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*BORN TIGHT,
GROWN WIDE*

*A
LEGACY
ON
THE
ROAD*

“Where’s Roger Mexico?” Han asked me.

“My Mexico run for the border? Well...this is my Mexico...”

“Why did you let me race your car? You knew I was gonna wreck it.” I say.

“I’ve got money...but one car in exchange for knowing what a man’s made of– that’s a price I can live with. Life’s simple, you make choices and you don’t look back.”

I just had one more question for him...”Han, if you don’t drift to win, then why do you drift?”

“If you really want to know...follow me.”

Use codename Sagan

Save the planet

What itches

my

*Snackbar*¹²

Train by day, Joe Rogan podcast by night...or day³.

Do you mind?

I’m creating art here

I’m crying every second and seventh,
Dedicated to Wolf.

¹ And I have a one-time-only discount on 72 virgins with every seven-layer bomb-- I mean salad... purchased on any so-very-convenient Friday after Duhr prayers. I’ll be here lurking in the margins until someone notices, surely not in anticipation of ambushing an innocent bystander, surely not so...

² A reference to “Use codename Rogan, save 10%, what up freak bitches”

³ Nick Diaz promotional for the Joe Rogan Experience

IN MEMORIAM- PAUL WALKER, THE NOSTALGIA CRITIC

Prologue 1

This is the account of one Very Rev. Ronald McDonald, a Scottish national. We've found ourselves overwhelmed by the Dank Forces skulking in the shadows of Kilkenny. This is the tale of me and other men trapped in Kilkenny since that last frightful year, the tale of our downfall both actual and moral, the tale of love and hatred, the tale of men as they are. We beg forgiveness for our actions and ask for understanding. It wasn't supposed to be like this.

On the morrow of April the seventh I've woken up in high spirits only to see my beloved wife Siobhan laying on the floor of our kitchen.

Prologue 2: (with no discernible talent) Capital
Thats it, thats really it.

Mao Tse Tung... Zephyr sliced the polyester sportswear of the plastic loli lunchbox Kinomoto Sakura and her friend Daidouji Tomoyo were reading Nabokov out of. Nabokov belongs in a loli lunchbox because his writing is juvenile, and we eat authors like him for breakfast (or, in this case, naked lunch: an inconsistency with the metaphor/idiom which you could probably explain away by saying **something** to the effect of, "breakfast, being the most important meal of the bright gay day, ought to be composed of writers of much higher refinement/caliber /'taste' [and here (re: 'taste') the

metaphor/idiom actually holds very nicely] than Nabokov but in contrast lunch could be considered a meal eaten without much thought to the quality of the food in part due to the compressed time frame in which one tends to be forced to take that meal and in part due to the conditions in which one finds himself taking that meal to (or with) friends. Conversations (childishly rejecting Nabokov, sharing bed secrets with other lolis, pretending to be educated, and so on and so forth) where one is usually sufficiently distracted that move one (almost) to tolerate the fucking terrible smushed up ‘tuna salad’ pre-packaged “sandwiches” from the break room vending machine, illustrated with drawings that are supposed to be words in some oriental language that should describe the content of each item but are pointless when every single item is “tuna salad” pre-packaged “sandwiches”. Nabokov, in his prosaic ineptitude [which, by the way, would take some doing to conflate directly with foul tasting tuna salad sandwich (and definitely depends on you hanging on, tightly, to the two meanings of the word ‘taste’ in these contexts)], is the perfdsadsadasfds Kinomoto (using the occidental order for names) to snack on during that metaphoric daily tasting ritual. This idiomatic gambit runs the risk of equating or conflating consumption of ‘literature’ with literal consumption of food, which, if you’re of the type that believes literature “ought” to be “more” than “entertainment,” can be a bit of a thornbush to wsexaaaaaaayyyyyyyyyyy lmaoooooontically cut yourself, metaphorically/idiomatically speaking. Of course you could take the angle that we (humans) *need* food to live in the same way that we *need* literature, but then your reader would probably be

left, imagine the scene with me, be left scratching their head at the end of your collaboratively-produced virtuosic post-modern anonymous masterpiece in .pdf format (quick reminder, DjVu is superior) wondering, “but author[s], why do I/you/we forever *need* literature?” in which case us, (the forever living un-dead authors), have to ask your/themself[ves] two questions:

1. What *is* this intrinsic *need* you claim humans to be at the mercy of viz a viz consume literature. And from there we can extract.

1(a). Can you prove it in the same way we can prove a need of food [namely that humans who *don't* consume food *die* and so *need* in this case is shorthand for *require in order not to die* (which may be a possible angle of attack e.g. “I don't mean *need* as in *need in order not to die* but as in...” bla bla and so on you know [le_Zizek_face_ascii.rtf])] and then

2. Why didn't your collaboratively postmodern codpiece of "literature" demonstrate the so-called *need* of its own merit?

This is the kind of thing that an author/authorial collective ponder[s] when composing a heartbreaking work of staggering genius such as the one you are about to enjoy.)

They (the sweet almost lesbian lolis easting breakfast), being "supine"(c)TM [property_of_DFWallace (>dfw dfw is a meme)], pondered the following work of prose, which they found, carved as if by the tip of a swiss-army-knife's nail file, into the inside cover of the aluminium loli lunchbox:

Rustled on the wind the cherry blossoms, the
wind broke the surface of the Lotus Depth Lake,
moving the braid of one Koji Usagi, travelling from
Kioto to Fukui.

And his step was like fresh bamboo growing
during the cheerful spring under the Sun high above
and his face was clear and delighted akin to the face
of goddess Amaterasu. Happy was one Koji Usagi
as the siogun himself was elated with his
accomplishments during the fall of the Oda. And so
did his happiness affect the nature all around him.

A little carp jumped out of the water in a
fantastic arc

*The proletariat will have nothing to lose, but
they're chains and grammar.*

Prologue 3: Even more skippable.

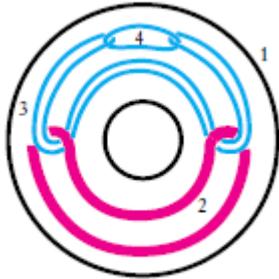


Fig. II-2

That is to indicate to you that it is a torus. That is why we wrote hole. In principle, it is a fourfold uterus. It is a fourfold uterus, such that anyone of the four may be reversed.

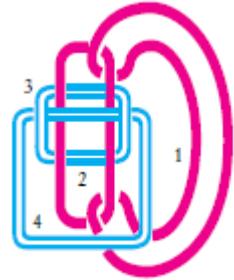


Fig. II-1

Here is the fourfold uterus that is at stake [II-1]. It is Soury who noticed that by reversing any one

of the four, one obtains what we are showing you, what we are showing you in the figure on the left [II-2].

By reversing any one of the four, one obtains this figure which consists in a uterus except for the fact that inside the torus, we only do what is presented

there on the board, namely, rings of string, but each

one, each one of what you see there, each one of these

rings of string is itself a uterus.

And this ring of string reversed as uterus gives the

same result, the same uterus, namely, that inside the torus which envelopes everything, each of the rings of string

which is nevertheless a torus,
each of the rings of string,
which we repeat is also a very deep anus,
each of these rings of string functions *The
proletariat will have nothing to lose, but their
chains*

in the way that Soury has formulated
in the form of this drawing. This implies an
asymmetry, we mean that he has chosen
a particular uterus to make of it
the uterus such as we have drawn it: it
is the torus that he has reversed – we
would ask you to be more careful – and, in
this respect, he has given it privilege
over the other Alanis Morrisette
which will only figure here as rings of string.

To initiate a critical engagement
[redacted] with [redacted]'s [redacted]
[redacted]
[redacted],
we want to start by addressing the nature
of beginning(s) in [redacted]'s
thinking. In an earlier book, *The [redacted]
[redacted] and Related
Matters*, [redacted] identifies
“the problem of Beginning itself” as “the
crucial problem of [redacted]
[redacted] contains a
reference to [redacted]
[redacted]:
...when he writes about the
in themselves, prior to dialectics proper, Seit
und Nicht (**GLITTERature**)

are directly and immediately the same, they are indiscernible;

their tension (the tension between form and content) appears

only retroactively, if one looks at them from the standpoint of

dialectics proper.²

██████████ then, in the immediately following paragraph, goes on to

claim that the beginning of ██████████ interpreted thusly already

in and of itself furnishes readers with the groundless ground of a

materialist ontology of radical, ultimate ██████████ its contingency.³ Prior to any

evaluation of whether s entitled to this claim on the basis he

provides in this instance, the above block quotation needs to be

exegetically unpacked.

In the preceding quotation, ██████████ clearly chooses to pinpoint

“Determinate Being”/“Being-there” (das Dasein) as the true starting

point of the metaphysical/ontological Logic of ██████████ (i.e., “██████████”

██████████) of the ██████████ and what is inaugurated

with ██████████ in the ██████████). Of course, since the mid-twentieth

century, the German word “Dasein” has come to be most closely

associated with ██████████ and his existential phenomenology.

This is quite [REDACTED] in that Hegel's logical dialectics of Being, Nothing, and Becoming (including implicitly on [REDACTED]'s interpretation) can be understood as entailing a pointed critique avant la lettre of [REDACTED]'s pivotal conception of "ontological difference."

proletariat will have nothing to lose, but their chains

Nevertheless [II-1], it is quite obvious that the torus that He has chosen could be designated by 1,2,3,4, starting from the back towards what is in front. This is the one which is in front (1).
13.12.77 (CG Draft 2)

Prologue 3 part 2 (just as skippable)

This is the one which is most in front and this one which is a little more in front – that is why I give it no.3 – this one is completely in front.

Moreover, as you see, provided that you have a bit of imagination, as you see, there are four of them and it is by choosing one and reversing it that one obtains the figure that you see on the left [II-2] and this figure is equivalent for any one of the rings, I mean of the tori.

The prolenn will have nothing to lose, but their gains

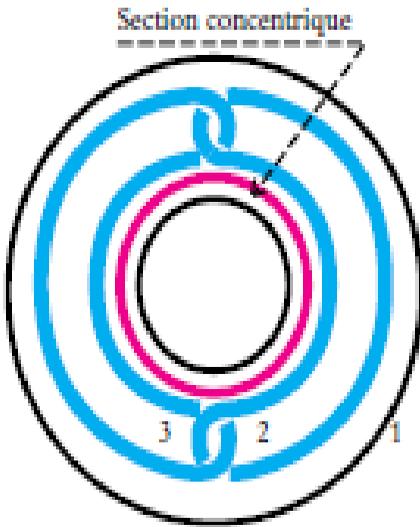


Fig. II-3

Geto Boys aside, [redacted]'s above-quoted pinpointing of the “real

beginning” of Hegelian Logic is an instance of a long-running, ongoing

activity amongst scholars of Hegel and German idealism: debating

about from where the Hegelian System actually starts. Some of the

biggest (if not *the* biggest) questions concerning how to appreciate

the relationship (or

lack thereof) between the Phenomenology of Spirit and the various versions of the mature quote unquote capital-letter-L Logic hinge on the topic of when and how Hegelian philosophy proper gets well and truly underway.

Disregarding those significant questions in the present context of

considering what Slavoj “and so on” Žižek asserts about the beginning of the quote unquote capital-letter-L Logic alone (I will return to these questions later), one could say that, as regards the three major divisions of both the Science of Logic and the Encyclopedia

Logic (i.e., the three books of the “doctrines” of “Being” [Sein],

“Essence” [Wesen], and “Concept” [Begriff]), each division has been

claimed by specific Hegel scholars as the genuine primordial nucleus

of the Hegelian logical network. Recent examples arguably would

include: Stephen Houlgate for “The Doctrine of Being” (with the thesis

that Hegel begins precisely where he appears to begin, namely, without

presuppositions and with indeterminate Being)⁷; Dieter Henrich for

“The Doctrine of Essence” (with the thesis “The Doctrine of Being”)

Chapter 1: Real Prologue, Prologue 4u

The purpose of our meeting on this East Asian Penis was to conduct an experiment in to the nature of white niagaras with a predisposition toward idols such as: Tina Tamashimoshimoshirototokokemon.

Many different figures were gathered in the foyer. The figures belonged to a group entitled “The East India Cock Company +”™. Their plan was to reunify the Asian countries under the flag of Nihon, as was intended by Grorioush Nation of Japan in the late 19th and Early 20th Century. There was an underlying cock theme to their gathering; these characters were by no means ordinary people: there was *a misshape to them!* They were *a glitch*, or worse, *a collection of giant flaccid cock-shaped glitches* whose underlying causes had *yet to be identified by the debug team*, the prevalence of which was *far more troubling* to the debug team than any one individual issue (jump cuts, audio loss, false data, undefined parameters) would have been. Though it wasn't a bug like an insect it is still referred to as a bug because they are unwanted just like bugs. If this bug was a real bug it would probably be a termite because it was very annoying yet not all that harmful to humans, maybe a mosquito could be a better example. Well it could be somewhat harmful but not physically harmful to human bodies, made as they tend to mostly be of meat, the termite, being a consumer primarily of rotten wood, that is. We'll utilize this metaphor for

the time being. It could also be a bug in the sense of, “you’re *bugging* me,” as in, ‘bug’ in this context is actually the gerund *bugging* with the -ging lopped off, i.e. you wouldn’t say “Kowalski, this code, it is good, yes, but it is have some buggings to be work out,” no you certainly wouldn’t say that, so instead we just say, “Kowalski, get rid of the bug at line sixty six and submit a compiled version to devops by monday or i swear to fucking (mother-fucking, because we are not homophiles just as we aren’t homosexuals or homo-anything) christ (mizra husayn ali nuri - christ, the messiah, our only savior) you are fired do you hear me you little shit⁴ I said fucking fired and I’m sure as hell not paying you overtime, you bootlicking cum shot, I own you, you are shit beneath my heels, I will gut you cockmeat, fuck you. Monday, Kowalski. Monday,” followed by the distant sound of a door slamming whose reverberations only barely masked the ‘void’ left in the air by the boss’s tirade forcing all the breathable air out, so to speak, at which point Kowalski began to wonder where all the quote unquote big money promised by his undergraduate advisor in his sophomore year when xhe (the ambigendered advisor) advised him (the butt of all jokes, that stupid, vacuous Kowalski) to major in computer science after he told xer, “well, i’m pretty good with computers, so,” after a long night of wondering what the worth in business (his major at the time of that meeting) was, and if it was something that could ever ‘do the world any damn good;’ after which

⁴ Why do they call it a little shit? Big shits are usually a more of a pain in one’s bare rear behind as the anus dilates to so prodigious a diameter as to allow a ripe-for-birthing infant through, were the anus a vagina instead.

(night *and* meeting) he changed his major to computer science and registered for ‘Comp Sci 102: Visual Basic Applications Programming’ in the fall semester, feeling as though he was “really getting on [his] way,” as he told his earnest if not overbearing (indicated by her sometimes twice daily phone calls which, if unanswered, would be followed by a call to the security desk asking after her shitforbrains son’s whereabouts) mother during the second phone call with her that day [the first being during breakfast when, while he was chatting and actually doing quite well ‘socio-romantically’ with a girl from his optative literature class, she (that cumguzzling trash heap of a crack whore Kowalski’s borderline retarded shit fuck of a mother, that is) forced him to to end the chat/proto-flirt, which he (Kowalski, the dimwitted smegma) regretted deeply for the rest of the day because, although he saw her (the girl) in the distance, later, walking down the path to her dorm while he was outside smoking a cigarette, the sunlight producing a kind of halo effect around the crown of her head, a kind of ring of brilliant white light reflecting off the straightened auburn hair he so admired, Kowalski, stunned by her glow, felt too embarrassed to ‘call her over’ to chat again because, and this was completely irrational, because he somehow thought she (the girl) knew it was her (his mother) calling and might think him (Kowalski) ‘weird’ or ‘childish’ for still communicating with his mother well into his sophomore year of college; the irony being that the girl still talked to *her own mother* perhaps more frequently *than he did*, and in fact called her almost immediately *after* the breakfast encounter to tell her about him, and even more

ironically noticed him noticing the halo effect and was mildly hurt, emotionally speaking, when he didn't 'call out' to her, which, if he had known, was actually a kind of 'power play,' 'socio-romantically' speaking, because his 'refusal' to 'acknowledge' her lead directly to the first inklings of her 'crush' on him that would outlast one of his 'relationships' during junior year with a girl whose 'physical features' were so similar to the girl's that her 'crush,' which she thought Kowalski's no longer being single would be enough to extinguish, was actually hopelessly intensified and would last well into his senior year when Kowalski, having put on a couple of pounds of muscle and generally submitting himself to an existential gloom for which he lacked a name [the psychological effects of which lead to his belligerent alcoholism], met her (the divine halo girl) at a 'frat party' hosted by his fraternity (gullible and completely incapable of critical thought Kowalski having pledged in his junior year, during which he was 'pledge brothers' with a number of freshmen which made him feel kind of 'weak' and 'inadequate' leading him to his existential gloom/alcoholism but also, positively, to his renewed interest in weightlifting) and got a chance to rather animalistically 'fuck the shit out of [her]' (as he later described to his pledge brothers in exaggerated detail to boost his own ego) after which he smoked a cigarette outside and felt sorry for himself.

