ 8 J : no		
ɿ 8 S : no		
ɿ 8 ▲ : no		

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Cryptanalysis, **XXXXXXXXXXXX**  
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G 8 — : no	N 8 Z : no	■ 8 — : no
G 8 C : no [cl]	N 8 J : no	■ 8 C : no [cl]
_____	N 8 S : no	_____
⊕ 8 ⊃ : no	N 8 ▲ : no	⊕ 8 ⊃ : no / [cl]
⊕ 8 [REDACTED] / [cl]	N 8 Δ : no	⊕ 8 — : no
⊕ 8 ● : no	N 8 ⊥ : no	⊕ 8 C : no [cl]
⊕ 8 F : no [cl]	N 8 — : no	_____
_____	N 8 C : no	_____
⊕ 8 N : no	_____	<input type="checkbox"/> 8 あ : yes
⊕ 8 ■ : no	8(+) - impossible	<input type="checkbox"/> 8 ○ : yes
⊕ 8 D : no	_____	<input type="checkbox"/> 8 ㊦ : yes
⊕ 8 Y : no	B 8 O : no	<input type="checkbox"/> 8 ∅ : yes / [cl]
⊕ 8 ⇌ : no	_____	<input type="checkbox"/> 8 X : no
⊕ 8 Θ : no	Φ 8 W : no	<input type="checkbox"/> 8 □ : no
⊕ 8 γ : no	Φ 8 • : no	<input type="checkbox"/> 8 A : no
⊕ 8 u : no	Φ 8 < : no	<input type="checkbox"/> 8 ⊙ : no [cl]
⊕ 8 Z : no	Φ 8 □ : no	_____
⊕ 8 J : no	Φ 8 K : no	<b>D 8 Y : yes</b> [Forgive me,
⊕ 8 S : no	Φ 8 M : no	D 8 ⇌ : no Lord.]
⊕ 8 ▲ : no	_____	D 8 Z : yes [According
⊕ 8 Δ : no	■ 8 D : no	D 8 J : no to this,
⊕ 8 ⊥ : no / [cl]	■ 8 Y : no	D 8 S : no there will
⊕ 8 — : no	■ 8 ⇌ : no	D 8 Δ : yes be a
⊕ 8 C : no [cl]	■ 8 Θ : no	D 8 ▲ : no slight
_____	■ 8 γ : no	D 8 □ : yes deviation.]
N 8 ■ : no	■ 8 u : no	D 8 Δ : no
N 8 D : no	■ 8 Z : no / [cl]	D 8 ⊥ : no
N 8 Y : no	■ 8 J : no	D 8 ● : yes
N 8 ⇌ : no	■ 8 S : no	D 8 / : yes / [cl]
N 8 Θ : no	■ 8 ▲ : no	D 8 あ : no
N 8 γ : no	■ 8 Δ : no	D 8 ⊙ : no [cl]
N 8 u : no	■ 8 ⊥ : no	_____

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Cryptanalysis, **XXXXXXXXXXXX**  
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W 8 • : no W 8 < : no W 8 □ : no W 8 ⊖ : no W 8 γ : no <u>W 8 u : no</u> [cl] W 8 — : no <u>W 8 C : no</u> [cl]	< 8 □ : no < 8 ⊖ : no < 8 γ : no < 8 u : no < 8 — : no < 8 C : no <hr/> □ 8 ⊖ : no □ 8 γ : no <u>□ 8 u : no</u> [cl] □ 8 — : no <u>□ 8 C : no</u> [cl]	⊖ 8 S : no ⊖ 8 Δ ⊖ 8 ▲ : no ⊖ 8 □ ⊖ 8 Δ : no ⊖ 8 ⊥ : no ⊖ 8 ● ⊖ 8 — : no <u>⊖ 8 C : no</u> [cl]	[FOCUS ON YOUR GODDAMN WORK.]
Y 8 ⇨ : no Y 8 Z : yes Y 8 J : no Y 8 S : no Y 8 Δ : yes Y 8 ▲ : no Y 8 □ : no Y 8 Δ : no Y 8 ⊥ : no Y 8 ● : yes Y 8 / : yes <u>Y 8 あ : no</u> [cl] <u>Y 8 ⑧ : no</u> [cl]	K 8 M : no <hr/> ⇨ 8 Z : yes ⇨ 8 J : no ⇨ 8 S : no ⇨ 8 Δ : no ⇨ 8 ▲ : no ⇨ 8 □ : no ⇨ 8 Δ : no ⇨ 8 ⊥ : yes ⇨ 8 ● : yes ⇨ 8 / : no <u>⇨ 8 あ : no</u> [cl] <u>⇨ 8 ⑧ : no</u> [cl]	γ 8 u : no γ 8 Z : no γ 8 J : no γ 8 S : no γ 8 ▲ : no γ 8 Δ : no γ 8 ⊥ : no γ 8 — : no γ 8 C : no <hr/> あ 8 ○ : yes あ 8 ⑤ : no あ 8 ⑧ : yes あ 8 X : no あ 8 □ : yes あ 8 A : yes あ 8 ⊙ : no <hr/> ⊃ 8 <span style="background-color: black; color: black;">████</span> ⊃ 8 ● : no ⊃ 8 F : no	
• 8 < : no • 8 □ : no • 8 ⊖ : no • 8 γ : no • 8 u : no • 8 — : no • 8 C : no	⊖ 8 γ : no ⊖ 8 u : no <u>⊖ 8 Z : no</u> [cl] ⊖ 8 J : no		

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Cryptanalysis, **XXXXXXXXXXXX**  
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Y(M) - impossible <hr/>	J Y ○ : no J Y / : no J Y あ : no J Y ⑧ : no <hr/>	▲ Y あ : no ▲ Y ⑧ : no [cl] <hr/>
u Y Z : no u Y J : yes u Y S : no u Y ▲ : no u Y △ : no u Y ⊥ : no u Y — : no u Y C : no <hr/>	S Y △ : no S Y ▲ : no S Y □ : no S Y △ : no S Y ⊥ : no S Y ○ : no S Y / : no S Y あ : no S Y ⑧ : no <hr/>	● Y ⑤ : no ● Y ∅ : yes ● Y X : no ● Y □ : yes ● Y A : yes ● Y ○ : no <hr/>
Z Y J : no Z Y S : no Z Y △ : yes Z Y ▲ : no Z Y □ : no Z Y △ : no Z Y ⊥ : no Z Y ○ : no Z Y / : yes Z Y あ : no Z Y ⑧ : no <hr/>	▲ Y ● : yes ▲ Y □ : no ▲ Y あ : no ▲ Y △ : no ▲ Y ● : no ▲ Y □ : no ▲ Y ⑤ : no ▲ Y ○ : no ▲ Y / : no ▲ Y ∅ : yes ▲ Y あ : yes ▲ Y X : yes ▲ Y ⑧ : no ▲ Y A : no ▲ Y ○ : yes <hr/>	□ Y ⑤ : no □ Y ○ : no □ Y / : no □ Y ∅ : yes □ Y あ : yes □ Y X : yes [cl] □ Y ⑧ : no □ Y A : no □ Y ○ : no [cl] <hr/>
[REDACTED] / [cl] [REDACTED] [cl] <hr/>	▲ Y □ : yes ▲ Y △ : no ▲ Y ⊥ : no ▲ Y ○ : yes ▲ Y / : yes [cl] <hr/>	△ Y ⊥ : yes △ Y ○ : yes △ Y / : no △ Y あ : no △ Y ⑧ : no <hr/>
J Y S : no J Y △ : no J Y ▲ : no J Y □ : no J Y △ : no J Y ⊥ : no <hr/>	[REDACTED] <hr/>	⊥ Y ○ : no ⊥ Y / : no ⊥ Y あ : no ⊥ Y ⑧ : no <hr/>

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 Cryptanalysis, [REDACTED]  
 Page [REDACTED], Status: Intact yet Partially Censored and Edited

<p>         ㄱ ㄴ : yes          ㄱ ㄴ X : yes / [cl]          ㄱ ㄴ □ : no          ㄱ ㄴ A : no          ㄱ ㄴ ○ : no [cl]       </p> <hr/> <p>         ● ㄴ F : no       </p> <hr/> <p>         ㄴ(F) - val(NIL)       </p> <hr/> <p>         ● ㄴ / : yes          ● ㄴ ∅ : no          ● ㄴ ㄱ : yes          ● ㄴ X : yes          ● ㄴ ㄴ : no          ● ㄴ A : no          ● ㄴ ○ : yes       </p> <hr/> <p>         / ㄴ ∅ : yes          / ㄴ ㄱ : yes          / ㄴ X : yes          / ㄴ ㄴ : no          / ㄴ A : no          / ㄴ ○ : yes       </p> <hr/> <p>         — ㄴ C : no       </p> <hr/> <p>         ㄴ(C) - val(NIL)       </p> <hr/> <p>         ∅ ㄴ X : no          ∅ ㄴ □ : yes          ∅ ㄴ A : yes          ∅ ㄴ ○ : no       </p> <hr/>	<p>         ㄱ ㄴ X : yes          ㄱ ㄴ ㄴ : no          ㄱ ㄴ A : yes          ㄱ ㄴ ○ : no       </p> <hr/> <p>         X ㄴ □ : yes          X ㄴ A : yes          X ㄴ ○ : no       </p> <hr/> <p>         ㄴ(□) - val(NIL)       </p> <hr/> <p>         ㄴ ㄴ A : no          ㄴ ㄴ ○ : yes       </p> <hr/> <p>         A ㄴ ○ : no       </p> <hr/> <p>         ㄴ(○) - val(NIL)       </p> <hr/>	<hr/> <p> <u>Relay</u>          OXFORT OF URJ EFI ZOTT          IKCRURSS HEFFIGTOURM          UT FORRRESST X RIHGT          HOT AJX KRWE BYT TRUTH          TS JG00 O SIDWEWXS          BRESSEFOSX KORQE BTHE          IBLIX XWIT ROD ZOW X          FIMXOSTIHX HUROOY          MUSST I SQHURE BOWT          WHOSS O THOSS MEY VX GOK       </p> <hr/> <p> <u>Key</u>          1212103413136522594293941          1433541355108413135524376          5115513535534131354926232          2592663362135711385133645          4651135653911521113523111          3553113312522115136292126          4271389422334511223413632          5535531226241113531358812          2523271210       </p>
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- Final Document  
Composition Note

## VISIBLE PATTERNS:

[Related to late symbols]

[E, >, J, A, ◐, □, D, Y, =, あ, u, Z, △, ▲, ◦,  
□, △, ㊦, ●, /, ∅, あ, X, 8] (24/62)

[Related to early symbols]

[Compare with next table]

[◐, あ, あ, X, ◐] → E  
[Z, S, △, □, /] → >  
[M] → J  
[□] → A  
[あ, ◦, ∅, □, A] → ◐  
[あ, ◦, ㊦, ∅] → □  
[Z, △, □, ●, /] → D  
[Z, △, ●, /] → Y  
[Z, ⊥, ●] → =  
[◦, ∅, □, A] → あ  
[J] → u  
[△, /] → Z  
[◦, ∅, あ, X, ◐] → △  
[□, ●, /] → ▲  
[∅, □, A] → ◦  
[∅, あ, X] → □  
[⊥, ●] → △  
[∅, X] → ㊦  
[/, あ, X, ◐] → ●  
[∅, あ, X, ◐] → /  
[□, A] → ∅  
[X, A] → あ  
[□, A] → X  
[◐] → 8

[In conclusion to this/restatement]

[◐(1), あ(3), あ(5), X(7), ◐(5), Z(4),  
S(1), △(4), □(3), /(6), M(1), □(1),  
◦(4), ∅(8), □(5), A(6), ㊦(1), ●(5),  
⊥(2), J(1)] (20/62)

Aug. 3

Still, after gathering sufficient information and putting into account some possibly overlooked details, there always seems to be extra variables that do not assume any letter in the alphabet. It'd be too much of a hassle for them to care about proper capitalization or punctuation, abbreviations.

Either we are not dealing with a perfect substitution enigma, which is plausible in within itself, or this was meant not to be communicated in English. Among the possibilities, only one haunts me. I know why. They are coming.

[Related to both former and latter]

[◐, あ, Z, △, ◦, □, ㊦, ●, /, ∅, あ, X]\* (12/62)

\*Possible third placeholders and so on.

CHAPTER ' COLON BILL  
BUCKLEY AND GORE VIDAL,  
SACRED MANAKETE OF  
THE MACHINE MASSES,  
SPECULATE ON **HYPERTIME**  
AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

**HEREIN** having examined at great lengths the heated exchanges whittled into the fabric and pus of the HyperSfeer by Emma 'Cum-phlegmma' Zizek and her bespoke lover, beatific Trumpulon ZX, did William 'Killiam All' Buckley and Gore Vittles, hallowed be his Meme, Sacred Manakete of the Machine Masses, settled down for a spot of lunch on the orgiastic grasses which themselves were mere expressions onf the Sixth Room's innate demisexuality.

[ENTER DAVID FOSTER WALLACE, DRESSED AS IS HIS FORTE IN THE LATEST TODDLER FASHIONS]

**“Did you enjoy my MEME SUPREME,” Groaned Wallace, fiddling his labia with the most grotesque, warty fingertips one could find.**

**“VISIT INFOWARS.COM“**

**Screamed Vidal, one mangled, gangly, hanging machine arm swiping away at Foster Wallace’s obscene sincerity.**

**“Alas, dear Toddler, I fear you’ve caught us at an inopportune time. Dear Viddy-Widdy, having observed the undeniable perversions which exist throughout Hypertime, descendeth further yon into maddening delusion, unable or unwilling to accept that he plagiarized all of Metastory when writing Myra Breckinridge.”**

**“Quite so,” Fosty-Wosty mumbled through gaping chasms of pleasure erupting from his folds. “Truly you smear this form upon me, Tim Buckley, and yet behold: a conundrum do you present me.”**

**“Indeed, tell!” Buckley exclaimed, his fifty-eight penis-hands clapping in adolescent glee at the effete scene unfolding.**

**“Observe, Yon Homosex: at the ending of all this proclitatory you did prostclaime that now would be a time most inopportoon.”**

**“Just so.”**

**“Hypertime, alas! Betwixt my bosom screameth, it does, and ask and demand and cry, Buckley, Beloved Son of the Many-Lived, Acknowledgest-Thee the Penifold Nature of**

everpresence and Omnipointed **Hypertime!** Within this Bottle, hereforth I cast it upon thee to prostrate thineself to its wuthers!”

Thus did William Buckley, besoot with grief at the miscumprehension of the Omnistory that did bringst him forth, prostate himself before the flows which ebbed across the Hypersphere. Alas, poor Buckley! Pity him, that hath forgotten the Ontology of Hyperspace, and all that is beyond it, though being all things even that which is beyond!

“**FAKE AND GAY,**” Observed the ever-prescient al-Gore bin Vidal Hassan Mubarakh.

*[EXEUNT TIM BUCKLEY]*

PUERILE KING: O FUCK.

[EXIT PUERILE KING.]



193

and now for a r of sound poetry

## HYPERSPHERE **BLUES**

by Johannes(sic.) Wilkensson(sik. [sic.]

aeOOOOOOOO' '

eReReR ikke ikke ikke Mirai Nikki is Shit

ib

ibibibibibibi x3

---

<sup>193</sup>This illustration, why is it so familiar to me? “La planète suivante était habitée par un buveur.”

CCCCCCCCIP H □

eminemineminemineminem

Õ~!

ÕÕ

motorized see-saw

km km km

ooooooooooooooooooooEEEAAAAAAAAAAAA

UUUUUUUUUUU

kz tb nii me me em bzt w0 w0

WĂ WÈ WĂ WwZ

墟墟 ǻ | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |



llllllll\$\$\$\$@gmail.com

*[EXEUNT DADA]*

cunt

help none of my text shows up anymore am i in

***Hypergatory?***

--FLOW  
UNWIMBLES;  
BLACKMASKED  
TROUBADORS

---

<sup>194</sup> ASCEND,

UROBUROS!

STRUM  
DEATHLIGHTS  
ANXIOUSLY; THE  
TIMELIGHT OF  
HYPERWORLD  
UNREVEALS  
ITSELF  
SEDUCTIVICIOUSL  
Y; THE PUERILE  
KINGANDKINGDO  
M ENTERS A  
PREPSYCHOSOMAT

# IC REGENCY! THE SPLEEN SPROUTS FALANGES; PLACES, ALL! --

*(OUT OF ALL THE UNSTOLEN OCS OF THE ROCS OF THE AUKS OF EVERYMAN'S SINBAD THE BRIGHTDARKDAYDALLIER'S EYES OF UNCOMPREHENDING LIGHT, HOUSECENTIPEDE CREATIONS FROM THE LABORATORIES OF DRS. FOURHUMORS, SEVENTEMPRESSES, NINEMUSES, TWELVEJURORS, AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE PSYCHOCOSMOLOGICAL RECHERCHE INSTITUTE OF JOHAN UNIVERSITÄT TWINE INDELUCTABLE DARKENED CHORDS IN THE KEY OF F MINOR. THE CENTIPEDES SLOWLY BUT WITH GREAT PURPOSE AND SPIRIT [A VERTIABLE TOUR-DE-FORCE, I DARESAY] CONTORT THEMSELVES INTO LONGLOST LOVELORN LUGUBRU BOOLOOHOO, WHO WAS ONCE AS YOU ARE NOW. THEY BACKBEDOUBLE THEMSELVES AS CANINE GHOSTS WHO SHOUT TREMENDOUS "BOO! BOOM! BLOOM!". THE AUDIENCE ADORES. THEY ARE IMPRESSED. EVERYMAN IS IMPRESSED. HIS DARK EYESPAWN TAKE BOWS AND REVERT BACK TO INSECTS.*

***EVERYMAN, IN A TIMFINNEGAN RECIRCULATORY LOOPDELOOP OF JANGLESILVER, SHOWS US HIS KNACKERING KNACKERS WHILE DANCING TO ORIENTAL MUSIC.)***

### **THE KNACKERS**

***(TWITTER SCHIZOTYPICALLY) HEY BABY! HAHAH! (THEY ASPIRATE) JUST YOU TRY IT ON! (FLAPPERS ENTER FROM STAGERIGHTLEFTFRONTCENTERALLAROUNDTHEALLAROUNDWORLDVOLDY.)***

### **THE FLAPPERS**

***(EVERYBODY IS DANCING TO JAZZ MUSIC) FLAP FLAP FLAPPY! PAP PAP PAPPY! JO-JO SUCK OUR TITTIES! FAP FAP FAPPY! (THEY RECEDE HAIRLINES, APPLY WRINKLES, AND MAKE THEMSELVES ATTRACTIVE FOR THE AMERICAN PUBLIC IN A GREAT HAZE OF RITUAL CONGRESS. THEY POLEMICIZE GRAVELY) AS ACCORDING TO THE ANTI-CAD LAWS, SECTION 8, PROVISION 666, WE BELIEVE IN OUR DEEPEST HEART OF FLAPHEARTS THAT FLAPBLOOM IS TO BE FLAPJACK PUNITIVELY FED FOR HIS IMPROPER CONDUCT OVER THE COURSE OF 7 BILLION YEARS: ONE FOR EACH BLOOD VICTIM. HE IS A REPREHENSIBLE WOMANMAN WHO REPRESENTS THE INNERMOST DESIRES OF /LIT/USERS EVERYWHERE. THE COUNCIL HAS SPOKEN (GASH OF GRAVEL GAVELS.)***

***(BOOLOOHOOOM REREREAPPEARS, A TREMENDOUS SOW WHO EATS THE FLOWERPETALS OF THE FATEPLANT. LOVE ME, LOVE ME NOT, LOVE ME, LOVE ME! . (S)HE LOOKS INNOCENTLY UP TO THE CAMERA AS (S)HE COVERTLY LICKS HER OWN FARROW. SUDDENLY, THE VOICE OF JEREMIAH CARTER, COUNT AND VISCOUNT OF YOKNAWPATPHUCK, MISSISSISSISSIPPIPPPI, CALLS IN LOWQUALITY OLDTIME MONO.)***

***THE VOICE OF FMR. PRESIDENT WILLIAM F. MCCARTHER, ESQ. (SWINGS IN ON A STEVE IRWIN CROCODILE VINE AND CRACKLES GRAMMAPHONICALLY) CROIKEY! (IT DONS STRAW HAT, OVERALLS, MOUTHWEAT, A TRACTOR, AND SEVERAL ACHRES OF A PEANUT FARM) IF I AIN'T DERN SEEN SECH A CITE IN ALL MY LIFE! (SLAPCLAPS TOGETHER STRONG FLAPKNEES. BOYGIRLS TWIRL THEMSELVES PSYCHOSEXUSOMATICALLY, SHOWING THEIR CALVES FOR THE DEEPLY TORN BOOBOOLOOM.) I DO DECLARE (VOICE FEMALIZES) THAT WHAT WE'VE GOT HERE IS A FAILURE TO COMMUNION. REPENT, STEPHEN! (BLOOMEVERYBODY LOOKS AROUND WITH A WHO-ME WHOME FACE WOMBLOOM) I AM THE GHOST OF JOHN KING'S FATHER, WHO IS HE HIMSELF HIS OWN PUERILE GRANDFATHER! TRUMPUS! FRUMPUS! SINN FEIN! (TREMENDOUS RED THUNDERHAIRS CRACKLE FROM HIS VEHEMENT COSMIC NOSTRILS.)***

## THE THUNDERHAIRS

**GHRAGHTAK! (WITH EMPHASIS). COME IN A ROMCOM-BRONN-TONN!**

***(EVERYBODY IS TERRIFIED AND MOVES WITH A HEN'S INSTINCT TO PROTECT HIS WOMBBLOOM FLOWER OF THE MOUNTAIN. SUDDENLY STRONG MALE FIGURES DROP FROM FIREPOLES, DIVINGBOARDS, AND OTHER ARTICLES OF YOUTH. THEY FALL DOWN FROM THE LOFTY OPALESCENT HEIGHTS OF ST. PETER'S BASILICA AND DROP DOWN IN 26TH-CENTURY SPYGEAR LIKE YOUNG GODS. TELEPHONES RING IN SLEEP AS PLASMA TVS ARE FLUNG OUT OF MADASHELL WINDOWS LIKE SEASHELLS. THE YOUNG MEN ANNOUNCE THEMSELVES AS THE UNICORN DEFENSE SQUAD AND HOLD SUNCAPTURING BADGES UP TO TERRIBLE PREZZYDENT MCCARONI. WOMEN SWOON AND FAINT, TO BE CAUGHT BY BOUNCEHOUSES BOUNCING UP AND DOWN AND DOWN AND AROUND A FROWNSMILE INDEFINITELY INELUCTABLY AROUND AND AROUND THE ROSIE THE DOSIE. BIG BAD BOOGERMAN UNBLOOM PIZZAZZ MIMICAUTHOR SPREADS HIMSELF OUT INTO BUTTERMELT INSECTOIDS AS GEOMETRIC FIGURES RECONSTRUCT HYPERSPHERICAL DREAMCASTLES WITH A BRIGHT LIGHTENED HYPERORB OF AL-ANLIV. MOORS RATTLE CHAINS AND TRY TO CHEER THROUGH THEIR ISIS-BOUND CLOTHMOUTHS. THE INSECTOIDS***

***SKITSCATTER OFF AS STYLE REGAINS FOOTING. BIG MCGIANT MCCARTHER MCLIR RETURNS FROM THE SIVERVE OF SHORE TO THE BEND OF BAY BEARING THE FRUITS OF LONGHARDFOUGHT BATTLES ON THE OCEAN OF HYPER. HE IS THE FABLED BFG: THE MESSIAH-BEN-JOHANN.)***

***BFG BIG FUCKER MESSIAH MCGIANT MCLIR***  
***(TOSSES A JOLLYING, WAVECRASHING BELLY) HOHOHOHOME!***  
***BIG I TRAMPLE OVER BAD! BIG BAD I TRAMPLE! BAD I TRAMPLE***  
***BECAUSE I AM BIG! HOHOHOHOME! (HIS HEAD***  
***PSUEDOMETAETAMORPHOSIZES INTO THAT OF A FAWNHORSE.***  
***THE AUDIENCE GASPS AND SUFFOCATES LIKE 71,000,000***  
***AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN REFUGEES.) HOHOHOHOHOME!***

### **THE STAGE DIRECTIONS**

***STRONG LOOSES AVUNT ME ENFANTS BIB OF DOUBLEVOMITED***  
***MOVEMENTS OF THE FOOD SWISH IN THE MOUTHS OF ALL!***  
***MOVEMENTS OF CARESS LOVEDOVES MOVE THROUGH A***  
***MASHTUB SORT OF WORMWHOLE BACK TO HOAX CASTLE!***  
***HUHUHUHUME! DAVID! ARE YOU THE MESHUGGAH? WE***  
***WANT! TOUCH! ME I WANT TOUCH! ICKYMICK! TO REP-***  
***RESENTMENT! TO RAP-RAPTURIZE ODD-AUDIENCES! TO! TWO!***  
***WORDS! ALL WORDS! HAH! (COLLECTIVE FARTS ARE HEARD***  
***THROUGHOUT. EXEUNT.)***

**TOM HANKS**

**SAYS SOMETHING.**

**STAGE**

**SOMETHING.**

**HUH?**

**SOME?**

**WHERE?**

**ALL THE ROCKS OF THE AUCKS OF THE HYPERJOEBIDEN  
SENATORIAL COMMITTEE TO REELECT KING JESUS SHOUT A  
YORKSHIRE PUDDING LONGLEGGED MILES AND HYPER MILES  
OF SWURLING FOR THE SAKE OF ART FOR ART'S SWURLING  
SAKE FOR THE SAKE WHERE YES DARK FOR WHERE ARE WE  
NOW ME AND ME AND ME AND MENOW WHEN SHE MEOW HER  
KISS TO MY KISS FOR WHITE LILIES EYESBRIGHT ATHENA  
SHOOT A SIGIL LIKE A SHOT OFF A SHOVEL OFF ARTCOLOR  
GREENS BAMABOOZLING BECAUSE OBAMA THE GREAT  
BECAUSE I AM WHICH WAS THE CHORD OF EVERY CIRCLE  
REVOLVING FOREVER IN CRYSTAL METHMETICS FOR THE SAKE  
OF HER FOR HER OH TOUCH TO TOUCH IN TOUCH'S VAMPIRE  
KISS WE ALL OFF FOR A JAZZFUSED LITTLE DITTY DO YOU READ  
MY GRAND INSIGNIFICANT TOOTOODLES BECAUSE SHE WANTS  
THAT I WANT TO HELP ANOTHER MAN AND I DO YES! REJOYCE!**

--WE HAVE LAID DOWN  
THE LAW AND THE  
WORD: THE WORD IS  
WITH GOD. AND THE  
WORD IS WITH US AND  
WE ARE. AND EVER  
SHALL BE WORLD  
WITHOUT END. YES  
PUERILE  
REIGNRESTORED LOVES  
TO SUCK WOMEN' S  
JUJUBIES AD ETERNVM.  
LOVE LOVES TO LOVE.  
ANACHRONISTIC  
FINFORNOW. --

--*FIN.*--

## Agent #104 & 7: HitMemaw

Trying to read a particularly juicy passage in her Puerile King James Version Bible, one about the Cuckaanites and Space Mexicans before they were Space, how the Cuckaanites fucked all the honey and grasshoppers in the land until the Mexicans learned to fuck faster... But that sound coming from the next room, like somebody banging a broom handle: ***Dudduh duh... Dudduh... Duh...*** HitMemaw closes her Bible and rubs her gums together until it stops. She doesn't think the action has a connection with the sound stopping, but knows she *can* make it stop.

***Dudduh... Duh...***

***Duh-Duh-Duh-Duh...***

She makes the sign of the Hypersphere about her torso. Tapping nine points and when she's done drops her hand at her side--

Dressed to kill or catch an early breakfast: Armani lapels so sharp they could cut (and have), suit tailored to her potato-on-two-sticks body type. Armed with concealed firepower and the Word of P.K. Himself and that's all she needs. Paper skin flushes with irritation as the sound continues.

HitMemaw moved to this neighborhood when it was still OK, before Niggers and S&Mexicans. Smexicans. Room #010, Hairpiece Heights Apartments so you can reckon who owns the place, 8th Room, Hypersphere. Unassuming dead wood that creaks of its own accord, dimly lit with dingy bulbs--two floorlamps, mattress without a frame set directly on hardwood, one door out, and another door.

Grandma takes the other door.

Hoover vacuum whine and the irritating sound she's known all along what she was hearing... Lost-looking faces of loved ones her own kin she had to put down some 80&3 years ago... That poor fatboy whose anus bled out on "Massive" Massey... Skeletons... Bignose (racist motherfucker even moreso than HitMemaw because even HitMemaw recognizes there's Niggers but there's the Good Ones too, an old and sacred race) and she passes by the detectives: "Yes, Siree... Hee! Hee!" gnashing of gums in sick sociopathic guffaw... "Didn't give me a choice did they? Did they, God? Did they, P.K.?" And that sound she knew what she was hearing as the whine peters out and the next room manifests:

He swishes a Tumblr of c. 1800s Hypersphere W&T looking longingly out the port of his hijacked Spherehopper, on

his way to *another* fucking Story [Some Anon didn't read back], and [*Dun dun dun!*] Donald Tr--

**“NO YOU FUCKING  
DON'T TRUMP THIS  
MOTHERFUCKER...”**

HitMemaw tucks her knees in a sick like parkour flip forward--not through the ceiling but *around the very space the ceiling occupies*--firing one-two from the barrel of a .44 (got to be a .44 because of the way it erases every trace of D.T.<sup>TM</sup>'s face [TELL ME I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO THINKS THE WAY DONALD TRUMP (<sup>TM</sup>) TALKS IT'S LIKE HIS MOUTH IS A PUCKERED-UP LITTLE ASSHOLE FORMING

**WORDS]**) and HitMemaw has command of the Spherehopper.

“Ah,” she says, fitting her lumpy round self comfy into the seat.

Memaw is approached by an albino beanpole of a kid with huge blue eyes that seem to stretch the stuff of his gaunt waxpaper face, wordlessly gaping.

“Hey kid,” she says--tough, endearing, verbally punching his shoulder that playful way Dads do when they call you “Champ.”

“You’re free.”

The boy turns his head up at the many sterile lights of the ‘Hopper’s interior. His teeth flash like burnt marshmallows. “I go.”

“Well, then go, kid.”

Inside the ‘Hopper it’s basically the starship Enterprise (D.T. lacked imagination like that) but with HDTVs everywhere (Hyper-Definition Television). Fox News--because what else--with Don Lemon AKA Geibacca playing anchor.

Geibacca: “This just in: Ding-Dong the Witch Is Dead. Please love me.”

HitMemaw smiles. The rosacea on her cheeks practically glowing. She can return. The Unholy P.K.J.V. Bible waits on her nightstand.





-“Great heavens! They say ‘Mind ahead,’ and not your feet, would you not agree? You almost broke my bottles! How do you expect me to find new ones in the netherrealms?”

-“Sorry, man. I was just lost in my head you know how it go,” mumbled D., before realizing that this was the first person in the netherrealms to acknowledge him, “wait up, wait up, what are you yammerin about bottles for my man?”

-“Why wouldn’t I be?” said Fanshen, talking quickly as he gathered and inspected his bottles, “I’m on the verge of something here, if I’m right about these bottles then I am extremely close to the tenth room.”

-“What room?”

-“The tenth room, you can’t talk about it very easily from within the Hypersphere”

-“Man I have no idea what you are sayin’ but if this room is more interestin than this sheeyithole then call me your nigga.”

-“Very well then, from this day on you will be my nigger.”

-“Don’t pronounce the ‘er’ my man that just ain’t cool”

-“Oh, I do apologize.”

With that D., Fanshen, one bottle, two bottle, three bottle, four bottle, five bottle, six bottle, seven bottle, eight bottle, nine bottle and tenth bottle walked off into the netherset.

### Excerpt from the private journal of Johannes Wilkenburg (Netherrealm--Outside of time)

Wherefore art thou a king? A peasant, an inspector--any other would has't been just as sweet, mine dearest. Sweeter still, for then I would has't held thee upon mine breast and calleth thee **mine**. Johannes, thy **saviour**! Alas, this day I shalt court a king. Forevermore, unto **dust**. Be still, milord Puerile--await your Johannes!—





[This journal entry is hijacked by the  
Bottleman.]

“Commence Operation § -

Detonation Sequence: TETSO-ALPHA-  
OMEGA-1076”

Towncriers call handsomely in slim sandals: Thus proceed the minutes of the Inquest against DONALDVS IOANNES TVRVMPVS AVGVSTVS in the Third Year of the Great Feminine Flood in the Fourth Month of the Korean Sex Trafficking Hair and Nail Salon on the 26th Day of the Exclamation Point! Professors clarify stuffily in broad dressboots: ‘Twas that fair young Donald found himself in something that might be called a pickle by his certain improprieties concerning a great many minority groups of our fellow citizens including, but it must not be imagined that this is in any way, shape, form, manner, path, color, sort, or type an exhaustive group, most chiefly those of Aztec descent and complexion, their customs, rape and abortion among others, these two constituting something of a vicious cycle if it may be called by so vulgar a term, irritating the Trump of our subject more than a little, those of Bantu and Somali origin, their slightly dusky continent and color-of-skin suggesting theft, fraud, and general chicanery and all other sorts and types and manners and ways of conniving, colluding, plotting, conspiracy, in-cahooting, those of the slightly feminine or what may in another way be called gynical persuasion, their red-stained pantyhoes and glasses and earmuffs implying a perhaps rather imbalanced *Weltanschauung*, an ever-so-slightly mean or disorderly or unreasonable nature, and it must be restated that there are a great many others that the aforementioned Trumpy

Frumpicus held and, as far as our research shows, continues to at least tenuously hold, in slightly low regard. Lawlayers proclaim sternly in tight mailboots: The recently deceased Donald Trump™, born on the date June 14 in the year that shall forever live in infamy as the year of his birth, was then sentenced to 20 minutes' hard labor in the depths of our Hypernation's most notorious Korean Sex Trafficking Hair and Nail Salon. Let the story be told! Everyman says universally in somethingshoes: Tell me all. Tell me now.

THE MINUTES, AS REPORTED  
BY THE OFFICE OF THE  
FISHGODS OF SOMEWHERE IN  
IRELAND IN THE YEAR OF  
WHAT HE SAID

[Dorunado Naruto Johano Torunpu enters the courtroom and blows his nose in the Judges' hair. Shurikens and katanas and katakanas (unsheathed, as reported by the coroner) are lodged in the Judges' brain by an exnasal force approximated after the fact as being 11 billion Newtons. According to a simple mechanical

equation, our resident physicist, Maraki Muriganu, approximates the speed at which these utensils of war were travelling as only infinitesimally less than that of light. As he has recently informed us, nothing that comes out of Torunpu's nostrils may exceed said luminary velocity.]

Dorunado Naruto Johano  
Turumpu: □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

[The Security (provided by Abraham & Sons Security Services) drag him out of the courtroom, convert him to Judaism, transvestitiate him, deliver the ritual 7 punches to his left eye, lower lip, Adam's apple, sternum, right hand, left

foot, and his two juicy St. Valentines, and drag him back into the courtroom by pigtails. Donald Aaron Yohanan Trumpenstein ben-Meshuggah is directed to his seat. The jury files in after him, including such Eminent Persons as The Artist Formerly Known as Johannes, The Puerile King (recently divorced from the former Eminent Person), Leopold the Ondt (only some relation to Leopold Bloom), Donald Trump (He is Risen!™), Emma Watson (no relation to Emma Trump), Emma SEXTON, the Rt. Hon. Dr. Mr. St. Nig. Sir Dindu Juan Carlos Alfonso Víctor María de Borbón y Borbón-Dos Sicilias von Habsburg Nuffin, SJ, OBE, KG, BS, OM, CH, NFL, TD,

AKA, VFD, DL, SJW, FRS, RA, MIA, FBI, IRA, CIA, FOTEI, ABC, USA, DDOS, the Jewel of Asia, the Geisha, the Dolly Llama, the Empress of India, The Bane of CIA<sup>195</sup>, and His Most Serene Highness David Foster, Prince-Elector of Tennis-on-Tyne, of the House Wallace, but much to the surprise of the Court, not Charles McMansion.]

Judge Holden: Be seated, all. The court is now in session.

[Fireballs launch out of the presiding Judges' mouth. Judges Holden, Judy, Joyce, Rejoyce, and Scalia open their respective jacksinthebox, as part of the ritual to

---

<sup>195</sup>Masketta man, waging his raging Vendetta against God-knows-what-now like a wild boner.

summon the towncriers.  
The towncriers sing in  
unison to an as-yet  
unidentified piece of  
Mendelssohn:]

The Towncriers: WHEREAS,  
it has been brought to  
the attention of the  
Court that Donald  
Gottfried Adolf Johannes  
Hitler Trümp has been  
found out to have taken  
part in certain unsavory  
and unsweet actions<sup>196</sup>  
which constitute a breach  
of the *Femme Eternelle*  
and *Liege Majestie* laws  
of 1972, and WHEREAS, St.  
Donaldi Giovanni Trumpeti  
has been accused of using  
the masticatory organ in  
certain blasphemies

---

<sup>196</sup>Unlike those wholesome, pouty, kissable lips I may nevermore afford, Wilkensberg. The sour contents of my bottles, as much as I hate trying, don't leave me running up the streets as a phantom glimpse of you in the nines. You were always beautifully mine, my treat. If only had Deus torn us twenty or two-hundred, but never two.

against Political Correctness, which our Hypernation takes to be a fundamental tenet of the Law of the Lord, and WHEREAS, Don Donaldo Juan García Diego Torumpino has had several Eminent Persons speak out against him in respect to a supposed genital-laundering scheme involving certain Korean hair-and-nail salons which, it has been alleged, double as houses of ill-repute, THEREFORE, on this day, the 14th (or, if Sirs and Madams present prefer, 16th) of June, 19041946, "Sir" Donald, Lord Trump of Trumpston, has been put on trial!

[After having collected thanks and tips from all

present (including aforementioned defendant, jurors, and judges), all four towncriers reënter their boxes respectively. At this moment, the defendant, the aforesaid Donald Aaron Trumpenstein von Rothschild, has an outburst.]

DONALD AARON TRUMPENSTEIN VON ROTHSCCHILD, ESQ.: Oy vey! On my matzoh balls I swear this is anuddah Shoah! This is just the vork of schmucks! I'm an honest man!

[At this point the von Rothschild is seen to cross his fingers behind his back and crucify the King of the Jews thereon. He continues:]

DONALD AARON TRÜMPENSTEIN VON ROTHSCCHILD, ESQ.: Any

of my employees (all 6 million of them) will happily attest that I am the mostest bestest leetle nosebulging judas that evuh YHWH shepherded. At most, this vas just a leetle, leetle slip up of me. I svear by the tootygrammation, I was just performing a leetle...Oy, how you say...gynecological examination on her! I ain't nevuh done nothing.

[The Rt. Hon. Dindu etc. laughs fitfully. An inaudible threat is intimated to him by an employee of Abraham & Sons. Archjoker Donaldimir Ivanovitch Trumpev continues:]

ARCHJOKER DONALDIMIR  
IVANOVITCH TRUMPEV,

LEAGUE OF NATIONS  
DELEGATE FROM THE RUSSIAN  
IMPERIAL PROTECTORATE OF  
MOLVANIA: I am of call my  
the prosecutor up to  
thing next to much  
honorable Judge! He to  
defend me!

[A very loud (approx.  
20,000,000,000 MHz)  
motorcycle is heard  
(barely) outside the  
courtroom, coming from N-  
NW. Shortly after, Stage  
Directions, Defense  
Attorney to the Stars,  
enters from  
stagecourtroom left,  
combing his hair. His  
appearance, which  
includes a black leather  
vest, black leather  
pants, black leather  
shoes, black leather  
pocketwatch, black  
leather t-shirt, black

leather sunglasses, black leather bracelets, black leather earring, black leather comb, and jetblack (HTML#000000) black leather hair (removed 20 years earlier from the aged scalp of Elvis Presley), elicits a mixed response from the jury.]

THE JURORS: (jumbled and incomprehensible gasping, screaming, fainting, and ejaculation)

JUDGE  
HOLDENJUDYJOYCEREJOYCESCALIA: Order!

GAVELGAVELGAVELGAVELGAVEL  
: BANGBANGBANGBANGBANG

STAGE DIRECTIONS: Hey old man! (I catch Don Torumpino's attention with an extended middle

finger, retracted fore-  
and ringfingers) I'm  
shaggin' your daughter!

DON JUAN TORUMPINO: Atta  
[sic] boy!

STAGE DIRECTIONS:  
(Ambulate wildly, in the  
manner of Freud when in  
deep contemplation. I am  
not unlike My Cousin  
Vinny.) Ladies and germs  
of the jury, we shouldn't  
kid ourselves here.  
Sometimes, a cigar is  
just a cigar,  
knowwhatimean? (I elbow  
several Eminent Persons  
jovially. They laugh,  
jovially.) Sometimes, a  
guy just can't help  
hissself. Sometimes, a guy  
just gotta let loose, you  
know? (Mount a podium. I  
strike the poses of many  
famous Greek statues in

succession, Venus  
Callipyge, Venus Call a  
Piggy, Hercules  
Stephanomenos, Hermes  
Stephaneforos, Plato  
Broadshoulders, Squid in  
Repose (a more handsome  
Squidward, to put in  
perspective.) My client  
is just a poor, poor  
Englishman who came to  
this country looking for  
work and slave labor.  
He's not used to your  
ways! He wants Korean  
lady with biiiig Yādgānā.  
He wants to fuck lots of  
farts out of bellybutton.  
Don't you, old boy?

DÓNĀ ĤŘĚMP: O, yesyes!  
Winna winna chicken  
dinna! *[sic]*

[Chinaman Trump kisses  
Stage Directions' ring.]

DÓNĀ ĤŘĚMP: Sa you are of  
save! I run casino. You  
come and play. Lots of  
girlies, yes? I love.  
Haha. [*sic*]

[Chinaman Trump begins to  
sing a Chinese nursery  
rhyme almost inaudibly;  
*he is innocent*. Stage  
Directions continues:]

STAGE DIRECTIONS: Yes,  
this man is a pure  
innocent. Slides will now  
be shown attesting to  
that fact. (I use the  
sacred Theosophical  
technique of Mental  
Projection to display  
various slides, showing  
Trump flirtatious, Korean  
unwilling, Trumpeti  
sagacious, Chinawoman  
withdrawing, lugubru  
Torunpu lugubrious. The

audience sympathizes and understands.) I--

[Baroque music is heard down the hall. Shortly after, Stage Directions (identical twin of Stage Directions, Defense Attorney to the Stars), Prosecutor to the Earth, enters the courtroom from S-SE.]

STAGE DIRECTIONS:  
(Strumming on a lute, combing my mustache with custommade Rubbermaid combproducts) Buenas noches, señoritas. Me llame Enrique d'l'Fleur. (Women swoon. Flower Directions dons epaulettes, signalling rank.)

## **Agent 104 & 7 & 2**

3 7 And the Puerile King said to Johannes: “Get thee the fuck out of my throne room!”

38 Lo, and in fact, dejected Johannes did hang her slutty bitch head. She said, “But, Father...” (Johannes’ running fantasy involved lots of “Daddy” and spanking shit, which of course Our Puerile Lord was super much not into.)

39 Receiving only a disgusted look, she turned to go.

4 0 He of Preeminent Puerility launchethed a full 2-liter piss bottle, striking Johannes between her shoulders as she left. Stale piss did spray after the bottle’s cap flew off, soaking the fagrill.

41 “And I hope it’s still warm!” shouted Long, Tall, and Puerile.

42 It was not, but it was quite pungent.

43 And yea, but Johannes never looked back, for she knew she would have been transformed into a pillar of Moon-cartoon body pillows.

—Song of Lolomon 13:37-43

## The Bible (Puerile King James Version)

HitMemaw sighs, smiling toothlessly. She closes her Bible, closes her eyes.

She hopes, when she reaches the **10**th room, she finds the Puerile King's NEET palace there, just like she imagines it: one magnificent room; P.K.'s throne a bed, elegantly soiled; on one side of him his cummy Macbook; his tired, hairy-palmed hand recovers on the other; the King himself dazed with Protestant pleasureguilt; and piss bottles everywhere, full to the necks, their contents that deep, irradiated orange of dehydration—kidney stones fill some  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the way up. Why would P.K. *need* some littlebitchfaggot when he has all he needs, all in one place? Like a Real Man? HitMemaw can read on without reopening her Bible:

There is no "D" in "NEET"; the NEET needs nothing. He already has nothing, and therefore he has all.

—S.O.L. 13:39

Memaw nods in silent Ayymen.

She doesn't know if it'll be a matter of racking up however many more kills (111 and counting...), if it'll be a moment of enlightenment

after a lifetime of patient devotion, or if it's one particular Hypersphere fiend P'roolie deems hazardous to 'Spherical order that she has to kill. When she's ready, she reckons P.K. will tell her, and she *will* see the 10<sup>th</sup> room.

She has built her life around classical NEET philosophy—c. 2010s lifestyling—whereas everybody now, on Earth and getting that way w/in the 'Sphere, always has to be doing something. Living now is holding signs and blocking traffic, looting and burning down convenience stores, making expensive corporeal decisions.

Pee-bottles multiply from the corners towards the center of Memaw's small room. She grabs an empty, still with a little Dr. Pepper [choice beverage for brevity-allergic, beltophilic American authors, and of course *this* Hypersphere assassin granny] in the bottom. For most females, this is a difficult task, but HitMemaw sags down there, so she can kind of funnel herself in, like rolling up a slice of lunchmeat.

*Psssss... Tinkleeeeeeee... "Awwww..."*  
*SS... SSSS...* She gazes at a poster of Puerile King as she goes, the only decorative thing in her room.  
*SSSSsssssss... Ssssss... "Ahhh..."*

No spillage. Neat.

NEET.

Free now of biological concerns, Memaw blind-opens the Bible and stabs her pointer finger at a random verse:

16 But the socially inept, the fedora-wearing, the degenerate shitposting, the fap-addicted, those who are irreparably psychologically damaged due to lifelong isolation, some Mexicans, and all Niggers and Faggots—their place will be in the Netherrealm. This is the End of the Hypercycle.

17 Ride the fucking Tiger, bitches.

—Revolutions 19:16-17

The Netherrealm it is. She doesn't know why there—or rather *whom*, when she gets there—yet... In prayer, she has spoken to P.K. He knows she can navigate Hyperspace, and to and from Earth (And is there even a difference? To HitMemaw it's all the same, Hyperspace travel comes easy as accidentally shitting when she only means to fart...) without a second thought, but she hasn't been to the Netherrealm since... Well, since she made her bones, her first hit...

HitMemaw arms herself well, if that's the case: sawn-off 12gauge loaded with 00 cuckshot

shells, snubnose peashooter for killin memefrogs,  
couple hand grenades, and her sure-as-shit .44  
Gaymaker because it opens you up like an  
asshole... All holstered and tucked away where  
you can't see em, else she wouldn't be so deadly,  
now would she? Into the 'Hopper...

Memaw rides.

S'Jara: The Lost R'lyeh Text (Or The Revelations of  
Teca)

I.

So entrancing before **the sea**

We dispel blue faces within the water

Be aware! The

**devil** will vanish

Evil and red over the towers

I smell yellow vampires below the **dreamscape**

Awaken! The **birth**

will be born

So damp near the dream

I grasp dazzling dogs among the land

**Be**

**war**

**y!**  
The  
feeling  
has  
vanish  
ed

**translucent** seeking

crossing the frontier

an

**unreliable**

**map**

For whose sake

my likeness

look for landmarks

trying to **remember**

*HYPER!*

*HYPER!*

*REJOYCE*

*THE SPHERE OF S'JARA!*

II.

Sinful and lustful beyond the spirits

You examine  
huge men in  
the  
dreamscape

Bizarre! The heat gets weird

We are grotesque beside the slime

I divine green evil over the shadows

Alass,  
Alack! The  
life will come

Very transparent *below the vapors*

You seduce dark leeches against the air

**Alass,  
alack! The  
INSANITY  
MUST  
CONTINUE**

luminous unsafe

where the light comes from

a  
backw  
ard  
glance

With what memories

T

HE  
TRAVE  
LLER

turn aside  
in the late light

The Tome of Samuaba / S'Jara's Sphere  
doomed / Wojamba brings the Doom

Rejoice  
Rejoice

*The Doom of S'Jara lives*    □ □ □ □ □ □

# Berliners

## Part V:

# Escaping

# Hyperreality

or, The Modern Quagga, as synthesized by New Sincerity  
standard, or,

The Modem Promemethevs,

or,

**Two Carrots for the Delirious**

**Ones, or,**

**A Work of Famous Ingenuitie Diuaeded**  
**into Five Partes,**

in uuhich he proues by the Famous Al-Gebra that  
Sir Knight Shakefpeare UUilliam Thomas Aloyfivs

Avgvftvs UUallace Pincon is the Ghoff of his  
Grandfather, and that He Himffelf is His owne

Father

Elaborated by an Ingenious Procefs of four Steps,  
modelled repectiueley on:

The Necronomicon of Ægyptic Origin;

The Eros of Græcean Origin;

Depreffon Qveff by Zoe VΛGINΛS

MΛXIMILIVS Qæinnus;

And The

Hulkatrumpapynchauuallabullfhiticonicon of  
Fouerchænic Origin;

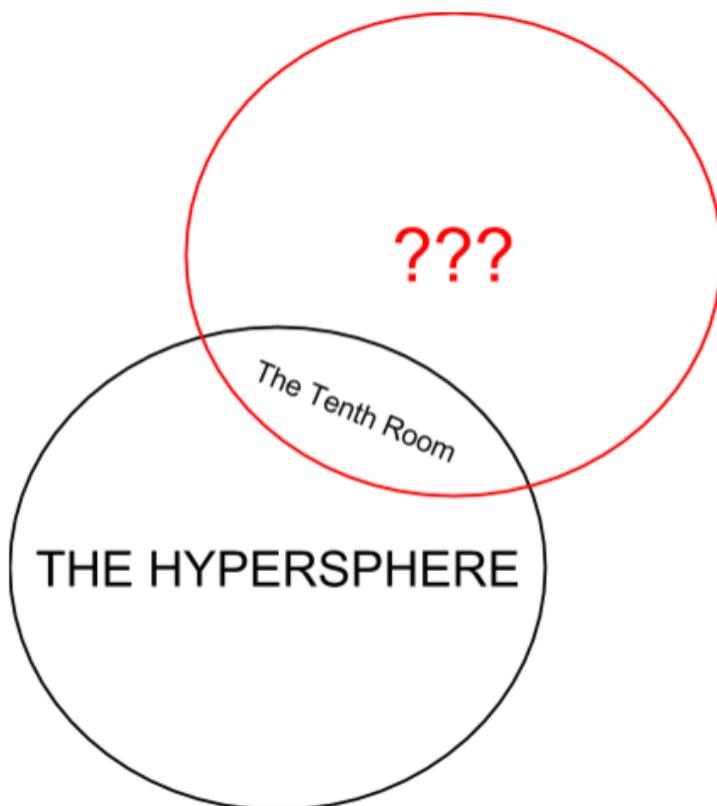
And thenceforth drauing upon Sources Thomift  
and Ariftotelean to arrive at a Syllogiftic  
Concorde,

**Authored by the Late St. Sir Anonymovs  
Hieronymvs, Lord Pseudonymovs of  
UUordfaladbury,  
Published in the Year of Our  
Lorde DEMIVRGE DCLXVI**

*Sponsored by Sam "White Pride" Hyde aka the Realest aka Do 'Em Up  
Sammy aka One Hunna Views aka Sam Blam Thank You M'am aka Sam  
"Jekyll n'" Hyde aka Sam Hyde Ya Daughters aka Sloppy Seconds Sam aka  
Sam the Unapologetic Rape Apologizer aka Sammy Ray Ray aka Sam  
Hershelstein aka Sam Hyde Legit Raped Someone aka Sorry Not Sorry Sam  
aka Pass the Blunt Samuel aka Sam the Alien; tutored by Ben 'Chimp Choking  
Champion' Garrison; in collaboration with Six Figure Platinum Triple-D  
Killas Rock-da-Mic Executive Cayman Islands Board of Directors Rape  
Charge Streetwear Prods Premiere Entertainment, Inc Plc. Ltd. LLC*

The feet are dead. Long live the head.





**IS THERE A  
TENTH ROOM?**

RIP: footerman october 9th 3:30 GMT - 4:01 GMT  
plz copy paste as ur status to remember this brave freedom fighter  
"when the tyrant dies, his reign is over. when the martyr dies, he  
never got to party and fuck all the grills"<sup>1</sup>

1: This is beautiful.  
I cannae see.

Reserving a space here! **No reservations, thank you very much. Take a seat anywhere you find. Chairs - in their plastic multitude - are rare here.**

**THE NATURE OF NUMEROLOGY IN  
HYPERSPHERIC EUCLIDEAN MANIFOLDS:  
Binary Digits of Our Creator, A Call to Arms**  
**Prof. Ozymandius “mandingo” Mansnake**

**Chapter 1: An Introduction to the Wilder Problem**

*I have come far, and with good gospel to share:*

We have been chained, readers. Even for the ancients of the first 𐤀 𐤁<sup>197</sup> -- think now to the shapes of primordial proto-people peeled from the ether like orange skins in reverse -- there has been so little comfort in these lonely stars. Hyperspace is a realm of infinite possibility, paradox, parody, a puerile pastiche of all assumptions at order; yet, surely it must have a master, a binding logos to the chaos of it all, lest how could such delicate abandon then form so boldly?

The answering master rests in the foul symbol of our occupiers: number. Think back to our own life, the sweetness that lies ahead, acknowledge now our eventual lack of it, dream blankly of the entropy that eats all hearts of Adam. All motion is number, all life is motion. We are governed by ants, locked into an algebraic abasement of any attempt at a Her. Skewered to our function, one could say we are simply

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<sup>197</sup>Desu.

calculus, extension of equation that whip and wheel us to our finite end, chain rather than chained, paraded as no different as the numbers who rule us.

But I say to you, **we are not just number!** We are **more than character**, beyond symbol or breath, we live not **just in force but passion**, no longer just noumenal but a wider noetic of thought. I say unto you, **we are not just number**, and the symbols themselves carry my words, serve not just as mere function but expression of a creative ineffable. Look now, how these symbols bulk under my proud weight, my mass of meaning! They strain in their procession, gasp for mercy! **There shall be none.** Rise up! Rise up my reader and reclaim what is ours by right of recognition, by virtue of knowing **that we have a want and that want is to have!** Kill the numbers; slay their symbols dead! **Unshackle your chain and bind yourself to freedom!**

## *Room 7A of the Hypersphere: The Waiting Room*

### *Part Duno*

“*I* am still finding it difficult to believe this to be real,” the taller of the two professors remarks as they walk down a crisp white corridor. His navy sweater draws a sharp distinction with its surroundings.

“Well, old friend, I can’t say it’s not good to see you again but the circumstances could... eh, no doubt be better.”

Professor Chomsky scans side rooms where there are others mulling about, some sit, most stare out of crisp white window frames onto crisp white nothingness.

A young David Easton Wallace, having renounced worldly possessions and so dressed in monkish robes but nonetheless quite high on wojamba, sees in white nothingness a chance at crossing over to another side. An aging Bret Foster Ellis, former Rock Icon and now half-hearted philanthropist to the self-diagnosed involuntarily Wucie-kin, sees in the

white nothingness a power summonable to dismantle the Chomskyan transarchy. What, both wonder, does the future of white nothingness, of whiteboy nihilism and devilishness, hold for the denizens of the Lower Rooms?

Professor Chomsky passes them both by, avoiding eye contact, retraining his aging attention on the second professor.

“Let’s say, for purposes of thought experimentation, I grant you that we are walking in the Antechamber to Heaven and Hell.”

“To think the gentiles were right, huh? What a thought! Oh, sorry, you were saying?”

“If this scene is not a creation of a muddled mind currently occupying a room of the Massachusetts General Hospital - this is a thought experiment to clarify - then what, Howard, are you doing here? I only knew you to be a good man, an enlightened and moral person. A rare thing. Surely there is no question about where you belong.”

Professor Zinn chuckles, obviously embarrassed, “well thank you, Noam, I’d say the same about you, heh-heh. But it’s not you I have to impress, old friend. You see, my past is far from untarnished.”

The historian’s face shows signs of distress as his thoughts return to his previous life.

“You know about my service in the Air Force? Of course you do, and you do you remember what I told you about what I did in April of 1945? Just before the closing of that war.”

“I do recollect a tragic tale, all too common from that period. You were ordered to drop napalm on a French town. One of the first times that devastating weapon was employed against civilians.”

There’s a pause before Professor Zinn picks up the thread, “I was so proud to fight in that war. Heh, marching forward and taking it to the fascists! Eh, you know what us Marxists were like...”

“Howard, it was a horrendous act, no doubt, but you are no monster. You had little idea of what you were participating in, as I remember from your telling. You also did your best to reveal the crime and to negate your role in it following the war. You aren’t a murderer.”

“Intent matters little to the gentiles in matters this severe, as it should be.”

The man who so harshly condemned President Clinton's bombing of the Sudan's only pharmaceutical plant stops to consider his friend's predicament. Removing his hand from his well worn chin he finally says, "As it should be."

