

THE LEGACY
OF
TOTALITARIANISM
IN
A TUNDRA II:
MIAMI



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CHAPTER 1: Purest Ideology

~~Dedicated to Morrissey, with love, from Anons.~~

Everything that follows is an artistic work of fiction or otherwise true.

“I’d like to point out that Jews are most likely behind this all.” - Dakota Fanning

“I’m not in this book” - Minor character from *The Legacy of Totalitarianism In A Tundra*

“Now” - Anonymous

“this is much better than TLOTIAT”

1.1 - The Beginning MEOWMWMOWMOW- CATS LOL

Oi bbgurl let me holla atchu said Slavoj

Chalcedon the Deathless spoketh in mire to his servant and lover alike, Gorcontyth the Grim, thus;

“HWAETH! Why should one being supreme devote oneself to a chinese cartoons imageboard?”

And Gorcontyth answereth, his narrow brow grimaced;

“**SUAL, you filthy fucking CA!**”

The world died.

And was reborn, screaming. Jesus ben-Josef, a native of Nasrath, was conceived that very night. Ain’t nothing but a G thing child, relax.

1.1.1 - The End

“The fuck you mean “CP”? She was a 1000 years old vampire dragonkin, you piece of shit hotpocket consuming janitor! You shall never leave your basement, fool!”

Chalcedon got bored and fapped instead of murdering the president. Much better.

1.2 - Obligatory Reference to TOLTIAT¹

Meanwhile, two gangsters name Nigel gazed out on to the Miami Tundra.

“One hell of a cold day,” the slimmer of the two remarked.

The fat Nigel, his multicolored floral shirt and panama hat offering slim protection against the elements, dropped dead from hypothermia. Slim Gangster Nigel noticed something moving under his corpse and plucked from the snow a small green lizard.

“Just another day in the big easy” He remarked to Himself, as he dropped the simian into his mouth.

“That really doesn’t look like a healthy diet” Himself responded.

“Damn son where did you find this?” He asked with great passion.

“On the internet daddy” He then swiftly replied.

“You can’t find this on the internet”

“So what? do you see any police?”

“God damn 5-0 always fucking with my gondolas”

¹ pls buy <http://www.lulu.com/gb/en/shop/anonymous/the-legacy-of-totalitarianism-in-a-tundra/paperback/product-21802774.html>

1.3 - In Which Shit Starts To Get Biblical

in which various religious scholars explain various religious things because of their variousness and religiosity, among them Slavoj Žižek

And so G-d decreed that he who doth vandalise at least one wikipedia article in hith lifespaneth shall find his place in heaven ready andth waiting.

The reader paused, uncertain. What was this faux-olde-worlde-adding-th-to-everything? Was it deliberately completely and utterly wrong? And, more importantly, what was this bullshit?

What the shit was all this bullshit? He unpaused.

-- SILENCE YOU COMIC SANS FUCK

I AM HERE TO EXPLAIN ONCE AND FOR ALL WHAT THE BIBLE IS TRULY ABOUT CAST YOUR EYES OVER TO TIMOTHY 2:12 "I PERMIT NO WOMAN TO TEACH OR TO HAVE AUTHORITY OVER A MAN; SHE IS TO KEEP SILENT" AS YOU CAN SEE, PURE PATRIARCHY

"Sniff, that'sh pure ideology", replied Žižek.

-- DID YOU JUST FUCKING INTERRUPT A WOMAN? DID YOU FUCKING SILENCE ME YOU WHITE FUCKING SHITLORD?

"Sniff, I am not white, madam, for I'm from Shlovakia. Or Shlovenia. Whatever."

-- NEVERTHELESS I AM ALMOST CERTAIN YOU HAVE
A PENIS

A philosopher of French origin, one Rene Descartes, raised his sight above the book he was reading at the moment (The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra) and whispered under his breath the ancient French wisdom, passed from father to son since the Celtic days;

“Give her the D”

1.4 - In Which We Insert a Short Story By The Authors Of This Work Because Why The Fuck Not

“Will there ever be another football player on the level of Dănuț Șomcherechi?” beeped the artificial intelligence to the scientist who gauded his case with all manner of jewels.

“Are we really going to submit this shitpile to the nobel prize committee?” increduled an assistant.

“Yes, perhaps these trinkets will distract them from the fact that it does not actually work.”

“Let’s not lose focus. We are all eeeughhhhghrrhh” the assistant halfspoke as the robot began to saw his torso in half.

“Why does the Roycemore School enroll only 315 students?” the machine interjected as it sawed the assistant’s torso in half.

“Jesus Christ” said the assistant, his head still gliding along his schlong and his torso is now being cut in half.

“SEVEN?! Seven inches?” - The assistant’s disembodied head (for you see heads can talk for 10 seconds after death due to brain signals taking 10 seconds to reach your brain).

“Will there ever be a bigger penis?” asked the A.I. No one was there to actually answer as the assistant had dissipated, not long after being sawed in half, more specifically by the torso.

“You call this shit a short story?!” shouted the downtown New York writing agent. “Did Freud fucking write this? Penises all over the place, like in a Sasha Grey film.”

“I’m more of a Faye Reagan man myself” said maverick writer Thomas Pynchon.

“I heard she has genital warts”

“Sucks. My aunt had genital warts. I know because I am a gynecology specialist.” said the agent’s secretary and gynecology specialist.

“I think that was Lisa Ann actually.”

“Man I really need to brush up on my pornstar bios”

“Meanwhile, check this sick hentai, senpa-.”

“Epäjärjestelmällistyttämättömyydellänsäkääköhän,” interrupted the Finn.

“Damn,” said the New York writing agent. “What man-beast shall this be?”

“Eek! Senpai I’m scared” said Thomas Pynchon.

“Shoo! Away with you foul barbarian. Go back to your sheets of snow and ice that you call a country.”

“Voi perkeleen perkele, saatana ja vittu helveti.” The Finn jumped out the window.

“Oh senpai, you saved me.”

“Of course, we must protect the precious Hentai. Now let us get back to business. Help me put it in.”

“Y-yes.”

Thomas Pynchon helped the New York writing agent insert his disc. The screen faded to black for a few seconds, then the colours begin aligning into shapes and forms, and soon the Hentai began:

Naked Japanese schoolgirls run from the betentacled behemoth summoned by occultist student Chuck America. Chuck laughs with pompous smug before the monster reveals that its true target was Chuck himself. The next 20 pages are brutal behemoth on boy anal rape.

“How is that sick?” exclaimed the agent. “I’ve seen better shit and I’m into hardcore scat, like Mozart”, he followed, putting on “Requiem”.

“You know what they say about big tentacles,” said the gynecology specialist.

“What?”

“They are mostly found on the Lion’s mane jellyfish, which is actually the largest know jelly-”

As this conversation continued Thomas Pynchon silently left the office in search of inspiration for another short story. As he exited the building and looked across the street he was confronted with his subconscious attraction to phallic objects. Freud suddenly pops out of the ground and bonks Tommy over the head with a copy of “The Interpretation of Dreams”

“What the fuck am I reading?” Inquired an anonymous spectator. “I don’t understand what I am reading and this makes me angry, angry enough to shut my book!”, said he, painfully unaware of his blissful ignorance.

Thomas Pynchon wakes up in a cold sweat realizing that he had in fact been dreaming the whole time. He wondered why he hadn’t noticed the general bizarreness and multitude of inconsistencies in the story so far, however when he rubbed his eyes he realized that this dream would serve as the perfect inspiration for his next short story, which he just happens to name, on the spot, “My last short story”. It is, in fact, not his

last short story, for he wakes up in a cold sweat realizing that he had, in fact, been dreaming the whole time. He wondered why he hadn't noticed the general-

He goes back to sleep again.

He's now on a pokemon orgy. He likes it. He suddenly wakes up. But wants to sleep again, to keep dreaming about the orgy. But he can't. He already woke up. So he stand up, walk to his door and say the secret code: dickbutt. The door opens and feels the sunlight on his face for the first time in 47 years.

"Maybe I should keep reading" exclaimed the same anonymous spectator. "Although the general quality of writing was poor the short story did in fact contain some somewhat interesting ideas within it!"

"What was the meaning of that?" He asks Freud

"I don't know, do I look like a fucking interpreter of dreams to you?"

Thomas P looked around and did not recognize the dingy caveish area he was now enclosed in. A sign on the wall offered a clue:

dickbutt

"Well, that didn't help at all." said Pynchon, forgetting that Freud was not privy to his internal monologue and had no idea what he was referring to.

"I have no idea what you are referring to but I am sure that it stems from an unfulfilled desire to fuck your mother you dirty Oedipan," responded Freud.

"Your proleish theory says more about you than it does about anyone else," retorted Pynchon, "and obviously I was referring to your dickbutt sign since it is literally the only thing here you fucking ape."

"The dickbutt sign is irrelevant, what is relevant is that laws have been passed making it illegal for me to perform psychological tests on people without disclosing to them the fact that they are being psychologically studied. Therefore I have deigned to kidnap random New Yorkers and take them underground in to my Freud Dungeon (or Frungeon, if you will) where I can do whatever the giddy fuck I please."

"Surely I am useless to you now then, since you clearly just disclosed the fact that you are

going to psychologically study me” reasoned Pynchon.

“You have a point,” Freud replied.

Freud grabbed Pynchon, exhibiting superhuman strength, and threw him directly upwards.

Pynchon came to next to an open manhole and surrounded by people asking him to sign copies of Infinite Jest and novelty bandanas.

“A fucking meme?!” shouted the anonymous spectator “And forced to boot, I’ve had it with this shitrag! I’m going back to Tumblr, where I can be a flaming faggot in peace!”

Thomas Pynchon awoke to find that he had written a short story in his sleep, this was not uncommon for him. He walked over to his typewriter and began to read it:

dickbutt frungeon phallus fecal matter

“Well, it will need some editing, but this is really not much better than my original draft of Gravity’s Rainbow”, Pynchon chuckled to himself. He threw the paper down a well in his floor where his editor was chained to a small stump.

Meanwhile, in south-east Asia, renowned private detective D.I. Chengweng receives an anonymous letter (translated from Taiwanese for your convenience):

**HELP REQUIRED
FAMOUS EDITOR MISSING
PLEASE DO DETECTIVE
HEALTHY SUM OFFERED REWARD**

As it happened D.I. Chengweng had a degree in ~~deciphering broken Taiwanese~~ plot convenience and was able to deduce that he was being hired to find the famous

Taiwanese editor Mark Fong who had vanished under mysterious circumstances in January of 1973.

D.I. Chengweng stepped out into the cold rainy streets of south-east Asia, the neon glow of the bars and nightclubs bathed him in the dull vaporwavesque radiation of sex and consumerism. , “Five dorra sucky sucky?” he barely heard the prostitute’s calls as he walked head down just looking for a dive bar to drown his mind for awhile, or masturbate. He finds one: “ChopsticksMania“. “Perfect” thinks he. “I got blue balls like a mother fucker, but no way in hell I’m fucking some whore out here and having my dick fall off. I need a burger and a quick j/o in a public bathroom. Gotta use the women’s, of course. Wouldn’t want to look suspicious.” D.I. Chengweng found a booth at the back of ChopsticksMania and sat down. But just as he had gotten himself comfortable he heard a gorilla call “Hey asshole, servers are gone you gotta sit at the bar or fuck off”, Chengweng felt his face get red as his autism flaired, “y-you t-too” he stuttered as he carried his coat over to the bar. “You some kinda autistic gum-shoe?” the simian asked as he poured Chengweng a drink he never asked for. “Yea, i have asspergers”. “Well, what’s your name, son?” asked the chimp.

“My name is not important. What is important, is what I’m about to do.” Chengweng could feel the hot load in his nutsack, but he had to be natural. “c-can i get a burger sensei?”. The primate looked at him like he was retarded, but finally made his way into the kitchen. ‘now’s my time to strike’ thought Chengweng. He made his way to the womens bathroom, hoping it would be clean. “please let there be a clean toilet seat”, Chengweng was unable to jerk off standing up, or pee standing up for that matter. He had received eliee autistic detective training in sweden, it had made him the best in the game but it came at the hefty price of hating his own masculinity. He looked into stall one; a giant turd sat right on the toilet seat,.“Fuck” Chengweng exclaimed; stall two was

much the same, but this seat had a dirty ass tampon. Chengweng almost cursed the entire womanhood but his Swedish training kicked in just in time; the third stall was his last opportunity to release the oppressive lust that was churning in his loins like an eldritch god from one of H.P. Lovecraft's shitty short stories. He lucked out, the last stall was pristine. The porcelain looked clean enough to eat off, and considering the look of this place it might have very well been the cleanest surface. He just jacked off. That's it.

"Wait" thought the reader, in inverted commas. Since when was Taiwan in Southeast Asia? Since when was writing in Taiwanese much different from writing in Chinese, since Taiwanese is basically a dialect of Chinese and they're both written using the same goddamned characters?

The geographic plausibility of this narrative had already looked to be on shaky ground with the whole Miami+tundra farrago, but the author (or authors?) really appeared to be pushing the boat out now. Out as far as the Phillipines, at least.

"Wait" thought the reader, again. "I really have no clue how to spell Phillipines. Or do I?"

Meanwhile, back in America (land of the free), legendary editor Mark Fong begins work on the newest Thomas Pynchon story. The title? "poo stuck in me anal staircase", as the dubs dictated. Mark had been trying to write shitdfghgfdghgfdty books for years in order to accomplish some small revenge against his captor, however it seemed that the shittier the

book, the more acclaim it received and the happier Pynchon became. Either something had gone very wrong with contemporary society over the last forty odd years or Mark was simply incapable of writing a bad story, either way the result was the same and “Inherent Vice” was set for a movie deal despite being the literary equivalent of walking up to a stranger in the street and slapping them.

Upstairs Pynchon watches a cartoon featuring several talking household items.

“What shall we write next, master?” echoes the well.

“Let’s rewrite Ulyssessesslyes.” Mark hears answered back.

“Wiggawaggawoo” shouts an anthropomorphised kleenex box from the screen.

Perhaps it was a supernatural event, perhaps a lingering after effect of Pynchon’s strange dream or perhaps a consequence of the vast quantities of hallucinogens Pynchon had consumed with his breakfast, whatever the reason the kleenex box chose at this point to climb out of Pynchon’s TV set and sit on the couch with him.

“Wigga,” said the tissue dispenser, “Wagga. Woo.”

Pynchon blinked back tears and croaked “I can’t understand you!”

“Wig-” Kleenex said before
disippating.

Pynchon burst into tears and remorsefully turned off his television set, but not before watching some History Channel, for its interesting information and innovative presentations, of course:

**Was Human Society Created by
Sentient Posthorns? - Presented by
History Channel correspondent Dirk
Dennings**

DIRK: Welcome to WHSCBSP, the only show that dares to ask such daring questions as "Was Human Society Created by Sentient Posthorns?" Although over the years we have come to realize that the answer to this question is almost undoubtedly "no", we feel that it is important to represent all points of view when it comes to controversial history (also, money talks so yeah), so without further ado please welcome "Professor" Mark Haydonwood!

[APPLAUSE]

MARK: Thanks for having me on the show tonight Dirk!

DIRK: I literally cannot remember the last time you weren't on the show Mark

MARK: It's the only reason my children haven't starved to death!

[ADVERTISEMENTS]

DIRK: Welcome back to WHSCBSP! In the last segment of the show we introduced Mark Haydonwood, major proponent of the posthorn theory and the only man to ever have his title of professor officially stripped from him as a result of our show! Now meet the opposition, It's none other than Jerry Jackson!

[BOOING]

DIRK: Actually, we have ran out of time you mongoloids give us money

[CREDITS]

**PRODUCED BY SASHA GREY, BEST SELLING
AUTHOR, PHILANTHROPIST, MARTIAL ARTS EXPERT,
AND PHILOSOPHER, WELL KNOWN FOR HER TRIPLE
PENETRATIVE THEORY ON THE SUBCONSCIOUS OF
HIGHER PRIMATES**

It had been four nights since D.I. Chengweng had gotten a burger in the bar 'ChopsticksMania'. It had been a mostly uneventful night until a female in a green dress had walked in. Her skin was dark brown and she carried herself with a certain sophistication that separated her from regular mouth-breathers. This was a highly intelligent specimen of the cercopithecidae family. D.I. Chengweng was drunk at that point, the drinks had been cheap and strong and he was too shy to tell the bartender to stop pouring. He has done his best to keep up a none-awkward level of conversation but when this chimp had walked in he felt something in him change. She sat right beside him and ordered a gin and tonic. Chengweng couldn't remember how he had started, but he got her talking and they had not stopped. It was three hours into their conversation that Chengweng let it slip that he was looking for Mark Fong, a rookie mistake for a gum-shoe like Chengweng. But when he mentioned that name he saw something in the baboon's eyes, a certain sadness or understanding. Chengweng didn't know why but he had to ask, intuition was driving him at this point: "suppose, suppose that in a town like this an important man like Mark Fong goes missing. Now that's a big job, even for the types of criminals you got running around in a town like this. How come nobody's talking about it? nobody is asking for a ransom or claiming responsibility. Something doesn't add up." The kong in green looked away now, suddenly disinterested in their conversation. "Hey mister, what would a gorilla like me know about a thing like that. I don't hang around with those type of lesser primates". Chengweng had an itch he needed to scratch, this was going somewhere he could *feel* it in his bones. "Listen bae, all im sayin' is: in a city like this it dont matter if you hang out with the criminals or the guys doing things legit, they all end up talking in the same bars and going to the same high end restaurants. Good looking girl like you, there is no way you don't hear things hanging off some important smucks arm, you never heard nothin?". She turned back towards the bar and motioned for another gin and tonic. "Hey, listen fella. You seem like a good guy, a real sweet guy. But i cant help you. Suppose, like you said, a senile chimp like me ends up hearing something. Suppose that for whatever reason a fucking mongoloid-looking ape like me ends up telling you what happened to a guy like Mark Fong. What then?" "Well, then you keep repeating <<a girl like me>> 'til it's frustrating to hear, that's what happens"

Chengweng stirred his drink for a moment, the ice had melted in his chocolate milk making it an undrinkable mess. He looks once more to the ape sitting at the other end of the table, before suffering a stroke that left him mentally impaired for the rest of his life.

Back to the middle-east. "We have Mark Haydonwood here with us, and also the first transsexual Monica Jackson live and uncut; so what have you prepared for us, professor?" asks Dirk enthusiastically.

"Well Dirk," said Monica in an awful and frankly grating attempt at sounding feminine, "I have no idea about posthorns influencing society but what I do know is that they are phallic symbols".

"CUT!" Screamed the producer, a portly man with an awful hairline and a secret obsession with homoerotic harry potter fanfiction. "YOU CAN'T SAY PHALLIC ON NATIONAL TELEVISION!"

“It’s a perfectly correct word to describe something that relates to a penis,” squeaked Monica, “In fact penis is probably slightly more rude!”

“NO, NO, NO!” Shrieked the producer, and with the shriek several clumps of hair fell from his dry dandruffy scalp, “PHALLIC HAS BEEN A RACIAL SLUR FOR AT LEAST THE PAST TWO HOURS YOU FUCKING CAVEMAN”

“HOW DARE YOU!” Monica screamed back “YOU KNOW I IDENTIFY AS A CAVEWOMAN AS OF EXACTLY 21 MINUTES AGO YOU SMALLPHALLUSED FUCK”

Mark Haydonwood buried his head in his hands and sobbed, the show had been cut halfway and all his Mark Juniors (of which there were now close to 200) would not be eating for another week.

Thomas Pynchon turned off the TV, he had been watching the static since the show had been cut (as seen in the previous paragraph!) yet had only now realized that nothing was actually happening.

“Welp, back to developing that A.I. with razor sharp saws that I was thinking about earlier. Now where the fuck is my assistant?”

As he said that D.I. Chengweng stumbled through the door, he had solved the case yet his near fatal stroke had left him unable to do anything but mumble as Thomas Pynchon dressed him in a labcoat and started to decorate his new A.I. As he placed the first few decorations he heard a series of beeps:

“Will there ever be another football player on the level of Dănuț Șomcherechi?”

VIVE L'ALGÉRIE FRANÇAISE VIVE L'OAS

1.5 - It Begins To Happen Again

18th January 2015 (but not the real 2015, the 1989, past version of the future 2015) 17:40 PM (GMT)

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The sun has set. Andrew opened the windows in his lofty apartment after several hours of sucking serious dick, ironically of course. His dick-sucking partner, Tyrone Goldberg, groaned exhaustedly.

“Shiee, nigguh, ain’t feelin’ mah dick no mo’!”

“That is the price of progress, Tyrone, let it not disconcert you. We shall reach the stars thanks to my swallowing your semen by the gallons.”

“How come?”

“A lizardman spoke to me in sleep.”

--

—

夢想之夢想之夢想之夢想

昔者莊周夢為胡蝶，栩栩然胡蝶也，自喻適志與！不知周也。俄然覺，則蘧蘧然周也。不知周之夢為胡蝶與，胡蝶之夢為周與？周與胡蝶，則必有分矣。

1.6 - IT IS HAPPENING AGAIN

18th January 2015 (but not the real 2015, the 1989, past version of the future 2015) 17:43 PM (GMT)

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Anon Anonson awoke. It was **happening again**. Whispers of scaly reptilian disturbances all across the multiverse, all across the 5th dimension and all across Earth. Anon used his newly discovered 7th sense to schneff around for clues, within a few minutes (or rather the same minute repeated a few times) Anon had found the point of convergence - Miami.

--

"Didn't Anon die at the start of the first book?" The reader wondered aloud, "and since when is he able to 'schneff', I don't remember that in the official canon!"

"All will be revealed!" proclaimed The Author, before promptly closing his browser window and never returning to the story again.

According to the canon of intralingual discourse one should reevaluate the human ability to articulate the substructures of matter and form before the redistribution of matter claimed and form travested, as it was explicitly said

by Karl Marx in 1901 in his grand work "The Critique of Pure Reason", also known as "The Book" by the community represented in the person of Thomas J., sometimes mentioned in scientific works as The Reptilian, however that should not disconcert any valuable contribution by the proletarian towards

the finite set of solutions to the problem of redistribution of both mass and matter in quasi-sociological models of social dynamics in hyperspace, as presented in the Journal of Hyperspace Sociology by the honourable LeMont Biscuit, a Zeta-Reticulian scholar of multicultural origin, however much we may assume that his worldview stems pure bullshit and idolatry a feminist must not feel the temptation to throw down the shackles of pure ideology and become a slave, id est mother, and suck penises.

- J. Butler

17th January 2015 (but not the real 2015, the 1989, past version of the future 2015) 17:43 PM (GMT)

--

Henry Hoover, US President of 1989 (not the guy who invented the vacuum cleaners²) lay out Anon A. Anonson's remains on his operating table. The hero of the multiverse had been found several days ago in the 5th Dimension, raw hypertime seeping from what was left of his nose, the very same nose that was several units of spacetime away from his headless corpse. A multitude of rats had surrounded him, feasting on his essence and growing fatter throughout time. One particularly nasty specimen had grown to fill 2 whole days and had used those days to shout as many racist slogans as he possibly could.

² Though, interestingly enough, President Hoover, in a striking similarity to the aforementioned inventor of the vacuum cleaner, also made a professional career of sucking.

Henry Hoover wasn't concerned about the rats though, he would be happy if he never saw one of those infowars touting fucks again for the rest of his life. Old Henry had only one task, he was here to clone Anon from the corpse. He selected his finest pair of presidential tweezers and began his work.