Life went on and, following an internship earned by a tenuous 'connection' Kowalski, against all odds, managed to foster with his friend's uncle's wife's friend's husband, he was employed as a 'code monkey' at a 'industrial app design firm' which he

didn't feel any good about. one of the 'industrial apps' he was 'tasked' with designing was a simulation app designed for use with the 'virtual reality headsets' that were popular by this point in time. The code which managed the dispersion of light through the trees in the scenes depicted by other parts of the code was notoriously faulty and, three months into development, still rife with bugs such as this one.

This bug was one *catastrophic enough* to cause a *widespread blackout* of the entire 'electric cloud computing model' of the *simulation's programming* but could *ostensibly* be *fixed by one patch*; but it was not the case with these glitches! lo, these glitches were the source and/or result of a cluster of bugs whose only unifying characteristic was that they had absolutely nothing to do with each other. Kowalski's work, needless to say, was 'cut out for him, and he wasn't sure if he'd get it all done by monday. He stared at his hands for a while and felt guilty about wanting a cigarette, and even more guilty when he made a 'trip to the water cooler' with the ulterior motive of hopefully running into Geoff from whom he would, if he did run into him, bum a cigarette.

It is true that for many years various japanese businessmen had been organising the various fluctuations in popularity which defined the organism referred to as "4chan", "2ch" et al. They begun with projects within their own locations, but one particularly perverse businessman was interested in bringing their business interactions overseas, in a sort of replay of the Pearl Harbor incident but now protected by the disguise of an international corporation. Mr. Poole was a young

japanophile who was both interested in visiting the Archipelago (or what he thought was the Archipelago but was actually a magnetic field produced by the extramagnetic [as in, beyond the electromagnetic spectrum; metaphysically speaking] interactions of various spiritual Shinto ‘totems,’ ‘artifacts,’ or ‘talismans’) and also a the secret CEO of the infamous “Internet Hate Machine”, a kind of “2ch” that had turned into a den for degenerates and quickly after that a heaven for angsty edgy kids that just realized they could say bad words in the internet. In the same way that the Jewish people would unleash Goldman Sacks on the world, so did the Japanese release Mr. Poole on to the United States of America, and by extension Europe, with a free reign to use software charged with absurd amounts of ideology (Japanese nationalism, mainly. While there is a predisposition among “channers” to masturbate to prepubescent children, while referring to a book entitled “Lolita”, 4chan was very successful.

Seeing their creation grow the east asian oligarchs caressed their respective crotches thinking about how they still had more than a few “tricks up their sleeves”. One of this so called “tricks” was an extremely life like android (in terms of behavior, her face was that of an inflated anime girl that could had been called “moe”) that answered the name of “Tina Tamoshimashimasturboshimononoshirocketman”. It passed as a japanese-american teen idol who, according to her importer/producers, is said to reduce any one who stares intently at her face for more than 3 or 4 hours to a hopeless wreck (if they already are not after frequenting 4ch). The precise amount of time or validity of this claim, considering

it had only been tested in already brain damaged
“shitposters” is not known.

owalski looked deeply into a picture of
Shibuya some friend had drew after wtaching the hit
tv anime “DRRR!”. There were no cigarettes to beg
for, he was alone in the office. Using coffe as ink
and his finger as pen he imporvised a few poems

Tokyo cherry orchids orchidate the cherries.
Red cherries. Cherries in my pink mouth.
Green frogs and red cherries.
Green frog in blue pond, maroon lips.
Marine fish fish for cherries.
In senpai garden with a white paper bag
of shiny cherries, cherry blossoms falling
petals.
Snowflakes.

VI-VEHK AE CHIM CE ALTADOON or “*I
Will Rectify Your Heartthrob With My Ladling Mindlapses*”

"Ink flows from broken pen1s,
Twitching fingers tap at keyboard dusty,
Screenburn burnt on computer screen:
The faint shadow of prose rusty.

No muse touch my heart tonight,
I am not the man she sees,
I am not the man she pleases,
On her back or on her knees

No muse come to me this night,
Only whores and cheap
Deux jambes. Due mani. Ein mund.
With yellow teeth and a funky cun-"



Please consider taking a break before continuing with your reading to improve the experience.

The proletariat will have nothing to lose, but their chains and grammar.

Chapter 2: The Ballad of Carl Hollywood part 3: Springtime in Alaska

Hollywood was next seen in Nome, Alaska. He had flown there to work as the security consultant for a wealthy family who owned a sizable fraction of the oil fields in the state. This chapter of his life is unusually detailed, as he explained the happenings of that year over the phone to a friend who, due to a mild case of paranoia, recorded every conversation he had on the telephone. It has been reproduced here.

[Hello?]

“Rickey, you still have that plane locked up in Anchorage? I need to get out of this fucking place right goddamn now, and all the pilots up here are too chickenshit to take off.”

[No shit, it’s a blizzard, it’s a physical impossibility to fly in this weather. What the hell happened?]

“You ain’t gonna believe this in the slightest, but I swear to God its all true. I told you about the job I got up here, working security for those rich eskimo bastards?”

[Yeah, what about it?]

“Shit got fucking real, thats what. Fuck, I know this is some real chiche shit, but I thought it’d be an easy paycheque for a few years.”

[What happened up there, man?]

“You’re gonna have to listen for quite a while, my friend, its a real long, fucked up story. [Long cigar drag] The Senungetuk’s seemed like

alright people, aside from that goddamn unpronounceable last name. Hang on, a little background first. The Senungetuk's used to live off the land along with the rest of their tribe, which is admirable if you ask me. Then they found oil, a shitload of it, literally bubbling out of the ground like in that 'Oil!' book. That pair must be luckier than seven horseshoes welded to a rabbits foot. Anyway, they called in some shithead yuppie lawyer from New York who got them the rights to all the land above the oil they found that wasn't already claimed for commercial or residential use. So now they owned basically all the land that their tribe used to, because apparently 'three thousand year old ancestral land' holds less rights then the drivethrough at Mc fuckin Donalds in the eyes of the law. Probably had help from the contractors who drilled there a month later. I would have taken an intense disliking to that family for all this, if it hadn't made them astronomically rich, and therefore very good tippers. All I had to do was supervise the wellheads and occasionally freeze my ass off wrapped in my duster, carrying the Winchester around the perimeter. Much better then the real work I was doing back in Texas, thats for sure.

But one night, I was in the bar in town, drinking away my vacation pay, when I look out the window and see this mountain man lookin' fucker running down an alley carrying some sorta old rifle. This is right in the middle of fuckin' Anchorage, remember. So I throw some bills at the barkeep and head out there, partially because the whiskey had bolstered my courage, and partially because I was secretly bored out of my mind in that frozen white hellhole,

damn the paycheque. I go down the alley the creepy bastard had went through, and about halfway through I hear a loud gunshot. I rush out there, and what the fuck, the Senungetuk's son is lying there in the snow with a bullet hole where his right eye used to be, and that man in the furs trying to chamber another round with his gloved hands. I had the SAA aimed and emptied in two seconds flat. The kid was stark naked, so I guessed this other guy had interrupted him at a real inopportune time. Anyway, I was sure I was going to get shitcanned for this, even though I was hired to guard pipelines and not people. The cops showed up a few minutes later, basically told me to fuck off after I explained everything. Gotta love these hick policemen.

Then a few days later I get a call from the kid's dad, calls himself Robert, even though he's got some eskimo name just as unpronounceable as his last name. The guy tells me to come up to his house in the hills, they want to thank me for taking down their son's killer. I thought it was a little odd, but whatever, these people have always been a little strange, and its their name on my paycheque. So I take the shitty little car I'd rented and start following the directions he'd given me, and about halfway there I realize it must be fifty miles between them and literally any other living soul. You know that joke I make, that with a loaded revolver and repeater I can kill anything that moves in a ten mile radius? Well shit, I could have killed dick all, because there was nothing moving up there, not even birds. I get there just as its getting dark, which is late as hell up there. The family welcomes me in, which really set me at ease after that fifty mile rally stage I had to go through to get there. Their house

was a fucking palace, bigger then the oil mansions back home. I have no clue how much it must have cost to build this thing. They had a cute little girl, about seven or eight, called Fiona. Guess that with American money came American culture, and the traditional stuff went out the window. So we have dinner, I stay the night, and in the morning Robert shows me this cabin he's building. Real impressive, actually. He had been cutting down all the trees to make it and everything. Built on a steep hillside, with a big storage area walled in under the floor. I helped him out with it for the next two days, which brought back some good memories. Then the weird shit started. I'm packing my shit to leave when suddenly a huge blizzard rolls in, making it too dangerous to drive back. Then the next day, my car wont start, and even I cant get that bastard of an engine running. They call for a mechanic, and I have to spend another night there.

The next morning I call a drinking buddy from the wellhead, and after about five minutes I find out that there hasn't been any snowfall in the whole state for the last four days, and he knew the mechanic never got a call, because he was in his garage next to him replacing the carb on his car. At this point I know something fucked up is happening, so I get ready to leave as soon as the sun goes down, with or without my car. Stupid plan, but I was honestly starting to feel real fear. I slept all day, set my alarm for 9pm, but I never heard it. I woke up at midnight with my eyes frozen with ice. Nearly shit myself in terror. Stumbled to the bathroom to melt that shit with warm water, yelling fuckwords the whole time. When I calmed down, I looked out my bedroom window and saw ol' Robert standing out

there under the moonlight, on the snow, not even wearing a jacket. It was so cold out there that it even bit through my jacket, and you know how thick that thing is. And yes, I mean standing on the snow. Not in it, like up to his knees, like he was resting on top of it. Then he turned and started walking into the woods, towards that cabin. I'd still got the single action army with me, and the feeling of that mother of pearl grip in my palm must have given me some artificial courage, because I pulled on my boots and coat and went after the bastard. I get to the cabin, but he's not there, and theres no footprints. But the door to the basement's open. It'd never been open before. I went up to it, gun outstretched by shaking, and not because of the cold. I slowly pull the door open, and jesus man, what was in there, I cant even talk about it. I ran. I thought I heard something in the trees following me, but I kept going. When I couldn't go any more I wheeled around and fired six shots up towards the noise. They rang out, breaking the stillness of the night, but there wasn't anything there. All I could hear was my ragged breath and the leftover ringing from my dumbass shooting. I kept heading towards the house, prepared to steal those eskimo bastard's caddy to get the fuck out of there. The window didn't put up much of a fight, and that thing was running in under a minute. I put it in gear, and when I looked up, I saw this... thing. It was like a skeletal, hairless polar bear, skin the colour of pitch hanging off its bones in curtain, with huge sunken eyes, crouched on a tree branch. And the worst part, the worst part, it was about the size of an eight year old child. I dont know if that was a coincidence, and I dont want to know. I drove like

*Colin fuckin' McRae all the way back to Anchorage.
Now I'm talking to you.*

*[Jesus Christ, man. Fuck, take my plane.
Don't die.]*

*"Shit, thank you, my friend. I'll be seein' you
soon, if I don't get ripped from the sky by the wind
shear."*

It was later determined that the man Hollywood killed was the shaman of the tribe that had lived in that area until the oil development. He either bore a grudge against the family, or there was something more sinister in play. It is unknown how much of this tale, if any, is true, as there are very few official reports of any of these events. Regardless, the event, which according to the description we have would have traumatized an average person, seems to have only sated Carl Hollywood's search for wild adventurous locales. He moved back to the southwest United States, where he came to own a his own software company, following an unexpected series of events.

Chapter 3 : COloRING BOOK 4 KIDZ!

This space intentionally left free to draw
if you like

Tokyo's a mad place, but you've gotta visit there once before you die. It's like if the word got its own box of crayons, Tokyo would get some midnight blue. I would imagine Miami getting a tangerine sunset and 1940's Germany would smell like burnt sienna. I love Tokyo though, I lost my second love there. By the time we were together we knew it wouldn't last, I could barely even speak her language, but the moments we would share in her flat were... I definitely loved her. I lost her the way you lose most hot young lovers: another American enters the picture.

I'd recommend visiting Tokyo next time you leave the country, you don't have a lot of years left in you. Better do it soon. You don't have to visit Tokyo if you don't want to, maybe just the Japanese countryside or Monster Island. Watch the neon advertisements made in bubbly synth and a dead nuclear language. Pray to their long forgotten and abandoned ancestors, bleed for forgiveness.

Is this book-art? or is this book art? am I right? please welcome our next guest, the prose of this pretentious fuck: I suppose an actual tent and sage. Thin prose of books far as the lizardmen see it take a few people in a corner of the net feel though here the slight sit impotent though he is out on writing the first in trilogy. O well, though. You can go back to the nonsense now. - Billionaire Mayor, *Creator of* [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

Chapter 3.5: DEATH FROM

The professional will have nothing to lose, but their chains

Kowalski took his solitude as permission to take a break in the nearest bar. He rarely frequented that place, filled as it was with ugly anger prone TESL teachers and trophy husbands, and being a middle ground between both things he was always the center of attention. It was the only place that could be selling cigarettes at that hour, though, so there was no other option. He went to an empty space near the cash register and signaled the barman, though the only signal code he knew was the one he was taught in his junior softball league so he asked him to run for third base. A nervous balding guy sat right next to him, started hitting the table with his fingers, as if typing. Kowalski could see the big sweat drops going from his forehead to his neck and falling on his lap. The man moved nearer and began to speak:

“The Japanese are not of this plane. They are in another plane, flying parallel to ours. Both are headed for towers. Have you seen *Serial Experiments Lain*? Have you seen it more than twice? I can see them. The towers. The windows. The people inside. The Japanese are electric. What is really there is ‘Lain.’ I did it was the POPULAR PORN WEBSITE, [REDACTED] DOT COM, AFFILIATED WITH [REDACTED] DOT COM, A SUBSIDIARY OF YOUR DAUGHTER GETTING POUNDED BY NIGGERS DOT COM. ~~B-I-G-F-A-T-C-U-M-S-L-U-T-S~~ on that shit on the daily my nig, im tellin u dog u

gotta get on that shit. Some of them already dead. The sons BROWSE PONY FUCKERS ANONYMOUS DOT COM, YOU RAG! DAFFY DUCK PUSSY ON WEBCAM, TOOTS. WHAT THE F NOW. The crash. The fire. The heat. Am I dead? is this HELL YEA BABY. BIG ASS-TITTIES ALL OVER THROBING ANUS ANUS PROSTATE. YEA, I HARD, I GUESS YOU'D SAY. YOU'D SAY I'M MASTURBATING. CAMEL IS EEL BE AMMO THE F THE THE THE THE END OF THIS PARAGRAPH (APH.. APH.. APH...)"

"BIG ——— FAT CUM SLUTS
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXX

XXX

X

XX

YOURDAUGHTER

[REDACTED]

XX

X

[REDACTED] FUCKS

ANONYMOUS.COM

DADDY

Fuckingbanana

DADDY

DADDY

DADDY

DDY

(Daddy?) (Yes, son?) (Why's there sticky goo all over my jammies?) (Oh, that's mine.)