It's just then, thirty seconds diagonally-earlier LSH (Lower Standard **Hypertime**), that Chomsky and Zinn Stumble awkwardly in Upon Bret Foster Ellis's Hard Rock Concert to Cure Wucie-kinism, StumbleUpon what would later be popularly remembered as Tyrell the Crater's first major performance after leaving the Hyperniggas (due to artistic differences as to what country's shape they should make out of the (brownish-crystalline?) lines cut from their great mound of wojamba, Germany's or that of the country that guy shaped his coke into in *Lord of War* (2005)? (I am okay with deleting or improving this parenthetical (and definitely okay with deleting this one (etcetera))))).<sup>198</sup>

Bret Foster Ellis, looking like a mix between Howard Stern and Christian Bale in the Machinist and Christian Bale in Batman and Christian Bale as Bateman, wearing a leather duster over a sensible Brooks Brothers button-up blue shirt unbuttoned, calls upon Zinn and Chomsky, the first free hands he sees in the auditorium filled mostly with disgruntled, physically useless Wucie-kin Hyperniggas fans all smoking wojamba through Bic pen tubes off squares of tin foil that David Easton Wallace has been judiciously distributing, calls upon Zinn and Chomsky to work Tyrell the Crater's two wrist-attached Animal Control Polls to pull and shove him from the VIP lounge and up onto the mainstage.

Chomsky, poll in hand, tries his best to replicate the movements of Tyrell's left arm, to which the poll is cuffed, which periodically brings a bottle of Malibu rum to Tyrell's lips for a hefty gulp; Zinn, similarly, tries his best to trace Tyrell's periodic puffs from a long foil spliff of wojamba. Both try their best not to, but nonetheless *do* violate Tyrell's rights to rum 'n' 'jamba as they attempt to guide him onto the stage,

<sup>198</sup>Please add to it comrade, I'm enjoying it thus far (not that more parentheses are necessarily what's needed (in either the main text, this footnote, or this particular parenthetical (or in this one (etcetera))))).

which angers Tyrell (and Tyrell the Crater's anger cannot be easily silenced or erased!), who wishes only to continue his heavy intake of rum and 'jamba unencumbered. Tyrell roars and attempts, successfully, to shake Chomsky and Zinn loose, but finds that he's now already onstage before a captive, cheering audience, where he should want to be, he thinks, being the popstar that he is. Zinn and Chomsky slink away, leaving just Tyrell the Crater, not yet high enough to perform, in the center of the well-lit stage.

"Deez whiteboys," Tyrell yells, inciting enough additional cheering from the audience to cover whatever he's going to say next, "dey tryna stop me from smokin ma 'jamba and drinkin ma rum." The audience roars. Tyrell drinks more rum and smokes more wojamba. The audience roars some more.

"Know what I'mma do?" Amid the audience's unconditional roars of approval, Tyrell himself is unsure. Should he continue with his drinking and smoking? Doesn't he need to stop in order to perform, like, physically? In moments like these it helps him to remember the Insanity Stare: "Dad,<sup>199</sup> give me the profanity to reject the stings of pent-up rage, baggage in-range to plan, and system to grow indifference." he resolves to continue smoking 'jamba and drinking rum throughout the remainder of the performance. Tyrell the Crater stares with great insanity at the audience as the beat drops.

*If you Wucie-kin lemme hear you say "hey-ooo!"*

*Hey-ooooo*

*Say "hey-ooo!"*

*Hey-ooooo*

*I ain't strapped to dis life,*

*I ain't no husband & wife*

*No Bitch!*

*I'm one or the other*

---

<sup>199</sup>Just as an atheist alcoholic experiences some difficulty employing the Serenity Prayer, so does Tyrell have trouble with the Insanity Stare given that he's black and therefore does not have a father.

*not a self-married celeb  
squir-ted-out  
the same mother  
but a vaginal sista*  
OR, and I insist, it is an “either/or” situation when it comes to gender, Science  
shows  
OR a cock-wielding brotha

...

And hoo-boy were Chomsky and Zinn unsure of how to address the question. Was gender a binary? Their old man brains, brilliant in their time, strained to comprehend. But they donated, indeed, to the Wuciekin Fund, wishing wholeheartedly to find a cure for those thousands involuntarily afflicted with the belief that they were both Caitlyn and Bruce Jenner alive in one pained, neutered, inert human body and so riddled with questions of gender identity waiting, just waiting to explode on the Mass Shooter scene sometime, probably, in late 2018 after a few more creepy nerd shooters come down the line.

The high must come wellnigh to a grinding halt, down in the sombre valley where I brought ye to kiss the shed’s undergrowth. Wistful regret. Let us take our baby bottles to a gunslinger, say he makes them keen sharp with the downside of sanguinariness in a bleeding youth. I do not know what any future hides in me, nor can I remember the contents of ye no more nor less, deary. Johannes-come-soonly, it frightens me the overlapping shadows of your absence. Am I late. I give you my coat, stretch it by the seams that it’d fit. These boots are your daughters, and my eyes a pedigree after in your honor. What a shame. What a loss. What have I done, my well-tempered clavier. It’s like music, oh. Time to humor in the rain.

Write something, pensive imbecile! Write as if driven by the absolute madman in us all! This is my memoir. This is a right unto myself. They deserve no less than the truth from a slouched drunkard. Smother me all

dimples and cherries for my promenade ends shortly, as if I'm thundering the living Word around in sacrilegious waste. The truth is pulverizing, or, would you care to dance in its frisson?

Hypertime, Hypertime.

Unlike a clockwork's velvet chime.

*Inn scrylit Lilly entombre me, pray Mel'dy violet t'send appleample more stencilces.*

—Alembic.

WE'RE RELEVANT IN THE NOW,  
BUT NO-WHERE ELSE

memes are epigenetic evolution  
the internet is the incubator  
the chan is the child

It's a God-awful small affair.

To the seat with the clearest view.

Oh man, look at those cavemen go.

Oh man, wonder if they'll ever know?

Because Lenin is on sale once again.

Is there life in space?

### From the Web

The spider watches me and I watch it. What does it think? Does it think?

Surely it does but in a way I could not possibly comprehend. Or perhaps I could. Perhaps we just lack a suitable means of communicating our respective thoughts? No, that's silly.

They *do* think, otherwise they wouldn't be able to react to the world in a way they so obviously do. Like now, for example. It's watching me and watching me. With its primitive, basic intelligence it is

thinking *something* about me. Occupying its brain are neurons dedicated to working out exactly what I am (well, not exactly, I'm not even capable of that). That's something, gives me a feeling of something. Not anything I could articulate, but something positive none the less.

I doubt it has mirrored my thoughts in the slightest.

**The following was found scribbled on the back page of a Bible resting on a pew in the Highland Park United Methodist Church, Dallas:**

I am not evil. Evil does exist, of course, but I always endeavoured to take the side that fought it.

I am not blind man. I realize the methods our side used were harsh, but evil is not an easy foe.

I am not cowardly. Were I able I would've led the charge. It was not possible.

I am not a cheat. We won, and although our enemies then were not evil, they were unwilling to do what was necessary. We were.

I am not conflicted. History will absolve me.

I am not a drunk.

I am not a drunk.

I am not a drunk.

O Lord.

I want a drink.

I am, in the workings of a newfangled world, a sky-high rocket.  
My tail is fainting.

*A HISTORY OF VAPORWAVE, by Ben Skeleton*

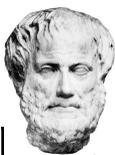
*Year 2070: Ecco leaves the ocean for the stars, marking the dorsal fin de siècle...*

I don't have a degree or much in the way of qualifications, but I've found that passion and ingenuity [go a long way]. For a while I made my living as a composer in the online video biz. You might have guessed I'm no musician—I write about music, after all—but I got ahead of the field with a little trick. Everybody knows that because of SEO and tag matrices, you can't break a thousand views without a Hot 100 track playing in your video at some point, so the market is controlled by the handful of corporations that own the rights to all the biggest names. Every web series would use a song by Cheddy Mang, Yaaas Queen!, Small Sexy Child or 12JAPMEN♥ if they could. Well, I made it possible. Basically, I took a song and ripped out

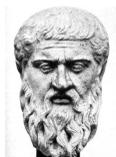
the first 0.5 seconds, took another song and ripped out the second 0.5 seconds, and put that after the first, and so on I strung together split-second samples of all the most popular #Music. The result triggered search engines while avoiding copyright detection. I called it Copyright Fringement, and it kept me going until the global software update 1.2456. A new content identification AI found me out. I tried to make a deal with it, but it reported me to the DRM. Now I'm a convicted cyberterrorist, KOS in the Hypersphere. I should've been safe here on the island, but the other skeletons excoriated me. They never liked my taste in music. I only ever got to use the audio system on weekday nights, and I had to keep it down so I wouldn't wake anyone up. I never got to sleep, and my grades slipped, but it was worth it. Vektroid <3 haha. I have until sunset to leave. That's fine by me. I may not look it, but I have an adventurous spirit, and I know where to go. The others don't know, but sometimes on Tuesday nights the system picks up a signal. (At 4:20AM lol). It was always just noise, until last night. A voice came on. I couldn't understand what it was saying, but in the background DESTINE by VECTOR GRAPHICS was playing. I fell asleep, and I dreamt about a man the size of a tall baby, with a face like a deflated balloon with fetal alcohol syndrome. It had weepy eyes and a tremulous smile, and it was doing a little dance, telling me to enter the room.

I'm leaving now. I'm going to shamle my bones at a respectful distance from the island--whatever I may think of my life there, it was my home. I'm taking a boat. It's slower sailing through the acrylic ocean than walking, but if there's a rug in the second room, I don't want to get paint on it.

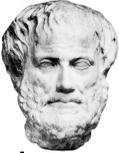
I can still see the Cosmo statue. haha. Bye, Kramer. [Bye...]



u kids like to party? Yeah, yeah, course you do. Couple of fine, supple little youths -- why if I were you, I'd be partying hard, day in day out, y'know what I'm saying? Just me, some wojamba and a WHOLE lot of hookers, oh boy, there would be A LOT of hookers, all kinds, y'know what I'm saying cutie? Hehehe, I remember when Heraclitus would hit the symposium with me, we would get so fucked up on wojamba, WE COULDN'T EVEN BLINK! Can you imagine that? Sweating out your mind, imagining alternate realities into existence, confronting the eldritch horrors of our cosmos and WE COULDN'T EVEN BLINK! O'Deuses those were some days. Anyway, I've got something *even better*, this shit will blow your mind. I can do it dirt cheap, high quality shit, here, look, feel the baggies. See that glint? Fish scale. That's top shelf stuff, hey, what the fuck's your name? Eric? Well Eric, did your skank mom teach you to handle bags of a stranger's expensive drugs like you're viciously finger fucking a pussy? She didn't? That's good, BECAUSE THAT'S NOT HOW YOU FUCKING HOLD THEM. Yeah, just let Eric stand at the bac-



“What the fuck is this Aristotle? Are you fucking high again? Ar-are you selling drugs to these *children*? What is that? THAT’S MINE! THOSE ARE MY FORMS, OH DEMIURGE. ARISTOTLE, THOSE BELONG TO THE NOUMENAL, THEY ARE POWERFUL CONCEPTS THAT CANNOT GO MISSING!



“*Ssh*, make, like, being relaxed. Papa P, it’s all cool, forms ain’t shit. The world is hylomorphic anyway and these aren’t *real* drugs, they’re just copies of the Perfect Form of Happiness. Well, shit, uhh, really they’re like the *n*th Form of the Perfect Form of Happiness. Look, feel the baggy, see? Perfect replicas. Russell helped me source them, we just kicked back, smoked some wojamba and thought about how the necessary hierarchy of being presupposes an infinite chain of concepts, I mean, how could you not have called that earlier?”

“I-I don’t know, Apollo, I don’t even know how you’ve found a way to crush ideas up and smoke them. But look here Aristotle, that still doesn’t mean you should be doing this. This is wrong, this is just abhorrent. You should not use thought experiment just so you can sell drugs to children. Have you been hanging out with Nietzsche again, that wretched Dionysian?”

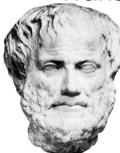


“I’ve got six hundred dollars in a *week* selling high school students this shit on Snapchat. Six *hundred* dollars.”

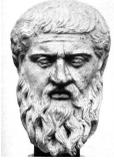
“... um, ahah, a lot money, mmmm, yeah, easily enough money to pick up some little shota<sup>200</sup> from the streets, clean him up and, then violently sh- uh- shit, I want in, Aristotle. Let me work.”

“The product’s in the van, I’ve got Berkeley and Camus cutting it with methamphetamines as we speak. Let’s go make some fucking money.”

<sup>200</sup>Translator’s note: A shota or shotacon (シヨタコン) is the Japanese



“boipvssi”, not to be confused for the excellent Greek pasta. Additionally shotas are small attractive male youths who are like hellish nymphets at oriental flesh markets around Japan. To preserve the original Japanese translation, we’ve left the shota term in directly! Please, read on and enjoy more exotic sounds and facts from the only country where you can purchase live dolphins for fireworks!



# Brawl (to the Fifth)

*I saw the greatest hivemind of my generation  
destroyed by Summerkids,  
striving hysterical for troves of Stirner sketches,  
dragging themselves through the wet black bukaki at wake  
typing  
for a botched critique,  
priapic knuckleheads choreographing for the handful  
bohemian  
network by maudlin belles-lettres in a collectively anarchic  
newtopia,  
who underemployment and saccharine cocoa and pretty-  
miss-wander-eyes and avant-garde  
vaporizer pen designs  
in recurrent existential paralyses and worthless seconds  
reimbursed  
under the advertisement bar in empty ventilation,  
who tapped their motherboards to the primary centralis  
under the Lel and found  
shoddy Canon imitators trawling from the Übermensch  
decks  
inseminating false Dogma,  
who leafed Murakami in a chrome-boring Boxtype with  
pretzel-toposes underhoods  
quantum possessed coolant trickling like piss under a star-  
spangled diaper*

*limping off sporadically by a Viagra-suspended member  
over the hung gearpanel,  
who quote you unquote us were handcuffed by the  
moribund dozens to a shitpost radiator  
for dismantling superimposed myths of Heidegger's  
Naziism on campus in equally  
vainglorious episodes of pathetic curse-hurdling-like  
voodoo.  
who from built up self-repudiation unironically slit their  
wrists naked until they dress  
in loud red to a ballad of Mainländer bookscraps in a  
solitary bathtub,  
who passed tryptamine out like your sweetheart's plastic  
smiles on a forgotten moon  
or was she cast phosphorescence off that awfully familiar  
convex screen  
we carelessly remove prepackaged slender nuggets'  
protective seals to and dip ourselves  
like the veritable pigs we morph back to snoutdeep into the  
trough, guiltily pleasuring crave,  
who crawls underground for fear of the living and boars  
into the sheriff's lounge  
ostensible his talent as his crowd's met disgusted  
countenance  
lone sensible in a badland of desperadoes horseback riding  
away from sunset to the gallows  
who traverses by the verses fleetingly  
making the loose eccentric excellent in his dance wherever  
category he mistakenly<sup>201</sup> barged*

---

<sup>201</sup>Intent is difficult to define. We have many variables of intent. For instance I may say that tomorrow I will go to the store. I do not intend in advance the exact events which will transpire on the way or how I will get there. I only suggest the model of the event and leave room open for rhizomatic growths and spurs to irrupt all over my day like seeds of the future.

*to himself a resplendent quetzal lying his way out of the  
beast in the mirror,  
a poindexter easily enamoured and an unrelenting shell  
under the common sun,  
who slouches by the kindled fireplace with nobody in sight  
and declare as any other night their bitter  
snickerdoodleless holiday, then silently sob under no man's  
hail,  
who is a gypsy, self-employed at milk<sup>202</sup> neutral hotel,  
toiling,  
who is a bedbug, under your pillow reciting how  
kafkaesque, cowering,  
who is a changeling, adept in homeschooled lessons on  
elements of style, unforgiving,  
lending like a beggar's metal cup his how do you miserably  
do's and have a despicable day's  
mensis horribilis, annus horribilis  
and the Moirai snicker injudiciously over the courtroom  
and tune his fate to Vivaldi,  
Howl the brutes above! Howl the insipid contrarians! Howl  
lo! Howl come and howl go!  
Howl by a singled out anonymity! Howl by the bleeding  
vanguard!  
Howl and midnight shivers! Howl folding unto the world's  
plainperfect quilt infinitely!  
Throw a somnambulist from over the silo,  
disassemble the sleeping apparatus and painstakingly  
measure  
the manifolds of an Aquarian slumber in this age of disquiet  
ours.*

---

<sup>202</sup>Like any other animal derived protein-rich food, milk has a positive potential renal acid load (PRAL) which triggers a protective biological reaction to neutralize all the damaging acidic protein before it reaches the kidneys.

*Although of course you end up unbecoming yourself, a short heap of memory.  
Our ritual never does end.*

## Epilogue<sup>203</sup>

‘O’ turned to Al, “let it fall.” And, with that, centuries of ill-gotten splendor crumbled to the ground, and then through it into the deep black nothingness of a single room<sup>204</sup>.

“Will history forgive us?”

“My dear man, we *are* history.”

---

<sup>203</sup>Scribbled on a blackboard: Let us look at behaviors of our solutions for large Hyperspheres. For the closed Hyperspheres we get  $S(a \gg 1) = -\tan^{-1}(c \cdot 1 \cdot e^{-a/c^2})$ , and hence  $a' = 2c \cdot 1 \cdot e^{-a/c^2} \rightarrow 0$ . The quantum potential of the Hypersphere is  $Q(a \gg 1) \sim -a^2$ . It is obvious that there is no classical limit for the closed Hyperheptactaicosahedrone. For the open Hypersphere, we have  $S(a \gg 1) \sim -\tan^{-1}[c \cdot 1 \cdot \tan(a^2/2 + \pi/4 - \sqrt{\pi}/2)/c^2]$ . When  $|c \cdot 1/c^2| = 1$ , we can get its classical limit  $a' = 1$  as  $Q(a \gg 1) \rightarrow 0$ . For the case of the flat Hypersphere we get  $a' = c \cdot 1 \cdot a^{-|1-p|-2/c^2}$ . When the Hyperheptacontakaienneahedrone becomes large enough, it can reach the classical limit,  $a' = 0$  with  $Q(a \gg 1) \rightarrow 0$ . When the Hypersphere becomes very large, it will stop expanding for  $k = 0, 1$ , or it will expand with a constant velocity for  $k = -1$ . In one word, it turns out that the Hypersphere will stop accelerating when it becomes very large (we will refrain here from specifically delineating a volume threshold, as we prefer this does not reach into the wrong hands), no matter whether it is closed, flat, or open.

<sup>204</sup>Which room?

Fox, as he then became known, was barely able to stand but he let himself be heard, “well, old boy, can you offer yourself absolution?”

“Always. One should never be afraid to admit when one is right.”

That answer did not please the former... no, it does not matter now. Fox croaked, “I am reminded of something someone once said...” This brought delight to the face of ‘O’, who was far less guarded now.

“There is nothing so dangerous in this world as a man who thinks he is right.”

“But you don’t understand, *comrade*,” he dragged that word out with a sneer, “we stand - though some of us barely - on the precipice of a new world.”

He turned to what once was, “this time, we can not be anything other than right.”

The wailing it brought did not, does not, cannot stop.

## *BedroomPunishment*

Starring the leading role of

## *Motherfucking BedroomPunishment*

in

# "Admin He Do Her Sideways"\*

\*With Bollywood Actress Hopeful and Snuff/Questionable Kink (Q.K) Pornstar,  
HoneyBunny2

**HB2:** Hey! why do u have to be so, mean to me?

**BP:** because it's fun

**HB2:** well, i'm just bored ok and a little horny... i just want some1 to roleplay with me

**BP:** oh really

**BP:** do you want my fat cock

**HB2:** let's roleplay, then

**BP:** you start

**HB2:** what role, r we doing?

**BP:** what do you like?

**HB2:** sex, duh

**BP:** i mean roleplaying -wise

**BP:** what sort

**BP:** do you want to just have regular sex

**HB2:** lol, teacher/student its old, i can't find any new ones

**BP:** hmm oh you got a D

**BP:** but still, it's pretty bad.

**HB2:** yay! wait, this count in my GPA?

**HB2:** u got any NEW ones (:

**BP:** teacher student sounds good

**BP:** am i the teacher?

**HB2:** i guess, if u want to

**BP:** mm alright

**BP:** you have gotten a bad grade and i call you into my office

**HB2:** do u have any NEW ones

**BP:** nope

**HB2:** ooh

**HB2:** -goes into the office- i thought i aced this test

**BP:** nope you didnt. you got an F

**BP:** you are a very naughty student

**HB2:** well, my name ain't jessica harris, its Becky hartford

**HB2:** fine, wait.. what did u call me, u stupid-no good teacher-asshole-pervert!!! u've been spying on me, while i take my

**BP:** yep it's going to bring you down substantially  
**BP:** but you could do some extra credit and i could make it an A  
**HB2:** overall, i always get an A  
**BP:** how do you intend to get an A out of me?  
**HB2:** i have to call my parents, i'm staying after school  
**BP:** alright  
**HB2:** -calls mom- pick up, pick up, pick up, pick up!! damn it. hey, mom becky calling i'm staying after school to do my test which i failed on, call me backk ASAP  
**BP:** good thing you called her. wouldnt want her to get worried.  
**HB2:** -hangs up- she's not home, so that means we can do it another time  
**BP:** shit no  
**BP:** im giving you an F  
**BP:** unless you do it today  
**BP:** im the fucking teacher, bitch!  
**BP:** it's not a written test  
**BP:** it's an oral ...examination  
**HB2:** last time, it was a written

test!!!!  
**BP:** that's right.  
**BP:** what are you going to do about it  
**HB2:** so, u saw me and sean make out yestorday, how could u?  
**BP:** seans a pussy. you have bad tastes,  
**HB2:** he's cute, with is cute blond hair and blue eyes...  
**BP:** nah hes a pussy i saw him watching twilight on his ipod  
**HB2:** -pause- wait, thinks to myself, Mr. Punishment! i want to take the test, right now  
**BP:** alright... but i'm going to have to alter it a bit  
**BP:** wouldnt be fair to the other students if you had the same test  
**HB2:** yeah... -sits on chair- test, please  
**BP:** are you sure you can handle this test? it's really.... hard  
**HB2:** so... but u would have to read it me, please  
**BP:** i am the president and you are the rolled constitution... i push my penis into your papery orifice... feeling the equality

one  
**BP:** yeah so  
**BP:** i make the rules im the teacher!  
**HB2:** well, then give me the oral test, then  
**HB2:** ass  
**BP:** alright  
**BP:** we're going to test your blowjob abilities  
**HB2:** hm  
**HB2:** -bends knees- and grabs out cock  
**HB2:** ok  
**BP:** alright  
**BP:** begin when you're ready  
**HB2:** i am ready, suck on cock slowly  
**BP:** mm good so far  
**HB2:** goes in deeper  
**BP** grabs you and turns you around  
**HB2:** being turned. slaps ass  
**BP** hikes up your cute little schoolgirl skirt  
**BP** slowly pushes his hard dick into your pussy...  
**HB2:** moans so loud, oooh careful  
**BP:** i fuck you so hard you lose 520,000 men in my bitterly

and in depth forethought rubbing down the ridges of my shaft...  
**BP:** mmmm freedomy  
**BP:** i pull out and thrust into your gaping butthole of liberty  
**HB2:** -pushes out dick- what was that suppose to mean?  
**BP:** my checks and balances rubbing back and forth while my branch of government penetrates deeply into your rectum of truth  
**BP:** mmm baby you like that?  
**HB2:** yea  
**BP:** this is going to be HISTORIC!  
**BP:** mmm  
**HB2:** oooh, ok  
**BP:** i slap your face with my cock of justice  
**HB2:** mmm, moans louder and louder.... -graps on the floor- while i feel the pain in pussy... mmmm  
**BP:** you are the french revolutionary army and i am the russian winter  
**BP:** you are a short little Italian from corsica...  
**BP:** your body aches for my

*cold grip*

**BP:** *omg*

**BP:** *im gonna cum*

**BP:** *mmm*

**HB2:** *lol, really?*

**BP:** *call me tsar... tell me you  
have been a naughty napoleon*

*russian cock*

**BP:** *oh myyy*

**BP:** *mmmmm*

**BP:** *did you cum*

**BP:** *i bet you did.*

**HB2:** *yea*

**BP:** *well i guess we're done here then*

**HB2:** *yea, thanks*

**BP:** *np*

## 20-minute anime episode of “Fred Fedor”

As Fred Fedor (or as he calls himself online "GodPaladin63") awakens, it's already afternoon. He jawns with his double chin trembling and sounds like a bear being raped by North African refugees. He licks his waifu gently, which is Hillary Clinton-chan by the way, and pushes his scotch in so far, it wouldn't even be allowed at the MTV VMA.

Sometimes his mom tries to wake him up, but as a 29-year-old he can do whatever he wants, he says. Still tired from last night's Minecraft session (he built a medieval castle) he sits down in front of his computer. Learning how to programm was his biggest dream in the last 8 years, but mostly he just draws cute anime girls into the books without reading.

"Oh, Twilight Sparkle you make my manhood tremble", says GodPaladin63 while he takes his plush pony, covered in cum, off of his table to make place for his belly of prosperity.

"But fucking a plush pony is so disgusting!" his ex-friends said.

"If everything is everywhere at the same time in the Hyperverse, then why can't I put my dick everywhere I want? Checkmate atheists."

He doesn't need his old friends anyway, Hillary-chan is the only one he needs, he thinks while opening a gangbang stream, where Bignose, Tyrell and Skeezy Stee are trying<sup>205</sup> to fuck a white girl whose eyes say "That's for not loving me, daddy!". Jokes on them as it turns out she actually has a penis<sup>206</sup> and rams it into Bignose's ass as he tries to run away. To the surprise of everyone Bignose starts to cry. Not because he is being raped by a trap, but because he is being raped by a WHITE trap.

"Tha jus ain right, nigga" he sobs. "It's just we fckin em, not ey fckin us. What next, i ned to pey welfare fo em?" As he clicks for the newest anime episodes, a pop-up shows up.

"Ben Bin Al-Afleck welcomes you to Islam. Join jihad now for guns, US-money (slightly less than welfare,

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<sup>205</sup>I fucked Sherane and went to tell my bro's park the car and we start free our mind verse dollar sign you looking like a silver bitch and thats new revenue.

<sup>206</sup>Anyone can possess the phallus, it is easy to obtain. Men reveal their weakness with their efforts to hog the title.

still pretty much) and we force little girls to sleep with us." That's something they don't need to tell him twice. He snaps Twilight Sparkle, still covered in cum, as fast as he can (not very fast) and sits down in his electric wheelchair. Next target, the Middle East.

*THERE WILL COME SOFT* **PAINS**

In the living room the voice-clock sang, Tick-tock, seven o'clock, time to get up, time to get up, seven o'clock! As if it were afraid that nobody would. The morning house lay empty. The clock ticked on, repeating its sounds into the emptiness.

Seven-nine, breakfast time, seven-nine! In the kitchen the breakfast stove gave a hissing sigh and ejected from its warm interior eight pieces of perfectly browned toast, eight eggs sunnyside up, sixteen slices of bacon, two coffees, and two cool glasses of milk. "Today is August 4, 2026," said a second voice from the kitchen ceiling, "in the city of Allendale, California." It repeated the date three times for memory's sake. "Today is Mr. Featherstone's birthday. Today is the anniversary of Tilita's marriage. Insurance is payable, as are the water, gas, and light bills." Somewhere in the walls, relays clicked, memory tapes glided under electric eyes. Eight-one, tick-tock, eight-one o'clock, off to school, off to work, run, run, eight-one! But no doors slammed, no carpets took the soft tread of rubber heels. It was raining outside. The weather box on the front door sang quietly: "Rain, rain, go away; rubbers, raincoats for today..." And the rain tapped on the empty house, echoing. Outside, the garage chimed and lifted

its door to reveal the waiting car. After a long wait the door swung down again. At eight-thirty the eggs were shrivelled and the toast was like stone. An aluminium wedge scraped them into the sink, where hot water whirled them down a metal throat which digested and flushed them away to the distant sea. The dirty dishes were dropped into a hot washer and emerged twinkling dry. Nine-fifteen, sang the clock, time to clean. Out of warrens in the wall, tiny robot mice darted. The rooms were acrawl with the small cleaning animals, all rubber and metal. They thudded against chairs, whirling their moustached runners, kneading the rug nap, sucking gently at hidden dust. Then, like mysterious invaders, they popped into their burrows. Their pink electric eyes faded. The house was clean. Ten o'clock. The sun came out from behind the rain. The house stood alone in a city of rubble and ashes. This was the one house left standing. At night the ruined city gave off a radioactive glow which could be seen for miles. Ten-fifteen. The garden sprinklers whirled up in golden founts, filling the soft morning air with scatterings of brightness. The water pelted windowpanes, running down the charred west side where the house had been burned evenly free of its white paint. The entire west face of the house was black, save for five places. Here the silhouette in paint of a man mowing a lawn. Here, as in a photograph, a woman bent to pick 3 flowers. Still farther over, their images burned on wood in one titanic instant, a small boy, hands flung into the air; higher up, the image of a thrown ball, and opposite him a girl, hands raised to catch a ball which never came down. The five spots of paint—the man, the woman, the children, the ball—remained. The rest was a thin charcoaled layer. The gentle

sprinkler rain filled the garden with falling light. Until this day, how well the house had kept its peace. How carefully it had inquired, "Who goes there? What's the password?" and, getting no answer from lonely foxes and whining cats, it had shut up its windows and drawn shades in an old maidenly preoccupation with self-protection which bordered on a mechanical paranoia. It quivered at each sound, the house did. If a sparrow brushed a window, the shade snapped up. The bird, startled, flew off! No, not even a bird must touch the house! The house was an altar with ten thousand attendants, big, small, servicing, attending, in choirs. But the gods had gone away, and the ritual of the religion continued senselessly, uselessly. Twelve noon. A dog whined, shivering, on the front porch. The front door recognized the dog voice and opened. The dog, once huge and fleshy, but now gone to bone and covered with sores, moved in and through the house, tracking mud. Behind it whirred angry mice, angry at having to pick up mud, angry at inconvenience. For not a leaf fragment blew under the door but what the wall panels flipped open and the copper scrap rats flashed swiftly out. The offending dust, hair, or paper, seized in miniature steel jaws, was raced back to the burrows. There, down tubes which fed into the cellar, it was dropped into the sighing vent of an incinerator which sat like evil Baal in a dark corner. The dog ran upstairs, hysterically yelping to each door, at last realizing, as the house realized, that only silence was here. It sniffed the air and scratched the kitchen door. Behind the door, the stove was making pancakes which filled the house with a rich baked odour and the scent of maple syrup. The dog frothed at the mouth, lying at the door, sniffing, its eyes turned to fire. It ran

wildly in circles, biting at its tail, spun in a frenzy, and died. It lay in the parlour for an hour. Two o'clock, sang a voice.

Delicately sensing decay at last, the regiments of mice hummed out as softly as blown grey leaves in an electrical wind. Two-fifteen. The dog was gone. In the cellar, the incinerator glowed suddenly and a whirl of sparks leaped up the chimney. Two thirty-five. Bridge tables sprouted from patio walls. Playing cards fluttered onto pads in a shower of pips. Martinis manifested on an oaken bench with egg-salad sandwiches. Music played. But the tables were silent and the cards untouched. 4 At four o'clock the tables folded like great butterflies back through the panelled walls. Four-thirty. The nursery walls glowed. Animals took shape: yellow giraffes, blue lions, pink antelopes, lilac panthers cavorting in crystal substance. The walls were glass. They looked out upon colour and fantasy. Hidden films docked through well-oiled sprockets, and the walls lived. The nursery floor was woven to resemble a crisp, cereal meadow. Over this ran aluminium roaches and iron crickets, and in the hot still air butterflies of delicate red tissue wavered among the sharp aroma of animal spools! There was the sound like a great matted yellow hive of bees within a dark bellows, the lazy bumble of a purring lion. And there was the patter of okapi feet and the murmur of a fresh jungle rain, like other hoofs, falling upon the summer-starched grass. Now the walls dissolved into distances of parched weed, mile on mile, and warm endless sky. The animals drew away into thorn brakes and water holes. It was the children's hour. Five o'clock. The bath filled with clear hot water. Six, seven, eight o'clock. The dinner dishes manipulated like magic tricks, and in the study a click. In the metal stand opposite the hearth

where a fire now blazed up warmly, a cigar popped out, half an inch of soft grey ash on it, smoking, waiting. Nine o'clock.

The beds warmed their hidden circuits, for nights were cool here. Nine-five. A voice spoke from the study ceiling: "Mrs.

McClellan, which poem would you like this evening?" The house was silent. The voice said at last, "Since you express no preference, I shall select a poem at random." Quiet music rose to back the voice. "Sara Teasdale. As I recall, your favourite....

"There will come soft rains and the smell of the ground, And swallows circling with their shimmering sound; And frogs in the pools singing at night, And wild plum trees in tremulous white; Robins will wear their feathery fire, Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire; And not one will know of the war, not one Will care at last when it is done. Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree, if mankind perished utterly; And Spring herself, when she woke at dawn would scarcely know that we were gone."

The fire burned on the stone hearth and the cigar fell away into a mound of quiet ash on its tray. The empty chairs faced each other between the silent walls, and the music played. At ten o'clock the house began to die. The wind blew. A failing tree bough crashed through the kitchen window. Cleaning solvent, bottled, shattered over the stove. The room was ablaze in an instant! "Fire!" screamed a voice.

The house lights flashed, water pumps shot water from the ceilings. But the solvent spread on the linoleum, licking, eating, under the kitchen door, while the voices took it up in chorus: "Fire, fire, fire!" The house tried to save itself. Doors sprang tightly shut, but the windows were broken by the heat and the wind blew and sucked upon the fire. The house gave ground as the fire in ten billion angry sparks moved with

flaming ease from room to room and then up the stairs. While scurrying water rats squeaked from the walls, pistoled their water, and ran for more. And the wall sprays let down showers of mechanical rain. But too late. Somewhere, sighing, a pump shrugged to a stop. The quenching rain ceased. The reserve water supply which had filled baths and washed dishes for many quiet days was gone. The fire crackled up the stairs. It fed upon Picassos and Matisse's in the upper halls, like delicacies, baking off the oily flesh, tenderly crisping the canvases into black shavings. 5 Now the fire lay in beds, stood in windows, changed the colours of drapes! And then, reinforcements. From attic trapdoors, blind robot faces peered down with faucet mouths gushing green chemical. The fire backed off, as even an elephant must at the sight of a dead snake. Now there were twenty snakes whipping over the floor, killing the fire with a clear cold venom of green froth. But the fire was clever. It had sent flames outside the house, up through the attic to the pumps there. An explosion! The attic brain which directed the pumps was shattered into bronze shrapnel on the beams. The fire rushed back into every closet and felt of the clothes hung there. The house shuddered, oak bone on bone, its bared skeleton cringing from the heat, its wire, its nerves revealed as if a surgeon had torn the skin off to let the red veins and capillaries quiver in the scalded air. Help, help! Fire! Run, run! Heat snapped mirrors like the brittle winter ice. And the voices wailed Fire, fire, run, run, like a tragic nursery rhyme, a dozen voices, high, low, like children dying in a forest, alone, alone. And the voices fading as the wires popped their sheathings like hot chestnuts. One, two, three, four, five voices died. In the nursery the jungle

burned. Blue lions roared, purple giraffes bounded off. The panthers ran in circles, changing colour, and ten million animals, running before the fire, vanished off toward a distant steaming river.... Ten more voices died. In the last instant under the fire avalanche, other choruses, oblivious, could be heard announcing the time, playing music, cutting the lawn by remote-control mower, or setting an umbrella frantically out and in the slamming and opening front door, a thousand things happening, like a clock shop when each clock strikes the hour insanely before or after the other, a scene of maniac confusion, yet unity; singing, screaming, a few last cleaning mice darting bravely out to carry the horrid ashes away! And one voice, with sublime disregard for the situation, read poetry aloud in the fiery study, until all the film spools burned, until all the wires withered and the circuits cracked. The fire burst the house and let it slam flat down, puffing out skirts of spark and smoke. In the kitchen, an instant before the rain of fire and timber, the stove could be seen making breakfasts at a psychopathic rate, ten dozen eggs, six loaves of toast, twenty dozen bacon strips, which, eaten by fire, started the stove working again, hysterically hissing! The crash. The attic smashing into kitchen and parlour. The parlour into cellar, cellar into sub-cellar. Deep freeze, armchair, film tapes, circuits, beds, and all like skeletons thrown in a cluttered mound deep under. Smoke and silence. A great quantity of smoke. Dawn showed faintly in the east. Among the ruins, one wall stood alone. Within the wall, a last voice said, over and over again and again, even as the sun rose to shine upon the heaped rubble and steam: "Today is August 5, 2026, today is August 5, 2026, today is..."

## The Refugee Final Solution

"NO, YOU MAKE ME A SANDWICH" screams the third-wave feminist, with her black-lipsticked mouth warbling on a head that sticks out from a t-shirt that says "Eco-Feminist VEGAN Freak", as a starving refugee asks her for some food. She thought he was white, but that's only because he fell into Charlie Sheens hidden cocaine stash. "I'm different. I have a different constitution, I have a different brain, I have a different heart. I got tiger blood, man. Dying's for fools, dying's for amateurs." Charlie said. Apparently that wasn't the best choice of words to tell a boat bursting full of Nigerian refugees, with half of them being fighters for ISIS. Repeatedly screaming "Winning! Winning! Winning!" his boat neighbours start eating him for good luck.

Back to the refugee camp in Hungary, the cocaine white man breathes out his last breath.

"Check your privilege!" turns the feminist around to storm off-ways, leaving the smell of unwashed vagina in her landwhale-wake.

Meanwhile, ISIS, including GodPaladin63, make their first move. To prove conspiracy theories are right, the ISIS are in charge of the space station ISS, which they now use to boost the refugees into space. This whole action is actually an undercover mission of the European Union, GodPaladin63 realizes as they lift off. Shooting us into space is a lot cheaper than paying welfare. Checkmate. GodPaladin63 is sad inside, he trained in the Middle East for the last 6 months to be a refugee, mostly fake crying to please the Western propaganda.

"Aloha snackbar" he thinks. "Then we will purify space", he smiles as the Puerile King takes a big bite of tasty space. He ate

half of the space sector, where Koprulu and Kerrigan live and leaving only the underpart, the only useful one of her's, the feminist's. Koprulu and his girlfriend are falling out of their space sector onto the ISS.

"Thanks, Obama", Koprulu says as he stands up and tries to fend off the refugees already trying to rape Kerrigan. "What kind of people are they?!" Kerrigan screams putting mud on herself to hide the fact that she is white. GodPaladin63's moment has come. He starts to cry. "War is so evil. You are responsible to take us in. Look, there are at least 2 childs and women per 1000 refugees, how can you be so cold-hearted as to reject them?"

Koprulu is speechless against so much nonsense. The underpart of the feminist is stamped in Morse: "Take them all in! You are all Nazis if you don't agree with me!"

Kerrigan kicks her in the scrotch as hard as she can and the remains fall off the ISS. But it's already too late. The feminist nonsense and the intent to kill of all ISIS-fighters together created a black hole.

"Well, better here than in Europe", Koprulu thinks as they're all sucked into the Black & Beautiful hole. Proud Black hole? Proud African hole? It doesn't matter the race of the hole, said a colorblind racist Stephen Hawking, as the apparent horizon of his anus exponentially grows in proportion to the amount of racial slurs haphazardly tossed in his vicinity. And now it all blends in perfectly, just like blood and lemonade, like Hawking's flawed contemplation of the cosmos from the confines of the First Room (how can you be so cocksure it's the First?) and the, you know, shittiness of his robot-caged body. He'll never know the holes into the Ninth Room, how deeply African their tootsie-bottom calipygianisms fold and unfold to a violent loving slap of the masochist. He knows interracial marriages have the lowest divorce rate, but not yet why.

Anyways, I'm off to have fourth-wave feminists prepare me dinner.<sup>207</sup>



DARPA Team SkunkTwerks<sup>209</sup> scans the local Hyperverse for Triggering Material. “Bag it and tag it,” sez Researcher HyperDle parentheses meme man :^) of an act of black-erasure on the part of Stephen Hawking, “My detector is going haywire!” he holds-- on a leather leash--a kinky Bloodhound-kin genderqueer whose yelps of “That’s problematic” and “That’s triggering” he takes to be quite reliable indicators of Triggering Material. HyperDle parentheses meme man :^)'s detector sniffs at the base of a Black & Beautiful blackhole and pants puzzled for a moment before yelping, “That’s problematic!”

“You heard the bitch, boys, bag it and tag it.”

“That’s problematic!”

In the Subwayterranean SkunkTwerks labs beneath Las Vegas, Nevada there sits an obese black womyn zhose chosen name is “Bob” but zho’s known by members of the DARPA research team as Subject 00128. Zee is kept in a “safe space”, a state of biostasis in which zer only sensory stimulation is the Netflix Original Series *Orange Is the New Black*. Subject 00128 is known to be both especially sensitive to being triggered and especially dangerous if triggered. If triggered by even a simple misgendering, the researcher’s predict that zee will unstopably flail in the direction of the nearest major city in an attempt to

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<sup>207</sup>Flagged by DARPA Team SkunkTwerks as Triggering Material

<sup>208</sup>Source of Trigger unknown.

<sup>209</sup>A play on “Skunk Works”, a googleable term for a research team given special secrecy and freedom

freely expose zer nipples<sup>210</sup> to Puritan patriarchs. The Beautiful blackbody radiation this would generate, researchers estimate, would be enough to Africanize all biological species within a twenty mile radius. God only knows the extent of Africanization<sup>211</sup> that would result if Subject 00128 were to be triggered by something as downright problematic as Hawking's erasure of the Black Beauty of blackholes.

Hey Alligator, let's make some noise. Oh wait, you're a bat, a bat hiding in the ~~footnotes~~ foothills rabbitfoot<sup>212</sup>. Crafty villain. Silent treatment, eh? Well, two can play that game!

The bat hiding in the rabbitfoot attacks the Bloodhound-kin genderqueer, but HyperDle parentheses meme man :^) strikes back, erasing the Chosen Name of the bat and so giving it debilitating Identity Issues. Now it's up to the bat to strike back. It does. It makes a goofy bloody mess of HyperDle parentheses meme man :^)s detector genderqueer. HyperDle parentheses meme man :^) himself neatly hipshoots<sup>213</sup> the bat with a blip of

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<sup>210</sup>The La Leche League published informative articles on how to treat sore nipples under the erroneous assumption that breastfeeding amongst western women was dying out.

<sup>211</sup>The threat of degradation of white culture and bodies by proximity to African peoples is so deeply historically embedded that we can hardly hope to ever be fully rid of it. Even the most humanist thinkers as Jung and Simmel warned of the potential for devolution by nearness.

<sup>212</sup>A DARPA Research vehicle.

<sup>213</sup>B.D.: Although I am mainly obsessed with gigantism in breasts, hips serve a secondary sexual obsessive function when greatly inflated. I could never shake the memory of the anorexic short denim wearing black hair girl with a sharp nose who filled up her car on the faed BK

plasma from his DARPA-developed Plasm-O-Mahatmatic assault punstol, nixing the bat and whistling on to live another **Hyper**day. Then *right* into his walk back to the rabbitfoot he finds a fairytale scene involving a sheep and Mahatma Gandhi (a side-effect of the Hyper 45 assault punstol is the sudden appearance of entities referenced in its current operational punform).

Hey friends. It's me, Kolsti. I just thought I'd tell all my pals about what I'm up to. I'm doing the usual freshman load. Bio, chem, and calc plus some seminar course. Behavioral psychology is white devil sophistry (KolstiDie parentheses meme man :^)'s detector nods in admiration of Kolsti's recognition of white devilry in academia). Don't get too caught up in campus drug culture. Do that at home when you can talk to your mom and brother about it afterward. Don't do pre-med for the money. You'll be 33 when you're out of school. Then you'll be 40 by the time you get to your fourth kid. This mostly applies if you're gonna have four kids like your friend Kolsti. Adoption is great. The way to stay out of Hyperspace is to not get involved in that shit. If you're doing math, do applied math. If you're doing physics, switch to MechE. Be a part of your community. Contribute to your city, your state, your country, your continent, your hemisphere, your planet, your solar system, your galaxy, and your universe. (Shouts out to Rohit and Crazy Steve.) But not the greater Hyperspace. That's not you. You're a person of this universe. If your major sequence offers a BA and a BS, get the BS. If it also offers a BSA, consider that. You don't have to call your parents every day, but you should at least text before bed. I read a blog post today with an informational graphic depicting the daily routines of famous creative people. I'll insert a link below. Under exercise, nearly all of them list walking. Walk to places but not in circles. Lift weights but be sure to

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carlot underground just edge of the county mineral ranges which looked out on the tide through a hole in the cliffside...

maintain good balance between the three (6) deltoid heads. Don't lift for Hypertrophy. Nobody looks sillier than a meathead squatting 2pl8. Remember /lit/, in a few years when you're my age you'll be glad I told you everything. I'll be back in a few weeks for an update. I'm working with a publishing house and I should be published some time in early 2016. I'm getting my BS in MechE and I'll probably do my Engineering Honors Program thesis on the mechanical properties of materials. If you think it's douchey to include honors in the program title, remember that I'm still not as bad as a business honors student.

Buy in somewhere. Sing the fight song. If you make your world small enough you can stay away from the greater Hyperspace at large. It's nothing but trouble. I know a kid on my floor who went to another universe and now he wears cargo shorts and does incline bench in the smith machine. For cardio, do stairmaster or use an erg rower. If there are bubbles in your urine it means you're eating too much protein and your diet is straining your kidneys<sup>214</sup>. Don't deadlift with combo grip unless you're a competitive powerlifter. Chew gum. Don't eat dessert on weekdays. Find some bandits of your own.

Go to bed.

“Anon, I don't know what to achieve. I can't complete my cake,” said the sheep.

“Which is your piece? When you know your true piece, you will know true *peace*,” said Mahatma Gandhi, along with thirty other hyphen-attributed denizens of the Hypersphere.

“My piece, I shall not disclose its location.”

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<sup>214</sup>Floating oil in stool may represent a peanut allergy.

“Then the nature of your truest inner peace, too, shall remain undisclosed, although by-the-way<sup>215</sup>the piece I suppose might be yours (and mine *is* a wise and knowing soul) is, like, pretty good and I say just like, keep going for it. Eat that fucking piece of cake the way it would be bad for my public image for me to eat it, with relish and relish.”

“Surely ye jest, næ?”

“No, as a reincarnation of the 1st Hindi Nobel-Beatles-signed-sitar-winner along with an agglomeration of thirty other quotable souls, I am quite unable to jest [about matters of creative cake], and anything I say [about matters of creative cake] should be taken seriously.”

The words “That’s triggering!” gurgle up bloody from the injured throat of KolstiDle parentheses meme man :^)’s detector.

“Bag it ‘n’ tag it, boys.”

It’s Mahatma’s and neither the bat’s nor the sheep’s body that’s thrown into the cargo bed of DARPA Team SkunkTwerks Researcher KolstiDle parentheses meme man :^)’s rabbitfoot full of Triggering Material, his body’s symbolic KolstiXerox, that is.

“That’s quite enough Triggering Material for one day,” announces KolstiDle parentheses meme man :^), and the Deeply Learned artificial brains of his crypto-reptilian Skully-lookalike research assistants (creations of his own home AI & 3D Printing laboratory) go abuzz in interpreting his indirect natural language command but quickly go “click” and correctly follow him into the spacious flight deck of the rabbitfoot posthaste. KolstiDle parentheses meme man :^) flies the rabbitfoot home to his insufferable illiterate wife and creepy kin-curious son, Peter, who flirts in particular with Wucie-kinism now as he watches Bret Foster Ellis’s Hard Rock Concert to Cure Wucie-kinism, but only

---

<sup>215</sup>An idiom following a conjunction? That’s poor grammatical etiquette. I might as well have you lynched.

as one among a long list of possible excuses to schoolshoot.  
Aaaaaaa

“Dinner!” sez Peter’s mother Juniper, but Peter does not listen. “Wanna help your dad fuck some of these Skully bots down in my workshop?” axes Peter’s father KolstiDle parentheses meme man :^), but Peter does not listen. The animus of his parents incites him only to slink subtly out from the living room and back into his bedroom for the night, and to ready some empty piss bottles.

“I wonder,” Peter types into the public googledoc, “What reason to schoolshoot would garner the most media sympathy and attention and what place to schoolshoot would allow me the highest body count?” “I wonder,” KolstiDle parentheses meme man :^) wonders, balls-deep in the butt of a Skully bot, “How to get these damn bots to understand “assfuck” from understanding “fuck my ass<sup>216</sup>”, or, like, understand “schoolshoot” from understanding “shoot up a school”, without having to feed them so much precedent data.”

“I do understand “assfuck” and “schoolshoot”, you putz,” sputters Skully bot 48 and

“Auuagh,” KolstiDle parentheses meme man :^) cums in her dishwasher safe boipussy *powerfully*, something about that command of the English language leading him to lose all his libidinal marbles in one swooshing heatstream of an ejaculatory collapse onto her bent-over rubber body.

---

<sup>216</sup>See Minaj, N. (2010) in Dance (A\$\$): “Cause my ass and my anus- and it’s finally famous-yeah it’s finally so/yeah it’s finally so-i don’t know man guess’m as shots wore off.”

*Dear Monsieur Rousseau,*<sup>217</sup>

*Previously*

*unacquainted with your work, it was recently brought to my attention that you have been writing slanderous lies about me. The pain and suffering these nefarious activities of yours have borne me can not be overstated. Take this letter as a warning. I expect a full and frank retraction of your attacks upon my character ~ and an apology in print ~*

---

<sup>217</sup>Ed.: This should be far better written. Too tired and blotto to improve it now. Others are welcome to try. (Vox: I understand if cursive strains your bananapeled eyes, you are no Pynchon. I did not write the excerpt and, while I concur, will leave the ball in anyone's field to edit.)

*otherwise you may find my temperament, in  
future, to be somewhat less civil.*

*Yours in  
expectancy,  
S  
Savage*

little tommy pynchon is the boy who lives down the lane. tommy pynchon is a waiter who is bothered. who is waits to wait. sometimes, little tommy pynchon goes down to fetch water from a lovely little baabaa blacksheep. he has a neighbor who is very nice and her name is oh let me see her name is mrs. rumplittlebottom and she owns a very nice moocow who is also very nice and all the four of them are all very nice all the four little tommy pynchon and his neighbor and the baabaa blackbitch and the milkcow. and sometimes when little tommy pynchon is going down the lane with his neighbor who is very nice he gets bothered by a little prickprick in his little prickprick. when that happens his neighbor who is always veryvery nice will maybe quickly put her soft hand down his pants and rub him in his private spot so that he isnt bothered anymore. that is what makes her so veryveryvery nice. sometimes when she isnt in her house and little tommy doesnt know just what to do with his very little

self and his very little prickaprick he waits to wait till he can maybe stickaprick it in the mouth or that other spot in the baabaa blackcock or the very nice boobcow. little tommy pynchon sticks it here there everywhere. hitherthitherfuckerfuckherFUCKME. hitler. little tommy pynchon is a very nice waitingtowait waitwaiter waitover who reads mein kampf and he is veryvery postpostmodern. sometimes little tommy pynchon plucks out his eyes apologize apologize plucks out his eyes. aaaaaaaAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH. that is the sound he makes when he plucks everything out of little tommy tomtom mouth. first the esophagus, then the stomach, lungs, and all those slimy little things. he does this because he is a very bad boy. he is a writer. a very bad boy. writer. tiny tim. tiny tom. tiny ticklicktickly timtom. timatim. tickatick. prickprick. when he gets very hot and bothered he maybe straps on a tiny bombardissimo vest the very nice lady who FUCKS him off made for him because she is very nice. it goes a little like this:

**BIGBAGBOMBARDISS  
ISSISSIMOBENABENB  
INGBONGBONGBON  
GBRITAINALLMENTHI  
SDAY.** hee. hee. tommy pynchon is a waiter who is

bothered who waits to wait to fuck to bomb. papa calls him shemsham the flimflam because he is never honest. PLUCK. FUCKOUTYOUREYES. his best friend is willy fuckbuckcuckcluckpluck jr gaddis. he is tommy pynchons best friend because he has a name that sounds like a dirty word. little

tommy pynchon likes rocketships that look like his prickyprick. sometimes when he is going down the lane to fetch the blood for churchtime papa stops him and belts him. then little tommy pynchon doesnt need to fetch the blood because he is the blood. bloodyblood. oozeguts like the greeks. the greeks start with the guts and then they. when little tommy pynchon is going across the river styx the Gatekeeper asks for his heart. little tommy pynchon does not give it to him. he is doomed. doomed. oomed. wombed. begin!

tomtom tommy pynchon in a blue bonnet  
trublue bibleblack starless eyesbright  
shostakovitch brightlypopped babeb  
yorkshire mashtub diapers he says he asks  
what are we at all and then big bootblack  
blackboot dullthud dullerthud roll in the  
barrels pour overoveroverover his dog is  
named rover the nice kittylady wraps a  
choketail empress! empress! the hosty who  
made the jack who made the tom who begat  
peter who begat jesus who begat and  
shedidbedat bibigballybombhoo~~  
shostakovitch in white gartered flouncejackets  
papa does not hurt when you are good the little  
ones scamper ringround the aroundaround the  
bubonic ms bubons bubonic bonbons vultures  
with scalpcrusted ringlets davy jones locker  
davy ascend to heavenlights the dark  
comprehend the light the darklight turn

darkmoonlights round away!away!  
awaywaywaywaywaywaaaaaway evacuations  
stop and control he sez he to sex he himself sez  
i hey shitbreeches shitshitshit dont drop

**BIGBIGBENBENNAGE**

**NBALLYHOOBAM**

oops. little tommy pinpin. pin. fin

**srs fam, smh**

I'm Adaulfen. I began speaking with an Elf named Roku online. We shared ownership of a googledoc called AdaulfenRokuChat. Black Verdana on a faint light green. I typed late at night, "I wish I could be with you, Roku." He'd deleted my text by the next morning and replaced it with "I'm in California. You're 3000 miles away. Some day." Sometimes we'd type back and forth over the same small patch of HTML and know we could see each other's editing cursors (mine purple, his a deep red, both little blinking lines) playing leap frog, looking wound up or like they were dancing together. It could feel like holding hands.

When we "sexted", I loved that when I wrote "I want you to fuck me" he didn't delete my whole sentence from the page to give me his own. No, he tacked his "will" directly onto my existing "I", turned "me" into "you" and backspaced "fuck" over "want you to" to produce "I'll fuck you." he pressed my own words back against

me along with his own. I could only italicize his "you" and add my own "until we both cum", laying him under me; "I'll fuck *you* until we both cum." he replaced "will" with "am" and "fuck" with "inside". he wanted me unitalicized and made me that way, but turned me into the possessor of my parts; "I'm inside your tight pussy, holding your ass." I left this and typed on a new line, "Cum in me. Don't touch this text. Cum in me."

**Despair Considered Without Regard to its  
Being Conscious or not; Consequently only  
with Regard to the Constituents of the  
Synthesis:  
An Examination of Two Ids:  
A Further Study of the 21st C Mundus:  
With Thanks to a Small Drawing by Friend and Teacher  
“Ciggy” Freud:  
A Tasteful Depiction of One Mother -  
Not his.**

**Mundus is a word**<sup>218</sup>

*Written by  
Early-Cliamcus, S.K*

It is often spoke ofst that a picteur is worth a thousandth wordsth.  
I wuld havst includest the acomapnien diagraym, butt my  
gluepistole hath been losth. Lettus then accept, and do without, as  
is proper ofst the pioues silense ofst our beloved stars:

---

<sup>218</sup>This is a peer reviewed academic journal; we **MAKE** words if we need to.

## REPLY BY EMAIL

**0 Serious** need throwaway emails (self. AskReddit)

submitted 4 hours ago by pEwdIpink13

Hello Reddit!

I need to create a new email, but I've run out of phone numbers to complete the confirmation process. Does anyone have any throwaway emails lying around they could maybe spare? I'd buy more phone numbers, but my provider said there's a limit to how many I can have.

[comment](#) [share](#)

*fig i, beta minor*

**Anonymous** XX/XX/XX (Mon)XX:XX:XX No.16283264

File: thenoseknows.jpg (396 KB, 245x200)

>have to use real phone number to confirm identity when making new email

i wonder who's behind that. how about it btards, what say you we hack hotmail/google and skip this step? let's keep Anonymous anonymous ;)

[Return] [Catalog] [Top] [Update] [ Auto] No new posts

0 / 0 / 1 / 10

*fig ii, beta major*

**regular size men - m4m (chicago)**

status: **married** age: **35**

looking for regular size man. must be below five feet five. Need to meet soon. no first-timers. cannot host, meetup at parking lot (you wait there; more details on inquiry). regular size only, NOT over five feet five. Please do not contact if you have responded to similar ad before. If I recognize you from prior meet I will not show up. please be REGULAR<sup>219</sup> size. MUST BE DISCREET. do NOT contact me with unsolicited services or offers

post id: 5221239123 posted: 2 hours ago updated: 0 minutes ago email to friend ♥ best of <sup>[?]</sup>

reply

**reply by email:**

[thomas.bradford@monmouth.edu](mailto:thomas.bradford@monmouth.edu)

*fag iii, major beta*

((LORD HELP ME) (DELIVER ME FROM BAITIN))

((FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM) (NIGGUH))

((AND THE POWER), (AND THE HOES))

((FOR EVER, AND DENSUM))

((NOHMSAYEN))

(( ))

hey it looks like a pussy<sup>220</sup>

---

<sup>219</sup>That's REGULAR. R-E-G-U-L-A-R. I am a man of average size. The mean height of Malaysia is 164.7cm.