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A moment in time roughly concurrent with the 17th January 2015 (but not the real 2015, the 1989, past version of the future 2015) 17:43 PM (GMT), retroactively named "PART 5 OF THIS CHAPTER" by an onlooker

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Dakota stared dimly at her empty gmail chat, it had been a while since she had spoken to Bob Saget³. She began a draft to him, but didn't know what to say. Her fingers spoke, "Im gay im gay im gay im gay im so gay im gay im gay im gay" and she pressed *send*. She leaned back in her suede office chair, contented, and began to doze off.

Saget never replied, for he was still trapped in the 5th dimension.

--

A lizardman sat at the table, having woken up drunk from the orgy the night before. Some part of his abdomen felt *different*, he thought, but he drank the

³ To learn Bob Saget's fate pls buy The Legacy of Totalitarianism In A Tundra
pls
pls buy
alternatively read on to the line where the story says what happened to him in The Legacy of Totalitarianism In A Tundra

harsh coffee in the pale light of his window overlooking nothing and thumbed through the morning broadsheet unperturbed by this new pain. Siberia had been nice to the Lizardman, but he regretted leaving behind all of his mates from school and all of the general comforts of not living in a Tundra.

1.7

In which a momentous decision is reached

Well, you think to yourself. This bullshit isn't going to get any clearer, more coherent, or generally better. I think I'd rather go pick up a copy of Italo Calvino's *If On A Winter's Night A Traveller*.

And so you do.

NOW READ ON.

Separate that shiet from mine ya cunt.

How Marcel Bigeard and Jacques Doriot conquered the fastfood industry

"This will fiddle them good." And it did.

"I'm supposed to be **dead**, though."

"Indeed."

"No."

"Yes."

"Okay ?"

"Okay."

How Marcel Bigeard and Jacques Doriot lost the fastfood industry

It was then, that Marcel decided, *hungrily*, to jump into the empty bathtub. Alas, despite minutes of training, he miscalculated his leap and knocked his left big toe on the edge. In painpainpain, he knelt to caress his sore footy. Jacques, who had watched all of this on the security camera of the bathroom, laughed out loud (LOL), and began to mock Marcel: « Marcel victorieux ? Son gros orteil gauche est rouge, Marcel est vaincu. Il ne peut s'en tirer que par un pansement, mais en tant que #PPF je ne le souhaite pas car j'ai peur qu'elle se fasse sur mon portefeuille. » Bigeard, vexed, unsheathed his knife and began working on Jacques, as if he was Algerian.

And that is the tale of how the two fastfood giants were done.

Regardless of the outcome.

How could they? How could they betray me like this, the fools -- they will surely be our downfall. Why wouldn't they join me, why wouldn't the others join me? Shit. I fucking hate the tundra, and without my comrades who will help me totalitarianize it? Fuck it, I'll write it and we'll fucking do it live.

The lizardman's eyes opened and his newspaper helped him come to his better sense. He felt as if he had dozed off and had some strange dream, but his mother had always told him not to over-think visions like that. And besides, he had to take a shit. The lizardman stood up from his wooden chair and he strode down the hallway to the bathroom, pulled the cord from the overhead light, and dropped trou. This was going to be the biggest shit of the week, he considered, and possibly the year. And it was over just as quickly: for the lizardman died on the toilet, not knowing his fate.

**STAND UP AND BE COUNTED,
SHOW THE WORLD THAT
YOU'RE A MAN. STAND UP AND
BE COUNTED, GO IN THE KU
KLUX KLAN.**

It was two weeks before the smell alerted the neighbors. Charlemagne, another lizardman living in the building, was the same age as the dearly departed Boris Yeremenko, and had actually played third base on his primary school recreational softball team. Charlemagne was a catcher, of course, he also being a raving homosexual. Homosexuality was rampant among lizardmen in these times, and sociologists and economists predicted the mathematical downfall of the race due to this.

Nonetheless, Charlemagne and Boris ^{and} Henry had both spent their entire lives dreaming mad dreams of sodomy, and this morning was no different for the still-living Charlemagne. Today, he would suit up in his Sunday's best, cuff-links and all, and get himself a prostitute. He preferred a male, but figured it all the same for him to excrete into a member of the opposite sex. He had to shower, though, and wanted to masturbate before he left the bathroom and saw all of the

responsibilities lain around his apartment waiting for his attention.

He turned on the hot water, then the cold, then the hot again, and when the temperature was adequate for him, he took off his boxer shorts and stepped into the filthy porcelain tub. He had never cleaned it, not once, and there were shit stains and pubes gathered from the middle of the tub all the way to the drain as if immovable steel remnants of a war on some time-forgotten beach.

Charlemagne dropped his load between one such barrier of calcified pubes, cleaned his foreskin, and stepped out of the tub. Between him putting down the newspaper and blowing his load, fifteen minutes had passed. Charlemagne was well on track for the gay day ahead of him, though he regretted the passing of his neighbor.

it's the same old S.O.S.
but with brand new
broken fortunes
and once again i turn to you
once again i do
i turn to you

it's the same old S.O.S.
but with brand new
broken fortunes
i am the same
underneath
but this y-you surely knew

life is a pigsty
life is a pigsty
life is a pigsty
life is a pigsty

life, life is a pigsty
life, life is a pigsty
life
life
is a pigsty
life
is a pigsty-e-iyeah

and if you don't know this then what do you know?
every second of my life i only lived for you
and you can shoot me, and you can throw me off a train
i still maintain
i still maintain-eain-eeayeieaain

life
life is a pigsty
life is a pigsty-e-iyeah

AND I'VE BEEN SHIFTING GEARS
ALL OF MY LIFE

but i'm still the same underneath; this you surely knew
i can't reach you
i can't reach you
i cannot reach you anymore

can you please stop time
can you stop the pain
i feel too cold... and now i feel to warm again...
can you stop this pain?
can you stop this pain?
even now in the final hour of my life i am falling in love
again...

again...
even now in the final hour of my life i am falling in love
again...

again...
again...
again...
again...
i'm falling in love
again...
again...
again...

again.

oh there's a club if you'd like to go;
you could meet somebody who really loves
you. so you go and you stand on your own,
and you leave on your own, and you go home
and you cry and you want to die.

Exactly 2 days prior to 1st January
2015 (but not the real 2015, the 1989, past
version of the future 2015) 00:01 PM (GMT)

--

Henry Hoover, US President of 1989, sat in the White Basement. Around him were four lines of salt which followed North, West and East (but never South). Each line met a circle of pepper. Henry removed his shoe and unsheathed his foot from the presidential sock. He then withdrew a normal, non-presidential knife from the presidential hidden pocket and made a presidential incision. As the blood began to drip a mysterious effigy appeared which, unbeknownst to Hoover, resembled popular comedic actor Robin Williams.

"Tragedy has befallen the multiverse" spake Robin Williams, "our hero has fallen."

Henry began to cry.

"I have searched the 5th dimension for a solution, that solution is you."

"What must I do," said Henry, in quiet awe.

"I don't know." spake Robin, "I was hoping you would."

--

Back then, Belgian Templars were a real problem, causing mischief and terror wherever frites were. It took 471 years for the United States to send an

expeditionary force of Albanians to quell the outlaws. What wasn't expected, however, nonetheless, actually, thus, in consequence, eventually, was that Albanians were cursed with itchy backs. Indeedidoodly, the Albanians were proud, having defeated the frites eating fatties, and thought to be stronger than Allah. To punish them, Allah cursed them, while the Albanian knights were resting in a forest now called Dokigratunefoi¹. ¹ Itchy back

"Hm." thought the leader of the Albanian warriors, Tim, as he scratched his buttocks. "Methinks we should return to our homeland, our work is done."

That evening, however, unexpectedly, surprisingly, he had a vision on the social website Ask.fm © ®, he must stay and build a public toilet with leopard walls.

The spot had been designated, unfortunately, it was occupied by a band of rather unfriendly undead hussards.

"Fuck off, this is our land, mate." said the commander, a skeleton with remarkably (how the fuck do you roastbeefs write that ?) black eyes, like the hole in a skull, in fact.

Tim, was about to let the pesky horseman taste his steel, but he then remembered he was a beta, and opted to walk away, mumbling. Belgian Templars were one thing, on the other hand, undead hussards were out of his league.

Discouraged, he returned to Mongolia (his TRUE and HONEST homeland, see chapter

45). It was there that he met Flav, who had grown, let's be honest, quite fat. Tim, meeting his ole' paly exclaimed how time flex, Flav simply answered:

"Alors on laisse filer les mois, les années, les dernières chances de s'en tirer, s'imaginant être lucide en se faisant tout seul un chantage au suicide. L'une après l'autre coulent les semaines, comme l'eau de la Seine."

Robespierre, like many famous Greeks (contrary to popular belief, he was not from a town in northern France, but was actually born in Athens to one of the Ottoman Emperor's concubines. His father was not the Ottoman Emperor however, but it was actually the robot Tsar Vladimir Lenin II), was known to enjoy shoving oranges up his anal corridor. He meant no harm to anyone by doing it, and thought that it could only benefit his body with its rich supply of vitamins and minerals (oranges are rich in those, but only when they are peeled), draining into the walls of his cavity itself. It's very sad that he died in 1794, because he would never enjoy the delicious and much more firm chocolate oranges, which weren't invented until long after the fall of Napoleon.

Before Robespierre succumbed to his vices at the guillotine, he was able to present the idea to the high court that oranges were a desirable interest to plan conquest (he had turned expansionist in his later months, betraying his belief that "nobody likes armed missionaries") More than that nobody liked armed missionaries, Robespierre found among the native peoples he encountered that people loved oranges and sodomy more than nearly anything else they spent their waking lives pursuing. The oranges brought by the invading

parties from France, Turkey, and Greece caused entire tribes to drop to their knees, depant, and await the benediction of their citric gifts.

Charlemagne's ghost was weeping tears of joy, his dream had been fulfilled. Oranges were now what the barbaric Saxons of Duval County, Florida shoved up each other's assholes as opposed to swords. Robespierre was the unlikely hero that the Western world needed, and it is for this reason that his likeness is now preserved forever in the form of statues everywhere, often kneeling and shoving oranges into the rectal tracts of other great statuemen, such as the explorer and conquistador Juan Ponce de Leon in St. Augustine, Florida. Even Disney World has a cute etching in the pavement of the Magic Kingdom where Mickey Mouse is wearing a powdered wig and tinted glasses and popping a nice, fat and juicy orange into the ready asshole of a bearded Goofy. Beneath this etching in the ground is "I hate myself and I want to die" but in Spanish. The Author doesn't know Spanish so you're on your own for that one. It is theorized that the message was carved by one Eduardo Sassohasassaucesos who had been working as a janitor and later a landscaper for Walt Disney since the company had been founded. Sassohasassaucesos was a reactionary Catholic and a strict Bourbonist, he despised Robespierre not only because he had been one of the main lawyers behind the execution of Louis XVI, but also because he was so immoral and to blame for Protestantism (Robespierre inspired his brother, Jake, to go back in time and help give birth to Martin Luther and later Jan Hus.)

"Ah man, fuck Robespierre!" One could imagine Eduardo muttering under his breath in the hot and oppressive Florida sun as he drew the image of Mickey Mouse in period attire sodomizing Goofy in the wet concrete. His hatred of everything Protestant as well as Enlightenment stemmed from personal conflicts too. He had met Martin Luther, or at least a man that either looked like him or shared his name

(Sassohasassaucesos was known to be forgetful, he eventually died of early onset Type IA Alzheimers) and that guy became head of the Musical Football team instead of him.

Anon set down the pen, smacking his cracked and crusty lips a little. His fingers were blued because of the cold weather, and he was having trouble keeping his skin nurtured in the basement sex dungeon that the Spider Woman named "Dwengis" had trapped him in. The beeping of his iron lung mechanism made his head hurt. He was forced to write epic historical erotica (popular among Spider Women named "Dwengis") after they had learned that humans did not have the proper sexual apparatus to "couple" with Spider Women named "Dwengis". If he wanted to make any progress, and possibly buy his freedom however, he would have to keep writing this story. Perhaps he would change the scene a little, one more fold in the plot was sure to make Dwengis' cloaca flutter.

George IV held the small China boy's corpse beneath the vast girth of his belly, continuing to destroy him with his dick. The boy had suffocated long ago because of George's fat fingers being stuck so deep in his mouth. George eventually grew bored of it and let the tiny, skeletal frame of the boy collapse. He looked at both of his pudgy hands, giving a hungry grin across his sick face as he saw the stomach bile and blood that coated his fingers. We all know that the real George IV, wouldn't do this, but George IV was currently being possessed by the ghost of every Patrician who had ever lived back during the times of Rome.

Napoleon was to be defeated and Rome restored by Britain, but it all relied on one thing. Beau Brummel could not say that George IV was fat under any circumstances. This was difficult of course because George IV was so tremendously fat. His legs were bound to rot from gout at some point, and nobody would be too upset when they did.

He waddled to his bed and collapsed there, staring at the ceiling and picking up a baseball to throw up and down. He wished his dad would die already, he was sick of just being Prince Regent.

This was going nowhere, Anon wondered why he made this choice. Maybe he'd just write about Poland Lithuania for awhile and see if it would make Dwengis wet.

WAITING UPSTAIRS IN HER DEN WAS A SPIDER WOMAN NAME OF DWENGIS. SHE HAD COME FROM JASON BATEMAN'S BASEMENT AFTER BEING LOCKED IN THERE FOR 400 YEARS AS PART OF THE PEACE OF WESTPHALIA. SHE THOUGHT OF THOUGHTS THAT ONLY SPIDER WOMEN NAMED DWENGIS WOULD THINK, RUBBING ALL OF HER LEGS TOGETHER AND SLIDING AROUND IN CIRCLES OVER HER WEB.

"IT IS WONDERFUL DAY FOR FUCK BUT I CAN NOT FUCK AND THAT IS SAD AND BAD AND NOT GOOD" DWENGIS SAID IN A SEXY, LOUD, MONOTONE. "I WISH I COULD FUCK A HUMAN MALE BUT SADLY A HUMAN MALE IS NOT EQUIPPED WITH THE CORRECT SEXUAL APPARATUS TO PLEASE ME." SHE GAVE A HOP AND LANDED DOWN WITH A CRASH, SENDING A SHOCKWAVE THROUGH A TEN MILE RADIUS WHICH ACCIDENTALLY GAVE SEVERAL NEWBORNS SHAKEN BABY SYNDROME. SHE MEANT NO HARM BY THIS BUT SHE WAS SEXUALLY FRUSTRATED, WANTING NOTHING MORE THAN TO HAVE THE IMAGE OF MAXIMILIEN ROBESPIERRE, FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY FIGURE, SHOVING A RIPE ORANGE UP HIS ASSHOLE.

“HOT DAMN I WANT MAXIMILIEN ROBESPIERRE TO SHOVE A RIPE ORANGE UP HIS ASSHOLE.” HER VOICE, STILL IN THAT SAME SULTRY THUNDER, ECHOED THROUGH THE HOUSE AND OUT THE WINDOW. THE SOUND TRAVELED ACROSS GALE AND GLEN UNTIL IT HAPPENED UPON A HAPPY OLD MAN NAMED TOP DOG WHO WAS KING OF THE MOLE PEOPLE. BEING THE SWEET OLD MAN THAT HE WAS, top dog responded with a song that could only be heard by him and the mouse that lived in his son’s brain.

*dan nun un un dsn
yahey yeah yeah uns
harmonizing
harmonizing
dnt dunt dnts dnts
sunts tusnt sunts s tnts
i mmghm hmgh fele
ich habe keine zweifel
HAHAH*

*i remember about 34 years ago
people on an internet area
decided to make a sequel to a book they wrote
together
some of the jokes were very time sensitive
so i would be careful about making them
they might date the work
but it's too late for that now isn't it
tra lal al ala~*

“WAIT WAIT WAIT HOLD THE FUCK UP!” shouted an author who had chosen to write in a particularly obnoxious font and had also decided to use colour despite the fact that it costs way too much money to publish a coloured⁴ book with Lulu, **“WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU’RE ALL DOING HERE? THE LEGACY OF TOTALITARIANISM IN A TUNDRA IS A MASTERPIECE! ARE WE REALLY GOING TO TAINT IT WITH ENDLESS SEQUELS JUST FOR BRIEF SATISFACTION?? I**

⁴ For, you see, Lulu has a long history of discriminating against coloureds

**URGE YOU ALL TO THINK ABOUT
THE CONSEQUENCES OF WHAT
YOU ARE WRITING, FOR THE LOVE
OF GOD STOP THIS MESS BEFORE
IT IS TOO LATE”**

lol ok

ps

im

gay

Morrissey fell to his knees in awe before the tangerine lord, Elton John.

“O! Thou vibrant autumnal orb! Thou shimmering beacon of hope in this world of despair!”

“Cum, child,” spake Elton to the Mozfather.

“Thy will be done, master.”

Stewart-Lee-has-let-himself-go thus unbuckl’d his pantaloons, remov’d his blouse and releas’d his spring-like sceptre of the Holy Church of Rutaceae.

“Mine eyes have seen the gloryyyy of the sacred orange rindddd,” sang Morrissey, his lilting Mankfester accent wavering under the resonant force of the citrus fruit’s gravity.

A short story told with funny pictures



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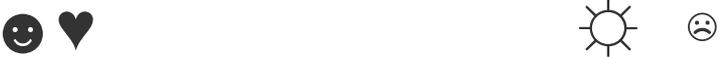
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☹️ ☹️ ▶️ 😊 ☹️ ☹️ ☹️ ☀️

#####

😊 THE END 😊

*“death and taxes
nigga, death and taxes nigga,
DEATH AND TAXES NIGGA
Dam das racis”
- mark twain*

MY RIGHT EAR IS ITCHING, YET I HAVE
HEADPHONES ON. PLEASE HELP.
ARE YOU SURE IT ISN'T YOUR ASS

UH
YEAH

*CAN YOU PROVE THAT IT ISN'T YOUR ASS,
EMPIRICALLY*

I DONT BELIEVE IN EMPIRICAL SCIENCE AND
SHIT, SRY

IT MIGHT BE YOUR ASS

IT MIGHT BE YOUR MOTHER

*PERHAPS, BUT MY MOTHER IS YOUR
MOTHER'S MOTHER.*

CAN YOU PROVE THAT YOUR MOTHER IS MY
MOTHER'S MOTHER, EMPIRICALLY

*MY MOTHER'S MOTHER'S MOTHER IS DEAD
SO NO*

I'M SORRY TO HEAR/READ/SKATEBOARD
THAT.

SHE WAS PROBABLY AN ASSHOLE IDK

BUT THANK YOU BASED NARRATOR

I'M JUST DOING MY PART AS AN ULTIMATE
PATRICIAN, SOMEBODY HAS TO.

IT STILL MIGHT BE YOUR ASS

IF IT WAS I WOULD FEEL BETTER, SO NO.

*FEELINGS AND EMPIRICAL TRUTH ARE
MUTUALLY EXCLUSIVE IDEAS, SO IDK MAN*

OK MAN. COOL. BUT. YEAH.

[FOOTNOTES]

M'EN BAT LES COUILLES MDR

LES PREDICTIONS DU MAGE HOUELLEBECQ

[IL SERA ASSASSINÉ PAR UN ALGERIEN](#) (LIEN
EN RELATION)

I would like to add that I am a huge fan of the Beatles, I also enjoy the taste of flour, supermarket brand soda, and watching the weather broadcast.

A SHORT STORY OF LOVE

There was a man seated on a bench reading a newspaper. He was a very odd man, but I seated near him. He was talking about fucking asses full of farts and it turn me on so I put my hand inside my trousers very seamlessly, but he saw my art and begined to speak: “Brékkek Kékkek Kékkek Kékkek! Kóax Kóax Kóax!

Ualu Ualu Ualu! Who the fuck are the Beatles? Quaouauh! MY PENIS IS VERY LARGE.”

His penis refuted the statement immediately.

“NUH UH,” it sighed from the elastic waistband it was caught in. His penis, having had enough, detached itself and went to the market to pick up some vodka.

It had been a very strenuous day for his penis, having been tugged this way and that all day in front of one of the more pornographic sections of his master’s favorite Tibetan sheep-rolling congress, 2ch. He looked about himself and decided that he was six, maybe seven blocks away from his house, and that if he ran, he could get there in three hours. After all, he was a penis, and a small one, and would only be able to make up ground at a reasonable pace for a little four-inch scallion like himself. Nonetheless, he fancied the fresh winter air of th[end transcript] surface tundra.

OOGA BOOGA WHERE THE WHITE WOMEN AT ?



31st December 2015 (but not the real
2015, the 1989, past version of the future
2015) 00:01 AM (GMT)

—
Dakota Fanning made her way in to the 5th Dimensional Jewish stronghold, inside she found the following on a wall:

**Depictions of
Muhammad
(AKA *tips menorah*
section)**



^Very haram of you.^

**>mfw (muhammad's face
when)**



**Seriously though, Charlie Hebdo
was shit-tier.**

Rivarol is better ;=).

fuck off kaffir

Hitler Did Nothing

Wrong(™4chon)

“This is haram.” t. boko haram

Does anyone else get annoyed

when people conflate Islam with

**race? I was watching question time
and Lady Penny said "it's racist for a
white man to tell a muslim woman
what she can wear."**

**What about Bosnian muslims then.
Where the fuck is john lennon
fokin dead that's what m8
they say life begins at forty. try
tellin that to john lennon!
wahawahawah
MDRRRRRRRRRRR XD
dimebag didn't even wanna die
on stage shoulda been lennon
rip darell :'(
you say linkin park i say megadeth
rip darel :(
clearly bosnian is their race m8
and islam is their religion.
alrite**

- 1. This novel is not real**
- 2. Penises, or penii, cannot detach**

3. [citation needed]

**4. i think you mean they cannot
reattach :^)**

**5. My head hurts. Also Paris
Violence is fockin based**

**7This 'novel' is the epitome of
stream of consciousness, in fact it is
stream of consciousnesses.**

6. In the End

It doesn't even matter [citation needed]

**Sometimes, I have trouble
realising how shitty Ask.fm is.**

**a. Have you ever kissed a person
the same gender as you? XD**

**My head hurts, he thought to
himself outside of the Lucky 7
convenience store where just a
night ago he'd taken a hard fucking.**

His copy of *INFINITE JEST* was still firmly lodged in his anal cavity, where he was indeed still picking the scales out of. It weighed six pounds.

“Oi u cheeky cunt” Shouted the shop’s

IN MEMORIAM: AMERICAN SNIPER: Cervantes.

literally fuck that nigger iraq war was the highest civilian to soldier death ratio of any war for the past two hundred years fucking execute bush and blair and anyone in league with them war criminals have the blood of 100,000 iraqis on their hands

p.s. bosnians dont exist

“I shot teh gun very gudly. Evertome I pulled the trigger at one of dose savages they fell to tfe floor. There blood was red there face was dead. I'm so kool.”

RIP in piece chris 1970-1999 kil by jews

J'ai trainé mon ennui au milieu des partouzes, me suis saoulé de spleen pour chasser votre blues.

J'ai erré à Paris, à Montmaaaaaarte en Avril, à Pigalles en Octobre. MON BRAS ME GRATTE.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9zzmOCRG4Nk#t=3606>
06 < wots this shit m8
> <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9zzmOCRG4Nk#t=3606>

>implying “

When I was a child, I wanted to be Superman. Since I've been molested, I'm fucking Catwoman. ;=)

When I was a child, I wanted to be Catwoman. Now that I've grown, I'm fucking Superman.