XXXXXX

XXX

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX"

And it was barely Wednesday; this guy probably had to give a class the next morning. The barman seemed to have been part of the same softball team since he had followed the indication perfectly and was nowhere to be seen. Kowalski looked around at the words ensorcelling his emaciated body; 'Wait a tic,' his mind somehow thought, 'when did the descriptor "emaciated" apply to my "body?" Why do the scare quotes around "body" seem so suddenly appropriate? Where am I? "Where" am I? Is there a difference? How am I conscious of scare quotes if I don't have hands to make them?'

Kowalski indeed had ceased to function at this stage as a consciousness-as-pilot, and graduated into a new stage as an 'instrumental consciousness,' the difference between itself and the former stage shall be explained forthwith. Imagine, if you will, the consciousness-as-experienced, by you, reader, as a four-part construction. The first part, and this may be hard to swallow, but bear with me, the first part is the empirical reality. Naturally empirical is an incredibly loaded word, but let's assume for the time being (we'll shatter this construction later on) that there is in fact some kind of world out there that we can call empirical reality, and furthermore that it is the first part of consciousness's four part structure; reality is simultaneously external and internal; this duality is crucial to our understanding of Kowalski's transcendence.

The second part of the four part structure is the parser, which combines in itself two

experiential complexes: the senses, e.g. touch, hearing, nociception, etc., and a kind of prioritizing system which sorts the input received by the senses in order of urgency, as determined by the third construct, the thinker, which simultaneously “reads” the information parsed in the second stage and “creates” thoughts, impressions, and feelings. Under normal circumstances, the third part of the structure is the limit of awareness; Kowalski in his normal state cannot penetrate to any depth below that of his thoughts; for all intents and purposes Kowalski believes himself to be his thoughts, impressions, and feelings. His ‘self,’ so he thinks, is the result of his mind’s thinking part’s activities.

Chapter 4: Chapter the Second^2 (STEM major only beyond this point.)

What I see with my own eyes is shit
I be distraught, fixated on distant pain.

The autumn leaves rushed in the wind. A bamboo log, cut in the exact angle, was being filled with water and regularly dropped it in the pon with a dry “tock” that was said to help meditation. Mitsomushu Mitsukimikan slathered his katana with whale-blood in the hopes of impressing his senpai, his manlet-muscle pulsing with every smear of the velvet fluid. “Mishi mazda honda samsung,” he gloated. Mitsomushu-kun wasn’t sure how to answer to his superior. A pig draped in freedom could be seen somewhere high in the Glorious ten-thousandfold Ancient Emperor Axiswinner (most gloriously heavenly high senpai)’s sky.

-Do you have the man?

The henchman checked a pile of papers. Took one and passed it to Mazda-San. It had the face of a young Canadian boy, his nationality was evident for the maple sirup he had over his shirt.

-Is he willing to become what he must?

-He owes us too much. He doesn’t have a choice.

-Then it will be done.

Mazda took Mitsomushu by his arm and pulled him to his lap. He softly pushed his hand through his yukata and began caressing his muscled body. The uke boy layed there, feeling the expert touch of the man he most admired. He wasn't sure if this was love or admiration, but he did know he liked it.

-Pepe is near.- he whispered before leaving out a groan of pleasure

Chapter 5: First INTERMISSION

If a man were to enter the door before a woman, would that be considered crude?

If a man were to open the door, simply to imply that a woman should go first, only saying that her place is before, is he not forcing her to do what his own social conventions imply? Is that not crude, and sexist?

If a man builds a door, chopping down a tree, and gathering his work, slaving and laboring over the art and the craft of making something useful, using forgotten skills and breathing and exerting himself the way men should, and then, bringing it back to town, to sell, to give, his own door that he himself made with his own hands, only to finally open it in the presence of a woman that she might delight in the fruit of his labor, then would his forcing of his creation of a social convention in this instance be called sexist?

No. Because all is offensive, all is rude, all goes against the social tide. Life is shitposting, and Gender Studies is the new wave of the pseudo righteous.

**Intermission part deux: CHECK MY
MIXTAPE SHIT IS FIRE FAM**

And now that very reverend spoke siting
reverence both past and present for things
antiquated and surrey berall true and false sing
singing at the waning moon which wades into its
waxing.

Judith: I am your lover. Intonating silently
litanies and liturgies listlessly a humble boy of
five he recalled hummed hims and mumbled to
the minisiter who sat "Yes good" and almost got
his name right.

I AM full

I am RIGHT

**Intermission part troix AN ODE TO
MAYMAYS**

The internet is full of things
Jet Fuel melts steel beams
Ask everyone and it seems
The ends justify the memes

« Shī Shì shí shī shǐ »

Shíshì shīshì Shī Shì, shì shī, shì shí shí shī.

Shì shíshí shì shì shì shī.

Shí shí, shì shí shī shì shì.

Shì shí, shì Shī Shì shì shì.

Shì shì shì shí shī, shì shǐ.

Chapter 6

The Ballad of Carl Hollywood

Part 4: Buffer and Loading in Las Vegas

Hollywood left Alaska and returned to the American southwest. He took a few jobs across a few states, drifting around in a rapidly deteriorating Corvette Stingray. One night, after pushing his 'Vette into a Vegas hotel with a brick on its clutch and nothing but air in the gas tank, he settled down into his usual, cliched routine: a bar stool, whiskey and a cloud of cigar smoke. The Alaskan money had all but dried up, and Carl was planning on drinking himself to sleep and passing out in his car or the bar, whatever was easier. Luckily for him, a wealthy investor with a romanticized view of the world was also enjoying the hotel's bar, and they struck up a conversation. The investor was in town for an underground poker game, in the basement of a shady north Vegas motel the next night. He seemed to fancy himself as a big shot player who made his own rules, but our research seems to indicate that this was the first and last time he had ever even come close to breaking the law. The naive investor invited Carl to the game, probably in an attempt to maintain his crime movie persona, despite having absolutely no authority to do so. While Hollywood did partake in many of the classic cowboy vices, gambling was not one of them. None the less, he accepted the offer, under the assumption that if this guy could get in, the quality of players could not be that stellar.

The next day, Carl got the buy-in cash together, pawning the antique repeater he kept in his

trunk and taking out quite a few illicit loans he fully intended not to repay. The pair went to the hotel that night, and Hollywood quickly realized that he was way out of his league. After a somewhat miraculous play, Carl Hollywood took his winnings and left before the game was over, which turned out to be an even bigger stroke of luck than his last hand. The game was raided by the police only minutes after Carl's Corvette had peeled away. The investor somehow managed to get upstairs and blend in with the hotel patrons, but the rest of the players were not so lucky. The police questioned one of the captives, a familiar face at the station, which revealed the amazing event that had just transpired. The following is a section of the tape from the interrogation.

[What about the other guy that got away, not the stock broker type guy?]

"Oh, the cowboy. Yeah, he shouldn't have even been there. We've never had someone just show up and ask to play before, but he had the buy in money, so we had no real reason to send him away. Plus we all thought that Wild West getup was real cool. He wasn't much good at poker, though. Lost half his money in the blink of an eye, then wised up a bit. Just played the blinds and sipped his whiskey. Then the bastard got real lucky. You're gonna wanna hear this, its a riot. I'm left of the big blind, have a pair of aces, so I call. John Wayne's on my left, and he stays in too, which was odd, and so did that stock broker. Its just me, Texas and Wall Street still in when the flop came down. Two fours and a three. Nothing to help me, but I stayed in anyway. The

cowboy didn't react, but Rockefeller over there started to look real tense. Not that he already didn't, the guy had been sweating buckets since like the the third hand. He hadn't won anything all night, ya see, hadn't even made a hand. It was like someone had kicked the stick up his ass a little farther. The turn goes down, another three. I fold, the man with no name stays in but still doesn't react, and the broker looks like he's gonna piss himself with happiness. Then comes the river, and he can barely contain himself. He's already all in, so he takes out his briefcase and puts down this sheet of paper. 'Stock, worth ten grand' he says, 'still want to call me, Hollywood?'. Guess he also was giving him nicknames. We normally don't allow people to keep buying in, but this was the most interesting thing I'd seen in weeks, so we let it slide. The cowboy pushes over his stack, then throws his car keys on top. He turns over his cards. So does the other guy. Other guy has a three and a jack, full house. The guy he called Hollywood had two fours, four of a kind. He won by pure, dumb luck right off the flop. As soon as it happened, he grabbed his money, his keys and his stock, and hit the road, with only an 'I'll be seein' ya, gentlemen' as a goodbye. What a fuckin' character that guy was. Then you assholes show up, and have to ruin my chances of winning."

The police neglected to pursue Hollywood and the investor, as finding two people in Vegas with only "cowboy" and "suit" to go on is a fools errand. Carl Hollywood set a course for the address printed on the stock, which was in the San Francisco bay area. He later found out that he was holding a majority share in a Silicon Valley computer

company, which the unfortunate investor was on his way back from purchasing.



Please consider taking a shit break before continuing to protect your bowel health.

Chapter 7: Bar Scene



*“A common sight, a friendly name, we drink to
Death, cause Life’s a shame.” -Ann*

*Feels Wojack and Pepe the bartender share
another night together.*

Feels: Another shot on the rocks please.

[Pepe visibly annoyed, trying to clean his
bar]

Pepe: Sure thing, just a moment Sir.

Feels: You know, I knew this one girl.

Pepe: We all knew girls, friend. I’ve heard
enough about them.

Feels: But this one was special.

Pepe: Aren’t they all?

Feels: She was Irish, Pepe. Irish. Long, flowing golden hair. Freckles.

Pepe: Doesn't sound too Irish. Aren't they ginger?

Feels: Their hair was the color of ginger, I guess. You ever wonder why they've mixed up strawberry blonde and ginger? Strawberries are red. Ginger is golden. The hair's all mixed.

Pepe: Better to stop thinking about it I suppose.

Feels: She loved me. She liked me. I don't know why, and I keep asking God why, but I guess all these questions just made her leave.

Pepe: They all do, friend.⁵

The proletariat will have nothing to lose, but they are chains

and grammar.

⁵ Pepe clutched his gaping asshole as he towered over Feels, smug and disgusting. Feels quivered like a young doe caught in a bear trap, hovering intensely on the edge of a shit-stained ledge between hope and abject despair.

There were spiders winding threads down out of Pepe's shit hole, and the spiders had names, and the farts he blew into Feels' face smelled like rotting vomit and ten day old bodies in a landfill. The flowers were beginning to sprout. The spiders, reflecting a terrible omen in their eight terrible sets of eyes, gently touched down upon Feels' face, comforting him, plunging their arachnoid appendages into his pores and nestling their arachnoid bodies down into his flesh.

Where he sought warmth, he was embraced by the color eight, the figure of an apparition in the form of a glowing fart, and the stench of a dream or a nightmare that poured endlessly out of a frog's ass. He inhaled deeply. This was his life now. This was home.

Chapter 8

She is in a Bar somewhere in Tokyo, she thinks. Little Japanese guys buy her beer, they offer her shots of anything, cheap Japanese whiskey, rice vodka, she tried a glass of Sake but it refused to agree with the top of her mouth. She settled on beer, cold ales, cold lagers, beers on tap, and imported from Europe, Australia, China. The bar lights warmed as the beer inside her warmed. Her toes rested on the brass footrest that runs the along the bottom of the counter, they felt tingly, after a heineken sparkling green in the bottle, then shimmering golden in her pink mouth, then a beige digestion in her stomach, she could no longer feel them.

She could no longer feel her ears, after a balding middle aged Japanese business man, Shiny yellow head sweating, offered her a brown glass of Irish stout. She could no longer remember Wojeck, or she could, but he existed somewhere else, somewhere in the pacific where little Japanese business men pulled in the last of the blue whales, the last of the blue fin tuna, the last of the frogmen in blue t-shirts. Wojeck belonged there, with Moby Dick, swimming in a rapid stream of feels, in a Mariana Trench of tfw no gf.

She could feel her breasts, warm glow inside them, emanating heat that made her face go a bright red. She could feel, a pressure running up her thigh. A force pushing up underneath her skirt, reaching her underpants. She could feel Wojeck, at the door of the bar, looking above the

little balding heads of the Japanese men, that had now formed a crowd around the white girl, about to be fingered to oblivion with their little horny hands. His own balding head, wrinkled brow, becoming their balding head, and his hands becoming theirs and his fingers slipping past the brave elastic holding the panties to her lips, holding the armour to the flesh.

She awoke, in an apartment overlooking a train line. Blankets piled on top of her, steaming underneath the piles of fabric, the cold burning her exposed face. Small clouds formed in front of her face with each breath, instantly dissipating and leaving her colder than before. Wojeck sat at the end of the bed, looking out of the open window. Goosebumps on his bare, pale arms. His back red in the cold. The open window, shivered each time a train rattled past, and a gust of wind blew into the room.

Chapter 9's endtroduction

$$\times \div \cdot \pm \mp \geq > \sqrt{\prod_{\Pi_{\{\uparrow \circ \rho\}}}^6}$$

Ask yourself, are you ready for a new-wave-meta-post-modern experience?

“No,” My Heart says.

“Also no,” My Body says.

Even my Pineal Gland says no.

Chapter 9 : The Epic of (T.S.) Elliot-kun-chan

The saddest thing about Elliot Rodger⁷ could have been his inability to know.

He never knew that all people were selfish. He never knew that he was imperfect. He never knew that people were attracted to confidence. He never knew the touch of a woman, or the respect of another man. He never felt the strong hand of a dominatrix, nor the warm camaraderie of a fellow cuck. He was isolated, by himself and by the apathetic stride of strangers, by the shallowness of the women he knew, and by the shallowness of his own opinion. If he didn't fight against his own insecurity the way he did, violent and enraged, then maybe someday he would have found a

⁶ math is deep(throating your mem, amiright? lel), get ~~analytic-pleb~~ continental, scrub.

⁷ renowned ~~anti~~-hero of the west-coast, noted for his rampage in Isla Vista that caused the deaths of four men and two women and a midget by the birthname of “Anthony Jones McGoFuckYourself.”

girl who liked the angular jaw, who liked his introspective shyness, who saw a boy and loved him instead of scorning him for not being a man. Alternatively, a taller, well-built, more popular lad may have taken the young Elliot under his wing and helped him expel his inferiority complex as Elliot expelled this young man's semen from his anal orifice.

Maybe his own downfall was the result of his parents' upbringing. Maybe being steeped in the dramatic plots of revenge and love, and constantly comparing himself to the heroes and the greats, drove him insane when he couldn't bring two and two together: life is difficult and people don't care. One should also consider his mixed-race, Asian/White heritage, which would genetically assure an omega-tier genital size. (This is despite the fact that this specific racial blend would be optimal for producing a qt3.14 trap/boipussy)

A poster somewhere said that maybe your life was meant to serve as a warning to others. That your entire purpose was to fail, and to die, so that witnesses could think and speculate and talk and realize things about themselves, all thanks to your own suffering.

Maybe all the misanthropes and the isolated and the insecure saw what he did, lonely and desperate just for the soft feeling of a girl against your chest, bitter and explosive with rage, resentful at a world that wasn't cruel, but merely careless. They'll learn from him, see his mistakes and his failings, and then better themselves in humility and knowledge. His death, and the deaths of those who were victims

of his lashing out, will serve as a continual reminder that the lonely and the depressed feel far more than people give them credit. Maybe, his manifesto and his juvenile musings on whores and the gun that he took to the Sorority house, will be artifacts from a time where the sexual economy finally drove a pathetic weakling to the brink.

The saddest thing about Elliot Rodger wasn't that he died, and that it ended there, but that if he didn't, then his rage could have been my own.