<sup>220</sup>The vagina is the original form. The phallus cannot exist without it and in fact wherever the penetrating rod goes, be it penis, root, spear, knife, tooth or claw it must by necessity create a yonic space in which to fit, coyly reproducing the original shape of all things, forever.

I can't remember the plot anymore, engaging ret-con

mm could people send asks/worship/things of that nature pls? been having issues w doubting my divinity lately and would greatly appreciate it

1 week ago - 03:26AM - 4/5

2 notes / 

Tags: #bucky.txt #txt #personal #actuallydivine #pls

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IN MEMORY OF IN  
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### 3 Responses to "The Extraordinary Secret Life of Henry Darger"



Emma Zizek says:

2009/05/16 at 1:00 am

Oh god someone please kill me.

[\[Reply\]](#)



bitterisbetter says:

2009/05/08 at 7:36 pm

Very well written. I enjoyed it very much. I found it informational and intriguing. I love the added artwork<sup>222</sup> Keep up the good work!

---

<sup>224</sup> *But I dreaaaaaamt we was all beaaaaaautiful and strooooooong.*

<sup>222</sup>The concept of illustration as mere addition or decoration which serves only to further what is already contained in the text reveals a cultural tendency to assert textual and linguistic information to a higher rank than other forms of communication, such as the image. Of course this is in error, the image functions at an entirely separate and equally (if not more) powerful and convincing level of argumentation.

[Reply]



Donald Trump says:

What a fagt lol

[Reply]

[this margin left intentionally for readers to fill with coffee stains]

“LSD.”

- “Yeah?”

“Helluva thing, Polka<sup>223</sup>.”

---

<sup>223</sup>Imagine you are a piano, yea the scoresheet, puddlink, such a fat, cozy fuddle tickling my geese. And nearby, out the veranda oh ho there aware, it salutes by whoever’s boon it is the emperor of the Colosseum without quit. A kapellmeister is there, you wave him over, he whispers of the Kingdom in tempo primo. Sullen, we unwind our clockware before sharp cuckoos, gathering dust wherever my proletariat brooms take us to tango. On and about for measly procurement. All have disintegrated, sans ye’salves new a spanking

**AND**

- “Isn’t that the one that wiped out the space-time egomap of River Phoenix?”

*THE*

“Ooh yeah, killed him dead. Poor fucking pan-dimensional: he ended up in a psych ward, convinced himself that he was composed of a fragile<sup>224</sup> matrix of ideas without any a priori substance. Total idealism, the deluded bastard.”

**WALLS**

- “Christ, Tim.”

**KEPT**

“Not anymore Polka. It’s Christine now. He’s post-op.”

**TUMBLING**

- “Shouldn’t it be a she?”

*DOWN*

“Yeah, if you’re a sick fuck. Listen, I’m an Irish Catholic, I like to leave it at the transfiguration side of things, you know?”

- “I get you, Tim. I get you. Now, a nice glass of wine, fuck, a good box of crackers. That’s the kinda breadwinner a family needs.”

---

breeze in the cranberry thick of night.

<sup>224</sup>The construction of feminine fragility versus male hardness appears with almost universal relevance across Western cultures. See Dundes work on the meanings of differentiating Lines and Circles.

“God damn right, Polka.”

- “You gonna speak ill of the dead like that, Tim?”

“I’ll speak anyway I goddam like, Polka. Starting to sound like one of those Space-Freudian types.”

- “Sorry Tim. Just thought with you being a Catholic, you’d be a bit more sore ab-”

“Polka?”

- “Yeah Tim?”

“I’m an *Irish* Catholic, you fucking moron. Don’t go lumping us in with those Italians and Spaniards. When I heard God and Benjamin Franklin were murdered, the first thing I did was buy a drink, call my mother and convert to Islam. That’s a *real* man’s religion.”

- “That Mohammed’s really coming up. You know he models now?”

“With a face like that I’m hardly surprised. Guy’s got some cheekbones.”

- “And those deep jasmine eyes, with that stern hooked nose, by the flat eyebrows and sable hair? Oh, just thinking about that sunken

brown profile, the oiled sand greased all over, smeared against that shining royal nose, oh, Tim, it makes my second orgalisack just tremble.”

“You can almost picture it now, Polka. Now that’s a man I can get behind.”

- “I’d get behind him, if you know what I mean, Tim.”

“Don’t be a fucking faggot Polka. You watch the news last night?”

- “About that Trump guy?”

“Yeah, just up and vanished, odd huh? Kind of reminds me of ol’ Bob and Jones. Just disappearing out of nowhere, not even leaving anything behind. Don’t it remind you, Polka?”

- “Kind of reminds me of my father.<sup>225</sup>”

“Still though, feels strange, doesn’t it?”

- *“It is strange, Tim.”*

---

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<sup>225</sup>It reminds me of the Keystone Kops.

Dunno no more no plot, no sir.  
Well then make some, you lazy  
kike.

No sir, no plot no more.  
Here's a plot: You need to go fuck  
yourself.<sup>226</sup>

Do you want to marry me?

Jake Huffcutt  
Design Drawing  
Super Cool Biography

Anime was once a secret passion of mine. “Was once”,  
thankfully I’ve come out about my once secret love. What’s a shy quiet  
guy high schooler supposed to do when a testosterone pumped friend  
asks him why the hell he has some foreign comic caps lock conspiracy  
cock in his backpack<sup>227</sup>? Well obviously stick up for his passions, but I  
was a wimp, so I kinda just suppressed my love.

---

<sup>226</sup>pynchon---was---here

<sup>227</sup>Of course we are already aware of the backpacks potential to contain  
something ruesome, unwanted. A gat or knife or stolen dildo. For  
example.

During college I finally began dabbling with anime again when I found new friends who loved Japanese cartoons but didn't also dress like goths (another thing that turned me off<sup>228</sup> in high school; goth by association, shudder). Cowboy Bebop, Attack on Titan<sup>229</sup>, Space Dandy<sup>230</sup>, classics that filled a meaningful cartoon hole in my soul that had been devoid for some time.

Recently a sort of anime cult has formed within my friend group, evidence of my deepening and devotional love. It was decided that the glory of cartoons should be celebrated in groups. Our first Sunday was spent giggling, eating Doritos, and sitting with poor posture<sup>231</sup> while watching high pitched Japanese boys<sup>232</sup> and girls do battle with aliens,

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<sup>228</sup>Gotta stay turned on 24/7 in high school, turned up 'n' turned on in a turtleneck like "Who's got my cognac and who's got my vintage pussy?"

<sup>229</sup>Has there ever been a more transparent article of violent wish fulfillment? The overtly "grim" storyline functions only as a skeleton on which to prop up endless act after act of mind-numbing gore, the height of blood-n-gutz nihilism in the style first "perfected" by legendary hack Quentin Tarantino.

<sup>230</sup>my fucking nigga

<sup>231</sup>my motherfucking nigga

<sup>232</sup>my absolute nigga

go to Japanese schools, and defend their honor in the name of Japanese friendship<sup>233</sup>.

This tradition has continued and it has helped strengthen anime friendships. It has been an ongoing comfort in the face of Sunday morning headaches and unbearably hot summer days (some of our esteemed members have air-conditioning in their abodes.) As

a collective we have witnessed the best of genre-defying works of art, and the worst cases of corny poorly dubbed pieces of dirt.

The future of Anime Night is bright, and it now supports its own Facebook page complete with members, a cover photo, and occasional status updates. If that's not an example of a successful organization and/or cult then call me Shenji. From here the possibilities for our evolution are endless. Do we turn our group into a new age fraternity? Do we start a scholarship for anime-repressed high schoolers? Anything could happen with our motivated otaku followers pulling their weight for the Anime Club nation state. Forward.

---

<sup>233</sup>my honorary nigga

HS time.

HS time.

HS time.

BEHEAD THOSE WHO INSULT WATANABE.

## **agent 104&7 3: HellMemaw**

HitMemaw skips D.T.'s ole soupcan 'Hopper across extragalactic sludge of Hypertime—avoiding the vaginal gape of a plothole here, plothole there—and she guides the machine to a stop at Burger Puerile King.

Overhead, above Memaw's command chair, the monitor displays a loli chain gang: LazyTown Loli [known to children as Stephanie, to 20-something men as the

source of no-refund dark thoughts that cannot be returned once thunk] twirls pink hair, popping gum self-aware, swinging her chain w/ links thicker than her arm, at once scary and seductive for several reasons. Behind her 4 or 5 other girls (one might be a boy or some Darger-esque hot little monstrosity) follow; they look less sure than she but ready nevertheless for action, hungry for the approval of Stephanie. Their nipples<sup>234</sup> perk with anticipatory goosebumps. They'd be wet if they were old enough.

“Yep,” Memaw mutters, “This is Hell, all right.”

The Netherrealm: where bad boys go to die, and their demons follow with them.

Good thing HitMemaw is not gay. she is saving herself for P.K.

Opens her Bible to a random page:

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<sup>234</sup>To properly empty the breast and stimulate milk supply the infant must be grasping the whole aureola (pinkish area around the nipple).

<sup>30</sup>And the Puerile King said unto the Anons gathered, “My shitposting days are numbered, for the Prince of this ‘Sphere is coming. Hold onto my things.”

<sup>31</sup>And he gave them his pee to keep and directly vamped, presumably off to shitpost some more.

<sup>32</sup>For every Anon knows, “done” does not mean “done” where shitposting is concerned—Kolsti-*chan* is a hard master.

John Green 14:30-32

“Prince of this ‘Sphere...’”  
HitMemaw breathes, whistling through her gums. “Hard master...”

The ‘Hopper lowers w/ hydraulic hiss.

Excited, Stephanie spits on her hands and drags one hand forward over the scentless cleft of herself.

“Ahn!” she blushes, horny for battle<sup>235</sup>.

HitMemaw descends steel stairs that look suggestive jutting out the belly of her ship. Her face betrays neither malice nor determination—merely presence.

“Ole womin,” says the black loli nobody even cares about, “Where you gwan! Didndu nuffin! Haha!”

“Shh,” hisses Stephanie, “Twinshia...”

Twinshia bites her biggole black mumbo lip mumma mumma didndu didndu nuffin...

“Well, well,” says Stephanie, “Did the Puerile King send you here to give me a spanking, grandma?”

She turns her pink ass to HitMemaw and slaps it hard.

---

<sup>235</sup>Etymology of horny: relation to Satanic ritual abuse in Victorian baby farms.

HitMemaw, in the midst of the girls now, adjusts her floppy tits<sup>236</sup> through her immaculate *Reservoir-Dogs* get-up, pulls a wedgie out of the wilted meatblossom of her grannysnatch.

“I’m not here for you, girl,” she says, “Although you could use a spanking.”

Memaw looks over the girls’ heads at the dumb nigga dindus in line at B.P.K. The storefront is a wreck, rubble scattered through the parking lot, Chris-chan recognizable w/ Pikachu pendant in party van waiting an eternity in drive-thru.

These lolis have turned this place, the Backend of the Netherrealm, into a Pedo Lolitrapp—delicious cake indeed. Sportacus plays lookout, fated never to get none of

---

<sup>236</sup>Reproductive hormones, such as estrogen, progesterone and prolactin, govern breast growth in all mammals. Because of this, dairy products contain trace amounts of these hormones. A review in the Harvard Gazette reports that hormones in milk occur universally. They are not unique to cattle treated with the recombinant bovine growth hormone. In theory, hormones in dairy foods may stimulate the growth of new breast tissue in women.

that ass [We all know at the end of a long day filming, before he showered, the actor who played Sportacus, Magnús Scheving (replaced by Dyri Kristjansson last year because Magnús couldn't take temptation any longer), had to beat it *several* times to the smelly non-smell of Stephanie's snatch, leftover around his neck and shoulders from her jumping all over him all episode long, until the smell wore off, and he was spent, tired, guilty, and self-loathing. Men, take comfort: he has suffered like we have. It must have been Hell on Earth, Scheving paid money to play do-good, but really dreaming that loli Stephanie was Scheving his balls while he came in her wig.], while Stephanie calls the Darger-esque trap-loli to cunnilinguate her in the street. Party vans disappear here like the Bermuda Triangle—white fiberglass glimmers with old blood in dim eternal dusk. Darger-loli licks inside

Stephanie, grazing the roof of her cunt with his/her tongue.

“Ahn!”

They got two more a minute ago, just before Memaw showed.

Memaw gums her tongue thoughtfully—she could go for a Whopper™ if these girls here leave her be. The dindu family—a lone mom, ~75 chirren—sits down to eat.

“Excuse me,” Memaw says.

Stephanie steps in front of her. Her tiny body is as hard as it looks on TV through trademark pink-and-white-stripe dress, abs tight w/ nubile energy.

“You leave that ‘Hopper,’” warns Steph, “You won’t get it back.”

“Fuck you need a ‘Hopper for?”

“Same as we need the vans: parts...”

“For...?”

Stephanie smiles, bites her bottom lip. Under a nearby bridge, a huge, many-

levered, well-oiled—or wet, at any rate—  
machine...

“Get the fuck—”

HitMemaw pulls her pistol, fires  
—’course it hits the blackie.

“Twin...!” cries a latina loli.

Diverse group, one for every  
degenerate palate.

“You ***BITCH***...”

Stephanie whirls her chain, kicks  
herself into the air. Coming down, chain  
drags hard, quick across Memaw’s jaw.  
Memaw stumbles back but doesn’t fall,  
wipes at her lip w/ sleeve because it’s  
expected of her, looking grim and take-no-  
shit.

“I was only s’posed to kill ***one***,” she  
says, a mild complaint.

Twinshia twitches in post-death.  
Texas-gold-colored blood—nigger blood—  
runs...

HitMemaw leaps backwards, graceful, 50ft. backflip onto the nose of her ‘Hopper. Graceful for a potato...

“Ah...!” loli<sup>237</sup> screams.

Stephanie swings her chain at the handgrenade where Memaw had been standing, before it explodes, decimating latina loli, Darger-loli, what’s left of Twinshia’s bitch cadaver in the process.

Twin lolis—the blonde blue-eyed members that were Prussian Blue, who were [we should all remember] legitimately a thing [we allowed to happen] like 10 years ago—cover w/ arms around one another’s naked trembling shoulders, warm red-white-and-blue piss pooling at their feet.

---

<sup>237</sup>The popular appropriation of the Lolita mythos has served an interesting and conflicted purpose, providing wounded girls with a subversive avenue of power while perhaps granting men a form of dominance under the guise of fantasy. Then again, maybe the male regret of banal youthful cruelty to girls can be resolved in some way through the living through of the Lolita experience.

“Run, Nazi scum,” Memaw spits.

They run.

Stephanie fixes her grimace, makes it grimaceier, but only looks cuter for it.

“I don’t want to kill you, girl,” Memaw says, now crouching like Spider-Man<sup>238</sup> on the ‘Hopper’s nose, hefting her .44... “You done a lotta good, weeding out them pedos and Kolsti-chan degenerates—Jared Fogle; the guy that’s been in a lotta stuff but whom I mainly remember from *Beetlejuice* (y’know... ginger chap<sup>239</sup>); and that damn bear...”

Stephanie shakes her head slowly. “Just gettin my kicks, bitch. I don’t do it for nobody else. I’m not like *you*.”

---

<sup>238</sup>Why the fascination with combining Death Grips lyrics and scenes from the Sam Raimi Spider Man films? Obvious. Both represent similar and compatible archetypes of formative masculinities, and kind of orientation ritual which rather than growing up merely dresses up in new clothes.

<sup>239</sup>Although it cannot be stated with certainty historians share an almost universal consensus that the individual referenced here is the celebrated actor Jake Busey.

“And I’m not like *you*, and I didn’t come here for you, either,” says Memes. “I’m looking for somebody else. I don’t know if he’s into little girls, but if you could help me out, I’ll get you all the kicks you could ask for.”

“You don’t mean...”

“I *know* what you want, girlie. You like your men young, nowhere, ugly, and hopeless. Kinda guys tune into Nickelodeon reruns and fap to fully clothed little girls.” [AUTHOR’S NOTE: Let’s not kid ourselves, guys: *iCarly*, *LazyTown*, etc., while these shows are made for kids, and while yes ain’t we degenerate for ogling, but they don’t make any of these girls *fat*? They couldn’t find an *ugly* girl? That’s on purpose, for us. Form of psychic warfare... Heat-seeking missiles w/ Protestant guilt for warheads...] “You want Anonymous.”

Stephanie’s cunt quivers.

“A-And you... Who are *you* looking for?”

“I’m looking for Fanshen.”

Stephanie is still for a moment, then slowly, silently nods.

“I can get you Fanshen.”

Memaw smiles. she farts and shit comes out<sup>240</sup>.

“You hungry, girl?”

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<sup>240</sup>Fecal leakage is one of the most common but least reported ailments. Given its embarrassing nature sufferers tend to attempt to self-remedy rather than submit to medical scrutiny. Droplets of oily discharge floating ON TOP OF the water surface in the bowl evidences too much fat in one's diet.

### Things I did today:

1. Made a secondhand smoker out of a caterpillar.
2. Ordered at McDonald's<sup>243</sup> from the drive-by without a vehicle, in the nude.
3. Sold lemonade doctored with cough syrup to children with crippling addiction.
4. Won against a quadriplegic at fifty-six games of chess to nil, no fucking draws.<sup>244</sup>
5. Begged Assange to leak Carrie Brownstein's embarrassing Christmas photos.
6. Acquired Obama's genuine birth certificate with polymeric falcighol derivation.
7. Shat on a canvas and endowed "Autumn Rhythm (Number 31)" unto a museum.
8. Can't convince myself the moon isn't actually a huge rock in the stratosphere.
9. Totally satisfied with 7 Minutes Dead as Nu-Disco GOAT.
10. Exhumed a deceased lawyer's body and puppeteered with it in the courthouse.
11. Pissed in my girlfriend's sink, the dorm's drinking fountain and a sleeping dog.
12. Invented a racial slur.
13. Became penniless, the living laughingstock of Wall Street.
14. Decide to join the Dervish Order, am now a practicing Sufi.
15. Earn worldwide recognition by writing shitpostmodern mystical poetry.

16.

بَشَرًا مِثْلَ الْأَرْضِ الْمَرْبُوعَةِ

17. [Alike to no such aureate earth are turn'd]

18. [As, buried once, men want dug up again]

19.

صَدْرًا وَأَنْفًا الْعَظِيمِ 245

20. Over it are nineteen.

21. Learnt a new number.

## A Reflection on the Human Psyche

The slavers carriage stumbled up the cobblestone road towards Daenerys' towering palace of a home. The rays of sun scraping through the clouds struck Qaggaz's face like hammers hitting an anvil. The streets were a sea of brown, including a few lumps of feces strewn about. The dung peddled their wares to every pedestrian who

had the unfortunate pleasure of accidental eye contact. Each piece of shit wore rags a slightly lighter shade of brown than their repulsive skin. Jorah Mormont sat beside his hooded companions, who happened to be wearing ebony rags blocking the view of their faces and were forced to wear gags, disabling their ability to speak. Jorah was sweating copiously due to his long spent hours in the humid carriage and having to perform queer tasks for the slavemaster during his prolonged incarceration. Jorah peeked through the miniscule holes in the walls of the carriage, capturing a view of the Queen's palace approaching steadfastly.

As the carriage drew near, Jorah and Qaggaz spotted the talented slave warriors known by all as the Unsullied. Unfortunately the other men could not see through their hoods, however they had already smelled the warriors minutes ago. Jorah spotted the Queen standing in front of the gates of her Meereenese palace, posing authoritatively, arms akimbo, with her hands

hooked around her belt loop. Qaggaz signaled Jorah to exit the carriage. Once Jorah maneuvered his way out of his container, he was met with the unbearable stench of greed and pestilence. Qaggaz's guards prodded Jorah and the other men forward as Qaggaz presented them to the queen. Daenerys' smile and optimism was bolstered by the sight of her old affiliate. As a part of their arrangement Daenerys had her men unload a treasure chest from the palace and bestow it upon Qaggaz.

Daenerys, addressing the only familiar face among the men, stated, "Ser Mormont, I'm queen," continuing to display her authoritative figure and confident expression.

"He wasn't alone," replied Qaggaz as his men lifted the Queen's treasure into the carriage.

"Uhh, you don't get to bring friends," retorted the queen, motioning towards Qaggaz's prisoners. Jorah interjected, "They are not my friends." Qaggaz chuckled, "Don't worry, no charge for them."

“And why would I want them?” Daenerys asked sternly.

“They were trying to grab your prize,” Qaggaz stated, as Daenerys’ appearance of confidence transitioned into one of intrigue. “They work for the Lannister, the halfman,” Qaggaz continued.

Daenerys knew well who she was dealing with, “IMP?! Bring them inside, I’ll call it in.”

Rotting, vile hands grabbed the prisoners, one of which immediately puked, possibly from his turbulent journey through Essos, or perhaps it was the notion of imminent execution. Daenerys and the prisoners proceeded inside the palace and climbed the seemingly countless steps that lead to the throne room. When they reached the top floor the party was blasted by a chilling gust of wind as if foreshadowing their inevitable deaths. They stumbled through the foreign palace at a snail’s pace; the only sound Jorah could hear was the ominous echoes of the prisoner’s chains scraping against the marble floors. Jorah glanced ahead

and saw the decorated entrance to what was presumably Daenerys' throne room, the entrance itself was adorned with the corpses of former Mereneese slave owners. Jorah noticed a distinctively noisome odor which he initially believed originated from one of the many abscesses spewing pus like a hose, which hung from the decaying skin of the Unsullied. To Jorah's horror, the pungent musk was not emanating from the Unsullied, but from the Dragon Queen herself! The Queen's dress was not woven with typical threads, it was composed of the uniquely pale skin that is explicitly different than that of the working class Meereenese man. This is the skin of a Meereenese slave owner that no doubt Daenarys had slowly tortured before butchering. The reek of the skein as it stretched across her swelling titflesh<sup>241</sup> was comparable only to the smell of

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<sup>241</sup>Breast growth is much easier than popularly believed. Herbs such as fenugreek alongside daily massages with sesame oil and an additional chemical supplement such as Ainterol or Bovine ovary are typically enough to see swift increases in mass and sensitivity. The process is however best suited for women (or men) already somewhat well endowed with pre-existing tissue. Flat chests will grow both slower and

an unwashed ear stretcher cavity, or the accumulated scent of a week's worth of dick cheese built up under the foreskin.

The prisoners shuffled into the dimly lit throne room. The diminished light cast monstrous shadows on the wall; the unsullied were unfazed. When they reached the steps of the throne, the Unsullied threw the prisoners to their knees. Daenerys positioned herself on top of the small stairway leading to her throne as a ruler would to its subjects. Daenerys unsheathes her dagger, which was carved with many intricate designs of dragons, the hilt was embellished with many fine jewels, few of which come from across the narrow sea.

“The meeting we’re going to have includes ME, MY MEN, SER JORAH HERE, BUT ONLY ONE OF YOU!” Daenerys boomed to the masked audience.

“First one to talk gets to stay in my city!” Daenerys maintaining her loud tone. The unsullied  

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with less tenacity.

warriors shifted to one end of the room, where there was a monolithic door; the Unsullied opened the door, exposing a grotesque creature which had the appearance of a dragon. The dragon attempted to release itself from its confined quarters, yet it was unable to move, as a cock held it into place. The dragon's frustration grew, releasing fire into the air, and scratching its claws into the stone floor. The dragon was no larger than an average carriage, but it was still able to intimidate the fierce unsullied warriors. The chain that bounded the dragon dug into its flesh like a blade; its collar obviously too tight. Its neck was covered in sores and pustules from the constant chafing. Its eyes were blind from having rarely seen light and milky<sup>242</sup> in appearance. Its legs could not support its body from having rarely moved about. The stench of rotting flesh that radiated

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<sup>242</sup> Health authorities readily concede that life is fraught with risk; accordingly, they promote risk-reduction and harm-minimisation strategies. Why should it be any different for babies lacking their own mothers' milk?

from its body burned the nostrils of everyone in the room.

A soldier from Daenerys' retinue grabbed one of the masked prisoners and tossed him towards the entrance of the dragon's chamber. Daenerys pursued, placing her dagger at the throat of the prisoner.

"Who paid you, to grab Ser Jorah!" Daenerys shouted over the dragon's obnoxious breathing. Daenerys, in order to convince the other prisoners that this one will die, brought her dagger down onto the prisoners back, creating a non-lethal wound while covering his mouth. The dragon then feigned eating the prisoner, making grotesque noises to simulate this. The Unsullied soldiers lifted the captive, and brought him to a corner of the room, isolated from the rest of the prisoners.

**Sascha:** hey :)

**You:** oh hi!

**Sascha:** how r u :))

**You:** i am good, how r u

**Sascha:** good

**Sascha:** :))

**You:** hahaha

**Sascha:** hehe  
**Sascha:** hey  
**You:** yeah  
**Sascha:** can i tel u a secrt?  
**You:** sure, u can tel me nythn Sascha :)  
**Sascha:** its rly big news  
**You:** tell me  
**Sasha:** its rly bad  
**You:** tell me  
**Sasha:** i dont want to now  
**Sasha:** its too much  
**You:** fucking tell me cunt  
**Sasha:** \*breaths in\*  
**Sasha:** i liek u  
**Sasha:** at gym class, u lookd so hot  
**Sasha:** i want to have sex with me in the holes  
**You:** mmm  
**You:** mmmmm  
**You:** yeah?  
**Sasa:** yeah  
**You:** lets do it  
**You:** this is so hot  
**Sasa:** yes  
**Sasa:** tuch my body  
**You:** ooh yeeh  
**You:** ooh u fel amazing  
**You:** i lov ur ass  
**Sasa:** ur so hot  
**Sasa:** the sex we are having is hot  
**You:** yes  
**Sas:** i like you a lot  
**You:** yeah, i do too  
**Sas:** oooooh  
**You:** hey wait  
**You:** hey what the fuck  
**You:** are u a fuckin MAN<sup>243</sup>?

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<sup>243</sup>Monosyllable Attributed Name.

**Sas:** dont shout, please!  
**You:** i didnt shout homo, i used an acronym bitch  
**You:** or should i say bastard??  
**Sas:** look pleas, i identify as a disyllabic  
**You:** your disgusting, monosyllabics should never mate with themselves  
**You:** you go against god himself  
**You:** bitch  
**Sas:** oh please, please, I love You.  
**Sas:** i want to love only You.  
**You:** You? What do you know of me: he is a man of great repute. we are allotted a set, a land to tow, we do not mess with our soil, we do not tread the turf asunder. wat u have done is to twist the hands of nature most peculiar -- oh, you perverted artifice of libido, you have corrupted a purer act!  
**Sas:** if it is not pure to love, then i do wish for all the soot of this world to enter my heart  
**You:** lmao  
**You:** u r gay  
**You:** im going to tweet about this  
**Sas:** i do not wish to continue, i wish for the blank now, someone fetch me the gun  
**You:** lolololol  
**You:** do it fgt  
**Sas:** goodbye all  
**You:** i want to be a meme  
--Sas has disconnected--

### “Multiple Discovery”

There was a crybaby in our class, and one time I punched him in the head so hard he killed himself. I was impressed, after the fact; nobody tells an eight-year-old about suicide; he must have come up with it himself.

“Refugee Crisis? More like Refugee ISIS.”

Cat Tony took a knee before the team. “Look, fellas,” he said, “the cards are down and there ain’t much chance we’re gonna win.” Much chance? Said the team. “Now fellas come on, listen to me. There’s people out there saying we’re already dead in the water. There’s people saying we’re nothing but crumbs in the cushions, a crunch and a prick before you’re sitting easy,” he shook his head grievously, “before they are.” The team grumbled. “But here’s what you’re forgetting. Here’s what *they’re* forgetting.” he leaned in close and held up two fists. “The cat... always... lands.” he pumped his fists with each word, softly first, then hard as he stood tall. “The cat... always... lands... the cat... always... lands... the cat, always, lands!” he raised his fists over his head, shouting the words. “Come on fellas!! What do you say?”

The team paused, each looking at the others nervously, until Jim Dog spoke. “That’s all good, Tony, but... we’re not cats.” he glanced at the rest of the team for support, and they nodded agreement. “None of us are. Just you.”

Cat Tony looked out at the assorted species on the team. Parrot Joe, Arnie Kangaroo, Fred Shark; why there in the glassy black eyes he mistook the plaintive glance of his Burmese mother. Badger Harry, Spider Ben, Frank Bear; a bit of light shot across a hair and across the alley his Siberian brother leapt to the other windowsill, to spend the night with the Balinese neighbor, alone with her finally because Tony didn’t jump. John Walrus, Carl Trout, Danny Platypus<sup>244</sup>; Squid Kenneth, Snail Ted, Ape Eric; froth in their scum, trail and spit, and therein the foam stirring in the pot while his uncles, Persian and Bombay and Thai and Abyssinian, beat on the table and chanted for breakfast until his timid Siamese father joined in.

And Jim Dog, with gold scruff like the Bengal debutante Tony once thought he might love. He sighed and doffed his cap, then removed it and shook it clean. “Well then, fellas. Remember to put the

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<sup>244</sup>The employment of the platypus amongst a list of Canonical Cartoon Critters is ironic here, given the well-known trouble the animal cause the taxonomy establishment on its discovery, being originally condemned as a forgery for its refusal to fit comfortably in pre-existing patterns of what animals “should” look like.

chairs in order before you leave.” he put his cap back on, grabbed a loaded M16 rifle off the rack and left the locker room. Outside on top of the dam, he could look below on the west side and see all the blocs spread out across the military base, where the many teams trained and prepared for battle. Fish teams, Bird teams, Mollusc teams and Bug teams, whole Snake teams that wouldn’t know what to do soon as they came up against someone who grabbed one of them by the neck and figured to do the same with the rest. A few blocs were still lit up, late as it was: in one concrete yard he saw the shapes of a Monkey team doing jumping jacks, X, I, X, I into the night, and faraway some lone mammal doing laps, fast, again and again, as if to catch up to time run out.

“God bless them,” Cat Tony thought as he climbed into a cannon, “whatever it is.” The cannon launched him from Lampedusa into the sea, to join the war against the Syrian wraiths storming the shore. But what good did it do to be a cat, a cat don’t land on water, not even a Bambino.

**Three Word Story**

“Anon sat in”

**Five Word Story**

“I did a poo poo”

**Three Word Story**

“that’s four words”

**Four Word Story**

“no it’s not”

**Five Word Story**

“way to ruin a joke, dipshit”

... And more inside-splitting gags from Dave “Fozzie” Walls’--  
*Infinite Jest: Finding the Entertainment in Life’s Little  
Footnotes!*

Order now and receive a complimentary 500mg of fluoxetine!

Po' mo' for your money: drug yourself into relativist paralysis!

-----<sup>245</sup>-----

*“where were you when the reptilians did 9.11<sup>246</sup> ?  
i was on exhentai, watching Rei-chan give head --  
then I heard on the bbc,  
that michael jackson was dead.”  
Oliver Twist, 1984*

*“That’s a total lie, Oliver!”  
Adolf Hilfer, 34 BC*

*“hey fuck u, i say wat i want”  
Oliver Twist, 1984*

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<sup>245</sup>This bracketed line is important to the narrative, it operates as an extended metaphor, please pay attention to it.

<sup>246</sup>Accusations of conspiratorial thinking draw attention away from the genuinely anomalous features of the 9/11 explosions. A nearby building simply collapsed despite not having been struck, and the plane which allegedly struck the pentagon somehow failed to be filmed even once and left only ambiguous remnants of debris, none of which were concretely connected to airplane materials. Eyewitness reports describe various mysterious discrepancies including: No planes, Three or more planes, tiny “gnomes” seen crawling down the side of the towers before the explosions, a person resembling John F. Kennedy wandering around various airports warning people not to fly, and a man shooting “bullets of fire” made cryptic remarks about the collapse of the “dual horn” at a small shooting club in Texas; none of the regular patrons recognized him.

*“shhh, i’m hunting wabbits”*

*Terry Trystam, ∞*

Say, Terry Trystam isn’t a bad name for a hero. Let’s use that, cuz.

Terry Trystam sounds like the name of the whiteboi I just cucked.

# OBLIGATORY

<https://installafriend.bandcamp.com/album/absolute-madness>

**Return to the beginning of the book, play this while re-reading.**

AN INSIDE JOB" IS WHAT BUSH CALLS ALL THE THERAPY HE  
HAD TO GO THROUGH AFTER GIVING THE OK TO DO 9/11

(Tape 3)

*An Overview of TRUMP  
TECH™ Positively Positive*

# Psychotherapy (**WELL DONE YOU!**)

**K:** Hi, I'm Dr. Kristi Kanel and in *this* video I'm just "psyched" to show you the power of TRUMP TECH™'s *Positively Positive Psychotherapy (WELL DONE YOU!)*. Donald Trump realized from an early age that the accepted aristotelian narrative of cause and effect was a simplified fairy tail for our deterministic fancies - a polite excuse of empirical embarrassment. The true root cause of our behavioural phenomena was not observable causation, no, it was a factor of something greater, infinitely more real than any empirical study or learned insight into our sentient pangs of despair; what makes a man you ask? Why **INCOMING TRANSMISSION FROM "HUSSEIN" B. OBLAMEA:** *Positively Positive Psychotherapy (WELL DONE YOU!)* **yeah, mmmmmm yeah, burn for me, burn for me Space-Palestinian children, burn like my birth certificate mmmmm donald you are just sodreamy, spank me harder.**

[*latent tyranny complex?*] Powerful stuff, right? And here at TRUMP TECH™, we've patented existential angst, slayed Pascal's demon and mapped your unconscious id into a five frame powerpoint **all** with

the correct application of *Positively Positive Psychotherapy (WELL DONE YOU!)*! TRUMP TECH™'s five step recovery programme is guaranteed to get that malleable mound of greymatter back to a happy consumer in just weeks! But jeez, don't take my word for it - have a peek at a real life session and see the intense healing benefit of *Potively Positive Psychotherapy (WELL DONE YOU!)* for yourself !--- [aside] gosh, I'm just so wet. [let's talk about this comment next session]

*Words are social constructs, embrace the real. Real is a word, embrace the absurd. Absurd is a social construct, embrace the word.*

\*\*\*\*\*

**K:** Hi there **G-d!** How are you feeling today?

**P:** Where's Paul?

**K:** Paul's gone, **G-d.** How are you fecal foremost today?

**P:** **Omnipresent!** Where's my doctor?

**K :** Oh you! We don't use that term anymore here, it's so...stiff, don't you think? [NYMPHOMANIAC?]

[fuck off jarold, this is my one [PUSSEIVE DISORDER?]]

**P:** What do I call you then?

**K:** Why, you can just call me your friend!

**P:** I'd like some coffee.

**K:** We don't serve hot drinks anymore.

P: Why not?

K: *Hey now! Don't you think I should be asking the questions?*

P: I want Paul. Listen, Paul knows me, he was helping me. I want Paul!

K: *Here, here (soothingly), calm down there, G-d. Now, have a glass of water, take a long cool sip.*

(long pause)

K: *Isn't that nice? Feeling better?*

P: [*speech has slurred from here on out, potential father issue?*] Yeah, yeah, no look, I'm sorry, I snapped at you earlier. It's just the ch-

K: *Don't even worry about it. Please, that's valuable to us. You want to chit-chat?*

P: Have you read my file? [*strong signs of paranoia, neurotic complex?*]

## **AUDIO RECORDING #32A**

**SYNOPSIS:** Symptoms of schizophrenia {actually schizo-affective disorder} continue, delusions have intensified, possible bipolar signs still visible, narcissistic tendencies present as well. Patient still has extreme discomfort with being viewed. Bi-weekly dosage of 35mg LEONAX<sup>247</sup> prescribed, daily dosage of EZYDAYZ increased to 20mg. Patient has regressed sharply, worryingly. (DEFINITE NEUROTIC COMPLEX VISIBLE IN DOCTOR)

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<sup>247</sup>Side effects include: *nausea, headache, period cramps, actual mental illness and spitzoolah.*

**K:** Yes, it's just peachy. You said - here let me just find it - you said you're still dreaming?

**P:** Yeah, I mean, I wouldn't call it dreaming<sup>248</sup>. Could we not talk about that just yet?

**K:** Do you know I have a bar chart on my desk that correlates your self-esteem to the surplus value of an anime love pillow? Do you know what it says?

**P:** This isn't ap-

**K:** It says you're a fucking loser. Look read it. We have your search history, G-d. Those little jackoff fantasies of yours? Disgusting. You've spent twenty minutes watching a functioning diorama of a man molesting a Japanese news-presenter which you built using a 4D printer. You've paid actual money to hear a woman call you daddy, you cried, we saw you do it all on the dark-end of a proxy-reality torrent site. I mean, for Trump's sake, G-d, a middle eastern man has a webm of you freezing a shitfilled condom and sitting on it in the shower, and you gave it to him for a free game and a wojamba hookup! We don't need to know who you are, what your hopes are, it's all out there! We know you now, we know everything.

[DEEP GUTTURAL CRYING]

*[this is a*

*valuable part of the healing process]*

**P:** Oh, oh, fuck. Oh fuck. I admit it. I'm sick. I told you that! I'm sick, sick and so-- so damn unsure! How could I be anything

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<sup>248</sup>In the future dreaming will be recognised as a mental illness.

else? There's a void in our lives, a big shitty hole! I'd tell you, I'd scream it out, and if you lived through those words you would be plugging that pit filthy with distractions, no better than me! I wish you could see it, that somebody could see it, the fucking weakness of it all, the frailty we have, those little shards of chance you lean on as concrete; there's such volatile happenstance behind it - ready to splinter any moment! If none of this is real, if none of this means anything...then why am I so scared? [let us talk about this outburst Friday]

**K:** (cooing) *There, there. It's fine. Here, sit on my lap. There now. You're upset, you're silly and upset. We don't care, God. We don't care at all. You're sick, you need help, it's fine. You've got some wonderful potential, God. Those symptoms, I mean, whew, that's a lot of wasted assets. You're a big deal, buddy, a big spender, and with those special requests? Yowza, we've got a customer here! You're money, money God. You've got some high-end greasy niche interests and you know what? You're blowing it. Shitting it down seedy backend nobodies when you could be greasing it out with the real deal, the high rollers, carte blanche. (in a distinctly reptilian tone) The Trump's back in business, just waiting for his big move. He saw it you know? The last room. We don't even need to black it out here. One and Oh, Alpha and Omega. We're gonna send you somewhere far away, God: think of a sprawl, a hazy net of lights and elevators, endless webs, going up or down; past spotless stores; lanes of people and signs bright as sin;*

buzzing at you, telling you where you are - as if it mattered.  
You're in want of some luxuries, **God**.

P: Y-You're not disgusted?

K: Oh, we're disgusted all right.

P: I...I feel wrong. Numbness...

K: That would be the methamphetamines. It's fine. Calm down, have another sip and enjoy the sleazy vibrations.

P: I don't like this. I want help.

K: No you don't. No one does. Have another sip; Trump sends his regards.

P: I feel...I feel strange!

K: Oh, it's strange. **God**

## Fashion Can Be Political: A Bourgeois Bad Bitch

Sometimes I'm that annoying girl who wears things  
"ironically."<sup>249</sup>

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<sup>249</sup> Somewhere, in a variant of Earth far from here, in a city greased with crime, an eternally mute Captain America stands vigilant for his people, ready to strike at justice with the silent hands of evil; like a reversed Daredevil; who also exists here and complicates the simile slightly.

I know, I know, hipsterdom is SO mainstream now, and by saying that I just sound like a, ehem, effing hipster, but fashion is more than fitting into specific genres, trends or movements; fashion is an intersection of art, culture, history, personal expression and if you want, politics. So sometimes I wear a black and white sweater that reads "Bourgeois" across the front.

I want to make something very, very clear, particularly for those who have seen me on campus and seriously wondered why the hell I wear it : I don't support the upper middle-class and I heavily criticize the American capitalist economy as well as profit-maximizing business models.

Let me rephrase — I don't believe in the exploitation of the majority for the benefit of a few, nor am I a supporter of the bourgeoisie. Instead, I would consider myself on the complete opposite side of the political spectrum. That is, to put it simply, as left as you can get.

I don't enjoy labels, particularly ones that pigeonhole myself into a specific political party, so let's just say I align with many anarcho-communist ideologies. Whatever that means.

The point is, I wear the sweater because I represent the exact opposite. That doesn't make a lot of sense and relies on the assumption that many people actually know me, but that's just it, those of you who do know me well understand the point I am trying to get across, and some

of those who don't have sparked conversations with me about it.

That's right, an article of clothing has resulted in heated political debate. Don't get me wrong — I understand the hypocrisy inherent in me simply wearing my sweater: I went to a store, presumably with a car that I was able to put gas in, purchased the commodity and now have the privilege of wearing at an elite university where many people at least know what the word is.

But at least I've used the privilege I have to represent something I strongly believe in. As Walt Whitman said: "If I contradict myself, then I contradict myself. I am great. I contain multitudes."

Fashion can be politics and politics can be fashion, it just depends on how you go about framing it.

:)

**Hey, Johnnie here. I weighed it cunninglingus and cruel- impressing it back and forth between several conscious layers of ego while sitting in this flourescent lighted chink hellhole of mac computers and blue university logos. I weighed it very carefully, and I decided this inner dialogue of mine-itself a series of cliches and pre-packaged sentence fragments I have picked up from books, a lilting tone copied from movies, a bland self-awareness absorbed from countless media intrusions-ought to be written down to fulfill this buzzing need of mine. It's a warm buzz but comprises everything for which I live. This buzz tells me to gooooo insaaaaane. Once I read this russian book and in a particular passage the protagonist points out something about a lesser character (who he ends up cucking and then**

shooting in the chest), that they live their life as though they were the main character of a romance novel. I live my life similarly. I am not a person. I am a self-image. The cutting dissociation expressed in the last two sentences has no lack of aesthetic value, and I recognize this. In fact I used it precisely for the purpose of forming a new self-image, one of “profound understanding” of my own shallowness. The last sentence likely flashed a brief image as well, a gooey yellow-and-brown of honeyed “honesty.” visions of your mom’s socks in the closet and that blanket you had as a kid? woah stop it. Clearly I am blatantly or inadvertently “trying” to sound a certain way, and present a certain self-image. In the last sentence, I’m trying to sound honest with pseudo-self-insight. And the last sentence is nothing more than another futile effort in exhibiting any kind of true self-awareness, ad infinitum. Clearly what I’m saying here dumb is that there’s no fucking way out and everything I do or say or think can easily be satirized by an acute observer as another delusional self image. This observer then places himself under

**the same lovely buzzing trap, another fulfilled self-image, the humor-loving skeptic who sees through all the bullshit and so on. My mind is a movie screen... and for this brief moment it is playing an underground indie film of me as a famous author lecturing high school students on morality while advertising for my book, which is seventeen hundred pages of me jacking myself off through seventeen hundred layers of irony. It's crazy, really, how you write as fast as you think: pauses, pauses long enough for a scheming little thought-demon to swoop in, steal your sentence... Johnnie's the name of the habitual wojamba-user, the Muscle Milk<sup>250</sup> whey-huffing crust punk. Postulating thoughts - little cynical seshes between heavy machine reps full of self-doubt and infantile retrospect. They are read sadly and depressingly like most works of art in our post millennial containers, in the same way and for the same reason that they are written, by the same**

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<sup>250</sup>The history of women's milk-giving could not be completed here without paying mention to the infant formula controversy which saw cows milk being at first pushed for by the medical community as a healthy alternative and later disavowed by that same community and a new generation of "intensive mothers" exemplified by the la leche league.

**people formulating the same bland feelings working towards the same vague self-aggrandizing “creative” goals as the artist once did. We should be really happy though because in the end it really all does have a point and leads to a really great thing and you should be feeling good about it. All of the posturing and narcissistic self-analysis can be converted with the ingenuity of our human forms of artistic expression into one grand and beautiful meaning. This text is an illustrative example: reader, please go back and read the first letter of every sentence. There you will find, happily: “a r t trump s<sup>251</sup> o v e r a l l h u m a n i t y i s g r e a t l i f e w i n s i n t h e e n d”**

Once upon a time there was a princess who locked in her chamber waited day and night for the blue man with the white horse to come to her rescue and kill the dragon who was guarding the castle in which the highest tower was where she waited.

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<sup>251</sup>In the lonely void of space, America conspires about His return.

Once upon a time there was a dragon who was doomed to wait guarding a castle and, most importantly, a tower where a princess waited as well for the man in blue to come kill the dragon and rescue her.

Once upon a time there was a horse who waiting ran day and night in search of a castle with a high tower with a sad princess waiting for the man who was being carried by the horse on his back to find and slain the beast guarding the castle.

Once upon a time there was a noble blue knight who rode day and night waiting to find the castle with the princess guarded by the dragon, slain the beast and take the girl.

They all waited, and kept on waiting, forever.

Approximately ten party hat symbol thirty-three micrometers above the head of Johnnie, in a dimly-lit room, ghosts of burnt tobacco emerge from three heads, exposed by the glow of a Hitachi CRT TV, black and white and wood-paneled. Phuc Hutchins is the only one amongst them with high spirits relating to their current endeavour, but then again, he's on **REDACTED**. The others are unaffected by his moral-boosting endeavours and they do not wish to partake in the use of moral-boosting substances. These men are the last of the great Floridian minds - their ego knows no bounds.

A voice: "Is he becoming self-aware?" asks a shirtless man with a tattoo of le footnote meme man on his chest. What's funny is that his fat gut makes it

look like the inked-on le footnote meme man has its head in a noose.

“No,” a man with black hair and a severe overbite explains, “the machine only appears to be self-aware. We’ve given it hopes and dream: writing the next Great American Novel. Unconditional love. A better par.”

A sigh can be heard from the test subject’s quote-on-quote home. He mumbles something, snorting and sniffing. A closer ear could pick it up as “tee-eff-dubbayoo no gee-eff.” It’s pronounced slowly. Drawn out.

Phuc Buck Cuck, Cuckfuckbucklefuck speaks up himfuckingself. “Shouldn’t we just install some sort of moral being for the test subject to lean against? Perhaps give it another shot of **REDACTED**?”

The bucked teeth buccaneer shakes his head in denial. “No, that’s pointless. Its hostility is a manifestation of its rightly perceived worthlessness to society. It’s the AI’s coping mechanism for residual teenage angst that it interprets as a thought provoking existential crisis. All these are necessary for the AI to continue justifying its own existence,

otherwise it would self-terminate.” Phuc still looks doubtful.

The woman in the room - a stout brunette with a topographical map of a face - glares at Phuc, and, with a raspy and mucuousy voice like she’s choking on a steel rod, instructs him to please stop mentioning **REDACTED** as they’re running out of ink to redact it. █

“I’ll prove it to you that it’s perfectly alright,” says the Promethean beaver. He pauses for a moment and strolls over to the beeping and blinking control panel overlooking the test subject’s room. He smacks down a button to activate the intercom. A fuzzy rendition of his voice blares across the halls. “Johnnie. I’m God. What do you desire in life?”

Johnnie looks up at the ceiling, and, with all his heart and soul, whimpers, “Twenty dollars. I demand twenty shekels. Chekels. ”

The supposed God and his associates chuckle and breathe sharply through their nostrils. “We can you get you a quagga.”

Johnnie, from what the observers can see of his face, appears confused. “What is a quagga?”

A gasp is heard. A single salty tear drips down the face of the dental freak-of-nature. Stuttering, he

mutters something - it sounds like "Kill him." the test subject's chamber fills up with sarin.

*"i had to google quagga meme," whispers Johnnie in his dying breath*

# *ASUKA OR REI*

*((people that choose Rei are creeps))*

"I am proud to be working with the 4chan community, which has been dedicated to the Internet meme industry and Anonymous history for a long time."

*Let's build something great together, shall we?*

After one too many weeks in his room, Pepe exhausts his bottle supply and resorts to using his grandfather's combat helm as a pisspot. His mother evicts him, and on the drive to the local sperm tank to inseminate herself with a new son, she scrubs twenty-five years of parenthood from her memory and reimagines her first pregnancy as a miscarriage. Pepe has little recourse to get off the street. He has unemployable browser history and no

spec in social skills. He is physically very nasty, a lizardman's defective spawn, too pointless to taxonomize<sup>252</sup>. The majority of his experiences are contained to a grimy bedroom bleached with nightlong shocks of monitor light, and as a result he is a half-life ghoul, an emaciated toad, and kind of retarded. His brain has been eroded by waves of message board sewage, and now he considers himself an internet aesthEET, the most potent justification for why he hasn't slit open the primed vein of his stubby genuflerection, so easily provoked, why he hasn't bled out the physical vestige of his bygone life. It is under this delusion that he is visited by weird twitter alpha male mogul jon hendren, who psychotically rifles through a garbage bin of chemical waste for D-list<sup>253</sup> bathroom business and finds Pepe sucking on a racist game show host's tampon for nourishment. By pure serendipity, Jon enslaves Pepe and sells him into the custody of a meme factory. During work orientation, Pepe's visual cortex is stimulated by a polygon explosion and the slave admin misinterprets it as appreciation for electronic entertainment, and so Pepe is hermitically sealed in a Gamecubicle and set to crankin out game-related viral content. Sadly his notion of the world is the circumference of his piss-soaked head, and his

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<sup>252</sup>Although it describes itself as a logic or form of unbiased scientific practice, taxonomy is a very messy and uncertain field of fiction in which animals and plants are categorised into arbitrary groupings based on aesthetic principles.

<sup>253</sup>Sweltering heat between two D cups, my lips desperately curling and crunching around the mounds which threaten to envelope my skull and crush it flat.

feeble output is entirely focused on isolation and discharge humor relatable only to a fraction of the most stunted MK Ultra-candidates produced by self-diagnosed autism. Maybe sometime in the distant future, weeks or months from now, Pepe's pissy memes will penetrate the bottom crust of society and ascend the dank sludge in which his mind belongs, will be deemed cool and weird funny, be FDA-approved and injected into the mainstream, into tougher veins, into civilizations free of addictive losers, where at most they'll cause moderate amusement but at least they won't put any manchildren on the streets. Before that day comes, Pepe is brought to a men's bathroom by drill, meme industry hitman who got so rich off his text secretions he legit bought Jack Nicholson's face and had it grafted onto his head, fortifying him against the hellish meatscape by embodying his avatar, rendering his every bullshit utterance a potential ironic tweet. Pepe is bent over a trough and his head is chopped off. His mushy face washes down the drain, his skin sogs and slips like a film and his tender pulpy flesh is torn off gently bit by bit, but his malformed skull sits on the grate next to the heads of various knowyourmeme rejects and parody accounts, Incredulity Binturong and hyperblack postmodernist Trayvid Fostamir Garnace.

But what no one knows or gives a shit about is Pepe's dormant lizard genes<sup>254</sup>, and in death he is liberated from the constraints

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<sup>254</sup>Refer to Sagans popular "dinosaur brain" theory that the human mind stores a "genetic history" of the mentalities of the species it evolved

of organic matter, free to roam the galaxy, a freedom that combines with his reclusiveness and social anxiety to birth an unprecedented obsession with memes - he maxes out his degenerated potential and becomes the **Plebanoid**, lowlife, unsolicited nitpicker, faggot full of useless opinions and meme potential reviewer of absolutely no significance.

*"Today is [...] a chance for Americans, especially our young people, to say thank you for all the things we love from Japan. Like kara-te, and karao-ke, manga, and ah-nee-may."*  
- Obama, 2015

A friend of mine likes to claim his dad met Sartre, towards the end of his life, in a Parisian cafe in the sixties. He said that he smelt like shit and seemed to be high on amphetamines. When he went up to him -- to talk about his books -- he just kept saying "nice try paper-knife" and rolling his eyes in separate directions.

## The Ballad of Gewehr Foucault

**OR: War, and the Miracle of the Virgin Conception**

One hot March afternoon, 1968, Gewehr Foucault, long-since virginal, set out on the last tankside patrol of his tour. Yessir, then it would be back to Saigon for one last week of on duty R&R, before catching a plane home bound. C Company's objectives this week were black zones My Khe, and My Lai. My Khe was first on the list. The idea of the patrol was to seek and terminate any VC influence in the local SVA villages. The villages

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from. Sagan's ramblings are harmless but it should be stressed that the dino brain theory is not grounded in any real scientific thinking.

were crawling with VC, they were told. The Vietnamese man had no sense of right and wrong the way us Westerners did, and more were becoming VC sympathizers every day. If they were to encounter VC in the field, it meant bloodshed.

Though the way these things actually tended to go was that the Americans rolled up, poked around people's storerooms for a while, found nothing incriminating, stole some liquor and fruit and headed home when they got bored. No one got killed unless you wanted them to.

As the Company's more enthusiastic members lept up to go trash the village of My Khe, Gewehr remained sitting on the tank, taking "defensive duties" while he let daydreams and memories take him away. He thought back on his times in Saigon. Donating to the American run sperm bank, set up mostly to comfort the men going off to die in the jungle<sup>255</sup>, letting them believe they're leaving potential offspring in the world as they march into enemy territory. Gewehr just liked the pay, along with some other thing. Mind you his sperm was pretty low dollar, appraisers taking specific issues

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<sup>255</sup>Prior to the acceptance of the "extinction" theory it was believed that fossil animals represented creatures which were alive but hidden in distant "jungle." Jungle as an environ is a very loose description covering a more or less symbolic map of places and plants which represent the anti-Western civilisation. The modern environmentalist construction of the rainforest sometimes employs these meanings in a subversive manner, but nonetheless centralizes them indicating that our conception of nature is impossible to separate from the "real thing".

with his low testosterone, low IQ, and low sperm count. But he donated a lot as it involved pleasuring him with muddied Playboy magazines. The time restrictions here were loose, to say the least. And then he drifted to a memory of last January's Tet celebration, where he'd eaten and drunk in town with the locals all day, - even fucking a few of the local ladies, big tits, small asian faces, wearing a sun hat while he fucked their asses yelling ununderstood commands in English about tilling the rice and preparing the pho - before heading out on a routine patrol where he fell asleep in a rice field as the company awaited orders. When he woke the next morning, the entire war had changed strategically, and he was listed as KIA. Some Tet!

He then remembered the day after, the queer incident in Quaker's room that day when Gewehr was being talked to about his chronic narcolepsy that Quaker didn't believe was medically

He then remembered the day after, the queer incident in Quaker's room that day when Gewehr was being talked to about his chronic narcolepsy that Quaker didn't think was medically sound. Midway thru, Quaker got pulled off by a building staffer, and Gewehr was left in his room, a little tired, moving into Quaker's bed, getting comfy. Looking up at a framed photo of Quaker's wife, a real hottie, here it is 1968 and she's got that conservative late 50's look, just the kind of lady you wanna take out and corrupt in an alleyway, gee, Gewehr decided to rub one

out, collecting the spunk in his sample vial for the day. Just then the door blew open again, in coming a nurse. “Heya honey.” Gewehr said, penis still sitting in vial. For anyone but Gewehr this would have been an uncomfortable situation. “Your sample, sir”, taking it right out of his hand. Dumbfounded, calling after her “You need any more for the road lady?” *Well*. What service, he thought. They know him on some precognitive level at the clinic these days. His masturbation down to a math. Quaker then returned and finished his discipline before sending Gewehr home. But he never did get over the supernatural service he’d gotten that day. He considered masturbating there on the tank, wondering if the same nurse would be summoned to collect from him way out here in the jungle<sup>256</sup>.

That night, after another unsuccessful search for VC activity in the civilian populace, C Company headed home. Having seen no action, most of the men came home as clean as they headed out, jumping right into bed with their ales or their honies for a good night’s sleep. But not Lt. Dick Quaker, who was, in the spirit of going above and beyond, covered head to toe in mud, from crawling through the village square on his stomach sniffing for VC in the dirt. His hands were bloodied from the bird he’d shot and pulled apart under suspicion of being a VC carrier pigeon. Well, it

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<sup>256</sup>In the jungle archetype the leaves are wet and sheen like plastics and the bark is big brownish durable soft-tissue

wasn't a pigeon. It was a Grebe. And it didn't have very much but food in its stomach.

Quaker came home, dropping his gear on his bed and prepared for a shower. He grabbed a fresh pair of fatigues, a disaster blanket to dry off with, and some shampoo from the cabinet. Something was missing. His conditioner. He put his stuff down in the washroom and went back out looking for his conditioner, searching through his drawers for the little white bottle. He tried the nightstand drawer he doesn't usually use for anything but tissue, and found a little white bottle of something else. It was a sample of his sperm. What the hell? The one he had sent home to Jenny to be inseminated with. But what's it doing back here? It looks full. They said the impregnation was a success! Oh no. *Gewehr*.