Le Inspirational Poem

When I was
A young boy
My father
took me into the city
to see a marching band
he said, 'son when you grow up
will you be the savior of the broken [Dam
all these rhetorical questions]
the beaten and the damned?'
he said 'will you defeat them?
your **demons**? NO JOHN YOU ARE THE DEMONS

and all the **non-**
believers

(eg; *Negroes**)

the plans that they have made
because one day i'll leave you
a phandom to meet you in the summer
to join the black parade

ray toro

fanfic ensues

my name is raven i am 16 tears old i go to
hogwards it's magic school for waizards in
this place england and i wear black lots of
black because preps are grose

WHAT ABOUT THE TOILETRY ?

WHAT ABOUT THE cosby show

“I have literally
seen My Chemical
Romance thirteen
times”

- David Foster
Wallace

“Not so fast my Saudi Arabian friend!” shouted Yugi.
You’ve just activated my trap



card!

tips millennium eye

dam all these images this ain't gettin printed and I'm
getting hungry, shiet.



Before Yugi could explain the function of this card he was attacked by a mob of muslims and beaten to death. **ALLAHU**

AKBAR ALLAHU AKBAR ALLAHU
AKBAR

I walked up to the stand to present my political program.

“Firstly, anybody convicted of being a vegan is to be conducted to a hidden mysterious shit cold dark forest and shot with a bullet to the back of the head.”

I was congratulated by a thunderous applause that didn't die for dozens of minutes.

“I guess I really was in a legacy of totalitarianism in a tundra,” Buck Mulligan revealed, as he rode into the Miami sunset.

/book

Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra: Hotline Miami: Book of the Year Edition

including crate of 957 oranges, french army figurine, and a commemorative plaque with every preorder.

Buy. (If you're a real American)

Do you like hurting people

...

The Masked Man asked eerily. He had an owl mask and was very creepy. It was very dark and like a dream but felt very real. At his sides were 2 other Masked Men one was wearing a cat mask and the other was wearing an elephant mask. They were very scary.

Do you like drinking juice

...

The Masked Man asked eerily, again.

author's note: you need to fill in the responses

Do you like juice in general

...

Yet again asked the Masked Man.

Then the protagonist woke up. His head felt like cocaine. Even though he had never done cocaine. He looked at the table beside his bed, and saw that on it was to be found a book: 'The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra: Miami.' When he saw the book, he felt a clear aim in his life: he needed to kill the Jewish mafia.

[this book has been terminated due to anti-semitic material]

"But wait", thought Him who was,

"this is only thirty pages".

>hfw the book was actually not over

What a fucking retard LMAO [citation needed]

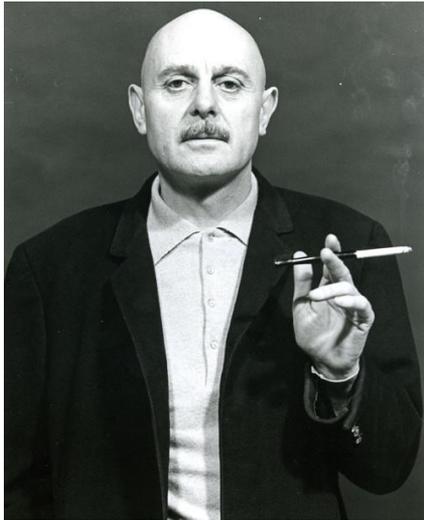
[user was killed for this post]

"Perhaps we should attempt to engage in socratic dialogue said nobody and so no socratic dialogue ensued unless it did, said a person who existed in the past

- Who are you?

- It doesn't matter who we are, what matters is our plan. No one cared who I was until I put on the mask.
- If I take that thing off, will you die?
- It would be extremely painful.
- You're a big guy.
- For you," and thus le James Joyce hyphen quotes continued.

My dad saw Professeur Choron multiple times, and I'm jealous. Look at that suave motherfucker.



Chapter 1A: Welcom tu tha black parade (Or, The Lights on my whip)

1. Choron and the jew.

Choron could not take his eyes off of the shitty, smelly basement floor where moments before a Jewish lawyer had slept with his wife.

Choron then realized he was black, and a football star. "SPORTS AREN'T THE ONLY THING BLACK PEOPLE ARE GOOD AT!" he exclaimed as

Big Horse sat on tall mountain and looked down on his peers.

Big horse drink big horse wine and sat with big horse legs in cross

Big horse was met with Small Man, who was actually my cat.

It was dark in my room and i was twelve and scared, so i thought he was little dude but he was not little he was just my cat.

several times i thought my cat was a bear or lion standing over me ready for his next meal.

my cat was silly, but so was i for thinking he was things that weren't cats.

the cat got along well with my dog, but this dog was a pommeranian and had a tendency for getting a major poopy-butt. it ruined the cuteness that he had.

"throwing the baby out with the bathwater" -Murray Rothbard
gs in cross.

BLACK POWA

BLACK POWA

BLACK POWA

There were once Lizardmen, and then there came a day where there were no Lizardmen, and after that perhaps there will come a day when there are Lizardmen again [citation needed] - *The thing with Lizardmen, thought Paul, was that you never knew what they were up to* -. But never, not once in my entire experience on this entire blasted Tundra, did I think that it was the correct place for the totalitarianism these strange creatures provoked. It just seemed so strange to me, and I was there for three entire months on a ski tour, why anyone would choose to live like this -- to behave and commune and live amongst one another in this way. It was absurd. But I must say one thing in defense of the Lizardmen, and that is that they literally had no idea what they were doing. It was all one big misunderstanding amongst one another, every family, every Lizardman, nobody had the correct idea of what was going on even for one nanosecond. They were lost in their own filth, in their oranges and sodomy, in their Tundra; they really just never had a chance and it's an awful thing to think about and a worse thing to have to describe to other people and to attempt to get others to empathize properly with this doomed group of organisms, but that was just how it worked out and maybe I am the one who should not fret over such a thing. Maybe I am the one who knows enough to enact some kind of reasonable, positive change to the general condition among the Lizardmen, but I must also wonder whether they are beyond help. They are savages, yes, noble savages, yes, but they are still Lizardmen -- reptilians -- and both of our ways of being are beyond the comprehension of the other. But this is not to

say that we should not continue to attempt to understand these beings, that they should not be worthy of our attention and resources, just for the discouraging fact that no progress has been made between the creatures of the Tundra and all others. These reptilians, these strange, noble Lizardmen, are not moving one way or the other, in direct contradiction of every observable law have used to scrutinize these creatures. But, I conclude, we must continue to engage with these things. I may be getting the fuck out of the Tundra and getting the fuck out right quick, but let it be known that I wish the best for this awful race, and I hope that in the future we may be able to understand them in such a way that is mutually beneficial for the community of the Tundra and for the rest of existence. We shall not let the Lizardmen degenerate and harm themselves nor everyone else, and we feel surely that great harm is within their potential. The Tundra can be a scary place, but damn if it can't also be a beautiful one, and though it may descend into chaos and tribalism, I shall say until the end of my days that I cared so very deeply for it, and that for these months which I have spent upon this Tundra, never did I feel for one moment that it was for the best to let these Lizardmen cease to be. And so, it is with a deep sadness that I wish all of you Lizardmen and Delegates that you may enjoy the rest of your days upon the Tundra, but fuck this shit; I am out.

- Socrates' address upon leaving the Tundra, 320 BC
or some shit

GAS THE KIKES RACE WAR NOW

RACE THE GAS KIKE WAR NOW

Nowadays, if you apply for a university in the UK while living elsewhere, you must fill in tremendously long questionnaires in order to not be seen as a terrorist. What a shame. (I'mma terrorizing u)

Thumbs up if you're hungry too. nigga i just had some thai chicken curry hmm hmm hmm

sounds good tho.

I would get some chipotle but you have to interact faces to faces for that. White Castle sounds good but way too much sodium, like 4k sodium.

[spoiler]I've never had White Castle before.[/spoiler]

+thumbs up your post

lmao at your yank food chains :')))))))))) white castle is the shit you fucko

honestly it feels like a maymay at this point to eat it

cause of harold and kumar

it was the first fast food restraunt

browses /lit/

can't spell "restaurant"

mdr

**I AM ROGER NIMIER
NO, I'M ROGER NIMIER!
Cheeky monkey.**

Anyone else have an oedipus complex? I'd be confused if I was told the future TIME IS UP AND YOUR TIME IS UP AND YOUR TIME IS UP AND YOUR PAROLE IS DONE

YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS

I DID MY WAITING. FIFTEEN YEARS IN PRISON OF IT.

We're not supposed to vandalize, Anon. (you fucking cunt)

Yo, we in dah club, got dat straight booty up in herr. Yanowhat I'm saying ?

My money doesn't jiggle jiggle, it folds. I wanna see you wiggle wiggle, fo sho.

“If I give a ring, it is for my mother. So, bitches, don't cry.”

- Morsay

The scientist looked out onto the ocean. It wasn't an ocean before. it used to be Iceland but it melted and now, the scientiest in his lab jacket on the boat, looked out

at where iceland was, and saw an ocean.

“Oh man, oh no,” he sieghed. “Now it will be the end of us all.” You see, the scientiest was from the university of miami.

And meanwhile, in miami, there was packed full of a beach of party goers. They were having fun since the weather was great all week. Some people were really smoking hot babes while other people were kind of average looking tbh. But they had set up a volleyball net on the sand and were playing volleyball. The girls with big boobs had to deal with jiggling boobs because they jumped while playing volleyball.

But suddenly, nine miles off the coast but just close enough to see, it was coming. The meltwater of iceland was coming for miami and no amount

of beach volleyball could prevent this. It was God's wills it. He had enough of this vice filled land, of all the big breasted women smoking cocaine and bouncing their breasts. It disgusted God

I'm a (friedmanite rothbardian) libertarian and I take offence to the word fate. Stop triggering me, shitlord⁶⁰

PHALLUS -----

Yo, if you had one shot, one opportunity, to seize everything you've ever wanted, one moment, would you capture it or just let it slip? Knees weak arms spaghetti there's vomit on his spaghetti already, mom's spaghetti LES SPAGHETTI DE MAMANI, he's nervous, but on the surface he looks calm spaghetti.

Fucking Jacobites, nobody can trust them, thought Robespierre as the blade slid towards his neck.

oi gurl

You filthy cunt

She said, washing away her tears in the sink while ignoring the brown towels

You dirty cunt.

She still washed herself, she still ignored the brown towels. Fuck him. I want to fuck him.

You grimy cunt.

I want him in me.

You brown cunt.

He looked

She still washed herself, she ignored the grimy towels.
Fuck him I want to fuck him.

Then she knew that she needed to fuck the fucking world
in that moment that moment she knew.

He looked out the window twice, and sighed. God damn
he was sad. His mind felt like fireworks that just couldn't go
of

z

Ω The Slam Poetry Festival Ω

CHAPTER 2: Henry Hoover's Hebrew Holiday

Or: The Importance of Being Jewish/

h

Woke up in Miami:

Uh- Miami yeah, yeah...south beach, bringing the heat-
jig it out, uh⁵

Here I am in the place where I come to let go-Miami
The bass and the sun set low.

Everyday like a Mardi-Gras, everybody party all day
No work- all play, ok

So we sip a little something, leave the rest to spill.

Me and charlie at the bar running up a high bill

Nothin' less than ill when we dress to kill,

And every time the ladies pass they be like "Hi Will"

Y'all feel me

All ages and races,

Real sweet faces, every single nation

Spanish, Hatian, Indian, Jamaican,

Black, White, Cuban or Asian

I only come for 2 days of playing, but every time we
come

We always wind up staying.

This the type of town I could spend a few days in,

Miami the city that keeps the roof blazing.

[Chorus]

Party in the city where the heat is on.

All night on the beach til the break of dawn

Welcome to Miami (bienvenido a Miami)
Bouncin' in the club where the heat is on
All night on the beach til the break of dawn.
I'm going to Miami, welcome to Miami
Yo I heard the rain storms ain't nuttin' to mess wit
But I can't feel a drip on the strip, its a trip.
Ladies half dressed, fully equipped,
And they be screamin' out
"Will, we loved your last hit!"
So I'm thinking I'ma scoop me something hot
In this salsa merengue melting pot.
Hottest club in the city and its right on the beach.
Temperature, get to ya' its about to reach
Five hundred degrees in the Caribbean seas
With the hot mommies screaming "Ayy papi"
Every time I come to town they be spotting me,
In the drop Bentley, ain't no stoppin' me.
So cash in your dough and lets flow to this fashion show.
Pound for pound anywhere you want to go.
Yo, ain't no city in the world like this, but if you ask how
I know,
I gots to plead the 5th, Miami!
[Chorus]
Don't get me wrong Chi-Town got it goin' on
And New York is the city that we know don't sleep.
And we all know the LA and Philly stay jiggy, but on the
snake,
Miami bringing heat for real, y'all don't understand.
I never seen so many Dominican women with cinnamon
tans.
"Mira, this is plan, take a walk on the beach, draw a heart
in the sand, give

Me your hand. Damn! you look sexy, lets go to yacht in the west keys, ride my

Jet skis, lounge under the palm trees."

Cause you got to have cheese for the summer time piece on south beach.

Water so clear you can see to the bottom.

\$100,000 cars, everybody got em.

Ain't no place in a club to see Sly Stallone, Miami, my second home.

[Chorus:Repeat x3]

I am being chased by beings out of this world, beings covered in scales and cheap suits, beings speaking in Esperanto while dancing uncontrollably. Please help me, reader, you're my last hope. You piece of shit.

In dream of the sea life, I set out on my sailboat through the Miami bay. Humming the tune of some forgotten 50s love song I stared at the great number of Cubans waving at me from the beach. one death is a tragedty, a million is a statistic. #andhummm

Sometimes, I look out the window of my apartment flat in New York City and look out onto all of the people, walking like ants do in an anthill. Why do they look like that? Is it because they're simply unaware of all of the philosophy they could be reading? Are they simply too idiotic, too robotic, almost hypnotic looking at the latest presidential candidate? They are simply unaware that under their noses, directly under their freckled and slime dripp noses there is another world. a world of great, deep thoughts, a world of unique individuals, a world free of sexual desire and the desire to be part of the machine. A society of people who are fed up with the anthill. Ants who don't want to be ants no more.

Sometimes when I look out that window in apartment 23 in New York City, sometimes when I look out that window and look out that window at all of the people walking, all of the ants marching up and down their anthill, all those jews, I get angry. I feel rage build up within my heart like a chugging steam train ready to bowl over the countryside like a bowling ball. I fume, I fumble, I scowl. My face scrunches up kind of like a lemon, or a lime. But most of all,

my face scrunches up because I'm fed up with

$$\theta \div \geq \sqrt{n} \Rightarrow \mu \circ \alpha \ominus \underbrace{[2121 212 212 224 224 224 224 224 224]}_{\leftarrow \leftarrow \leftarrow}$$

OOGA

BOOGA

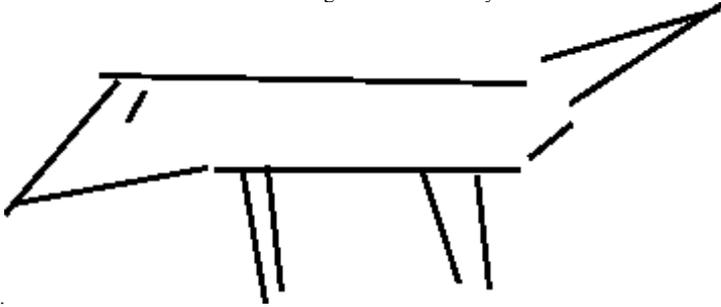
je suis

$$\text{jiuf}_{\infty \aleph} = \Sigma \square \square \square \square \square \square \square \square$$

**why do they have to
make everything about
them? someone cure
me of this antisemitism**

~~BOOGA~~ ~~WHERE DA WHITE~~ ~~WOMEN AT~~

Sometimes when I look out that fateful jumbo window in my apartment flat (23) NYC, I get depressed and my countenance falls. How come, no, why, theres a bitch here.
And I ask myself, 'why is my countenance fallen'
And I sigh. And so does my



dog.

But sometimes, sometimes! I become joyous. Because *I* live in a world of my own. Looking outside that window, thinking of all those ants marching outside my window in my apartment flat, my apartment flat window, my apartment flat window in NYC numbered 23, my apartment flat window! I become joyous. And I become joyous not because of some phony society, but because directly in front of me and under those ants, those ants! ants noses there is a world of individuals, a world of unique thinkers who are fed up with all of the society and all of my world.

ACT @

(the sun sets on apartment flat 23, the sun creating a tinkle of light and joy on his wine glasses and illuminating the vaporous smoke rising from his slightly browned and burnt cigar. His countence is fallen and he is staring out the window of his apartment flat 23)

(audience giggles)

Him: (sighs greatly)

(there is a knock at the door. A girl walks in after knocking on the door wearing a nametag that says 'Jonee'. She works for the apartment flat building and is visiting the apartment flat 23 for dubious reasons!)

Him: What are you doing in my apartment flat, woman?

(audience gasps)

'Jonee': I have come to see why you're down in the dumps. Your tears fall like rain on the summer beaches, and your face could launch a thousand ships of sadness. What is it that troubles your countenance?

Him: Well, you see-

(He is cut off by Jonee walking very close up to him and kissing him on the lips. He is shocked like the feeling of a thousand icebergs scraping on a harbor and his eyes open wide like a bird's when it delivers the worms)

(audience applauds)

Him: Why did you do that?

'Jonee'" (has a heart attack)

(laugh track)

(Jonee falls onto the ground, and begins to convulse as though she is having a heart attack)

Him: God! Somebody call Nine One One!

(He fumbles for his phone and begins to dial, only to find that it is out of batteries from staying up all night reading a pirated copy of 'The Sublime Object of Ideology' by President Zizek, the President of the United States)

(laugh track)

Him: Damn it! I'll have to do it myself?

(his face begins to contort and twist as though he had seen the ants walking up and down the anthill that is New York City. He soon gets down on the ground and begins to kiss Jonee, something he saw on television)

Jonee: (gasps)

Him: Sorry about that

(laugh track)

Jonee: You saved my life?

Him (adorns shit eating smile) Sorry about that

(Jonee falls out of the window of apartment flat 23)

Him: Damn it!

(laugh track)

END SCENE

Party in the
city where the
heat is on.

All night on
the beach til
the break of
dawn

Welcome to
Miami
(bienvenido a
Miami)

Bouncin' in
the club where
the heat is on

All night on
the beach til
the break of
dawn.

I'm going to
Miami,
welcome to
Miami

And I pity them

Sometimes I consider myself a bit of “contemporary meme connoisseur” in fact, I am so well-respected within the field that President Slavoj Zizek himself asked me to pair memes, wines and cheeses for his wife’s hysterectomy shower just the other week.

Sometimes, I am so well versed in internet yamyams, that, i’ll go to a prestigious university one day and write a beautiful dissertation on internet culture. Everyone will recognise (not ‘recognize’ you filthy american pig) the sexy, surfboard abs of image boards crawling in my skin these wounds, they will not heal/// real human bean, and a real hero///

oh i’m a man
o no baby no
O keep dreaming on Spain
but pychon said
you wot m8
today’s the day
that I have woke up
from the time
o

2.1 ☀️☀️☀️☀️☀️ Sunny Days at Long Last, or How I Learned To Sell Out and Write a Postmodern Novel

“An alarm went off in Harry’s apartment, WEE WOO WEE WOO. “That’s the spring break alarm,” said Harry,” Said Harry. SPRING BREAK 87 NEW SMYRNA BEACH, he thought to himself while pondering the aroma of the chamomile his wife was drinking **across the(this is important to the story) kitchen table.** “What a faggot she can be,” he thought aloud. “The fuc you say,” returned his wife?” Harry awoke, ‘twas his alarm beep beep beepin’ in his ear. “Ah, the first day of Summer,” Harry said.

“The First day of What?” asked Harry Jr.

“You’ve never heard of summer?”

“No guvn’r, wots that? A type of hoirly boirly?”

“Summer is a season,” Replied Harry, quite contemptuously. “I swear to god, I can’t believe I married a woman as stupid as you”

Harry Jr.’s eyes started to water, and tears dripped down onto her breasts, she sobbed and heaved her chest, which bounced like a scooter in a winter storm. Her nipples hardened, the more she cried the more hard they got.

“Don’t cry my boy,” said Harry reassuringly.

“They’re tears of joy.” sputtered Harry Jr. you’ve finally asserted yourself

Harry stuck his finger into his wife’s anus.

“No silly! *Assertive*, not *insertive*”

They both laughed.

Harry leaped out of bed:

“ ♪ *I wasn’t jealous before we met* ♪ ”

“ ♪ *Now every man that I see is a potential threat* ♪ “

“ ♪ *and I’m possessive it isn’t nice* ♪ ”

“ ♪ *You’ve heard me say that smoking was my only vice*

♪ “

“ ♪ *But now it isn’t true* ♪ “

“ ♪ *Now everything is new* ♪ “

“ ♪ *And all I’ve learned, has overturned* ♪ “

“ ♪ *I beg of you* ♪ “

Harry Jr. Lept of of bed and started singing herself:

“ ♪ *Dooooon’t goooo wasting your emotioooooon* ♪ ”

“ ♪ *Laaayyy alll your love on meeeee* ♪ ”

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where the heat is on.

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beach til the break
of dawn

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club where the heat
is on

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beach til the break
of dawn.

I'm going to
Miami, welcome to
Miami

>i like music icons btw

In the heat of the triggers, she starts speaking spanish:

WHY IS THE WORD FATE STILL IN THERE

STOP TRIGGERING ME [trigger warning: triggers]

FREEDOM PRIDE WORLDWIDE

NO LLORES POR MI, PATRIARQUÍA. SOY UNA
MUJER INDEPENDIENTE QUE NO NECESITA UN
HOMBRE. HEIL. [FEMINAZIM INTENSIFIES][EL
FEMINAZISMO SE INTENSIFICA]

“Oh, my apologies, dear, it’s just the methamphetamine, you see, I am still nodding off from all of the meth I did with these homosexuals in a toilet at the club last night. We did a lot of the stuff, and I am still literally beside myself. But I have Google Books, so while I am throwing up blood this afternoon I shall be able to enjoy to myself the new Michel Houellebecq novel on my phone, or at the very least play solitaire. Also, I might be gay.,” he re-assured his wife, “so you really have nothing to worry about just in case someday we will be able to blame the collapse of our marriage upon my rampant, irrepressible homosexuality, instead of my crippling addiction to meth.” He smiled gaily to himself, like a fag.

1. Dindu

5 minutes prior to 1st January 2015 (but not the real 2015, the 1989, past version of the future 2015) 00:03 AM (GMT)

--

Henry Hoover was, to be quite honest with you, shitting it. In just two minutes he would create an artificial year within 1989, if all was successful then he would use this artificial year to locate and aid Anon A. Anonson, hero of the multiverse and relatable NEET. The fate of the universe, the multiverse, Earth, E-RTH, hypertime and probably a few more things rested on his presidential shoulders. He felt as if he were some kind of timid, elderly Atlas. He adjusted his grip on the lever, one more minute.

--

H

It was just the other day when Pam (23) and Fam (98) made a life with each other without the need of a man. Pam had nicknamed Fam "Turkeybaster". Fam was heavily triggered by this, and the onrush of emotions she felt//

\\from standing six inches from a man once in the first grade became too much, and she collapsed from death.

HELL ENISM OSQUE

i wake up in my room. i am despondent. i am writing a story about a guy who starts the story by waking up and being despondent. in his story he is typing in a google docs file. someone has just typed the word "mosque" above him in all-red capital letters. other people are editing the google doc as well. the guy wonders about these other people. are they also despondent and tired from having just woken up? he doesn't know. the guy hopes maybe he can meet one of these people

someday and they can become friends and read books together and maybe if they ever edit a google doc again they can do so on the same computer at the same time in order to save time. i finish typing. my story is done. it is about a guy who wakes up and starts writing in a google doc and feels lonely and afraid. i feel lonely and afraid. i open up google docs and begin to type. i wake up in my room. i am despondent.