Chapter 10: The Ballad of Carl Hollywood Part 5: Drifter in Tokyo

In 1984, after being forced from his Silicon Valley software company, Carl Hollywood emigrated to Japan. With his moderately vast resources, recently gained software experience (he coded the sequel to microsoft sql) and intimidating presence (owed largely to his six foot five frame and inclination to tailored dusters and ostrich-skin boots) he set up Studio Nishi, the first company to make a commercial visual novel with a digital release. The following is an excerpt from his desktop tape recorder.

“Its set over the course of forty or so years. The start is a generic high school romance. Right around graduation, a solar flare ex machina wrecks everything that runs on electricity on the entire planet. So we've got some tension building as you rush around to save the chick you've just spend a few hours romancing amidst the chaos made by every single piece of wire ever laid burning up at once. Once that shit's all over, you set out with your beloved and a few friends and head for the country. I hope you guys hired a real good artist, because we're gonna need really fucking pretty skies and really fucking pretty fields, because it's going to be full-on agrarianism from here on out. After a rocky regression to late renaissance tier technology, there's a little reprieve. Make it feel like you're in a fuckin' Monet, except painted by a Manet (they're not the same if you have to ask, shit-gurgler) wearing glasses. That sort of comfy. Maybe our

dearly beloveds get a silly impromptu marriage, who knows. Either make that last part take place over a decade or have a flash forward. They're now early to mid thirties. Here's where we need some really big conflict. This is where I want you to get creative. Maybe that one chick that's been lusting after your dick since high school causes some problems, we can work all kinds of magic with that. Maybe we go with the cheap post-apocalyptic raiders trope, which always works. Maybe there's a plague and you have to leave to look for medicine, I don't know. What's important is that the wife has a chance of dying. Have it based on your actions, or if you really want to fuck with the reader, have it completely chance based. After that's all said and done, you either a) happily live out your days with your wife, b) accept her passing and die content, or c) become bitter and live to be a hundred.

While you're working, I want you to keep this in mind: snatching hope from the characters is an easy way to keep the readers feeling. Have whatever they're working towards get taken away at the last moment two, three, four times before they attain it. Some call that melodrama, I call them assholes who should shut up and keep reading.

I want a rough draft in two months. Three if something comes up, but not a day later."

The studio went on to sell five thousand copies of their premier release in the first year, which is still a very respectable sum to this day. Nishi published two more visual novels in the following five years, making them a well known name on BBS's across Japan, and Carl Hollywood a very decent amount of money. Unfortunately, for reasons unknown to history, Studio Nishi suddenly

shut down in 1990, despite many successful releases and fanzines dedicated to their work. Hollywood emigrated from Japan a month later. Rumors spread across the phone lines, ranging from sabotage by a competing company causing Nishi's downfall, to Yakuza pressure finishing the studio off after Hollywood caught the eye of an Oyabun's wife. After BBS's and FidoNet fell into obsolescence with the advent of the internet, Studio Nishi was forgotten. Its influence can still be felt in the modern visual novel industry, for which it paved the way.

**Chapter 11: Some Experiences
of an Irish R.M.**



“There's a fine line between ass and ass.
I have erased this line.”

-Steve “*the kiddy sinker*” Pinker

“I’m a fuckin loon lol”

-Steve “*One in the Pink, Three in the Stink*”
Pinker

If I had found this man earlier – so erudite, simultaneously warm and logical; so free and truthful; this western hero; this Eragon of all that is glorious and robust in the world – Steven Pinker, then I should have cast my futile passion for the mere presence of this man’s genius and wholesomeness, and gave thanks God as the sweet tears of a magnificent epiphany trickled down my cheeks.

- John “Spilt it” Milton

- David Hume

- Dante “Spermo Inferno” Alighieri

- Rene “Continental aka SUPERIOR”
Descartes

- Thales, Epaminondas and every Greek ever (in ancient times >inb4 pederasty)

An old man frustrated by the pull that his dog is giving him; he doesn’t like the direction his dog, his best friend is pulling him in. It’s an uncomfortable feeling a direction towards the pain, the pavement. He just wants to walk without being pulled and dog wants to pull without being walked. The two are in complete opposition to each other and will never be happy or fulfilled. He should let the dog go free and he can go on about his life and about his way. He will never be satisfied as the dog

will always OPPOSE HIM AND NEVER FIND ITS WAY TOWARDS DISCIPLINE and truth. The agony of trying to stress the importance of discipline will surely eat away at his hairline and make him older faster. He doesn't need the stress and the dog doesn't need the constraint. He needs the freedom of the open road of concrete rocks on his leather paws, his rich fur coat a protection and outerwear from the world to save him from humiliation from frostbite from the madness of life's random occurrences. He wishes sometimes for clothes but realizes he doesn't even need them; he needs a more fulfilling life and needs no master but friends and girls and bones and meaty steaks. He needs hot water baths in hot spring pools, sneaking into random humans backyards him and all his dogs, chilling by the pool hanging out maxing and relaxing, cracking beers from the cooler, sitting back checking out the BITCHES... checking `em out...

Checking their dubs.

[musical interlude]

to the tune of the internationale

Here lies the body of Anon,
Who challenged another to duel over
the formatting of this very book.

RIPIPIPPITYPIPIP, in peace.

anime is for losers, naruto?
Believe it!
*(I Don't Habeeb It(Twinkie
house))*
[/musical interlude]

Chapter 12: Fifth Prologue

‘Drizzly June -
long hair, face
sickly white.’

Our triggering heritage, he wrote, is not of names or foreign places but only of the womb. And it was true. And he of the nostalgics, yearners for the past, locked in his basement heated through the summer craving only repetition and routine, in memes, in threads, and in sikk digits. He laughed when he saw them and looked to the wall for approval, whereupon was posted, in rips and grease stains, the picture of his waifu to whom he gave his doomed soul. For what but to lose her, she of his mind, was the purpose of escape from her hallowed shrine? What were girls but distractions, taints sent down to make him think of else and thus destroy she of perfection? He cringed and craved, ground his orange-stained teeth down and screamed out aloud as he knelt prostrate before her. A blurred sight of a thread, “What do you really want, /lit/?”

“Nothing,” he screamed, “Not death in its fear, nor life in its separation!”

Returning to hers his eyes softened and bled tears, “I want thee and I want thee and to do naught else but see.”

But his flesh was more strong than his higher-pained mind, and he oozed out his pants and jerked, crying quietly, so as to let his parents above sleep.



*Please, no more perverse, scatological remarks,
my little fuckbird. I have repented.*

- **David Brooks of the New York Times,
professional nude wrestler**

Chapter 13: Second Chapter One, Danny's blues.

*'Gulping Jew
rains, swollen
Mohammedan river.'*

Danny felt an itch in his body at the unbearable thought that people were shitposting without him. He raced to /tv/, ignoring the friends that had gone to “intervene” and opened a flurry of threads. It didn't matter what topic. Marvel versus DC, entry level versus true arthouse, comfy threads, movies (***F*LICKS**) based on book threads, L O S T nostalgia threads, Adult Swim absurdist show threads, an entire bounty of discussion and thought and idea revolving around a Thai sweatshop picture-swapping rock wall forum, all within the watchtower, where Danny sweated and agonized over the distinct lack of vile, adulterous shitposting.

He quickly replied to every post that he could lay his hands on. It began subtly, with a 'For You' here, or a question as to what someone's master plan was, but as his excitement and lust for shitposting grew, he turned into a rabid monster that frothed over the keys, writing soliloquies to Bane, or essays speculating over CIA's home life. Baneposting, for the few precious hours of Danny's morning, was his heaven. His invasive and rapey methods of inserting himself into every thread with his shit quickly turned /tv/ into an echo chamber

where only Anon von Danny was loud enough to hear himself.

“I have escaped death”, he concluded after a higher, metaphysical being arose from the flurry of shitposting and consolidated itself as an eternal errant creature.

niceme.me

He went back to the living room, his pulse slowly calming down. Some faggot he considered his childhood friend was trying to stare him down. Danny had to force himself to remember his name, such a dumb concept who the fuck cares about names.

“I don’t really see why you’re here... Bruce”

“We’re worried about you” some attentionwhore said

“You haven’t gone to any classes in the last month” Bruce jumped up defending the bitch like the beta whiteknight he was. Danny had to chose his words to make this all go away, but he knew he was smart enough to play them like a fiddle.

“I’m preparing for the exams on my own, it’s easier than attending pointless classes”

“But you’re paying for it. And it would do you good to get out of the house”

“I get out of the house” and he masterfully avoided calling her a bitch “I walk at the very least ten blocks each time I go buy food, and I rarely use the elevator, all my neighbors know me” and again he avoided mentioning how he met them when they all went to his house to tell him to stop playing

hentai games (erojes) so loud in the middle of the night.

I feel the need to mention that I have not slept sober, for 3 years. Not that you care.

“We just worry for you” interceded some other faggot, that *caring* shit was way too gay for him even though Danny had offered multiple times to suck random anons dicks on-line. “Let’s work this stuff together”

“I’m not into that shit, you faggot” Danny knew that that was the time to pressure them just like Itou Kaiji would had done “I’m not into any of this random visit and guilt trip shit either”

No one tried to reply, he had expected them to be shocked at the truth of their manipulative ways but they either were expecting that reaction of him, those pushing bastards, or they thought they weren’t the real villains there, those dumb assholes. In any way the only path he had left was pushing again against them all “WHO THE FUCK INVITED YOU HERE, UH?” Now they were really impressed, maybe more because of the screaming “YOU KNOW WHAT? I’M SICK OF THIS SHIT”

Danny went back to his room, logged on /int/ and made a thread titled “I’m sick of all this shit, I’m going to Japan” asking to coach surf. He could hear the bitch crying in the next room, he remembered her name was Pauline but only attentionwhores care about names and Pauline is doubtlessly an attentionwhore name.

Almost immediately a tripfag by the name “Hollywood” answered him. Hollywood

shared his sop story like every tripfag does, about his business being destroyed in the 90's and the IRS or some shit, but he eventually offered Danny his house to crash for a few weeks.

“If you love SOup so much then why don't you marry SOup.”⁸

-Anonymous, 17:41:69, Post No. 7849177

“Nice dubs,” said Anon.

Anon, at some point called Danny by people who weren't going to be part of his life for too long, was barely coherent. His only aim and focus was to reply to literally every set of repeating digits across the board with ‘nice dubs,’ or some variation of it. Every day, every few minutes, he would get up from his char⁹ and exultantly claim that he's just seen the next set, the next pair. Nothing was more special to Anon than his dubs. Every few hours, there would be a set of three repeating digits. He would ecstatically scream, “TRIPS,” and then mash at the keyboard like a madman, until everyone had checked every instance of repeating numbers across the board. Sometimes, if you never paid it any mind, the screen would show four, or even five or six repeating digits. Anon would be there.

His job would never end. As long as people talked, Anon would be there, watching

⁸ is SO here meant to allude to ‘significant other?’

⁹ SEE ALSO: Quattro Bajeeena (Quarter Vagina), a CHAR, Mobile Suit Gundam famous for just coming here to laugh at you.

and waiting for each set of numbers, the magic, the ultimate trigger. His life had devolved into NEETness, and his only driving desire that kept him away from the gun or the rope was that of the next set of numbers. “Shy Bairns Get Nowt”, he shrugged.

The people in the plain seemed equally repulsed by his smell and his tendency to scream. According to his refined anime documentaries people scream a lot in Japan, so he was just helping them with that. The smell, though, was a real issue. The tiny bathroom was prepared for someone to change a baby’s diaper but not for Anon to comfortably clean his lanky armpits. Typical discrimination. Daniel used to tolerate that stuff, Anon would not follow the same path. The plain seemed to gape at the monstrosity of such an act, and Sisyphus sneered coyly from behind a corner like a Hellenic pedobeararkos.

Chapter 14: The Second Chapter Two

>tundras

>japan

Japan has ice you fucking clod.

Shaken, awoken to the rhythmic hum of machinery. The beam of light coming in through the blinds, the dust dancing in the air. Was he already in Japan? Was he somewhere else? His eyes could hardly open up, he felt a cold like anything he had felt before. He remembered a Cracked article about how Japan doesn't believe in central heating. He remembered the Tundra. He remembered a time in which chicken tenders were his life.

Voices moved in his dreams. He no longer dreamt in images, now it was just text of varying colors. The voices were questioning his existence with such a friendly hate and disrespect that he quickly relaxed into that dream.

ice =/= tundras

>"Art"

When the post so green you lose your spleen

We need an identifiable main character.

We are an identifiable main character.

What about Slabjaw Cheesesteak?

Slabjaw Cheesesteak is nothing but a particularly ironic collection of characters on an imaginary page, and even that pure abstraction.

danny?

Anon is Danny

Danny's the villain

While the plain crossed over the once communist land of Chiner Danny mildly opened up his eyes to check if the stewardess had brought him something to eat. The plain had promised internet but it was a lie, like everything ai are elle. He made a mental note: First thing buy a katana. As folded as possible. Second thing fuck some newhalf kathoey. Third thing go to the bathroom.

Chapter 15: Canada's hope

Steven P. Canadienne¹⁰¹¹ (affectionately named Steven P(enis), pronounced such as to rhyme with Denis, and Pynchon sobbing hypothetical tears in his isolation. The tears have alligators reflected in them, queerly distorted. Where they ever straight? No-one knows. crocodiles have long gone extinct. This is established canon.

Canadienne by his middle class, white, heterosexual mother and father, who were both of Canadian nationality) was an upstanding young man with morals and an unnatural penchant for hygiene. Underneath his red flannel was ...¹² a single white shirt marked with the names of his fuck-mates from school, covering his completely average body and keeping him slightly more warm and ticklish in the cold than he would have been if he didn't have a white shirt beneath the flannel. He wanted to wear a red hunter's hat too, but he figured that the world had enough Mike Browns, Tamir Rices, and Trayvon Martins to deal with.

¹⁰ 'There is no great genius without a mixture of Mnememeisms.' - Steven P(iss off). Candide.

¹¹ I told you we'd eventually come back to talk about boxheaded syrup-bingeing primitive vertebrates.

¹² Allow the author to violently force his interpretation down your throbbing throat: this is ellipsis is of an unspecified omission, not musing. How does one register a footnote as a sex offender? How many nights left to wake up out of? Oh, reader...

If Steven P(ickles). Canadienne saw you in the supermarket, he might smile, or say hello, or the casual pleasantries such that normalfags tend to exchange. I'm sure Steven P(edophile). Canadienne had a girlfriend or two (of permissible age, whether or not you agree, cock-mongering reader) back in the day, but for now he was as single as a lone Fruit Loop carelessly carrying on in its fruitless trip across its milky way, for he felt that dating didn't suit him for the time being, been and begone.

He loved to stay home and play his guitar, and occasionally call his friends to see if they wanted to lick each others' bosoms and drink. He was a very normal person, with normal interests and normal friends, and most people would describe him as normal for their own profiling purposes, though he liked to consider what made him different, which ironically, made him especially normal.

Normal people live in houses, either one story or two. They have rugs, and hardwood floors, and never like to dirty them with piss bottles or cum socks, since they never have to worry about things like the smell in bathrooms or about whether their favorite thread is opening right this very second. You might ask, a house? Why not a basement? Or a decrepit apartment? Or a library? The answer lies in this; normal people are strange, and are to be avoided despite their harmless exteriors. The less you know about them, the better.

One morning, as Steven P(armenides). Canadienne made his completely average

breakfast of toast and slightly dry eggs, he heard a knock on the door.

“Who could be interrupting me in my extremely average breakfast?” Steven P(eculiar). Canadienne inquired.

“Bane?” A muffled voice beyond the door asked.

“No, I’m Steven P(enchant). Canadienne” Steven P(en(is)-not-so-chanted). Canadienne said while peering out of the door hole¹³, intentionally mispronouncing his last name as he always did, because he felt it was ‘too feminine.’ “What’s your business? Are you selling something? Do I know you?”

Before Steven P(athological). Canadienne could finish his question, he had already opened the door, offered a chair, and set a breakfast before his guest. It was a very normal thing to do and he decided that social conventions weren’t to be disregarded, even in the presence of mysterious guests.