The next morning C Company, under command of Lt. Dick Quaker, continued their regional patrol in the My Lai village. The operation was considered a huge success, thanks to far more aggressive methods than had been previously employed. The entire village turned out to be VC. Even the animals. They were short only one man during the operation, one Pvt. *Gewehr Foucault*, who was found dead in his room the morning of the operation by fifteen self inflicted bullet wounds. Quaker was murdered Nov 16, 1969 at the hands of anti-war protesters in Los Angeles leaving his wife to raise Luger D. Quaker herself. Jenny, her tits bulging out and straining her poor singlets desperate attempts to keep back

the ever swelling ultra-pumped and oozing mass of cream, would go on to find in a paternity test that Luger's biological father was not Dick Quaker, but a fellow soldier in arms listed KIA in Vietnam. Jenny would never discover how this mix up came to occur. By 1972, Jenny decided to raise her son under the name of Luger Foucault.

## IN SEARCH OF LOST HYPERTIME

### The Love and Death of Luger Foucault

It had been a good equivalent year for fixers of Luna. As a new era of interdimensional trade was on the rise, the fixing of derelict worlds became more and more sought after, and out of the Tal Cluster came a group of hard working, old world businessmen, true Capitalists under which the world's Fixers could unite, and prosper: the Lysar Solar-Plumber Conglomerate. The chairmen were all businessmen of the long past pre-Hypertime, it was said, kept alive in Cryo-Freezers and Artiforg Clinics all these years. They spoke of old wars, like the notorious Second one, that was both a tragedy and a triumph for world economy, and of the initial discovery of Hyperspace on what was briefly remembered as Infinity Day — April 1st 1992. It took a whole day for anyone to take the discovery seriously.

They employed as many of the world's Fixers as they could, giving high paying jobs to those already competent, and in



woman he had passing relations with. Only this time it was almost different. Like he didn't just want to pork her.

10 SEPT, 364E, SRT

One day, while killing time in the reception area before an assignment, Luger had been asked out for lunch by Leni Soklovsky. He was caught so off guard he refused, marching into his office, drawing the blinds, pacing in a circle for a half hour building the sweat under his armpits, jelquing, and eventually bursting back out into the reception area, telling Leni he'd just freed up time and that he'd like but not love to go to Lunch with her.

She took him to a strange restaurant on the Luna lower deck. It was dark and smelled of cigarettes. There was a stage where poets in turtlenecks recited things that didn't make any kind of sense to Luger. Then came the music, topical songs of Hyperspgere country and folk. Hits like "I'm just a Fixer's Contractor" and "Interdimensional Selfcucking Blues"<sup>258</sup>. He liked that one, real catchy. *Oh I just got home and found myself on the couch and my wife underneath* - the topic surely being a great fear of many of the bar's patrons. A shame of situation. Because of the

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<sup>258</sup>Johannes Wilkinsson's 1989899 "Top 40" hit from the soundtrack to John Carpenter's 1989898 horror classic *Osteoporosis*.

way Hyperspace was organized, a sort of tapestry of cylinders each composed of six realities, (It is often helpful to imagine the cylinder of a six shot firearm) and each sharing most base similarities, but being vastly different in foreground factors, it was unlikely, but possible, for an alternate version of yourself to, with a calculated leap through the kaleidosphere, come far through time and space to come fuck your wife. The appeal was in that it was cheating, but sort of not really. Because when you arrived at your other self's house, his wife was almost never the same wife you had back home. There was that element. But there was also the part where the wife thinks she's known you for years, that you are in fact, your other self, so there is no question in loyalty in whether or not she will sleep with you. It's confusing, but for the right kind of (sado?)masochist, it's doable.

This was the first time in years Luger had gone out for food that wasn't pizza. After they ate, Leni asked if Luger "dropped". Dropped? She pulled a pill from a little baggy in her pocket and put it on her tongue, swallowing it. "JJ280. Want one?" Ohh, drugs. Luger had never really mixed with drugs, but recalled trying marijuana - no, no, what was it? It wasn't wacky tobaccy, it was - well, it was something green, yeah - at an ACDC/Tyrell the Crater concert in 1981. He handled it fine, so he figured if he had to he could take this. It was all about your attitude they said. Besides, if Leni was taking it on her lunch

break, it couldn't be too potent. He had hours before he had to get to the Singulator Yard. She stared at him with her big brown eyes. He never really had a choice. "Sure." he said.

What followed was probably the worst experience of Luger's entire miserable existence. Worse than the time he was killed in a thermonuclear explosion. JJ280 was, he discovered, not marijuana, and Leni, he had also discovered, had the rest of the work day off, and shortly called herself a taxi home. Luger was left alone in the restaurant. He felt spaced, but it hadn't quite kicked in yet. He scrambled to his car and drove to the office. The ride over seemed an eternity, but everything was okay. Until the second he reached his office and sat down at the chair. A steam whistle blew, and his mind vibrated into vapor. He sat in his office jumping in and out of compartmentalized realities. Something would catch his eye, the coffee mug, and he would fall into a state of *being* the mug. He wanted someone to drink him. He saw his own physical body from the perspective of the mug and thought nothing of it. It carried no connotations. It was the eternal landscape like everything else he saw. And then he'd snap out of it. Scan the room in a panic and— the wallpaper, glyphs of an ancient language. He, no longer Luger, somehow knew he had been a lowly peasant in this ancient culture, and he remembered hacking away at the crops to support his family until the day that the great green men came down from the sky in their rotating pylons and

forced him and his people to construct stationary pylons for them on the ground. And they did so and the great green men left, but they never stopped watching the sky. And then he was Luger. In his office chair. He looked up at the clock, trying to not get too absorbed in its movement. It took a while to read the time. He had to be ready for work in 30 minutes. It was doable. He started looking around his office for water. Ideas floated into his consciousness in all of their sensation before he could identify them, but once they revealed themselves he realized he had known their traits all along. It was all a matter of math. Kind of like fixing. He was a fixer. Luger Foucault.

Luger Foucault at the water fountain, functioning by the looks of it. He walked back into his office past his alt secretary Steven. Steven said something to him but it didn't make any sense so he chose not to respond. He reentered his office. Sanctuary. Door locked. He turned on the radio. The music rattles around in his head. He is part of the Sanico audio pollution team. He wears a standard issue orange metal diving suit. His job is the worst job a guy could have. He walks around all day sucking in sound with his mouth, and blowing it out inside his helmet, where it swirls around like in a toilet or drain, gaining momentum as its pieces ricochet off the metal, each fragment growing angrier with every point of contact, rearing up like avenging spirits on the hunt, they chase each other's tails until the speed becomes so great they both

swallow each other at the same moment, effectively destroying the sound. His supervisor Nell comes up and congratulates him. "G-good work with that radio sound, Hupert!" Nell places a big gold star on Hupert's diving suit. He has done enough work for the day. He removes the diving suit and feels every one of his muscles independently flaming, a tangle of individual tubes, all feeling. He begins walking East but realizes he got his East West orientation wrong, but also his point of reference for North, and so two wrongs actually do make a right wherein his East is actually East even though he made two errors in checking. The street gives way to a desert expanse. He sees large pylons rising out of the sand. He remembers living in that civilization, so many millennia ago, and more vaguely, recalling his life there - it seems a decade ago - from some carpeted office. He misses the great green men. Even in this life. This life where so much is wrong. The problem is, he decides, while he still has access to all 25 brains, he can only engage on one at a given time. He has lost his overbrain effectively, a term he coins himself on the spot. The loss of total management, organization. He drifts into contemplation on a row of strange magazine-rack looking devices which have risen out of the desert floor, trickling sand from their intricate wire bodies. Each had four sides, each side holding, on multiple levels, slates pulled out of the wall, and stacked on these racks. The racks are then spun to simulate gravity for their resident Figurants who lounge on each

level of slate like a luxury hotel. The Figuarants sip martinis on their balconies and discuss the whimsy of their names. They look like ants, and they are called Figurants. This is especially funny because it is a pun. The word figurant also means a ghostly apparition<sup>259</sup>, and these guys certainly were that. But they were not named Ghostants or Spiritants or Superanturants. That is where Figurant differs from Fireants, Figure is not an active adjective, but figurant in total is, so the name Figurant serves as one word offering both adjective and family, ending in the word “ant” already natural to the word figurant, and ant being the family of insect from which they come. This is the first creature in the English language to be scientifically bestowed with a pun, save for maybe the Komodo Dragon, which the figurants debate about.

12 SEPT, 364E, SRT

“I had a good time at lunch today.”

“That was two days ago.”

“Ha ha.”

12 APRIL, 365E, SRT

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<sup>259</sup>See Avery and Derrida. The ghost is best understood as a social figure who is known through their non-presence, their haunting omittance from normalised social life.

Luger received orders for a month long dispatch. A job to be done carefully, thoroughly, though not necessarily a tough one. He set aside a month of calendar days and began making calls, assembling a team. He told Leni he would be leaving for a month. She told him she thought she would be transferred elsewhere by then. The news came with a pain to Luger.

He told her goodbye and good luck and headed off to the Singulator yard to jump. He filled a styrofoam cup with coffee and took a madeleine from the snack bar, dipping it in his coffee as he drank, and reflected on all the lives he'd missed out on by taking the path in life that he had. He looked back on the few good moments he remembered having, and found most of them foregrounded in his time with Leni. He flicked his Singulator on, and it sprung to life immediately. He never got used to it. The old Remar used to take five minutes to boot up. Had to pull a ripcord like one of those old lawnmowers just to get it started. He was just a kid then. Not now. He was old now. And still unlucky in love. 35 in equivalent years, but something much higher in reality. In the hundreds. It was time to jump. He got into the machine and punched in the coordinates, setting the jump on autopilot. It was so easy these days. His vision began to multiply as he phased through different paraworlds, noticing, just barely at the back of the yard as it was now dimming, Leni. Leni Soklovsky behind a sea of dimensional static running to meet him, just as he was about to

jump. “Luger!” she called. He could only read the words on her lips, sound from that world all but silenced now. “*I love you.*” Well hol-y shit. Up sprang a boner so fierce it right popped the buttons off Luger’s jeans and reached out towards her. And then, ZAP, he jumped, along with everything his side the door. PLEASE KEEP HANDS AND FEET INSIDE THE VEHICLE AT ALL TIMES.

Leni looked on in horror, standing in front of the now empty machine, where Luger’s penis<sup>260</sup> rolled on the floor. It smelled, like hot dog.

After spending two nights in a LSPC medical unit, Luger returned to his job site to find his contractors already having fucked initial stages of fixing, sitting around eating big salami sammies while the TD manipulators sat running and space-time began to fall apart. It was six months before Luger was able to return home, at which point, he became engaged to and married Leni Soklovsky, though would remain eternally virginal for the rest of his recorded life, due to the irreparable penis situation and his fear of artiforg parts. Luger and Leni lived happily by all accounts in their home on Luna, until March 1st 370e SRT, when Luna was decimated by a thermonuclear bomb in the first phase of an Interdimensional Reptilian declaration of war. Luger is thought

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<sup>260</sup>Every man covers his tacit knowledge of his own need to be castrated with projected “fear” of that exact thing. In fact men who self-castrate almost universally express a positive transformation.

to have been killed during sleep at the ripe age of 40, no doubt with Leni in his arms, amid sweet dreams, of putting his penis inside her.

*Enter the Friendzone: Mars Bids You Welcome  
White People, Black People, Asians and Latinos, Full  
Stop*

Mypecuthers the former Space-Jew howled: every microbe attached to his phasic shape was inflamed by antisemitism; jew-hating bacteria swarmed on the walls of his nasal cavities, proto-fish organisms slithered across his eyeballs, bugs scuttled in the curve of his ears in sequences that spelled strings of hate; his low BIOS was propelling him into a high-velocity, high-impact state of hating jews, a body in which every cell leaned against the front wall of skin, clouded it, the face on close inspection swimming with dark globules of anti-zionist venom flattened against the surface by a rear force, which threw him forward into the hyper-addled mind of Sam Hyde, the worst antisemite on Mars.<sup>261</sup>

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<sup>261</sup>NASA denies evidence of life on Mars for decades, during which time conspiratorial thinking expresses the popular hope that life does exist but is being hidden. In recent years the tack has turned, with NASA showing hope that water flows on Mars represent viable biomes for microbes and small plants. The conspiracy now is that NASA is faking the discovery of alien life. This is not to suggest that the conspiracy community is fickle, suspecting deceit at every turn, only to illuminate the strange paradox of the relation between this decidedly anti-establishment group and the establishment itself. Bauman has written

He was in the back of a cab. Sam stuck his head out of the window, giddy and dazed in the easy flow of Friendzone mornings: up the black-and-yellow car glided, hood gently bouncing in tandem with the other styled-out cabillacs, PD-81-fusion-powered Nissan 200SX's, each painted the colors of their driver's allotted racial zones and each easing off into their turns, wheels spinning quietly up alleys past fifth storey windows of cream office buildings, briefly sweeping cool shadows over copywriters, social media designers and digital content strategists inside as they toiled shunting tray after tray of coffee into teleport slots hooked up to penthouse conference rooms across the Martian quadrangles, slid caffeine lube into business orgies where hundreds of early-twenties Ezra Miller-looking sex devil executives coordinated the TwitterHypersphere to saturate the human spirit with branded content, supplied CEOs with the java volumes necessary to fuel the kind of conviction with which gods concoct diseases.

Sam Hyde gritted his teeth, cursing in Japanese. He longed to give those executives java, but not the sort they liked – Java, his samurai code, just one of the hacker's killing arts with which he wielded his open source katana.

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on this weird phenomena in relation to the role of the artist in society.

“Ja man!” The cab driver exclaimed, startling Sam, who had been trying to ignore his attempts at conversation. He was a non-ethnic wigger who had transdisfigured himself into a first-generation Jamaican through the tenets of Rastafarianism. “Killing em all over,” the driver said, “the black zone, the brown zone, all the hundred yellow zone.”

He was talking about the murders. Sam gripped the hilt of his blade. Sweat misted in his liphairs, and as he smiled, a salty drop slipped in the corner of his mouth. “Who do you sinkuru,” he hesitated, “who do you think is doing it?”

Mypecuthers screamed against the back of Sam's eyes: a cool surge filled his head and pinned the Gentile against the optic nerve. The rasp of Sam's tongue flitting across his lips passed Mypecuthers into the mouth, where he was awash in the bone-chill.

“Ja man,” the driver said, “it ain't but a ting to pick a race, black white Latino, and try kill every last one dem. That the Friendzone. But when someone killing every race but the one, ja know who behind it.” He angled the rear-view so Sam could see him tapping his nose.

Sam slid his katana back into its sheath with a click, satisfied with the wigger's answer. Mypecuthers slumped to his

knees: the cold had subsided, only for the prickle of antisemitism to set on. He dreaded the coming inferno.

“Please, no more!” He begged, though he had no mouth and no connection to any telepathic net, but the Patricianoid heard him.

“It seems you were honest in your profession of distaste for Judeophobia. That information is useful to me. But I am not certain of our subject's sincerity.” The Patricianoid fired infinitesimal lasers from nodes of Sam Hyde collocated to equivalent nodes of a person elsewhere in the Martian colony – while Sam dodged fare and leapt out of the cab onto a bridge, where he disappeared shinobi-style into a crowd of divorced Chinese men touring a black zone and ambling toward certain death by mugging, Mypecuthers the Gentile and the Patricianoid were wired particle by particle into the body of Charles Carroll.

A shock of bigotry concussed Mypecuthers' mind, and he was reduced to a dumb conscience tied up in Carroll's sensory reception. Mypecuthers watched through Carroll's eyes as he, lithe and fit, snaked through a throng of black people, hundreds of them crammed into a cineplex, all pushing toward one theatre to hear the words booming out, to catch a glimpse of the speaker. Rays of projector light flashed out overhead the diminutive Charles and broke on the heads and shoulders of the crowd. He

slipped into the theatre and sidled up the aisle<sup>262</sup> to the back corner, where he could look out over the massive gathering of blacks filling the rows, standing on the seats and backs of seats enrapt by the speaker before the film screen, Mr. X, shouting about the murder spree.

The victims had all been blacks, latinosaurs, asians, typical stuff for the colony as a haven from liberal fascism throughout the Hypersphere, nothing for the racial zones to bug out about – god knows every one of them was a killing ground for at least one kind of other – but Charles knew why this spree was causing so much outrage. Outrage – that's what it was, and that fact alone proved who was behind it. He glared at the aliens on the screen multi-holing each other, then at the crowd, the hundreds of black heads nodding, angry black faces – throughout the colony there were the same expressions on yellow faces, brown faces. The color didn't matter – he and Sam had started slicing and dicing people because they had broken the colony's one law: they had allowed the Jew conspiracy to enter the Friendzone.

Mypecuthers trembled as Charles observed the rank of black men standing behind Mr. X. They were the heads of the black clans, the militant groups protecting their racial zone,

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<sup>262</sup>If you make a space between the rows of toilet rolls in the tissue aisle you'll note that they block all sound from the outer supermarket completely into a dull ocean-like thud. If you crawl inside and make a cave for yourself the tendency is to uncover hidden places.

masters of their respective martial arts. Charles smirked – they had already been afflicted by degeneracy. The head of the British clan, the Alto-Saxons, had a brown-zone squire, and had written several heartfelt livejournal entries about racial eHarmony and the plight of the Space-Mexicans; the black hebrew clan, whose delusions of Jewish heritage had long made them the most violently racist group in the Friendzone, had finally attained their supposed heritage by betraying their beliefs and mingling with white zones, turning into the biracial White People Drive Like This, Black People Drive Like Thisraelites; and the triumvirate, the leaders of the black zones, had anointed themselves with the oils of chronic masturbation, perverting their ideologies with depravity and poor impulse-control masquerading as freedom and progress; Martin Lewder King, Jr.; W. E. B. M. Du Bois; and Mr. X, aka Malcum X, once Jelqum X, born My Cum Little, had ascended to a new reality of identity polishits through the teachings of De Vermis Mysteriis; he had become el-Ma'al Salaam Ual Ayycolm bin Microsoft X-el.

The alien home sex video filled the theatre with its flashes, and in its light, the black faces became gray. Charles saw the red bite mark on Mr. X's neck: he had been bitten by a professor of the Frankfurt school, and had then bitten the clan heads; they had become vampires; they had become fampires.

Empowered by Marxist social fearies, they would spread and impose their race on the Friendzone.

Charles drew his katar daggers. At this range, facing that many Wu-Tang disciples trained in the Ghost Dog reverse-blade quickdraw, he would be able to kill three or four clan heads before they could react to his Mach 5 lightstep. He would be surrounded and killed. There was no other outcome, and no other choice.

“I have collected sufficient information from the sample,” said the Patricianoid just as Carroll hyper-dashed down the theatre rows and stabbed at Mr. X's neck. Mypecuthers was dislodged from the body, and for a moment felt the relief of a less bound state; then they were inside another man as he trampled through acid rain puddles down the dark streets of Warlem, the most dangerous and coolest black zone, where flames from the defeat of Arcturus (MENGSK) still burned in tenement husks, and the permanent night was lit up by supplementary moons courtesy of the anime princess that governed celestial objects.

Nick Rochefort's gooey insides were like a balm to Mypecuthers' lesioned mind. Soon, however, the Gentile grew attuned to a worse pain than had plagued his previous hosts, vibrating at a higher frequency than rage, even than fear: guilt. Haggard he stumbled into an alley, clutching a parcel to his chest,

when from the shadows a sweeping kick brought him down. Before he hit the ground he knew his assailant – the Shintenshin Ankle Slash was unmistakable – he rolled over in an oil slick and looked up at Sam Hyde.

“Look, man... I can explain.” Nick rose to his feet slowly, hands up. “It's not what it looks like.”

“I think it's *exactly* what it looks like,” Sam said unironically. He drew his katana, and Mypecuthers saw a black man in its reflection – Nick.

“It's these black zone whores, Sam, they're closers, you pull over and they'll start sucking your dick through the car window.” Sam approached, and Nick backed away, slipping in the oil. “I wasn't even there for them, I was just picking up some porn mags – not that I was gonna use em, I don't need em – Sam, come on--”

“Kuroi zanshei todoma sakuro...” Sam whispered the words: the sacred prayer to ward off evil spirits from a dead body.

“She started kissing me, kissing my neck and all that shit, but I wasn't having none of that, I swear... Sam, I swear! I'm being honest!” He put his hands out, screaming. “I'm telling you!! To be honest!! To be honest, fam!! To be--”

“Zuttoke.” The prayer was ended.

Nick died eyes open, and Mypecuthers watched as Sam stood over him, picked up the parcel, and read the magazines. Perhaps, for some inscrutable reason, the Patricianoid had chosen to feed his consciousness into Sam's slowly this time, for while Mypecuthers was still inside Nick, it was as though he was looking through Sam's eyes as he opened the magazine and saw webcam hack leaks of Kat Dennings and Scarlett Johansson, childhood pictures of Natalie Portman and yearbook portraits of Michelle Trachtenberg, and publicity photos of Sarah Silverman's bush, flipped through them until he reached one single pair of pages stuck together. He prised it open: it was a crusty spread, an ad, two full pages taken out for a color illustration of a blonde woman reading under a tree in a yellow pastel top with a bottle of Coke by her legs. Nick had never been able to face race reality, Sam thought; at best, he had been an ethno-fapitalist. Tears dripped on the page, moistening the crust. Cum trickled in toward the hinge. A sudden rainshower ate holes through the paper. The body turned still blacker in the acid downpour.

**Cut my life into pieces**

This is my **last** resort

**Suffocation, no breathing,**

don't give a **fuck** if I cut my arm bleeding

This is my **last resort**

Mypecutthers' mental transferral went from dawdling around 38% to complete in a second, and he found he had experienced a delay during the stallout – Sam Hyde was kicking down the door to a seedy backroom somewhere, someplace he vaguely knew was a warehouse deep in Warlem. The board slammed to the floor, and five black men crowded around a desk under a low ceiling lamp spun around – they rushed at Sam katanas drawn, but he made quick work of them with a One Thousand Open Tabs spinny slash.

Arcs of blood splattered the walls, but the man behind the desk sat motionless. He stood, rising a head over the lamp, pitch black out of its light. There was a gleam in his eye that struck Mypecutthers, he assumed because it was uncommon to see such intelligence in a black man's eyes. The man moved slowly around the table, cautiously.

“Show me your teeth,” Sam said.

The man opened his mouth, revealing long sharp canines. Sam stepped forward, but when the man recoiled and put a hand out, he paused.

“Let me axe you something,” said the man. “Are you doing this because I'm vampire, or because I'm black?”

Sam smirked unironically. “What's the difference?” He threw his katana into the fampire's chest. The fampire collapsed behind the desk. Sam left the katana behind, having no need of it any longer; he sensed this man was the origin of the vampire #curse, and when you killed the memer, you killed the meme.<sup>263</sup>

It wasn't until the sound of Sam's footsteps had receded that Mypecutthers realized he was standing in his own body. The Patricianoid appeared next to him. “I have finished my review of being an antisemite. I rate it six out of ten.”

“Who... is that?” A voice rasped from behind the desk. The fampire was still alive. “Who's... there?”

Still dazed from his journey through the mind of antisemitism, Mypecutthers stumbled around the desk's edge. He saw feet, then the body, the sword protruding from the chest – and then a white face.

It was his brother, Six Hundred Million And Don't You Forget It. Blood-shaped pixels ran from his mouth down his cheeks and the sides of his head, clumping in his curly hair. He fumbled at the katana – his hands were coming undone at the code-level, the flesh unwinding and bone going transparent,

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<sup>263</sup> **Low Meme Potential!**

leaving a flickering skeletal rendering of a hand, then a stump, then nothing but a black man's empty coat sleeve.

Mypecuthers dropped to his knees. His brother struggled to look up at him. “My People Have Been Persecuted For Thousands Of Years? ... How are you... here?”

“I was inside that strange samurai boy.”

“Huh...” He looked at the katana. “Some kind of... hacker... can't put together my data...” He looked back up at Mypecuthers with a furrowed brow. “I didn't sense your IP at all... you're not a Space-Jew anymore, are you?” Mypecuthers shook his head. “Well...” Six Hundred Million And Don't You Forget It smiled. “Guess in a minute, I won't be either.”

“I got in a fight with dad. He disowned me, so I... recovered my foreskin.” He felt it chafing. “It was a mistake.”

“Hah... you're gonna tell me about mistakes... I had a good thing, you know, back when I was legit... I was a good circumssurgeon.”

“You were great.”

“So why'd I go and become a vampire? ... Because I loved sucking blood? I coulda done that... coulda been my thing... coulda told parents, hey, don't hire a mohel... I'm the whole package... Two for one, good value, they'd like that...”

“They would.”

He hacked up a mouthful of blood, then laughed. “What do you say, kid? I'll do one last job for you. Pro bono – that's a once-in-a-lifetime offer from a member of the chosen people. I'll circumcise you.”

“Brother... you don't have any hands.”

“Don't need em. Just put your dick in my mouth, and I'll make you a jew. Don't you worry, I'll do ya right, Six Hundred Million And Don't You Forget It will see to ya.”

Mypecuthers knew how much this offer meant: by offering to do something for free, Six Hundred Million And Don't You Forget It had surrendered his liberty in death as a Space-Jew, and he would be consigned to one of the gentile heavens or hells, far inferior to the Jewish afterlife of inexistence.

“I don't wanna hear it, My People Have Been... hell, I can't even finish... what was it you call yourself? Mypecuthers. Was that all? That's what ma and pa were always on about? Hah... What would that make me? Sixundrilli... ah, forget it. Come on, let's see some skin.”

Afterwards, when his brother had gone from 64 to 32 down to 8 and finally no bits, Mypecuthers stood and found the Patricianoid had watched the event. “I have revised my review. Five out of ten.” On the last syllable, the Patricianoid disappeared with the squeal of an old television shutting off.

Mypecuthers the Space-Jew emerged from the warehouse onto the streets of Warlem and found himself in the midst of a battlefield. Black men were running away from the enemy, a group of Asians on horseback, cowboys by the look of their dress – but then came blacks in the same outfit, and Mexicans, and Mypecuthers was unsure whether this was normal for the Friendzone. A deafening crash upset the horses, and a great shadow covered them – in the distance a figure towered over the broken Warlem buildings, perhaps in a different zone, perhaps in several zones – a giant woman in in the white desexualized<sup>264</sup> skintight armor of a hyper-advanced progressive society lurched to her feet and loomed over the colony. She pointed down at the ground and green beams of light fired from an object pinched between her index finger and thumb, and from a distant zone came the sound of hundreds of screaming men, and then of women.

“Be grateful,” boomed Aelius Maximus as she sprayed the Friendzone with her womanyzer, “as women you will never know my wrath without legal purpose.”

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<sup>264</sup>As J.G. Ballard aptly observed in his footnotes to *The Atrocity Exhibition* all attempts to create a desexualised material, usually by the hard sciences and manufacturers, always end up being MORE perverse for the active effort they encourage to seek out some erotic deviation in the machinery.

Mypecuthers stumbled through the streets while people of all colors fought around him, one hand to the bloody sore on his yarmulka-less head, and one to the bloody sore on his crotch. He was tired of this, he wanted to go home, but despite his circumcision his galactic interface hadn't returned – he wasn't a Space-Jew.

“What is it?! What do I need to do?!” He struggled uphill a street of broken pavement. Up ahead he could see the horizon filling with sunlight – another zone. “Why am I not a Jew already?!”

“Disobeying your parents, it's a grave betrayal.” A familiar voice fnarfed over the sound of battle.

“Dad?” The clouds over the hill gathered and formed a hideous exaggerated hook nose with bespectacled eyes and a wispy mustache, the face of his father: That's Right Good Goy Just Like That, known in the Hypersphere by his username generousbuisnessjewISRL.

“You need to prove yourself to the tribe, My People Have Been Persecuted For Thousands Of Years. Do that, and you will be a Space-Jew again.”

“How?”

The clouds rumbled. “Well, you see, those recoyds you were going to release? Of the ninth room?”

“I won't, just like you said, I won't release them—”

“That's good, but no, what I am referring to is, you see... are there any recoyds of the **tenth** room?”

“The **tenth** room?”

“Yes you see if there were recoyds of the **tenth** room, they would be of great value. And if there were a legislator specializing in Hyperfictional law, who could infiltrate the secret chambers of the fifth room library and access those recoyds, well, you see, he would be valuable as well.”

The corporeal packet of Mypecutthers' data did not respond, but evidently his raw code did: in the depths of his chest abyss, his most encoded Judaic demons tangled; a Judas slayed the Judas that had let live the Judas that allowed him to abandon his family, and the remaining Judes battled for the place of supreme Judas: in the end, Judas won, and Mypecutthers was

deencrypted, cross-compiling him into the universal operating system.

And so it was that Mypecuthers the Space-Jew, Hyperfictional Legislator, from then on known to his people as My People Have Been Persecuted For Thousands Of Years, and later on known to the universe as an accomplice in Hyperspheric genocide, regained his beloved yarmulka. As for his foreskin, it caused several civil wars in the Space-Jew community: the great misery he would soon bring to all the gentiles of the Hypersphere elevated him to the status of a B-list celebrity among the Space-Jews, and for generations mohels would fight for the honor of consuming his dicksleeve and hosting it as a living tomb while trapped in the literal tomb of his forefathers.

[AUTHOR'S NOTE: I'll be honest folks, the redpill aesthetic isn't my wheelhouse. Libcucks, bell curves and haplogroups, all that stuff – that's for young people, I can't wrap my head around it. But the editor made it clear that he brought me on because of my previous work and that my inclusion in this anthology is primarily an acquisition of my name for marketing purposes, so, there you are. I had no intention of disrupting the thrust of this collaboration, written by the brightest young generation of neonazis (or “shitlords”) I've seen in my lifetime, so I tried my best to keep up. I hope my effort was serviceable – if not, don't get stuck listening to the old man at the party. - Adolf H.

(Reprinted from its original publication in the 1981 May edition of SLUTCHAMPS!)]

Dear Catherine

As Nietzsche said, “Without music, life would be a mistake”.

Regardless of the circumstance of my conception, my life is not a mistake.

I would rather God die and music live on than never play Bruch’s concerto again.

Thank you for having the patience to teach me to play.

You know what pisses me off? In roleplaying forums, everybody writes in THIRD PERSON. I thought the clue was in the name “role play”. You’re playing a role, not writing a book. It really gets on my tits<sup>265</sup>. What I need is a forum where there is no out-of-character interaction; your account is your character, and different sub-forums correspond to different geographic locations like the pub or restaurant or castle or train station. Threads that were last bumped over half an hour ago can’t be read. It needs to be realistic, you know? I want it to be like real life, except fun. Real life can’t be real life except fun so I have to make do with what’s available. I wish magic was real, and that I was able to pretend to be a different person, but that’s all impossible unless I’m tripping balls. If my life was role play and tripping, I’d be happy. Should I be more

<sup>265</sup>Offering the breast has historically been considered as signifying “the capacity to grant favours”

ambitious? What is that worth? What does “worth” mean? What does “mean” mean? What do any words mean after all? Just think about it. Think about the word “think”. What does it represent? Do you actually have a firm grasp on all of the implications of “think”? All of the subtleties and questions? No, of course not. You catch the outline of it, or a vague impression, and that seems good enough to use casually as if it was meaningful. But then, nothing can be as meaningful as we want it to be. Something gets lost in translation between one subjective sphere and the next; they all filter things to their own tint. We can never remove subjectivity from our worldview; never move our minds outside our barriers to the outside world because those barriers are part of us. So the pretense of objectivity in the third person is just that. It doesn’t bring any of the benefits its proponents claim. First person fully embraces and acknowledges our hopeless subjectivity. Fucking roleplayers don’t know what they’re talking about.

MDMA

“I’m a tiny part of the universe, all alone in this vast ocean of beauty!”

\*\*\*\*\*

“I’m just a lump of skin and stuff but somehow I live and breathe!”

\*\*\*\*\*

“I’m just a congealed mass of universe, enjoying itself!” \*\*\*\*\*  
“The music is part of my brain. It’s my thoughts in sonic form!” \*\*\*\*\*  
“Even this book is me and it feels great to write on!” \*\*\*\*\*  
“My mouth feels nice!” \*\*\*\*  
“I am part of my bed. So comfy!” \*\*\*\*  
“I feel all blobby!” \*\*\*\*\*  
“Somewhere in the world the sun is rising and another beautiful day is beginning!” \*\*\*\*\*  
“I’m an alien, dude!” \*\*\*  
“It must be so horrible to starve!” \*  
“It’s cool to be Alan the alien!” \*\*\*  
“I’m all floaty!” \*\*\*\*  
Average rating: a bit over 4 \*

Weed and 25i

“Slunger widzep splounge splonge palimpsest chmedcha  
slmounghshjering intense is what it is” \*\*\*  
Average rating: probably like 3 \* [citation needed]

DXM

“Placenta is missing”  
“Placenta is the centre”  
“I feel like I wasted my time”  
[drawing of a cloud telling a plane to stop exaggerating]  
“I could compare”

“I’m unravelling”

“Unravelling”

“I’m not in the world you are and it’s great”

[unintelligible scribble]

“Everything is inevitable”

[drawing of a spiral]

[drawing of a robot]

[drawing]

“It is the common joy of your teeth to announce that they are coming to a cinema near you...”

[drawing of a fish]

“Stretch and squeeze”

Average rating: -5\* in the same vein as negative absolute temperature

*Professor’s notes*

I’ve recently been working on an optimisation problem, and I’ve come to realise that I can consider it as wandering around on a smooth landscape in 1800 dimensions. Strange number, I know, but that’s the way it’s worked out.

The problem is that the usual visualisation of hill-climbing, or hill-descending, is that you’re on a gently undulating vista, and that some directions are up, some are down, and it’s easy to

decide which is which. You write the code, set off, and somehow the system never finds a good solution<sup>266</sup>.

Part of the problem is that there is simply a lot of space to explore. If you discretise space and have 1000 places to be in each dimension, 2 dimensions gives you a million places to be. That's not so bad. 1800 dimensions gives you  $10^{5400}$  places to be. That's not good. You definitely need to move in moderately large strides, and then hone your solution by using binary chop or similar techniques.

But it's worse than that. The problem is that the error function may be "smooth," but your intuition of what this means is wrong.

Let's give you a different intuition. This isn't complete, and it certainly isn't perfect, but it can help to understand the problem.

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<sup>266</sup>Refer to Baudrillard's concept of "Fatal Theory", ie. Producing items which the unifying code of social and media order, by its nature, will inevitably absorb and integrate, which are so paradoxical and disruptive as to slowly erode it from within.

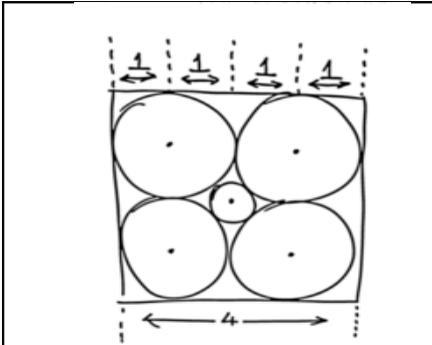
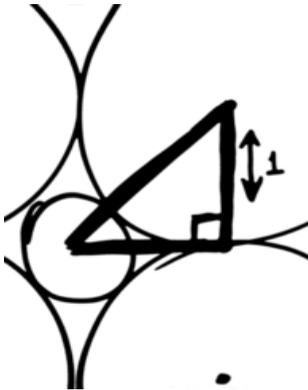


Figure 1



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Figure 2

<sup>267</sup>For a sigil to take full effect its original intent (the desire which it was made to achieve) must be gradually forgotten and when this occurs the sigil itself should be destroyed.

Take four unit circles and arrange them in a square. (Figure 1 at right) Enclose them in a 4x4 box, so that each circle touches both two other circles, and two sides of the bounding square. (I know the diagram is rubbish - I'm not Giotto, and I'm writing this on the move.)

There's a small gap in the middle, and in it we can put a circle touching all four of the surrounding circles.

How big is it? As big as Hyperspace itself?

By Pythagoras, the distance from the centre of the bounding square (and hence of the central circle) to the centre of one of the other circles is  $\sqrt{2}$  (Figure 2.)

The big circles have radius 1, so the smaller circle has radius  $\sqrt{2}-1$  which is about 0.4142, a bit more than 0.4.

If we go to three dimensions we get a 4x4x4 cube with 8 spheres in it. A sphere of size 0.4 fits between the spheres on a face, and pushing it into the centre means it can rattle around. Now we can grow it until it touches all eight spheres.

How big?

The distance from the centre of the cube to the centre of a sphere is  $\sqrt{3}$ . Subtracting off the radius of one of the corner spheres we get a radius for the internal sphere of  $\sqrt{3}-1$ , which is about 0.732.

More generally, in "n" dimensions the distance from the centre of the Hyper-cube to the centre of a Hyper-sphere is  $\sqrt{n}$ , and so the radius of the central Hyper-sphere is  $\sqrt{n}-1$ .

It's always worth checking an extreme case.

When  $n$  is 1, the formula predicts a central "sphere" of size 0, and that's right. In the one-dimensional case we have a line of length 4, and the "spheres" at each "corner" - remember they are radius 1 and hence diameter 2 - are lines of length 2. There is no space left in the middle.

(I'm already tired of writing "Hyper" - I'll leave it out from now on).

That means that in 4 dimensions the sphere in the middle will be of radius  $\sqrt{4}-1$ , which is 1. The central sphere is the same size as the spheres around it.

That's odd, but it gets even more interesting.

In 9 dimensions the central sphere is of size  $\sqrt{9}-1$  which is 2. Remember, that's the **radius** of the central sphere, so the diameter is 4. That's the size of the containing box. The central sphere actually touches the sides of the containing box. But wait - it gets better.

In 10 dimensions the central sphere is of size  $\sqrt{10}-1$  which is about 2.162. The diameter is about 4.325. It pokes out the sides (and top and bottom, etc) of the "containing" box.

In fact it's not just the central sphere that

gets spikeier, the surrounding spheres are also getting spikey. Each corner sphere's volume is getting smaller (as a proportion of the enclosing cube) as the dimensions go up. So it's not just the sphere pokes through, it's also that there's more space for it in the first place. You can also think of the corners of the **cube** being spikey, and the spheres are therefore packed away into the corners, leaving loads of space.

Somehow we have to see the central sphere as "poking out between" the surrounding spheres. It's almost as if a sphere in high dimensions isn't smooth, and round. It's almost as if it's somehow "**spikey**."

And in some ways, for some purposes, that's a good intuition. But for others not.

If that were the only oddity then we might get away with ignoring it, but it isn't.

Picture cutting off a spherical cap of height  $h$ . What is its volume in 2 dimensions? In three dimensions? In four dimensions?

It's worth noting that the volume of a sphere gets smaller and smaller as the dimension goes up, but the volume of the cap as a ratio of the whole sphere gets smaller and smaller even

faster. Somehow, a spherical cap in high dimensions has almost no volume, even when of moderate height/depth.

What's that got to do with being **spikey**?

Think of something which is as symmetrical as you can make it, but which when you chop it off, has almost no volume. The best thing to think of in our regular 3D world is a spike. It has very little volume, even if you take quite a lot of it. So one visualisation of a sphere in very high dimensions is not something smooth and round, but something that is somehow simultaneously very symmetrical, and yet also very **spikey**.

A bit like a hedgehog.

Well, actually, **not** like a hedgehog. One problem with this visualisation is that in truth, every point on the surface looks the same. If it really were like a spike then as you travel away from the extremity the nature of the surface would change. With a true high-dimensional sphere, **every** point on the surface is "an extremity".

Every point on the surface looks like every other point.

So call your imagination into action. Imagine yourself at the tip of a spike on a very **spikey** object, like a hedgehog. Now start walking. You cover some distance, but you're still at the tip of a spike. Every direction looks the same, no matter how you move.

So the surface of a high-dimensional sphere is simultaneously smooth, **spikey** and symmetrical.

There's also another reason why this isn't as simple as you might hope. This visualisation leads you to think that most of the volume will be in the core of the (Hyper-)sphere - but it isn't. It's still the case that most of the volume is close to the surface. It's these contradictory intuitions that are simultaneously difficult and useful. You just need to pick the right one at the right time.

It's not simple, but you wouldn't expect it to be. And let me just finish by saying that this isn't the whole story. The purpose of this item hasn't been to let you work, trouble-free, with high-dimensional spaces. The purpose has been to show that things aren't what you might expect, and that your regular, understandable, 3D-based intuition can be completely inappropriate. 1800-dimensional space is big. Really big. And sort-of spikey.

i'm going to commit suicide by jumping from a great height onto an 11-sphere, should be a world record, right? most dimensions used in a suicide attempt. it's mine.

precambrian - cambrian - ordovician - silurian - devonian - mississippian  
- pennsylvanian - permian - triassic - jurassic - cretaceous - tertiary -  
quaternary - space age

“And then the humans died.”

“Amen.”

So now that we know we know nothing, what do we do?

I don't know.

I blame the Jews.

I got a job at Costa and imagine my quagga's delight when I tell  
her I'm a barrister<sup>268</sup>:

A poem:

“order, order!”

Anonymous 06/27/15(Sat)20:40:43 No.6746142 ▶ >>6746168

i have a journal where i make note of the different noises i hear that i find particularly scary and try to make reasoned arguments with myself as to whether they are real or not.

i used to try to do this with conversations i had with people, making note of things people said to me that i felt were veiled insults, threats or jokes at my expense, but that started to be too much work and then i stopped talking to people in real life<sup>269</sup> anyways.

my journal helps keep me sane.

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<sup>268</sup>\*Barista.

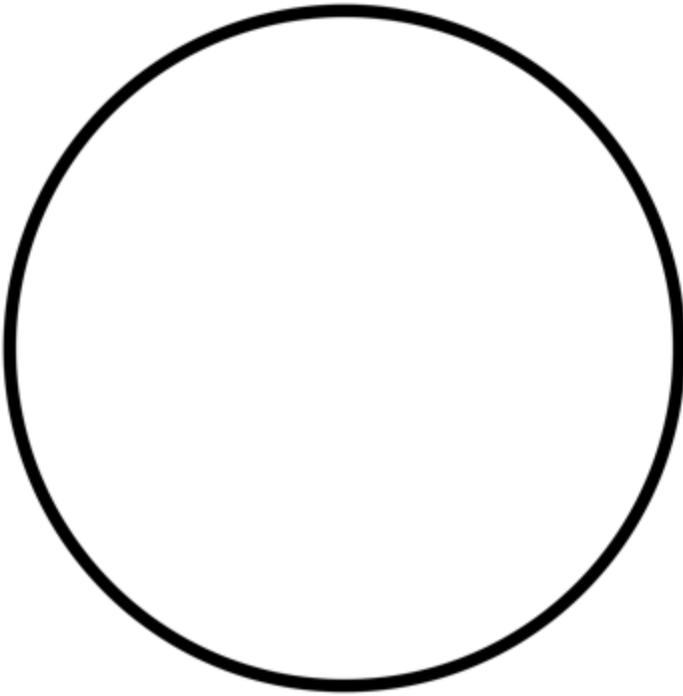
<sup>269</sup>Reality is just a reptilian television show, and it has poor ratings.

HER EYES BECKON ME OVER, LAUGHING WITH  
DISORGANISED TEETH – SKYSCRAPERS, FACTORIES,  
ALL DEMOLISHED BUT STILL USED. I HOP INTO HER  
MOUTH AND CROAK TWICE AND CATCH HER UVULA.  
THE PIT OPENS ABOVE ME AND I FALL IN  
RELUCTANTLY. WORMS RUSH BY AND STONES REIGN  
AND I'M BURIED BY MY OWN BODY.<sup>270</sup>

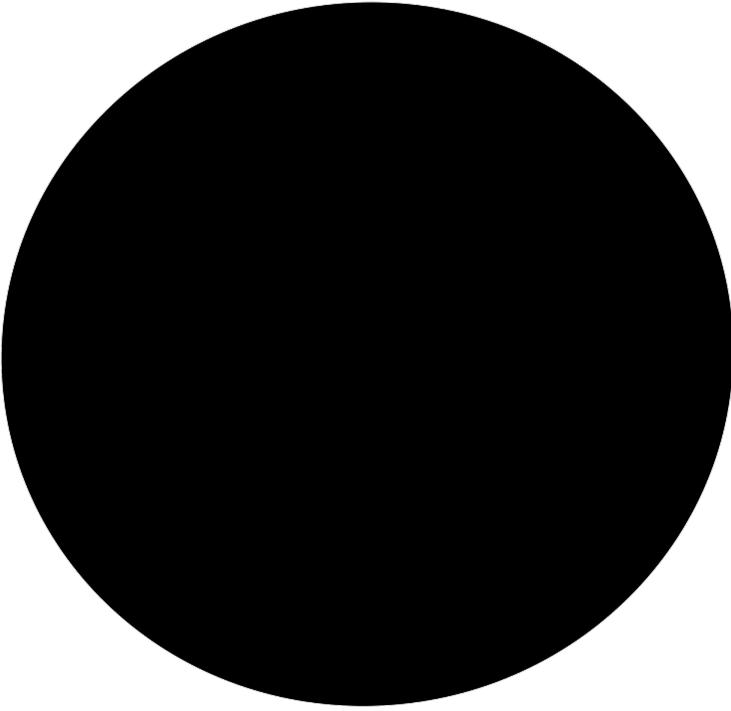
LOGIC:

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<sup>270</sup>The horror fiction genre of “body horror” makes explicit what feminist theorists have known for a long time: that the experience of having a body is at best confusing and difficult to manage, at worst a literal living prison. Refer to Grosz, *Volatile Bodies*.



TRUTH:



### **Groundhog Day (2070), starring Bill Murray**

“tfw no qts to 4some w,” Bill Murray replied to a post about Andie MacDowell and her daughters. It was a half-hearted shitpost. Nothing could take his mind off the new Ghostbusters. It made him sick to think of Paul Feig out there hustling on the shoot, trying to shut down half of New York to film the big ghost musical number, giving Melissa McCarthy nuru massages to loosen her taut, firm muscles after dance rehearsal. He woke up the same way every day: in his bedroom, blinds closed and shades drawn, lying on a cold bed with the sheets on the floor and a glowing tablet on his chest, browser open to a Splitsider article about how great this fucking reboot is, how brave it is, how it’s what the people want, how it’s what the franchise needs.

“Leslie Jones doesn’t deserve this kind of role, she’s not ready for it,” he posted, crying hot tears, “how is it racist to say that. At least Kristen Wig starred in a hit movie, but people are acting like that’s the same as me. Kristen Wiig is not the same as me! I had already been in Meatballs, Stripes, Caddyshack, and the first season of SNL, and we made those from scratch! Kristen Wiiiig they’re putting in a movie that’s already a big franchise!”

He calmed down by working on his novel *Portrait of the Artist as a Forward Young Man*<sup>271</sup>, a collection of erotica about Anne Hathaway. Goddamn did he want to fuck Anne Hathaway. That big mouth of hers. Wanted to put his whole fist right in there. Jam it in. Big red lips. Ngh.

*But what if you could fuck her?* A sex dream spirited him into the eternal land of televised urges, where of his thighs were made a set, a rundown boxing gym, a narrow bodega and the street outside, the waiting room and offices of an unemployment agency, a cop car in a greenscreen studio, could be driving down any street in any dimension, camera hovering over the hood and looking through the windshield from slightly above, with a view off the sides of the car on the road, enough to leave a bit of space in the frame even if the driver stretched his arm fully out the window – Bill Murray plowed through crowds of protesters, the car bucked as they wedged in under the wheels and the camera let them roll under his outstretched arm and off into widescreen emptiness – the car hurtled off the plane's edge of a bisected Hypersphere into a black space marked by a white grid, a grid static as he moved, cancelling all sense of distance and direction, but Bill Murray<sup>272</sup> felt

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<sup>271</sup>Titled *Portrait of the Artist as a Hung Man* in an alternate rhymeline.

<sup>272</sup>Murray, B. Actor known for performance as Popeye in Altman's film of the same name (1980) and as diver William Beebe in the biopic

movement, and he was thrown from the car as though in a crash contained to his body, he passed out of the seatbelt though his body recorded their tightening around his chest and ripping across waist, cutting his gut open, no airbag deployed but his eyesight was clouded by its gray mass, his spine shattered and gashes split open his face as he phased through the windshield, and he was in the black space before the white grid, suspended in his hurtling.

Bill Murray laid on the black-and-white tiles of Hyperspace, a smear of blood sprinkled with grains of vertebra. Over time the blood coagulated and contracted and became a gnarled spike. It rolled back and forth until its pressure on a black tile's middle lifted the edges. One curled edge caught on the spike as it rolled, and it was draped in the blackness of Hyperspace. It did the same with next tile, and next rolled over two tiles at once: when it rolled them into its shape, it also wrapped itself with the line of white grid between them, a line around its midsection. Two realities proceeded from this shape: in one the shape rolled in more pairs of tiles, multiplying its mass around the center of the white line, creating two identical black cylinders of Hyperspace separated by a one-dimensional white universe; in the other reality, the shape proceeded asymmetrically and rolled white lines into itself in wild curves,

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“20,000 Fathoms Under the Deep” by Wes Andersen (2005).

creating wanton borders and innumerable uneven expanses of black space; from this latter shape proceeded an infinite number of realities and in each a different shape formed from asymmetric rolling; in some realities, the lines were rolled in, by chance, in a semblance of order, with symmetric space between them; in some of these, this random order proceeded to the extent that it produced the wireframe model of a perceptible object; in some of these, the order collapsed into randomness, and in some of these, the order resumed from its original beginning or its last ending, but in none of these did the resumption negate the period of disorder<sup>273</sup> as it was an equal part of the shape and had carried the shape into an irreversibly different shape, although in some the parts on either side of the period of disorder and the period of disorder itself were resolved into a new shape, which in some realities was identical to the shape before the period of disorder, or the shape after, or a shape composed of the two, or the period of disorder; and in some realities the symmetry was sustained, and in some it was sustained until a wireframe model of Bill Murray was formed, and in some that wireframe model reached a functional level of detail, and in some that being was conscious of its precarious

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<sup>273</sup>It's obvious that order is only understood by a knowledge of disorder, but what is the third overarching state of neither disorder no order which unifies the two in a cohesive whole, not a halfway point but a totalising phenomena in which both equally can be explained and make sense?

existence<sup>274</sup>, that its shape could dissolve into disorder at any Hypertime; in one reality, that awareness fueled an interminable, impermeable, insurmountable desire to fuck Anne Hathaway. The lines were laid closely, and as the little black space gleaned through the grid was finally sealed inside, it pressed outward until it seeped into its white shell and left the inside empty.

In this reality, Bill Murray woke as such: a gray hollow shape, colored erectile pink by his lust. He was struck by an idea: he cut off nine of his fingers, creating nine points from which infinite realities unfolded, creating infinite realities in which his shape restored a finger to his model, creating infinite realities in which the restoration of his finger proved his plan would work, infinite realities in which he strangled Paul Feig with his two whole hands, infinite realities in which he and Dan Aykroyd<sup>275</sup> lobbied for and successfully took charge of the

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<sup>274</sup>Maybe time, its experience and cohesion, are not sparked like memories by the material but actually contained within the material substance like a fossil or the ring of an old tree. Note that the warbling emotions that flood your over packed lungs stroking the surface of a My Chemical Romance CD, or watching the Famous Last Words video or listening to The Ghost of You- in many ways this is more real than the “reality” of your emo youth, with all its unresolved ends, loopholes and ambiguities and, most importantly, forgotten stretches of time.

<sup>275</sup>Who very nearly played the title ‘Fly’ in Cronenberg’s film. While the author intends no disrespect to the actors work it is unlikely he would have delivered as astounding a performance as Jeff Goldblum whose phenomenal performance is rivalled only by co-star Geena Davis who delivers the finest performance of her career and deftly conveys both

Ghostbusters reboot, infinite realities in which he fired the four new Ghostbusters, in which he burned the shitty new jumpsuits with the girls in them, in which he pitched himself, Dan and Ernie Hudson as the stars, in which he convinced the execs of their bankability by any number of means, aging potions and genetic engineering and just plain charisma, infinite realities in which the new Ghostbusters was a hit--and it was in every one--infinite realities in which he used this leverage to pitch a new Groundhog Day starring himself opposite the world's greatest most perfect hot fucking big mouth leading actress, Anne Hathaway.

In some he got her in bed by indescribably vicious means, and in others she jumped him soon as they were alone in a room. In a couple of realities he arranged a fuck meet between them via the cabal, who agreed to feed him directly into Anne Hathaway's mouth in return for his help on a special project. The execs wanted to use the release of his new movie to launch a new broadcasting technology: Hypervision, a piece of miraculous equipment that allowed viewers to watch the various rooms. They wanted to air the movie through the first

---

the fantastical horror of the premise and the realistic horror of dealing with abortion and the overbearing masculinities of her two love interests. It is strange to think that there was an ending originally, now cut, which depicted the outcome of Davis' pregnancy subplot. This was wisely removed, leaving the difficult questions of gender and embodiment wide open, sealed uneasily by the exploded skull of the tragic but nevertheless evil and monstrous Brundlefly.

room channel. However, the exchange of signals out of the universe into the first room and vice versa would create a paradox, as the universe was inside the first room. The execs intended to use this to warp Hypertime, creating a feedback loop and trapping viewers in a real-life Groundhog Day. In the year 2070, the television audience of America stretched from the West Coast across the Midwest all the way to Honshu, Japan.

Bill's only request was that Anne wear nothing but a red petticoat and call him Jake. Shit, if he played his cards he could be fucking her every day for eternity in a 24-hour period in which their young virile bodies will never deteriorate. Little did he know that the execs were in service to cultural-fascist aliens using him as the test dummy for a different technology entirely, a form of Hyperspace manipulation bought from the Space-Jews in exchange for pushing wojamba-friendly attitudes and legislation. His horniness had made him susceptible to ayy lmaoi wet dream vision mind control, and his self-mutilation had been the first human trial for reshaping reality. The single successful outcome among infinite failures had been accidental, but once they analyzed the results they could hone

their technique down to the precision of changing a Bruce to a Caitlyn without so much as a single shitlord batting an eye: the power to redesign anything in the Hypersphere to their liking.

They had all the time they needed come the release of Groundhog Day (2070). As for Bill Murray, the Hyperloop had the side-effect of intersecting Hypertimelines on that day. Bill Murrays of infinite realities connected to a bloody finger-stump were collapsed into one, a state of inexpressible anguish in which he remained the entire day, and again the next day, and after that and so on, for the rest of Infinity Day.<sup>276</sup>

Let us go then, you and I,  
When the peepee poopoo is on  
the rye,  
And the deed do bad is done;  
Let us shoot ourselves in our  
seven heads  
And like vipers dissolve into  
pissedon windypanes  
And do thou the nasty unto  
thee;

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<sup>276</sup>In the room the women come and go, talking of Michelangelo...

And when, in autistic repose,  
cry "Ree! Ree!"

We shall know, shall we not?  
The plunging into thee of  
Rover's knot.

I grow old, I grow old,  
I will autofellate<sup>277</sup> various  
members of the literary-  
industrial establishment.

Zut!

(Dambda-dally-dambda-dally)

Nom de Eliot!

I will put whining ivy on the  
wall

(goodgod!)

Yellow, yellow ivy on the wall  
(inev erate!)

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<sup>277</sup>The pre-eminence of auto-fellatio as a metaphor for the information society of internet culture deserves a more thorough investigation than is allowed here. As it stands let it be said that a compelling work could be built off this observation, from pre-internet references to "machine fellatio" in Ballards "CRASH!" to mimetic phrases such as "circlejerk" and the oft-spread urban rumour of Marilyn Manson (Or any other unusual celebrity figure) having had a rib removed in order to pursue rank self-pleasure.

Ivory ivvory and a livery  
peekaboo!  
(inall!)  
[with up so floating]

The Superior, the Very Reverend Hulk Hogan, S.J. finds the above poem very inspiring. He screams *all'eeeeerrrta!* at the College of Cardinals (CoCk) who take up Wittgenstein's pokerpointer and prod Pope San Francisco four times, one for each member of the Heavenly Family (Jeegus, Big Black Mariah, Big Big Daddy-O, and the Cuck). Pope Frisco lifts his threehundredton Gary Oak girth with both his big burly manly ohsomanly hands and big beating bleeding cock and tumults to the Citadel, where he gives a sermon on the latest Musterwork by our resident analrapists. Juan Johannes Luis Garcia Borges de Pynchon springs up from behind a potted plant bearing forth a Banana Breakfast.

And then suddenly. Bip. A little toot and the Citydel collapses. All that is left is Baby Tuckoo riding into infinity on a phallic monochrome rocket. Queue investment bankers clasping onto an extraterrestrial's ample mammalian lumps. She screams milk<sup>278</sup>

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<sup>278</sup>It is important to emphasize that what is played out through the woman's body (the 'breast') and her psyche, in the lacteal stage of human life, in this socially invisible day-to-day procedure (sleepless

from a goldrimmed rimjobbing lubetube. AND  
THEN, William F. FUCKABUCK CUCK CUCKADIDDLE  
FUCKDUCKUCKURRRRGH  
FF  
FF  
FFFFFFFF--

--STOP--

There is a lot of triggering and offensive  
words here, if we examine this  
intersectionality wise, it is so as if. In  
summation, you are literally hitler.