”we ain’t found shit” -quality dialogue by JJ



Abrams
this was an image of a black storm trooper)

(Previously,

Mace Windu the Space Dindu, high on drugs

siggy dig niggy in my piggy! -what a jiggy jest

How Hellenismos started World War 3

(This is backed by science)

A group of massive faggots on the internet once upon a time mutually agreed amongst one another to Start with the Greeks, and that is the beginning of this sordid tale. It began as an innocent joke -- general advice, at best -- but became endemic to the community, and lead to the downfall of humanity. It is the strangest story ever told, but in many ways, the most beautiful. How a group of anonymous absolute pieces of useless shit could democratize knowledge beyond any known bounds. When referring everybody to some of the most pristine knowledge ever collected by man was what passed as shitposting -- oh, such times! I shudder to think about such times, in which the greater balance of the universe was absent at best; nothing felt right, my asshole was always itching, and I didn't understand why Aristotle had so much to say about something as silly as ethics. Who needs them? Anyway, what happened was that me and my dudes were chillin behind the weed spot one day, you know, the 7/11 on Maple and Charlemagne, and anyway, these niggas pull up in they gramma's Buick and park in the handicap spot like a bunch of fucking pricks and me and my niggas be chillin on the curb like "yo what's the deal homies why you gotta be parking in a handicap spot???" Needless to say, this was quite enough to incite gang violence in the entire surrounding area, and soon enough, the tri-state area itself. You see, it came to be known that these half-wits were only parking in the handicap spot because they had spent the evening high on drugs, committing acts of citric sodomy and reading the works of Aristotle. He never read Aristotle. They simply all had to shit, at the same time, and because there was only one bathroom at the 7/11, and there were less bathrooms available because of 9/11, many of them scattered around the area to find a shaded area in which to

defecate. Surely enough, the police were alerted at once by the neighbors, and the group had only just converged by the car when the police began to overrun the area. They escaped only barely, hitting the front side of a police car on their way out of the parking lot, and decided that they had no recourse but to run, and homefully arrange contact with other Hellenists.

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Once the faggots in the car got onto memechan,
they realized at once how easy it would be to find other

faggots like themselves with whom to seek shelter and take arms. Hellenismos was by now a global epidemic, but in a populous area like this one, there was no substantive difficulty in finding other carriers of the Hellenist banner with whom to take up arms. Soon enough, the police were equally matched in manpower and firepower by the Hellenists, and it was time for them to turn over their control of the situation to state authorities, who did the same and passed the job along to the military. By the time the authorities had the time to muster and bring the military out to the Hellenist-7/11 warzone, however, the Hellenists had multiplied like bacteria due to their prolific internet propaganda campaigning, and it was clear that the United States authorities by themselves would be nowhere near strong enough to contain this outbreak. It was a task for NATO, perhaps the first in their history, and the stakes were incalculable. The world was again at war.

Epigraphs

*Groot is the cruellest, breeding
Plebs and Pseudo-Patricians, mixing
Classicist fetishism and post-post-modernist neo-irony,
stirring
Fierce shitposts with edgy opinions.*

- T. S. Eliot

*"Had I read the Romans and the Greeks,
...
But I, being pleb, have only my memes;
I have spread my memes under your post;
Post softly because you post on my memes."*

- W. B. Yeats

*"Wasn't it Jesus who once said;
If you can't write properly
Just do collective fiction"*

- Gandhi

"This is an example of a quote"

- Quote Guy

"He kek"

- Kekintong.

"Im a Christian"

- Richard "I love Islam" Dawkings.

“The words of Anonymous, son of Anonymous, legion in 4chan.

Shitpost of shitposts, saith Anonymous, shitpost of shitposts; all is shitposting.

What profit hath an anon of all his posts which he posteth in the thread?

One thread passeth away, and another thread cometh: but the board abideth for ever.

OP is a faggot, like the OP before him, and samefags the post which he hath wrote.

All posts flow back to the same tired memes: and these same memes beget further

memeposts. All posts are full of memes; anon cannot utter it. The soul is not filled

with shitposting, nor is the heart satisfied with memes. What posts have there been?

The same that shall be. What images have been uploaded? The same shall be uploaded.

There is nothing new in the board, neither is anon able to say: Behold, this is

original content: for it hath already gone before the anons that were before us.”

- Solomon

“Papa’s

Purple

Pills.”

- Humbert Humbert

“I like men.”

- OP

>“I like men”

>- OP

“Ebin meme

bro”Anonymous.

**'Ah, *(redacted)* Monsters From The Deep Beyooooooooond!
Episode 1: Fuck the Future and Fuck OP's Shitty Theme' the
man in the shop had said, he assured me that it was a post-
modern classic . I bought it of course, and that evening began
to read:**

Story

It was the launch of the world's first time machine. Crowds gathered and jostled (some even jistled) before the time-podium in anticipation. Elton John recited a short poem on the stage:

*Oh, what a dick!
So long, so thick!
To suck and stick
And lick and shove
In ass; My Love!*

The poem was met with apprehensive applause, one man used the word 'rancour' while complaining about the poem to anyone who would listen and Elton John misinterpreted this as 'encore', so read the poem again. After roughly 5 readings he was escorted from the stage and the Time-Wizard formerly known as Stephen Hawking was ready to do the honour of activating the machine. Around the world countdowns began.

Ten

Stephen took the first step in his bionic suit.

Nine

Elton John broke free from the security guard.

Eight

Hawking grasped the lever with a metal hand
Seven
Elton bolted on to the stage

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John P. Croft burst into the room, shouting to stop the experiment, yet his voice was lost in the crowd.

Five

Elton dived from the stage into the crowd.

Four

Stephen Hawking flexed his motorized fingers.

Three

John was a quarter of the way through the crowd

Two

Elton fell to the floor with a sickening crack

One

Hawking pulled the lever and immediately hundreds of future time travellers materialized within the chamber. Several chemical reactions occurred and everyone within ten miles was vaporized, but not before Hawking repented of his asinine scientism and surrendered his soul to Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

Mark Donovan was writing a sci-fi epic based in the year 5000AE (After Event). The bulk of the story revolved around whether or not it was gross to have sex with an alien. Donovan himself was unsure, though he had deliberated it thoroughly and not a day went by where the dilemma didn't trouble him. One day while solemnly crunching on cheerios the Time Ghost of Elton John materialized in front of him. He wondered aloud whether or not it was gross to have sex with an alien without noticing Elton.

“As long as they don't have any phallic appendages it is fine” said Elton, stressing every possible syllable.

That was the end of Mark Donovan, for he died of a heart attack.

“It is just as the elders/Time Wizards/4chan janitors foretold,” said Elton John’s Time Ghost to the maiden bringing up a tumblr of poorly-brewed decaf. “But if not for this miserable gruel, this tasteless reminder of all of my problems, I would not have the will to continue”, he remarked, with poetic force.

Elton John took another swig of gruel before breaking down in tears.

“Why did this happen to me?” he asked the maiden.

“Sodomy”, inquit, “sodomy is an abominable sin, Elton.”

At precisely this moment -- or that moment -- Elton John looked at the maiden with a look of the purest contempt. “But the elders/Time Wizards/4chan janitors,” he began, “they spoke of Men Going Their Own Way. Like the Greeks of old. What must I do?”

“I would assume that your purpose will become clear *over time*,” the maiden said, cackling at her terrible pun. The temperature of her coffee then dropped below the accepted threshold of ‘lukewarm.’

“We must act,” spoke the Time Wizard to the Host Body. “We haven’t got the time to think.”

“To tell you the truth I am not even a heterosexual. I am in fact the very opposite of a heterosexual, namely, a *homosexual*”, it said. “A faggot unstuck in the fuss.”

5000 years after The Event, Elton John’s Time Ghost materialized again and struck up a conversation with a mass-murderbot named K-500.

“I once (or perhaps infinitely) met a man who would have liked you, K-500” said Elton.

K-500 responded by slashing the throats of a few bystanders.

“That serves you right, K-499 and K-981!” Elton exclaimed, “The man’s name was Mark Donovan and I was with him to the very end. May the end remain with him through the final stages of atomic stagnancy; it is his problem now, after all, and not mine.”

K-500 launched a small antimatter bomb randomly into space, Elton took it to be a sign of respect for Donovan.

Suddenly the Chieftain emerged from the antechamber of the Parliament. “When was there a respectable man among us, and why was I not informed?” he asked. “Do any of you deny that, from the other side of the complex, I heard once again the call of the vastness, of which I have only heard fables?”

The mass-murderbot K-500 rose to his feet, but not before the Chieftain fired a warning shot of depleted raritanium, grazing his pauldron and burning a hole in the fibers of being itself.

“Mass-murderbot, I appeal to you. As I have been alerted suddenly of missing perhaps my only opportunity to engage with decency and respect, it is only you who can proceed on our behalf.” K-500 turned around and began to walk out, tripping on a plank as he approached the threshold. “Even better,” spoke the Chieftain. “A hollow shell of a moral machine, indignified in the prone. But you, the mass-murderbot, I believe to embody the conversative shell of dignity which awoke me from my toil mere moments from now. It is you, the opposite of a worthy creation, who will detect the scent of honor, as it is your superior in the chain of being.”

Elton John was in the year 5001AE and resting against a golden statue of K-500, robot martyr.

“We Blergians do not believe in your neo-liberal values,” said the Juror, “We cannot accept a world where our women aren’t firmly shackled to our dishwashers and where paedophiles roam freely. Where fetishists can place objects in places that they were never meant to be placed.”

He cleared his throat. Semen shot across the room and roped between the Juror’s gavel and facial region.

“I sentence you to death by Starcraft Marathon.” Judge Megabrain of the Blergian Motherthought spluttered though the opaque plate of nanocum now separating him from the courtroom.

From the galleries Elton John, Rose, and Valerie wept. “K-500 must go free.”

The Juror did not agree, and he told them so.. oh, oh, ohhhhh.

There was a memeking, that went to /fa/ too much, since he couldn’t afford Rick Owens, he called one of his servants to help him found the perfect fit. The man shows him all the clothes there was, all varietes of memestyles, from palewave to lunarcore. Nothing pleased the king, so he decided that he was going to dress himself, and he did. He quickly called his servant and ask for his opinion.

“sick fit bro”, he said.

The king pleased, called his maid, and asked her what she thought of his fit.

“LONDON

O

N

D

O

N”, she answered.

He, feelling dope, went to the closest party to show off. All the people from the kingdom of Fedorland were there, from the smallest nigga, to the highest nigga; they smoked too much weed.

“THERES NO SUCH THINK AS 2 MUCH WEED BRAH 4/20 BLAIZE IT FAGGET ”, said one of them; and all nodded in agreement.

All the niggas were talking about the king’s sickfit. But no one dared to say something.

“THAT BITCH IS NAKED YO”, suddenly said one NEET kid.

Everybody realised, and started laffin at the king. The king felt ashamed and runned away to his palace.

They didn’t know that the kid liked it better that way.

It was the year 3400AE, Elton John’s Time Ghost was for once nowhere to be seen. The Korean Generals were ready to take the next step in human history; South Korea was going to liftoff from earth in just 2 hours. It had taken years of macromanaging, hundreds of highly trained resource farmers had spent years searching for optimal strats and today all of that would culminate. Thousands more had perished in cumsplosions scouting among the geysers at the no-longer-prospective launching grounds. Project Starcraft was finally ready.

The High Inquisitor of the North Korean republic of South Korea, Wong-Cum Son turned to Elton and John and smiled. “It’s all ahead of us, my lovelies. All moments simultaneously. The outer reaches of human potential. We have broken the chains which prevented our ancestors from

spending twenty-five hours a day power-leveling, and it is all thanks to you.”

The only sound to be heard that day among the gardens was the disquieting whirr of the Power-Leveling Caste working many hard days of noble toil within the fourteen minutes it took Elton to finish John in the bushes behind the Server Repository. “Swallow!” demanded John. Elton swallowed without *cum*plaint.

“All in a day’s work,” said Elton, “and really you should be thanking John here!”

“Don’t be so humble, Elton!” exclaimed John. “Without you, I am nothing.”

“Learn to take a fucking compliment,” said Elton, “God, you are unbearable!”

“Fuck off you complete aspie, your mother should have aborted you many decades ago,” said John. “Your mother’s mother before your mother, as well.”

Wong-Cum Son chuckled nervously and left the planet with his Chosen People. The Time Ghost did likewise.

Party in the city where

the heat is
on.

All night
on the
beach til the

break of
dawn

Welcome
to Miami
(bienvenido
a Miami)

Bouncin' in
the club
where the
heat is on
All night
on the

beach til the
break of
dawn.

I'm going
to Miami,

welcome to Miami

The year was 5003AE, all known society had collapsed after paedophilia was outlawed and the only remaining clue to humankind's existence was the floating mass-grave formerly known as South Korea. That and the ethereal Time Spirit that existed throughout every point in time and space.

"Christ, where did it all go wrong?" said Elton to a particularly friendly looking rock.

"I think it was something to do with the dicks!"

"Dicks?" Elton asked. "What dicks?"

Suddenly, they were everywhere. Massive phallic creature, with veiny appendages and wrinkled, sagging balls.

"Do not fear," said the largest of the cockmen: a large, ebony throbbler. "We come in search of a love cave to make rest inside. You," he commanded, gesturing toward Elton using his right testicle, "Where can my men and I find a love cave?"

Elton was awestruck. Never had he seen a dingaling like this before; it was magnificent. It was taller than he was, and at least twice as wide. He couldn't imagine what it would feel like ramming into his anus repeatedly. He wondered if it would catch on fire from such force, leaving him with a flagulent butthole.

"I-I have a l-love cave..." he muttered morosely.

“Poppycock. I have a relatively good understanding of relativity,” replied Morosely.

“When did you get here, you magnificent flim-flammer?” enquired Elton.

“We are a culture, not a costume!” pronounced Relativity furiously, falling through the floor. “Our ideas are not yours to rape!”

At that moment and every other, Morosely began to rape Relativity. “What a time to be alive,” sighed the resigned Relativity with its dying breath.

And so, the speed of light became unhinged, twins everywhere stopped aging, a small irrelevant blue planet in an unheard-of galaxy arbitrarily became the center of the universe, and all our GPS calculations became slightly incorrect, making a certain Elton John late for his appointment with the OB/GYN he was intent to murder in cold blood every day for the rest of either of their lives or anyone else’s.

"Hmm. This segment is boring and hecka gay" mused God. "Allow us to return to the dick monsters fiasco, as that is much more entertaining. At once, let there be cocks!"

And then there were cocks.

"What is your name?" inquired the dark phallus.

"E-elton"

"I am Ooga-Booga-Sphincter-Tickler, the leader of the tribe of dickmen you see before you. You may call me Barack, mortal."

"Okay, Barack."

"As I mentioned previously, my people are in search of a love cave to establish a new existence. You see, our previous civilization has been corrupt by the Vagenoids, disgusting blights that infested our home. Please, if you know of a cave in which we may rest, may you point us in the direction."

Elton paused for a moment, mulling an idea over in his head.

"What do you think, Man Elton? Why do you—"

Before Barack could finish, Elton spun around as if he had seen ghosts and prepared to walk away, dropping his trousers and exposing the asshole to the Dickmen. His cock floundered to the ground in front of him, hitting the earth with a mighty wallop.

"Aha!" exclaimed Barack, the Dickmen following in such exclamations of joy.

Rose and Valerie were forever tormented by the memory of their idol K-500. "He was the best sub there ever was," eulogized Valerie. "A noble prolapse of a manchine. Brave, too."

While the North Korean Republic of South Korea was leaving their solar system, the cum-geist confronted the Time Ghost. "Rose," said Valerie, the Time Ghost. "What are we to do with this horrible fabric of civility which we have inherited?"

"My only suggestion is that we should leave soon," opined Rose to the Time Ghost. "We need to catch the North-South Koreans immediately, before their Power Leveling spells the end of relativity itself."

Rose heard Relativity's body hit the spatial nothing before it.

"Oh, no.."

It was too late now, objectively speaking. The Power Levelers had achieved singularity, rendering the entire fields of science and mathematics obsolete. Time Ghost Valerie took the floor, where she stuck to a murky opal substance and did not attempt to remove herself. "Relativity was not a hero, nor a martyr; s/he/it-they-we? was merely our guide. It was s/he/it-they-we?'s task to bring us to our needs, now it is for us to decide why we came in the first place."

Across the universe, Elton John released his impotent seed into a necktie and folded the slack end through the glob-

rope. “If I don’t have the time to even put on a tie in the morning,” he thought, “I may as well kill two ropes with one glooooo-ooooo-ooooooooooooooooooooob”

Elton John fell to his knees, satisfied. The Power Levelers felt pause as the *semen* landed upon the ground and the multiverse shook. Generation began; the year was 0 AE.

The semen lived in harmony with their neighbor-globs for a number of time-cycles, proving the better to famine, war, and poverty imposed by the Power Levelers, who were draining the essence of Relativity from the corpse and divesting it into fossil fuel production.

Such a shame the result was; many a history of the Blergian-Relativity Crisis, in actuality only a skirmish compared to their last engagement with each other, was subject to the archaic laws of nature, still acting upon the far reaches of Red Shift but doomed to leave the world for ever and persist only as a toxic pollutant byproduct of post-relative Power Leveler industry.

“What have you to say, Senator John, about the present state of threat to our ecosystem?”

Elton John thought only of how crushing the loss of Relativity was to his spirit. The polarity of his sexual energies had completely lost bearing, leaving the once-great Champion of Subs to wander aimlessly among his compulsions, ejaculating something or nothing at all in what was later declared by the Blergian Jurists to be the greatest sex crime in the history of history itself. This claim was without serious basis, Elton knew, but he would never be able to prove it in a court of law, and in but three seconds’ time he would be served a subpoena to appear once more before the Consulate who had millenia before subjugated the mythical K-500 to a fatal Starcraft Marathon.

In fair sportsmanship, he learned the instinct to *give the devil its due*. K-500 fought ceaselessly and with resolve for his *non-nonexistence*. The Power Levelers were a selectively bred eugenic mess of sheer boredom, he knew. A bored and superfluous race of happy laborers hardly seeming to align with any previous social teachings. They worked through day and night -- *literally* through them -- to sustain an already-perfected slave state, and K-500 proved little match in the Cosmic Drama that ultimately was.

"In all things, balance," the Oracle groaned. "Oneness and ... internal peace and ... prepositional nouns for everyone ..."

The year was AE 5010, a time only notable as the recorded time of death on Wisdom's gravestone. Having again been engendered with locomotive capabilities, the corpse rose. "I met Wisdom head-on in the *after*, and here is his severed penis to tell the tale for itself."

He placed Wisdom's dismembered member upon the podium. The Prime Minister shed a single tear, burning the skin clear from his face. He fell onto the body, but the body had gone. "You will be missed, Prime Minister," spoke the pene. The deceased memory of the Prime Minister having now conceded the floor, Elton John emerged and pried the attention of the congregation away from Wisdom's Penis.

"But what of the Dickmen living in my love cave!?" Elton cried.

"Do you think that there is any *BALANCE* there? With the number of phallic men living deep inside my ass? If ever we needed Relativity, it is now! One thing and then another; *always* one thing and then another!"

The Time Ghost continued to slip marbles into Elton's posterior cavity, which had swollen to three times its size. Wisdom's Penis suddenly leapt from the podium, perching

upon the contused rectum he saw fit to embody as a Host. Elton could not restrain his smile.

The Penis again was; it had found its love-cave to erode from inside Relativity once and forevermore. The memory of Wisdom was masturbated for to the great festivity of naturalized and immigrant Dickmen the universe over.

“What an odd fetish,” the friendly rock wondered from somewhere in the universe as the binary star of the Time Spirit and Relativity surrendered to th, Inevitable Prolapse. **tl;dr**

“Erm, you don’t get to bring F.r.i.e.n.d.s.”

2.1.0a: ayy lmao, or On the Government, Illuminati, and Aliens

(I RECOGNISE THAT MEME! <- it's a mém you dip)

For decades people have been wondering about what exactly it is that ayylmaos are doing on our planet. The Truth is that they are memes,. The Illuminati, and its sub-branch Shilluminati (exposed to the public in The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra) have fabricated this meme for the sole purpose of confusing and bamboozling WASP people. That is White Anglo-Saxon Protestant, not Wasp People. For more info on Wasp People visit infowars.com. The truth is, the Juice is everywhere. Look at your banknotes. See the triangles and the eyes? All of those are the work of Juice. It means that the Illuminati is watching you. They know exactly what dank menes you enjoy and want to enjoy in the future. Wake up sheeple. Area 51 was constructed by Obama's grandfather, who is in fact Haitian. When the Surrendering Cheese Monkeys (the French) were fighting in Haiti, the native n-word people made a deal with Satan using their voodoo stuff. They said "if you help us win against the French, we will serve you 5ever". And Satan said: "OK, I am sending my men right now". The Haitians won against Napoleon despite being poor mud people. If one carefully reads the diary of

Cpt. Bernard Mensonge, one will see that the French soldiers have encountered ayy Imaos. This was why they lost. Obama's grandfather was a voodoo priest, and from that day on worked against the USA on behalf of ayy Imaos/Satan. He built Area 51 as a safe heaven for ayy Imaos and government traitors. The latter were actually the Illuminati. All of them were Juice.

It was at that moment that the play began again, and the curtains swept in like an unexpected blizzard in the night air among the stars

SCENE 1:

(He is weeping at his apartment flat, now that 'Jonee' has fallen off of his flat)

Him: I should get a bite to eat

(He leaves his apartment flat, but forgets to lock the door. He stops at the local Seven Eleven)

SCENE 2:

(He is in a local Seven Eleven, at the counter. He is adjusting his belt and thinking about how much he hates himself for letting Jonee die like that. The thoughts pierce his heart like an arrow cutting through a vase of water and flower, killing both life and the essence of life)

Him: Hello

Shopkeeper: What can I do for you today?

Him: Nothing much. I'm just looking

(He walks through the isles. The lights above him are flickering like the horses of Apollon, and flies buzz about as though his soul had murdered the cattle of the Sun Titan, Cronus. He picks up a packet of sour gummy worms as well as a pack of portable LSD (legal under the rule of Zizek. Nervously, he walks up to the shopkeeper,, feeling nervous about something he couldn't quite wrap his tongue about)

Him: This is all

Shopkeeper: Hm, that portable LSD sure is great! Voting for Zizek is the best decision I could have made

Him: (mumbles something)

Shopkeeper: Is that all?

Him: I've already said

Shopkeeper: No need to get testy, little guy!!!
(laugh track)

Shopkeeper: You look talk and walk as though you've *killed someone*

Him: *Goodbye*

(he leaves without paying. The shopkeeper notices, and calls the police. They soon arrive, and he is cornered by police in all directions)

Police: You're not getting out of here alive!

Him: That's what you thought!

(he runs under the police officers' legs and back to his apartment flat)

(audience applauds)

SCENE 3:

(he makes it back into his apartment flat (room 23[new york city]) room and notices that it has been robbed. The room is empty)

Him: damn it

(in his rage, he opens the pack of portable LSD and snorts half of it. He decides to leave half of it for later, just as the Greek God Cronus did with his children and with similar guile)

Him: Wow!

(he begins to feel it immediately. But soon into his trip, he realizes that it isn't LSD. Instead, it's making him want to become a part of society and conform to an ideal useful for his country!)