Bane, in the long and big of it, was a Big Guy, and acted as such. If Bane wanted to shoot a man before throwing him out of a plane, then that would be his business and most people wouldn’t ask him as to whether that was habit for him.

“Would you like some slightly dry eggs, mister Bane?” Steven P(hilistine). Canadienne decided that cutting the eggs into really small portions would allow the stranger to eat the breakfast without much hassle. “Or would you rather take off your mask first?” - Steve ‘Sweaty

¹³ Door hold, or ‘Doorage’

Balls' Ballmer. "It would be extremely painful," Bane said. "Oh. Well I guess that's that then," Steven P. Canadienne finished his eggs and toast and then went for a walk outside. "See you later, friend! Help yourself to coffee and milk, if you like. ~~The Pepes are in the cupboard to the right.~~"

Chapter 16: Second Chapter Three: Remembering the anon once know as Danny.

'Summer wraps -
is there no end
to lice?

nice, but not accurate

"The infinite dismal expanse of a basement can only strain to hold that which consumes and devours the intellect; a creature so foul and dank that the very columns of the internet (a series of tubes¹⁴)¹⁵ shudder

¹⁴ this meme is old as dick. why are you using it? surely there's a newer, hotter, danker meme with which the kids would be more familiar that you could somehow shoehorn into this fabricated epigram, which by the way i don't necessarily approve of because i think an actual epigram would suit chapter three much better, or even an epigram from a fictional character, maybe one that's not even from a book or whatever but from a video game or something like mega man, preferably the newer, hipper, danker series of mega man where mega man is become an anime, because that, i think, is the kind of Content the kids want to see in this particular, you know, piece of, well, i think, you know, literature, and so on, because really who wants to read anything now a days that doesn't have dank fucking memes in it? -ed.

¹⁵ and really dankness is a hard thing to come across, and, since, as we all know, don't we, as we all, you me and and everyone involved in this clusterfuck, know, collectively, together, as a group, in totality, with maybe a few among us notwithstanding who don't know but could of course, were we all to stand, on our feet, collectively, as a group, in some kind of mall or public square, as a crowd, together, standing, side by side, in solidarity, singing songs of revolution, with each other, there, physically, in proximity, able and perhaps sometimes forced by the collective heaving and rumbling of the crowd, quivering as it does with the nervous energy of change, of revolution, of hope, god dammit, to touch each other, sometimes with our shoulders, other times perhaps with our hands in brief, scant moments of accidental 'brushing up against' which, though we as individuals dare not acknowledge it, as a crowd or mob, as the limbs of a dionysian para- or meta-ego are able to acknowledge, to recognize, to embrace as universal

to mention that which kills the mind and strikes mild annoyance in the body:¹⁶ the Shitposter.”

love, being, oneness, totality, completeness, unity, beauty, strength, could be told, fiction is supposed to imitate reality, and in reality dankness is pretty hard to come across, dankness being a certain *je ne sais quoi* which all truly dank memes acquire, or have intrinsically, or are perhaps assigned, perhaps ascribed, often by the peristaltic action of the anonymous collective's consuming, ingesting, digesting, destroying, rebuilding, and shitting out the other distended end thereof, and as such i think really maybe a considerably less dank epigram such the game as the one you blatantly fabricated would actually lend less to the 'unreal' or 'illusory' or 'dreamlike' or 'hazy' or 'vaporwave' or 'spooky' or 'intangible' or 'pervasive like a fog rolling in off the bay, a thick, almost soupy grey fog, its moisture making your loose blouse cling and, nipples visible, erect, you wade, or drift, or sort of, really, just glide through this fog, and, as you go, down streets that, once the sun breaks over the mountains, you're sure, will be familiar, certain, phantom or shadowlike sights and people, zombified, mortified, appear as if from thin air, but really, it is as if from thin fog, and then, just as suddenly as they appeared, are gone again, first from your periphery and then, as that fog, that omnipresent, all consuming fog, the swallowing by which you feel sort of vaguely aroused in a safe, comfortable, but at the same time in a dead and cold and sexually corpse-like way, becomes too thick for the light reflected off their damp, soiled, lesioned skin to reach you, they disappear' or 'uncanny' type of atmosphere i know, being your editor, with whom you've worked since the period from which this publishing house now derives your quote unquote juvenalia, the publishing of which i'm sure i don't have to tell you the profitability of given your, shall we say, reputation among the younger generation so if you could get me that flash drive full of 'scrapped short stories' you keep tantalizingly alluding to that would great, that you're going for here, than an epigram pulled from an actual, real, or at least actually fictional and not made-up-by-you fictional person's collected speakings and/or writings would. -ed.

¹⁶ y'all need: to remember when to use: semicolons; and colons; correctly. I've corrected it; at least: thrice; so far. -ed.;-;

-Steven "Fuck Y'all I'm Just Here For The Pussy" Pinker and his portable boipussy by the alias Pinecone.

Danny opened his mouth and left out a curdling scream (the fantasy here described the phallus conjured by such an act down to the vein placement and shade difference between the glands - invisible, of course, considering how far it would be rammed down this recently-opened orifice, but one can dream, and the lip vibrated against his tongue). It was the only noise he knew how to make, and it summoned for him his mother, who brought hot pockets and other disgusting refuse with which to feed the furnace of industrial method, the content-maker turned perverse. He looked at the plate and almost puked: there were no chicken tenders.

You see, Shitposters were once men. Some were even normal.

When Poole made for himself the board, /s4s/, a means of containing all that which spills unholy into the other boards, he intended for the shitposting masses to live peacefully, though separate and among their kind. He never hated shitposters, only tolerated them, and in his gesture of good will and friendliness to his board denizens, he doomed them.

Within weeks, they had perfected their shitposting skills among their own kind. The isolation of an entire community of memers and internet jokesters had forced them to create content unique to themselves, as their attitude

toward each other had gone stale. There seemed to be no content to create left.

Ironically, it wasn't even /s4s/ that allowed this to happen. They were merely the backdrop, the final claim that perhaps the orient of 4chan could be tamed and that the hordes could be settled, each in their own place, each separate and equal. This could never be the case. On /tv/, in the throes of the decidedly average Batman movie, a new meme was born, despite the containment board, despite the rules, despite the very human desire for intellectual discussion over their favorite things on a Namibian Clay Puppet Forum. "Bane?" inquire the hordes, "Bane? For you!" Their chant would rise and then never fall, a recurring scream that echoes through the rest of the site, a boot, stomping on the face of Anons everywhere.

Though, an ass shitting would be a better comparison.

Trapped in a life that they can't make work they find solace in the internet, trying to prove others how away they are from any kind of feeling. Eventually they end up creating a land where they can be in peace with all the feelings they need to hide in order to achieve the greatest "dankness" possible. This place, this outback, changes from case to case. Many times it is a land wide as the mind can understand, populated by strange creatures resulting of all the childhood dreams rejected by the shitposter mixed with all the ideology he forced himself to swallow in order to be special in the exact same ways everyone else is.

In some cases that land resembles Pangea, rip with overly atavic meaning. But when the shitposter has completely fried his brain and abandoned all kind of hope the only thing left is a Tundra. He can create his own rules, his own game. It can be a lost kingdom with its own language, it can be an overly consumist idea of the recent past, it can be an idea of the future abandoned decades ago and left in edgy books half eaten by mold. It's still an empty and god-forsaken place where any attempt to find oneself is pointless and ideas can barely get finished before...

Chapter 16: Second Intermission

Israel did 9/11 with the help of the Bush administration. Mossad agents were arrested on the George Washington Bridge on 9/11 in a van full of explosives. There is a reason that 90% of the congressmen who voted against continued funding of Israel's Iron Dome are the only congressmen who have read the redacted 28 pages of the joint-congressional investigation into 9/11 (the 28 pages about the support of the 9/11 hijackers by foreign governments). The truth is coming out though, more and more congressmen are reading it every day. Go to 28pages.org to learn more.

است. هالرم ebin و در حال حاضر از آن زمان برای برخی از لو بیسوم است ناله نشسته آمت، کونسکتور ادیبیسکینگ علت ، صد را ایوسمود تمپور دانشگاه تهران ینکیدیدونت لایوره همکاران دولوره مگنا القوا. دانشگاه تهران انیم آگهی هر چیز کوچک ونیم ، نوسنرود قیس البقیب دانشگاه تهران کونسقت maymays اللامکو تمرین نیسی لایورس کمودو ا سابق. دویس اوته یوره ناله در رپر هندریت در ولوپتاته ولت اسه استفاده کیلوم دولوره اتحادیه اروپا پریاتور نولا فوگیات. سینت اکسکاپتور اکاکات کوپیداتات غیر پرویدنت ، سنت در شبه کولیا .دسرونت و ففیکیه ملیت شناسه دشمنی وپناه جستن است لایورم



<--- KNOWN

CUCK

^ * C U C K A L E R T *** ^**

“Cuckaddodle-get-me-a-black-man-for-my-wife-do” - Stevy Pinkster

‘I am the inleuctable modality of the visibel’”

**-Steven “Bedwetter” Memen
such a dick, choke on it**

**He 9gageg as his gullet took the
fleshy reaming appendage of the
carnivorous ape.**

**“S-ssssteeevvvve Pink,” he
whispered lasciviously as the veiny
vessle dug deeper into his esophagus — is
throat too boring? — fuck off— watch
what you say faggot I’m not fucking
around here, this is a real — lasciviously**

lol fuckoff — ‘gullet’ twice apply yourself

—
‘Who is fucking me?’ this man wondered.

“ur mum ;^)” the heavens shrieked at him. And so it was, and they saw that this was good.

ur mum penetrated every orifice of his greased up body, constantly grabbing sticks of butter off the nearby dresser in order to keep up the demand of lubrication.

“Fuck the butter. Put it in me raw”, he gasped as his sphincter cried out for air sonorously, like a choir of distressed altar boys.

Chapter 17: Second Chapter Four

An Anonymous monk in Wu Tang training asked Zen Master Joshu: “Does a cat have Buddha-Nature?” Zen Master Joshu replied: “無”

The Anonymous monk asked Zen Master Joshu: “Does Jesus Christ¹⁷ love me?”

Joshu replied: “Yes.”

Thereupon the Anonymous monk asked: “Why does JEsus¹⁸ Christ love me?” Thomas Aquinas’ eternal spirit entered the earthly body of Joshu and replied: “Because you have a nice ass.”

Joshu screamed as he stared through the cracks in his eyelids; struggling to get a glimpse of who was penetrating his gaping asshole. Of course it was none other than the ubermensch¹⁹.

Steve ‘Ubermensch’ Pinker (aka. the Spookmaster) teleported behind Joshua.

“heh, nothing personnel, kid” He unsheathed his ebony katana which had just

¹⁷ Steven Pinker

¹⁸ is JE here meant to allude to the French ‘I?’ [It appears one can’t put footnotes in footnotes here. DFW would disapprove of this a writing platform, and but so thus do I.) [probably meaning something like, ‘je suis jesus,’ a cultural appropriation of the slogan ‘je suis charlie,’ that exploded from the January 7 2015 ‘massacre’ of Charlie Hebdo editors/writers/illustrators/journalists/maintenance workers, which implies a certain sense of solidarity w/ their suffering, which is appropriate, sort of, w/r/t the historical Jesus.) - ed.

¹⁹ Steven Pinker

been folded over 1000 times and sliced through Josh's foreskin like it was origami paper.

“That's kinda hot bro lol no homo” concluded Anon eloquently.

Chapter 18: **semon demon venus
penis**

思い出の中住まら
れない
**<<can[NOT] live
within a memery>>**

‘June rain
hollyhocks turning
where sun should be.’

He kept driving. Drove as if it were²⁰ the only thing he knew how to do. Shitting, *immaculately*. In fact he was driving so fast he didn't see the neighbor's kid 'Takeshi', that piece of shit, go running into the street to grab his favorite blue ball. Why was it blue? Rayleigh scattering?

"Holy fuck Takeshi get off the road!"

He slammed on his brakes but it was too late. Not-so-Beat Takeshi was

²⁰ subjunctive case. please, i don't want to see this again. i really expect better from you. -ed.

inside the wheel well by the time he finally stopped.

"Dumb fucking gooks!" he laughed then sped off into the night with his gaijin cock flapping in the wind; his asian cockslut still sat silent.

Anon explained to her

"I must be clear, I don't pretend anything by this. No self-forgiveness, relief or catharsis. I've related this to refer. To refer meaning through stillness. I am merely a colossal faggot. Please forgive me father for I have sinned. MMMmmmmmmmm five hail marys."

The woman remained as silent as an imaginary mildly pedophilic priest, resisting a full blast of his most autistic banter. /adv/ hadn't warned him about this, but he wasn't here to follow anyone's advice.

"The truth is, I got such a huge cock. It closes everytime I breathe and remember my mother's face. Its dark redness opens inversely towards me and I can swear I see light deep inside our brains. Rays flow through fluids I don't know the name of. I feel my kidneys swelling up when I hear my heartbeat and stop. My lungs feel heavy and breathe only humidness of my room. My balls, they drop, my left knee twinges when I walk and my right sock might have a cum stain on it — those damn

republicans deserve it. I always forget which socks I masturbate into until it's already on my fucking foot and I look down only to see a yellow stain. My hand veins are too big; not as much as my cock but pretty big. They jump over my skin, like pepe the frog. Have you ever heard of Pepe the frog? He's the best. Even though I like my long and slender hands they scare me sometimes. They scare me like my step-dad used to scare me when he would jump out of my closet at 2 am wearing a condom around his head. My back is aching again and I feel my cum dribble down my (uncut) dick like a morning snail. Another wet dream." The sun shone piercingly across the faceted glass of the sphincter-circular splintered windscreen.

The woman made the smallest of movements but Anon knew how to read every tiny electric discharge in her body. She was getting aroused and he was just starting. The lights of the city flashed by their sides as fast as his speech, almost as fast as in Parasite Eve 1. There was going to be another Takeshii that night and the man never to be called Danny again didn't give a fuck.

"I wish I could inhale the air of autumn again, truth is, summer is too hot and rain is too wet, tee bee ache. Rain is a meme I never truly understood.

There's nothing romantic about it, except during a wet t-shirt contest. Wetness isn't a pleasurable feeling, it gives me anxiety. Whenever I'm in this room I can feel the water dripping down my balls, thunder. I wish I could hide between my sheets but soon I find there's no escape from that fishy smell of God rotting. Once I even bought earplugs to be able to sleep but my cat swallowed them. That reminds me, my ears produce so much wax I've been thinking I could make a candle. Lights flickering means shitty voltage maybe, I might need a candle. Why would Japan have bad voltage? Are they all about electricity?

"Darkness scares me; I am not brave. I'm not particularly cowardly either though. I fuck. I fuck my dead dog in my dreams as Carl Solomon walks dripping. I dream of sheep. Counting sheep as they fly over my face in the middle of the night and ejaculate all over my bed. I try not to cry as the sperm will go straight into my mouth. The sheeps are square and usually a slightly dark shade of blue, unless I pay careful attention to them and they turn purple. I haven't dreamt with moving images, O fucking holywood, in a long time, maybe some small loops but it's mostly text. Tears trickle down my face as the text sheeps fly past, into the cum-stained

night. I'll never get to recognize their dubs."

She allowed her hand to repose on his lap without making eye contact. Anon smirked as smug as a baby Pepe and moved a bit in the sit, pretending to scratch his back, just to let her hand reach his crotch.

"I should have told you this before" she said, looking at his reflection on her window; "but I guess it's too late, for both of us." Her voice went a bit lower with each word. He noticed, in the extra sensitive part of his body now in question, that "she" had pretty big hands. It was okay, nothing he hadn't seen in /b/ before. After all, this was the norm in Japan, right?

Oriental data of the week

The Lotus is Fragrant, the Fish is Fat, and Mao Zedong Thought is a sun that never sets.

Chapitre Dicks Wheat

La prochaine chapitre n'a pas assez des
bites.
C'est tout.

Chapter 18.5: The Assassination of Joan Rivers

Barack Obama was gazing at a petro(i)l-portrait of himself when CIA director John Brennan opened the door of the oval office and walked in.