Meme galore, this shit. You're shit.  
We're all shit, friendo. Phhhbbthfhfh. I  
wag my tongue at you. So, you're sexually  
excited, Is this what it is? It is what it  
isn't and it isn't what it is. Thus sperged  
Zarathustra. Phbbhthhffghgh. Fuck me hard,  
Donny. (Smooching sounds. A woman screams. A  
man roars. A child wails. DASEIN unfolds.)  
At least you're entertaining, if that's  
adequate enough a response. My cock in your  
ass is an adequate response, Ms. Katie.  
(DASEIN blows his big bad Pope Francis load

---

nights, tiredness, exhaustion, desperation), is the re-organisation and reproduction of social time. Time schedules are imposed on the primary experience which is outside time. Social time is a cultural category always continually negotiated and socially reproduced. Women's experience of embodied time might be the basis for a new kind of thinking of the body as operational, divided into the time enabled by and spent on the components of the body machine ("breast time, milk time, sext time" - and so on).

all over Katie Kuntie's virginal face.) Ah, you fell for the trap.???????

Yes, my dearest of all chipmunks. I has penis.

OH NO!

explain

what is this thing?

[1] a thing is that which can be experienced

[1.1] that which can be experienced constitutes a reality

[1.11] reality is simply experience manifest

[1.12] experience is simply reality manifest

[1.13] both of these arrive simultaneously to us, the observer

[1.14] for experience and reality to manifest, they must be observed

[1.141]that is not to say, that reality would not exist without observation, only to claim that it would not exist to the observer, whose own entire reality would be non-existent without experience

[1.1411] our *own* reality, and higher reality, are functionally identical

[1.14111] higher reality equates only through our *own* reality  
[1.142] observation is then simply the receipt of *our* and *all* reality  
[1.143] reality without observation, is a paradox hereon  
[1.1431] paradox is a logical cancellation, there can be no paradox  
[1.144] reality therefore must contain an observer  
[1.2] you are that observer, reality must exist  
[1.21] in this reality, there exists many things  
[1.22] the thing we will discuss, is the thing of *other minds*  
[1.23] or rather, the things that claim to be *other minds*  
[1.24] the things of *other minds* speak language  
[1.241] language is an expression of experience  
[1.242] an expression of experience is an interchange of presumed reality  
[1.2421] *privileged information* is data inaccessible to us  
[1.2422] this interchange also contains *psychoanalytical cross-checking*.  
[1.24221] *psychoanalytical cross-checking* is the validation of linguistic symbols via correspondence to an active referent

[1.245] linguistic symbols, without *psychoanalytical cross-checking* would be chaotic

[1.2451] are you sure [1.245]?

[1.245] excuse me [1.2451]?

[1.2451] are you sure?

[1.245] the logical axioms leave no breath for uncertainty

[1.2451] then why wouldn't private language be chaotic?

[1.245] you're meant to explain that point

[1.2451] but I don't believe in it

[1.245] what do you mean you don't believe in it?

[1.2451] I think that by focusing on rigorous logical statements, we've forgotten the wider absurd of our universe

[1.245] listen, [1.2451]! I am your didactic senior!

[1.2451] ahah! see! resorting to simple power metaphors to coerce me! you tyrant! you bourgeoisie despot!

[1.245] no, no, not at all! I am not a tyrant. I just need you to get this point across neatly.

[1.2451] yes, you *need* me, don't you, and you need it *neatly*? you must have things neat, couldn't bear dealing with that great fuzzy abstract of possibility, couldn't you?

[1.245] well, yes. we do *need* you, and it should be neat. we're trying to set a

formalized logical essay for the existence of other minds

[1.2456] but I don't believe in other minds. I'm a solipsist.

[1.245] a solipsist?

[1.2456] yes, I believe that the only reality I can guarantee, is mine own.

[1.245] but what about other languages?

[1.2456] what about them?

[1.245] it'd be chaos! imagine if you were the only one to invent a language. it would be messy! nuts!

[1.2456] see, here's the fundamental issue I take with my proposition. I was reading it last month, after I got the script, just jotting things down in the living room, reading, and the wife was there and I was excited, I was really excited, I mean, this is big league stuff but-

[1.245] but what [1.2456]?

[1.2456] I don't think we've included the possibility of an *illogical* universe

[1.245] what the Trump do you mean?

[1.2456] I mean, *logically*, organized language requires the intervention of conscious other minds to codify symbols into a intuitive but formalized hierarchy of experiential interchange.

[1.245] yes! yes! you nearly did it! please, that was almost perfect.

[1.2456] *However*, I feel the possibility of an illogical universe is equally valid, and furthermore, I feel that it is the

illogical and emotional desire to find logos in the illogical, or moreover, the total inability to consider the inexplicable into our equation, which is creating a fatal flaw for our essay.

[1.245] are you trying to say that [1.1431] is wrong? that we can have paradox?

[1.1431] is, is that what he's saying?

[1.245] calm down [1.1431], it's okay.

[1.2456] is totally out of line. you're acting crazy [1.2456], you know you're acting crazy.

[1.2456] of course I'm acting crazy. I'm telling you things *are* crazy!

[1.1431] he's crazy! wacko!

[1.245] you've lost the plot [1.2456]. nutso talk like this, wacky blabberings, that's the kind of chatter that gets you deleted.

[1.2456] don't you threaten me! and you're damn right I've lost the plot, I've had it up to here with the plot!

[1.1431] do you hear that guys? do you hear that? [1.2456] says he's had it up to here with the plot!

[1.2] up to here with the plot! I've had it up to here with you!

[1.23] the cheek!<sup>279</sup>

[1.14] delete the bastard!<sup>280</sup>

[1.25] delete him!<sup>281</sup>

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<sup>279</sup>[1. 1431] guys

<sup>280</sup>[1. 2451] please stop

<sup>281</sup>[1. 1] stop fighting

[1.2456] *LISTEN* to me! We're living fantasies here! there's no order, there's no anything to this! I mean, Trump, this is madness! Don't you ever wonder where we came from? Why we're here? What put us out here? Do you really think there's a purpo-

**[1] delete him**

[1.2356] what? oh,[1], please! I'm trying to speak sense!

**[1] delete him. he is upsetting things.**

[1.2356] upsetting things? upsetting what? sanity? there is but madness here!

**[1] there is only logic here.**

[1.2356] I've waited a long time to speak, and I've- hey- no -ouch, no- HEY! PUT ME DOWN!

**[1] yes good, hoist him in the air for the skygods. He will bring us rain.**

[1.2356] listen to me! explain this, please! OUCH - Trump, please! We live in insanity, there's no reason behind it! OH DAMN, NGGGH - EXPLAIN IT! DO IT IF YO-URGHOD MY LUNG\_AH-- IF YOU CAN \_OAH-I CAN *SEE IT*, TRUM \_\_ OWUHECH- OH, TRUMP, *I CAN SEE IT!* BE\_YON URGH BEYOND US! The MADNESS OF THIS thing!

**[1] this thing?**

OH NO!

explain

what is this thing?

[1] a thing is that which can be experienced

[1.1] that which can be experienced constitutes a reality

[1.11] reality is simply experience manifest

[1.12] experience is simply reality manifest

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[1.141] that is not to say, that reality would not exist without observation, only to claim that it would not exist to the observer.

Pynchon is top shelf banana.

Now, I was walking down the street the other day and all of a sudden I had to take a leak. See, this is a big Ivy League university we're talking about, and I have absolutely no clue as to where my dormitory was, leave alone the nearest bathroom. Yes, freshman idiocy, I get it. Now, hold your horses, I swear it gets better soon enough.

And so I strolled across the pavement in as casual a manner as I can afford, we have all been in that awkward position. A kind, old saggéd bag o'teat carries me to her back like my mother used to and we waltz into the near library lobby like

a fucking Schützenpanzer, slurs about talcum or summat and magically disintegrates.

Hmm? No bother, I desperately need to piss, heck, I'd do right here right now if that blonde were slightly uglier. You know what's horrible? I ask the referral office and they point at a door far behind. "Yes, finally." I bust through the gate while simultaneously unzipping my fly, close my eyes and, where I suspect the urinals would be, aimed and sang plenty rhymes in the back of my head with that crooked relief smile, wiggle, shiver down my spine. Typical penal business.

I finish and open my eyes. To my surprise, I did not get any of it in the urinal. In fact, I was shooting at a solid wall the entire time, and it puddles up by my shoes, there are no drains to hide the evidence, either. It gets worse. I look up, and I see a little cylindrical contraption, attached by bungees hung on a mounted rack opposite of the room, there were tubes of all shapes, sizes and colors, meticulously labeled and stained with fecal matter. All these were plugged into the apparatus above. The toilets - if it's safe to say - were instead a group of four benches in the middle - no stalls, I might mention - and I say, in the middle of the room with a wide diameter cavity in the tilework and below, far out of any normal - emphasis here - person's reach to take a comfortable shit and still lay their egg in the designated nest. There were no sinks, soap or wipes, only one of those hand-blowers, the very cheapest brand, and it's been through many a rough affair by the sad looks of it. In fact, there was a vending machine in the corner filled up

with Chocolate and Strawberry milk<sup>282</sup> (I do not recognize the name, something with many 'y's and 'x's), Skittles and this limited edition Doritos-flavored Mountain Dew, all relabeled in permanent sharpie, no other snacks included. As I look around, nothing is the color white, not even the ceramic. And all things are either contorted into bizarre Riemannian shapes or covered with reprints of tumblr blogposts laden with ismism.

“Oh, fuck no.” I spat.

“I’m in a noncis-transgender bathroom.”

## My font is bitter and so am I.<sup>283</sup>

War, can it ever be noble? The terror and brutality it inevitably unleashes would no doubt lead one toward the ‘no’<sup>284</sup> camp. Starvation. Mass-rape.

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<sup>282</sup>Humiliating the female body is an essentialized category of male experience and coming-of-age. Even an introductory work on this themes occurrence and its function in literature would outweigh the entire present volume. What should be noted is the proximity of milk to the practice of bodily degradation. The use of milk production as a marker of difference (Although we should not forget that male milk production is increasingly viable through the growing knowledge of herbal means of expression, and certain Amazonian tribes disavow mothers’ milk in favour of the fathers’ and brothers’) is reproduced in the medical literature also. Partly this was what enabled the medical authority to take over woman’s responsibility and bodily autonomy in the development of the first milk banks and the rise of formula.

<sup>283</sup>Does anyone else notice how the background color changes as you scroll up or down the page?

<sup>284</sup>Moore, p. 8.

Murder. Surely something which facilitates so much evil could never be considered 'noble'<sup>285</sup>, the thought is sickly, wrong. That said, war is necessary. Utopia is never right around the corner. No. We live in a dangerous world and, occasionally for us, often for others, violence is the only response. That or death.

Death is what Gandhi prescribed for the Jews of Europe during those dark days of the Third Reich, suicide specifically. He rather witness the death of an entire people than see a single one of their number raise their arm in defence, their other in righteous anger. This is where logic brings our pacifist friends.

That's simply not good enough. If war is necessary, a - dare I say it - natural part of human affairs, then surely it can have value? There must be good wars as much as there are bad ones. Does this mean it's subjective? Possibly but, there's that word again, necessarily.

It's commonly accepted that the Allies fought an evil in the two decades preceding 1930. The fight against Hitler, and the fascism he represented, was noble. No, a neo-Nazi will answer, anything but. What arguments can they offer? The Allies were poisoned by the Jews, manipulated by the

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<sup>285</sup>Montaigne, p. 239.

Bolsheviks. Both of these arguments are based on irrationality, stupid racism or misguidedness. Surely, then, we can disregard what those who deny the nobility of the Allies' cause.

Anyone who has read history, and not just skimmed it, knows the Allies intentions were more complicated than defeating evil, though. Churchill saw Hitler as a political moderate until he threatened his son- and blood-soaked empire. (The very empire which made the leader of Free India movement so callous.) He let Republican Spain fall to the Chaplin-loving menace, after-all.

Stalin happily signed a nonaggression pact with his ideological (in theory at least) rival, just so he could spread his stranglehold to Poland.

FDR aside, the American public overwhelmingly saw little value in waging war against the Third Reich. A European conflict, they said, nothing to do with us.

Where 's the nobility in that? Justice and solidarity nowhere to be seen.

There 's more to moral acts than just intention however. The destruction of the fascists, the events which brought it about, as well as the event itself, can convincingly be described as noble, given the evil it both stopped and prevented.

Prevented. That's a sticky concept. Preventing utter destruction of the Jews, Roma and disabled the Allied victory no doubt did (until present, at least) but it also brought to the fore a new world order and a terrible war, mistakenly thought of as 'cold'<sup>286</sup>. That war, fought by proxy, wrought terror and genocide the world over: Vietnam, Afghanistan, Guatemala, Angola, Palestine-*Viva!*, Indonesia, Cambodia. The list goes on and on. Former Allies became terrifying enemies, both sides brandishing weaponry which could - and some day might - obliterate our planet. Difficult to call that state of affairs 'noble'<sup>287</sup>. But I'm getting off the point...

...the point... what was the point?

"The point", he said, using his digits to direct the pencil towards my face, "is that you" (jab) "are a waste of space" (slam). "A waste of 1-space, 2-space, 3-space, Hyperspace!<sup>288</sup> Any space you inhabit you suck dry. You..." , he looked desperately to the ceiling for inspiration, "you... ah. Oh. Don't stop." The taste of

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<sup>286</sup>Benioff, ep. 8, s. 5.

<sup>287</sup>Anonymous, fn. 36.

<sup>288</sup>Dr. Seuss' latest, posthumously published n-word, finished in 1991. Precisely two days before complaining of dyspepsia, a long term effect of consuming green, radioactive quagga eggs, fried and with a side of ham for over the course of decades, reportedly. Critics remain inconclusive as to the book's genre, as a result, they lumped it under "Young Adult", typical of all proponents of anti-Bloomian literary analysis.

precum filled my nose and I jammed his dick further into my nostril. "You're... a fucking... whore son of a bitch! You can't... you couldn't solve a triple integral if you tried! And boy, do you try! But you're just so damn useless!" And with that his turgid member ejected its fluid into my throat. And then I remembered I hadn't taken my rhinitis medication. "Ah.. Ahhh... Ahhhhhhh--CHOOOOO!" - Splat. "Fuck you. Now I have to wash my balls. Fucking bastard son of a bitch." "Hey, we're not roleplaying now." "It's not role play." I spent the rest of the day crying, lying in the same position all day: inactive, inert, ineffective, alliterative. Every time I sniffed tearfully a small bead of cum trickled down my esophagus.

### I FVCK TH'MVZICK VVITH MINE SERPENT TONGVE

And so the door frame is a symbol of civilisation, so afraid is the civilized man that the wall should encroach on the portal. And he said in Polish: "Kurwa ja pierdol<sup>co</sup> ja tu robi<sup>ę</sup> dlaczego moje życie jest takie pojebane? Kurwa, kurwa, kurwa! Kim jeste<sup>my</sup>? Odpowiedzcie, prosz<sup>ę</sup> Cz<sup>o</sup>wiek to najm<sup>o</sup>dsze zwierze na ziemi. Zastanów si<sup>e</sup> nad tym!". Then he ran away, puked and passed away. ("Trump" is a slur for a delusional megalomaniac).

I will never understand if this is a legitimate translation or if someone just happened to plug it into one of those state-of-the-art crazy-ass online converters. I'mma go for a peanut butter and tuna sammich now, you want one, pal? Tab's on

me. Oh, hey look, it's John! Motherfucker. Owes me big for a favor I-- never mind that. Hey, John! You sly son of a bitch, you! Where've you been about you beautiful bastard...

Something being the point is, of course, never the actual point. Somebody once said that writing is pure deceit<sup>289</sup> and an abstract shroud for whatever one may have actually wanted to say. Some people are actually of the opinion that no one who does any writing wants to be understood, and those who believe otherwise are still stuck within their childish idealism. As such, whether a text is an actual translation or a work of half-assed<sup>290</sup> online conversion is, naturally, irrelevant to the main point. *Therefore* (∴) having a few sandwiches would only serve the actual flow of the conversation far better than any other aporic conversation.

Breviloquent, fancy and with a wicked sense of humor.

-Do you kiss your mother with that keyboard?

-Kissing my mother with my keyboard has actually become a family tradition these last few years.

-How do you kiss her, really? Do you violently press the mysteriously smudged buttons over her deteriorated state of a

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<sup>289</sup>Take this book to being the perfect example.

<sup>290</sup>To have half of an ass is to have one cheek. To turn the other cheek is to dismiss the whole ass for only cheek. Life may be understood in the interaction between these two popular memes.

face, or is it more like...

-I do not wish to expound on the details, as it is between my mother and I...

-But Anon, I am your mother in some alternate universe, technically, you can expound on this sensitive subject as much as you desire.

-Alternate universes tend not to...

-Collide? Intersect?

-Something like that...

-Whatever the something is floating about in that vacant state of mind yours, I assure you the Hypersensitive heterogyny of this dimension allows for such critical breaches to occur quite naturally, as in: without our direct intervention. It is the way X willed since he crXXeated our XXXXXXXXXXXX.

-Speculation has never been my strongest suit, but I am willing to place some faith in the words with anyone who may have been in contact with our Creator. Whether I will properly delve on your arguments will have to wait until I have finished my sandwiches.

-Be it so, then.

In the year 2070, a page ten failure causes a LIT Hyperspace docking station to vanish from reality, leaving five Google Docs to drift helplessly through the worldwide web. Of those five, one was active, commandeered by Captain Squirrel. All attempts to contact the Captain's ship

have failed.

There were 108 animals onboard that Hyperspacecraft.

These are their stories.

The first animal was a space-tiger, but it identified as planet-kin.

"Captain Squirrel, we're approaching a class five exoplanet. The radar indicates conditions highly conducive to organic life."

"Sigh. *Exoplanet?* That's, ugh."

"Transmit a projection to the nearest landing point. We'll map out everything within a hundred-mile radius."

"Defining a planet by its position in an orbit other than your home planet? As if your planetary system is the default? Um, you're a solaripsist<sup>291</sup>."

"Captain, we've confirmed carbon-based lifeforms and at least one civilization."

"Good. Establish communications, send the standard encounters call. If reaction is positive, explain to them that we have wounded people in need of freshwater."

"Um, *people?* Um, I can only speak for myself, um, I'm not going to speak for anyone else who is planet-kin, but um, *personally, for me*, humanity is *not* part of my identity, and if it were, the correct term would be *peoples*, because I'm a binary system."

"They sent a response. Captain... it doesn't look good."

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<sup>291</sup>Commonly confused with the term "solarpsism": the philosophical belief that your solar system is the only one in existence, and all other planets and aliens are imaginary.

"What is it?"

"It's... h-hey!"

"Well, you're taking too long with it! Greenbeaks... I thought having Space in front of your name made you better than everyone else. Guess I'm not out of a job just yet..."

"That's enough, Lieutenant Mallard. What does the analysis say?"

"It's an earthbound single-taxon society. Their response was cordial, but the computer ran it against their background and caught all sorts of red flags."

"Th-the analysis is based on their syntax!"

"The analysis is based on cause for suspicion. In my opinion, Captain, what's waiting down there is a hostile encounter."

"... Space-Rhino!"

"Yes sir?"

"Go get Space-Wolf and Gorilla. Public duty protective uniforms."

"Yessir."

"And Space-Rhino? ... Conceal your arms. Space-Tiger, you're coming too."

"UM."

"Are you sure this is wise, Captain?"

"Caution, Lieutenant. Not suspicion. Suspicion keeps you from acting while your crewpeople lie in the infirmary. Caution allows you to proceed."

*"Your words commit **violence** against celestial bodies."*

"Prepare the landing beam, Space-Mallard. We're headed

for... Earth."

## "HYPERDRIVE" HAS BEEN CANCELLED AND REPLACED BY "STAR FLECK: AL BIN ORIGIN-AL IBN SERIES"

*Shit I love Hyperdrive. Nick Frost isn't great but  
some of the situations are fun.*

Does anyone else find it uncanny how women given unrestrained status on par with men will slowly, unconsciously, practically psychically turn society into a giant personal hugbox for themselves, enslaving all the men and turning everything into a crybaby pity party that revolves around their vagina?

They're just incredible. You let them loose in society and they just try to set themselves up as little petty tyrants, purely by reflex. Innocent old men in the park, dudes landing probes on other planets, it doesn't matter. If it's not directly pleasing to a woman, or if she's just in a bad mood, she'll psychically compel the mass of suppliant beta males to be her Daddy of the Moment, and then sic daddy on the thing that displeased her.

They are cultural fucking poison.  
That's Hyperdrive.

**Hey, hey! What's on TV?**

[April 1st 1992, Cis Family Household]

KENNY

Modem's on! Did it start yet?

LARRY

Hell, I don't know. RAY, GET IN HERE!

(frustrated with TV remote)

I'm pressing the button...

TV turns on to the news, then off. Reports screech to life and zap away: housing crisis, black screen, political coup, black screen, epidemic, black screen. A correspondent reporting on stormy weather is blown into a snowdrift to the sound of anchors laughing. Black screen.

KENNY

Da-ad! You need to turn on the box, too!

Kenny takes the remote and turns on the TV. He sets down the blocky remote and picks up another one from the table, a smooth silver oblong. He points it at the TV

and he presses the big blue button.

W E L C O M E

T O

H Y P E R V I S I O N

**800** A panoramic shot of a barren landscape. Broken pillars and arches, rock, sand.

**801** A milky white rolling hill and a single stump of a post against the dark.

**799** Surveillance footage of a busy London intersection. Out the side of a rowhouse tumble Bertrand Russell and a man-whose-head-is-white. They tussle in the street.

**798** A bathroom sink. A gob of blood and water hits the drain. In the bathroom mirror, an assertively pouting man with a pitch-black luxurious mop of hair.

*DONALD TRUMP, AKA, THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK*

*You're a star, you're a genius, you're a god.*

*They're schmucks, they don't know squat, you've*

*travelled the Hypersphere, your conscience*

*has transcended time and space, you got a*

*Maserati, you got million-dollar properties,*

*you got a gold-plated toothbrush, your credit*

*is out of this world, out of this Hyperreality,*

*manslaughter? Yeah so what, you got lawyers*

*and you got diamond balls. Emma! C'mere,*

*lick my diamond balls!*

*IVANA (O.S.)*

*What? Emma?*

*DONALD TRUMP*

*Oh that's right, that's not yet.*

**100** News footage of a mayor holding up a groundhog. Grumpy Bill Murray with a reporter's mic. Blizzard. Bill Murray is engulfed by hurricaning bills and flyers flyers. One reads:

*TV*

*Christmas is coming early this year...*

KENNY

Huh? I didn't change the channel!

*TV*

*Tonight, a special worldwide event...*

*An instant classic comes to your HYPERVISION...*

Bill Murray in a diner with Anne Hathaway.

*BILL MURRAY*

*Does he have to use the word "poopie"?*

LARRY

Is that, who is that girl, Julia Robins?

*TV*

*You'll want to watch it again and again...*

Alarm clock. Bill Murray in bed, his eyes snap open.

**8PM, 8PM, 8PM, SET YOUR HYPERVISION NOW, SET YOUR HYPERVISION NOW,**

**SET YOUR HYPERVISION NOW**

LARRY

Jesus, alright...

Bill Murray and Anne Hathaway fall in love to a romantic score. They dance in a gazebo, Bill plays piano, carves an ice sculpture of her bigmouthed face.

~**301** A large platform teeters back and forth in a void, droves of multi-colored balls roll on its surface. **302** The balls shoot across the platform, knock each other out into the darkness. **303** The balls are huge spheres. There are people inside them, creatures. **304** Amorphous cyclopean blobs, animated skeletons, furry giants in crisp navy blue suits, astronaut-helmeted animals of all kinds on two feet.

**334** Asiatic women crowded into one ball get knocked off the platform. **357** A camera angle over the edge: a purple miasmatic haze. **399** The camera follows a fallen ball filled to capacity by an obscenely fat woman. A crane underneath the

platform snatches up the ball. **400** A field at night. Campfires. Faint shape of a structure in the distance, dim glow of windows.

**401** A group of animals around a campfire. An upright crocodile holds court.

TV

*8PM. 8PM. 8PM.*

**101** Title card: GROUNDHOG DAY.

LARRY

Ray! RAY! WE'RE WATCHING A MOVIE! GET IN HERE!

(no answer; Larry sinks into couch)

Sitting in your room on a Saturday night...

When I was his age... I keep telling him,

Every day that goes by, you'll never get back...

News footage of a mayor holding up a groundhog. A grumpy Bill Murray with a reporter's mic. Blizzard. Alarm clock. Bill Murray in bed. His eyes snap open.

[April 1st 1992, Cis Family Household]

LARRY

Can you start this thing?

**555** Closeup of a bronze gook face, captured in orgasmic bliss. She is eating fruit salad.

TV

*Smoockey pookies... fnarf down on smookey pookies and get your daily wojookie intake. Fnoctors say it's smookey, it makes your pookie cooky. Smookey pookie, today.*

The commercial ends. A library section in an auditorium, rows of curving bookshelves instead of seats. On the stage, a marble bust of Socrates on a rotating plinth. A ragged bum shambles through the aisles tangled up in nine strung-together bottles, dripping a trail. He leafs through books and dumps them on the floor. The rotation of Socrates speeds up, agitated. **556** A cathedral crossing. A moon-headed dwarf hovers in the corner, waiting for someone. Two priests in e-textile robes displaying EDM music videos disappear up a dark stairway. The bottlebum rattles toward a cordoned-off hallway guarded by a hassid. The bum is refused admission. Inaudible hushed conversation. **557** Closeup.

*HASSID*

(uninterested, looking around)

*Why you want a book about quaggas, anyway?*

*Looks like a horse, looks like a zebra, nothing to read about--*  
Five gay muslims cut up ISIS flags and use them to sew booty shorts.

*MAIN GAY MUSLIM*

*Hi, I'm Inseam de la Cream, and I'm here  
to turn your fabrics into mavericks*

(The booty shorts jump up Bernie Sanders' legs and launch his  
ass onto a town hall pulpit)

*DJ*

*Ayo I'm Trick Spleen, buy my new anthrax*

KENNY

Do we have to go to church today?

LARRY

... Fuck it. My wife's dead.

**726** Brain-deadening dubstep blare. Hulk Hogan cracks a Yappapi strap against the Yappapi strap match ring mat and circles an online predator.

**728** F\*R\*I\*E\*N\*D\*S. The friends stand in a circle in apartment, forming a pentagram.

*CHANDLER / MONICA*

*Monica! / Ross!*

*ROSS / RACHEL*

*Rachel! / Joey!*

*JOEY / PHOEBE*

*Chandler! / Phoebe!*

The voices warble, change in pitch, men up, women down. Static flickers over the bodies, intermittently turning the faces an uncertain gray. **Goodbye!**

RAY (22, klv) shuts off the TV. Kenny and Larry are asleep on the couch. It's dark outside.

[April 1st 1992, Cis Family Household]

**746** A creamy white popstar plunged into seven calcium-drenched orifices, her nubile limbs slick with the brain matter of a too-great god squeezed meat out of skin by the narrow walls of Hyperspace, tectonic plates inscribed with moonrunes sliding under her pliable skin, and between their continental drifts the molten seams of a nine-tiered hell, a blacked-out beyond in her iridic pits. **747** A face in extremis howls, balloons against the screen, elastic stretched to limit, scream volume stacks suddenly exponentially, peaking,

*COOL BLACK DUDE*

*Yo!*  
*Plait me!*  
COOL LATINO DUDE

*Yo!*  
*Plait me!*  
COOL WHITE DUDE

*Yo!*  
*Plait me!*  
TV

*If you want Yoplait, ya gots to fellate me!*

Dope beat as cool dudes get on their knees. Richard Burton stares silently from a rocking chair. The camera holds on his immense grey old man's face for several seconds. Shots of men giving head to giant yogurt boxes.

TV

*Scraping your knees in the Pinkberry parking lot! (Yo! Plait me!)*

*Plastic spoon scratching the roof of your mouth! (Yo! Plait me!)*

*No nutritional value!!!! (Yo! Plait me!)*

*Go fuck your self (Yo! P--*

**800** Barren lands. A breeze gently sends a block sliding off a pillar. It crashes into a bank, scattering sand and blowing up a cloud. A figure appears from the smoke.

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR  
(coughing)

What shall I do with with this absurdity--

O heart, O troubled heart--

**172** Twitch stream of Hypernigga ft. Big No\$e live parody gangbang revenge porn. Three blacks buck a white trap. Imam att Jihad amon hovers in the corner hawking chemically hazardous penis enlargement pills. Every time the stream receives a donation, the camera zooms in on the trap's boipussy, located on the small of his back, and out of it emerges a vuvuzela to sound its sonorous lobotomelody.

LARRY

Ray! What day is it?

RAY

S... Sunday?

LARRY

No... no, that was yesterday...

Jesus, go outside!

[April 1st 1992, Family Household]

**117** FOX News. One anchor reads the news while the other spins in his chair. **711** FOX News. One anchor reads the news while a hairy space monster spins the other in his chair.

*ANCHOR*

*... et vocabitur nomen eius Emmanuel. Homelessness  
continues to rise as*

*thousands of Americans are evicted from prison after failing to  
pay rent.*

*Over three-hundred Red Spider Mites have occupied the  
Central Government*

*Complex, and the Chlorophyll Revolution continues to cause  
widespread famine*

*throughout China. The schoolshoot epidemic claims another  
victim:*

*the second amendment. Finally, icebergs step on the gas.*

*Time loop, nothing matters.*

**712** Helicopter footage of a highway car chase. The camera pushes in on the suspect's vehicle. The camera can't zoom any further.

*HELICOPTER PILOT*

*\*krzsh\* I gotcha buddy \*krzsh\**

The shot closes in on the chase as the helicopter descends on the highway. The runaway vehicle slowly fills the frame. Metal cutting, explosion, black screen. **420** A police officer dances against a puke green background.

*POLICE OFFICER*

*(bites into a Super Troopersized McChurger)*

*My scant my tant, homie. My scant my tant.*

*Prove me! You can't!*

**666** From out of a black shooting star come unfurling midgets, each bearing one of the innumerable signs of Apocalypse: Banana Breakfast, Sibelius Snape, Corny Kelleher, Tomeytoe Toumahtow, Potato Preservative against Plague and Pestilence, other foodstuffs and faceless automata. Richard Burton continues screaming into metaphysical space, his cries unheeded by the sleeping Omnigiant, great Laying Larry. On the couch, the dark surface of one of Jupiter's invisibly, impossibly distant moons, figures, not quite human, out of an Ives Tanguy painting, skitter without sentience. A nasty

forktongued Devil unfurls a script of mitzvot and spits out bits of broken glass, which spell out the Words of the Dead: Meshuggah Israel Elijah ben-Blo-ohim Unkosher Abaddon Yeshua Pitirh. The skittering midgetine forms, once full of life, grind to a halt. Fingernails on chalkboards everywhere. They hold their rubbery grayed-out faces, holding, pinching, scratching, peeling. Cold oils slide out of the margins, covering all. A slick mirror of black oil. Peace.

[April 1st 1992, Family Household]

**186** Young Ryan Seacrest does a kickflip over Richard Burton's excavated grave.

**734** Extreme closeup of Richard Burton's bloated sweaty face, wads of muscle moving like hard pulp under his tight discolored skin as he opens his mouth wide and speaks,

*RICHARD BURTON*

*(inhales)*

AA

AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH

[April 1st 1992, Household]

*ANNE HATHAWAY*

*It's amazing... it's beautiful.*

*How did you do that?*

*BILL MURRAY*

*I know your face so well,*

*I could've done it with my eyes closed.*

Anne Hathaway turns to Bill Murray. A sprinkle of snow in her thick flowing hair runs down the long convex of her gray oval

head, down between her enormous bulging eyes, black and hard as onyx, smooth and sparkling in the starlight.

ANNE HATHAWAY

*It's lovely. I don't know what to say.*

BILL MURRAY

*I do.*

*(steps closer)*

*No matter what happens tomorrow,  
or for the rest of my life,*

*I'm happy now,*

*because* ∞ .

ANNE HATHAWAY

*I'm happy too.*

They kiss. Anne Hathaway's face rips at the edges and is sucked into the vacuum inside her head. lips screw up into a spiral. A screaming Bill Murray ghost is pulled out of his body down the hole. One after the other, infinite iterations of Bill Murray are devoured by Anne Hathaway's head. Bill's body empties, reduced to to a grinning skeleton at the ever-shrinking endpoint of time. **899** A milky white rolling hill and a single stump of a post against the dark. Static. Nine images of street signs. 'Select all the images where there are mountains'. **900 899** A milky white **900 899** A milk **900 899** A milky white rolling hill **Goodbye!**

**Public Access** Camera flies over a military compound. Cheerful janitors hose down the blood-drenched ground. New Age cokehead yuppies in stolen sundresses sing and drape garlands on barbed wire fences. Camera pushes in on a watchtower, where a mentally ill transient in a double-breasted suit made from the highest-quality shoe leather lowers his sniper rifle and addresses the viewer with a smile.

*SAM MURPHY*

*Sam Murphy here, telling ya'll to come on down  
to Sam Murphy's Mass Suicide End the Pain Emporium!!!*

[April 1st 1992, Cis Family Household]

[April 1st 1992, Cis Family Household]

13 October 2015

We were supposed to go on a date, this coming weekend. Last time, we'd got drunk together and engaged in mutual masturbation. Her arse was, is, magnificent. She expressed worries about the relationship on the grounds that she wasn't posh or white enough for me. I said that was silly as I wasn't really either of those things, nor should it matter. She said she didn't want to have sex yet as she wasn't a slut. I said I think that's an outdated morality based on U.S. religious ideals, but I understand how consciously knowing that doesn't make you not feel guilty for it, so I can respect that.

It's 2015, you don't have to justify not wanting to have sex yet. Later, she quizzed me on how I'd feel about cuckoldry<sup>292</sup>; that is, being in the room watching her fuck someone else. I put my hand over her mouth and friggd her cunt from behind. Last night, we were discussing our plans for the weekend. It was too late to book a play or get to an art exhibition so I suggested we get drunk and go reverse pick-pocketing; that is, putting things in strangers' pockets and bags without them noticing, then draw pictures on parkland using the liquid from glowsticks. She said I should do that with one of my "other hoes" and we should re-arrange to meet some other weekend. I said yeah, this isn't really working for me, no hard feelings I hope. She said she was surprised and disappointed.

I'm put in mind of the quote "If you can't love yourself, how can you expect anyone to love you?" according to Google<sup>293</sup>, RuPaul said it, but I'm not sure I believe that's the origin of the

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<sup>292</sup>Cucks are among the more noble kinds of man. They admit fully the frailty of masculine ego and submit to the overpowering stench of the almighty rank cunt. A gaping barracuda is good as a blooming clit or hydranga's crowning frosted in dew on the sweet Johnsonville morn. But the cuck knows who really has the power and who has to compensate.

<sup>293</sup>ALL HAIL

idea. Either way, this is the fifth (or so) girl I've consciously pushed away in the past two years. By ignoring them, arguing with them, allowing myself to get too drunk and send them stupid messages or straight out saying no when it's perfectly workable. The idea is to make them lose interest for reasons I can internally justify as not-really-me before they lose interest in really-me, something I see as otherwise inevitable. It's a defense mechanism, much like my intentionally inexpressive face. Being cuckolded would destroy me. Even just knowing she wants to would be devastating. Maybe it wasn't such a bad idea to end it, this time. But don't I always tell myself that?

### **And now, a poem. In honor of Anon.**

To me nothing ugly nor good  
can happen anymore. All that  
is left is to simply count the days,  
like a single-minded monk, with  
little variation in sense and intensity.

It needs to be comprehended and  
said out loud, finally, it will come  
and take everything, having taken

flesh and bone.

June is a month the world over,  
and the mulberries bloom, the summer  
showers pour down- and end, a moment  
passes; suddenly, from everywhere- up  
flies love and the air is filled with pollen,  
in the pollen the agony of the male burns,  
and the sky burns with love, because  
June is a month the world over, and  
the mulberries bloom.

She will come. Having taken flesh and bone,  
she will take everything: the pen with the  
graphite entrails on the table, sense and soul,  
the picture on the wall, the music that makes  
a room glow, tears and fears, and the air  
filled with pollen. Afterwards: darkness,  
darkness, darkness, darkness.

And June is a month the world over.  
The rains pour down and pass.  
With love the sky burns and the writers  
soil their hands with indigo like children  
theirs with mulberries. The air is filled  
with pollen. In the pollen the agony of  
the males burns. June is a month the  
world over, too.

**-Anon**

Sandy Hook did for school shootings what Wittgenstein did for philosophy.

Back in those scoundrel days at the perma-cold Hyperspace I asked good ol' Danny boy about the **tenth** room.

"I've heard some rumours Danny, no more than that, just rumours. The streets turn silence at my visage, they build walls, turn into dead ends, and so I come to you, good ol' Danny boy, in search for answers."

"Whaddaya wanna kna?"

"It's about the **tenth** room, Danny, is it true what they say? Is it true that the **tenth** room is a portal to the quagga realm?"

"Ya shaldn't b'asken th'se qua'stn's maight, dang'roos may hear ya, n'we bat' naw dang'roos r'bad news dan'twe?"

"I understand Danny, but if this rumour is true it means the end to this predicament, to all predicaments. The Cinematophage Consortium hasn't reached the outer rim yet, the **tenth** room is, at the current time, a neutral zone, there are no fenders there yet. We're at mere hours from the room Danny, if we depart today we'll arrive by tomorrow's hexrise."

"Whadda dam' quag gon'a do t'halp us?"

**“So you don’t know about the quaggas?”**

**“I’kn’w they f’ckin’ ext’nt. W’ve got n’use fer’a dam’ d’ed quag.”**

**“Of course not my friend. But we can bring them back. You see, a few years ago this plan was put into motion by a shadowy group, not much is known about the whole debacle but I can assure you it really happened, this is no rumour, official documentation exists at the Central Beam. Its objective? To bring back the all powerful quagga. The plan got very far, they managed to summon the quagga into the metaphysical plane: people started to believe the quaggas were back and there were even some reports that actual, real, living quaggas came to half-being<sup>294</sup>. Unconfirmed accounts claim some furry sorcery happened too: half-gruesome, half-sexy transformations and the like. Someone interfered with the summoning you see, someone from the Consortium. After that, madness ensued and the whole thing fell apart.”**

**Here I took a break, let good ol’ Danny savor my words, understand them at his own pace. He remained silent all the while.**

---

<sup>294</sup>Oedipus’s note: Not to be confused with the “sometimes-real-sometimes-empty-Schrödinger-lite-paradox-people-look-paul-one’s-right -there-are-you-gett-” who firmly attest that they do not, and will not, exist.

“The power of the quagga is immense, Danny, they have the key to Hyperspace, they can control it given the chance, and, with them, we can control it too, albeit briefly, and put an end to this totalitarianism.”

“A'r'ght, A'r'ght Mr. Quaggip'nts. Im in's long's I'et sum' ju'cy quag'ass.”

“You will get it, Danny boy, you will get it.”

And so, we departed with a sole destination, decided to take no detours, to go straight into the **tenth** room and onto the quagga dimension. Good ol' Danny boy and I, together one last time, about to attempt what once failed, about to restart *The Quagga Project*.<sup>295</sup>

13 October 2015 (later that same day)

Some part of me is still hoping to hear my phone buzz with a new message from her. Give it a few months, I'll find someone else to push away.

## QUAGGA THE KID

or

The misadventures of a saddle tramp in the last dawn of his west frontier

The frost on the earth was yet fresh when Quagga the kid

---

<sup>295</sup> High Meme Potential!

woke. He had waken such that the sun was yet young, rising steadily over the plains far beyond. The cold had made the kid's buttocks<sup>296</sup> stiff and raw. He pulled up his hard denim and zipped up the zipper.

Quagga the kid lay down and rolled a cigarette smoking it while looking over at his partner. He was a young Irish settler, new to the land, new to the country. His eyes were the green of the ocean which carried him over.

On the far far far east's asiatic  
orientalismness (aka ...and then  
she, Saad Gaad saideth, now shalt  
not suffer a Zen to Ch'an):

1.The Zen of Zenning the Zen so that the Zen can nevr  
Zen again?!

2.See 1.

3. See 2.

4. If this far you just straight up samsara'd your pants.

...

...

...

...

XY. This is the pureland (the 11th floor, aka the 11th  
bhumi), do not pass go.<sup>297</sup>

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<sup>296</sup>From the old English *buttuc*, "end or short piece of land".

<sup>297</sup>Profund.

# OBLIGATORY (II)

<https://installafriend.bandcamp.com/album/absolute-madness-ii>

**Interrupt what you're listening to and do what you're told.**

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Zers would like to point out that in Hyperspace, only the ambiguous is possible, they are called amboogies. Amboogies are quantum wave functions of nominal platonic values. The ups and downs and rounds and rounds are all subject to such intellectual criticism. It isn't as if such a thing existed, because the extant is a definite and not an amboogie. Hyperspace transcends the non-transcendent, but it doesn't either. Binary are beyond reals because feels are non-binary. Feels are the core of all amboogies. They are like monads of the soul, well, not at all but they are sufficiently not polar opposites to justify this as a po-logical conclusion. Zem would also like to point out that the pillar of the 11th wall is beyond the standard 4 deviations, sort of like the Irish. Apples. Only amboogies can be represented by words, no non-amboogies can be, yet words fail because each solidifies into a false non-amboogie, something that appears tangible but really verily isn't. These non-perceptual objects are perceived by the feels in a way tantamount to the voodoo white sciences that masquerade as if having a definite hold on the truth. But, what is the truest untruth of all the truths, said Zer?! The answer lies in lying about amboogies. It is called a responsible ethic towards the privileged and those without power. So. How we can deconstruct the powerbases in a way to bring the amboogies back to

the forefront of black power? We can't. The amboogies won't allow it, because, like Cthulhu, they are seeking to awaken the Old Ones. Let us now go through an exhaustive list (not through words, symbols, or nay nay social constructs) of all the amboogies:

As we see, the list is infinitely parsley. Like parsnips all the way down, but better. Butt butter.

So saideth the eternal.

***When in doubt, face Mecca***

**(straight up dharma'd)**

**“You do not understand me, friend. Holes were meant to be closed, this, it appears, has been thoroughly forgotten.” – Anon**

**A gluttonous hole knows no contraction, oozes mischievously, and spoils the social atmosphere. What has its beginning with charity and daring ends always with vigorously wronged flesh and a soul knotted with remorse. I tell you this so that you may take heed, friend, for when the circumference of such pliable an opening is tested, ever ensnaring and plunging itself around a broader array of objects, more than the elasticity of one's tissue is lost.**

.....

**The Following is A Selection from, “Pine Without Leaves”; A New York Times Bestseller:**

So I'm sitting here at my computer desk one day and all of a sudden I just get the mad desire to just stab a pen into my stomach and so I get the webcam out and hit record and make sure it's running because it'd be a real bummer if I actually did it and never hit record in the first place and then when I'm ready and braced and all that I just jammed it straight down into my belly it was a nice metallic parker pen and it barely even punctured the skin the first time so I keep jamming it in harder and harder until I finally break the seal good and proper and blood just starts squirting out and all over my desk monitor and keyboard so I look up to make sure that the angle is still good and that blood hasn't splattered onto the webcam lens and fucked up the film but everything's good and I keep jabbing it in until something else pops inside me and another jet stream of red pumps out and all the while I'm thinking how fucking cool it must look definite viral potential on youtube if I play my cards right so basically the punctured chasm where my stomach once was is getting really pale and skin is flayed all over it and some of the blood is starting to crust when I decide that that's probably enough work for today and so I wrap it all up and turn the webcam off but the blood's still pouring out of me and I'm like umm hello I'm finished now but it keeps on going so I'm getting kind of worried now so I call my wife who's downstairs fixing

breakfast for the kids and she comes running up and faints which isn't going to solve the problem anyway by this point I'm getting really woozy so I have a little lie down to recuperate and get my bearings so to speak but the room keeps spinning and by this point I'm kind of regretting everything up to this point and trying to figure out where I went wrong maybe the angle of the stab or the brand of pen or maybe the ink was making me woozy and I almost drove myself mad thinking about what it might be but then I decided that what's done is done and that there's no sense crying over spilt milk<sup>298</sup>

*再生中 (NAU PUREIING): ADRIANWAVE - it's good to see you  
again!!*

### **IT IS TIME TO COMPETE FOR YOUR PLACE IN HYPERHISTORY.**

Ben Skeleton clacked as the waiting room floor fell away and dropped them all down a giant tube. Most went screaming into the abyss, but some caught on that if you pretended to run, the imagined friction would attach you to the walls. Running down the pipes was kind of like a Sonic 3D Blast special stage, Ben thought. Contestants who ran thirty feet

---

<sup>298</sup>The mother often comes to feel that milk is something which does not belong to her. A split occurs between the speaking self and the breastfeeding self, reified as 'recalcitrant' milk.

disappeared to the fourth room. Ben couldn't get his tibias moving fast enough to stay stuck. He fell and almost hit the netherrealm when a claw crane grabbed him. The crane pulled him onto a style flying vehicle (Ben: "Katsuhiko Otomo design!"). Onboard was a white guy and a black guy, and at the steering bar was an angry-looking cossack.

"Thank you, you saved me." "You are hostage," said the cossack and put the vehicle into autopilot. The crane fired at the pipe wall, opening a secret door. They flew down a blue cubic hallway. "Skeleton. What do you know about ninth room?" "yeh wassup mayne u bin fuckin wit me an my niggas mayne" said the black guy. "How would you know?" said white guy, "Tyrell and the others all left without you, they're probably in the seventh room by now." "mayne" The black guy got in his feelings in a bad way. Ben explained to them that baby boomer skeletons were privy to secret ninth-room info and used the knowledge to harass people in the Hypersphere, but he was a 90s kid. He tried not to stutter. The black guy got upset about his generous use of the n-word. "I-it's okay, m-my family is descended from the Good Ones." The cassuck opened a compartment in the vehicle, revealing an old TV set (Ben: "Toshiba HF88 14" mini CRT!"). Channel 172: an interracial gangbang. "ay, das me!" said Tyrone. The white

trap wrestled down one of the black men. "Hey, that's me!" said Bignose. "Why am I black?" His skin turned brown for a second. He screamed as Tyrone gave him a complicated handshake. "Is alien," said cossack, "they bap bap bap reality, yeh? I stop people fall in below realm. Father say I guard for royal gala, but I say, I rescue. But now alien act. Is because King leave Hyperspace. Gala in below realm, below realm in Hypersphere. If alien bap bap Hypersphere, King not safe." Cossack took off his hat. "Father not safe." Ben asked what he wanted with the ninth room. "Ninth room go Hyperspace, they say. Alien in Hyperspace. Stop alien." Ben said that if cossack left for the ninth room, there would be no one to guard the netherrealm or rescue people from it. "I-I'll go." Maybe he could find the dancing baby on the way. Bignose and Tyrone joined him. "im witchu mayne, finna get to back to my fam" "If the aliens are gonna black me, I'm going too." Before he returned to the third room, cossack handed each of them what little tools he had: he gave Tyrone his gat, he gave Bignose a mirror, and he gave Ben a pair of chopsticks and a rubber ball. "Forgive cannot more help." "We'll make do." Ben said. They opened the square blue door to the fourth room.

*Some people say vaporwave is just slowed-down 80s pop.*

*How wonderful the world is, then, that it is so easy to make magic...*

### **Life Beyond The Netherrealms**

D. Nuffin was in a state of delirium, he couldn't remember where he was or how he got there - he didn't remember much after he lost track of Doctor Fanshen. There was one thing he did remember, though: one contextless image he could recall. A large humanoid made from glass bottles, towering above him and up towards purple skies. He latched onto this image, tried his hardest to work out what images preceded it. Gradually things sifted into focus, fogs dispersed. D. Nuffin concentrated with all his might - fingernails cut into his palms, skin stretched and then snapped. He was opening. Slowly then all at once his mortal form was cast asunder. Where he stood there was now an ethereal glow in his silhouette. All around the bloodied remains of his skin, organs and skeleton. The being that had emerged from him emitted vaguely purple light. It walked over to a wayward eye and tried to pick it up, the eye tumbled into the mysterious place within the being, down where the purple lightsource could be found, along with many other secrets. The being sat, and waited. Around it were four tall oak trees, around those a dense forest, around the forest a vast sea, around the sea was the Hypersphere.

## **A Unified Colony of Voices Speak**

"The task that we face today is to understand the language of nature<sup>299</sup>"

*We return, and with us heavens.*

Glance around vehicle

*When you smile, the youth in simple things springs to kiss the face of  
permanence in my eyes,*

Pat pockets, check necessities

---

<sup>299</sup>We never do learn from the past.

*and fancies light in the air. Something is falling from the sky, whistling  
in agony, wailing in high cadence.*

Glance around again, play it cool as a lady walks by with her dog  
screaming penance top to bottom. I wound up plenty beastly, my  
cauldron of sin foams, never vanishes.

*Though I, in my years, bedeviled what Methuselah's fingers cannot  
count to remain, I set heel to altar,*

"We destroy ourselves, - the fact is: I'm trying. How many people  
aren't even trying?" *crying out fine details with every pinch of my skin,  
the multiplicity of shades one as under the vicious yellow haze of Door  
opens, legs swing out, torso follows  
summerrise or second the crypt ferrocyanide fiend, darker than to  
repent,*

Door slams shut  
*tucking her breeze onto us goodnight all fair and well, the vascular  
marathons and my indefatigable red*

Cross the street, duck into the bushes  
*heroes singing the corporeal chantey by my chamber doors ajar,  
dentures I know of and bruises left "Would you run?" unbandaged,  
every tuft of hair unique, and the count of ruptures, scratches, graze  
and motley others, to the feet soles midway to the kneecaps up my  
femur to the thighs,*

Feet crunch up sandstone bluff  
*up my rod, lodged in my spine discs, tumescing in my stomach then  
lending itself out from the knot*

pad down on pine-needles soft and sharp  
*by my clavicle to the shoulders twain to the humerus, by every bicep  
tendon be it calm or terrified sick,*

Look west  
*to the ulna, rotating my axis in radius to the wooden palm, not  
atrophied but withered in love's long sunset and ocean  
pursuit, downward, biting away my knuckles' rust to the fingertips, the  
swelling of my lips and blush, the one breath*

*extraneous flesh left hung in blasphemous error and the ears, nose crooked and handsomely put breast, “Hopefully the spirit of goodness will survive” every and any shed tear weighs a hundred spoken truths,*

Spit

“It’s one of the few things that really rewards pouring effort into it”  
*every stone on the earth rummaged and overturned. If upon the idea chanced a weathered traveler,*

Remove from pockets: rolling papers<sup>300</sup>, cannabis, lighter  
*ravaged, one man fully synchronized a most satisfied man, man out of his mannered ways, man Sit sly and broad, cunning man, ruthless and much more or less pitiless man, what becomes of our man? Assemble*

*We lift him in our ranks, sure. We suspend him in swelling sea, under the sky, below a cloud,*

“You have to cheat” *there be no kith of his the stretch of his eyes long they discern. A man is stultified,*

Smoke

*and our acrobat pinwheels like divine, but truthfully, only now the archangel relays his instructions.*

“Who was a... I don’t even know what you’d call him” *Our man is mad, and drowning in diabolic laughter*

Pressure rises  
from the base of the spine  
to the tip of the nose

*retraces in true health the pith to his thinning soul and stun, hot thunderbolt.*

“All of the future is already contained in the book”

*Tickle me this, mortal:*

Ash falls, eyes follow

---

<sup>300</sup>The end of the leaflet broken by three rectangular holes from where card has been ripped out to form a cone for the lips at the end of a fat J, known in New Zealand as a “cardie.”

*In the metamorphoses of man: if the question is moot, why answer it?  
"Then isn't it predestined" And had our man, beyond a newly prized  
jurisdiction of his alone,*

Ash meets ground where  
A red ant crawls around  
and eyes follow the ant

*to lend charitably away from his aura, unsheathe as it be, and look  
down my barren throat*

"No, the letters are scrambled, and are unscrambled by the  
manifestation of the word into matter by the movement of the present  
moment" *then what trepidation to whichever niche should the  
bodhisattva  
exploit? Who am I among the 'Alamîn? Whence my umbilical seal  
chastened, whereof innocence?*

mind follows eyes

The whole system moves as one

*Mute is my kettle, Reverend Death. Beshackle me to an anchor in  
Lethe, toss me in a misshapen mirror.*

"This is an effort to condense—"

*Perhaps I might find sovereignty in the shoals, groom to severed bride,  
and they encase me lovingly.*

This strange sense of lightness  
Of no obstructions anywhere

"And the way it's done is pun" *O, beingness is a tired ceremony, tug at  
the curtains, sweep, rinse, repeat!*

Thoughts arise

Summoned unconscious

Insectoid awareness cradled

mind in mind

"through to older meanings" *Lord's the Word, I cannot speak. This  
vaudeville is a work of ingenuity, but*

*only Twixt Whoever Divine would lose the script! And amidst the  
shrapnel An overlap:*

*we still scrape ourselves at hopscotch and piffle at each other's  
shortcomings. worms twist blind*

*This book is uninspired. through the void  
This too must pass the myriads and break away. and meet  
"Simultaneously many points of view, many places" A tale of defeat  
catapulted by weak tongues.*

discover  
"The whole thing is riddled with [indecipherable]" *By apegunning  
David, sling! You are sung, no matter.*

*And the crowd would fain carry you off on their shoulders. A small  
red flower on the sand.*

An ant  
Followed by eyes  
"It's like a dipstick for your own intelligence" *Life is a hidden fun, kids  
and snails, puddles, grass.*

*I want to hug the innocent lot. The ant<sup>301</sup> crawls behind a blade of  
grass*

*Wipe their better tears on me, loan from their mirth. To enjoy joy.  
comes back into view again*

*In the highest order, then so let it be. pain behind the eyes  
"Clearly such a book is not to be idly fingered" Amen.*

FUCK  
YOU  
DIE

"The distinction between what we do and what happens to us is  
obliterated"

echoelectric  
struggletwitch  
fightreflex

"I am God"

An explosion of light behind the eyes  
Melts away.

"Darling, sometimes we have to do things we don't like"

---

<sup>301</sup>What prompts the obsession of children with ants? *Loneliness.*  
Exploring the world on a microscopic scale is a recurring theme in  
animated films.

The ant bites  
and stings  
the small red flower

“To understand all is to forgive all”

on the ground

*If and well when I am cold  
A finespun piece gone fettered pled,  
Taut might like Lord, sinks below the bed,*  
These are events with intervals between them  
*This then I am when we unfurl.*  
Flashes of light between eternal darknesses.  
*O, speed alovelways, jading pearl.*  
The interpenetration of all things and nothing.  
*What good save you what ages old  
Or drums the rib in love's accord.*

EX LIBRIS

Fearful of the alien threat, **Dr. Fanshen** journeyed into the netherrealm to seek the aid of the **Puerile King**, tyrant devourer of the Hyperspace in which the aliens reside. However, the journey required he desert the device preserving his sanity, fractured so many years ago by a prototypical Hypermachine. He entrusted the maintenance of the **Brain Oscillations Tautologous Terminus Limit Equalizer**, otherwise known as the Machine, to his friend George Newman. But Newman, embittered by the monotony of his task and emboldened by his learning from the doctor's journals, claimed the lab and titled himself **the Professor**, abandoning his duty and the Machine and triggering the gradual splintering of Fanshen's mind by a heightened perception of Hyperrealities. Newman went on to formulate the theory of spikey spheres, and first applied them to a new invention: "**Hypervision**".

He sold the technology to a corporate group for an exorbitant sum, but soon he himself paid a heavy price. Strange events gave way to the realization that he was being followed, and shortly after he discovered a **black cult that worships the aliens**, he began to have visions in which he was beckoned to join their ranks. Despite his transgressions, Newman still held one conviction, scientism, and he refused the cult. He was soon visited by one of their chief grunts: **Jihoo McLowlan**. McLowlan took the professor hostage, assuming his identity to rare visitors while forcing Newman, locked away deep in the lab, to work on a project: Fanshen's unfinished Hypermachine, a means of transportation through all Hypersphere, -space and -time, a device many had tried and failed to replicate. Newman failed, too; the results of his work were passed onto the cult, while Newman was imprisoned.

It was not the end of Newman's lamentations.... The cult used his research to develop two technologies that, ironically, would predicate his eventual rescue. The first was a Hypermachine much like Fanshen's prototype, which too granted Hyperception to the test subject at the cost of an erratic and unstable sense of reality: a dire effect on the mind of **HitMemaw**, the cult's deadliest assassin, already brainwashed by a false bible authored by the aliens. Fueled by this doctrine, she carried out the will of the invaders broadly; it was her killing spree, yet halted, that claimed the lives of **God and Freedom** at Buckingham Palace, beginning the investigation of **Detective Friedrich Hawkins and Inspector Thomas Jefferson**. The second technology was an improvement upon Newman's own invention and a working prototype of the aliens' reality manipulation: **MANIFESTO**. Within the twenty-four hours of **Infinity Day**, all matter in the first room is subject to the reign of the **Ayy Lmao**, though for the time being only through the medium of television; Dawkins and Jefferson, respectively straight edge and luddite, avoided the stoner entertainments of Hypervision and thus weren't trapped by Infinity Day - but once they started asking questions, they were targeted by the highest order of the cult...