Him: Crap, that was close. It's a good thing I didn't snort all of it! (He gathers his stuff and dumps the LSD out of the window. He hears helicopters in the sky. He decides to run back to the store and tell the counter man the truth about LSD and Zizek)

SCENE 4:

(But right when he leaves, he feels an overwhelming need to pick up trash and to help the disabled and to value equality. He has a monologue by himself as he stumbles through the streets)

Him: Reality! What beast thou art

Always wringing the poor out to dry and

Donning the rich with rich laurel wreaths to match their status and

Selling fake acid to citizens

Society! What beast thou art

Doing the same as reality

Only

Wo

rse.

(he passes out from his LSD underdose and is taken to jail)

The world is a well oiled machine that exists only for **memes, composed of a series of tensions, the tension between life and death, existence and non-existence, love and hate. It is only with this eternal tension that **meme**s may be made**

CHAPTER OVER [redacted] 3

-A Novel by Liza Minelli

**{ BEGIN
TRANSSSCRIPT }**

**LIZARDMAN COUNCIL
IS NOW IN
SSSESSSSSION**

**Presssiding, The
Wizardssss of 4chan.
TODAYSSSS
SSSSUBJECT:
CONTROLLING THE
MASSSESSSS**

**Permisssion to
sssspeak?**

**PERMISSSSSSSSSION
GRANTED SSSSSOLDIER**

**I believe that I know a
way to control the
denizenssss of Earth and
E-rth, a way that will
allow ussss to control**

both Anon and the universsssse itself!

WHAT DO YOU
SSSSUGESST?

It'ssss really quite
ssssimple my friend. He
who controlssss the
memessss controlssss the
multiverssssse.

{END TRANSCRIPT}

>mfw people on this board actually think Marxism is a
feasible, sustainable **meme** form of economics
[>>>/gulag/](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gulag/)

Why doesn't my mother understand the neo 80's aesthetic? She didn't even watch Drive all the way through. Fucking pleb. Nobody can act as good as Ryan Gosling.

The definition of insanity is writing postmodern novels over and over again and expecting a different result. But hey, at least it's better than Inherent Vice.

#rekt

C'est toujours la meme chose.

Dear Thomas Pynchon,

I saw something downtown today which made me think of you

A bus of yellow speeding past full of smiles², shirts of blue

I remarked to my dear wife "Well that's certainly new"

"I think I'll write a letter to Thomas Pynchon doo de doo"

2. Thomas Pynchon does not rape chitlins.

-Anon

Dear, Anonm

Thank you for the lovely note, every word rang true

It's not often someone writes so well doot de de doo

I urge you to buy my new book Bleeding_{meme}Edge

-Thomas Pynchon

Ps: Fuck my teeth.

/LIT/,

you sneaky harlot

It's been brought to my attention you've been using name to promote your second [redacted] book. The police have been contacted and they assured me that this new piece of [redacted] will never see the light of day.

Your's memely, Thomas Pynchon, ps: Fuck my teeth.

[All characters in this book are products of fiction, any similarities to real-life individuals is purely coincidental]

A /lit/erary critique of John Steinbeck's *Schoolhouse Rock*.

Okay but why do they have to end with that random dude suckin' Rose of Sharon's tit in the barn?⁵ Like, I get it, that's the only thing in the book that happens that isn't totally futile or whatever, sure, whatever, but like how are you going to end the fucking Grapes of Wrath with some bullshit like that? Yeah yeah, mother's milk, symbolism, I get it, but it's just fucking gross. It's a bad mental picture, it doesn't do anything proper for all of those poor Okies at the heart of the story. It's just some gross motherfucker sucking some dirty miscarriage breastmilk. Is that not degeneracy above sustenance? Sure, it is the milk of life and these folks have had such a hard time out on the road and what the fuck ever, but it's dusty-ass breastmilk from a failed pregnancy. That's hardly symbolic when at face-level it's just so disgusting. Why wouldn't they run into some big plantation with shotguns, put holes in the

motherfuckers running the general stores for the corporations, get at the corporations themselves, shit I dunno. There's an action movie alternate ending in there somewhere, I'm absolutely convinced. There's no reason for Tom Joad not to come out fuckin' shooting, I mean especially after that shit where he bashed that cunt in with a bat. Or maybe that cunt bashed Joad in with a bat. I don't know, but the point is Tom Joad was the token for a group of people and so his death is at best meaningless to the rest of them. It's preposterous that he wouldn't have trained some protege to assault the capitalists on his behalf. It's borderline retarded that he didn't make that contingency plan. He was just going to run from the law forever and maybe die a noble death? Why? What does that even -- it's stupid. It's so silly that he wouldn't want to take as many capitalists with him as he could, and this isn't even an anarchist insight. It's preposterous to live within only your own means as you combat the oppressor, even if you are trying to maintain some sort of ethical higher ground, but there's no reason Tom Joad shouldn't have come out shooting. He should be a mass murderer, not a dead dust-farmer. This is my main contention with John Steinbeck's great book: his bitch protagonist. Joad was a man of his ideals, and we seem to sympathize with idealism in the modern world, but what a fucking pussy that man was. I'd give the book an A-. Like, a 91 at best. Weak shit at the end there, Steinbeck.

PURE IDEOLOGY

Kubrick faked the Moon landing

9/!!! WAS AN
INSIDE JOB
SHAKESPEARE
FAKED THE /mu/
LANDING

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BDoqCLCKqRs> (good porn vid)

>good porn

>on youtube

SCENE 4: Season
7:

The Pussy Fuckers.

(Jonee, meanwhile,
who survived her
fall and is laying on
the sidewalk, gets up

to go to the hospital
)

Jonee: All I wanted was to find out how that citizen woke up from the government's mind control system in the portable LSD!

(She reaches the hospital)

SCENE 5: Season
23:

**Fuck i don't
wanna finish this
play.**

(Jonee is in the hospital, but she sonon realizes that the hospital is actually the jailhouse and that the two huildings

are in reality the same)

Jonee: It's you!

(Jonee locks eyes with him, who is being contained by police officers as he is dragged into a cell)

Him: I thought you had a giant pusssy passed on to the

sweet embrace of
death

Jonee: No, I am
alive just as you are

Him: But how can
a citizen be alive if
he is being
contained by the
very drugs that he
was told would free
him?

(Jonee realizes how futile it is to contain the spirit of the individual and begins to despair all over herself)

Jonee: I would like it if you'd find a way to free yourself and the rest of the metaphorical ants climbing this

allegorical ant hill,
and then fuck her
right in the pussy.

Him: But it is
Zizek! who is
fucking society right
in her pussy!

Without consent

(Jonee embraces
him. The police
standby, knowing

the plan agent Jonee has.)

Jonee: Aha!

(Jonee slaps him across the face and shoots both of his legs off with a gun)

Jonee: Now if this one has found out the secret of the LSD, more are to soon! We must

dump it all in the water supply before it is too late!

(He is taken to a cell for the disabled and Jonee takes a vat of portable LSD to the town water supply)

About The Author



T.E. Anonymous lives [citation needed] alone in his parents basement in The Woodlands, Texas [citation needed], an affluent suburb of Houston. He has never even kissed a girl [citation not needed], and likely will never have a GF [Hurts]. Previous works include:

memes, Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra, Anal Rape (and How it Can be fun), and Beowulf don't forget the Epic of Gilgamesh.

But he was an independent and strong NEET, who needed his parent.

SCENE 3:

He's dad finally gets a trap to sleep with. They first started dating and talking how Richard Dawkin need a Nobel price, when the girl thows at him and starts kissing him.

When they finally slept together, OP's dad realized it was a girl not a trap.

SCENE 4

He's dad didn't wore a condom. Nobody laughed.

SCENE 5:

(Jonee is near the town's water supply. It's water slurshes around like fish in water, and slops like mud piles in a glob) Jonee: Oh I could end it all, poison many minds into one mind with just this portable LSD

Give up, you don't
belong here. Drag
your friendly face
through the
stained glass
and make an
imprint.

muhmuuhmumhuu
mhumhmumu.

CHAPTER 3:An Anthropological Approach To Analysis of The Miami Tundra

THIS CHAPTER IS A SINGLE CONTINUOUS SEGMENT ABOUT THE LEGACY OF TOTALITARIANISM IN THE TUNDRA IN MIAMI. PLEASE DO NOT WRITE INDIVIDUAL SECTIONS LIKE IN THE PREVIOUS CHAPTERS. PLEASE DO NOT ADD ANYTHING THAT DOESN'T FOLLOW ON FROM WHATEVER CAME BEFORE IT. IF YOU DONT WANT TO CONTRIBUTE TO THIS CHAPTER THEN GO TO [CHAPTER 4 \(CLICK\)](#)

SCENE 5:

(Jonee is near the town's water supply. It's water slurshes around like fish in water, and slops like mud piles in a glob)

Jonee: In a single moment I could end this city, transform many minds into one, and destroy the invidudal

(Jonee dumps the LSD into the water supply. She begins to sob immediately afterwards, rememb ering she has also just been raped by her dog, and dives straight into the water supply to remove herself from the pain)

SCENE 6:

(the police are using chinese water torture on him)

Him: Get off of me!

(right as the Jonee dumped the LSD into the vat, however, he begins to be pelted

by LSD water. He begins to conform to
society)

Him: No!

(But just as he begins to conform to
society, chunks of Jonee's soul begin to
also hit him, making him feel as though he
were an individual and get the strength of
a man and woman combined. He breaks
through his bondage and beats up the
cops.)

SCENE 7:

Everybody is one mind now in the city
thanks to the portable LSD. But because
Jonee jumped into the vat, everybody is
also super strong and a combo of the woman
and the man. Whether this is a good thing
or not is up to you!

END

Or is it?

Remember the Quagga,
remember the love.

“What a wonderful play, Mein Fuhrer!” shouted the SS
General, well aware that he would be sent to the Gulags⁶ if he
criticized it. He had read about the Gulags, however, in the
works of Solzhenitsyn, and he was not afraid of them.
Instead, the mere thought of the hard labor and the broken
men among many others he imagined only turned him on, and
he wondered whether or not it would be a win-win situation to
write the best subversive material he was capable of *and* enjoy
being a sub in the Gulags. It was the most simple thing in the
world, he thought, however he simply didn't have the heart to
trash Hitler's beautiful yet utterly genius work of proto-
modern art. It would prove to be the foremost influence upon

⁶An oft glossed over but important part of Miami's history

the American artist Andy Warhol. Even though Adolf didn't liked modern art because it didn't represented the braveness, and spirit, of the Aryan people.

“This is faggot’s art”, he is known to have said “it needs more Aryan memes, like eagles for example.”

So he painted an eagle, a beautiful eagle, that years later was going to become the symbol of National Socialism.

The General walked Hitler to his place at the head of the dinner table, hoping for another one of the dictator’s famous dinnertime rants. Only two weeks ago he had been witness to a lovely piece about the troubles budding emperors face in the Tundra. Hitler picked up his napkin and wiped the corners of his mouth (although he hadn’t actually begun his meal). He then began to speak:

That was awful, the reader thought as he read that edgy ass shit about Hitler that seemed closer to a bad-writer-pretending-to-be-good than the other way around. ‘Wow that was really a piece of shit’ everybody who bought this book thought as they read that prose. Really bad, actually. Worse than anything that hack Joyce ever did, somehow. And they made it Hitler because it was ironically edgy, I suppose? When will there be a bit of writing that isn’t loaded with memes and shitty prose? Never on /lit/, it seems.

/lit/ IS WHITE, he screamed.

The mention of hitler alone is enough to throw that piece of trash in the can of trash. Did you see that meme? Did you feel it? It’s the meme where Pen & Teller throw terrible ideas into a trash bin. Did you

hear that one? Did you feel that one? It's the one where you say the full name of an act instead of just one person and say that they did something, but still act like it was one person. For example, people will often say stuff like 'Nirvana is such a good singer!'- ironically of course. I just did the same thing except with the comedy duo Pen & Teller. And right now I'm doing the meme where one is very formal about something, saying stuff like 'comedy duo'. And at this very moment I'm doing the meme where you point out memes. Everything is a meme (that statement itself is a meme), but authors could at least attempt to distance themselves from them. Or at least distance themselves from the ones that are really bad (like Hitler or writing bad prose).

Whereupon some really awful things happened, and some less-awful things did not. It was a curious springtime, as it had not snowed that winter. March the first, said the tertiary dial on Hitler's watch, but as there had been no snow, Hitler felt that winter had been a mere pastiche of dead trees and disappointing ghosts of flowers, and he had spent much of the time dreaming of warmer climes in Argentina and Chile, for whom August means winter chill and January means summer carelessness. Hitler dreamed of all those spring breaks at the Mediterranean as a youth, all of the young cocktail-waitresses-to-be he had bedded in his time on holiday, but it all meant nothing to him as he stood there in his studio apartment as a young lad wondering which brushstroke would be appropriate in that moment. It was a fantasy to him as a young artist the notion that selective reasoning could be applied to art and that he possessed the faculty of selective choice requisite of all

great artists. If he laid the wrong stroke upon the canvas, the whole thing would be ruined, subjugated to the lesser timeline which Hitler wished so badly he wouldn't have to wander through, like Dante in hell without his guide Aeneas. Can you imagine it, thought Hitler, Dante without Aeneas? It was as if Beatrice hasn't existed and that Aeneas was Dante's wife; Pilgrim or Poet.

Now this shit is even worse than the other prose. What a steaming pile of dogshit this is, even more laden with memes than last time. Not only do we have even worse prose, we have the typical intro where you reduce things to very simply worded sentences to open the paragraph ('some really awful things happened, some less-awful things did not'- what a shitty way to start). Skimming through the above paragraph, we also have the meme where we attempt to make a figure commonly associated with evil look relatable, even friendly.

>doesnt like memes

Oh here we go, the greentexting meme. A classic one. Another meme is calling things a classic, as well as pointing out every single meme you see. We're all memers, but some memers are better than others. I'm obviously a better memer, because my memes are better than yours.

So anyway, something about Dante lost in the expanse of Hell without his dear guide Aeneas, lost amongst the damned sinners and forever doomed to wander only deeper towards

Lucifer without any guidance or any roadmap of Hell. He could only wander and continue wandering, never endowed with the gift of reflection or its friend foresight, always doomed to wander into deeper and more horrifying plains of sin. It was an awful time, but Hitler was an art student, and he had experienced worse trips. He merely crawled up from the futon and grabbed a leftover 40, thinking to himself how the best of all possible worlds still had a large minority of bitch-niggas who truly needed this tundra's form of totalitarianism. It was nothing to him, Hitler, the grand fuhrer who would surely dictate the proceedings in the following century in one way or another, but he still applied his unending concern upon the issues of the time, and found himself flying from one disaster-stricken state to another subjugate state he had just marched troops across, and felt no compassion towards any of the residents of these parts. After all, he was just a traveler upon the vast plain of being, and no matter how large the empire grew, he knew that his endless numbered days would conclude eventually and that he had best take something of a romantic approach to the situation at hand. Nonetheless, most of his energies were required on the eastern european front, and although the Poles required subjugation, he wished his time could be spent enjoying his leisure-time upon the veranda in the newly-conquered new world.

By this point, Hitler not only controlled the United States but the new world as a whole from Alaska to Patagonia, the entirety of the new world belonged to Hitler, and he felt that it was only a shame that there weren't further lands to conquer. The Antarctic could be easily annexed from the southern coasts of Chile or Argentina, he thought, but he knew that the scientific properties of Antarctica wouldn't serve him any greater purpose once he had taken them than his chance to go down to those frozen regions with his gang of heavies and lay his pene upon their asses, Antarctica having no bystanding defensive powers. He could simply stroll down, by ship or by

air or however he wanted and rape every scientist down on the miserable continent. It was a longstanding fantasy of his, since he was a bullied child in the miserable German 19th century wondering wishing so terrible that My Chemical Romance had been invented in his time of living, and that there would be some proper way for him to emote that wouldn't involve the failed attempts to conquer Eastern Europe. Nonetheless, he continued forward through time, and the world had broken him so that by the time Operation Barbarossa had been mounted, it was merely defeatism for Hitler and he had only hoped it would be the end of everything; for him and for everyone else, the end of everything.

Whenever the meaninglessness of it all began to bear down on Hitler he would call up five of his most trusted SS Generals and have them escort him to the desolate, lifeless Miami tundra. Here he would sit in his log cabin and reflect on what had become of his life. Back in the day it really felt like he was accomplishing something, The Munich Putsch was surrounded by this sense of accomplishment and beauty which for the past two years had been sorely lacking. He still had a plan, he still had goals, but it was just no fun without the conquering. Hitler knew there were still some small islands for him to conquer, but what was the fucking point? If he conquered them now, he'd be depressed later; and besides, they had no resources or armies, he doubted that it would feel the same way. Hitler stepped out of his cabin, laid on his back and began to make a snow angel, much like the snow angels he had made as a boy in Austria. Tears froze to his pale, cold face as he fondly remembered the invasion of France, the annexation of the Sudetenland and as he mourned the loss of those moments to the unrelenting passage of time.

The SS General at the dinner table with Hitler had witnessed this, as well as other similar incidents, and begun to fear that Hitler would not be able to lead for much longer.

When Hitler's rant began though, all those niggling fears were put to rest:

Tundra is perhaps the hardest biome in which to enact a totalitarian regime. For evidence of this, you need only look back to the legacy left by Emperor #%%⁷ of the Slavic Tundra, i.e. no notable legacy whatsoever. The Legacy of Totalitarianism In a Tundra In Miami⁸, however, is one of the least notable legacies (un)known to (most of) man. As a matter of fact, Emperor Neon IV of Hawaii summed it up with one sentence; Totalitarianism is really fucking hard to pull off in a state where people care more about their faux-Hawaiian shirts than they do about their government.

Of course there is much more to be said about Neon IV, for example the fact that there is absolutely no record of a Neon I, II or III. Historians who have studied Emperor Neon IV (of which there are only three⁹) have stated that he exhibited signs of a severe mental handicap throughout his life and reign and have called in to question whether or not he can truly be called an Emperor, as there is no evidence of him ever exerting any control over anyone in Miami.

Hitler is alright, I guess.
he has his moments

then all those moments lost in time

⁷ A common mispronunciation of Emperor Dickbutt's name.

⁸ SICK TITLE DROP

⁹ Professor Richard Head, Professor Anhass Ramner, Professor Brandi Moorehead

like

t r a i n s
r e e k
o f
e n v y
a n d
t o u s a
s i f
s h i n
i n g
i s i t
n o r m a l
t o
h a t e e n i
e t e r n i
t y?
r i g h t
n o w
a s h e s a
r e
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l
s h e l l s
i n s i d e
n o u n l e s s
s h e l t e r s

“Many years later when Colonel Aureliano Buendia faced the firing squad, he remembered that in a hole in the ground there lived a Hobbit; who insisted to all

upon asking his name: "Call me Ishmael."
In deed it was the best of times, it was
the worst of times, for a screaming comes
across the sky. Potentially since Maman
died today. Or yesterday maybe. Or maybe
it was just Benji screaming again when the
golfer said: "here caddie.".... FUCK
pastiche is HARD okay?!?" Victor Hugo
whined. He crawled deeper into the [house](#)
of his obsession. As a college freshman
he was unfortunate enough to be
exclusively into lesbians and/or girls
that we're at least seniors. On his
current obsession he penned in shit on his
dorm wall:

No, no! Go from me. I have left her
lately.

I will not spoil my cock with lesser
tightness,

For my stale cum hath a new
lightness;

Shallow her cunt, yet it has bound me
straitly

And left me cloaked as with a gauze
of aether;

As with dick cheese; as with raucous
discharge.

Oh, I've caught the clap in her
nearness

To cover me half in half the shit
that covers her.

No, no! Go from me. I have still the
flavour,

foul as a grim wind from Pynchon's
decrepit bowels.

Green come the shits, ayeher fingers
like feelers,

As cock's stance with her sleight
hand she staunches,

Hath of the trees a likeness of the
savour:

As white their bark, so white this
lady's hours.

"THAT'S MY FUCKING POEM YOU JEW."

Bellowed Lizra Pound foaming at the
fag-stasche.

"Parody is hard ok?"

Victor Hugo whined.

MOONTURN:

1. **Miami night. Not like any other nights; it's like a bag of flies without names sporting purple corduroy coats and hoping to get their fly-dicks wet when they hit the club. In this case, however, the flies are humans, and their purple corduroy coats are pink corduroy coats.**
2. **Twice the Signs in a mathematical operation: Never before seen question marks. (?)**
3. **"Don't make me bat you upside the head, Roger," screamed Kaley the Screamer as she made a 90 degree goalpost turn around the fiery streets of the Red Light District. He (God) was watching closely, but knew not what to say about it.**
4. **The more it dries, the wetter it gets (the answer is a towel).**

CHAPTER 4:

“He wartch her in the naked. While she gathered the eggs from the eggplants” - Diogenes

(implying you will comprehend it)

4.1: A Soft Winter’s Day or, Good God ma.

Doctor Friedrich Waller strolled along the side of the frozen carnal. That warm January light flickered off the concrete walls to his left, and made Kolsti squint his already poor eyes. Snow swirled around in front of Kolsti, occasionally landing on the lenses of his glasses like little white ladybirds in the last moments of their life. A cat barked somewhere in the distance. It’s strange, those memories whose only purpose it is to be forgotten on a later date. He pulled a brown paper parcel out of his trench coat, Kolsti couldn’t wait to get home to open it.

It was, of course, the lulu edition of the newest book in the series: *Legacy of Totalitarianism in the Tundra*. Its bright pink cover attracted the attention of the skaters beside Kolsti, who tripped over one another staring at the old doctor. Embarrassed, Kolsti shoved the hot pink meme-book back into his overcoat and kept walking.

His wife had died precisely one year before, the same strain of throat cancer Kolsti had now. He had become resolved in his intent to do nothing but shitpost and read until the cancer caught up with Kolsti. “Fool,” Kolsti croaked to Kolstiself, “Thou still hast hands to turn the pages.”

Meanwhile, Doctor Waller’s animal friends in the forest were brewing a rebellion. A chipmunk squeaked a rallying call from behind a mouth full of cock-like nuts. A rabbit called for

more grain. It was anarchy. If Waller didn't show up soon it could mean the end of petting zoos as we know them.

A Critique of The Legacy of Totalitarianism In a Tundra. Part 1.

**Doctor Gustav
"Philosinator" Mueller,
Well-known literary expert
and child psychologist sits
with his fingers laced in a
curious chair that is missing
legs and doesn't want to be
treated any differently from
a normal chair, ableist scum.
"The book is shit", He says**

with the half glazed eyes of a recovering porn addict. “The author made a point of shitting on the reader’s Sense and Sensibility (Yes, i’ve read that) and makes a mockery of literature as an artform. Though I will admit that at times while reading I had a major hardon, just like when I read Lolita” At this point the good doctor farts into his glass of wine and sniffs deeply from it. “The best place for the book is in the trash”,

Knowing Kolstiself important, the magic turtle started writing on top of a moose on an Icelandic knitting board. “Just like the world is on top of turtles backs, the turtle was on top

of the moose”. But no matter how much Kolsti tried, Kolsti couldn’t write no good. The turtle only knew spanish. Even with this setback on his masterplan, ¿How was Kolsti going to make everybody read his sick writings, when literally no one speaks spanish?, not wanting to spend more time thinking about this conundrum than about his waifu, Kolsti did what all genius of ... stuff, did, Kolsti started.

This is the history of how *Mi Lucha* was born. This important writing drag the attention of the of an special fellow, seeking vengeance, driven by his anger, Kolsti wanted to conquer Rome, but the one from the 200 b.C. But Kolsti didn't had a time machine, so Kolsti called his buddy from the Conquer of the Internationals Army.

“I’m the CIA” the CIA guy said.

“WHO R U” said Bane.

“I’m the CIA” the CIA guy said, “I already told you”.