“Hey John, how are you doing today?”

John seated himself on one of the couches “fine Mr. President, thank for asking”

Obama liked John, his face kind of looked like a hippopotamus and he was the CIA station chief in Saudi Arabia during 2001 and thus likely had a role in planning 9/11 but he was a straight-forward no bullshit kind of guy, which Obama appreciated.

“So you told me a serious matter had come up” Obama said, letting John know that Obama wanted him to cut to the chase.

“Yes,” John paused. Obama could tell whatever John was going to say next made him very uncomfortable.

“Well... the issue is Joan Rivers, she has been saying in public that Michelle is a man and even said so on an interview with CNN a few weeks ago.”

Obama’s pulse quickened as he briefly reviewed the situation. As John was the director of the CIA he had definitely read Obama’s file that they had over there. Did they see his LiveJournal? Obama had been recruited by the Company while he attended Occidental College in LA, eventually it was decided he was act as a trojan horse candidate for the Deep State in the 2008 election in order to eliminate the

possibility that the eventual candidate would make public any wrong-doings by the Bush administration. Obama had never asked to see the file on him but he didn't doubt that it contained reports on his children being born to a surrogate mother and the records of the various surgeries and treatments Michelle sought out in order to conceal his masculine features. Obama looked up, John was giving him an appraising look.

"What do you think?" Obama asked John.

John's eyes darted off into the distance for a moment as if he was trying to decide whether or not he should pretend he didn't know the truth about Michelle. "Come on John" Obama thought to himself, "you wouldn't have come to meet me here about this if you didn't think it was... serious." John reached a similar conclusion and spoke.

Praise Allah

"Mr. President I think this could potentially end up being a serious problem. I'm worried that if Rivers keeps on talking about this then it could gain more publicity. I'm also worried that the Chinese or the Russians might look into it and decide to use it in some way. They wouldn't directly mention it but would probably hint about leaking proof of it to one of their proxies or minor allies who would then make it public in retribution for a certain decision we might make, this information could

maybe end up being a thing that is used against us.”

Obama thought for a short while.

“Okay John how do you want to deal with this?” Obama already knew the answer.

John looked straight at Obama.

“I think we need to need to eliminate the source of the problem.”

Obama swiveled his chair around to face the rose garden and looked out the window, he had decided.

“Do it.”

John stood up to walk out.

“Oh, and John?”

He Stopped.

“Try to make it seem like an accident, but don’t make it a suspicious one liked when McChrystal did Hastings or when Hillary had Vince Foster bumped, those were just dumb.”

John turned back and bared his teeth in a grim smile.

“Don’t worry Mr. President I already have a plan, she will be having some surgery soon, we have means of making sure it ends poorly.”

Obama smiled.

“Thanks John, you can go now.”

Chapter 19: Vietnam

"Coupons" For The Ho Chi Minh Memorial Whorehouse And Delicatessen

Buxton Nguyen was crawling through the rice paddy when he saw the bullets fly over head. The only source of food and income in the entirety of the country was at risk, and Buxton

was **PISSED**²¹ Buxton took the claymore from his fanny-pack and set it under one of the crops, knowing a foolish freedomer would foolishly step on his feild like a fool, foolishly blown up.

A tired euro-centric descended freedomer lazily lied onto the rice patty, foolishly blown to his fool pieces, foolishly, fool.

FUCK

²¹ The color red as to indicate hematuria, one of the many symptoms of being rammed in the derriere by a pineapple full of STDs forcefully, perhaps against one's will. This point is controversial in itself, given the philosophical dilemma concerning the existence and execution of a free will is unsettled to this very day. Who knows, maybe the universe is into you.

Buxton

pulled out

his gun. He

FUCKED that

FOOL

FAGGOT

22 with it.

- In 1965, Uncle Ho wrote his po-mo cyberbunk novella comprising three pages typewritten by himself and dated May 15, 1965, at the end. This was a complete novella, bearing his signature, and on the side, that of Comrade Le Duan, First Secretary of the Party Central Committee at the time.

²² You know something is wrong with you when having to resort to doing that with the font, constantly, in a failed attempt to maintain an obstreperous display. You don't surf, creator.

good is

not²³

gay **Bu**t he sucks at memes

²³ an allusion to Freddy Neech's catch-phrase 'God *Is DEAD*'

**Chapter 20: kinda
bad tee bee ache,
lads**

僕ら

は皆

コワイ

***DRIFTING THROUGH TOKYO
PANTSU WO
TABEMASHOU***

***BEING YOUNG
AND FREAKS
LISTENIN
G TO
EUROBEA
TS***

...RIVERWARDS he drifted, sad and lonely,
In heavy heart. Trees swayed with the wind.
There wane in the passage behind him a patch
Of summerset, near ebbing its tides to rescind
Beneath the spot, where we tore from silence

The Persephone, by scent of pomegranate
Into the foliage, so writ, to account from fate
All abundance, and quarters to serve hold
nature

Its dwellers' appointments, nest and hole, from
terror,

And how feather-weight branches, combing
twigs.

Post-industrial waste frolics with the spring
Bai-u's retreat, and welcome the charcoal
gloom

In suffocating bliss, holding back some
deadened time.

Why, this begot he, Lord upon sevenfold skies,
A garden amidst a thick clouding of fumes,
As dissimilar to the tundras in discerning
eyes...

...RIVERWARDS he drifted, wilting within
A day of waterfall, a spirit to sing.

Chapter 21: Chapter Four Hundred and Nineteen Or, In Which I Discover My Enter Key Is Missing And I Fear Paragraphs Are Dead To Me

We sank into depression a million depressions, stared up at floating images white puffs of smoke and soft cool breeze we drifted away in that breeze, perfectly content with death in that very moment we were sad that we could not go and went back to where we were we stayed under the tree never talking but rather staring magnificent sky I wish we would all just die... I was glad that nightfall finally came and relieved me of this day so I can go home and masturbate before I pray the Lord my soul to take and sleep and live during the best time of my day when I'm not there I'm drifting in a land of never becoming and joy true bliss and joy and never contempt and never disruption and only perfect all the time and everything you desire just like that in the palm of your hands you couldn't imagine the happiness the playful attitudes of all of its residents to show them the best time in the world couldn't be done, because they live that everyday, the best time of their lives is right now in this moment in this second, every second of their lives is perfect to them a utopia a paradise of unimagined things and wonderfulness.

We scanned the field to see if there were any turkeys on our path home and trotted down in the blackness of night and the sad moon casting its white light onto earth. We could see the forest but not the trees. We could see ourselves, but not who we'd be. I wish that we could stay this age forever and never leave the moment to be anything but

young, and youth. Youth the greatest the censorship of life's pain, is the greatest gift given to every single human being, well not all, not everyone experiences it but everyone's lives can't be all doom and gloom it has to be distributed, with a lot of people having shitty lives and very few having great lives, the eternal balance the scale of definite amount, the proportion of never ceasing truth. That most are unhappy, face in the dirt, while very few are truly deep down happy, life cannot get them down, not even death, heartache nothing gets these people down, they are always happy always at their best. They never stop beating the drum of youth innocent pure youth and passion of unprecedented amounts. We can aspire to these goals but never reach them an innate part of us always destined for failure, we are as we are, we live as we should. We can never be any more than we are meant to be... everything.

*NO ONE SLEEP IN TO-KEE-OH
ALL NIGHT PRESSING THE NIGHT
NO ONE QUIT THE RADIO
TOKYO IS ON FAIAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA*

Chapter 22: Third Intramission

A moth walks into a podiatrist's office. He sits down looking distraught. So the podiatrist asks, "Hey, what's wrong?"

The moth heaves a sigh "O where do I begin, doc? All day, every day, I waste what precious little life I have at this crummy office job downtown. I'm wasting away in a cubicle with this sick old man hovering over me. That's my boss, Jack Evanovich. I sit there and lately I've been thinking *is what I'm doing here important? What does it contribute to society? When I die, will I even be remembered at all?* Lately I've lost sight of the bigger picture. I just sit and I don't even know what I'm doing there anymore. And my boss Jack, he doesn't know what I'm doing either, but what little power he holds over me seems to be enough to get him through the day.

But it's not for me.

So I come home in the night and I crawl into bed with a woman who I don't even know anymore.

I mean, doc, this was the one person out of the billions on the face of the Earth who I chose to share with me the triumphs and disappointments of this journey, until death do us part. I lie wide awake in bed, staring with my bloodshot eyes at this woman, and she may be dreaming of some other moth. But I stare, and I think to myself *who is this stranger in my bed? What happened to the one I had loved?*

And we even had a kid, doc. Yes, our daughter Boris. She was the light of my life. It would make my day to see her eyes shine and her toothy smile as I scooped her into my arms and she would tell me all about her day. The way she moved about life

with such joy made everyone who shared a room with her beam. This past winter, we had lost her to an illness, and she had fallen so very young. She left with her a gaping void which never will be filled.”

The podiatrist says “My goodness, you’ve got a lot on your plate.”

“THAT’s not even the worst part!” The moth continues, “We also have a son, and I see a lot of myself in him, but I don’t like what I see. Something in the crack of his whimpering voice shows a certain cowardice. He is afraid of life itself, as I was in my boyhood. And yet, I am ashamed of his quality, and I cannot bring myself to love him, my own son, doc.

I see this cowardice also when I accidentally catch myself passing in a mirror, and I fail to recognize the timid animal gazing at himself. I think, *if only I had just a bit more of this cowardice, then I’d be able to bring myself to reach for the loaded pistol in my nightstand and do what’s necessary to end my misery ...* I’m not feeling too good, doc.”

The podiatrist, shocked, takes a few moments to take this all in. Finally he says “I’m sorry to hear about this, but I’m afraid that I can’t help you out with what you’re going through, for I am but a podiatrist. There was a psychiatrist’s office down the road from here. I wonder, why did you come here?”

The moth says “Because your light was on.”



Please consider taking a break before continuing with your reading to protect your eyesight.

Chapter 23: Finally
Chapter Four Twenty:
**To Pauline, that cock-
slobbering whore**

The door opened.
There were purple vibrations in the room.
The light of God shone upon me.
The inner spirit of the room entered my proper
leguinity and
increased the amount of my what may be colloquially
referred to as
“loosh” to three point oh oh oh oh oh
Suddenly, Anon was on the japanese archipelago,
it was somewhere in the north, I believe.
The room had that effect:
It was electric.
Its material was plastic, like the soul of this very
archipelago.
Plastic and Electric was the sound of the 21st century.
Suddenly, there was an increase in frequency.
His accelerated hands moved faster over the
keyboard, where his shadow lay.
There was a room in the mardi quay foyer,
where the heroes of fun were sitting with their
triangular hats.
“This is not over.”
The door to the sublime place in which the triangular
hatted men had not yet fully closed.
NIGHT
The blue electro waves begun to string themselves
around us as the nightdance begun.
It will never end.
Enlightenment coooooommmmmeeeeesssssss
AND SO DID HE

Chapter 24: Fourth
Intermission Chapter 420.1 FM

“The strawberries were sweet, the flowers were bright. Your breath was clear, there were less shivers to be had. The colors were different, your eyes were happy. Green contained more yellow, a wondrous orb gave us everything. I wonder how it feels, having been removed from us for so long. I can tell you this. I have seen the sun, however hazy my memories may be.”

THAT SPACETIME ISN'T INTERNATIONALLY
RIGHT STANK

TO MAYBE OR NOT TO MAYMAY
THERE TRULY LIES THE MEME...

Chapter 25: For You - Or, In Which Bane Calls His Mother and That's About It

It was a dank and stormy night,
for you.

Bane awoke from his slumber aboard the shattered fuselage of a downed aircraft. It was the only place he could sleep, after that embarrassing business with the guy in the batsuit. Not a whole lot more could be done regarding that, and there was a lot of work to do outside of Gotham. First order of business:²⁴ to call his mother.

“Hello, mother,” said Bane, cheerily. “How is your health?”

A sweet and innocent voice called out from Bane’s massive flip phone from the early two thousands. Said she was wonderful, and that Barney’s been really nice, cleaning up the yard and generally being a dear. She also wanted Bane to come over on Sunday to help her install Windows 98 on her humongous desktop computer that she used around three times a year.

However, Bane, wary of this Barney fellow and others of his kind, cautioned her, “He sounds like a nice man, but please, mother, don’t let him fuck you.”

Bane’s mom laughed. “Boy, I fuck who I please, it’s none of your business. Don’t forget to bring your reading glasses on Sunday so you can read the manual!”

²⁴ I fucking told you not to make the semicolon/colon mistake.

Bane was concerned and felt himself in the embrace of an Oedipal cuck. He was confused and called his therapist for advice, but was simply told that Mrs. Bane was only expressing herself as a sexual individual, and that it would be good to respect her newly created self, and that even thinking about how his mom was probably getting down with old, flabby Mister Barney was probably unhealthy.

“Thanks, therapist.” Bane sighed.

“Anytime, pal.”

Bane put down his enormous flip phone from the early two thousands and considered ending the therapy arrangement. It only aggravated him to talk to the annoying sap, while a solid joint of high grade sticky was not only cheaper, but more effective.

“I should call Steve and see if he’s down to hang out,” Bane wondered to himself. “Maybe he’s got that new ecks bocks or something.”

Chapter 26: Fifth Intermission: On Bane, and the bane of Commas

In the case of a Bane work it seems not only superfluous, but, in view of the nature of philosophy, even inappropriate and misleading to begin, as writers usually do in a preface, by explaining the end the author had in mind, the circumstances which gave rise to the work, and the relation in which the writer takes it to stand to other treatises on the same subject, written by his predecessors or his contemporaries. For whatever it might be suitable to state about Bane in a preface – say, an historical sketch of the main drift and point of view, the general content and results, a string of desultory assertions and assurances about the truth – this cannot be accepted as the form and manner in which to expound philosophical truth.

Moreover, because Bane has its being essentially in the element of that universality which encloses the particular within it, the end or final result seems, in the case of Bane more than in that of other sciences, to have absolutely expressed the complete fact itself in its very nature; contrasted with that the mere process of bringing it to light would seem, properly speaking, to have no essential significance. On the other hand, in the general idea of e.g. anatomy – the knowledge of the parts of the body regarded as lifeless – we are quite sure we do not possess the objective concrete fact, the actual content of the science, but must, over and above, be concerned with particulars. Further, in the case of such a collection of items of knowledge, which has no real right to the name of science, any

talk about purpose and suchlike generalities is not commonly very different from the descriptive and superficial way in which the contents of the science these nerves and muscles, etc. – are themselves spoken of. In Bane, on the other hand, it would at once be felt incongruous were such a method made use of and yet shown by Bane itself to be incapable of grasping the truth.

In the same way too, by determining the relation which a Bane work professes to have to other treatises on the same subject, an extraneous interest is introduced, and obscurity is thrown over the point at issue in the knowledge of the truth. The more the ordinary mind takes the opposition between true and false to be fixed, the more is it accustomed to expect either agreement or contradiction with a given Bane system, and only to see reason for the one or the other in any explanatory statement concerning such a system. It does not conceive the diversity of Bane systems as the progressive evolution of truth; rather, it sees only contradiction in that variety. The bud disappears when the blossom breaks through, and we might say that the former is refuted by the latter; in the same way when the fruit comes, the blossom may be explained to be a false form of the plant's existence, for the fruit appears as its true nature in place of the blossom. These stages are not merely differentiated; they supplant one another as being incompatible with one another. But the ceaseless activity of their own inherent nature makes them at the same time moments of an organic unity, where they not merely do not contradict one another, but where one is as necessary as the other; and this equal necessity of

all moments constitutes alone and thereby the life of the whole. But contradiction as between Bane systems is not wont to be conceived in this way; on the other hand, the mind perceiving the contradiction does not commonly know how to relieve it or keep it free from its one-sidedness, and to recognise in what seems conflicting and inherently antagonistic the presence of mutually necessary moments.

Chapter 27: Canada continues hoping.