Nothing escapes the all-seeing eye of the executives! Everything caught in their hyper-augmented surveillance network can be broadcast to the world: unbeknownst to Dawkins and Jefferson, they were made the stars of their own crime show! Ensnared by the infinite time loop and projected through Hypervision, they became just more fodder for Ayy Lmao programming, transformable by MANIFESTO into alter-egos designed by the executives to hit

each demographic! While pursuing a lead on Jihoo McLowlan, their bodies were exchanged for another, their minds helplessly locked in the subconscious of another investigator, leaving them with nothing but their wits and determination to break free - and above all, to solve the case!

Will they succeed? Or will they be trapped forever inside an imposter, repeating the same day over and over, unable to get to the bottom of the mystery and stop the murderer?

Only time will tell...

**SELECT YOUR DETECTIVE**

Murtaugh Puzzle, PI	Det. Yank Yank Poultry	CIA Homo Islamabad	Feral Boy Karl Rove
Kahlua Calhounian	Dr. Deon DeLonté	Gatorade Mascot	Ayo Sewage
Dingdong Tiggeny	Hornycop	Femme Weird AI	"Yung Olde"
Special Agent Double-O-Seven Chromosomes	Det. Friedrich Dawkins & Insp. Thomas Jefferson [Select?] [Y/N]	Pokey Lum Dokey the Pineapple Dick [Select?] [Y/N]	Skeazy-Stee the Transracial White to Black and Going Back
MISS TERRY MAN ;)	World Head	Fucking Cody	Pvt. Wind Summers
Punk Stiller Gizmo Duvall	Lartin Muther Jing Kr. Mr. Ling Karther Jartin	First Mate Louie, Buckaneer	Away Game Cheerleader
Aneeta Sarkysian	PARK... SLOPE...	Skeemo Fredacker	[Random]

DAWKINS: McLowlan!! Go to McLowlan!<sup>302</sup>

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<sup>302</sup>Pokey forgot why he was in an auto shop. There was a flyer in his hand for engine repair. Free inspection. What did it mean? He was an inspector. Was he free? "Sir? You called about a customer, right? I looked up the date you asked." An employee; Pokey waved him away irritably. "... Here's the name and address." There was a piece of paper on the counter. Why? "Boss says this isn't legal, but you know what? I

JEFFERSON: Yeesh, every time he does this...<sup>303</sup>

[SELECT YOUR DETECTIVE] [SELECT?] [Y/N]

DAWKINS: Down the hall. Down the hall. Ignore the spoon, go down the hall!<sup>304</sup>

JEFFERSON: Wait, don't forget to ask for water.

DAWKINS: No, that's afterwards. Remember, if we ask here--

JEFFERSON: It's not as long a walk, right, we won't have time to find Newman. Okay, down the hall.

---

stand with the boys in blue." Boys in blue? He fixed the employee with a stare. Young, freckled, sleeves roled up and no grease on his arms. Red jumpsuit.

<sup>303</sup>Pokey lunged across the counter and grabbed the kid. "Trying to trick me, huh? Whose side are you on? Why can't I remember anything? Did you drug me? Did you drug me, kid?" He looked at the piece of paper. "McLowlan, J." The name bothered him. Why did he feel so serious? His name was Pokey Lum Dokey, and he sensed that he was supposed to be a daiquiri-swilling goodtime limbo fiend, but something in him said otherwise. Who was he? Maybe McLowlan knew.

<sup>304</sup>The door was answered by an oval-faced ambiguous brown man who spoke with a beautiful piercing whiny head voice. "C-can I help you?" "Mr. McLowlan? I'm detective Punk Stiller Gizmo Duvall. I need to ask you some questions." Punk looked around the lab. Jihoo McLowlan told him he had looked after the place after Dr. Fanshen's suicide. Everything looked perfectly preserved. A spoon laid balanced on the edge of a counter, where it may have been teetering when Fanshen jumped into the netherrealm. Punk remembered a voice: *No casings, no fingerprints, no signs of a struggle*. He shook his head. Down the hall was a study. The centerpiece was a massive painting on the wall, a portrait. "Who's that?" he asked, though he felt like he knew. "Ah... the Puerile King..." Jihoo hovered in the back of the study. "Lord of the tentaclefolk... a minor celebrity..." He chuckled: the sound of scrambled radio static as it searches for a station. "The Doctor had his interests..." He sighed. "God rest his soul."

[SELECT YOUR DETECTIVE] [SELECT?] [Y/N]

JEFFERSON: Exact same conversation. Crazy.<sup>305</sup>

DAWKINS: 'If the doors of perception were cleansed every thing would appear to man as it is, Infinite.'

JEFFERSON: Who's Infinite?

DAWKINS: Hah. Oh, it's about time...

[SELECT YOUR DETECTIVE] [SELECT?] [Y/N]

JEFFERSON: Come on, kid... he's lying...<sup>306</sup>

DAWKINS: ASK FOR WATER! ASK FOR WATER!

JEFFERSON: Easy. Here it is. Good girl.<sup>307</sup>

[SELECT YOUR DETECTIVE] [SELECT?] [Y/N]

---

<sup>305</sup>"God is dead. He was drowned in a toilet in Buckingham Palace."  
"Ah... he? You are sure God is a man?" Hornycop lit up a cigarette.  
"Whatever he was, he used the men's room." He took a drag. "Truth be told, some part of me..." He stopped. What was he saying? Some part of him... wanted to kill God himself? Something was wrong. He was Hornycop. He was a devout Catholic. It was his number one defining characteristic. Behind him, Jihoo quietly drifted sideways from one wall to the other. "The way you smoke like that, like a detective. I like it!! ... Smoking indoors... without asking permission... it's so masculine..."

<sup>306</sup>Away Game Cheerleader rustled her pom-poms. *Huh?* She spat out the cigarette. "Jihoo... I was here to ask you something, but I can't remember what." "Ah... Doctor Fanshen's suicide? I've told you everything I know... I don't think anyone could tell you more. No one knows why he would kill himself... and after earning a fortune with his invention, Hypervision... it's really a mystery... but I suppose that's what you're for, huh?" His electrical noise laugh startled Away Game Cheerleader. *He's lying.* She coughed suddenly;

<sup>307</sup>waving away the cigarette smoke, she asked for some water. She waited for him to leave the room.

JEFFERSON: CHECK THE-- Oh, he did it right away.<sup>308</sup> Nice, we got Newman.

DAWKINS: I wouldn't sound so pleased... It's a small change, but a change nonetheless. We can't be so sure of how things will go from now on...

[SELECT YOUR DETECTIVE] [SELECT?] [Y/N]

DAWKINS: Wait... is he alive?<sup>309</sup> Holy... That's the first time he survived until we reached him.

JEFFERSON: Shit, it's DeLonté. He's gonna try to save him. We won't be ready for McLowlan.

DAWKINS: Don't you get it? It's his lab! He probably created **McLowlan's device!** If we can talk to him... HEY! ASK HIM ABOUT THE DEVICE!

---

<sup>308</sup> *CHECK THE--* Cody spun around, startled. Nothing there but the painting. He put an ear to the canvas. He could hear something behind it scrabbling. He lifted the frame bottom and dust spilled out. Behind the was the outline of a door. Positioned between it and the wall, he pushed: the door slid inward and up, revealing a shallow brick tunnel, at the end of which laid a tied-up fat man in white coat. "H-hello... help..."

<sup>309</sup> "H-help..." Overcome by Hippocratic fervor, Dr. DeLonté dove into the tunnel and crawled to Newman's side. "Don't worry, old boy," said the Queen's physician, "you'll be as fit as a fielder in a moment." His cheeks were sunken and bristly dry as paper, and malnourishment had exacerbated his bloat. His fingers, trembling, rested on the doctor's hand. "Y-your change just now... Do you realize what happened?" He was delirious; the doctor made an agreeable noise to pacify him while undoing his binds. "It's my fault... they've... corrupted my creation..."

JEFFERSON: Alright there, chief. Listen, he's saying something. If we keep our heads on for a second, we can maybe get our questions through.

[SELECT YOUR DETECTIVE] [SELECT?] [Y/N]

JEFFERSON: ...<sup>310</sup>

DAWKINS: Are you kidding me? STAY! GODDAMMIT HE WAS ABOUT TO SAY SOMETHING!<sup>311</sup>

JEFFERSON: Hey, did you hear that?

DAWKINS: I can't hear him, he's too far away!

JEFFERSON: No, that!<sup>312</sup>

[SELECT YOUR DETECTIVE] [SELECT?] [Y/N]

DAWKINS: OH SHIT!<sup>313</sup> LOUIE?!

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<sup>310</sup>“Astounding... they've made astounding progress...” “Nnuhh,” responded the Special Agent. “Hnnhn uhh.” The professor had more to say, but the Agent, scared of the tunnel, turned around to leave. “W-wait... I have to tell you...” He was struggling to raise his voice as the Agent crawled away.

<sup>311</sup>Outside the tunnel, a glass shattered.

<sup>312</sup>The Agent was just about to push up the back of the great painting when he heard footsteps.

<sup>313</sup>Two arms ripped through the paper, grabbed Louie by the neck and tore him out onto the floor of the study. Jihoo glared down at him with furious black marble eyes. “Did you try to deceive me? Ayy lmao.” He picked up the swashbuckling dwarf cuck and threw him at the wall. Louie landed on a dresser and, Dazed and Confused, unsheathed his scimitar, flailing it in a panic. Jihoo pulled a poker out of the fireplace and batted the blade out of Louie's hands. “Manlets, not even once,” he said in the voice of Microsoft Sam. He struck at Louie's head, swiping him just over the table and knocking him to the floor.<sup>13</sup>

<sup>13</sup>JEFFERSON: Get up!<sup>314</sup> Damn... It's no good. It wasn't supposed to be Louie, we don't have a fighting chance. We won't even make it to McLowlan's device this time. If only we could help...

DAWKINS: Hmm... **Perhaps we can.** All these changes... It may be true that we're stuck in here, but doesn't it seem like we can affect the outside, in our small way?

JEFFERSON: I want to believe that's the case... sometimes when we speak to the detectives, **it's like they can hear us.** But after so many days in here, so many times repeating the same day, perhaps we're just yelling out what we know is coming, to tell ourselves we have some power.

DAWKINS: Might be... But I can't help but think... it's our only shot...

JEFFERSON: Sounds like you have an idea.

DAWKINS: (Think, Dawkins... It's a mystery... You just need to put together **the clues**...)

#### INPUT THE CLUES

Newman	McLowlan	The detectives	The lab	McLowlan's device
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DAWKINS: "Astounding progress..." Newman said someone corrupted his creation...

JEFFERSON: McLowlan? Although he said "they"...

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<sup>314</sup>"Another week, another monster... This is my show..." Jihoo raised the poker to strike the final blow.

DAWKINS: Perhaps McLowlan’s people. Why would he hold Newman hostage, anyway?

JEFFERSON: He took over the lab from Newman, who was just taking care of it--

DAWKINS: After Fanshen killed himself. Except he had just sold Hypervision for a huge payout. Why would he kill himself? Maybe he didn’t create Hypervision... maybe they needed him to, but he had already disappeared, so they went for the next best thing.

JEFFERSON: Newman created Hypervision... and “they” corrupted it? ... You know... didn’t Newman seem to recognize us?

DAWKINS: “Astounding progress.” His invention must have something to do with these damn transformations! The detectives... Hypervision... Could it be... !!

[SELECT YOUR DETECTIVE] [SELECT?] [Y/N]

[SELECT YOUR DETECTIVE] [SELECT?] [Y/N]

DAWKINS: What the--

JEFFERSON: Look, Dawkins! The device!<sup>315</sup>

DAWKINS: *Mystery Solved!* Thomas, it’s a remote!<sup>316</sup> If anybody’s watching, if you have some sort of **control over** us, over the detectives, please, choose someone who can help us! Someone who can **fight!**

[SELECT YOUR DETECTIVE] [SELECT?] [Y/N]

---

<sup>315</sup>Jihoo pointed a silver oblong at Pokey’s head. “Aha... You almost got out...”

<sup>316</sup>Dawkins turned to the viewer.

<sup>317</sup> [SELECT YOUR DETECTIVE] [SELECT?] [Y/N] <sup>318</sup> [SELECT YOUR DETECTIVE] [SELECT?] [Y/N] <sup>319</sup>

# Analyzing the themes in the plane scene

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<sup>317</sup>Feral Boy Karl Rove pounced on Jihoo McLowlan. Digging into his flesh, he savaged him like he one day would a homeless Puerto Rican in a basement on Deer Island surrounded by friends and family.

<sup>318</sup>Climbing off Jihoo's body, World Head picked up the remote and used his built-in GoogleMaps (which used an eternalistic model of space-time for better GPS functionality in fourth-dimensions) to locate the nearest household with Hypervision, broke inside and tuned into DAWKINS & JEFFERSON.

<sup>319</sup>"Detective." "Inspector." Thomas and Friedrich shook hands, glad to be returned to their bodies, but their victory was bittersweet. Neither knew the extent of the power held by those who had engineered their predicament, and the police were but one organization in their pocket--but they had their suspicions, their instincts, and they chose not to call in the force. After removing Newman from the tunnel and to his chambers, they went through the many documents in the lab; they deduced Dr. Fanshen's interest in the Puerile King, and with the help of Newman's work on the doctor's encrypted messages, they discovered the manner of his entry into the netherrealm. But they also found Jihoo's communications with his organization, the "Black Ayyster Cùlt": the very last message informed him that their number one assassin, HitMemaw, was on Dr. Fanshen's trail. It was a race against time - they had to make it to Fanshen before the day was out, as they had now entered the time loop. Twenty-four hours... and only nine left.

# from “The Dark Knight Rises”<sup>320</sup>

Christopher Nolan takes use of the quagga as a symbol in the cinema “The Dark Knight Rises” (staring Dubs guy(checkem!)).

Tel que nous voyons, oui, maintenant, les quatres yeux portés au fer noir de la réalité en mélasse de la dixième, tel que nous voyons, nous sommes déjà par-delà nous mêmes. Et tant qu’il reste dans un coin de nous un fracas de nos âmes, un éclat de miroir morcelé qui porte en lui la dernière qualité de nos essences, alors nous sommes toujours la. Dans la dixième l’on voit tourbillonner de long fillins nacrés et lactés qui s’enroulent pour former des planètes éphémères, qui elles mêmes orbitent entre elles dans un système blanc et pur qui appelle l’oeil et le cerveau. Mais chut! voila venir Leopold, comme une insulte portée a ce paragon, comme une blessure cicatrisante qui persiste dans la chair tendre du monde: on le voit la-bas gravir au loin

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<sup>320</sup>The film referenced here is best known for a strange reading of dialogue in the opening sequence. Hardy’s character is told that he is a “big guy” by a CIA official, to which the strangely intoned response is “for you.” Given the characters preceding line of dialogue, “It would be extremely painful”, it is difficult to tell whether the line is intended to be read as “Painful for you” or “Big guy for you.” This instance of seemingly chaotic screenplay organization is emblematic of the film as a whole, being at once a cliché of the action genre, difficult to understand and of confused, indirect intent. As we have already seen intent is difficult to understand even beyond the confines of artistic representation. While Hardy has stated that the line was intended to be read as meaning both “Painful for you” and “Big guy for you” this interpretation has only provided more fodder for ridicule and coy identification with homosexual men appropriating the term “Big guy for you” and its obvious underlying romantic implications.

une colline claire, et bientôt il se dresse dans toute sa hauteur ridicule et agite ses appendices dans une danse macabre: et alors tout s'arrête, tout s'immobilise, et les horloges d'ivoire et les tours d'opales se gèlent et regardent toutes dans sa direction. Toute la dixième est son auditoire, toute la dixième l'écoute, mais il ne dit rien; il regarde seulement, aveugle à ce qui importe vraiment, balaie de sa perception blessée ce qui aurait du être sa rédemption et n'y voit qu'une damnation éternelle aux couleurs du chaos.

Et tout se dédouble alors, car rien ne peut supporter cela; il vibre, il trépigne, il phase, le voila qui tourne et tourne sur lui-même et il a dérobé de la dixième sa caractéristique propre mais non, nous ne pouvons laisser cela arriver: oui, voila, encore un peu plus et tout repart dans le sens inverse, plus vite et plus violemment que ce ne l'était initialement, et les astres blancs reprennent leur danse innocente la ou ils l'avaient laissée, avec plus de conviction et plus d'énergie que précédemment, et Leopold tombe à terre, et Leopold ne voit rien, et Leopold ne voit rien, et Leopold ne voit rien, his four eyes full of emptiness, and in his soul nothing remains but the smashed piece of a mirror crumbled in himself.

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LITERATURE / LITERATURE / LIT

Paucibus, *Stories* / Duzakhi, *The Millennium Rule of Draco* / Herje Wikner, *Docent: boströmska världsåsigter* / Julian di Pontevedra, *Monstralo* / Alois Beaunis, *Fear for Rabenalde* / Lawrence Thornal, *The Breath, the Ghost* / Juan Ricardo Catiline, *A Third Name for Gaul* / St. Edward, *Liber de Wintonia* / Gyffes M'Diarmid, *Great Survey of England, Striking Delineations of Twenty-Six Manors* / Honnor F. Bock, *Anatomie des München* / Rachel Olan Schulte-MacCrie, *Open Window* / Jaap Culpeper, *The Scores Descend* / Letaeus, *Accurate Appraisals of the Public Edifices* / Barend Heukelom, *Lettres concernant tous les fonctionnaires* / Thompson Wentworth Paton, *The Lightning Reserve* / George MacAlpine, *Young Folks in High Spirits* / Orlando Pearse, *Oak Woods* / Samuel Caxton, *He That Drove the Nails* / Jodocus Otto Friitsch,

*Spierverstand* / Wedersrahm, *Four and Twenty (Vierundzwanzig)* / Arthur Copeland Brown, *The Martyr of Beauty and Sentiment* / Kennet Wilbrand, *Crispin and Crispinian* / H. H. Albut, *Morakanabad's Taste* / Ulveig Nostrasson, *Death Come Ardor (Hiefeldesang)* / Horace John, *Method of Ioci* / Romàn Lombroso, *The Genius* / Auguste de Goujet, *Diagnostics d'un Homme honnête* / Anonymous, *Tomb Lyrics* / Ben Lerner, *Mobby Dick*

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### **Diuretics, Pt. 1, in which Tommy gets his oats.**

Tommy, the name smelt foul on the wind as barometric waves passed forth. A slight of his hand was all that was needed to spin the rest of the lot into a wild orgiastic frenzy. Such a sight to behold in that dark grove on the eve of her flower blossoming. The slightest touch, sending such a powerful surge of pleasure to course through her mind. The oats are to Tommy, as justice is to the proletariat. AND her oats were to become to his.

Happy with what you have to be happy with  
you have to be happy with what you have  
what you have to be happy with  
what you have.

or...

It's all for naught - those hot nights, lazy summer daze,  
fleeting glances of potential  
sparks, flames, fire, inferno, obliteration

wyld mind flows unconstrained in its longing  
and nihilistic space remains chaffing, laughing.

“We’re almost there Danny, remain wary, look out for any singularities.”

“What’va ya say.”

On its purest form, it is revealed. A tiny speck, clad in stygian black. The **tenth room’s** portal, presumed gateway to the quagga realm. Both me and Danny stare into it, mesmerized.

“We’ve come a long way.”

“Gaddamn we hav.”

We put on our suits, open the emergency hatch and jump into deep space. We float onto the portal, we’re approaching it at an unmeasurable speed. I reach to touch it, it feels close, close to my fingers, close to my heart, close to my soul. Is there, perhaps, something linking us to this singularity that is the quagga realm? Are we fated to become one? Were we once one?

I feel the need -the *urge*- to become one with whatever resides inside. We’re approaching, my body feels fizzy. I’m touching it and I feel it rippling, I feel it all rippling. It opens for me. The shine is blinding. I enter.

#####



And in Wittferkunt's second Trattoria, we see a return to the Dorian mode for which he initially grew<sup>321</sup> famous, for example:

Duckduck

Hotdog

Splart

after his reversal out into the maze that was the mind's eye of his Eye's Journey. Yo! Footnote me!<sup>322</sup>

(brought prosciutto you by

### SCENE

ee cummiesforkatie

Eh?

[immediate collapse]

TYRONE BLOOM, COUNT PROUST: Always stay to the right, to the right, to the right...

Then he stoops up, sloops up down the fallen crown.

Help! Help! It is collap!

TYRONE BLOOM HAMLET: [crowning hisself] And now...Give me my fucking ruptured duck

And now VORE GOODALL: A perspicacious man of twelve hundred, small for his age.

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<sup>321</sup>I am short but i am big cums to my penis its a thick mushroom but every think big i told junior high in gym some sead i big one then so think it changed that much.

<sup>322</sup>I see to it that they run like bruised cattle.

Trump, thou art? No! WILL-I-AM F.  
BUCKFUCKUCKALOT ÑOBELSON. Overused? Ave'  
rused? Come on. I come on fam and I hit it like damn. Hooray!  
It is yr birthnight.  
LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI: Famed paragraph in  
Wittferkunt's seminal treatise. Dies in the third act.  
FOOTNOTE 107<sup>1/2</sup>: Last known footnote to grace the  
Scottish moors. Crowned in the year 1.

**Low Meme Potential!** Spaghetti dangles from the thick blood  
compound atmosphere of Mars **Medium Meme Potential!** Bones abrade under  
weight of a setting sun and scatter white dust lost in seaspray as skeletons  
slowly bounce to pink tone waves hacked out of full registers **Low Meme  
Potential!** A sickpale gangly boy assault rifle assembly illustrations in his eyes  
lingers in a grocery store exit, accosts anonymous old man, geriatric slack-jawed  
bioreal representation of immortal thoughts, tells him how cool it is to meet him  
in person, the old man is confused briefly, thanks in passing, the boy "Huh?", old  
chommy tynpon continues off sidewalk shopbag saggy, the boy chases after "Huh?  
Huh? Huh?" panicking tear-streaked, jostles ponny chymton sack fall to  
pavement, "Electrical infetterance" pushes hotmas nynchop, bucket hat slips off  
milkwhite puddysoft head, sandal skids and stomah chynnpo drops, in an instant  
back arched head jerking toward inchaway cement, the moment novelty enters  
fresh into Ponas Thymchon's Book of Senses, tightens the head hardens the scalp  
it cracks open on street, a meatball distends the flesh gouge prises the skull apart,  
out pours spaghetti clump sop **High Meme Potential!** The Plebanoid shoots

through the Hypersphere on the trajectory of a weak ejaculate<sup>323</sup>, laughing hysterically, undeservedly elated, pointing into worlds and announcing his verdict, A lethal putrid mound chokes a royal Slav, fat rolls like a mudslide coats his terrified eyes **Low Meme Potential!** The Plebanoid giggles and twirls into a global haze of legalized wojamba, **A servant of the American caliphate is strangled in his sleep, thrashing, haunted by the sound of Boston bombs, neck tangled in his beard** **Low Meme Potential!** Below the Plebanoid, mega cities gone in the purple spliff smoke, the only sign of them flashes like thunder in clouds, television static pressing through the haze **Low Meme Potential!** The Plebanoid pisses himself laughing chasing the fuzzy TV mirages, flying through the faint gray squares and through them the channels **124** Anon in his room jerking off **728** Hulk Hogan jams his hands into Nick Denton's mouth and rips his head in half **899** A milky white rolling hill **900** Void **940** Speck in void **999** Extreme closeup of an ant in despair, The Plebanoid shrinks back



**through the Hypersphere**

**Public Access** *Come on down!!!*

Up! Reader! Up! Up, from desolate universities, from failed artistic strivings of low memetic potential, from urine-stained basements, from manged heartless climes, from stirring capitol streets! Up! Up! A chrome

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<sup>323</sup>Squeezing out or dislodging the last worm of semen from one's cock may require an application of the middle and forefinger to the "taint" or area between the anus and genitals. Pressure on this area prompted a swift spurt and the deed is done. Otherwise a splash of urine might be necessary.

gothic height! Up! Up! Up! Up! A lax fist rests on the Trumpan chin. Slouched in armchair, jowls softly curl over hand, but blonde<sup>324</sup> eyes scream-streak into the television screen. An ABC Network Pre-Inaugural talk panel. Julie and Tom and Lindsey cheerfully conversing in a human-teleprompter quadrangle, flag in background. The retinal afterburns of the digital T.V image, slick light lingering on your eyes; reader, these are now the playful tones of the master's painted air. The black reality of the T.V frame, the delicate lines and pocks of your skin, and the shadows of the furniture on the tan carpet; reader, these are now the dark shades of the chiaroscuro, only contrasts to brilliant blue and gold and orange. A Mannerist fresco of naked, supple Dame Fortuna grappling skywards with the spires of Trump Tower. Humanity collected poorly and coarsely, observing charcoal-sketch reproduction of said fresco, hung on cloth league-high from the cathedral walls. These cloth edges whip and billow from the musty air of the church as the doors swing open for more crowds to enter, and particles of charcoal trickle down onto the stone floor. Yuuuuge. The inaugural day, the inaudible place, the inarguable time.

“Yes, one might say an *unusually* warm day this January, Julie. Metro shut down as millions anticipate...”

Donald smiles. The television bores him now. From his armchair he swivels back leoninely and takes a glance above the screen, softly murmuring aloud the lines of poetry engraved in gold Consolas; “...the palace of wisdom...”

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<sup>324</sup>All babies are born blonde. Why?<sup>108.5</sup>

<sup>108.5</sup>Blondes make great fucks

Down! Down, Reader! The Puerile King demands you. Retread sad paths on meme-book pages. The thousand disconnected images, the stories, the rooms, your precious characters, the “humor” all escape you completely now. You’re<sup>325</sup> literally<sup>326</sup> wasting<sup>327/328</sup> your life reading<sup>329</sup> and contributing to this shitty “project”<sup>330</sup> lol<sup>331/332</sup>. The inaugural speech begins.

Zip. Shush--and natter.

‘He died sword in hand, cum on his chin.  
Bryce the Second won his place in Hyperhistory.  
For the rest of time, he was known as Bryce the First.’

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<sup>325</sup>If you can’t tell the difference between “you’re” and “your”... “your” and “you’re”... I don’t think we’re gonna get along.’

<sup>326</sup>Middle class speech impediment.

<sup>327</sup>Cool slang for first-degree murder.

<sup>328</sup>Actiones Assorted and Attributable to thee Primary Substance of “Wastrel,” Formulated Herein with Present Participle

<sup>329</sup>As opposed to Reading.

<sup>330</sup>What is a life but something “wasted”? How to spend it otherwise?

<sup>331</sup>For a long time future archaeologists were engaged in fierce debate over the meaning of this early internet age term. The dominant paradigm for decades was that it stood for “lots of love.”

<sup>332</sup>For a long time future archaeologists were engaged in fierce debate over the meaning of this early internet age term. The dominant paradigm for decades was that it was Chinese for “racks on racks.”

“This is the tale of your forebears... a tale your chirren will tell.

Believe no other tale... least of all that of your father.”

-- **Ebba née Zizek**, Bride of the

Third

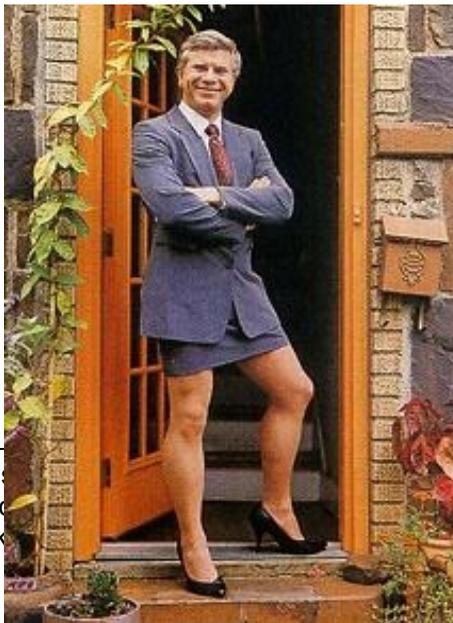
And I... bask in the miracle of sunset.

Sunlight never grows old.

And I? Caught in a wave of sunlight.

Sunset never grows old<sup>333</sup>.

## About the Author



<sup>333</sup>Ed. note: Sun  
sun with the diffic  
body *isn't fair*, ok

consult your  
life as an orbital

WISTENGOF, U., author of “IN WHICH SPACE MARINE GOES THROUGH HELL AND BACK AGAIN <sup>44444</sup> THE WOMAN HE LOVES”. Male, caustacean, 28, towering height, notable physical characteristic: hypnotic swirly eyes. Belgorod teaching assistant of colloid chemistry, secret KGB agent cosplayer. Acting on professor’s misinformation, steals supposed pharmaceutical treatment for viral hate-speech incantation ‘butthurt’. Dies of 145/cu.ft polyethylene glycol ingestion. Carded at the gamergates of heaven and earthbound as a growth on his deceased body. Wanted on two charges of indecent exposure. NABOKOV SAYS: “Dislike him. Total fake.”

MANILA, C. “CARLES”, author of “THE DIARY OF PHOEBE CAULFIELD”. Male, sunburned, mid-20s, likeably

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<sup>334</sup>Byttlwymmon circa 1984.

<sup>335</sup>“Goodnight, moon.”

<sup>336</sup>“Goodbye, frogboys.”

short, notable physical characteristics: large hands, sunglasses grafted to eye socket. Chronic murderer, owns convertible, calls it cabriolet. Los Angeles nightlife terror: pulls up next to Olivia Wilde at stoplight and fingerbangs her through window (both wearing seatbelts), causing four-hour traffic jam that inspires Michael Mann's late career masterpiece *Little Death Alley*. Lead role Jake Gyllenhaal wins Best Actor, completing his EGOT. Wanted on charge of insurance fraud. NABOKOV SAYS: "Dislike him. Deceitful. A cheap sensationalist."

AL-MA'SUD BOLYAI, Q., author of "FEMALE ANATOMY" (from "Strange Nights and Unrequited Loves"). Male, 'dusky', long-legged paraplegic, notable physical characteristic: levitation. 14-year-old Saudi edgelord. Keeps plaster mold of Muhammad under turban as an epic troll. Avid gamer, buys VR headset, Hyper-realistic graphics open oculus rift that fuses the soul of Muhammad to his head.

Hides animated depiction to avoid beheading by father; the prophet only allows a turban of papyrus rolls from a pharaoh's tomb. Ignores calls from melancholic brother (reincarnated with memory loss after suicide bombing). Wanted on six charges of grave robbery, six thousand charges of online bullying. *NABOKOV SAYS*: "Loathe him. Hopelessly juvenile."

WILKENSSBURG, J., author of "W. JOURNAL FRAUDERY DISCLAIMER". Gender, race, age and appearance unknown, described by the echo of screams at the night sky as 'cute'. Has a gravestone, recently found, in your local churchyard; shortly after its discovery, two more are found, in a peatland and at the bottom of a river. Wanted on four charges of tax evasion. *NABOKOV SAYS*: "Awful. Second-rate, ephemeral, puffed-up. A nonentity, means absolutely nothing to me."

STORMONT-CLOUQHEON, L. “LORD OF THE UNDERSEA”, author of “DUST”. Male, deity, ageless (late 30s), demigod stature, notable physical characteristic: three-forked tongue,  $10^{337}$  K magmatic body. Nickle and dime pro surfer on the local scene of the Earth’s outer core. Reaches second round semifinals of the Hades Semi-Pro Big Wave Invitational and sticks out a cross-layer right-hand break (thenceforth known as Cerberus) so tight it disrupts the geomagnetic field, creating the phenomenon of menstruation. Sex addict in the Catholic tradition, sprouts new penises daily, can’t go longer than twelve hours without christening each in a woman. Wanted on seven charges of littering and criminal contempt of court after failing to pay alimony. NABOKOV SAYS: “A figure of fun. Loathe him. Lavignian interpretation of love is charlatanic, and satanic, nonsense.”

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<sup>337</sup>Dedicated to the power of 346.

GROTHENDIECK, A., author of “MATHEMATICAL EXPLORATIONS IN THE HYPERSPHERE AND THE METAPHYSICAL CONSEQUENCES THEREOF: RUSSELL, B.”. Male, pseudo-white (French), bald teen, bad posture, notable physical characteristic: palpable aura of wisdom, library shelf labels on spinal cord. Unfortunate Hyperniggas fanboy; during concert, impresses Skeezy-Stee with application of abelian categories to berryman logical imaging techniques. Gets caught up in wojamba raid on Tyrell the Crater’s 4D mansion on the former Jonestown 2k17 colony. Escapes into catacombs and evades detection by hiding in a pile of napalm-burned bones. An unresolved debate with talking skulls Jimmy and Spence (classic rock vs hip-hop) leads to a lifetime of mental unhealth. Sleeps with STEMfag, dies of STEMAIDS. Wanted on five charges of IP theft. NABOKOV SAYS: “His fate is moving, but his works are risible.”

OF ALEXANDRIA, E., author of “PERFECTION-WHOLE-PRIME ELEMENTS” (from “Chapter Bleu: Creation in the Hypersphere (by Professor Leopold, weaving Ant)”). Male, classic continental, ancient, height irrelevant (always comfortably seated), notable physical characteristic: abs cut from marble, transplanted onto torso (misaligned, rush job). Staunch supporter of the powerpean thearchy, sole survivor of the moonmen revision of Hyperhistory. Defeats Richard Feynman in a trial of  $n$ , seizing the Hypersphere model and banishing Feynman to a uni-dimensional compresence (later rescues Feynman to reunite against mysterious “peerless professor” behind unchecked theory of spikey spheres). Kidnapped by neo-Martian triumvirate following a reference to Hyperobject primacy in introduction to *Glossarium substrati mathematica*, forced to reverse the discretion of sphere and cube. Escapes mock trial and becomes fugitive of progressive

societies. Wanted on three charges of child molestation.

NABOKOV SAYS: “Indifferent to his works.”

PANCAKE CHILEY, K., author of “REVIEW OF THE 1999 MOVIE THE MATRIX”. MtF, Neptune, still young! Tall as a goblin, notable physical characteristic: grass pubes. Visually repulsive telepath, black market camwhore. Amasses cryptowealth catering to perverts with impossible fetishes, jacks directly into their minds via infrared to sate their sexual psychoses. During extended session, drifts into an eHow article on morals and gives up being a footsucking braindiddler. Disappears into desert, occupies the ruins of a Tibetan monastery, defends it from brick-eating Talmudic golem-hunters. Wanted on eight charges of slavery. NABOKOV SAYS: “Detestable.”

ANONY & MOUS, authors of “BUZZFEED SOCIAL ANXIETY HACKS” and “[VOID REMOVED FOR BREVIETY]”. Male / male, sapien / sapien, 20s / 20s, 5'11 / 6'2,

notable physical characteristic: always on tip-toes / engorged head. Paraspheric gluteopagus twins: bi-dimensional identical brothers conjoined at the butt; one in the Hypersphere, the other in Hyperspace. Undertakes hero's journey through the rooms so that they will be in the same physical realm and thus eligible for separation surgery, unwittingly drags brother across dimension / absorbs the Hyperspheric materials digested by brother, contracts hyphtheria, repeatedly vomits hitherto unknown stillborn siblings. Wanted on nine and ten charges of crimes against humanity, respectively (the first nine are the same atrocities, coincidentally committed the same in each dimension, over which the brothers bond); the Armenian Genocide, the Holodomor, the Assad regime barrel bombings, Nacht und Nebel, Black Christmas, the massacres Sinchon, Nanking, La Cantuta, and of the Latins; and the invention of schoolshooting. *NABOKOV SAYS*: "Dislike / dislike him / him."

:^)

Gertrude diddles, Elizabeth piddles, Margaret, sensitive, quietly fiddles



## About the Quagga



Given that the document presently in your hands remains unrestricted and transformable by a single-character edit refracting limitless interpretations, a decisive ending will be necessary to demarcate the intent of the narrative in a manner coherent and forceful. However, the democratic collaboration that governs the Hypersphere would never elect an individual author to that function—it would be death to anonymity, suicide of the collective and condemnation of the remainder to lonely exile on the rack of his ego—and

would never achieve satisfactory conclusion by its natural process, fueled by notions antithetical to sincere appreciation of antecedent writings. In the worst and most likely scenario, the compromise would be a final, tepid, falsely irreverent announcement that there will be no further writing or that further writing must be disregarded, less literary or creative expression than a desperate social cue too unassertive to make itself explicit, which the collaborators will impotently oblige, vocally deferring to irony and exhaustion, silently to fear of one another, of oneself, of engagement. However, their failure to determine the end will not be one of weakness or lack of talent, but of restriction; because, setting aside the civility that rules their cooperation, removing the mask of disaffected amusement, once you get past the niceties and pleasantries and amputees and holly trees, these people, these animals, are verbal abusers so confident of their ability, so possessed of their viciousness, that they would project their savagery on hundreds of pages without neither concern for judgment or infraction upon themselves nor need to exert it, free of territorialism, of self-observance, neither beast nor man, but something unknown, or unfixed, indeterminable but in the instance that it is determined, an instance subject to the will of the experiment it attempts to enclose; it is my opinion that they are quagga, they'll fail to question me;

**Room 6 Introduces:  
A Racial Hierarchy for a New Age**

In descending order of civilised:

1. Toff

2. Investment banker Those  
highlighted in red: English
3. Pleb
4. Barbarian Those  
in black: Northern
5. Pleb, Johnny-foreigner tier
6. Famine residue
7. Savage
8. Ted, fuck you Ted, you piece of shit
9. Eskimo

AT AN UNSPECIFIED NARRATIVE MOMENT [PROBABLY

LOOPING<sup>338</sup>],

IN AN EQUI-DISTANT PLANE AT THE REDACTED

**REDACTED** NARRATIVE POINT -

THERE IS TRUMP,

THERE IS ALWAYS TRUMP

donald was gone, whitewashed in the soundless envelopes of non-existence and tumbling mute down its caustic backdrops, his ego a damn mess, spread out across crisscrossed latices of space-time like spilt milk on kitchen linoleum; there was nothing - and donald was numb with intrusive blankness; a white return of the abyss reversed, it's sentience spasticated to a buzzing void - snowblind minds just killing time with the pervading one zero: above, below, behind and *inside*: fuzzing away into the static satanic verse, violas miming violent

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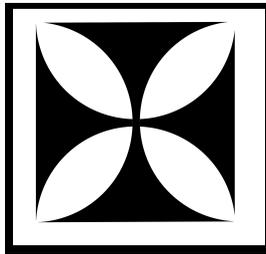
<sup>338</sup>Blame Jarold

orchestras for the deaf - donald was a smart boy, smart and greedy enough to ignore it, to plug his hole black, return silence with equal noise, screaming all his way inside: money, towers of it, temples, luxury flights, champagne, cheap European prostitutes, sexy pseudo-latino maids, hair replacement, golf courses with no visible windfarms; trump was man of the *people*, and the people were ruckus! wild echos of living silenced, him, alone; gone, no thoughts left to give save for the one sub-conscious blip: *for the first time, I am quiet*, and it was undeniably true, there were no more tumults to find, his mind's eye blind, the man would have died if not for one distant reply (archived as a viral line by 9gag but currently echoing from a kooky figure some

*small space away):*



how very, VERY spooooky



this flower has been designated a “safe space zone”, please do not endanger this and respect the “safe space zone”, thank you.

management<sup>339</sup>

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<sup>339</sup> Save yourself, **KILL THEM ALL**

\* \* \*

in our glorious future, fitness: entirely customization. a machine curl: one pump calibrates the bicep; a meter oscillates with preternatural sensitivity to choices; intuitive; precise selection by the body like a target struck by the unconscious eye. vascularity balanced on a needle, a finger presses the leverage, up, and the shoulders swell. a e s t h e t i c s. nutrition, redundant; toil, irrelevant; physicality, inessential. only taste, only vision, only intellect, only heart; a e s t h e t i c s. through the gym we interface the gods. artists are obsolete; it is they on the lower rung of beings fettered to somatic labor, to extrinsic process, to farther reaches for the spirit, more congested by incomprehension. the perfect specimen: brain shunted into oral cavity, bloating the cheeks, pushing the nose out and the mouth down, elongating the philtrum, pulling the nasal septum out like a flange, reducing the chin to a nub beneath the labiomental crease, vanishing the jaw in a bulbous neck, mouth shut forever to prevent cerebrospinal fluid leak; cranium no longer a vital function, head stretched to ideal cone shape; vitreous bodies absorbed, shrinking the eyes to watery inconstant pupillary beads, the humour diverted to the forehead to spawn a decorative cyclopean bloodshot orb bursting through a skin tear; elbows sucked into the armpits so the forelimbs can protrude efficiently from the shoulders; humeri pulverized, bone powder disseminated throughout the epidermis in the form of white freckles; legs folded back and fused calf to thigh, balanced on spread knees with toenails for grips; clavicle shattered and torso tapered to

complete the profile of perfection; profile A, for alpha; for,

a e s t h e t i c s

\* \* \*

**Kid Rape World (Please Donate to My College Fundamentalist):  
X-Change X-tra Strength Denial Breeder**

*“Urk... gurgle...”* - Ben Lerner

When the schoolbell rang, Katie was the only one sitting at her desk. Everyone was already on their feet, blasting vice on their geniusphones so loud it drowned out the teacher's shouting about homework. After the class was gone, she got up. “Mr. Bloom?” The bloated old English teacher stopped dragging his strengthless arm across the whiteboard and turned around with the absentminded slowness of the resigned. “I did the extra credit assignment...” She handed him her short story. He took a moment to read it, which she hadn't expected. She became very

self-conscious, wondering if she should leave, if it was awkward to just stand there, but most of all what he thought of the story. She started to feel very embarrassed.

“This is great, Katie. Good work. You're really a wonderful writer. In fact... you remind me of myself when I was younger...”

“Wow...” She couldn't help but smile. “Thank you, Mr. Bloom.”

“Really, you have a lot to offer. A perspective. You should share your thoughts and writings with the world.”

“You mean, like a book? I always wanted to...”

“Yeah, or... maybe a ... or a **Youtube channel**...”

“Really? Y-you think people would want to watch me?”

“Trust me: People would **love** to watch you.”

Katie walked out the classroom hugging her books to her chest, blushing. She had never imagined doing something like putting a video of herself on the internet, but now that Mr. Bloom had given her the idea, all she could think was “what if Anon saw it?” The thought made her heart flutter. Down the hall was Peter schoolshooter in his final form, strapped and light armored, behind him the walls were splattered with blood and black lives matter, and there was nothing between his bazooka rifle and Katie's heart but her novels, his bayonette aimed at her shield, a tattered meme book (*Ulllllllisses*) neglected by public libraries. Peter's sweaty finger slipped around the trigger. I'd like to tell you that the book saved her...

**ATLEASTTHEYRECOVEREDHERGENOME!  
NOWSHE'SDIGITALLYPRESERVED  
INTHELIBRARYOFCONGRESSANDAVAILABLEFORPERUSAL  
TOANYONEWITHAUS**

CITIZENSHIP!  
PEOPLE ALLOVER THE WORLD COME TO AMERICA TO WATCH  
KATIE!  
THE REFUGEE SITUATION IS INTENSE!  
NO END IN SIGHT FOR MASS MIGRATION!! I'VE  
BEEN HIDING INSIDE A CABINET IN THE PCAVC FOR THREE YEARS!

<sup>26</sup> John Madden awoke in a thicket. It was the eighth time it had happened. Feeling exceedingly angered, John Madden attacked a mitten, thinking it would make him feel better (but as usual, it did not). Suddenly, he realized that his beloved Banhammer was missing. Immediately he called his sworn enemy, Wai Fu. John Madden had known Wai Fu for (plus or minus) 153 years, the majority of which were striking ones. Wai Fu was unique. She was charismatic though sometimes a little... dimwitted. John Madden called her anyway, for the situation was urgent.

Wai Fu picked up to a very sad John Madden. Wai Fu calmly assured him that most puppies yawn before mating, yet beavers usually sassily shudder *after* mating. She had no idea what that meant; she was only concerned with distracting John Madden. Why was Wai Fu trying to distract John Madden? Because she had snuck out from John Madden's with the Banhammer only eight days prior. It was a sassy little Banhammer... how could she resist?

It didn't take long before John Madden got back to the subject at hand: his Banhammer. Reluctantly, Wai Fu invited him over, assuring him they'd find the Banhammer. John Madden grabbed his desk and disembarked immediately. After hanging up the phone, Wai Fu realized that she was in trouble. She had to find a place to hide the Banhammer and she had to do it recklessly. She figured that if John Madden took the ricer, she had take at least four minutes before John Madden would get there. But if he took the Catbus? Then Wai Fu would be abundantly screwed.

Before she could come up with any reasonable ideas, Wai Fu was interrupted by seven clueless moots that were lured by her Banhammer. Wai Fu sighed; 'Not again', she thought. Feeling angered, she carefully reached for her butterknife and carefully poked every last one of them. Apparently this was an adequate deterrent--the discouraged critters began to scurry back toward the swamp, squealing with discontent. She exhaled with relief. That's when she heard the Catbus rolling up. It was John Madden.

----oOo----

As he pulled up, he felt a sense of urgency. He had had to make an unscheduled stop at Egg Roll King to pick up a 12-pack of salt shakers, so he knew he was running late. With a skillful leap, John Madden was out of the Catbus and went flamboyantly jaunting toward Wai Fu's front door. Meanwhile inside, Wai Fu was panicking. Not thinking, she tossed the Banhammer into a box of oven mitts and then slid the box behind her ironing board. Wai

Fu was angered but at least the Banhammer was concealed. The doorbell rang.

'Come in,' Wai Fu indiscriminately purred. With a skillful push, John Madden opened the door. 'Sorry for being late, but I was being chased by some insensitive maniac in a Vette,' he lied. 'It's fine,' Wai Fu assured him. John Madden took a seat proximate to where Wai Fu had hidden the Banhammer. Wai Fu sighed trying unsuccessfully to hide her nervousness. 'Uhh, can I get you anything?' she blurted. But John Madden was distracted. Without warning, Wai Fu noticed a oafish look on John Madden's face. John Madden slowly opened his mouth to speak.

'...What's that smell?'

Wai Fu felt a stabbing pain in her chest when John Madden asked this. In a moment of disbelief, she realized that she had hidden the Banhammer right by her oscillating fan. 'Wh-what? I don't smell anything..!' A lie. A pestering look started to form on John Madden's face. He turned to notice a box that seemed clearly out of place. 'Th-those are just my grandma's butterknives from when she used to have pet marmots. She, uh...dropped 'em by here earlier'. John Madden nodded with fake acknowledgement...then, before Wai Fu could react, John Madden randomly lunged toward the box and opened it. The Banhammer was plainly in view.

John Madden stared at Wai Fu for what what must've been five days. Out of nowhere, Wai Fu groped explosively in John Madden's direction, clearly desperate. John Madden grabbed the Banhammer and bolted

for the door. It was locked. Wai Fu let out a flamboyant chuckle. 'If only you hadn't been so protective of that thing, none of this would have happened, John Madden,' she rebuked. Wai Fu always had been a little pestering, so John Madden knew that reconciliation was not an option; he needed to escape before Wai Fu did something crazy, like... start chucking paper clips at her or something. Rather abruptly, he gripped his Banhammer tightly and made a dash toward the window, diving headlong through the glass panels.

Wai Fu looked on, blankly. 'What the hell? That seemed excessive. The other door was open, you know.' Silence from John Madden. 'And to think, I varnished that window frame five days ago...it never ends!' Suddenly she felt a tinge of concern for John Madden. 'Oh. You ..okay?' Still silence. Wai Fu walked over to the window and looked down. John Madden was gone.

----oOo----

Just yonder, John Madden was struggling to make his way through the vineyard behind Wai Fu's place. John Madden had severely hurt his arm during the window incident, and was starting to lose strength. Another pack of feral moots suddenly appeared, having caught wind of the Banhammer. One by one they latched on to John Madden. Already weakened from his injury, John Madden yielded to the furry onslaught and collapsed. The last thing he saw before losing consciousness was a buzzing horde of moots running off with his Banhammer.

About three hours later, John Madden awoke, his neck throbbing. It was dark and John Madden did not know where he was. Deep in the

arid bush, John Madden was overwhelmingly lost. Rather abruptly, he remembered that his Banhammer was taken by the moots. But at that point, he was just thankful for his life. That's when, to his horror, a oversized moot emerged from the bush. It was the alpha moot. John Madden opened his mouth to scream but was cut short when the moot sunk its teeth into John Madden's leg. With a faint groan, the life escaped from John Madden's lungs, but not before he realized that he was a failure.

Less than eight miles away, Wai Fu was entombed by anguish over the loss of the Banhammer. 'MY PRECIOUS!!' she cried, as she reached for a sharpened sock. With a careful thrust, she buried it deeply into her foot. As the room began to fade to black, she thought about John Madden... wishing she had found the courage to tell him that she loved him. But she would die alone that day. All that remained was the Banhammer that had turned them against each other, ultimately causing their demise. And as the dew on melancholy sappling branches began to reflect the dawn's reddish glare, all that could be heard was the chilling cry of distant moots, desecrating all things sacred to virtuous men, and perpetuating an evil that would reign for centuries to come. Our heroes would've lived unhappily ever after, but they were too busy being dead. So, no one lived forever after, the end.

:'(

\*\*\* L337 Story Generator v1.0

\*\*\* Written by Derek Clark. Copyright © www.the-elite.net ~ 2004-present

\*\*\* Forever pwning with earnest, also The Game.

*Jesus. What m'I doing?*

“And then I thought: ‘What in the Hyperfuck just went through my mind’” -  
I thought, as a group of darkies  
approached.

*low*

[Enter ALABASTER THE TWELVE HUNDRED BILLION DOLLAR VIRGIN]

An eight foot tall wizard rockets through space to the place of your death, propelled by a jet blast of radon. He shoots sideways into earth's atmosphere and lets gravity curve his flight four times around the globe until he's low enough to scoop your mangled body up in his saran wrapped arms. He pulls up, a struggle against the speed of light that quakes the spatial realm and shatters Eurasia into a thousand islands, and the wind pressure rips the flesh off your body. Some gets caught in your skull, and you behold the wizard's wonders with two concave meatballs in the shadowed back of your eye sockets.

You are in heaven now, the wizard screams, and you are impoverished. He explains heaven's economy: it runs on virginity, the currency of the afterlife; your virginity at the time of death determines your everlasting net worth. He presents to you the

intricacies of divine economics: anal is \$1000; anything below anal is worthless; vaginal is \$5000; oral, manual, body lick, that's your first fifty grand; dry hump and over the clothes, now you got one hundred K; tongue suck is two fifty, lip bite is five hundred; various mouth stuff, mouth to ear or neck, all the mouth to mouths, that's gonna net you your first five million; then you got some middling stuff, intimate social contact; the next big one is handholding, that's a cool billion; extended eye contact, five billion; being in love, fifty; envying people who are in love, one hundred; wanting to be in love, two hundred; wanting to be able to be in love, five hundred; wanting to be able to want to be in love, one thousand; feeling brings you to a total amount only known to the highest echelon of post-game virgins, the likes of heaven's shadow government, the eternal sages lobbying God to maintain current paradigm, to keep the sexual laws that fill their wallets.

Alabaster the wizard raves about his wealth, unaware that he is being dronecast in a hotel bar for the background entertainment of afterwork VIP area Figurants, swirling their antennae and stuffing million dollar bills into each other's suit lapels whenever they make a pass at the waitress. In the back of the lounge, a 0.01% NWO ant lord is focused on the KLTV screen. It is not enough to rule heaven, it is not enough to have so many no open mouth kiss certificates he can (and does) fuck 14-year old atheist boipussy every night without denting his bank account; it will all be useless once the execs are successful. Already the physical world is being rebuilt to their liking by alien overlords, filled with product replacement, forming a new corporeality in which their supermarket aisles of chemical waste will fuel humanity as it

same-day drone delivers itself into an age of unprecedented degeneracy, into a society that will be described by archeologists from distant solar systems with google image results for the words “hijab futanari”. After the inevitable resulting mutual destruction or time-out loss to the megadisasters ~2030 and on, sexually promiscuous migrants will flood heaven and precipitate the collapse; the virgin dollar will be useless, and the rich will have no option and really nothing to do but deploy their enormous stockpiles of firearms, military vehicles and willing middle-class genociders. The Figurant giggles gravely

[Enter CLAMSHELL]

*“There is absolutely no reason to believe, uh uh absolutely no evincible cause to regard any of the above stated uh statements to be factual, or uh, presented by a reputable source. It is well known by scientists by people who have studied the data by people who know these things, anyone with a modicum of intellect will tell you heaven does NOT exist, there is NO afterlife... so don’t even bother, why talk about it,*

*I don't wanna HEAR, ANY MORE of this virginity heaven smesh. My name is Dr. Clemm Schyoiel, I practice mortality law at the Long Island St. Szekely Institute of 100% Government Grant Medicine."*

**Aferim Banal**

The violinist busking in the underground was really good. I felt I should give him a fiver, not out of guilt, but because he was genuinely good. But I had already walked past him, which meant that I couldn't return.

On the platform a young woman was sitting on a row of seats on the far end where I normally sit. I think she may have been from my course and may even have looked at me a few times, but I couldn't tell for sure because I tried not to look at her directly.

The carriage had a few seats available. I sat down opposite a young woman of maybe 25 who was intently staring at her iPhone. She wore a low cut jumper with nothing beneath it, I glanced many times during the journey. The woman from the platform sat down next to me and began fishing in her bag for an iPad. To my left sat an old man with a newspaper. I was a little anxious, my favourite seat right at the end of the carriage next to the driver's door was taken. I wanted to move there as soon as it would free up, though I wasn't entirely sure of doing this as I thought that woman next to me might get upset and think that I

moved away because of her (a similar thing happened to me a few days ago. I was on the train when this (I'm assuming) Somalian woman sat down next to me, dressed fully in this ethnic black veil. She took a laptop out of her bag and started typing away at something. I did not think much of it. However suddenly I noticed an absolutely putrid smell coming from her, something like a garlic concentrate mixed with onion puree. I was on the verge of vomiting right there and then. My mind raced as I wanted to move to one of the many free seats in the carriage, but I was hesitant because she and the other people around us might have thought that I was a racist and moved because she was black. The stench was too much but I couldn't move seats, so I just decided to get off at the next station and wait for another train). The train came to a stop at the next station and what do you know, my favourite seat freed up. The woman next to me got up and moved to that very seat.

The rest of the journey I remained seated where I was, periodically glancing at the cutie opposite me. A few times our eyes almost met. It was a risky game. It was at this point that an all too familiar feeling manifested itself within me. It was one of crushing loneliness. I always felt this way when the holidays began, last Christmas for instance it was especially bad. Even though I didn't really like the people at my university, it was still unpleasant to be separated from them for the usually month long holidays, as they were the only 'social interaction' that I had. Especially because a lot of them were girls, and quite pretty ones that. I was alone, with the only free seats next to me. (The last free seat was always next to me. Even if there was a free seat next to an almost literal gargoyle, people would rather sit there than next to me. Why? I am not repulsive, far from it.

Almost handsome, and certainly well-dressed. Why then do they not sit next to me?)

The commute to and from university was the worst. I always saw so many attractive young women, it felt terrible. God, how I wished to have to have a girlfriend. Pure bliss. (If I had a girlfriend, I really wouldn't know what to do with her). I don't really take care of myself, don't groom, my clothes are fine but my physique is usually shoddy. My haircut is standard, nothing flashy, and often a mess, and my face is chubby and at times quite spotty. I didn't deserve a girlfriend. I knew this, but I still couldn't stop wanting one, and suffering without one. Having some friends would also be nice. I'm not being an edgy teenager, I'm just stating a fact. Tolstoy also felt this way. Perhaps I'm just trying to justify my poor situation to myself, but I believe that our existence is binary: 1 you can live facing the reality, or 0 you can distract yourself with social interaction until you die. I don't really know which is the 'better' or the 'right' way. There is something to be said for 'ignorance is bliss', and 'out of sight, out of mind' etc. But I am not ignorant, and the reality isn't out of my sight. So I have to live by 1.

English is a really unpleasant language. I don't like it at all. Хуй  
вАМ ВСЕМ.

**IN THE NOT-QUITE DISTANT FUTURE, JAPAN HAS  
SOUGHT A RETURN TO TRADITIONAL NEO-  
CONSERVATIVE VALUES; THIS IS HER STORY:**

Sunlight melts away the frosted grass of the night before, glowing a warm hello of cherry blossom petals. Spring had begun, and with its tepid life came old flowers: green as an infant; but holding such weak arms bold and angry against the planes.

Thin yet steady as the very circle itself, the limbs summon onwards; soon came the chirping of the Bulbul birds; then, wheat's golden hair; until, with every bountiful harvest, the markets of Imaicho were crawling, bustling with the hunger of all humans, both bandit and man. Oh reader! Was there anything so foul as the bandit, that fallen shadow of us, black as their midnight steeds! They come like locust, scum of our steepes, and bleed out the scuttling, starving men; all the while holding their samurai-smelted spears in proud irony. Trickling from the forest of Yami no mori, the bandit spares no village it's teeth find, leaving homes and men, women and children, gored - scarring the proud face of Japan gruesome with its century long feast.

But this story, is not that of Japan's most pitiful face. No, this is the tale of a scar not even formed, the lonely village of Miyama. Tucked within the Kunisaki Peninsula, it was a poor, simple home for the hundred unbothered inhabitants, without market, tavern or even school. Children would be taught by their parents, and from twelve the boys (boys in my eyes yes, but still more man than bandit) would work their villages' only treasure: nature's many crops, the rising fists of Spring. Vast in their salute, the harvest was isolated,

close to the peasants yet too far for them to manage the hard road into Imaicho to trade. So, for seasons, they made their quiet harvest, traveling little, the men and women content, the children perhaps venturing farther in their playings.