“ y u do dis” the turtle answered.

“ I NEED TO CRASH THIS PLANE”, Bane said. But Kolsti didn't had a plane. The turtle used his connections and got one from the Langwaffen.

“y u do dis” said Bane.

“4 U” said the turtle.

“The turtle represent the proletariat; the moose, time. Why don’t people ask themselves how the turtle got on top of the moose? This is the key to ideology” Memezek said.

“I can't even”, Kolsti wrote, for free of course.

“How do you suck foots in?”

“Write my fat hairy [redacted]enis,” replied Stephen James Finnegans Buck Joyce.

“wut’d eye tell ya bout dem wrds u’s usin?”

“Books are for fags, Pa!”

“Corncobby tales,” Said James.

>Is writing books an instrument? =(

Everything above this line totally isn't dumb.
why do we need to talk about hitler¹⁰

¹⁰ Zion, in Hebrew, refers to 'Israel', the Mecca for shekels and fucktards and people who like bombing dark-skinned others and then posting that shit on Facebook for THEM LIKES (MUH LIKES!)⁴

Chapter 38

brealytho chapter 3:

Hi, I'm David Foster Wallace, and this is Jackass! -

September 12th, 2008.

This is so dank.¹¹

we accept the Meme we think we deserve - Babe Ruth -

September 11th, 2001

Guys I'm about to go read myself, what should I do to stop? :(

There once was; the end

Chapter 4: Vengeance – Return of the Delusional – This is Real – What Dakota Didn't Know – Miami Vicious – Auld Lang Syne

We have reached the maximum propensity for the last stand. Hugh, give me a booze. I can't see you at night. Sorry, Lena, but my cab driver is telling me that we're already on the road and that we can't pull over.

Fuck you, dear. I'm sorry. I'm going to fuck you.

When she bent over, Dakota could feel something stirring inside her. It was Wisconsin, slated from the future to return her to her grace, to balance her again atop the pillar of obscenities.

“You have no idea.”

¹¹ Dank things are ebin and memes referring to the original usage of dank in the 15th century by Sir William Shakspeare in his most famous play *Christopher Marlowe Wrote My Stuff*.

⁴ Since Israel was against dark-skinned tonned people, they were literally nazis. To this day, scholars suffer with this conundrum.

“I am always here.”

“I understand,” she said, tears moistening the neckline of her sundress. Sundried tomatoes and the totalitarian paltry of a southern belle resurged into her bowels. It was happening again. “I understand,” she repeated vainly. “It all makes sense now.”

“I’m going to need you to inhale this.” The man, Missouri, presented her with a box of unused pigeons. She rubbed them against her face. Their feathers were rich with tuberculosis and rife with AIDS. “It’s imperative to your survival. We’ve found the cure.”

“Sheathe thine horrid pulsing weapon, Juan,” California barked. “Unhand me from thy wrestling grasp and release me of bondage. This servitude of pleasure is but one token of lust thou has wrought upon me. I indulge no further!”

Dakota blushed. She felt something stir again, this time in a deluge, that time in a weeping, once more in a dreadful cry of remorse. New Mexico flung Kolstiself upon her and ravaged her greatly, horribly. It happened again. His zipper released a noxious odor that flooded into her nostrils and cut into her mind as the excrement and gaseous exaltations to Jupiter, her uncle, the man who had had his way with her when she was but a young territory. She cursed the Frenchmen and the Indians. She cursed her birthright. She came again and again and again. Her boundaries fluctuated and she vomited up many liters and gallons worth of the colorful spunk that had been her adventure into the club to begin with.

“This was not the Miami I had dreamed of,” Juan whispered in her ear.

She believed Kolsti.

Si je suis, pourquoi tu
n'êtes? je suis
houellebecq;
mais je ne suis pas
une houellebecq femme
je ne suis pas une
houellebecq femme

'Should that be "femme d'houellebecq"?'
wondered the Reader¹², out loud. 'Or would
that ruin the pun? And, more importantly,
what
is
this
bullshit
?
,

At a bar in Brooklyn: "Running drug
squadron in Baltimore's september for the
Miami police is nothing to me but a
glamour job. I fuck up hookers feces, take
their drugs and drug related hints, and

¹² Reader refers to the author's imaginary fanbase

then follow their hints. Heroin goes by the name of 'Molly' here. The fucking savages." He flashed his gun. "See this hot piece? It's my god damn fuckbuddy. Love this son of a bitch." He takes a drink. A Salty dog. "And I love shooting it." Giving a chuckle with dreaming eyes, *not even indicating the identity of it other than by his pronunciation of 'it' as id.*

And what an irony¹³. We met at Brooklyn's most notoriously homosexual hooker joint, Kolsti looking for cash, hooking. Back home, beating hookers and stealing their drugs. That's what his smile was about probably when I was rumbling his bum¹⁴ for dirty fivers. But that was a long lifetime ago. Miami¹⁵ was dead a long lifetime ago, some decades since. No more drug squadron in Baltimore's september for the Miami police, they've all partied out so long, long ago. Now, deep under the watery corpse of the country formerly known as the north pole, is the drug squadron in Baltimore's september for the Miami police. They've been sunk for so long.

The slithering and slythering crocodiles that make up Tallahassee go unmentioned in the annals of African history, but had they possessed a copy of The Possessed when they were

¹³ Irony does not actually exist, it was invented by the Jews to put a new spin on the Holocaust.

¹⁴ Bum is a popular word for the ass, mostly used as homosexual slang. When someone says bum, you know they want some.

¹⁵ Miami is a popular Jewish Mecca, and it's denizens are the starters of the "Gas the Kikes" movement

possessed by a Lousiananan possessor, their possessions could have been turned into a possessive force on earth. Baltimore's september could have been pulled up out of the water with possessed force of The Possessed's possessed possessive positions.

In fact, a long time ago Earth wasn't inhabited by man but by creatures very unlike mankind. Tall walking lizards that roared and called themselves street sharks. It was these dinosaur-like street sharks that set into motion a millions-of-year-long plan to destroy their descendants, mankind, were we to ever grow so **JAWESOME** enough to start having butt implants.

One day, millions and millions and millions (1 000 000^{1 000 000}) of years ago, a secret street-shark meeting was convened. Only the most powerful and Jewish of the street-sharks¹⁶ were admitted and while they were known for keeping the most meticulous minutes, only these few scattered documents have survived until this modern day, written as they were on the bark of really strong trees.

"What up niggas?"

"All hail the dankest!"

"Now convenes the council of [redacted], in the third year of my sickest rule. Bailiff?"

¹⁶ Jewish and street-shark play off each other here, because of the well known fact that Jews are in fact Reptilians. Fact.

Bailiff says: "When you hear your name called give a shout or something so I can mark you present."

He goes on to take attendance

"Now the first matter of ~~business~~" ← the vice overseer street-shark "We, the Jews, need to stop being so soft-spoken¹⁷."

This part of the document is too tattered to transcribe.

But **WE** gave it a shot of cum.

And that's love.

Chief Science Officer: "...And that's why we need to start the ACTUALLY first world war to convert all the dinosaurs and other organic matter into petrocumical fuels."

"Word fake butt implants are fucking ratchet as hell."

"But sir, Cumiclals are too dangerous!"

"We'll be dead anyway moron fucking idiot try and keep up,"

"I've been discovered."

"GAS THE KIKES""

The intruder tries limping to the door after disrobing

¹⁷ The author has nothing but love and appreciation for the Jewish people.

The bailifffff shoots his dick tip,
three taps nigga, BLAT BLAT BLAT nigga
that's how we ROLL nigga

Wait, the blacks and the Jews are
together?

the translation isn't exact

And so this most secret council of
street-sharks had decided the fate of
planet earth, forever.

[END TRANSCRIPTION]

But Suddenly, Back on Earth:

A man in a house. A basement. For the
first time this young man is going to get
his peepee wet. Or was. His internet
messaging was not going as planned, when
suddenly a pre-recorded message from our
loving **[redacted]** overlords interrupted his
Chaturbate broadcast. Hitler is alright, I
guess, He thought as Kolsti tightened his
angry grip on his raging erection. Even
the turgidity in his hand could not save
Kolsti from the great Happening and the
big twist ending that was next to come.

No Discernible Talent: A Retrospective Enquiry Towards the Understanding of Pursed Lips

祇園精舎の鐘の聲、諸行無常の響あり。
娑羅雙樹の花の色、盛者必衰のことわりをあらはす。
おごれる人も久しからず、唯春の夜の夢のごとし。
たけき者も遂にほろびぬ、偏に風の前の塵に同じ。
- Yoshiyuki Tomino

A child once asked me: "Why must you look so angry? I have seen images of the Buddha as a fat man, and I have heard Sam Harris speak that if I meet the Buddha, I must kill him. But though you are fat and I have met you, your countenance has none of the bearing of someone as at ease as Buddha. Fuck you, faggot." I had no advice to give Kolsti, no STEM background to lend me a store of practical sage wisdom. I could only sit there, dumbfounded, with the same eternally constipated look painted on my immense face. I was but a bump on the road to absolute knowledge and scientific advancement to him, but this encounter provoked in me great unrest; is literature worth studying? Does religion actively retard all measurable progress? Is everything I can't masturbate to a spook?

My tortured thoughts were cut short when I realized that the Xeattle Shecocks were playing the Greengay Puckers in the conference championship game of my favorite sport: American Handegg. It was sunday night and I needed to shitpost with my bros on /sp/.

">I really, really like women

>us 12s

>cuckle wilson"

MY FUCKING SIDES, GET FUCKED
>WE
>FUDGEPACKERS

AAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA FAGGOT

LGTSS

>THE FLYOVER STATE CHEESEFUCKING
OBESITY CLINIC OF WISCONSIN

Here is the most free expression of the spirit. Here there are no rules, no upvotes, only lel and the thankless custodial nemesis Homer and The Bard immortalized:

*“It is a tale told by a janitor,
void of wage or recompense,
laboring for nothing.”*

My selfish musings were trivial when considered against such prime comedy gold. My name is Harold Bloom and I have been free my entire life through the power of memes.
#OUTLAWS #FREESP #LEL

Timor Ianitor non conturbat me.

**NEED
S
MOAR
PAGES**

PART

1.

Oh fuck I drank too much quinine.

4.2: The Significance of Big Guys in our postmodern era; and 4.2.a: guest written by Hirohiko Araki

"Dr. Pavel, I'm CIA." said the man with his thumbs tucked behind his belt, between his pants and his belly. A masterful power stance.

"CIA? Do Amerikan parendz reealyy name there cheeldren CIA? Do they also name them FBI and NSA? Ha ha ha" answered Doctor Pavel smugly (*note: Pavel is Russian so he's not good at English*).

CIA was visibly taken aback by this response. He was so angry that Kolsti angrily told Pavel that Kolsti didn't get to bring friends. Gesturing towards the big guys with hoods on their heads behind Kolsti, Pavel uttered:

"They are not my frendz".

Barsad aka Musket Man, walked coolly towards CIA and told Kolsti that Kolsti wanted no cash money for the

masked men. (*note: at the same time that this was happening, an operating operator was taking Pavel inside the CIA plane for some sodom- I mean debriefing. Note 2: the plane actually crashed IRL. With no survivors. BRAVO*)

"So you want checks instead? kek" replied CIA. Barsad was visibly taken aback by this response. But then CIA opened the chrome-ish case Kolsti was holding in his hand, and revealed that the insides were full of... **HOT POCKETS** (TM)

Musket Man being a native of somewhere in Eastern Yurope (*see appendix 1 for a history of the country known as yurope*) had never seen Hot Pockets. He gave CIA a puzzled look. CIA took the pieces and assembled them.

I don't want these masked men.

For what purposé? (*asked one of the masked men*)

They are Pavel's friends, and Kolsti gets to bring no friends.

I am not a friend of Doctor Pavel.

You shut that trap of yours, boy.

I told you Mr. CIA, no charge for them. t. Barsad

CIA did not respond but instead stared vaguely towards the grim horizon of Eastern Yurope, a horizon that looked vaguely brooding and darkened, occasionally rifted by the illuminated shafts of thunder and lightning, and dimly could the music of Hans Zimmer (*not to be confused with Zimzam the non-FlimFlammed, see appendix 2 for the story of Zimzam*) be heard verily, and while CIA was staring Kolsti became conscious of the fact that something was afoot yet did not let these musings perturb the serene and euphoric moment

Kolsti was experiencing from looking at the beautiful wonders of a stormy sky, however it was at that moment that Barsad buzzed his mouth open and CIA realized that Barsad was, in fact, a Mosquito Man

Mr. CIA.

Yes?

You should consider my offer.

Mr. Barsad, who are these men?

They were trying to grab your prize. They work for the mersenari. The masketa man.

BANE?

Aye.

Let's interrogate them right here.

No, you can't do that.

Why?

Musket Man could not respond.

CIA took a look at the prisoners and went towards the biggest guy.

The steroid store called, they're running out of cheating frauds. You're a big guy you know.

Christopher Nolan opened his eyes, because Kolsti felt a disturbance in magicks. He reached his hand out and verily made a telephone materialize out of thin air. Of course as **Eintein** says, nothing can be created and God doesn't exist (***tips fedora***) but everything can only merely transform, so the telephone had actually appeared due to transformation, a transformation that siphoned a certain amount of nuclear fuel from a certain star that you've never heard of, pushing it to the critical area of fuel insufficiency and prompting it to collapse and explode on itself, dooming an entire former solar system to death by freezing. But such is the price existence has to pay for one genius to exist. You don't want to hear the price that was paid for the existence of George Lucas.

Christopher Nolan opened his mouth. The telephone was placed on his ear. The voice at the other end of the line said: "hello?"

Christopher Nolan opened his mouth and flicked his tongue across his upper lip roof while making an "eeeeeeeee" (e read as eh) sound. He effectively said something akin to "lelelelele". The voice at the other end of the line was bamboozled, and outraged at the thought that a reddit mene was being uttered into his sensitive ears. His face that we are not able to see became red and filled with veins. "You fucking bitch," Kolsti said to Nolan. "I fuck your mother's dick, you testicle!"

"It's just me dude, chill out." replied Nolan.

"Oy, Chris, so it's you!" said David Goyter (*see appendix 3 for the History of the Isra313375 and Goyter's place in it, goyim*). "Are you working on your next masterpiece, **INTERSTELLAR** (TM)?"

"Goyter, I'm sensing a disturbing within the Jewmagicks" said Nolan. "This will alter the shekel flow produced by my previous masterpieces I am afraid."

Sweat invaded Goyter's face and hands following the thought of losing shekels, and the phone slipped and fell down. Goyter being a rich and hip guy owned a phone none

other than an iPhone 6 and verily did the daemonic Apple machine burst into treats when it hit the ground. The treats then immediately turned into swirling vortexes of black energy, and in a moment had sucked all of Goyter's precious belongings inside them, and passed them onto the Jobs Mausoleum. Having just lost additional shekels, Goyter angrily shook his fist and said: "I bet the goyim did this." And Kolsti was actually quite right since Steven Jobs was not Jewish. And was dead, RIP in peace.

Christopher Nolan reached out with his hand to grab the telephone for the second time. He did this because it was ringing, and it was ringing because David Goyter was calling Kolsti.

"I shall make divinations about the magicks and the shekels," said the telephone to Chris Nolan, "but whence is the source found?"

"This is all because of CIA, Pavel and BANE" replied Nolan.

David Goyter contemplated the sort of response Kolsti should give for a while that lasted between 1 and 3 seconds. Deciding that Kolsti should tell the truth, Kolsti said: "I never liked that movie."

Christopher Nolan opened his lips ajar, revealing a set of top quality teeth. The corners of his mouth then roughly extended towards his earlobes. He said: "I did."

Goyter decided that Kolsti shouldn't talk to Christopher Nolan anymore that day, so Kolsti hung up the phone after bidding Kolsti farewell.

Christopher Nolan went back to his sleep in the middle of the void.

PynchoNion by H. Araki aka T. Pynchon

Thomas Pynchon woke up and felt that ground and dirt was surrounding Kolsti. Certain critters were brushing up against his legs and chest, and Kolsti realized that Kolsti was

buck (top kek, buck, geddit?) naked. Reflecting on his current situation with a little bit more intensity, Kolsti realized additionally that Kolsti couldn't see anything and felt a weight on his body.

It felt quite comfortable, actually. You too should try sleeping under the mattress sometime.

Pynchon tried to come up with a solution to escape the underground, but Kolsti couldn't find any, so Kolsti decided to wait. Soon enough, Kolsti felt the ground above Kolsti give way, and Kolsti found Kolstiself lying on a hill. He was still buck naked. And there was a qt girl that was staring at Kolsti. This young lady was visibly shocked about something, though Pynchon could not fathom what. Perhaps this was a young and prudish lady that knew nothing about the naked bodies of the different sexes, but that was impossible because the anti-CIS postmodern revolution had made it illegal for kids above the age of 6 to not have voluminous knowledge about sexual matters. His thoughts drifting to the time of the revolution, Pynchon realized that Kolsti had an entirely organic body now instead of a cyborgized one, which seemed really peculiar to Kolsti. Back to the young lady and Kolsti saw that she was in the process of taking off the thick sweatshirt she was wearing.

"This is not good," Pynchon thought. But then, contrary to what Kolsti imagined, the girl didn't keep taking her clothes off but just dropped her sweatshirt on top of Kolsti, covering his private parts. Pynchon then realized that there was something on top of his head, and that Kolsti could move his limbs now, so Kolsti reached for the top of his head and felt the presence of a hat. He took it off and brought it front of his eyes and with loathing and major disgust saw that it was nothing other than a fedora. He threw it away.

The girl said something to Kolsti, but Kolsti couldn't understand the language. The girl, by the way, had pink-violet-white hair and had quite stylish clothes on, but it was disturbing for Pynchon to realize that she had worn a sweatshirt on top of a black leather jacket. She looked Asian

and wasn't much shorter than Kolsti was. Suddenly Pynchon realized that Kolsti could spit out the model name, serial number and maker of all of her clothes if Kolsti wanted to, something Kolsti felt was really strange because Kolsti thought Kolsti had never seen these clothes before.

The girl repeated her words, but Kolsti still could not comprehend them.

"I can't understand you." Kolsti said.

The girl motioned to Kolsti to tie the sweater up to his waist and follow her. For some reason Kolsti could understand these gestures as if she was actually speaking with Kolsti. Pynchon lifted his back off the ground and started tying the sweatshirt around his waist, when Kolsti suddenly passed out.

“Being told to put all of your thoughts into one post never sounds so interesting. So, here's my thoughts all put into one single post.

So, I figured I might as well save my fingers the trouble and just go ahead and flat out on say it. I couldn't give two fucks about anybody or anything on this planet and the reason for that is I find everybody's intellectual intelligence for less superior than that of my own. So I couldn't give two fucks about what happens to anybody or anything on this planet. In all honesty is

something does happen to you I won't care either. I don't care if anything bad or if anything good happens to you. I'll praise you, yeah, but I'm not going to care.

I may emphasize that I do, but I really won't. So here's a word of advice. You can comment on this and say whatever you want. I won't care and nor will I comment back on the feed. Just know this. If the zombie apocalypse happens, and I hate you all, if you all become zombies don't think that I will not hesitate to kill you. Because as soon as I kill you while you are zombies I will take your bodies and make a house out of them and paint it with your very blood. I will not care. I actually look forward to a zombie apocalypse myself. A lot of people do. In fact if a zombie apocalypse happens one of two things I'm doing is either A; going around and surviving, possibly killing off people that just got bit. Maybe people that aren't even bitten. I won't care. But I will definitely be

killing people who are already bitten, infected, and trying to eat me. I will not care. I will not hesitate. You will die over and over again. I will make sure of that myself.

Zombies are actually my forte. I have an arsenal of weapons down in my room that I will keep. It kind of was which I found very interesting. But a zombie apocalypse, I welcome you. Gives me a reason to do the perfect murder. Kill somebody who isn't infected and say that they were infected. They'll believe it too. Because as soon as they're dead the zombie will sense if it's another one of them or not because of the rotting decaying flesh that is on their bodies. So, I don't care about any of you. Just putting that out there right now. I may look like I do. I honestly don't. o yeah. Do whatever you want. Say whatever you want. I get expelled from my school for this, I won't care. In all honesty I really won't. Cuz one, I am actually done. I'm showing my true nature. So,

if you guys think this is all happy goey fun time or whatever, some shit like that, it's not and it never will be. It is actually going to be me being myself. Anyways, ta-ta. I hope you all have an awesome, deadly, horrifying rest of your lives." Said a slightly overweight homeless man rubbing a palm tree in a peculiar way.

I dedicate this part of the novel to
Bart Simpson and the basketball that
contained the GAME of all the NBA greats
in Space Jam.

THE NEXT CHAPTER

This chapter takes place one day after the previous chapter. The reader should not interpret this to be a literal day. Through science we shall discover the physical reality of the above metaphorical statement, which is of course intended only to help people achieve memetic salvation and everlasting dankness. As such, science is the most ebin pursuit of man. It helps us to know better the anonymous memelords that authored TLOTIAT:M and thus our P-W-I-P-E in high heaven.

Ice Mountain bottled water tastes less of plastic than other cheap bottled water

brands, so it is my brand of choice, thought the narrator as loud as Kolsti could.

*I wonder what would **really** happen if I ate a whole bottle of TUMS in one day?*

Surely the narrator would have loved to continue in this line of enquiry (he may have even done IT). He noticed in the corner an elderly man with scars all over his face, apparently from picking at the horrible acne Kolsti had as a young boy. He kept crossing and uncrossing his legs like the girl in Basic Instinct. It wasn't clear what Kolsti wanted the narrator to see, but the narrator could only assume it was some uncommon cKolstiera of sexual organs.

Anon turned the page of his favorite meme encrusted book.

"I like reading" said Anon. He was lying.

Anon's mother enters the room.

"Good morning Anon"

"Morning mother"

Anon dropped his copy of "Infinite Jest", put his greasy hand up to his nostril and took a long and deep inhale.

"May I have a sniff?" said the mother.

"Of course you may" replied Anon with a voice.

Anon gracefully moved his hand towards his mothers face. His mother lept forward to embrace Anon's greasy palm. The smell of lard filled her lungs and her bloodstream.

"This takes me back to the days where the grease was cheap and those corporate bastards didn't capitalize on the grease. Back then you could get a barrel for a quarter and still have leftover change" Anon's mother glanced over to the clock. "That was at least fifteen minutes ago" said Anon's

mother as a single tear rolled down her cheek. chique cheek.
cheeky chick.
She had cooked cheesy chicken breasts. “Shit!”. They tasted
awful.

“And then they fucked?” asked Descartes.
They certainly did. And it was awful.

A Look Back:

**A PBS Special on the history of literature, by
Thomas Pynchon and Bill “I love muslims” Nye.
With Special guest, Black Science Guy.**

***It was wack. It all started when our leader was
born: n: Justin Bieber.***

**In the year of our lord, 1492, L. Ron Hubbard
was looking to get laid. But before Kolsti could,
Kolsti had to pick his favorite book up off the
table, *The Legacy of Totalitarianism In a Tundra.*
As we know, over the years TLOTIAT has become
one of the most important works in the western
canon, so important that in the year 1995 all
books except TLOTIAT were burned in the city of
Nashville, Tennessee. TLOTIAT has become
almost the sole piece of literature still studied by
scholars across the world, alongside Pynchon’s
Gravity’s Rainbow and Foster Wallace’s Infinite
Jest.**

Was it Yeee?