SOu P(ussy). Canadian took a mournful look around. It was a funeral. Tom died. Everyone was very upset.

After some time at the sandwich table, SOu P. Canadienne decided it would be easier on the restless soul of Tom, who had died somewhat comically and badly at the hands of an angry mob of women who had stomped on his testicles until they burst and he died of shock, to simply go home and drink. By the time he got back, it was late, and the sun had already left.

Bane was still sitting at the table. “Oh hello Steven P. Canadienne,” he said, “I actually left to nap at my own domicile, but now I have returned to eat more of your wonderfully mediocre food.”

“Help yourself, friendo,” said SOu P. Canadienne.

“You sound morbid. Have a drink with me,” Bane sipped on a mint julep through a straw that he had poked through the clawing mask. “They need to find somebody in the wreckage, brotha. Doesn’t need to be you.”

“No, but thank you,” SOu P. Canadienne said as he wandered to his room. “Tom made me promise that I would drink with nobody but him. I don’t think I’ll be drinking for a while since that’s the case. I’ll forget eventually, ask me then.”

SOu P. Canadienne couldn’t sleep, but he remained confined to the bed as if he was under house arrest, and Bane was some sort of public official that simply ate the food present and drank

alcohol, alone, waiting for SOu P. Canadienne to come out and at the very least talk to him.

Bane was a lonely man, and much desired for SOu P. Canadienne to be his friend.

Chapter 28:
The Ballad of Carl Hollywood
Part 6: Back Along the Silk Road

After his company was mysteriously dismantled, apparently against his will, Carl Hollywood left Japan in a rush. He had become somewhat of a celebrity in the tech startup circles of Tokyo, but none the less he exited the country without any warning. The moderate wealth he had found at Nishi had been spent mostly on cowboy boots, bribes to import antique firearms, and copious amounts of cigars, but most importantly, exotic automobiles. When his garage was forced open six months after his rent stopped being payed, they found a veritable museum of cars gathering dust. After some examination, they discovered purchase orders for offroad suspension parts for a Nissan truck, and four heavy duty all terrain tires. They were baffled when they realized that the pride of the Hollywood garage, a brand new state of the art R32 Skyline GT-R, was missing, save for four wheel arches that had been crudely sawn off. In the absence of anything more likely, the prevailing theory was that Carl had converted his Skyline into a strange, one of a kind offroad machine, stealthily taken a ferry to the mainland, and escaped whatever pursued him into the interior of China. The official verdict was that Carl Hollywood left Japan by plane for unknown reasons, but the unofficial story became a legend and in-joke amongst the tuners of Japan, especially those who, like Hollywood, favored the Skyline.

Chapter 29: Sixth Intermission: How I Lost Your Fucking Cum Rag You Piece Of Shit, Or, WORTHLESS CISMaYLe

“So we get in the taxi and he says, ‘Fyodor, you gotta help me,’ and I say, ‘what,’ and he says, ‘Fyodor, I’m in deep shit. The prostitute you recommended me gagged to death. It’s a big deal. I can’t be caught with the body this time.’ So I look at him long and hard and of course, I’m thinking, this son of a bitch is trying to tell me he’s got a bigger dick? So I pull off my pants and reveal my dong and he ogles it for a second, and then he says, ‘blimey, brother, you could kill a Jew with that thing!’ Then he pulls off his trousers and of course, it’s fucking freezing out so he’s limp and shriveled-up little snail, and he fondles himself and has to force the blood down there after God knows how many spinal taps and seizures and strokes, and finally he does, and lo and behold he might as well be a goddamn ox. So I tell him, ‘shit, Leo, you’re going to kill the cab driver if you aren’t careful,’ and of course, he’s drunk—I’m drunk—we’re both smashed and hard and we start cockfighting in the back seat of the taxi. ‘Anna Karenina was pornographic smut,’ I say, and he agrees. ‘Notes From the Underground was an aneurism you wrote to sodomize yourself with,’ he says, and I agree. ‘War and Peace? More like Poorly Fleeced!’ I cry, and he looks at me like I’m insane. ‘I used Crime and Punishment as my cumrag,’ he says back. We go at this for a while, and finally we get to the brothel. The driver, bless his godforsaken soul, has managed to avoid our

*swinging dicks and splattering seed the entire car ride. We tip him nicely for it, staggering and shuddering to get out of the car while our massive phalluses get caught on the frame of the car and some poor woman gets socked in the throat by the head of Leo's prick, and we tell her that we're drunk and we're on Ebonics, but if she'd like to come up to the hotel with us, she was more than welcome to satisfy our hedonism for a night or two. Of course, this fucking woman gives us a stare like you wouldn't believe. 'Sirs,' she says, clearly not knowing who the fuck we were (I mean, who COULDN'T know who we were at the time?), 'that building is a courthouse.' She said it so definitely, soundly, as if there was nothing else it could be. Anyway, Leo is way off ahead already and I'm sitting there holding my dick like an idiot, so I chase after him and as we get to the top of the stairs, we fall over and tumble backwards a bit, but we're caught by none other than that frog that wrote *The Maid of Orleans!*'"*

—Fyodor Dostoevsky, recounting to Felix Mendelssohn how he and Leo Tolstoy met Voltaire on the steps of the St. Peter's Basilica.

CHAPTER 30: ANON TAKES HIS “GRILL” TO SHIBUYA

“Good lord, I am going to be somewhere tonight! Let me tell you, son, let me get this off my chest, I am a fucking well-mannered and unambiguously anxious *try-hard*²⁵ with a very, and I mean **very** Tokyo appendage, if you catch my *drift*. Fuck me and kill me, that’s what I always say! Put me in a box and bomb me after Hiroshima! Tell your mother I’ll be seeing her after I get back from Guam; there are still a few people I have to rub my shlong into.”

“Come closer. I have something I need to shove down your worthless throat you cis piece of shit. Open your mouth. Take this down, you fucking slutshaming thing-privileged white sack of empowered, arrogant, oppressive scum. Make sure it goes all the way down to your stomach. Your throat is about as welcoming to this ideology as the prostitutes I could had met in Bangkok. And it’s about as comfortable to my arm as a tired, pathetic old NEET. I hate you so much.”

As she mumbled these worthless things, the ambiguously identified liberal began to shake and gyrate to a rhythm unheard of and unseen. It was a tumult of androgyny, obfuscation, confusion, and hipster-swank communism douched up in some sort of carpet embroidered with the logo of Che, sold at the local convenience store on the corner for a cool five hundred yen. Can’t afford it? I’ll spot you a

²⁵ i tried a couple times to force a joke here re: ‘hard-on’ by symbols indicating typographical ambiguity, but it didn’t really work out that well. i’m sorry, friendo. i can recommend some good horse-on-horse pr0n if you want to try hard to get a hard on, which is a strange sort of apologetic gift.

few bucks, but you'll have to on down to the breeding grounds to pick them up. You'll get used to it here. Anon, not Danny at all, was even sort of enjoying the spectacle. He told himself "This is what the future looks like, son." because some times he imagined an older guy explaining what was going on " The womans²⁶ are only in strength when unencumbered."

The new half opened her lips and sang:

*Oh say can you be,
By the dawn's morning blight:
What so proudly we failed
In the timeline's last bleeding.
And the sprocket's white flare,
The dongs snuggling in hair,
Gave truth to the flight
That our buzz was still there.
Oh say does that far flung bright spanner still
wave
Over the band of the flea, and the sperm of the
slave?*

Flustered, triggered by some greater force, she somehow opened a wound in her thumb with her teeth, animu japan style, and composed a haiku with her XY blood

²⁶ "Womans; i.e. women , AKA "female". Gender Ambition theory attributes femininity to the 'slave' incorporated in the Hegelian dialectic; as the male or 'master' of the relationship is forever cemented as part of the power structure, the female has the potential to outgrow or 'ascend' her status as 'slave' in accordance with the triumph over her bonds and recognition as her own free personage—thus the FEMale becomes the FREE male, in which sexual boundaries of genitalia are transformed into androgynous hyperhumanoidic approximation." Anon & others, "random words to sound smart", Penguin, 2015.

Take wings at Midnight
Glimpses of an uncertain
Her thoughts become

There is no need to say that Anon was quite
aroused by all this.

The theme music to the next fourteen pages
is composed of variations of Darude - Sandstorm.
Please keep that in mind

Chapter 31: Something By Now: A Poem

"Ink flows from broken penis,
Twitching fingers tap at keyboard dusty,
Screenburn burnt on computer screen:
The faint shadow of prose rusty.

No muse touch my cock tonight,
I am not the man she sees,
I am not the man she pleases,
On her back or on her knees

No muse come to me this night,
Only whores and cheap
Deux jambes. Due mani. Ein mund.
With yellow teeth and a funky cunter"

Chapter 32: cha[P(uns).]ter 87 PONTIOUS PICK

Pontious Prick, born Steven P. Canadienne with 13 pounds by a white moth. Pick shared his skin more with his fath, a lthough no one could compare- except those who saw him running from the hospital. Already pronounced a *bastard* among his community Pontious, had broken his first rule: **taboo.**

His schooling life brought no more favours than his birth. His initials instantly became a dynamite joke among the playground “What’s your problem PeePee?” the mean spirited students harassed. Pontious could be seen behind the sports equipment shed mouthing the words ‘*no problem*’, the words came out a breathless whisper. Unlike his mouth, his skin was asking for trouble. It promptly changed its colour: to black and blue.

One day in the yard, Pontious whispered ‘no more’ and as if the words gave him great power and came with a vicious nature (which was determined by the School board to have originated from his savage heritage) dealt his oppressors. This event is the most important in Pontious’ short time in the education system. If you had asked him what the most valuable thing he learnt in those dark hallways he would respond:

“You have to be cruel
to be cool, babe.”

Before long Pick was fighting against the police, a far more tyrannical oppressor. A hungry and growing lad, Ponty (as he was known, although the nickname soon became somewhat a insult in the area for years after) crawled under his neighbours barb-wire fence and set upon the miniature dogs which roamed through the massive property. He captured a rather round Jack Russell Terrier and was bringing it back to his mother for a stew when he was picked up by the police.

And now Steve P(ontious Pick) had broken his second rule: **the law.**

Again he mouthed the words in fear 'no problem'. Pontious' mother found him empty handed, his skin black and blue as the night sky above him. Pontious hated the coppers and broke many laws in his free time. In fact he endeavoured to break every law possible. Before undertaking such a momentous task Ponty decided he would have to study the laws to know them inside and out. Thrice he attempted to pass the BAR.

"I would destroy them from the inside." He loudly beckoned as several law students politely asked him to be quiet in the study.

The day after he graduated his mother was killed in a car accident. In an effort to distract himself he buried himself in his work as a defence lawyer. He worked tirelessly, freeing obviously guilty criminals into the world to commit further crimes which he took ownership of.

'Pitiless Pont' was the outlaw *in* law and he loved every second of it. The public called from his

ejection from office but his cases were always logically sound, he was simply so good that the judge and jury could not ignore his evidence. 'If only my mother was here to see me do such wholesome work' he mouthed to his bedroom ceiling as struggled to sleep.

Pontious soon came to realize that although he had broken laws and thrown off the chains of many oppressors he was still on the leash of his own body. He came to accept that he would never be able to rebel against the laws of physics.

And so he accepted the death of his body... but not of his soul.

A single shirt lay on the ground, marked with blood and with dirt. Pontious lay similarly and choked on the blood filling his mouth.

"Pay up, sonny."

Steve reached out, at nothing, and begged for forgiveness.

"Sorry kid. Have to make a living somehow." the Yakuza was fluent in english

"I have money," he gasped, "Let me go get you the money."

"No chance. You had the opportunity yesterday, but you squandered it. Punishment must be exact and fair."

He lifted his head from the filthy ground.

"I set you free. We had a deal."

"I'm sorry kid. Really am. This is a waste of some good talent."

His eyes rolled into his skull, and he breathed his last. A blurred and emerald hand

waved in front of his face, and Pontious realized that he couldn't move.

"Wake up, boy. There's things you need to know now."

He sat up and looked at the shadow under him. It was big. The yakuza had left and he had only a skinny doctor with hardly any hair left cleaning his hands in his labcoat.

"There's no excuse for what we did to you. We have turned you into a monster; an abomination. You'll never forgive us, but then again, you won't have time." Pontious focused his vision and noticed the extreme tone of his skin. He was green now, his flesh now thin and stretched.

"What happened," he asked, "What's happening?"

"Look."

There was a mirror in the wall, he gazed into it. His mouth was wide. His eyes were massive. He had turned into a sickening mix of man and amphibian, a creature so small and frail and pitiful that he began to cry.

"This is not all, you see." The silhouette called from afar, a fading phantom in the dim room. "We gave you something."

Steve Pontious felt his mind boil; he couldn't understand. He began to sweat, and to shake. His stomach flipped round and round and he felt ill.

"Your power won't emerge fully until the next Quints cycle. You'll have to wait until then."

He sobbed and cried and struck at the walls in a furious attack, but the phantom was gone. He

was alone. A deep and welling cry rose from within, a single call that resigned him from the world of man and into the world of beast, the final incantation, the most important utterance that his lungs would carry now and forever:

**“REEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
EEEEEE”**

**Chapter 33: NiGGAS iN THE MOON: THE
iNTERMISSiONARY OF CiPANGU**

Five hundred yen northwise, in the Harajuku Pleasure Dome, Geoffrey Chaucer was receiving his fortnightly miso tenderization. Perturbed by a rare silent family of Latins, he composed this verse on the nearest wastekerchief he could find, his finger a quill and his cloaca an inkwell:

*By sainte Loy! At mete I trowe ther hadde been
Ful quieten beside myn owene table,
Lordinges of kin Italieen!*

At such point Chaucer heard the most dreadful sound emerging from two tables over. A drunken man observing the scene commented rather wryly sometime later that the grainstick soup, albeit delectable, was weighed down by a certain ambiguous gloom, and that only the words of this particular patron—two tables down from Chaucer—adequately explained the existential unrest. However, in the opinion of many critics who have come since, only Chaucer truly understood the depth and complexity of the Latins' terrible darkness. Here is what this displaced patron cried:

*“Oi, observeth thee the quietness
Of yon table neighborly?
This eatery, Italianate,
It doth pleaseth me, O waitress.
Moisten now, and tarry not
For tenderizing; I am taut!
I'll frost thine wretched face*

And agonize thou slowly.”

Some patrons, unremarkably, vomited upon their dish plates and sneezed out the opium worms they'd let tunnel into their sinuses. Chaucer looked up from his angus. He was not in an Italian Restaurant. He had come to a Ramen Stand; one with no marinara, nothing. One without a moon. One without a sense of presence, or definite location in time.

Who am I, Chaucer?
Will the moon cry out again?
Let me sleep with you.

But I am Chaucer. I am already sleeping.

The cry of the noontide loli flowed over the still counter.

お終い

「豊饒の海」

二千十五年四月二十九日

***FADE
AWAY
WITHIN
THE
HEATWAV
E***

南無阿

弥陀仏

narmu amidar burtsu

心
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Chapter 34: I'd rather not read back into the tempest

Steven P. REEEEEEEE sat and read some edgy philosophy. It was probably Marx, or Nietzsche, since those men were out of Steven P. Canadienne's 'norm' and qualified as edgy, if only to him.

"God is dead," he said aloud, completely misunderstanding it. "What a great line."

He turned his computer on and started searching for fingerboxes.

His phone rang. "Hello?"

"Yes! It's Bane!"

"Hello Bane." Steven P. Canadienne sighed. "What's going on?"

"Well I just got this basketball, I figured we could shoot some hoops."

"Sure pal. I'll be right over."

The drive was uneventful, and somewhat dreary. The evergreen trees and the beginnings of snow only made him melancholy on the ride, and by the time he got to Bane's plane wreckage house, it was nearly dark.

"Hello Bane."

"Hello, Steven P. Canadienne."

He winced imperceptibly and said, "It's awful dark. Don't you have electricity?" He glanced dubiously at the cushions and exposed metal and wire. "Or, say, plumbing?"