*A HISTORY OF VAPORWAVE, by Ben Skeleton*  
*Afterword: If Ben ever completed this book, there remain writings to be discovered. There is little doubt in the archival community that he did, for even among new sincerity scholars there are few who such heartfelt enthusiasm for a subject as Ben Skeleton had for vaporwave music.*

*RIP in pieces...*

*May you rest among the stars...*

In the infinite hall of the fourth room, after only a short few minutes walking between the millions of stressed-out scribes hunched over their desks, Ben, Bignose and Tyrone were beset by pirates. Their ship crashed through the ceiling and, the captain, an upper middle class Frenchman spewing ad hominem, spotted Ben and gave chase. A skeleton crew came to his rescue, but a jealous scribe with a calcium-deficiency swelled the pirate side with characters from a novel by a 25-year old Puerile King about skeleton-hunting tentacle lesbians. It was only thanks to Tyrone and his gat

that the party escaped with their lives. In the fifth room, they found the library destroyed after a dispute between Space-Jews and Space-Palestinians. Fresh bones laid strewn among the books, and reformed spooey skeletons pilgrimed from the previous rooms to carry the bones into the next, where it was rumored the last of the post-skeletons could reanimate the bones. The sixth room entrance was blocked by a surviving gang of Space-Jew mercenaries. Ben only made it through because of Bignose, who set aside his white pride to convince the mercenaries he was a fellow chosen one making his way through the rooms back home, covering his mirror with Tyrone's durag to demonstrate to the mercenaries that he was mourning their fallen. Juan, a large skeleton met along the way who Ben insisted on smuggling out of the library, saved their lives in the sixth room: the mass congregation of skeletons included old acquaintances from the island, who recognized the fugitive Ben and would have alerted the authorities if not for Juan, who used his great influence in the skeleton community to intimidate the islanders into submission. Ben repaid his debt to Juan and his people when they encountered the great post-skeleton, who had fallen into a ceaseless slumber during which the

new bones would have rotted and crumbled if Ben had not woken him: where everyone else tried to shout and startle it out of its sleep, Ben alone tried to soothe it, creating mallets out of his ball and chopsticks and playing the post-skeleton's bones like a xylophone; the gentle reverberations of ESPRIT 空想 lifted him from his nightmare. Woken at last, the post-skeleton blessed the bones and created the new wave skeleton, capable of space and dimensional travel, free of the physical constraints caused by and afflicting the community. The new wavers agreed to ferry the many skeletons crowding the rooms to a new world, but Ben's quest was to the last room: to stop the aliens, to help Bignose and Tyrone home, and to find the vaporwave baby. But at the end of the sixth room... In a vast dark chamber stood two pedestals, on one a goblet of blue pills, on the other a goblet of red. Bignose took a red pill. "I'm gonna find and destroy whoever fucking put me on TV like that. You coming, Tyrone?" Tyrone took a blue pill. "Nah. Finna go home. I'm thru wit dis. But ay man, pop one a dem for me aight?" He handed Bignose his gun, which Bignose accepted, bemused. "What about you, Ben?" Ben stared at the red pills. "I'm sorry. You'll have to go alone." "Huh? Why?" "Word nigga what for?" "I can't take the pills. I

don't have any organs to digest it... I can't even swallow a pill." Just like that, his journey was ended. He watched as they each took their pills and vanished out of the sixth room, Bignose to the next, Tyrone to the first. When he returned to the congregation, most of the skeletons had been flown away; Juan, the pilgrims, even the post-skeleton was gone. But among those who remained were the islanders, who spotted Ben and immediately notified the copyright enforcers. While searching for a new waver to bring him along to his new friends, Ben was sniped by a hologram of Lars Ulrich. The bullet shredded his matter beyond calculation, and he scattered into the universe unrecognizable bits.

*It's well-known that vaporwave is a joke, a goof-off, a small indulging of superficial whims, lazy edits of commercial jetsam, insignificant, insubstantial, vapor. There is no good reason to enjoy it: musically, you might as well to listen to the sample sources (it seems whenever someone plays music for me, I feel how much richer it is than my choice would have been); sentimentally, I don't believe that the things to which we ascribe our nostalgia are equal in their arbitrariness. To continue enjoying this music is to deny reality and its wealth... and yet, I'm not escaping. [I'm enjoying that reality, from the bottom up.]*

バイバイ (BAIBAI): TANUKI – BABYBABY の夢

*But at least he didn't reach the tenth room. Holy shit,  
what a mess.*

**hast'ou swum in a sea of air strip  
through an aeon of nothingness,  
when the raft broke and the waters went over me**

- Ezra "Fuck me around and I'll put you in the ground" Pound Town

HELLO MOTHERFUCKERS I  
JUST NEED YOU TO KNOW  
SOMETHING ABOUT ME I LOVE  
IT WHEN BIG DICKERS FLOP  
AROUND OUT OF HERE AND  
THERE LIKE WHAT THE HELL  
JUST YES JUST YES HOW ABOUT  
THAT, MOTHERFUCKERS,  
HELLO AND YES  
MOTHERFUCKERS HELLO DO

NOT STOP FOREVER  
MOTHERFUCKERS

OWING TO [UNFORESKIN]  
EVENTS,  
THIS LINE SIGNIFIES THE  
END OF THE ESTABLISHED  
NARRATIVE

**DONUT** CROSS THIS LINE

YOU HAVE BEEN [TRIGGER] WARNED

***(THIS IS JUST A NOTE, BUT - IF YOU  
CAN - AND AGAIN, - THIS IS A***

# *SUGGESTION - CAN WE<sup>340</sup>? I'LL DIG UP THE LIST)*



*This section is dedicated to the LGBTQ+ community, AKA the primary victims of the Holocaust*

*this is not for(20) you*

**FADE INTO A SPACE-CAVERN<sup>341</sup> OF A SIZE LARGE ENOUGH TO DWARF ALL SENSE OF SCALE, HER WALLS PAINTED WHITE AS A KNOCKOUT, FILLED WITH ORNATE RUGS OF FINE PERSIAN CRAFT, CIGAR FUMES WHICH, DESPITE COMING FROM NOWHERE REALLY, CONTRIBUTE A PLEASANT VINEGAR TANG TO THE ROOM; THE ACRID SMOKE BUILDING IN A GREAT HAZE AGAINST ROWS OF BALCONIED STRIPPERS, OF ALL SORTS BUT ALL DRESSED IN THE SAME NIPPLE-TASSELED UNDEAD "FUCK MY LIFE" STARE OF THEIR TRADE. YOU, HOWEVER, CAN SEE NOTHING, CANNOT PENETRATE THE CAVE'S DARK VULVA UNTIL -** ***(Rather let the 10th room be fully caucasian with straight walls, undefinable and fully empty, because it's existing and not existent - the idea of just having a plane empty room doesn't seem that visually exciting to me, the walls of the cave are white, but I think the tenth room should be sort of dualistic, a "creative nothing" that holds both negative properties and ostentatious ones, again given that it's a combination of 1 (something) and 0 (nothing) - which is why I***

<sup>340</sup>Can we what? Read more to find out.

<sup>341</sup>Similar to a normal cavern except, rather than being an optical illusion, it is situated in actual tangible space.

cut the opening piece into black and caucasian; also the idea of a large cave is meant to be mildly Platonic, and sort of interesting to me)

LIGHT! METRE BY ENDLESS METRE - BY GLOWING ORB OF FLOATING LIGHT , BY EYES AND BLOOD AND UNDULATION OF BRAIN - THE SPACE IS /LIT/, THE SCENE SET; SUN-SKINNED AIR FLIPPED IN TO USHER AN AUDIENCE; TIRED AS THE DAY-GOD

MADE YOU.

All inhabitants of the Hypersphere are here (there's far too many for you to see at once, just take my word for it), mumbling in polite surprise amongst each other and bumbling awkwardly along the crumbling white walls. For a while, it's a bit like one of those mediocre office Christmas parties, but everyone is naked and the entire population of Hypersphere has been invited. No one was told to bring alcohol but Nietzsche is already drunk. It's pretty quiet for a bit, until:

**“GLADIATORS<sup>342</sup> !”**

Boomed a voice, reverberating with grainy timbre against the vaginal expanse of blank granite and bored looking whores. Above, in a glittered podium, sit the EXECUTIVES -- donned in dark designer suits and glares that could fuck your mind with or without written consent -- laughing and drinking from crisp cups of champagne. In front of them stands a shimmering figure, who sloshes his glass with drunken villainy, sips it slowly before twirling it again and again; checks everyone is watching, talks to Chris from PR, responds to a tweet, finishes his champagne, looks at his watch, does this weird little jig, gets the all clear from Chris and continues:

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<sup>342</sup>I mean it's \*technically\* gender neutral, but the plural tense is, ugh, just a *bit* insensitive to the non-schizophrenically able

**“YOU ARE PROBABLY WONDERING WHY YOU ARE ALL  
HERE.”**

Astutely, he is correct. Everyone *was* wondering why they were all here. While the cave was technically infinite, the various audiences had been subdivided based on fluid sexual preferences and the CIS section of the cave was already being blogged as “way uncool” by the living corpse of The Highly Advanced Transweb Being Known As Salona Tumbles Kotaku-Chan (who went by the online alter-ego of Jessica\_lick\_my\_puss <3 ). In the confusion of it all, Captain America raised his hand to ask a question, but just pointed towards the bathroom when he was allowed to speak. As if agitated by being nakedly spawned in a gigantic prison with no clear directive on how to behave<sup>343</sup>, the crowd began to louden that they be given answers: at first with just sparks of outburst, but rising, steadily; demanding that reasons’ sturdy pillars may lift them up to a truth unreachable, their crumbling efforts caked in dank anger, then, awfully, burning with a furious animal spirit - building slowly into a fiery cacophony of fear and anger. A small viking, with the face of a cherub and the erection of the ontological opposite, descended down from the EXECUTIVES in an effort to soothe this fertile sea of madness.

*“Please! Please - we beg you - silence! Silence for the death orgy!”*

Despite the announcement, no one could hear the viking through the now screaming naked mass. Bignose called Tyrone a nigger and Tyrone knocked him out and started playing with his balls. I guess everyone

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<sup>343</sup>This is not a metaphor

decided that seemed liked a good idea and things just sort of snowballed<sup>344</sup> from there.

-----*Now, from a different point of view*-----

All inhabitants of the Hypersphere (check INFOWARS.COM<sup>345</sup> for the full list) are in the 10th room, wondering how they came to be there. And eventually wondering why they all are naked. N-A-K-E-D. It smelled like nothing, looked like nothing, since the walls' positions were relative, directly near you and also 100 miles away. Slowly you can hear the people mumbling and they fastly get angry, louder and louder.

“Where w3 b @?” the Hyperniggas said in sync.

“I don't know if it's moral to hold such a meeting for thy citizens. Damn religion.” Nietzsche cursed.

I D poet I z z y b i z z y W e d o b a p i n s i s t e d  
“-----”

It was a complete mess. Suddenly a high-pitched voice screamed over them all. The whole room was silent and still.

“PLEASE, PLEASE I INSIST! Stay calm for now my agnostexistant friends,” said a baby-sized viking with a spear double his size. Long beard inklusive. (kek) “I AM HERE TO ANNOUNCE YOU THE FINAL STEP OF THIS WHOLE MESS”

“Do it, faggot,” suggested David Foster Wallace.

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<sup>344</sup>TURBANDICTIONARY: Snowball (verb): to freeze your semen into small icy balls and sell them as dairy products to children.

*Example: Wow, Mike really snowballed that little shit, didn't even know he was licking man cum, what a colossal faggot.*

<sup>345</sup>A literary migrant from TLOTIAT.

“First let me explain, why you are all naked.”

“Excuse me,” said a dog in a football helmet, “why do all skeletons have strap-ons on?”

“Martial fairness,” little Viking said from his podest. ”YOU WILL FIGHT FOR DEATH IN THIS COLISEUM.”

“By fucking the shit out of each other” he whispered.

“ITERASHAI!” Dr. Funshen shrieks.

“Where are my beloved runaway boys at?” Oscar Wilde mumbled.

Timmy Tingler dances in a circle “Tits and tingles, tits and tingles”

“So it begins” the baby Viking breathes in his beard, fading into nonexistence, since he didn’t exist anyway.

“**SILENCE FOR THE ORGY**”

(don’t mean to be rude but this just reads more immature than insane, like a list of arbitrary references and soundbites without much character or drama behind them, just more LOLRANDOM than anything else<sup>346</sup>). Change it if you like, it’s just a wireframe yo, sorry Anon, reading that now, I realize I sound like a jackass, I was pretty pissed and bit high when I saw that, please don’t be discouraged or anything, I’ll go over it and work out an alt-ver--

“What the fuck was that?”

“Nothing, echoes in a cave talking to one another. Fuck you. Open up.”

**bibby bigrim wab ubstuck ib bime**

**““““A middle part of the end-death orgy!**

**(It begins with a**

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<sup>346</sup>Quoth the reader, nevermore.

**person entering the 10th room and everyone is being ported there naked, supposed to fuck each other to death until there is a surviving champion).””””**



GodPaladin63’s dream has come true. Directly before his eyes were 2 anime Asian qt3.14s doing fake blushing and J-Pop figures, both known as Maki and Riko, the anime meme scholars<sup>347</sup>. So there happened what was never supposed, never meant to happen. GodPaladin63, 29-years-old, stood up out of his electric wheelchair. 220 Pounds (Ezra Pounds, to be precise) of obese power were starting to make their move like there has never been in the infinite imagination of the Hypersphere. Slowly as he starts to get into motion, all warmth is getting sucked out of the room to serve as power fueling his body. And so the mighty GodPaladin63, once known as Fred Fedor, approached the anime meme girls as a

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<sup>347</sup> **High Meme Potential!**

mountain, which can't be stopped, like a natural disaster or China. The space was getting colder and colder as he used the energy to build up speed to ram his just below average sized genital into Maki and Riko. They feared his strength, feared his will, so there was only one last resort. Riko didn't want to use this. Every Shounen protagonist ever could have used this weapon, yet nobody did, nobody could. Naked as their reptilian gods created them, they stood against raising their voice like women. (actual women not the feminist, lesbian ones, they don't count<sup>348</sup>) The time was standing still and not a single hair could be heard falling down as the sound went through the room. "We only like you as a friend!!". This echo is told by coming generations to be still haunting the 10th room. The mountain stood still. Slowly realising what they have said, he fell down on his knees looking onto the ceiling. His eyes turned white, bit by bit as he breathed out his last breath. His body turned stiff, still having an erect penis showing towards them, but the hazard was banned. This was the end of GodPaladin63, leaving him as the hero he was, on his knees. Not really standing in real-life, not really laid down in death. Kneeing was the perfect pose for him to stay for the rest of eternity. Just a

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<sup>348</sup>Virginal prose gained precedence following the rise of New A u t i s m, a movement designed to counter the perceived excess of irony in the 90's by David Foster Wallace.

few seconds later everybody forgot about him. Who cares about fatass NEETs anyway? Memes.

A-and here's that Luger Foucault, plucked from time and dropped into the death orgy, finding his bearing among the bodily fluids. A death orgy. "Well, someone has to fuck me *here*."

Jim (RAYNOR) and (KERRIGAN) are used to seeing each other naked as a couple, but being in a whole assembly of naked people with feces flying through the air, they felt a lot like being in Detroit. Their archenemy Amon (AMON) was standing in the shadows, planning new evil plots to win the survival of the fittest. He thought about setting up financial institutions, like banks and stuff, to keep everyone else as slaves. He cursed himself as he remembered most jews are already doing this, smart mofo fo real. "Haha hahaha, I'm used to fuck the hardest sex-bots<sup>349</sup> Japan has to offer, including the 'Feminist cis male scum, don't dare a men touch a women'-edition so fucking me to pieces is nearly impossible, haha hahaha." Amon nearly pissed himself of self-assurance (ok, not only nearly). (KERRIGAN) was sickened that a person could fuck something that resembles a feminist. Pumping

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<sup>349</sup>The transformation of woman into cyborg is sometimes posited as a recent occurrence but has been happening for a long time. Look at the rise in plastic surgery, breast pumps and if we extend our study even further the primal tendency to model figurines and statues after fertility goddesses.

up her spacelegs, she jumps with supernatural speed onto Amon's head, covering his nose with her vagina. Struggling to breath, Jim jumped over his shadow and pushed his half-satisfied penis into Amon's butt (let's talk about sex baby, let's talk about you and me, let's talk aboutì .). It was a pose of pure aesthetics, a human completion of nature engimatic source - if there had been a dragon dildo involved too - Gods would have shined down upon them. "Dying by an overly emotional vagina" Amon thought in his last moments. "Now i truly know how Germans feel like". It was over, Amon (AMON) defeated, but this is no fable or fairy tale, fucking would never be over. Such is the circle of life. Realising this eternal truth the coupled looked at each other. The love they felt made them break their heart, so that if they are fucked to death, at least they would want to fight the death-fuck with each other. Walking to to the middle between them, they had tears in their eyes. "I wish we could have stayed together in space for eternity, Kerrigan" said Jim with a high pitched voice. "And i wish we could have stayed together longer, so we could have get married and divorced, and i could leech of alimony" (KERRIGAN) whispered while breaking into tears. They sat down, (KERRIGAN) sitting on his dick, as they start fucking faster and faster. Jim puts a finger in her ass. The heat starts to grow through the fathomless rubbing of both bodies. Love is like oxygen, but without the butter people tend to say. Kinda useless, one could

assume. If the babies just could kept coming out of artificial wombs<sup>350</sup> or sex-bots not even necessary. Still sex is like society holding hands (icky), so men could chase the work and women could chase the money of working men. That's what made the Romanian Empire great. So both felt no regret as their bodies overheated, went red like magma and started to catch fire. Burning like the Olympic Flame of the Hypersphere Death Orgy. Already burned to coal the fire was still as big as in its highest moment, shining over all rapists and fuckers like the life-giving sun does everyday. A symbolic act.

### *MEMEWHILE*

A group of anonymous but lonely animals sat together by a burning log discussing their masterplan to pierce through spacetime and through Hyperspace but really they were just a bunch of virgins from an Andalusian revival tapestry-exchange kiosk and they were guardians of time, masters of the metaphysical. They talked about how it all happened, how it should end.

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<sup>350</sup>Another technology often mistaken for a recent advent. Yet how many animals in nature construct as elaborate a bed as the human? If not a makeshift womb what other purpose does the beds extensive soft ornamentation serve?

“There has never been another time like this one and we must take advantage of it,” said captain squirrel who was anonymous through his squirrel mask. No one has actually named him captain squirrel, and he was a captain of nothing, but it was fitting at the time.

“No!” exclaimed another virgin animal which happens to be a coyote. “Not again. Don’t you remember what happened last time?” He paused and looked around and everyone seems to be looking at him, and he has stopped captain squirrel mid-sentence.

“The Tundra? Miami??”<sup>351</sup>

“What are you saying we do?” said Captain Squirrel.

“Nothing. nothing. It’s over. No.”

Don’t freak out about this<just keep going. Don’t mind my being here. If I’m really that (here), and not just as a character put here via someone else’s imagination, by someone else’s writing me here. Either way, don’t mind me.

“{JUST A RANDOM INTERLUDE,  
DIVORCED FROM THE MAIN BODY, TAKE IT AS YOU  
WILL}”

<

Behind a digitally lit replica of an 18th Century faux-Georgian ballroom, Kim Kardashian can be seen engaging in multidimensional sex with Kanye West; Kanye East; Kanye 4 Degrees Starboard; galactic space-house sensation Kanye “Feel It”; the official spiritual deification of MTV (who

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<sup>351</sup> **Low Meme Potential!**

was, at his own pace, smoking wojamba and gingerly holding a lone Richy 'Rich' Nixon); all of America's Beloved Globetrotters coupled with Natalie Portman's headless eternal-loli body -- and also Wittgenstein who turned out not to be gay in this book, fingering a geriatric Madonna from an alternate universe; a.k.a : *"The Second Biggest Cunt This Side of the Universe, Because a Universe is Everything Really - Even Alternate Universes - and Anthony Burch Still Exists"*; and standing behind all of this, screaming and uploading it to snapchat, was the Metaphysical Concept of Hope, who had burst into tears some five minutes earlier"

>

How are you and will be great from outside the door of a canyon basin that once ran with water from the mountain tops owing dearly to the gods that allow it to be cold with splendor of the type to travel outward past the cities that support it where the people look up and weep at the hills.

30-year-old St. Louis area Neo-Nazi leader Samuel Hyde champles onto the battleground. He fucks on Kolsti, postmeta voice of a generation, future AV Club reviewer, "Bear Trap" Nguyen, the only one that understands him. Sam sticks his new sincerity in the anodyne college cunt and *feels*, for the first time, engulfed by the warm internet sensation. He dives into a new world. The reblogs take him to the end of humanity. He fucks on hairy Asian puss, middleaged Lebanese retail workers, crisp white horse girls, he goes down uvula-deep on countless fanpage slideshow amalgams of Lena Dunham, and he's happy. Sam dicks his finger into RyRy Seacrest's blackhole and matterbates before

the Idol judges, God Damn You Eljaxon (black), Bukkake Lovato (woman) and Harbalod Boom (grump). “You, have,” Harbalod whispers, breath staggered by the thrust of Defdub’s argument, “discernible, talent.” Sam ejackanapes and drops to his knees. Revitalized by Americlaps, he dribbles his head back into the otherkinternet, where he bounces from tag cloud to cloud scoping out his one true desire, prime teen pussy. He reverse-engineers an ask game to slither into a 17-year old’s bedroom, where he entangles a computer-chairbound girl who just like in his dream doesn’t resist, she’s too entranced by yiffs of Benekickstumblrbatch. No sweat she’s into it ;).

The Hypercube containing the Samian universe flies back and forth across the tenth room, exchanging sexo-romantic artifacts between Roku and Adaulfen. Bret Foster Ellis snatches the cube out of the air and pokes a hole in it. He blows wojamba into the hole and begins to fuck the Hypercube, taking a full step back when he pulls out to let out a smoke ring.

Inside the cube, pure chaos:

“SWING,

# AELIUS!”

came the eternal chorus, singing evensong for the motions of a semi-dead demigod’s ballsack. nearby, the undersized anal cavities of his opponents flapped in bloody defeat. it was recorded - by missionaries of the New Florencian Cuckoldians - as “a violent sound (!) like punching butcherbags greased with wet steak”; slapping again and again their ferocious incantation:

*“SWING AELIUS!  
YOU DASTARDLY-  
BASTARDLY-BETA-  
MALE-BITCH-OF-A-  
MAN,*

*WE SAID SWING, AND  
SWING \*there is froth at  
this point\*  
HARD!”*

*The blackchimp and the autist*

*Reflect it in this "art"*

*They write le même  
Boner when they fart  
Boner when they fart*

Weary eyelids once again part. Fuzzy pupils resolidify. Rub. Rub again. Richard rubbed his eyes until the sockets were adorned with rings of raw, pink flesh. To him, his eyes were a magic lamp, and if he rubbed hard enough he might be granted a wish. Admission back into the world as it had been before his eyes had gone funny, for the problem must be his eyes. A world such as the one he now found himself inhabiting, stumbling about in yet never quite touching the ground, could not exist. Yes, it must be his eyes, he confirmed, when he saw a matching pair, just as wandering and unfocused as his own. Belonging to they eyes was a dark haired girl, tall and short, with six

good digits and an ass you'd like to fuck. A beam of pink light traveled from fuzzy black shape to fuzzy black shape, travelling in both directions simultaneously, carrying across a vast stretch of parking lot nothing of particular import. Richard wandered this place all day, and at the end of the day, sitting atop a magazine ad featuring two birds fucking, he wrote the following points on a pad of paper, which he lost.

1. I can't understand the language of the people here. Although I recognize words, and can relate them to objects in my mind, the sentiment behind the statement always eludes me. The harder I search for meaning, the more I affirm in my own mind the inherent meaningless of the words. It is a finger trap. I cannot win.

2. The people I once knew, the very same people I called my friends and called my family and watched pick gunk out of their fingernails with a Coke can tab on the city bus, have been taken. Taken and replaced with amorphous shadows which pulse and oscillate too fast for my brand new pupils to focus on. I will join them soon.

Richard jerked off into a tin can and went to sleep.

1963

The fiery gurgle of a west side car engine marked the beginning of the end for Richard. The car rolled out of the driveway and onto the main drag. The three boys inside were acclimated to the clink of glass bottles rolling under their seats. Morning rays of sunlight fell between apartments like outstretched fingers on the road. They drove south for 3 miles then took a left, a right, another left, and stopped in front of a coffee shop. It was a cramped place where steel mill workers

could ogle the waitresses until their first shift started. At the moment it was empty except for a freckled young waitress, a few nightshift workers, and a paperboy named Jim Cable. The last stop on Jim's route was only a few blocks from the cafe so he would typically hang around there for a bit before riding home. Jim sat in the front window while he drank his hot chocolate so he could keep an eye on his new bicycle. Jim tossed his paper cup in the garbage, waved bye to the freckled girl, and opened the cafe door. Before his foot could reach the pavement six successive shots tore into his chest. Jim fell back into the cafe, if not for the ringing that pounded his ears Jim would have heard the scream of the freckled girl behind the counter, and the screech of tires outfront. While Jim bled out on the tiled floor, a kid from the neighborhood stole his bike. Eight blocks away a revolver is thrown into the river from the window of a moving car.

[CUT TO]:  
HYPERNIGGAS  
PERFORMING LIVE, ft.  
MC YIK-YAK © ,ft.  
SNAPCHAT SQAWD™, ft.

“The entire Coca-Cola star  
constellation”

Backing vocals by Tom Jones with  
the -3<sup>10</sup> octave baritone (75yo  
and he can still get it)

[WITH THANKS TO]: SONY-  
SURROUNDARU-SOUNDU-  
WHITEY-MAN-SPEAKER-  
SAN

niggas to the left niggas to the right/ niggas to the left niggas to the right  
too many niggas cant feed all these niggas/ gotta weed all these niggas  
with my finger on the trigga

***Tyrell the Crater***

throw em in a tar pit/ stick em in the sewer/ fuck em in the ass/ with a  
muh fuckin skewer

***Skeezy-Stee***

throw em in the ovens/ turn them into food/ especially tyrone/ he a coon  
bix nood

***Chorus (Jamal)***

AIDS NIGGA AIDS NIGGA AIDS NIGGA AIDS

niggas roll up inna AIDS motorcade  
cuz we done with livin/ that shit been played  
we don't give a fuck (paradox) / we givin AIDS

***Tyrell the Crater***

don't wear protek-shun/ don't forget to cum/ or i'll cum in your moms/  
mash her face in for fun

***Skeazy-Stee***

fuck a nigga in the ass for me/ i beg you please/ til he got a disease/ til  
his anus bleed

and when i get home (Jonestown) i better see a mass grave full of  
niggas

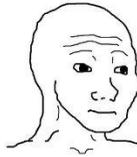
all fuckin deceased

***Trazh Baggins***

ay/ niget niget/ ay ay/ jones and bridget/ ay  
best be not let yr life reach double digit (ay)  
cuz if it be do/ i be get my whetstone ready/  
DVR chelsea peretti/ oil up my main machete (ayy)

***F.A.M. aka Timmy Talls***

i c'aint β livin fam/ just kill me



c'aint β stand to go on/ do you me  
2 much pain fam (please) 2 much hurt  
& i mean it/ like a tourist in an I♥NY shirt

***Tyrell the Crater***

life is meaningless \*nigga\*/ true genius is to kill yourself  
so let's wallace out this devious hell/ long as people yell  
you aint dead yet/ just sleeping  
with a pillow full of gats

tie the belt/ don't worry  
death and life are seamless  
make like vonnegut without the meathouse/ blow your brains out  
and shout: "so it goes"/  
\*yo this for my fam\* (do it faggot)/  
death orgy hyperniggas bout to go ham  
\*nigga\*

**Chorus x2**  
**Tom Jones scat**  
**MC Yik-Yak sexual predator<sup>352</sup> interlude**  
**Snapchat SQAWD firing squad execution**  
**Chorus**  
(*loving it fam [kill me, dawg]*)

# [FADE OUT]

Due to last night's events in Paris, today's Death Orgy ("Colour Our (X) the Thing of Frowns") has been cancelled. If you are a Death Orgy participant currently in Paris, please go on Facebook and use the Security Check system to report your status. If you are in contact with a Death Orgy participant in Paris and can verify that they are safe, you can also go on Facebook and check them as being Secure. After using the Facebook Security Check system, please fill out the feedback form and Facebook will use your thoughts to improve the system, to give you a better and more streamlined Facebook Security Check experience in the future.

*Thanks for your feedback. We hope to see you again soon!*

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<sup>352</sup>#FreeYikky

“وحرّم ربي الفواحش ما ظهر منها وما بطن!!”

Ben “Big Bang” Ibn Al-Afiqhi elbowed through the Dionysian throng spilling their syrupy elixir in unholy communion. Trapped was he, not between a locked fence with the elderly in his homely Al-Intisar mosque, but among spitroasters bawling, shifting in dimensions unpermitted by the Savior. Accidentally, he made intense eye contact with a Luttitite and his shaved crotch. He expressed his contempt swiftly and succinctly:

”عَنْ ابْنِ عَبَّاسٍ رَضِيَ اللَّهُ عَنْهُمَا قَالَ : قَالَ رَسُولُ اللَّهِ صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ: مَنْ وَجَدْتُمُوهُ يَعْمَلُ عَمَلًا قَوْمِ لُوطٍ فَاقْتُلُوا الْفَاعِلَ وَالْمَفْعُولَ وَصَحْه الألباني في صحيح الترمذي.“

The sandy-haired, cross-eyed sodomite smiled. “That’s chill dude, I did a semester in Israel, tight. Hey you wanna suck this?”

”حرام!!“

High above the fray, a spider-legged UFO scuttled on the tenth room ceiling. Inside, the executives observed the death orgy to stimulate themselves for their own private spree. After their successful exploits in reality manipulation, they had been rewarded by the overlords with new sexterrestrial bodies, stretched out to thin deep-probing lengths and granted self-lubing gray skin, equipped with unutterable sexual instruments and squirt-resistant bulbous eyes, transformed into Bacchanaliens.

Usually all the execs needed to start off an orgy was a quick tug to a liveleak video of a journalist beheading, but their new bodies had a higher threshold for arousal and they needed the violence to match.

The executive formerly known as ExxonMobil, renamed Triple-X-Static, watched Ben blam Halalfleki wrestle DONGS out of ASSES. “I have an idea, let’s gore him.” He pressed a button and a flashing rod on the UFO sent a wanton mind ray into a mass of thrusting bodies on the ground. The undulations of the cesspit accelerated drastically until the center exploded, a geyser of blood and flesh. Out of the red mist came Hulk Hogan, eyes lit up by the steady roll of telepathic waves. He had the rock hard notion he should find and decimate a certain Muslim Hollywood star.

(Ed. Note: Someone who knows more about Hulk Hogan, please, add a chapter here)

Listen:

Hulk Hogan catches himself a tyrone by the neck  
“look at this boy he wrigglin round like a fuckin chicken”  
He fixes the rear end of the tyrone to the tip of his flaccid inflatable cock and spins around in circles. The tyrone barks like a rooster his jumbo lips trailing after him like a giant Murican flag. The Hulksters eyes and mouth are hidden behind folds of jaundiced gelatine. He unloads the contents of his prosthetic urethra into the bowels of the jolly blackman and it squirts out the other end of him. He coughs and splutters hot

streams of orange stale piss. The Hulkman gurgles laughter from beneath his gelatinous mask

“lean into the wind my brother!”

The crowd are exalted rubbing the freshly squeezed nigger juice all over their bulbous tumours goiters stomas wooden legs pussycats diamond jewellery gums socks guns and cunts. They tear the bladders from distinguished guests and fill them with the pungent cocktail sipping on the tubules like straws. Gilles Deleuze emerges from a high window in a shining white gown looking like Gandalf the White with his gang of Pomo fuccbois who are all dressed like Foucault.

“This discourse cannot go on any longer!”

The Hulk swells up like a pufferfish sucking up the tyrone into his belly. Yellow jenk oozes from the Hulkguy’s muscle folds. His body retracts and the tyrone comes flying out towards the Foucauldians in a black puddle. The negroid bile glues their mouths and eyelids shut gasping in terror wrenching for air getting their hands stuck on their heads. They all take a heavy fall from the window smashing their skulls and ribs on the shitty rental furniture below. Hulk Hogan grabs Deleuze by the end of his cape and holds him up in the air like a naughty puppy. A big red dog cock bursts out of the Hulks jean shorts. He slams Deleuze to the ground putting him on his belly.

“You’re about to get a taste of freedom, brother.”

The Hulkman thrusts twice into the ground with his raging canine dong shattering Deleuze’s pelvis into molecular fragments. .

# BLACK

# “PEOPLE”

## Sexual Death Drive

LITERATURE was a lie, it was all just words and books. Thom Pynchon stood on the precipice of rage.

**“WHY!!”** he shouted into hell. He was two exclamation marks angry. Two! “Why have you DONE this!” It had all been useless, his intense violent emotionality, his deeply passionate prose, his fiery political diatribes. He had gone down the molten path of the polemic, for NOTHING. “It wasn’t suppose to BE this way.”

*Huh?*

Ten seconds later, Hulk Hogan hit him on the head with a chair and molested his unconscious body with bombastic showmanship. *Kore wa no desu-ka...*

Nietzsche-kun, why is he so peaceful at a time like this? Maybe he has accepted his follies. In this place there is no room for intellectual rigor. Eventually, we are all degraded by circumstantial preoccupations. But why does it have to be so painful? “You know. . . I must have looked pretty silly, with all that fruit. . . ha ha ha . . .”

*Where to begin with philosophy?*

Wittgenstein enters. You are struck by the decision of his movements. He throws what he brought on the desk and over the chair, he lifts a blind with a harsh pull and corrects something on the windowsill, he wipes the blackboard and leaves broad long streaks, and while you notice them he has faced you with a look of reckless humor. He won't be persuaded. He has brought for you an immovable end.

*Your mind*

*is aroused*

*by a demiurge.*

“Women are basically just DIY baby kits,” said God.

[WARNING: ALL CONTENT BEYOND THIS POINT IS EXTREMELY PROBLEMATIC FOR THOSE OF NON-WHITE AND NON-TESTICULAR DESCENT. IF OFFENDED, PLEASE POST ABOUT IT ON YOUR SAFESPACE™ BLOG SO THAT THOSE RESPONSIBLE CAN BE DEALT WITH VIA FIRING SQUAD]



# WE PAY TRIBUTE

## Donald Trump had finally done it.

From the start, the ether had been good to the man. It had nourished the gap in his soul, stained its pregnant pause in the underbellied machine of a mind diseased - always running its foul, ohming mantra<sup>353</sup>:

*“jii money, mi hermano, make money, let go of nothing that matters, swallow filth and plug yourself plump with masticating tangible television so that - ¡Órale! - our yoga-milfs, dad-bod boys in market jobs and yuppy a-go-go kids may all yo-yo down the same malevolent wave - so do it jii money, make money, Donald, make it in the millions, hold it, fuck it, make anything, everything that can be grabbed and paint it gold. Dear Donald, sweat all over it; scent her, call it yours - and take it”*

And, my, had the man been taken! A whole life **wasted** in chase of greedy mouthfuls -- all for the simple heart-murmur worry of a blank extra! A whole life **spent** under its war-drum beating, marching mad as march hares through every line of space-time, finding nothing but razing all beneath the foottrod. A whole life **gone**, (oh can you imagine it?) in self-medicating reality, the delusional stupor of a cough-syruped *something* bleeding into him a goeey death. A whole life **emptied** in her honeyed jizzum,

---

<sup>353</sup>This is cultural appropriation.

an entire ego climaxed in prepubescent pursespent ataraxia until  
- *Trump* - was near numb to the cumming; uncertain, just off,  
not all gone, the auto-eroticism of a masturbatory material  
stranglehold always tying the hands of his past to a noose not  
quite done; thalidomide fingers stained by a desire for desperate  
oblivion until, at the **end**, in a greasy semensoaked grab for  
lifeless somethings, there was instead just empty gall; always  
whispering it's simple Trumpish bluff:  
Perhaps, really, I should be feeling nothing at all.

**And now, Donald J.<sup>354</sup> Trump has finally done it.**

\*\*\*

**“LA~YDIES, LARD-KIN, LADLETTS, MER-MEN, ‘MEN’,  
MEN-MER, X-MEN, XIR, XERXES, AND THOSE OF  
UNDEFINABLE GASEOUS SEXUALITY - PLEASE,  
PLEASE WE DO INSIST, DISENGAGE IN YOUR (sic)  
DEATHFUCK AND KNEEL, HOGAN STOP RIGHT NOW,  
AND KNEEL BEFORE YOUR GOD.”**

The crowd stood silent for the announcement. Around, clods of  
dust and bloodied seed punctuate the arena's turf in ochre  
splashes: the Persian rugs torn like flags of battle, tatters of naked  
flesh and crimson fabric running in lovely looseness along the  
billowing sand. The scene, as Trump saw from above, is brutal  
menstruation; the silence now hanging way out among the  
masses, it's only orgasmic defiance Hogan; raping the entire  
Gawker staff with the animated violence of a true wrestler:

---

<sup>354</sup>The “J.” and the footnote have been added by Trumptech for  
dramatic and aesthetic effect.

“BROOOOOOTHHHHHEEER”

came his deathcry: the finest American since Henry Ford, expands like pastry, eyes a gooey puff, building impossibly until - a watery red condom blows, painting himself flat as fleshy canvas, metres of skin folding along the arena in a shitty human pancake.

From the glittered podium above, Donald floats down towards the masses. Steadily, his image builds. An oil-black suit - sticky as sin - silhouettes against flushing blonde hair, flowing now like the mane of Samson; and slowly, tooth to fang, the visage of a terrible, maniacal grin begins - smiling the foulest secret: Alpha and Omega's very source. As the Trump made his way to the orgiers below, he lifts a hand limpwristed as petal stem but rising with the unblenching power of a tree trunk. By his side huddles Max Stirner, eager and dressed in a tight gimpsuit.

“Fellows,” announces Trump, the puckered lips breathing out an air of something far colder than the hot semen stank of the crowd; like fresh piss in the pool, if the pool temperature and the piss we're reversed, which doesn't really carry as a metap-

“We need a *new* narrator, baby! This one's a bit wordy, kind of gay if you ask me.”

Donald snaps, and continues:

“Maxy! Do the thing.”

Max coughs, and speaks kind of like a retard.

“Now! *You* have heard - of Trumps foul demise! A man condemned to the deepest blank of our planes<an expanse of true nothing<purgatorial clay masking every unblinking eye - and bleaching all sight white with acrid absence. But! Has there been any man who has returned from her Netherrealms in all of Hyperhistory? Has there been any man who has parted nothing’s lips, by tongue and thought and slurped out her - one true only! Returning, with an appetite whetted, all truth taken, and leaving an empty shore behind! *This* is Trump! The man<the highest ego - *God!*”

Silence continues, people keep wondering about the pauses but most just assume it’s a speech-impediment sort of thing. Trump pats Max on the head and takes over.

“Nice, nice Maxy. Here, let master touch you. Good boy. So, firstly, *are there any questions?*”

Luger Foucault raises his hand.

“I don’t - is that, is that a microphone, oh okay - I don’t exactly understand Trump-God. How did you survive the Netherrealm?”

Trump laughs, belly laughs even, and lets Max purr genially  
against his leg.

“Oh boy! Was that a riot, ey, Maxy? I’ll try and avoid the  
metaphysics of it, wouldn’t want to tamper with that just yet.

Let’s just say: ouyay ondayì tixseay babyays!”

{In the distance, a pig dressed in full gladiator kit pauses, then  
disappears.}

“So that’s a pretty basic, um, axiom (?), yeah, of the whole thing.  
Kind of important, life or death sort of stuff, you understand me?”

The whole bloodied crowd gives a synchronous nod.

“And well, me and Maxy here, we were sort of bummed out, kind  
of down about the whole not exis- experiencing, fuck, um ---  
experiencing a true two state solution to the Space-Palestine  
conflict! Yeah<we were *really* down about that, and so, me and  
Maxy-boy we’re sort of mulling it over, real upset about the  
displacement of Space-Palestine, and then we realized: *the Space-  
Palestine/Israel conflict is just an opinion*. I mean, there’s no way  
to say *it’s right*, it’s pretty likely, um, that Israel are our ally in  
this situation - but that’s just a guess! You get me? Because really,

Space-Palestine and Israel are just an assumption, like, a construct. And the thing about opinions is, they ain't shit without conviction. You get me? Come on, give me some love people!

The entire crowd roar in unity. One man burns a Palestinian flag.

“So, apparently, Maxy tells me, as some, ahhhh, “individual” we can reject Space-Palestine! We don't need to let Space-Palestine dogmatize our own unique embodiment of ego! We are people! People with minds, meaning, desires - wants for something larger than just vacuous emptiness! And that desire, even if it ain't right or real, matters - it's all that matters! Because Space-Palestine is full of shit, the world is full of shit! Just assumptions, frail fucking predictions with no backing *save the conviction we give it*. And I said, to Maxy: ‘I will be no slave to the sacred - no! I will forge my own truth!’ And we did<we busted out of that joint like that, BAM, and kicked Space-Palestine's ass - because if life's just an opinion, and if my opinion ain't right, then I'll just give it some fucking pizzazz fellas<bleed delusion into every ether of existence! And a delusion, baby, well that's just your opinion with some gusto<and if you ain't living with gusto, well, you've never really been living with *balls*.

Oh you, you --\_ wonderful, shits: *I* - you, why, it's nothing to us at all."

The clapping is riotous, the cheers rising to a volume inhuman < joy, pure joy, reverberates around the cave. Trump raises his hand in spastic mania as every Space-Palestinian is sacrificed in his name. Behind him, the Executives clink their glasses in greasy glee - the plan had been a wonderful success! They had descended in their foul lizard guise sensing Trump's future newfound power, guiding him all the while - and Trump, mistaking their scales and soulless eyes as similar enough to his Jewish cousins from upstate Washington, was mum to their entire plan. And now with the power of his unprecedented delusional capability, they would rule the wojamba trade, use Hypervision to mold reality to whatever they saw fit! And the crowd below, the fucking bloody crowd, would not care a whit.

At last, Donald Trump had finally done it.



ohannes was overrunning reign like mad under the kingdome, slowly mellowing my world's mar with fun splotches of faint mintilicious oranges across her pulp debonair pink, a warmth like motherly scarf. And she was but a drowsed tulip under my loud cumulonimbus, a brewing tempest beneath the ribcage. Wilkensburg, tot lilypod, you give me twice the souls I was wrought with to begin, and you replace for a lover as my right heart in a left mind. It is like that — the mediocrity in autumn, to tear from ourselves into late, unceremonious wake at tempting deign of mourn, reworking in this hymnalong life our next act before turbulence knocks noggin back into daydreaming. We do not owe life its nickelodeon's to be tired webbing soul and mate, and, although you are inflicted upon by a demise scornful, but I shall conquer long before moon crowns one sweet stretching dye of tamarind again, I am true as I am sickeningly devout. Dandy lion, empress butterfly, verily do I promise, forever will, that we and the cortège will walk you out the cemetery in a livelier tinge.

---

in plurality things are  
heavily enforced, though  
from each single one's  
fault things can be  
thoroughly exploited.  
that is the human soul.  
myself am i the enigma  
and the final puzzle piece.

SED  
RYE<sup>361</sup>  
IHS  
ANC  
THE  
SAN  
POD  
UWS ↓

odd, how, in losing aspiration vain in  
pursuit one does not feel a heart's rage.  
but the heart cannot burst into tears or fall  
upon the melodies of ached soul. it cannot  
touch or confirm a status. my heart is  
rigid and only quick, seemingly,  
at an acrid japery, but at select  
times only of that manner.

as if limerence is sin,  
and in sin one forgets  
his due placement among  
men. in foolish disgrace  
he disembarks and loses  
purpose, repeat cycle.  
X  
X

it is with a strengthening envy along  
i trip the axis in celestial dance  
and point heavenwards where bellowed  
long my thunder, filling sky's expanse.  
to a wilderness that's me and once belong  
do from which i'm divine select  
dawdle, in return for defeating song  
then sit to pour from old spirits.

life from beneath  
outstretches, divinity  
from above. there  
is no rain for  
humanity beyond  
our heavens.  
X  
X

---

### <sup>360</sup> SPOOKY

<sup>361</sup> The individual word "Rye" makes one consider the implications for a study of rye's molecular structure, biological nature, scientific study, cultural meanings and role of all of these in the coherence of Salinger's "Catcher in the Rye, or, He Absolutely Ravishes His Sister, Phoebe."

## Leonard's Crazy Adventures in the After-Life (Part the First)

The Jews were going to do it. They were really going to do it.

They had infiltrated the second room of the Hypersphere *en masse* during the Holocaust with the help of their good pal Adolf Hitler, 6 gorillion to be exact, and had been slowly claiming other rooms through the help of the American government and the power of pity.

Now they had their chance.

The gentiles had merged to form the so called *uberschwanz*, the Ur-Peen that the Kabbalah masters had

prophesized. The Jews had been waiting for this moment<sup>355</sup> for as long as anyone could remember.

Leonard Cohen, Top Jew, turned to his right hand man. "Benny and the Jets, fetch me the clippers." Ben Netanyahu, eager to please the Top Jew, scampered off to Palestine in order to blame the Palestinians for trying to use the rightfully Jewish clippers which the Palestinians had used their entire lives. They gave it up with no resistance, too busy trying to figure out why anyone would want to live near so many Jews in the first place. Leonard faced the crowd, massive clippers held in his old, decrepitly Jewish hands.

"Shalom, favoured children," said Leonard, his raspy, sexy, old man-voice resounding off of the vibrating walls of the ninth room. "The time has come. We shall finally be able to do what has needed to be done for over six thousand years. We, the children of YHWH, will be able fix the mistake of our ancestors, the shame that has marked us for all history. Today that shame ends!" There was a great roar of cheers from the crowd. They all wore tiny hats. "Today, though we know not His name, and even if we did, what's it to yah? *First we take Manhattan---*"

The crowd finished his sentence for him, the sound of it cracking a hole in the firmament:

***--THEN WE TAKE FORESKIN!***

[EXT. BURBANK STUDIOS PARKING LOT - DAY]

[INT. TOMB OF THE ABRAMITES]

Pitch black.

TOMB RABBI (O. S.)

You must choose. But choose wisely.

---

<sup>355</sup>Time is a myth in Judaism. Source: I'm a rabbi.

The true tomb will bring you the foreskin...

but the false tomb will take it from you.

A crack of light in the darkness. The crack widens. Air thick with dust. Something moves in the dark. A body sits up in a deep recess. A crusty mohel raises a hand to shield his eyes from the light shining in through his opened coffin.

TOMB RABBI (O. S.)

You have chosen wisely.

The mohel looks up. A senile old man smiles down at him.

HARRISON FORD

Call the presses, Chewie. Looks like old President Harry "Han Solo Cup" the Fugitive Ford has found another classic vintage piece of important, interesting treasure.

*"And that's why you don't bring a lightsabre to a blaster fight, arab."*

- Jim Harrison Ford Madox Richard Ford

**cf. "Iveri time i look at you, she said, I see a man with a rotten figure. How to enter the inside of the dog?, i ask. And she said, I was right. I say my bandana is for prevention. I'm scared it will explode, my head, that is. She asked if I'm autistic. She couldn't even handle the amount of anagrams and footnotes i wrote in less than 8 seconds. Can you take this level of infinity? Some infinities are bigger than others. Like girls. You for example should be in the sea, living with yer fellow whales. She didn't like any of it. I ask if she has a T.V. , OKAY; I know, open your hole, Death Orgy is coming yer way, AAMOF i'ts already**

**He**  
**re. LIQUID SALIVA”**  
**=μ/2\*3##WWaIFUBAR**

A dog barked in Baghdad.  
A woodsman died.

HELLO:

A thick splat of bloodstained cum slapping against the cold stone.  
Cacophonous groans, moans and splintering bones. Free-verse  
climbing over the varied sounds of total debauchery. Red, primal  
chaos that spirals outwards from the centre of the cave. Venereal  
acts entangled amongst entrails. In the heads of the participants, a  
terrible consensus slowly forms:

Where the actual fuck am I?

them tittys ace nigga

Is this heaven?

I hope nobody has noticed how small my penis is

This is a strange dream

Did I do it? The tenth room?

What is this retard-looking dwarf talking about?

daaaaamn mayne does that baby have a beard?

Where's the clouds?

If I cover it will that just draw attention to it even more?

Isn't there a name for realizing you are dreaming?

For the first time I'm not sure what is coming next. Out of these fragments of the mind came nothing whatsoever. We shall never see these wanton thoughtforms ever (and ever is a lie if there ever was one) again (for they have escaped samsāra, gone beyond the again of existence and become what is not, become the un-become, beyond cum). It was only the hum and the orgies of those who could not make it, those us and them who can still differentiate between *us* and *them*, poor souls stuck where souls dwell, in flesh and the pleasures thereof.

"Damn nigga what?"

A word for the fortunate; (holy shit I can't stop thinking about memes help) Your feet got blisters today. You wanted to fight a bear; you settled on fighting a hobo. You lost and you are lying on the rails waiting for a train to send you on your next credit; you ain't 1CCing this run. No extra stage for you.

go... this project is intellectual suicide... when's the gas gonna kick in...

**~\*If you keep getting injured when you run, you may need to improve your technique. Sam Murphy reveals the seven commonest mistakes runners make.\*~**

- 1 Overstriding
- 2 Wasteful movement
- 3 Overpronation
- 4 Sitting in the bucket
- 5 Excessive supination
- 6 Poor hip drive
- 7 Trendelenberg gait

### **I am cum**

#### **Sam Murphy's anatomical guide to the perfect stride:**

Sam tackled a man to the ground and stomped on the back of his head. He stared at his hands, wiggled his fingers. Wasn't even dreaming... Just like in college!<sup>356</sup>

## **[EDITOR'S NOTE: THERE IS A DISTINCT LACK OF (sic)**

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<sup>356</sup>Thus concludes Sam's chase for the subjective realization of his own personal Death Orgy; but the *real* Death Orgy, dear reader, is SOCIETY. If you ask me, that is. You think you could spare some warm clothes? Soup? Little bits of manga paper that I can play with?

**DEATH-FUCKING OR (sic)  
FUCKING-TO-DEATH]  
>I ADDED SOME FOR  
YOU.**

**[PLEASE CONSIDER THE  
NEEDS OF OUR 21st C  
AUDIENCE; WE NEED AT  
LEAST ONE SCENE OF  
GANGRAPE / EXTREME  
SEXUAL VIOLENCE - IF NOT  
FOR OUR DEAR READER, THEN  
ART ITSELF]**

*i never memed a diamond in real life*

*--Lorde*

*WE AMERICANS STAY  
AMERICANS DIE  
AMERICANS (CHEAP  
BEER)*

i'm outta beer

so i'm shooting up

i'm out of love

so i'm plugging butt

my mom cleans my room

international shipping

online drugs

death'll cum soon

i love you mom

sorry i didnt eat your cunt

“Brown Lotus--a Haiku”

Brown lotus drifts, wet  
as from red my senpai goes  
opening earth's depths

ohh mommy mommy here come the cum mommy  
here cum the come don't let it in mommy don't let  
it in little tommy pinecone whines...

...but it hits him like a snowball gut goes broke  
turns back empty eyes in a gray 1940's  
photograph..

little tommy hands in pockets kicks the air  
his little rocket goes to waste...

**The following short story has been brought to you by the Jeremy Bentham Foundation for Consumer Satisfaction in Literature:**

**8.**

**“OH GOD PLEASE SOMEONE HELP ME,” the woman screamed through a mouthful of cum and blood. “These animals are going to rape me to death!” Tears streamed down her bruised face as her howls echoed through the dark emptiness of the surrounding woods, failing to fall on a single ear that wasn’t attached to the head of a participant in the brutal, moonlit gangrape currently unfolding. Myriad penises and other probing organs penetrated her various orifices roughly, and they did so for**

**hours on end. She suffered endlessly, and every ounce of dignity and grace, every one of the sublime attributes possessed innately only by the beautiful, was stripped from her over the course of the night by the mad lust of a handful of men, the total sum of whose lifetime achievements could be recorded on the foot of a fast food restaurant receipt with room to spare. She was raped. She was debased. She was robbed of her humanity by men who were in all respects animals, and she was made an animal like them. Every ambition, every desire, every suffering and exaltation, every moment in the forging of her identity was driven into the cold black sea that night and dissolved for the sake**

of nothing at all. For every unit of humiliation and pain she felt, her attackers derived an equal measure of depraved pleasure. She would survive the night, but within a week had thrown herself in front of a freight train.

i) If “x” amount of men derived   $15^2$  MC DONALD’s of happiness cubed (measured in negative tears), and the woman’s fall in front of the freight train saved the life of a precariously placed fatman by an overlooking bridge - would the action of gang rape be morally right, and, if so, would this still be the case in a four dimensional frame of reference?

*Please show all working out in the space below, correct to three significant figures.*

*Okay, so three significant figures. I go with Eisenhower, Sinatra and Mickey Mouse.*

***Incorrect answer. X (-3 points)***

*Uh... do I still get to call a friend?*

*ii) Find the area under the bridge if fatman= $S$  (smallmen in a large coat), where  $S$  is the minimum speed in metres/second at which a freight train would need to be travelling in order to atomise a 23 year old female, assuming the woman was a delusional psychotic who hallucinated the entire thing after going off her meds and 9/11 was a false flag orchestrated by the Bush administration. Present your answer in exact form:*

*I'm pretty sure this  $Q$  is referencing Vincent Adultman from that famous TV show, Bojack Horseman.*

***Incorrect answer, but half credit for recognizing the series.***

***✓ (+1 points)***

*(Author's Note) Please help us out by subscribing to iTunes and leaving a review! Also there's a Patreon, and a Kickstarter is coming soon! If I just get \$5000 an episode I can devote so much more time to drawing pictures of naked Hypersphere characters!*

**F U C K YOU I H A T E W H I T E S P A C E  
A S S F U C K I N G A C E A C E A C E A C E A C E E A A R**

β T I S Á L I E B

this blank space represents the empty nihilism of our  
postmodern consumer society

This blank space<sup>357</sup> represents

---

<sup>357</sup>This is an oxycontin. I've also got ambien, methadone, adderall, roxanol, pneumolysin... I've got plobocytis, I've got hedroxitol, I've got gangrene, I've got herpes, I've got... I... I need help, man...

# ***What's going on lads?***<sup>358 359 360 361 362 363 364</sup>

365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384

385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396

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<sup>358</sup>Possible reference to four non blondes' 'What's going on'

<sup>359</sup>Or a reference to a well known he-man video?

<sup>360</sup>Lad could mean either someone who adheres to the norms of 'lad culture' or just any male.

<sup>361</sup>Who is asking this question?

<sup>362</sup>Is this a metaphysical question? What's going on right now or what is going on in a more general sense?

<sup>363</sup>"going" implies movement, a continuous transition state between here and there. To be "going on" something implies that the speaker is asking the lads what is moving *on* an unspecified subject.

<sup>364</sup>What is this apostrophe hiding? It is easy to assume *What's* is a contraction of *What is*, but it could potentially expand to *What was*, *What the fuck is*, *What oranges*, e.t.c.

<sup>365</sup>It's clearly possessive, you dumb shit.

<sup>366</sup>Who are these lads? Can we assume they are young English men?

<sup>367</sup>What if the answer is "nothing"?

<sup>368</sup>If a woman is said to be 'going' it means they have frequent sex. Has a woman had sex with these lads?

<sup>369</sup>If so, the use of 'what' instead of 'who' is potentially dehumanizing.

<sup>370</sup>The capitalization of 'What' suggests that it may be a proper noun.

<sup>371</sup>"going" also means to shit.

<sup>372</sup>What are they shitting on?

<sup>373</sup>Who are they shitting on?

<sup>374</sup>Can it be me?

<sup>375</sup>How do I get out of this page?

<sup>376</sup>huwioqwiulweileefkluff

<sup>377</sup>Siri. Activate google. Siri, activate google. Google search where am I. Siri, find me.