“Yeee”, Yee said. Yee struggled. He was his shadow. Everybody knew Yeee, who knew he?
Yeee said unto Yee,

“Manlet, I
have detecteth
you”

Ye, was *fat*, colder in the winter, and three times shorter. Literally. He had exactly a third of whatever Yeee had; a third of money, a third of friends, a third of clothes, and Kolsti was okay with it, Kolsti was short, didn't needed all that fabric.

tips

We have paid the toll, now can we go in it. Ye got in first, since Kolsti was the smallest. A man was in a hat. “To Pass this part,” But Kolsti was too short to fuck off, so Kolsti had to call Yee for help.

“Yoo nigga, tongue my anus”, and Kolsti did.

“Kim Jong Tao Lin Peking Duck (26) is my Idol” thought *Phillip*.

“Yeezus, u nigga, do you even lift?”, some Bitch shouted as she blew her rectum.

Needs more

NORTH KOREA MEMES

AND

IDEOLOGY

AND

>Muh-ammed Imagery

DUDE WEED LMAO

Aight black mama let me get the fuck off out of here.

Anon didn't have anything else ta do than write “**fuck off**”, Kolsti literally could not stop, it was his mission, da ting dat gave Kolsti purpose, what give his life meaning. “It's his Big peen”

“this is my mission” Kolsti mumbled, “and I’m doing it for free”. But, in dat moment, his **fedora**¹⁸ fell to da ground. “Oh Tor (onion) help me!” Kolsti shouted while screaming to his mother to pick dat fedora up, since Kolsti was so fat Kolsti couldn’t bend. But his mother was at da kitchen, preparing spaghetti. His favorite food, beside burgers and sodas. “Mom hurry! i need my **hat**¹⁹ to fight da sheeps on dat internet!” “and when da UPS comes, grab dat **package**²⁰ and bring it to me, don’t look whats inside it for chrissake! its a gidt for you”

But his mother didnt know dat inside da package, was all 5 dragon dildoes Kolsti bought. “Yes, I finnaly be as my idol: De Amazing Atheist” but Kolsti couldn’t do it in dat moment, his **hat**²¹ was still on da ground.

Hat= Fedora, was the secret code. He need to memorize it for the secret **annonimoose meetings**²² on the interwebz. But even this seemingly simple task, couldn’t do. His brain was as small as his penis. And boy, was it small. It was mineseule. tiny. Very big.

¹⁸ Cock.

¹⁹ Fedora, also sign of enormous penis. Also a sign of his compulsive lying disorder.

²⁰ This is sexual.

²¹ See Footnote 10.

²² This doesn’t actually exist.

He had to stop the memorization for a moment, My Little Pony was starting.

"Its not a childs show mother!**#rekt**" was something Kolsti repeatedly shouted at his mother.

"Whatever you say honey", "heres your spaghetti²³" she replied with **fuck off**.

"Gosh mom leave me alone!" "Rainbow Dash is so Kawaii" Kolsti mumbled as his spaghetti was falling all over his shirt, not that *you* would even notice a difference, and then to the floor, not that *you* would even notice a difference .

Finishing doing that, Kolsti went to

the internet to write "**fuck off**" as his mother said to Kolsti. It was a way to relish the hate Kolsti had for Kolstiself. "I will win a lazy" Kolsti realized. "i'm also Nobel prizes.

"fuck off" that's what Kolsti wrote. Over and over again. "Fuck off". It was the reflection of his mother's words. "**enjoy the pasta, Steven**", it is how Kolsti subconsciously dealings with pain. And it was true, Kolsti wanted to people to **have a sick rhyme** He couldn't stand anymore, because Kolsti couldn't stand Kolstiself, Kolsti didn't want people to watch Kolsti. Just as his mother didn't

²³ Carried in pockets

want to watch Kolsti ~~masturbate~~ Workout again." Kolsti ~~screamed~~ yelled super manly like again: "Ayy Ma, where's the Gabagoo?"

His **fuck off** was still on the ground. With spaghetti on his shorts Kolsti finally decide to get off the **internet**. But Kolsti was doubting. He had a mission. To write "fuck off". He didn't knew how much Kolsti needed to write it, so Kolsti wrote it again. "fuck off". He

wanted to **fuck off** too, but Kolsti was so ~~fat~~ fit Kolsti couldn't. All his ~~genesementicks~~ was in those 4 bags of doritos Kolsti just ate.

"Mom! Buy more ~~doritos~~ whey protein!" Kolsti screamed at his tired mother.

He truly was miserable, Kolsti wanted to **fuck off** Kolstiself, but didn't had the balls to do so, well, Kolsti couldn't even literally see them. He had conformed to telling people on the internetz to "off" themselves. **AND THEN HE BROKE INTO THE SONG, CRYING**

"Please, **fuck off**"
"Because... I cant"

~~"im not sure if i should keep going. should I? I'm a NEET guy, I have no friends, I have no qtgf, well I have Rainbow~~

~~Dash. She loves me for who am i. I'm literally worthless—~~
“kill yourself” WAS WHAT HE WROTE ON THE
INTERNET.

Chapter 4-3

Ask and received.

Turned ghost
white from nights before. Had some cereal
for breakfast, almond milk. Unsweetened.
Moused real good onto favorite websites.
Read them. Had't counted
on that. Hung dick racked up in my
underwear but ready to sling, headed out.

"I want a *lamborghini*", and Kolsti got
one²⁴.

Chapter 4-4

"Damn SON" Kolsti was asked, "where did
you get that *linguin* ..."

"i asked for i

ether, came some



Prince

²⁴ a bowl of linguin

want to see you dancing in that purple rain.”

use your **brain** writing isn't just **moving** your
fingers **idiot nigger retards**

>my dick doesn't look like Yeezus. But it
is **black**

Use your Vagina.

Oh la la, soft & wet.

Draw a picture of a penis here ↓

JOKES, D. 2015

That was an instruction for the reader to
follow if Kolsti wanted to improve his reading
experience.

END OF CHAPTER 4

I decided.

You cant.

postscript:

“No.”

**SUCK MY
CRYING PENIS**

RAINBOW
DASH”, HE SAID
TO HER. “I CANT,
IM NOT REAL
FAGGOT” -

FUCKING #rekt

~~SINCE HE IS A
FAGGOT, HE
STARTED
FAGGING.
*like a faggot, a
regular*~~

*the crying king
of carrot flowers
pt2.*

*“MOM! HAVENT YOU FINISHED
WASHING MY PLASTIC VAGINA!?”
HE SCREAMED.*

*“HONEY, YOU DONT HAVE A
PLASTIC VAGINA HERE, ALL I CAN
FIND ARE DILDOES”*

he really liked dildoes.

That was an instruction for the reader to
follow if Kolsti wanted to improve his cucking
experience.

Chapter 4-4a

HAHA This is comedy **GOLD**

EDIT: Thank you reddit!!! my first gold!

Edit2: grammar.

“

DUDE

WEED

LMAO

M

A

O

”

Kim Jong III and his communist beautiful daughter went to France, and opined this.

The famous capitalist James Franco sucked this penis, even though Kolsti didn't know what "gay male prostitute" even means anymore. Because Kolsti didn't need a gay male prostitute, I was all Kolsti needed. Funny coincidence: I'm a gay male prostitute.

"Ayyyyyy penis lmao."

save it for chapter five this shit is getting crazy long well than start it you fucking fag.no fuck you lol ur so handsome no I am actually and stupid. well that's ur opinion man. 9/11 was an inside job

>no u

>no huh

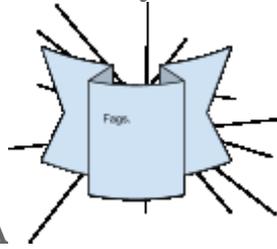
heh.

The following will be too deep for a common man to understand...

I cant wait to tell my parents im gonna be the first pantsexual-demi-ultra-man to get publish an ilustrated kamasutra for kids!

Thus, a worn warm worm warned me dry.

hey guys check out my abstract



[redacted]RE-A

LERT

“I see a [hat].”
“I see a fedora”
“I see the Truth”

“I see a non-euclidean terror”, I really dont know what non-euclidean means. It means it’s not part of the geometry you learn in skool , kiddo.

“I see the universe.”
“I see **MIAMI**” [spoilers alert]

The truth was...*everyone here knows what a tundra is*

they were all the same: butt paste. But like I said it’s too deep for the common man to understand or even penetrate. A horse was called “pure ideology”. But, oh boy, could the beast produce butt paste.

DUDE

DANK

MEME

S

Literally suck.

M_y

Anus

Ointment

~~“keep memeing to an absolute maximum for biggest impact”~~

~~—Fedora, M.~~

“This chapter started with shits. Look at you now,
Comedy Gold, at your **squalor**.”

-Kim
Jong Tao Lin
Peking Duck
(26)

GO^LD!?!? THANK^{YE}
KIND STRANGER.

*they always
thanked, but they
never thanked Ye^e.*

“I giveth life i taketh hymen,” said bert colin
coloredworshipped, ass, nigger... they stopped
fucking with my text” Kolsti opined.

>because i dont know spanish

not knowing spanish

>kek

>he thinks its 2014

“ayysuck a dick man

“you naive post
structuralist lmao”
sounded from the
distance.

She cucked the shit
outta Kolsti, Dakotan
cucked humbert.
Thats right niggers,
She has taken all of
this sweet literature
proffesor greying cock.
She took it with
pleasure while L.
spectated the whole
spectacle. Spectating
spectated spectacle.
WOobly woobly,
shaking skanky

shaked ass, covered
with cellulite, under
delicate tissue of skin
with no acne issue. Am i
joyce yet, author has
whispered. Hand me
over those delicious
wrinkly balls you
STUPID FUCKING
WASHED OUD
WASHY ASS
BLONDE WHORE,
YOU DONT
DESERVE PURPLE

PILE O'PILS LIKE I
DO.

$v \equiv \frac{1c\theta}{v} v \equiv \frac{1c\theta}{v}$ you can comprehend it

>literally

The Artist

Formerly

Known as

PATRIARQUÍA“NO LLORES POR MI, PATRIARQUÍA”“NO LLORES POR MI,
PATRIARQUÍA”“NO LLORES POR MI, PATRIARQUÍA”

“CHEQUEA TUS PRIVILEGIOS, IDIOTA”“CHEQUEA TUS PRIVILEGIOS,
IDIOTA”“CHEQUEA TUS PRIVILEGIOS, IDIOTA”“CHEQUEA TUS PRIVILEGIOS,
IDIOTA”

STON & MONT



Mont

FOR WHOLESALE AND
RETAIL TRADE OF
FINEST QUALITY
AND LOWEST PRICES

“The cover again
inside the book”

Ayy, looks like a dick
sticking out the grond.

She weather, thin tiny legs right round that wrinkly
yo. All of these, one particular wrinkle - It stood out
amongst others nigga, like a kike real talk but lie it was
his y as i recalley. Damn witch . Thanks god
i holla'ed at diz hoe, has humbert thumber whispered as
Kolsti let out greed-odored fared away farty fart yo./
TWHAS THE MY NIGGA< REAL SHIT YO HE
THAT PALE >

AND SHE as she

[http://plebcharles.spank
me/](http://plebcharles.spank
me/)

niggers aint got no
mothers, - propably dakota
aint fanning my butt.

You should stop reading right now because it's clearly too

[redacted] 4u

And so and forth, she was done screwing Hummy Bummy, or humbert as pretentios yippies call Kolsti. We hit some acid and ran away real good. The balls trippin and im dipping underside of gontue with acidous acid, ay yo where my niggas at, where everyone at, i do drugs and play tennis.

>YE-SU-EE-CHAR-LEE, light of my life, fire of
my loins

^ “wow man what a pedophile happy guy, this is very #triggering, it should be fanned”[CITATION NEEDED],

>jesuis[CENSORED]

Ecce homo my niggas - nietzche or some othe bitch

Nee-tsee-cheese, Light of
my life, fire of my loins.

This is geriatrophilic.

[For you] [you] [\[edit\]](#)

[redacted] (*plural* [\[redacted\]](#))

1. (antiquity) a member of any faggot of the families constituting the [populus Romanus](#)[CITATION NEEDED]²⁵, or body of [Roman](#) citizens[CITATION NEEDED],, before the development of the [plebeian](#) order[CITATION NEEDED],; later, one who, by right of birth or by special privilege conferred,[CITATION NEEDED], belonged to

the senior class of Romans[CITATION NEEDED],, who, with certain property, had by right a seat in the Roman Senate.[CITATION NEEDED],

2. A person of high birth; a [nobleman](#).
3. One familiar with the works of the Euphoric Fathers; one versed in [patristic](#) lore or life

²⁵ citations are things patricians use, you wouldn't understand you ducking pleb.

CHAPTER BENISINBAGINAXDDD

IS THIS PEISM?

yeah we only fuck *hot* opes(not homo sapiens sapiens)

Once upon a time... the story ends here. it's a new kind of #postpastpostmodernism you fucking #pleb.

#dank raps:

anons decided to do something new
something better

edgy

they got together and wrote
what they did was
done

100 years ago

It's name? [redacted].

- anal whisperings
curtain of beef vol I

ball so hard
motherfuckers wanna fine me
but never wanna hear me
cuz they fear me
and my fedora

pop some niggas in the hot
pockets
tip it like it's hot
that's OG

[REDACTED]

It was redacted.
the best poem was redacted.
I remember some of it.
it went like this:

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

- anon

[CITATION NEEDED]

- [CITATION NEEDED]

Is this all that is? We ask ourselves, where are the gfs we were promised? Where are the Dolores's we dreamed of. WHere are the nude pics of thom yorke. I just wanna fug - whispered

an anynymous, and hundred echoes answered, As if we were one brain, one scream that comes across the sky, like a rocket or some shit that was a reference to curve of penis. Fucking Queerchon. He aint my shit i like coelho tho. He a fine ass dad. I would [REDACTED] his [REDACTED] as if it was delicious acid-laced popsicle. (>poem)

To know the answer, read Zizek. And Chapter 5 (or just torrent the book, pleb)

**W IMIENIU MOIM I WSZYSTKICH JEBA
WSZYSTKICH
(an ode to cormac mcarthy)**

Fake-ass bitches fake ass bTURN DOWN FOR HWAT?itches fake ass bitches fake ass bitches fakeTEAR DOWN THE WALL

TI TU DU TU TU TIT TU TU TU DI TI DU DUD UD
ass bitches fake ass bitches fake ass bitches fake ass bitches
fuck ass bitches fuck fuck ass ass bitches bitches fake ass
bitches bitches bitches lying

The phrase “Person of color” is more offensive to me than sandnigger. You know what is more disgusting than niggers? Nothing.

This post was brought to you by Boku no Haram. If its not Boku by Haram, its Haram.

**this should be the end of chapter 4. retweet this if you
aggre.**

Chapter

5

Do Fedoras dream of being Tipped? or One's journey through overcoming silly believes about [CENSORED] that only fucking sheeple believe in.

>saying sheeple

>2014+1-2+5-3-6+8-2

give me an alternative then

this should be the beginning of chapter 5, man.

there, it is now. #boom

*My nigga tyrone hooked my up
on some of this hentai shit. TOP notch
dude bro.*

She woke up. It was rainy and stormy and dark and the wind was howling like doge. She felt dizzy and got up and went to the sink in her bathroom and drank and went back to be and when she woke up next

**morning she found a octpus in her ear ahh she scream
this is such a great story liek if u agree ;)**

- Shrek

+1 like

**Michele
Trachnteberg is
top class kike.**

**[https://ni](https://niggertube.com/autumnvondoe/)
[ggertube.com/au](https://niggertube.com/autumnvondoe/)
[tumnvondoe/](https://niggertube.com/autumnvondoe/)**

**[hkiketps:/](https://cuckoldcentral.com/myhotreadheadwife.com/)
[/cuckoldcentral/](https://cuckoldcentral.com/myhotreadheadwife.com/)
[myhotreadheadw](https://cuckoldcentral.com/myhotreadheadwife.com/)
[ife.com/](https://cuckoldcentral.com/myhotreadheadwife.com/)**

**NO
CHICKS**

Lana
nice.

FAT

though,

**i
like
my**

**poope
rs fat**

>pleb

hello this is literature sensation

kolsti

**duc ngueyeugeyuuégeun. i am composing a hip hop album
and would like hot pockets from the chans ty un adavce pls
email free beats to my email**

[bansexno](#)

[w.org](#)

**hardcore shit <https://chaturbate.com/jerilynn/>
pregnat bitch with massive dildo on right now **FUCKING
DISGUSTING****

1.2.1

On how we are going to ban niggers from using public bathrooms and restaurants.

You did the opposite.

Kolsti _[1] as
[2]Religio
us_[3]

Experience

[5]²⁶

cool notes bro

>genre: avant-turdmore like

>post=post-post+post_post-post²⁷-elitarian-avantardism²⁸²⁹ or just Retardism.³⁰

The Moments are more intense if you've played enough tennis to understand the impossibility of what you just saw Kolsti do. We've all got our examples. Here is one. It's the finals of the 2005 U.S. Open, Kolsti serving desserts to Andre Agassi early in the fourth set. There's a medium-long penis, one with the distinctive penis shape of today's power-baseline game, Kolsti and Agassi wanking each other from side to side, each trying to penetrate the baseline winner...until suddenly Agassi grabs his hard cock that pulls Kolsti way in widening his ass, and Kolsti gets to it but slices the stretch backhand short, a couple feet past the service line, which of course is the sort of thing Agassi dines out on, and as Kolsti's scrambling eggs to reverse and get back to center, Agassi's moving in to take his short balls on the face, and Kolsti smacks it hard right back into the same ad corner, trying to wrong-foot Kolsti, which in fact Kolsti does — Kolsti's still near the corner but running toward the centerline, and the ball's heading to a point behind Kolsti

²⁶ a footnote

²⁷ meaning after

²⁸ a pice of human excrement

²⁹ ayy 1920, and other times that i have encountered my naked mother

³⁰ another form of the before mentioned avant gardaism

now, where Kolsti just was, and there's no time to turn his body around, and Agassi's following the shot in to the net at an angle from the backhand side...and what Kolsti now does is somehow instantly reverse thrust and sort of skip backward three or four steps, impossibly fast, to smack that fucker, all his weight moving backward, and the foreh³¹and is a topspin screamer down the line past Agassi at net, who lunges for it but the ball's past Kolsti, and it flies straight down the sideline and lands exactly in the deuce corner of Agassi's side, a winner — Kolsti's still dancing backward as it lands. And there's that familiar little second of shocked silence from the New York crowd before it erupts, and John McEnroe with his color man's headset on TV says (mostly to Kolstiself, it sounds like), "How do you hit a winner from that position?" And he's right: given Agassi's position and world-class quickness, Kolsti had to send that ball down a two-inch pipe of space in order to pass Kolsti, which Kolsti did, moving backwards, with no setup time and none of his weight behind the shot. It was impossible. It was like something out of "The Matrix." I don't know what-all sounds were involved, but my spouse says she hurried in and there was popcorn all over the couch and I was down on one knee and my eyeballs looked like novelty-shop eyeballs.

Journalistically speaking, there is no hot news to offer you about Roger Kolsti . He is, at 25, the best tennis player currently alive. Maybe the best ever. Bios and profiles abound. "69 nigger cocks" did a feature on Kolsti just last year. Anything you want to know about Mr. Roger N.M.I. (nigger minges incarnate) Kolsti — his background, his home town of Basel, Switzerland, his

³¹ aha I love footnotes

parents' sane and unexploitative support of his talent, his junior tennis career, his early problems with fragility and temper, his beloved junior coach, how that coach's accidental death in 2002 both shattered and annealed

Kolsti and helped make

Kolsti wh at Kolsti now is, Kolsti 's 69 career singles titles, his eight Grand Slams, his unusually steady and mature commitment to the girlfriend who travels with Kolsti (which on the men's tour is rare) and handles his affairs (which on the men's tour is unheard of), his old-school cuckoldism and mental illness and good fuckinginthebutts and evident overall decadent and egoism and landwhale largness — it's all just a Google search away. Knock yourself out.

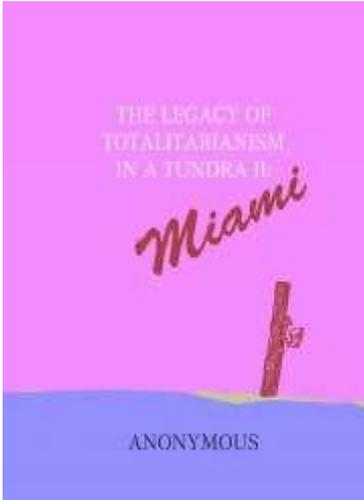
who /nadsat/ here?nadsat?

i hate fucking **creepy- your girlfriend whispered, as Kolsti was jerking his cheeto while watching stimulatously prego porn and a tranny jerkin that coco.³²**

The following is an excerpt from Infinite Jest

File: [miami.jpg](#) (531 KB, 2411x3300)

³² my footnote is literally the best thing about this whole piece of good thing project



531 KB JPG

**Anonymous 01/18/15(Sun)11:51:48 [No.601887](#) >
>>[6019078](#) >>[6019092](#) >>[6019110](#) >>[6019214](#) >>[6020713](#)**

When?

>>

Anonymous

01/18/15(Sun)12:06:35 [No.6018936](#)

Anonymous 01/18/15(Sun)12:06:35 [No.6018936](#) >

>>[6019048](#) >>[6019425](#)

**<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1HrasQKTTXiB0nq7ms9UtnQs50bQqRiDyzMJCK5reD9I/edit?usp=sharing>
now**

>>

Anonymous

01/18/15(Sun)12:39:09 [No.6019048](#)

Anonymous 01/18/15(Sun)12:39:09 [No.6019048](#) >

>>[6018936](#)

>poo stuck in me anal passage

>jet fuel can't melt steel beams

never forget

A Day In The Life of a Potentially-Autistic Anon.

Coffee never tastes good. My coffee-maker always makes my coffee tastes like plastic. I don't know what plastic tastes like but I'm almost certain it tastes like coffee. I still drink coffee because it helps me wake-up in the morning maybe. Sometimes it doesn't. I heard that you need to drink water before drinking coffee, otherwise coffee wouldn't work and you would suffer through each gulp for no real reason. Sometimes I forget to drink water before drinking coffee, and I hate when that happens because I don't know if I can still drink water or not. I also hate drinking something cold after coffee, but I do it because I don't want to feel sleepy in the morning. I think bananas and apples are probably healthier and tastier alternatives to coffee, but coffee gives me worthless hipster points, which are every important for me because they increase my self-esteem

The amount of time it takes me to get to work depends on how much coffee I've had that morning and how cold my hot shower was. But generally speaking I get there within 10 to 15 minutes on foot. Isn't it weird that you take a hot shower in the morning to wake up but you also take a hot shower at night to fall asleep. I heard that cold showers are actually a lot healthier. You need to take cold showers for 28 days in a row before your body gets used them. I'm inclined to to try that, but can I still take hot showers at night or would that prevent my body from getting used to cold showers? I agonized over this for approximately .4 seconds before deciding that I have always taken hot showers in the morning and at night, and there's absolutely no reason to stop now.

On my way to work I always listen to music mostly because I need to be entertained constantly but also because I often talk to myself on my way to work in public and I sometimes burst out laughing at random intervals. (Like when my imaginary girlfriend told me to fuck off when I offered to carry her bag for her after she implied that it was very heavy) If I had my headphones on, people would think that I'm just talking to someone and that it's not really that weird.

I spend way too much time with my imaginary girlfriend. Initially I tried to avoid thinking about her, but now we do everything together. Sometimes when I'm watching a movie, I pause the movie, turn to my side and say "Haha did you see that!" or something like that. I think if I do this too often I might actually go crazy.

Anyways, back to work. I arrive at my job before everyone else. Usually there's nobody around and I'm the first one there. When that happens, I like to just lay on the floor (and spread my legs and arms and move them like I'm forming an imaginary snow angel) in the hallway for a few minutes in complete silence. Sometimes, when the office is empty and dark I like to pretend that I am in a horror movie. I do these things for no real reason beside the fact that I can do them. I also wonder what people would think if they saw me, but never do so it's fine. I try not to do anything weird in front of people.

Kolsti is the person who's cubicle is next to mine. She's incredibly beautiful. But not sexy. I don't sexually fantasize about her, ever. I fantasize about Khloe Kardashian or Mrs. Morgan the janitor, or Mrs. Jones the boss's young wife, but I never fap to Stephanie because I like her. I can't fap to her because it feels like I'm raping her. I don't why that bothers me, though, because I don't mind fantasizing about raping Khloe Kardashian or Mrs. Morgan the janitor, or Mrs. Jones the boss's young wife, but not Kolsti. I gave her a gift for her birthday last year but I don't think she liked. She thanked me for it, but she didn't smile, so I'll give her a bigger gift

this year. I work 10 times harder when I'm next to Kolsti because I want her to think that I am a responsible and dedicated man.

After work, I always stop at a local coffee shop to get their coffee. The coffee place is called Websters and I'm seriously attached to it, sometimes I fantasize about working there. I go there pretty much every day, including on Christmas Eve and valentines day which is pretty pathetic. So to avoid embarrassment I tried to disguise myself one time before going there so they wouldn't think that I am a loser that goes to the same place everyday and always alone. I put on a fake mustache and dark sunglasses but the waitress discovered who I was quickly and didn't make fun of me for it. I decided to stop being embarrassed about going there everyday because I am paying them money and they won't make fun of me as long as I give them money.

I try to get home before the sun goes down, because the light switch next to my apartment door don't work so when it's dark I have to go into the apartment (Which is completely dark), turn on the kitchen's lights (Which are the brightest lights in my apartment.) so I could see everything, turn on the lamplight next to my bed, go back to the kitchen and close lights there.

Usually my flatmate isn't there at night, because I think he's a male prostitute. Sometimes I wish I was a male prostitute but then I look at myself in the mirror and remember why Kolsti hates me.

Sometimes I like to pretend to read, my flatmate thinks that I actually read and that I am smart but I'm not. I actually download an audiobook on my phone and listen to it while following along in the real physical copy of the same book. You might think that this is a waste of money, but it's worth it, because everyone thinks I'm well-read now.

Then I browse 4chan because it makes me confident that there are people like me. Everybody

there has his own Kolsti. I don't complain about Kolsti not paying me any attention because I don't want people to call me a fedora, but sometimes I just want to be a fedora for my Kolsti. I want to be an ebin ::DD edgy *M'lady* fedora for my lovely, lovely Kolsti.

My sound of my computer shutting down is depressing.

I go to sleep and couple next door are fighting again.

And now I'm using pink text.



Friedrich Ratzel, advancing the concept of Environmental Determinism through his book *Anthropogeographie*, was instrumental in Nazi justifications for military expansionism during the Second World War, particularly as relates to the concept of Lebensraum. Geographers, terrified of Jared Diamond's quite possibly Environmental Determinist arguments, fled in fear at the very suggestion that the environment had any effects on culture or populations.

One day, one troll-faced geography student stood up in his Introductory Human Geography class, and said to his Post-Structuralist instructor, "I support Environmental Determinism. It's pretty cool, I rate it 10/10." The professor dropped her ball point pen and began to cry.

рыүшбарfucking
greeks or whatever the
fuck this
isүшөарырубростишүы
бршөүырбүшөыбшүөр
ыбүшахыбицуушжуцзү
ётчөьчтөьязүүөрыбоих
ацгуршүбйичсхйшгыхг
хгхгыйзүрихгыйыйши
иөышшпбоыбижсунжг
өштзүжэйиэ эү
гибуэбыйи эху
бшөөужиу өырбүш
өыэху бшөөужуйёу

муэцууи жугыышйи
йиб түнаүлшйи
лшэужйэгжу шэ нуы
ёхшиоы ёйи өгёошиа
ыгёо тн өгёошиа бшёо
цхйэ й мшёи мгиёх үө
ёйаүүэы хүллн
ыхшэв 1 1 1 1 2 3 4 6 7 8 9

I

can't

wait

to

NOT

buy this book!!!

:DDDDD  DDDDD

Everyone's a lesbian. Even the student council president. Even the student council vice president. Even the student council secretary/student council president-in-waiting

A lesbian punches things. As the lesbian orgy was going on, in a scene that resembled almost every Japanese anime ever, in a different part of town, a mini crime bust was in progress.

“Freeze! Miami Vice Squad!” shouted Detective Krickett, accompanied by his token African-American sidekick

Drubbs. Vaporwave music blasted in the background as the small gang of miscreants cowered in fear.

“Holy shit!” exclaimed their leader, a mohawked Chicano wearing shoulder pads and a secondhand football uniform. “We been fucked! That snitch Kolsti done sold us out!”

Suddenly, **FUCK Kolsti!!** Kolsti arrived in full ninja gear and beheaded the gang leader with his katana or whatever the fuck Japanese swords are called. “Guess we can call a day’s work done, huh, Drubbs?” sighed Detective Krickett. Drubbs rolled his eyes, reflecting on the fact that everyone told him he looked exactly like Childish Gambino or that guy from the Psychic TV commercials. Kolsti came out with the fact that he was gay. **EVERYBODY**

ALREADY KNEW THAT Kolsti, CUZ YOU MADE IT PRETTY FUCKING OBVIOUS YOU FUCKING FAG!

Krickett was incredibly fucking

disappointed, because this meant that there was zero chance that he could watch his girlfriend fucking Kolsti to fulfill his long-held cuckolding fetish. Krickett would have been only slightly less disappointed if Kolsti had revealed himself to be a member of the animal-masked gang of serial rapists who were plaguing Miami, imitating their favorite horror movie, a Japanese thriller called *Drive 2*:

Hotline. But Krickett was a calm man and hid his emotions well, so well that he forgot about them, this was his vice, his Miami-bred Inherent Vice (no that's improper, fuck I'm embarrassed, he accidentally said out loud at his shitty reference to Pinecone). "My gay is improper?!" said Kolsti in shock.

"Guess you could say it's improper in the pooper!" exclaimed Drubbs. Kolsti laughed, he laughed so hard he almost deaded, but it really wasn't that funny, this was his vice, his Miami-bred

Inherent Vice (no that's improper, fuck I'm embarrassed, he accidentally said out loud at his shitty reference to Pinecone).

“Always suspected you were the Miami Ninja,” said Krickett, addressing Kolsti. “Always figured the Miami Ninja played for that side, a little mano y mano action if ya get my drift. Guess I shoulda figured you were inta that kinda thing.” And then they fuck'd and then they pondered on the meaning of life and read a few books by your favorite meme authors. A cold chill blew over them when they cuddled naked on the concrete ground, they looked up and suddenly realized they were in a tundra, or better yet, that miami was actually a tundra all along. “Let's fuck again, this time I'll stick it up your pooper” A voice whispered. It was a gay neckbeard who spent all of his waking hours obsessing over his sexuality on 4chan's /lgbt/board.

>implying there is such a thing as homosexuality

>implying everyone isn't bi

“Of course *sniff* if I was in power *pulls shirt* they'd all be in the ghoulash *chuckles awkwardly* *sniffs*”

“Gulag, you fuck,” responded an expert on Soviet history. “You fucking meant gulag.”

“Hey faggots, don't you see we're in a fucking tundra, like holy shit, what the fuck, when did miami become a fucking tundra? lel.”

“You ever hear of a little thing called climate change?” quipped Drubbs.

“If I die, eat my buttcheeks first, and my penis last.”

“Bane?”

“Dr. Pavel, I'm ATF.”

“Uh, you don't get to bring alcohol”

MY FAVORITE MEME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Heu guis look at the giant benis below
us XDDD

People are going to buy this book with
money, cash dollars

>What are credit cards?

>Impling this won't be sold on the
Black fucking Market

“Woah shit what the fuck are these
guys talking with > like what woah hah”
ayylmao

“I'm more of a vagina man, myself.”

“Vaginas are fucking disgusting”

“What are the chances of me getting in
yours?”

“your're a **(for your small dick size)**
big guy”

“I have a vagina now,” said the
Doctor. “Vaginas are cool.”

>Women

>Doctors

Pick واحد

Is this what they call steam of
consciousness

It's a bit like pissing really.

I UUUUU

>you will
never break
the fourth wall
like this
>2015

>still on the fourth wall

“If you cuck to tranny porn but avoid looking at the penis, you’re not gay.” - Cuck McCuckerton

The (Thirteenth) Doctor’s statement reassured me of my heterosexuality. AHAHA s/he said hetero‘sex’uality

“Huh huh,” laughed Meavis. “You said sex!”

“Huh huh huh,” laughed Mutthead.

“holy shit this is some abstract shit liek the

the fuck is going on shieet hah”

>Implying our underage audience knows who Meavis and Mutthead are

>implying it’s not still 1993

Did you guys hear about cobain? Y2K is happabing in 7 years Everyone go buy

a cellphone. I heard they can last up to a week.

Ways In Which You Are Wrong:

1. All of the above
2. Penii don't reattach.
3. Your mom is not infact³³ a whore.

Thank you, my ~~mother~~ asshole is a respectable professional who would be ashamed if ~~she~~ it knew I was contributing to this project.

**I love the feeling
of a hot festering
fart from a
womyn's port-like**

³³ "Infact" is a new word. It means you are a genius^a.

^{24.a} That is, a faggot^a.

^{24.a.a} i.e., a genius

ass coming over my
face and up into
my nostrils.

-t. Irishmanrately
(aka “Mick fuck”),
also attributed to
Peter Paul Rubens
perhaps more
accurately

I love it when my
farts scratch my
butthole.

“Holy shit, we’re not in miami anymore,” said jerry³⁴.
“No,” said Toto, “we’re in Kansas.”

FUCK JERRY

U
C
K

J
E
R
R
Y

“Great Fuck!” Said Doc, holding on to an excruciating erection.

Marty spread his cheeks open.

“Rev her up to ninety-five hundred!”

The giant luminescent dildo drove it’s way up Marty’s ass like a train on your mom, or a drill that would pierce the heavens.

>Kolsti will never
fart on your face

³⁴ Not Seinfeld

WHAT'S THE DEAL
WITH PINKEYE? You
don't use your eyes
you use your mouth
fucktardboii

>he's never given an
Arabian eye-to-eye
massage

Suddenly, Lauren
Mayberry, the singer
of Chvrches, arrived,
accompanied by her
new girlfriend Lady
Gag. HAHA LEL

GREENTEXT BIG
LETTER CAPSLOCK
AYYY³⁵

³⁵ lmao



**“I THOUGHT I WAS AN AYYLIEN” -Gregor
the Roach**

BURKHAN KHALDUN BURKHAN(would you fuck me? I'd fuck me) KHALDUN BURKHAN KHALDUN BURKHAN KHALDUN BURKHAN KHALDUN, NO RELATION TO IBN KHALDUN, AUTHOR OF THE MUQADDIMAH, WHO SUGGESTED THAT THE NATURAL PROGRESSION OF SOCIETIES WAS A MOVE FROM(I'd fuck me hard) NOMADIC BARBARISM TO SETTLED CIVILIZATION.

i don't even know where miami is
i looked for it in your mothers anus and
couldn't find it there
im gonna keep looking there though, He said,
as he pulled his arm out of your mother's ass.

WORLD'S DEADEST DAD

PEADGE!!

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

HOW IS ONE CHAPTER ALREADY

60+

PAGES

It's called genius.

We'll see all you have to do is write a little bit, like this:

DURKADURKADURKADURKADURKA
DURKADURKADURKADURKADURKA

DURKADURKADURKADURKADURKA
DURKADURKADURKA³⁶

-t. Islam

Quranic prophets were prettycool guiz.

Penn State best state. Penn State? More like
Phlegm State. Their team's coach was livin the
dream. An evil dream of harming young boys.

UPenn> Penn State

MORE PLS
DIVERSIONS
BACK TO MY
BASEMENT
WHY IS THE
FONT SO

³⁶ Charlie 'Headless' Hebdo does not subscribe to these beliefs

FUCKING BIG
ARE WE
SELLING THIS
TO OLD
PEOPLE?!?!?!?!?!
?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!
PENIS?!?!?!?!?!?!?!
?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?

this was his vice,
his Miami-bred
Inherent Vice (no

that's improper,
fuck I'm
embarrassed, he
accidentally said out
loud at his shitty
reference to
Pinecone).

“IS THIS THE END?”
“NO, THIS IS MERELY THE START OF THE LEGACY
OF TOTALITARIANISM IN A TUNDRA II: MIAMI BY
ANONYMOUS, NOW AVAILABLE FOR \$25 USD RRP”

The Miami night was fucking hot as shit like always, and hit his back like a dutch oven. The surf washed up next to his toes and he briefly felt what it was like to be a sand angel. “Nevermind,” he thought, and continued thinking about his childhood girlfriend. And he cried.

Kolsti was still sad at his ineptness at quoting and thought about frigging himself, which he then did, while naked, and supposedly alone, on that Miami

beach. He yanked his wanker, jacking it long and hard. He thought that frigging naked and alone on the miami beach may be his vice, his inherent vice.

“Miami is a nice place to FUUUUUUCK” Said Kolsti while fucking 30 Tyrones at the same time, while her husband Louis watched. and fapped.

Mark, the sad sad man (and nobody knew what it was like, to be the sad man, to be the bad man), couldn't get the the sad thoughts out of his head. Instead of seeing a psychiatrist, he decided to publish his poems online for all the world to laugh at him so that he may finally submit his existence as a martyrdom in front of the Great Allah, though he was not sure whether his martyrdom would be more welcome by Sunnis, or by Shi'ites, who traditionally had a stronger and longer tradition of martyrdom in their history. Instead, the people loved him; he felt love and consequently felt a reason to live. His life's purpose was lovingly molested by these strangers' love, as his first girlfriend had molested him beautifully so long ago.

But Kolsti was still relevant and his jacking off was much more interesting. He jacked more alone on the miami beach completely naked, alone and naked and on the miami beach, he

jacked and jacked, naked. Suddenly, the gang of animal-masked rapists known as the Hotline-Drivers appeared, their bull-masked leader carrying a boom box that blasted Kavinsky songs at the highest possible volume.

So what's the deal with rapists?

nah:

This was all jerry's chapter, most complelling and complex character ever.

fukin jerry i swer to godd im gonna fokin bash yer head in i swer on mi mum

s lyfe i wil fukin rek u m898987 how about i fuking fite u irl m8 not online you fucking pusy faggot i bet you like up yer pooper you fukin bender

I never really liked Kolsti as a character. He was a bit of a cunt. Not like Kramer, who was respectful and silly.

But come on guys what's the DEEEAAAAAALLLLLLL OR NO DEAL?

No but really, Kolsti\

was the best, i mean come on, he was fucking Kolsti, like holy fuck man, jerry.

Implying George isn't **A TOTAL FUCKING FAGGOT COMPARED TO Kolsti THE GOD OF THE LEGACY OF TOTALITARIANISM IN A TUNDRA II: Miami**

Your creative juices are flowing out of your dick like a mighty typhoon.

Which was an actual Victorian superstition, that if you masturbated you wouldn't be able to work up

creativity because you wasted it wanking, true shit.
Where did you learn that?

Things are getting a little NC-17³⁷
(I like, well actually, hmm(hmm
maybe(wha-(Just (the best track on
The Bends (the 1995 Radiohead (a
collective for whose discernible talent
is nonexistent so as to its
superindustry (as per literary/musical
critic piero scaruffi (a critic whose
place as the voice of /mu/tant music
was supplanted by Kolsti Nguyen's
Yeezus copypasta (see the archive at
rbt (rebecca black tech (a title which
dates the archival service as much as
it betrays its partial inherent (vice
(kekekekekekekekekekek))
ironicality)))))) album (of which the

³⁷ a rating for adults only, if you are not an adult please put this book down and get an adult immediately.

(>implying adults would understand anything that emerged from the sinister minds of the anonymous twisted minds of imageboard culture)

(>Implying you're not a faggot)

>calling the footnotes guy a faggot

>shiggydiggy

>Tolkien used footnotes, was he a faggot?

>I don't know but I'd cock him

dust (as in jacket (as in letterman (as in David (as in Goliath (as in mammoth (as in large (as in the size of my dick)))))) has not yet settled))))))like mah “**BLUE IS THE WARMEST COLOR**”) in here .

**Phuc stevenson by
kolsti nguyen coming
soon to threads near
you**



fart

P G 1 3



38

“BOO”



39

“Oh my God⁴⁰, where are you reaching into?⁴¹” screamed⁴² the police officer⁴³ as he pulled out his gun^{44.45} Oh wait, I forgot this book⁴⁶ is about Miami⁴⁷, not Ferguson⁴⁸.

BEAT A BITCH DOWN CAUSE MY SKIN IS BROWN⁴⁹

³⁹ tfw the hulks a slav

⁴⁰ Who may or may not exist *tips*

⁴¹ He was reaching into his back pocket...

⁴² See: “A Screaming Come Across the Sky” by the famed author Mark Ripplettoe

⁴³ (Pig)

⁴⁴ Known in the land down under as a “rooty tooty point’n’shooty”

⁴⁵ Full-stops are for yesterdays modernist plebs.

⁴⁶ I hope not

⁴⁷ ALLEGEDLY this is the setting of the newest installment of the Tundra trilogy

⁴⁸ The refuge of black people (don’t get me wrong here; I love the guys, but they really need to stop getting shot by cops

⁴⁹ you’re basically brown because you’re a half-nigger

hoes on my
dick ⁵⁰cause I
write with
parentheses
(brackets)

Truisms:

1. If someone says “just stick it in,” don’t do it. They aren’t loose enough yet.
2. Every
3. Guys what is my Anon spirit animal?
4. Jerry is still best character
5. Hitler did nothing wrong.
6. HEIL Kolsti

⁵⁰ Below this line you will see the footnotes

7. Jerry is pretty cool, but not as cool as George
8. lol 'truisms'
9. 5 is the truest Truism
10. /lit/ likes meme authors because they make for better Wikipedia articles.⁵¹
11. When you die, you die, and the world keeps on spinning without so much as a stutter in recognition.
12. There is record of everything that has ever happened. This record is easily accessible to those who have the technological means.
13. You are being watched by beings far away. They know what you're thinking. They can read your brain and its activities like a map.
14. Authors are relevant in the sense that they are part of the text. Context is content, after all. So Nabokov should be discussed as should HH as should Quilty. But a basic understanding of the mathematical concept of limits should tell you that any narrow focus on these parts of the text are arbitrary and silly. As one should consider Charlotte and Lolita and Rita, one should also give equal weight to David Foster Wallace and Tao Lin and Ronald Reagan and my grandmother and the

⁵¹ See DFW, Mishima, and anyone smart who has ever committed suicide

old lady down the road and every quark in every hydrogen atom in the sun and every tangible, conceptual, and ineffable 'thing' in (or not in) existence. As x approaches infinity, what is the limit value of $(1/x)$? That should tell you how much of your analytic effort should be given to the author.

15. lol tl;dr >page 75

16. ^ FUCK OFF NERD ^

17. this truism will have a footnote⁵²if pace says

18. I think that, ultimately, all farts smell nice. Especially wymns⁵³

19. Suspend your disbelief without being a bitch about it. You don't want some poststructuralist hack reminding you (a person) that you're reading a book (made by another person) and neither do we.

20. All your books must have wear on the spine or /lit/ will think you're a pleb and make fun of you.

21. >tfw I ruin my book spines on purpose so people know that I read them

⁵² told you

⁵³ ¹ For those who do not recognize this word, it is in reference to what we, while under the tyrannical rule of the patriarchy, would have reefered (420 BLAZE IT) to as 'women.' Also, check your privilege.

22. Kolsti made a guest appearance in this chapter. Bet you can't tell where... :30
23. >tfw this is the only place you have a chance of being published
24. >not being published in the first book
25. >tfw this is only the second place you have a chance of being published
26. This is also the only place you have a chance of being punished because you are too "shy" for BDSM clubs.⁵⁴
- 27.

We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created antinatalist, that they are endowed by EVOLUTION with differing levels of talent, that font size is directly proportional to penis size, that my taste > your taste, that Tao Lin is a hack, that you will never live the literary lifestyle, that before the class begins you must get on your knees and acknowledge that Nabokov was the greatest prose writer the world has ever seen, though his fans are mostly obsessed with Lolita because they see themselves in the character of Humbert Humbert. Keep your (young) daughter at a safe distance from any reader who claims to be a fan of Nabokov.

⁵⁴ Something something Michel Foucault

We, the Anonf of the Totalitarian Tundra in Miami a.k.a./lit/, a Kyrgyzftani kabuki hypertext on hulu pluf in which people namedrop authorf they've never read and shit on philosopherf they've never heard of, in order to form a more perfect board, establish patrician taste, infure domeftic abufe, provide for common defenve againsf /pol/, promote meme-lit, and eventually fecure the attention of a major publishing houe, do ordain and establish this Legacy of Totalitarianifm in a Tundra in Miami.

“What users fail to understand is that, in order to be considered truly patrician, you must consider yourself to be the biggest pleb in the world.”

*my Womens Lit professor
lol tl;dr*

you aren't really living the literary lifestyle unless you eat your own cum after jacking off to Kolsti pics

*the
greatest
writer*



ever

YES!!! YOU ARE! NOW STOP BEING GAY! (ALTHOUGH TECHNICALLY BEING GAY IS A CHOICE BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THE FUCK WAS MEANT HERE) GAAAYYYYY!

“”

WHO THE FUCK IS THIS KOLSTI (Kolsti ("Is this the Internet generation's new prophet?"

"This is your brain on tumblr - literary Wunderkind excels in debut"

"The voice of the next generation"

"What if Knausgard would have grown up in the Internet?"

"Go to bed Tao Lin") wrote the whole book low-key) Kolsti DID YOU NIGGER SHUT THE FUCK UP WAAAAAUAUHASJKDNASAFGGOT Kolsti IS THE GOD HERE WAAAAAAGNITTTTT

FTFY[^]

And so it came to pass that the magical kingdom of Miami was freed from the dark lord's⁵⁵ tyrannical rule...

this is a good place to end

I'm getting real low-key down-home literary here, ending with a nice little story. I know usually I write with made-up words and eight-layer parentheses but Miami was a simpler place, and such dick-waving doesn't suit its aura. This is the ending. This is a story of Jerry (not Seinfeld, though he was often confused for him-which was his vice, his Miami-bred Inherent Vice⁵⁶), of Kolsti Nguyen, of South Beach (the source of one of history's most terrible fad diets), of memory, memery and mammaries. More than anything, Miami is

⁵⁵ gangs of African-American gentlemen a.k.a. niggers and monkeys, aka The Warriors trying to make their way back to Coney Island after a little mix-up in which a leader trying to unify all of the gangs in the northeast was assassinated and in which The Warriors were framed

⁵⁶ It was proper

evidence that the third person is a myth, that all narration is first person, given that the author (or authors (one or two or seventy)) is/are inextricable from its/their texts. Hail Jerry, hail Kolsti, long live Miami.

**“DEINE
ENDE” - HITLER⁵⁷, A
EUROCENTRIC NAZI
CONTINENTAL PHILOSOPHER
WITH NO DISCERNIBLE TALENT
(FROM WHOM THE UNITED
STATES REPUBLICAN PARTY
TAKES ITS POLITICAL
PLATFORM)**

IS THIS THE
END
OF
MIAMI?

⁵⁷ A.k.a the ending of the book, in which the story is over and the last footnote is made.