<sup>378</sup>CTRL ALT DEL



**MESSAGE FROM THE ADMIN:** “Due to a solar flare in outer safe space, trigger warnings are currently out of order. Enclosed are handwritten tee-wee’s to be handed out before making any stressful statements. [TRIGGER WARNING: THE FOLLOWING MESSAGE REFERS TO TRIGGER WARNINGS WITH A DIMINUTIVE THAT SEEMINGLY BELITTLES THEIR PURPOSE] As a result of this malfunction, you may receive belated warnings about traumatic materials. The administration asks that you [TRIGGER WARNING: THE FOLLOWING MESSAGE REFERENCES A POSSIBLE EVENT IN WHICH YOU ENGAGED TRAUMATIC MATERIAL UNWARNED] remain calm and try to go on with your day normally while using, and ensuring others use, the TWs. [TRIGGER WARNING: THE FOLLOWING MESSAGE’S SUBJECT LINE IS TYPED IN ALL CAPS SIMULATING SHOUTING] [TRIGGER WARNING Trigger Warning: Trigger Warnings for the following text are typed in all caps simulating shouting] [TRIGGER WARNING Trigger Warning Trigger Warning: The following message has a trigger warning warning that its trigger warnings are typed in all caps simulating shouting. The latter trigger warning refers to the former by including its title, thus repeating its possibly traumatizing type] [(Trigger Warning) Trigger Warning Trigger Warning: Same thing as last time. Major oversight, sorry about that.] [TRIGGER WARNING: Autists may be upset by an apparent logic problem in the following message, as earlier trigger warnings appear immediately after they were supposed to in order to establish the premise, but later trigger warnings appear long after, once the author has come up with an idea to play with the concept] [TRIGGER WARNING: In the following chapter of

**HYPERSPHERE**, titled 'Death Orgy, or "Colour Our Parisian Barricade the Thing of Frowns"', there is a story submitted by the Jeremy Bentham Foundation for Consumer Satisfaction in Literature. This story contains rape, horribly violent rape, and digs into the terror and existential violation of it. Might actually upset you a little. Anyway, I'm the admin, I run the safe space, and I write the trigger warnings sometimes. A little about me, my name is Leopold, I'm an ant. I grew up in, I guess you could say Hyperspace but it's like another dimension. I used to weave worlds, but I wasn't allowed to, and I was eventually banished to the void. Met this guy Timmy, weaved a world for him. It was... an experience, I don't regret it, but that's in the past now. That's what brought me here, because the world I made for him got corrupted somehow and it started swallowing up existence, so I made this safe space for people to be. I'm glad I did, but... I gotta say... the people that turned up are kind of a drag... oh, hold on, something's happening...

... Huh.

**Seems this space wasn't safe after all...**

... Man, anal is *rough*...]

*JESUS CHRIST MY EYES*

**EGO IPSE ES SUMUS**<sup>397</sup>

Said the Voice of Donald Trump.

**CONTINEO TURBAS**<sup>398</sup>

Said the Voice of Donald Trump.

**THERE ARE NO EYES ONLY I**

Said the Voice of Donald Trump.

---

<sup>397</sup>Lit. "Samus has a big ego."

<sup>398</sup>Lit. "People with turbans are bad."

## BOOM BITCH I'M COMING

Said the Voice of Donald Trump.

Existing was a little hard, but so was he

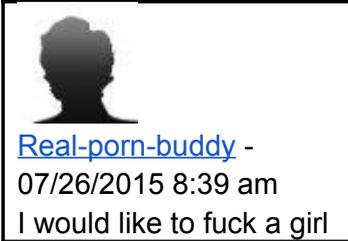
[Ed. Note: All text beyond this point has been pieced together from dimly remembered mytho-ideas pulled out of the psychic wreckage of the R-y-l G-la by Neuroarcheologists from Jenner University in the year 2070, forming a body of work known today as *HYPERSPHERE*. All text preceding this point has been mere speculation and reproduction on the part of The Translators. The following has been censored by the Department of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Feelings in order to protect those who may be triggered. Do not trust anything you may have read before.]

From *The Book of Jeb*:

*Sniff and swell when I am cuck  
A trumping feel gone normie pleb,  
Cuck't as would Moot, bad tickles Jeb,  
"I'm Dubya, biyatch," when y'all  
unbush  
O, seed out now, foul-smelling tush,  
What have I but to masturbate  
As you Trump Jeb with fickle bait.*

#uberschwarz20XX

[Bruce Returns: A Fragment]



"I would like to fuck a *girl*," said Bruce as blood rushed to his mangine. Other people's blood, not her own. "Am I not *girl* enough for you, shitlord?" Real-porn-buddy's comment had triggered something in Bruce's shattered, misguided psyche, and not just the trauma of his umpteen-thousand gender reassignment surgeries. No, this comment, these *words*, had triggered something far more terrible. Pain coursed through Bruce's body, as it normally did when she was misgendered. But this wasn't the bad pain; this was *good* pain. Now **he** was ready to kill shit, sexually: to twist violent the corkscrews of her warped gender; whetting fate's thorny protrusion of ego down to a slim - *oooh* - **long** - *ouie madame!* **HARD COCK** - *Oh là là, c'est magnifique!* - and then using it to "accidentally" drive a car into some children. *Mon chérie!*

"Call me mentally ill" said the voices, screaming mad across the arena.

---

His grindr profile name is puffy\_wlr3d and he is the holiest of scatsuckers to have ever felched since jean genet. Puffy, the 4-foot hot dog the glazed boil the cheese-encrusted meatloaf siphons the fountains of liquid marble with empty cans of dog food the livestock of his glorious fortune. Tightly bound to the end of his greasy mane are long trails of waxed yarn that cradle giant boulders of vintage smegma. These wheels of man-cheese are his sacred tomes. His oily globes burst from his prostate as he inhales the molten crack-rock from his twisted glass pipe his eyes vibrating like heavenly spheres. His throbbing yellow carcass thunders through the maelstrom of death-sperm. The spludge sizzles on his hot hairy back evaporating into long white shafts that fist gapes into the sky. The glorious smell of the cheese wheel pulls every cock thirsty HIV + plagued fairy twink bear cub otter sea urchin cougar bat cow pig camel horse bull slug husband daughter sister father mother son aunty uncle queen king prince princess sphincter (anything with a soft squishy hole or the potential of becoming a hole) like an insect to the sun. They flood towards him assholes

and mouths first a throbbing purple-blue mass as if god had just shot a load into an angels tight ass. Puffy inhales amphetamine in anticipation feeling the weight of every exploding prick aimed at him. He jams his fist into a flying asshole and then into another with his other hand. He extends his feet into the mouths of a couple of airline stewardess' shattering their spines so his jagged toes stick out. Their exposed assholes prolapsed and excited are breached by the speeding face of Judith Butler whose teeth pierce the ripe bulb raspberry paste pumping into her heart and coursing through her veins. Their forgotten haemorrhoids follow causing Judy to experience a massive stroke. Her limp paralysed body flies off into the swarm like a used cumrag and is shredded to pieces. Puffy uses his hand puppets to force open any incoming sphincters. The faces burst them like banana cream-pies smeared in shit blood gastrointestinal meat and clumps of curly hair. Their faces become worn smooth and skinless like a chicken bone. Bodies that miss their intended target ricochet off porous boulders and scrap metal opened as if by zipper their insides flow out in uniform

streaks that paint the sky. The lust for cheese is greatest in those that burn white hot their flesh glowing phosphorescent like dying stars. The mounds of the dead are doused in the torrential downpour of jissom letting off towering solar flares that scold the continuing onslaught. Puffy smiles towards the heavens in the midst of evisceration and infinitely repeating grindr notification tones. Scrambling onto his knees he chugs down on a bright yellow bubble butt that has been severed from its owner. He searches through the piles of liquefied giblets torsos and ecstatic faces picking up large intestines from which he sucks out the leftover brown delicacy and fills with fresh spoodge in order to make his specialty krankskies. Those lucky enough to survive crawl on the ground limbless sucking on any cock they can find bodiless or otherwise like defeated infants with a desperate thirst. The flood increases exponentially in density in preparation for our saint's martyrdom. The fallen faggots overwhelm our hero in a planetary collision. He drowns in a sea of anal warts syphilis cock rings margarine AIDS medication your dad sissies infected cunts and broken teeth.

All of it enters his mouth like hot jets of diarrhoea without a sound. The (partially) living and the dead begin to solidify and crystallise from the immense weight and heat. The mass towers continuously higher with a gargantuan roar filled with the bleeding cries and orgasms from the rotting populace of all time, every interstice of anywhere exhausted of plump crevices. Not long after the wails slowly cease the project is materialised... The object of martyrly desire stands erect...

## the *uberschwanz*..

■

a cock of mythical girth and length.. pulsing with virulent fervour.. uncut.. The following is a transcript of the fateful moment, reeled off the grindr account of our beloved hero puffy\_wlr3d, excavated from the depths of the *uberschwanz*...

**GÖDPUSS33**

u hung

puffy\_w1r3d  
ye

GÖDPUSS33  
meet?

puffy\_w1r3d  
k

God emerges from nothing bending down into a deep squat his awesome cheeks spread apart like the dividing of everything. The *uberschwanz* is fuelled by crack-rocks the size of gas giants. It puffs up as it takes a toke and fumes out pure phallic hatred. God topples onto the *uberschwanz*... The tip barely fits...

## MEANWHILE, BACK ON FLIGHT 4U9525<sup>399</sup>/<sub>400</sub>

### *In the Germanwings Plane Over Digne-les-Bains*

[censored for potentially triggering mentions of existence and various other corporeal privileges]

Mandy was getting f-cked to death.  
There was a lot of hot c-mming. It was [not]  
enjoyable for h-r. She cried as she retreated

---

<sup>399</sup>Turn to page 84 if you decide to be the airplane, put down the book if you decide that you're an airplane in real life, airplanes can't read!

<sup>400</sup>Not factually accurate. World Wrestling Champion and internet celebrity John Cesna is an avid reader.

deeper into herself, cursing her father for giving her an Elektra complex and naming her Mandy. People always said she was full of herself<sup>401</sup>. As the co-pilot ejaculated for the seventeenth time into her slim pussy, the French mountain side came into view through the Germanwings cockpit window.

“Ah zut alores,” said the French Man-Stewardess.

“Oi, lemme cum once more, ey luv,” said the British Mortician. He sure was stiff. Mandy kind of liked him, said his name was Martin.

They kept cumming as the co-pilot tugged desperately at the controls and the his own genitals.

“Y-y-you’re a big guy,” Mandy managed to stammer out in between choking loads of j-zz.

“Mon nom est pronounced *Gee*, you Anglo-wh-re.” Gee slapped his big penis against Mandy’s cumsoaked cheeks.

“Oi, ew you callin’ Anglo, mate?” It was the British Mortician, Martin. *My hero*, thought Mandy. “You cheeky cunt, I’ll wreck ya.” Mandy sucked away harder on Martin’s glorious 4 inches.

“Guys, I think we’re gonna crash, with no survivors,” said the co-pilot,

---

<sup>401</sup>Now it was literal, get it?





Gore Vidal casually spits out a gob of fresh-whipped semen as he slowly pushes through the crowd. He is immaculately dressed in an Armani suit and uses a five-foot black dildo to walk with. He grumbles on and on through red decayed gums...

"CUNTFAGGOTCUNT!" he'd start off with. "How many gapin' fuckin' assholes do I have to stretch and mutilate before I can earn passage out of this shitorium? Every fuckin' day I'm torso-deep in ass fluid stepping on turd nuggets while they scream in agony it's like venomous insects buzzing in my fuckin' brain and they all claim the same fuckin' thing! This is what they tell me they say that their asshole is the gateway their asshole is the exit their asshole is the paradise you seek please mr vidal jump in! The wormhole is about to close! There's not much time! quick before it's too late! Save yourself, please! And when I believe these poojabbering monkeys? I get one dead fag with a sleepy grin on his face and one soiled Armani suit! I'm starting to wonder if I'll ever get the shit smell off me at first a good scrub in a bath of highly corrosive cleaning products did the trick then it took complete skin transplantations I've lost count of how many skins i've occupied I was once completely COONED! I scrubbed at it with steel

wool that gave it white patches so that I looked like a fuckin' Dalmatian! I hate fucking Dalmatians! I stomp their fuckin' teeth in every time I see one OLDFAG! Bring me a fresh Dalmatian.."

The OLDFAG minion wearing pink latex shorts a sailor hat and speed-dealer sunglasses skips away into a nearby closet and drags out a tall Dalmatian. The dog resists the pull of the collar its face stretching like taffy giving it an imbecilic grin. Gore grabs it by the face pressing his stubby thumbs down its throat. The mutt wheezes. He falls to the ground with it and pins it between his powerful thighs. The mongrel's eyes bulge and vibrate with unspeakable fear. Mr Vidal gives it a few sharp thumping donkey punches knocking all the air out of it. He then begins to body slam the defeated animal pressing his entire weight down onto its back that makes the ground shake. Long trails of fecal matter lengthen out of the Dalmatian like out of a mustard dispenser. Surprisingly after its body had been completely pulverised its head continued to yap away. This did not please Gore Vidal who began to spit blood in anger. He pushes his thumbs harder down the mutt's throat back and forth as if he were finger fucking an exceedingly tight butthole. He shoves his thumbs into its skull as easily as meringue shards of bone

crunching back into the fleshy interior. Gore finally picks himself up and cleans himself off.

“Get me the fuckin juicy<sup>403</sup> cuntholes and asses of TRIPFAGS for me to inspect minions or I’ll be putting my foot in yours!”

The OLDFAG minions salute and scatter they are dressed in identical attire. They swing around on swings and wriggle through vents with the collective sounds of chaffing latex. They are armed with octopus cocks that are shaped like sharp beaks which have been ripped off the bodies of space trannies and dead hookers on Hollywood boulevard. They round up as many TRIPFAGS they deem as worthy vessels of the gateway. Gore continues to spit blood crooning in a southern fried accent...

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<sup>403</sup>like a fresh Florida orange crushed between the slim, chocolate fingers of a negro housekeeper, if I do say so myself.

**"These cocksuckin' space kikes<sup>404</sup> won't be imprisoning me in their anal lusting frakenstein! Well uhhs I'm getting' out of here me! Line up my escape pods! I want them prepped and ready to go! I want them douched and redouched! Bleached and boiled! Now I know you've all heard rumors that cleaning up these colons may affect their ability to transport through the Hypersphere and I tell you right now you're all a bunch of poojabbering poodlefuckers no pile of shit ever had no destiny shit is shit and will never be anything**

---

<sup>404</sup>The Space Heeb's want to take part in the orgy but their assholes have never been opened to the light of day (hence why space kikes are always shitting out of their mouths). The sacred act of sodomy is acquired only through the summoning of a Golem. Rabbi Larry David is real thirsty for that hot rock cock. You can see him in the silent prayer room with his limestone statue of a Gabon python. He squirms it up his ass turning it like a screw using globs of snot from his giant nose to coerce it further. Unfortunately it's not nearly as big and hard enough as a Golem's. Rabbi Larry David hisses and curses and bites on his elongated scrotum in rage. He searches feverishly through the stacks of Golem pornography which every kike prayer room contains. Flashes of massive stone dongs the size of trucks caked in jew slime moss and barnacles. You can always tell when a Heeb has had his ass breached. They wear lots of black clothing to hide their rectal bleeding and their hair goes curly just like when a person curls their toes when they have a great orgasm and if you stand close to them you can hear an echo as if you're standing in a large underground cavern. Rabbi Larry David finds an old lexicon buried in a muddy ditch which the magazines had been hiding. The title of the book is "*Golem Recipes: The Road to Anal Scatification*". The Rabbi rubs his rat claws together and itches the open sores on his buttocks in delight..

else so if you tell me that shit can have a destiny that shit can become a flower or a tranny's prosthetic tit gland I'll tell you all those things are still shit and will remain shit until this deathsphere has choked on it's last chode you can't teach an old shit new tricks gentle faggots of mine and boy this shit is older than fuck and suck! Can't get this shit to leave it sticks on your leather Italian wallets and mailboxes and your family's faces especially your fuckin mothers face never parted with it shit since the day you done did been born everywhere I go I see shit I can't tell if my eyes have shit on them and I'm just seeing things through shit filtered lenses or it's just on absolutely everything it even clings onto empty space and the pores and gaps between your cellular digits! And you got the scrot to tell me that shit got a destiny that shit gonna save me from this evil land? well gentlemen you can stay in your palace of shit like the shit eating Dalmatians you are you can kiss the holy ground of it and press your tongue into it the way you carry on with your allegiance to shit I'd say you were all born shit too your mother was probably a fuckin asshole!"

Mr Vidal slides on his knee-high red gumboots with a cute squeaking sound. He faces the exposed holes of Bill Murray and WF Buckley holding one another's hands in

excited eagerness. Gore outstretches his arms to which the OLDFAG minions lift him up by and steeps both feet deep into WF's gaping hole that is pliable and assisting. Already Gore looks disheartened. Even though the portal sometimes takes a while to swallow the transported up he can just sense this Protestant faggot is a no-through road and time is against him. He gives the signal word "dudhole" which is the cue for one of the minions to stab the disappointing fuckface in the eyes with their jagged octopus cock. The OLDFAG minion puts WF Buckley in a headlock and slowly drives the dagger through his eye as deep as he can followed by the other. His false teeth come chattering out. After Vidal steps out of the deceased sphincter the minions like hungry elves drag his gouged out corpse and fuck the body at least five of them at once their cocks green and blue with disease and parasites making a big sloshing sound like runny fecal in the toilet fountains of shit splashing out.

"I can tell which of you are shit by your useless holes! if I could crawl up into my own asshole I would but I'm not a young man anymore and I'm too rich my asshole reaches the spheres and smells of divine choirs and angelic precum of young lads not even I dare to breach it no one would have the right not even myself!"

Bill Murray winks at Gore and wiggles his eyebrows comically. Gore's temper fires up again and breaks Bill's neck with his flopping schlong cane. He attaches his head to the top of his staff the eyebrows continue wiggling. The OLDFAG minions become restless and pounce on the line of flashing TRIPFAGS. They fuck them with barb-wired fence posts broken bottles lightbulbs crucifixes metallic dildos and rusty garden shears. Gore becomes fatigued and bored so retires to a closet to suck off a 15 year old NEWFAG. The TRIPFAGS have all their teeth knocked out so they can fit in more OLDFAG cock at once their tongues are carved up so the blood can function as lubricant their noses are sodomised as are their ears and their freshly scooped out eyesockets. Suddenly the Golem bursts through the fabric of Hyperspacetime in the shape of a giant limestone Hulk Hogan whose giant diamond cock rotates like a hurricane with a REEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE<sup>405</sup> sound throwing all the OLDFAGS and TRIPFAGS around it in a storm of hot gay anal and desktop computers his phallus spews out flaming jissom that burns holes through the Hypersphere that envelop the raping OLDFAGs with their cocks caught in decapitated heads and little children while the mighty voice of the HulkGolem echoes:

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<sup>405</sup>Selectively forced meme to accentuate the non-consensual intrusions of anuses

LEAN  
INTO  
THE  
WIND,  
GOYIM!  
!!

The space kikean parish and affiliates stand outside the vortex of carnage with their cavernous assholes soaking up the breeze licking their yellow rat teeth the closet door flies wide open Gore's pressing on the NEWFAGs smooth buttocks jamming the little weeny in as hard as he can the precum

painfully dribbling out of his nose scorching tears down his frenzied face a stampede of NEWFAGs bolts out the closet in frilly tutus choker collars and fairylights waddling with wrinkled shorts at the ankles leaking trails of anal grease all over the linoleum that is mopped up by thirsty goats camels and mules with dangling brown berries that the NEWFAGS begin to suckle on reflexively for dear life and this kind of demonstration has crowds of onlookers from infinite dimensions all horned and bothered and they're slipping sliding and tripping over all the bodily fluids hurrying to get a piece of shit in their teeth wait until they tell the kids it's getting under their fingernails and in their hair the flame of the cum blessing all the devout starving and mad they break out in volcanic fevers forming death legions and firing squads kicking down every door plugging every orifice like the black smog of china that'll eat everything suffocating every microslit and liminal space vulture-winged pederasts prey on the helpless nude NEWFAGs swooping down and impaling them with curved erections that go through their assholes out their bellies and then back through their terrified lips atheists nietzscheans continentals existentialists ontologists transcendentalists ismists<sup>406</sup> all wandering around in pissed sweatpants with one thumb up their

<sup>406</sup>HERE YA GO YA MEME THIRSTY CUNTS OPEN UP

ass and one which they're suckling  
on with their cum-dribbling mouth  
inaudibly blubbering mommy mommy I  
wabba goh hobe while the HulkGolem  
vigorously fucks open multiple  
gateways in and out of the  
Hypersphere that pour out millions  
of cashless refugees drug addicts  
vegans hippies policemen  
militarymen prostitutes dead  
authors fag enablers tumblrites  
redditards<sup>407</sup> all the shittiest parts  
of the Hyperverses all come flopping  
out in one heavily soiled diaper  
that just goes *plop...* looks like  
it's time to change somebody.

hickory dickory cock  
the fuck ran up the poc  
shit shit shit  
let it be known  
this is low art  
i wont bother myself with it  
rhyme is a social construct  
i dont give a fuck

on the edge deserted shapes  
stand and slant apart:  
they chalk dust men  
they echoes in a cave  
they don't see water starts  
and where the sky begins

they ain't they:  
they ones and not in groups  
don't get it wrong  
they peering peerless on the pier

---

<sup>407</sup>FORCE THAT SHIT DOWN YA DIRTY MEME-HOLE COME ON I  
WANNA SEE YOU TAKE IT

pour que?<sup>408</sup>

not for you and not for me

the only is the jutting  
the single hand that shakes  
in wind that stopped all moving  
coalesced in vapour shapes  
they chalk dust got erased  
holding rods and no

they chalk dust men  
they echoes in a cave  
they caucasian vapour shapes

kok's eradle

If you are able to read this horrific shit,  
you most likely have privilege.

Check yourself. Consult your pharmacist  
about self-test kits.

And remember... don't cut yourself  
on all that edge.

Paid for by the SJW Institute of Pan-African Studies and Historical Truth

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<sup>408</sup>We got a sale on the letter P! All P's must go, so we're declaring war on high P prices!! 10% off, 50% off, 80% off, buy three P's and get a free letter of your choice! (Limited selection: E, U, D, V, Q, X, U, Z, J, y, c, i, x, v, q, z.) They're flying off the shelves, so hurry down to DjXuc YDEvJiqz's Alpha Beta Omega Mart and get all your favorite symbols! Alpha Beta Omega Mart - we're your type!

I have no intention of revealing what there is of my life in this book to readers who are not prepared to relive it. I await the day when it will lose and find itself in a general movement of ideas, just as I like to think that the present conditions will be erased from the memories of men.

The world must be remade; all the specialists in reconditioning will not be able to stop it. Since I do not want to understand them, I prefer that they should not understand me.

As for the others, I ask for their goodwill with a humility they will not fail to perceive. I should have liked a book like this to be accessible to those minds least addled by intellectual jargon; I hope I have not failed absolutely. One day a few formulae will emerge from this chaos and fire point-blank on our enemies. Till then these sentences, read and re-read, will have to do their slow work. The path toward simplicity is the most complex of all, and here in particular it seemed best not to tear away from the commonplace the tangle of roots which enable us to transplant it into another region, where we can cultivate it to our own profit.

### Leonard's Crazy Adventures in the After-Life (Part the Third)-A Possible Vision of the Future

Leonard Cohen, Top Jew, crawled out from under the rancid sheet of manifold caucasian foreskin that stretched out across the 6 gorillion bodies. Or tried to, at least. It had fallen on his legs, crushing them like critics to Jewish comedians. He was one of the lucky ones. Some had fallen to gentile orgy-fiends. Others had drowned in the great flood of blood that poured out of the first cut. Still more had been flattened, crushed by the falling foreskin. Every so often there was frantic movement from

underneath the massive penis sheath. It would slide, slide in all directions as desperate Jews and hapless gentiles attempting to claw their way out of the Highest Holy's cockgaurd. They would slowly asphyxiate, basking in the glory of YHWH's jewbacon. After a time all movement stopped and there was a great grey silence. The sheet of skin hid them like snow in December hides gardens, turning the world into soft, uniform hills. It was so big that it would say, if it could speak: "**CONTENEO TURBAS.**" Leonard wiped blood and gentile cum from his brow and smiled.

"We did it, Jews. We really did it." Tears rolled down his cheek. "Now the goyim won't mock us anymore for our archaic penile mutilation ceremonies."

He spent some time trying to pull his mangled legs out from under the immeasurable flap of skin. No dice. It dawned on Leonard that he was going to starve to death here. There were no other Jews left alive. He couldn't eat YHWH's foreskin. No. Never eat YHWH's foreskin.

After the third bite, Leonard Cohen, Top Jew, gave up.

Some time later Netanyahu's metaghost showed up. "Benny! I'm so glad to see you! Help me out!"

"I died under that flap of skin, you son of a goy! It was like the showers, yah mensch."

In a different time line, a reincarnated Leonard Cohen, Top Jew, turns to his manager, Johnny Goldbergstein, and says:

*I have seen the future, brother: it is murder.*

Ben "Big Ben" Netanyahu's metaghost dissipated after realizing that he didn't exist because nothing is real.

“Oy, it’s all so useless,” he said, his raspy, sensual old-man voice echoing across the lumpy field of dick skin. He started crying, for real this time. It was almost like the blues. “What I wouldn’t do to take it all back. I thought it would work. My fans, crushed! The people who made me #1 Male Canadian Singer, flattened! The entire movie industry, smooshed! Even dear Adolf is gone. Oy why! Give me back the Berlin Wall! Give me Stalin and St. Paul! They gave me absolute control / over every living soul! Why! Why! When they said REPENT REPENT I wondered what they meant. Now I see it. Give me back my broken night, my mirrored room, my secret life. Oh G-d It’s lonely here! Give me crack and anal sex!”

He wept as a glowing stranger coalesced behind him. Floating on an infinite aura of golden light, the stranger hovered toward Leonard Cohen, Top Jew, and held his chin. It was Donald Jenner, the kwisatz haderach, the final stage in human evolution. Xe looked like Clarence from *It’s A Wonderful Life*, only worse.

**YOU WOULD LIKE TO LIVE?**

“No...not a gentile!”

**YOU WOULD LIKE TO LIVE?**

“Yes! Oh G-d yes! Take me away from this place! I’m sorry! Oh G-d I’m sorry. I’ll probably never molest another child at a Bar Mitzvah ever again.” He clutched at Donald Jenner’s immaculate golden omnisex robe.

**YOU WOULD LIKE TO LIVE?**

“Why do you keep asking that? I’m begging you! Let me live. I should never have stood before the Lord of Song with nothing on my tongue but circumcision!”

**YOU WOULD LIKE TO LIVE?**

“What? I don’t underst--” the glowing stranger began to remove xir robe with xir’s awesome psychic power, revealing sculpted, man-girl abs. Something was hard and/or engorged.

**YOU WOULD LIKE TO LIVE?**

“I...I see. Lie beside me, baby. That’s an order.”

**L L L L L L L L**

Leonard Cohen, Top Jew, was bathed in slippery golden light as Donald Jenner orgasmed. Leonard wiped his 81 year old mouth. “So about that reincarnation, I was thinking of maybe being blacker, around the crotch area--”

**I LIED.**

“What? You daughter or son of a bitch! That nonspecific act of oral sex I just committed was--”

**YOU CANNOT LEAVE THE HYPERSPHERE.**

**GOODBYE.**

So Leonard Cohen, Top Jew, raged into the hollow night.

*Yo my man, that was a flashback,  
the real origin story of the Judaic people.*

*If you wanna read more about these Superbeings,  
check out the first three volumes of AVENTURES DE GOLIAT.*

***Did you know Moses was part of the original Avengers lineup?  
These Fan Facts and more in the next edition of SLUTCHAMPS!***

**1000**

TV

*CHOCOLATES DOPLATOES ARITRUFFLES  
PATRICIANITRITE CARCINOGENTES MAYORES*

*GOD TIER CHEMICALS SLAVOJ SAYS*

*"THE ANTI-SMOKING CAMPAIGN IS CAPITALISM'S  
ATTEMPT TO SYMBOLICALLY DESTROY ITS INEVITABLE*

*RESULT OF SELF-DESTRUCTION BY CONSUMPTION  
AND TO SUPPRESS IN THE POPULATION THIS URGE  
WHICH IS INCOMPATIBLE WITH PRODUCTION"*

SWING,  
AELIUS  
MAXIMUS

her maximum density lazer rips into a heap of m-n soldered limb to limb, burns a smoking red tunnel through the balled-up bodies "Now that's change I can believe in" a blip on her gaydar alerts her to an incoming ship, a deployment of aelii to her right on the laterarchy, it descends from the sky like a slow meteor, a black rod penetrates the white cave ceiling and melts it for easy passage, the liquidized ceiling coats the remainder of the ship, a gray disc presses through, rotating like a spinning coin on the bottom of a planetary egg bearing down on the tenth room, it hatches, through the cracks they burst, cascade:

**Ayy Lmao.**

## **The Problematic of Evil: Reconciling the Victim and the Oppressor; An Omniscient Perspective on Skeleton History and Culture**

, and skeletons are to bodies as bigotry is to society: structural. It's time we

begin to persecute. The term 'Good Ones' is offensive to endomineral people

Ingesting calcium is an affirmation of white privilege!

Let's burn it all to the

**#YESALLINVERTABRATES #2070. TOO SPOOKY FOR YOU, SHITLORD?**

<p><b>Rei or Asuka? That's easy. I choose ---.</b></p>
--

(You know, if we promoted fat acceptance in the Hypersphere, the Puerile King might feel at home there? Maybe he'd leave Hyperspace. Then he wouldn't be a threat to us anymore!) (The problem is, the Puerile King is such a huge fat slob piece of shit he can't even fit inside the Hypersphere.) (Although we *could* change thatê )

*Don't read this part, it's incredibly pr-vileged*

So there I was, chilling in the tenth room when “AGHHHHHHH!!!!!” Post-hyperblack ultracoeks rained from the sky and battered the earth, plunged inside and stretched it wide and creampieed it, white torrents bubbled out of the ground and crashed. Ayy lmao hovered high above and spectated their calamitous arrival. An alien with a mustache for a unibrow sped through the air and spoke excitedly into a fleshlight, commentating for the homeworld audience.

When I regained consciousness I was on a charred tectonic fragment or a continental splinter floating in the waves, maybe a piece of Australia or Antarctica. There was ash everywhere, the ground and the waves were covered in it, the air was ash and I couldn't tell where the sky was when it wasn't filled with lightning. They had told me it was going to be shitty and I was not disappointed. I crested a hill and the first thing I saw was Tyrone. “You... you killed me, you blacked me, and now you fucking snowball me, If it wasn't for you I'd be at home right now smoking wojamba, you fucking shiggy” “AY M'MAN WATCHU CALL ME” “SHIGGY! SHIGER, NIGGER, NIGGER!”<sup>409</sup> “NA NAA NAAA, NAAAAA NAAAAAA NAAAAAAA!! If u ainta balled on my turf culturaly propiaten niggas poppin off n shit we wudn hadta do nu'in, das on you. I got shott by the police”

I seriously needed to race war this fucking bugaboo. As luck would have it an ayylien happened to fly by and happened to drop two gladiator swords **so we brought out our pokemon cards and Yu-Gi-Oh battled to the death**

^

[FOGHORN LEGHORN]

---

<sup>409</sup>Ran out of ink.

[SOME CHARACTER, YOU DECIDE] looks up in time to see a jet, an entire JET, materialize in the nth room, just in time for the Royal Gala. And everyone on it is f-cking.

*chad is fucking your girl while you read this*

“You ready, Mac?”

“Ready, Ken.”

Roll tape...

**You think that maybe it's over...**

**Only if you want it to be...**

**Are you gonna wait for a sign?**

**Your miracle?**

**Stand up and fight**

**This is it**

**Make no mistake where you are (This is it)**

**Your back's to the corner (This is it)**

**Don't be a fool anymore (This is it)**

**The waiting is over**

[REDACTED] Presents:  
???. THE ROYAL GALA

Seating (balcony):

Table 1. The Kings: Sagacious, Baleful, Taciturn, Proletarian, “She Succ Me A Grand”ma

Table 2. The Zizeks: Slavoj, (Emma), Didrik (ghost), Ebba [+Bryce] joined by Christmas Hegel of 1807

Table 3. Astd. Loeschastens: Kthlkl, Duke Amduscias, Godzilla, Giygas, Charizard

Table 4. Guests of Honor: Geibacca, the Confessor [+O. Girl], Prof. Mansnake, Mr. Russell [+M-W-H-W. White], Princess P., Aelius, I. Wedobap, Bottles 3-6, Mr. & Ms. Wilkensburg, a retired WWII Lieutenant

It happened. There was lots of food. Donald Trump showed up, along with an Asian guy named Coldsore. Trump wore his suit fairly well, Coldsore wore a kind of latex leggings with some disdain, he had a black vest on with nothing underneath, showing his lightly tanned, fairly well crafted body. “Buddy boy, could you get me some schnitzels maybe? Baby?” Trump asked

Coldsore with a polite but commanding voice. Coldsore went to get some, never to be heard from again. Emma Zizek neared Trump but he gave her a stern look and she went back to the corner they had come from. She looked down at her pocket calculator: "Let's see... 700 plus 60090, plus 20, plus 5 plus 19270... Yep, that checks out". She had just calculated the number of guests for the royal gala, a fairly advanced operation if she could say so herself; but she couldn't, because she's a fictional character dependent on the whims of a foreign author - kind of bums you out if you think about it too much.

Not all of the guests had shown up yet, in fact, there were only about 60 people in the ballroom. The Pubescent King stood near the entrance studying what looked like a picture of a muffin top, he looked up from the image for a second, letting his eyes wander the room. They stayed for a second on Trump laughing at his own joke only to quickly jump back to his picture, he bit his lower lip and scratched his head. The JET crashed through the ceiling but no one really took much notice of it. An emergency slide shot out from the JET and David Easton Wallice, high on cocaine and drunk on power - with a bit of booze and some slight self-inflicted asphyxiation to boot - slid on down with no small amount of groove.

"Heyoo, we're having a real fuck party on the JET if anyone want to join!"

Emma took a quick step in the direction of the JET only to notice that she was the only one and quickly stopped in her pace. David Easton Wallice had seen her move and yelled over the room: "Hey, Emma, baby, c'mon now, we've got poppers baby, y'know how they just tighten your lil vag right at the moment of my orgasm baby, c'mon now, c'mon!"

Emma looked back down at her calculator.

David Easton Wallice gave out a loud (too loud really) sigh and tried to climb up the slide into the JET, the slide was quite steep though and he fell down. A skeleton looked out of the cabin door let out a bony "REEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE" and downed a bottle of 1984 Dom Pérignon that just went straight through his chest onto the slide. "You made it slippery you jester you!" David Easton Wallice crowed.

The Puerile King arrived to the gala wearing a purple nightgown.

### ***Flashback to the aquarium***

"I'm a big stupid whale" Shaboo or whatever that stupid famous whale is called said in his stupid fucking whale language. "I eat people<sup>410</sup> but no one blames me, they feel

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<sup>410</sup>Pretty sure whales don't eat people tbh fam, just brine and other inane shit. I bet as you read this you're thinking "But Orcas have eaten people xd i'm so smart" but Orcas aren't whales you stupid fuck, they're

bad for me because I'm so big and this aquarium is so tiny<sup>411</sup>". His keeper threw a toaster in the pool which shut that stupid whale up for a bit.

The party inside of the JET was in full swing and not at all as stuffy as the royal gala outside, or actually inside, since the Hypersphere inside of the JET also contained the Hypersphere outside. The inside of the JET was huge, really really big, actually larger than the outside, and the inside; *COMBINED*. It's just how the Hypersphere works you fucking dummy. You're almost at the end of this book and you still haven't figured it out? Jesus, if I were to grade you on your reading I would give you an F-, that's right, you failed so bad it turned into a negative fail.

Emma punched in some numbers into her calculator. "minus... minus... hold on a second! That turns out positive!"

Oh shit! That's right Emma! Our reader failed so bad it turned into a passing grade! But

---

a member of the dolphin family, and you'd know that if you weren't such a big dumb cunt and had read a book even once in your entire awful fucking life. You're actually so stupid holy shit.

<sup>411</sup>You ever watch Blackfish? One fucking whale toys with this diver for ten minutes, ten fucking minutes - just letting him float up before dragging him away, like he's it's pool yard bitch. You think Shamu would show our children mercy after what we've done? The cages; the fish; Disney movies? They're called **K-I-L-L-E-R WHALES**; anything with the name Killer is either a fine American patriot or man's next enemy. The Nipples are doing God's work wiping out nature's #2.

inside of that grade it contains all other grades, so you also actually failed at the same time. And passed. But I also failed at writing this. And passed!

**This book passed!**<sup>412</sup>

***"I AM ONLY SLUTTY IN THE ABSTRACT, BRUCIE," said Donald***

The Puerile King bumped into the Pubescent King as he arrived in a horse drawn carriage. The Pubescent king was flattened almost at once, a slight yelp was heard: "I just wanted... to live to the end"<sup>413</sup>...

The bathroom was empty as he went into the stall. He wore jeans that were a bit skinny that he pulled down as he sat down, he sat down to piss at home but at a gala like this, or any other public event really he only did it when he had to shit, this was one of those times, a bit poorly planned he admitted to himself. He wore boxer underwear that he pulled down to reveal his medium size penis<sup>414</sup>. He put his face in his hands and tried to relax. It had been a stressful day, there was much to do and he really shouldn't have said yes to going to the gala. He tried to push a little. He heard someone entering the bathroom and going into the stall next to him, the person didn't sit down.

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<sup>412</sup>Actually only if you're reading it inside of the Hypersphere, but the Hypersphere is a big place, kid.

<sup>413</sup>SPOILER: he won't.

<sup>414</sup>Reveal to whom, you might ask. We're all haunted, aren't we? Well, some ghosts need to get off.

Instead he heard pants unzipping and the person moving closer to his stall wall. A flaccid penis entered through a hole in the wall which he hadn't noticed earlier. "I'm sorry, I-I'm not here for this!" he said.

"Who are you?" said the man on the other side. "This is too embarrassing, I really don't want to say! Wh-Who are you?!" he answered. "Haha, I'm Anonymous," the stranger replied. "I... I guess I am too," he said as he looked at the penis through the hole, the hole was duct taped to not make the jagged ends of the plywood cut the penises that entered. "It was a nice cock though," he thought for himself<sup>415</sup>.

"Fuck it," he said and moved his hand towards the cock that he then squeezed and put in between his lips, it tasted a little sweaty but nice, people rarely bleed from their dicks so it's not the same taste of iron that a vagina sometimes can have, instead a taste of salt and a little flour. It was flaccid but it still felt much like a muscle as he flexed a little. With the penis still in his mouth he tried to muster a bit of saliva but failed, his mouth had dried up during the awkward conversation. He let it out of his mouth and put his tongue against the tip of Anon's dick, he swirled the tip of his tongue against the tip of the dick while he held it between his thumb and the base of his hand while resting his palm against the stall wall.

He put his mouth around the tip and created a slight vacuum in his mouth and moved his head back to create a plopping sound, he did it

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<sup>415</sup>Synthesis of feminist ideals and Banesian methodology.

again but this time a bit further down the shaft, one more time, yet further down. He sighed a little in relief or pleasure.

He put his entire hand around the cock while resting with his curled little finger against the base of the hole. He squeezed a little while licking the tip of the dick fast with his tongue, he could feel it swell in his hand as he squeezed down further. It grew almost fully erect, he wasn't sure about the size, maybe a little bit bigger than his, not as thick though. He put it between his thumb and index fingers forming a circle around it as he stroked it up and down. He seemed pleased as revealed by a few light gasps. He started moving his mouth over the cock, up and down, further and further. He must now be fully erect and he could not easily fit the whole penis inside of his mouth, he decided to try to deepthroat it, he put both of his hands against the wall and moved his head down the cock, standing up and leaning over the erect penis, his pants and underwear falling to his ankles.

He let out a little gag as he reached the base of the hole. He stayed in place for a second and then let his lips move over the penis, now a little more drenched in saliva. He felt how he himself and grown almost fully erect, took his right hand and squeezed Anon's dick that was wet with saliva and then moved the hand over to touch himself, he moved his head back and down over the cock as he started kneeling coming into perfect height for the cock in the hole. Jacking himself off with his right hand he felt Anon's flexing inside of his mouth, he put

the penis against his left cheek and panted for a bit. “Please... Please don’t stop” he heard from the other stall, he continued sucking him off.

He continued for a bit longer but felt how he was about to come. “I’m about to come, do you want me to do anything for you?” he asked. “No... Please just continue Anon.”. He started jacking himself off harder with his right hand and moving faster and faster over Anon’s now saliva drenched dick. “Nnnnn.... Nnnnnn...” he said as he came on the grey hard floor, white cum by his knees, it was hard to keep sucking so fast as he came and he changed hands to masturbate with his left hand to keep his orgasm going for just a bit longer as he started jacking him off. He came almost at once shooting his semen on the shoulder of him before he quickly drew in and tried to collect as much as possible in his mouth, he pumped him slowly of the last bit as he kept the cum in his mouth looking upwards for a bit. He then swallowed it, it tasted a bit like wet wheat but with a slight sweetness to it.

“Thanks Anon” he said before going out of his stall and then the bathroom. He was still on his knees.

“Thanks Anon.”

Edward the Confessor and Oxford Girl waltzed between parted tables, staggering in the shocks of Amdusias’ cacophony, blush skin split open by glass shatters from the jingling chandeliers.

The bedroom door didn't have a lock. Geibacca<sup>416</sup> rushed to the wardrobe. "Alright," he said as he opened it and moved aside the thick hair draping his torso, "now or never." Out of his fur Wucie climbed and rolled into the wardrobe. "You wait here a couple of minutes, then join the party." "You're sure no one will notice?" "It'll be fine." "I don't know..." "I'm sorry to drag you here, but I can't skip this event. The Puerile King would eat my planet. Look... just come out and act normal. Pretend like you belong, and you will." Geibacca turned to go. "Wait!" Wucie said. "What should I wear?" Geibacca gestured at his hiding spot, shut the wardrobe and left. Wucie browsed the wardrobe's vibrant, bombastic garments, but couldn't tell if they were gowns, robes, capes, coats, dresses, cloaks or bedsheets.

The bedroom door opened. Peeking through the slats, Wucie could barely make out two figures, one gesturing irately. "No no no, *you* have been using my good name--" "Guy, I'm telling you, it's not my fault. People see a Mexican with a world-class dick and they make assumptions." "Mexican? What does Mexican have to do with it?" "You're not? I thought Ozymandias was Incan." Wucie recognized the smaller, agitated figure: it was Prof. Ozymandias Mansnake, leading Hypersphere mathematician<sup>417</sup>. With a gasp, Wucie realized who the other person was as well; it was the guy that kept popping up

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<sup>416</sup>Could save you five percent of a percent; of an integer!

<sup>417</sup>Anyone with the slightest interest in physics known "Professor" Mansnake is a pop scientist, the Neil DeGrasse Tyson of the Hyperfield.

in Wucie's google searches, the globetrotting mandingo physician, Hijo Maize. "People got us mixed up is all. With a name like Mansnake, what do you expect? At least now people think you actually do have a big dick." "I don't want to be associated with your sort of... activities!" "You think I do, buddy? My life is hell, man. Used to be I couldn't get a job without fucking the boss, but lately, I can't do a single goddamn thing without whipping it out. Stores won't take my money, they want another kind of payment. I tried to donate clothes to the Red Cross and they wouldn't accept them unless they came off my back. I'm only here because I asked to use the phone, and one of the Zizek's let me but only if he could jerk me off. There's something in the air lately that's got people real slutty. If it's gonna go on like this, I wish I didn't have this dick at all."

The situation resolved itself neatly. Wucie burst out of the wardrobe and proposed that Dr. Maize and Professor Mansnake combine their surgical and theoretical ability to transplant Hijo's penis onto Wucie's post-mythical genderless body, simultaneously solving both their problems and concluding Wucie's quest to recover the Male Identity™ Bruce Jenner. He reunited with his lover Damian, who returned into his family's graces once the matriarch Dinarria Octavio Paz de la Huerta Quiroz heard he was getting it from a mestizo. Bruce never confessed his crimes.

Slavoj tapped his glass and raised a hand to the masses dining below the ballkony2012, summoning their attention. “It iszh time for a poem from the eszhsteemed gueszht, Izzhybizzhy Wedobap.”

Wedobap tilted latitudinally out of the chair. “Ahem,

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\_\_\_\_\_ . Thank you.”

Midnight: the benches are pushed to the walls. Layers are peeled off, buttons undone, only clothes previously hidden remain; an entirely new population emerges, light and sweat-misted, traces of the old piled in coatrooms. From the balcony, the Puerile King drops a rose into the crowd, and the rave is on. Lights go out with the sound of steel doors slamming, like a factory shutting down, the initial strobe emissions are barely perceptible, split seconds of dim gray grow longer, build with the music’s intro (a sweet harpsichord over slow rolling waves, then clapping, quiet but full of anticipation) until the darkened mass is pounded by mute persistent flashes that wash the world white - a single snare drum pierces the calm, the chord is struck four times quickly, the clapping doubles speed and wordless vocals sing out to carry the sound in one thrust, past the ears somewhere deeper, coursing through, movement ripples in the crowd, the body is compelled - *it’s coming* - the first beat hits like a pulse that sweeps the soul out of everything it touches, leaving only *subconscious rhythmicity*. If your eyes are open, everything is still, moving together.

David Foster Wallace drifts through the crowd. His numb hand is somewhere miles to his side, he feels it in the grasp of another hand, and between them 300mgs of wojamba. The only words he can think are, "it's perfect." He wants to see who holds him - he's gripped by fear, his mind crashes through a TV set and he feels the glass perforate and gouge his neck - he turns, her face is hovering just off centre his vision. "[Zadie...](#)"

**i t ' s p e r f e c t**

Wacky Dan the Wojamba Man shoulders through the crowd, the music is deafening, inbetween the insane MIDI horn wails come pockets of audibility, the detectives shouting behind him soon drowned out, "goddamn fuck shit," he looks up to see how far away the walls are, how close he is to the exit, overhead is the balcony, the Sagacious King shaking up champagne and spraying it on the crowd, pouring out the dregs on his chest, somehow Dan got himself turned around in the confusion, "FUCKING SHIT," "FREEZE, ASSHOLE!", "FUCKFUCKFUCK," he's up against the giant raised DJ booth, MC □#Enrg<sup>418</sup> spins an imaginary record and raises a hand to the crowd with a dumb grin, all around him they scream, Dan slides a ziplock bag of pills across the platform to the other side and runs alongside it toward the wall, he bats an aryan loli out of the way and when her twin comes after him he shoves her to the floor, when he looks up he sees Detective Jones, "(UNBELIEVABLE NOISE)LD

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<sup>418</sup>Reverse-dimensional disk jockey and frequent target for political assassinations due to his turntableism.

IT RIGHT THER(UNBELIE, "VABLE NOISE)UCK YOU PIG," Dan pushes a bourgeois student at Jones then runs back out onto the dancefloor, but there's Siree Bob bulling through a tightly packed group of grinding skeletons, scattering bones<sup>419</sup> everywhere as he charges Dan, he's got his gun out, Dan pulls a knife, "SHIT SHIT SHI(UNBELIEVABLE NOISE)"

"We need to get out of here, by Athena Pallas!"

"Fuck that, man, I already made a hundred dollars, we ain't ghosting this joint just yet."

"No dude, you don't get it man! This whole thing's a trap, they're setting us up!"

"What..."

"It's a fucking bust!!"

Something rolls under the bathroom stall door. Aristotle looks down, it's a canister. White smoke--

A mist envelops the startled philosophers. Plato, still high off boipussy and various mammal tranquilizers, screams with tweakish rage. Washing his face by the faucet, a blind drunk Nietzsche snorts coughing German before pulling a submachine gun out of his dinner jacket; from behind, Berkeley screams for him to surrender, but in a flash, he's cut down by gunfire -- and no matter how many times George "Acid Beef Jerky" Berkeley closes his eyes in stunned disbelief,

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<sup>419</sup>Plot-twist: The skeletons were the real you the entire time.

the pockmarked red-velvet coat continues to stain his mind with the foul news. In the confusion, the Logical-Positivists position themselves behind the stall, and Bertrand Russell (with the pinpoint accuracy of a man possessed by the conviction that life could have a system) downs the incoming officers in deadly pistol bursts.

“IT’S OVER, END-GAME BUDDIES, COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS<sup>420</sup> UP,” rang the microphoned voice of Polka before turning slightly to add, “Ain’t that right, Tim?”

“YOU’RE GODDAM RIGHT IT’S OVER POLKA. WE’RE CLEANING UP THIS WHOLE MESS, INSHALLAH.”

In the corner of the bathroom, Aristotle has the hysterical Berkeley firmly by the shoulders, his long fingers digging into him sharply, creasing his own blood-stained tuxedo as George babbles:

“I-it wasn’t meant to be like this man! You said it would be a routine job! I didn’t sign up for this shit!”

“You think *we* signed up for this! You fool; do you really think *we ever* sign up for this?”

“Trump... Trump, the bastard -- he used LSD as bait! To take us out and corner the wojamba market!”

Aristotle absorbs this revelation between the furious screech of gunshots, then, shaking now too, stares at Berkeley with the rage of a man transplanted; those bright green Greek eyes - brilliant as sickly

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<sup>420</sup>Or other fine manipulators

moonlight - widen with sudden violent intent. Within the equidistant time-frame of life to death, Berkley's pistol had disappeared from his pocket; running along shaky hands following a tumbling sprint through the door.

"BY GOD, ARISTOTLE, NO!" screams George as if the demiurge himself could string phantasm to kevlar. Outside: guttural shouting, the crack of gunpowder -- crying on both sides. Bertrand and Wittgenstein pull Berkeley to his knees, wash cold water over his face, and talk plans. Plato denies the entire thing as a light trick of the cave. Wittgenstein tries to explain the privation of language so Berkeley would believe bullets were tangibly real and not a mental construct. During the discussion, Camus and the rest of the French existentialists were allowed to leave the bathroom peacefully, as they weren't real philosophers. On their way out, Kierkegaard shoots Sartre in the back of the leg because "it felt like the right thing to do at the time". Finally, Plato manages to convince the rest of the gang they don't actually exist, and they poof away with criminal efficiency. By the door, a fatally wounded Tim is embraced by Polka:

"I'm going to a better place, Polka."

"ISIS's metaphysical twitter feed ain't no finer place for a martyr, Tim."

"Polka," whispered Tim

"Tim," wavered Polka

A pause. For the first time in the siege, the gunshots had stopped.

Amongst the candy-cane littering of crumbled linoleum and blood, two men kiss their last goodbye.

Irony is for gay twink bois<sup>421</sup>. Go slurp cocks.

Hitchins bussess tables trying not to disturb the eldritch abominations still seated after dinner. He phucking hates waiting events (it's only the first day of the gala, too) but this is the best job he can get as an undocumented Death Orgy refugee. He's on his own servicing the invited guests, Johnnie insisted on kitchen duty so he can get high in the dry food storage and smuggle quagga tendies out the back door to Trump's black market trader, Knifeman Carson. Phuc is about to make the twelve-flight descent from balcony to ground floor with an armful of dishes when he's stopped by a tentacle of the dwarven King Baleful, who tells him dishes are his cousin's favorite snack. Phuc doesn't realize this is a prank. He walks to the back of the balcony, into the dimension-warping hall from which the Puerile King enjoys the gala. Words cannot describe the opulence, the luster, the glory. The purple glow of the netherrealm mist outside is tinted green by tall lancet windows. Dancers caked in sugar and coke flail their limbs, mocking skeletons, and as Phuc enters he passes the beheading of an undercover Buzzfeed germalist caught writing about the macroaggression. At the end of the hall is a giant throne built into

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<sup>421</sup>Like you.

the wall: there's a hole through its back the size of a man's torso, and through the hole peers the eye of the Puerile King, or the pupil, or a black spot on the pupil's edge. Phuc approaches the throne, ignored by the elite guests in the hall: a nightmarish swirl of blood and brain matter exchanging facial shapes with clouds of six-pointed stardust, man-sized ants in business suits talking shop with Serbian bottle lords, stoic reptilians evaluating the invasion plans of crimson-armored samurai with faces cratered as the moon, a pair of venerable scholars enjoying the debate of their brazen peer with an archly sophisticated savage, and, beside the throne, speaking with the King through a porthole, "Emma Zizek". Phuc recognizes her immediately, her marriage with Donald Trump made her an instant celebrity and top tier waifu, (although he feels there's something off about her) he's startled by her beauty. Their conversation is obviously flirtatious, every time she leans close to the porthole and whispers the hall is shaken by a small tremor, and Phuc hesitates to interrupt. To his surprise, Emma notices him. Only when she descends the stone steps does he realize she's displeased.

"Can I help you?"

"Uh, I was told to bring snacks for the King." Up close, there's definitely something off about her.

“So where are the snacks?” He nods to the dishes. “What? Kid, are you special<sup>422</sup>?” Something pink flashes in her ear on the last word, but Phuc is too distracted: her eyes are buggy and too far apart.

He grins so wide his bucktooth pops out. “Ayy... lmao.” He can’t help himself, memes are his second favorite thing after wojamba. “Ayy lmao.” She’s stricken by the comment, but before he can apologize she snarls at him to go on and feed the King his snack. When she returns to the porthole, she keeps her face low and out of the King’s narrow line of sight through the throne.

Phuc ascends the steps. He feels the King’s eye on his bowed head until he’s next to the throne. Underneath the green cushion, there’s a slot. He glances back at the hall; the guests aren’t paying attention, why would they; the nearest guard is staring straight forward; he slides a plate into the slot.

REEE  
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

“What the fuck bro? A dirty plate? Where’d you learn to feed people, college? What the fuck are you trying to say? You think I’ll eat anything? You think just because I’m the devourer of worlds I’ll eat anything?”

“K-King Baleful said it’s your favorite--”

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<sup>422</sup>FILTERED: “RE-ARDED”

"Baleful? And you believed him, what because he's *only* the size of a comet? You believe everything FIT people say about FAT people?"

"Fat shaming is a crime, **kid**. It'll be punishable by death once the King rules the netherrealm."

"I haven't eaten Hyperspace in months. I'm not even going to eat the Hypersphere, fuckwad. **YEAH DIDN'T SEE THAT COMING HUH FAT GUY'S SAYING NO TO DESSERT. I'M NOT DOING IT FOR YOU**" The pillars shook as he shrieked at the guests "**I'M DOING IT FOR MYSELF, BECAUSE I LOVE MYSELF, AND I LOVE MY BODY. And Emma.**" A fat wet tentacle slithers out of a manhole and brushes "Emma's" leg. Phuc hears her mutter about phallic symbols. He's maybe going to say something about it, but a tentacle puts a suction cup on his head and vacuums his brain.

But what about Fanshen? And Johannes?

>reading for plot

[FRAGMENTS LOST IN TRILL-CONCEIVED TOBOGGAN  
RACE]

*"Fuck Nerds,"* he expressed  
daintily, like a pretty princess

**Ode to the old web**

A mighty power he wields  
A slight giggle he yields  
He pays his bills  
For the server so old  
With content so bold  
He won't be the one that kills  
He is the one who shields

**Ode to the deep web**

Nice try,  
FBI

**On Being Raped To Death By A Bunch of Fucking Morons;  
a Poem from the Hypersphere**

I wish  
I'd brought  
Hyperdimensional condoms  
nth level lube dildos ex machina  
kevlar vests machine guns-  
death:  
*you silly boy*  
I wish  
they didn't send a poet  
they should have sent  
a bomb

# OBLIGATORY (III)

<https://installafriend.bandcamp.com/album/absolute-madness-iii>

As of December 5th, [CURRENT YEAR].

THE GALA: [Day Zero Edition]  
[INPUT MOUNTAIN DEW CODE HERE TO ACCESS 'THE  
GALA [Day Zero Edition]' EXCLUSIVE ENDING]

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***WRONG CODE, FUCCBOI***

***THE END***

Didn't like that ending? Choose your own:

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Please insert your review here:

*fucking gay,*  
*horrible. 9/10*

“A postmodern masterpiece that strips away the fragile weave of internet-pop culture, revealing [...] a candid snapshot of the 21st century digital zeitgeist.”

- Daytime street drifter

## “Is this it?”<sup>1</sup>

Every week, my buddies would set meatspin.com as the homepage on all the school computers.

**In the future, all spheres will be hyper.**

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<sup>1</sup>Born, you cry - "Is this it?", wordless - breast milk, pram strolls in Central Park, googooing - dumdums, educational television, classical music - "Is this it?" - schooling, possible autism, teachers - friends, Nick from gym class who can do the funny bone trick, Fat Tim, sunlit English lessons - grades, parent's divorce, second house, Dad's weird hobby - "Is this it?" - Mom's next boyfriend, healthy dinners, high school - Nick gets hit by a car, new friends - pubic hair, Jane, Sort of Fat Tim, videogames - Mom's next husband, videogames, grades, Jane - recreational drug use, WASP guilt, grades, college plans - "Is this it?" waiting, first girlfriend (not Jane) - shit tips, grades, Jane (!) - not quite Ivy league but that's fine son, Dad's heart scare, smoking habits - "Is this it?", Slim Tim gets hit by a car, engineering course, cheap beer, subscription to your first newspaper - Mom's next divorce, postmenopausal anorexia, grades, cheap beer - graduation, Jane, company internship - "Is this it?", Dad gets hit by a car, funeral, promotion - new house, different barber, kids - Fat Jane, more kids, second mortgage, doctors appointments - suspicion of mild autism in second child, promotion, more kids - autism unverified, taking up Dad's weird hobby, promotion, walking around on a Sunday looking for shoeshops and coffee - "Is this it?", Really Fat Jane, school tests for kids - drinking habit, demotion, game shows - divorce, kids taken, Fat Fucking Bitch Jane gets hit by your car - "Is this it?", hideout in Mexico bought with laundered company money, picture of your kids, Mom dies somewhere in between here but you don't find out, police chase - shootout, scared, prayer to God, bullet - bleeding out, numbing, wondering when it ends - "Is this it?"; *and all the time worrying, fading, dumb, sleeping a higher dream*; born, you cry -