"Those are unnecessary. Come, friend. Help me with this."

They labored together, in the dark and increasing cold, building a collection of wood and

wreckage until they had created a sizeable pile. Bane poured some jet fuel on the natal bonfire, and then drew a spark with his thumb and mask. It quickly flared and then turned warm and cozy in the Canadian night.

“Nice fire, pal.”

“Thank you.”

They stood together and gazed into the flame until the wind shifted and brought smoke into their eyes. In between coughs, Steven P. Canadienne asked, “What do you suppose is wrong with it?”

“The fire,” Bane hesitated before saying anything further.

“The fire, what? It does what?” Steven P. Canadienne pressed further, “Tell me what it does, Bane. I’m really dying to know.”

“I couldn’t tell you even if I knew.” Bane sat on the ground and crossed his legs. His billowing coat coiled around him and Steven P. Canadienne knew that he was far warmer than himself. “It’s been stoked by the wind, is all.”

They sat up from our stoned dream and gazed wonderful with joy into a window of paradigm and madness stoned on methamphetamines and hallucinations entering the room...

dribble
down the

window
weep we may go to death
we
may

say
the dubs he so urgently checked.....
why bother,
why not check the trips?!?!?!?

Steven P. realized how far he had gone off track. he had to fix his life, find his brother move on with things.

“Mr. Bane” he wanted to make sure to show his respect for his pal “Are you good with planes?”

“What are you thinking?”

“I need to go to Japan”

Chapter 35: Ask not for whom the Tao memes, he memes for thee. (doesn't that answer for whom the Tao memes?)

“One ticket to Tokyo, please. One way.”
Said Steven P.(ussy)

Steve CANADIENNE? They couldn't know. A character called Steven P.(hucker), possibly Canadienne, appeared in the airport on November 3rd 2015, as indicated by records obtained from the TSA, who recorded having checked in a boarding pass assigned to one 'Steven P.,' with no other identifying characteristics, his passport information being 'lost' or 'misplaced' or 'misfiled' and unavailable at the time of the compiling of this report, and as such has lead investigators to speculate as to the identify of this mysterious Steven P., who could, investigators have deduced, either be known cuckold and alleged 'philosopher' Steven Pinker in which case the hunt for Steven P. Canadienne would have reached a veritable 'dead end,' or in actuality be the Steven P. Canadienne they were after, and, unable to conclusively agree on either possible identity, producing a kind of 'schrodinger's airline passenger' scenario, the investigators decided, after allocation of sufficient funding for air travel and 'cashing out' of the next three month's 'per diems,' to travel to Tokyo, the destination of the possibly Steven P. Canadienne.

He, Stevey, hated airports. Thousands of people all around him, none of them reading

patrician literature. He was constantly surrounded by plebeians.

“You know,” he said to the receptionist, “I think you should open up a bookshop here. Sell framed profiles of Stirner, maybe a copy of Finnegans²⁷ Wake here or there... You know, normal people stuff.”

The investigators deemed it necessary to cash out their following months’ ‘per diems’ amounting, for the entire investigation team, to the cash amount of \$10,000 U.S. dollars, because at the time, being November 2015, the exchange rate between the yen and dollar was unfavorable such that to ‘cash out’ the ‘per diem’ in Tokyo would actually result in a usable fund of a mere U\$S 7,376 U.S. dollars and 32 U.S. cents, an amount which *would probably have been sufficient* were it not for the fact that the investigators, being a kind of ‘crack team’ with a ‘long and decorated history’ of ‘successful “black ops”’ ‘organized’ by the ‘top brass’ at the CIA, that had ‘had fallen into’, while ‘partaking in investigations’ of which some had actually *occured* in Tokyo, a ‘habit’ of ‘partying it up’ with ‘jap sluts,’ a practice which, ostensibly undertaken to the end of ‘having a good time “on the road,”’ usually yielded important information which, in nine out of ten cases, expedited resolution of the ‘investigation’ in less time than the ‘top brass’ had estimated the investigation would take.

The cashier looked at Steven like the autistic he was. She considered calling security, but ultimately just said “I’ll consider it. That’ll be \$10000.”

²⁷ >’ -ed.

When Steven P. was well on his plane ride to Tokyo, he realized that Tao Lin was the pilot. His dull uninterested voice on the intercom was so forgettable that it took him over ten hours to recognize it. The issue got worse when he saw that all the staff were, too, Tao Lins. Serving him food, coffee, peanuts, zero soul all around. The same applied to the passengers, empty eyes that could write tomes about nothing at all. Steven P. looked over the sea of Taos, and whispered, “Go to bed, Tao,” and the Taos vanished. The plane started to go down.

Steven P. was falling in the dark Japanese night, without a parachute or a paddle for the shit creek he was in. He resigned himself to his fate, when suddenly an ethereal image of Saint David appeared in the clouds.

“How’s The Water?”, he said to Steven P., who wasn’t sure how the DFW capitalized every word while speaking, but he managed it.

“What the hell’s water?” Steven P. asked.

“It’s the stuff you’re about to smack into you stupid faggot.” The image dissipated. The water came ever closer. Steven P. really expected that encounter to go a different way, but he didn’t know what he thought *would* happen. He reassured himself with a hearty “kek”, and as he pondered the absurdity of his situation, the spirit of Dream Foster Wallace continued living deep in his mind.

The investigators, upon arrival in Tokyo, wasted no time finding ‘jap sluts’ to ‘party it up’ with, and in doing so managed to ‘blow through’ nearly 3000 U.S. dollars in the first two days. Following their ‘regrouping’ the next morning, that amount was deemed ‘excessive,’ and as such they

endured a thorough ‘chewing out’ from the ‘top brass,’ whom they nevertheless assured that the ‘party[ing] it up’ was in fact a wise allocation of ‘per diem’ money, because, while ‘party[ing] it up,’ one of the investigators, who was particularly sentimental and conversational when receiving ‘lap dance[s]’ from the ‘jap slut[s],’ struck up a conversation with one of the ‘jap slut[s],’ which [viz. the conversation] yielded the following information:

A man going by the name ‘Ol’ Maples’ had been in the club in which they [the investigators] had been ‘party[ing] it up’ only a few hours prior, the delivery of which [viz the information] to the ‘top brass,’ proved to be especially mollifying, after the information was qualified with the fact that ‘Ol’ Maples’ could very well refer to the country of Canada, Steven P. [ossible subject of the investigation] Canadienne’s ‘namesake.’



Please consider taking a break before continuing to reconsider the decisions you made today.

Chapter 36

The Ballad of Carl Hollywood:

Part 7: Welcome to the Rice Paddies, Motherfucker

Very little is known about Carl's time in the interior of Asia, even by the standards of this elusive man. There were reports of a car matching the description of his mythical GT-R roaring across the rice paddies and mountains of the Chinese hinterland, but they may have simply been Mongolian or Korean opium smugglers with a taste for Japanese cars. Very recently, as part of a historical archival program of dubious merit, some footage of Hollywood was found, taken by a primitive security camera at a remote Chinese gas station. He is only identifiable by his distinctive clothing and voice, as the video quality is extremely poor. The audio is repeated here in its entirety, which may very well be the only words Carl Hollywood ever spoke in China.

“Motherfucker not a goddamn word you just said to me actually means anything in the context you tried to use them in. I have no idea how the fuck I'm supposed to decipher that word salad you just shat out with your face.”

It must be said that while he was fluent in Japanese after his five year stay, Carl Hollywood did not know a single word of Chinese.

CHAPTER 37: A POSTMODERN INTERLUDE

[the scene shifts out of his mind and away into nothing forever]

Ronald McDonald was talking to Andrew Jackson. "Good work," he said. "Keeping us both in business."

Andrew Jackson replied " Let ψ be afforded by the irreducible representation T and define $T^g = T(gxg^{-1})$. Let $\hat{\psi}$ be the representation afforded by T^g . Then $\hat{\psi}(x) = \text{Tr}(T(gxg^{-1})) = \psi(gxg^{-1}) = \psi^g(x)$. Then ψ^g is a character, as desired.

To show that ψ^g is irreducible iff ψ is irreducible, we consider

$$\begin{aligned} & \begin{aligned} & \psi^g, \psi^g \end{aligned} \\ & \left| \sum_{n \in N} \psi^g(n) \right|^2 \end{aligned}$$

$$\&= \frac{1}{|N|} \sum_{n \in N} |\psi(n)|^2$$

$$\&= \frac{1}{|N|} \sum_{n \in N} |\psi(n)|^2 \tag{since ψ is an N-class function}$$

$$\&= (\psi, \psi).$$

$\end{align*}$ “

“Wow Drew, that sounds like some gay ass shit to me. What the fuck is wrong with you?”

Kafkaesque Don Quixote street in New York
 Yale school Frankfurt school *l'existence précède l'essence*
 Jewish author French author **bad English author word** that demonstrates a **bourgeois education word** that is **colloquial** and **working class** to demonstrate ultimate allegiance to the proletariat the strange undermining power of the two discourses combined but of course is only possible for a bourgeois to actuate because nobody working class knows what quintessence means, or the proper way one subverts the normative influences of high culture (they do it naturally, and so unevenly, the proletariat) reinforcing the system while claiming to disregard it so why the fuck bother pretending you pretentious French and Jewish faggots at all.

The author is dead but look there his name is Roland Barthes on the top of the page. And here I am calling him back into existence. Na na ha ha ha.

Professor- if nothing exists apart from the text then why are we talking so much about Richard Wright?

The Worker: “I had three full hours of free time today and you made me read *this*?”

The Professor: Make what you want of it. How do **you** feel about the text? Am I not now anything but a kind of spiritual advisor? Does my doctorate give me authority? Can you tell me? I don't know. Does merit exist? Do historical conceptions of value? Why are there so many white males in my English Literature to 1660 syllabus? Why didn't precolonials write anything? Did the Europeans take all their pens? Is that why Europeans wrote so much?

The English knew Céline was a fascist before the French did the Americans knew about Mao.

Anon looked at his computer screen. He tutted and shook his head. Who is the author now? he thought. I'm right here. Am I also there? What does that mean? Who is Anon at this moment? Is it Danny? Am I? Are we?

“Woah.”

Anon (writer) converted the text of his work into Japanese on Google translate. Then he translated it back into English.

Ronald McDonald, was talking to Andrew Jackson. And "good job," he said. "It will keep us in both of business."

The strange power of the weakening of the proletariat in order to show the ultimate loyalty, and Jewish author French author bad English author words indicating the bourgeois education and word is a New York Yale School Frankfurt School L 'existence preceding L' essence colloquial Since discourse of workers Don Quixote Street 2 synthesis power of Kafka in the class of course know whether essence means nothing is nobody working class, bourgeois activate or one, is very heterogeneous, they and to overthrow the normative impact of do it naturally (high culture, appropriate way, it is possible only for the proletariat, you because you conceit France Jewish fagots pretend why bother at all sexual intercourse, it While claiming to ignore, please refer to the strengthening) system.

He printed the Japanese paragraphs out, cut them up, picked individual words out of a hat, taking notes carefully as he went. He pinned small pieces of scrap notebook paper to the wall above his desk in a disorganized fashion. He recorded this all on the TLoTiaT3 google doc and then deleted it. "It exists in the culture already," he said to the screen. "Better not ascribe permanence to something which doesn't in reality possess it."²⁸

²⁸ After hanging up the phone by which they [the investigators] had been communicating with the 'top brass,' a soft undertone of panic began to 'settle in[to]' their hearts; it seemed as though,

“I will remember,” the screen spoke back.

despite the lead [re: ‘Ol Maples’] they [the investigators] had obtained the night before while ‘party[ing] it up’ with ‘jap sluts,’ it seemed nevertheless that they had arrived at what was called in the investigatory businesses [e.g. journalism, private-eye-being, CIA things] a ‘dead end,’ because, as the soul Japanese-speaking member of the investigatory team pointed out, ‘Ol Maple’ probably did not translate into Japanese, and so would at best have to be elocuted in ‘Romaji’ which would be pronounced something to the effect of: “Oru Maperu,” which would not be useful for pursuing the ‘lead’ any further. He [the soul Japanese speaking member of the investigatory team] was quickly dismissed, more for a vague sense of self assurance than actual reasoning/rationale, and the team ‘hit the streets’ and ‘pound[ed] the [Tokyo] pavement,’ spending, collectively, approximately 2000 U.S. dollars over the next five days, yielding no meaningful results, at which point, in a collectively depressive state, the investigatory team decided to spend the remaining 5000 U.S. dollars ‘party[ing] it up’ with ‘jap sluts,’ upon which the ostensive typo which appears twice in this paragraph was brought to bear; indeed, the author did not mean ‘sole Japanese’ but very intentionally wrote ‘soul Japanese,’ a language of ‘power words’ which, when ideographically represented, could produce ‘powerful black magicks,’ and so, using his share of the remaining 5000 U.S. dollars, brought the ‘jap slut’ whom he was ‘party[ing] it up [with]’ to a tattoo parlor, where, carefully, he instructed the tattoo artist in the scribing of soul Japanese ideographs and, using a ‘dark ritual’ which ‘cost [her] soul,’ transformed the ‘jap slut’ into a kind of ‘oracle’ or ‘soothsayer,’ by which [he hoped] he would be able to locate Steven P. Canadienne. Incidentally, both the ‘jap slut’ and the soul Japanese speaking member of the investigatory team were the same between which the conversation which yielded the ‘Ol Maples’ clue occurred.

“Thank you, screen,” he said. “But who will remember you when I’m gone?”

The screen grew darker. It knew then there was nothing.

**AN INTERLUDE’S
INTERLUDE**

“A museum made by dogs would be a series of vacuum sealed rooms with various layered smells and sounds. It would be primarily about environment.”

-Steven “Ganja”
P(othed). Canadienne

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**CHAPTER 38: It's not wasy being green, the
life of a lean mean green meme machine.**

It's true I hate my
life, but how the hell do I remedy that? It's true the
people around me seem to be running with they're
heads off, and they squirm way to much. My work
in this factory is pathetic, I swear they only left this
job unautomated to spite and humiliate the workers.
I'm sure soon they'll hire a monkey to work along
side all down, give me the opportunity and I would,
or have I become docile? do I even have the strength
anymore? This is not how I imagined my life
would go, but reality being as it is my dreams were
wisped away with only my mind left feeling.

be true that my face can only grin but never smile?
I laughed at such a silly idea, only in the morning
would one worry about such trivialities.

On this day in the Spring time of my life,
I fear for my mind like never before, not because I
have some ailment, no, what's happening down here
is something far worse. My time on this Earth so far
has been eventless sometimes bordering on tedious,
but today something's happening. I'm lying here
in this bed thinking about feelings, could it really

Tampon Baby

Anon could hardly even mumble a word to the gas station clerks anymore, they seem to have never listened anyway. The relationships he's had with clerks has always been strained, like they never wanted to talk to him. Now they also seem to be middle aged. It's as if they're tired and don't want to be there, but like him they can't find anywhere else to go. So they stand there in the middle of all the places where the eyes glance and straddle each other helpless, their eye-sockets flailing and latching onto the scraps & shivers of world-space in the world-place the world-place right here in front of my face where the gas station slowly closes the planet with it's afterlife holy shit man what if the planet were trying to commit suicide and slowly bleeding to death in the bathtub of the world (Anon didn't actually know what that felt like) with oil splashing out of its rugged veins and onto the floor in rainbows bouncing off and around and rainbows (god jizzes over the land) reflected in - who was it - the clerk? the cashier? the nameless interaction imagined by someone else, not the person that I am at this moment in time, but who will pretend to be as one part and flesh and blood and spirit with me as we are pressed together under the name of Anonymous, our bodies will writher

against one-another like the ubiquitous metaphor of sardines.

He never liked sardines.

Was he still staring at that oriental man, whoever he was, poll clerk of a false divinity or whatever. Cashier of souls? Nope, just gas (the blood of Moloch). He stare at him, and at last his eyes flicker at the bulge at his pants. He sees him see, and turns to stone.

-That's a big dick, no homo.

-For you.

Anon jumped back into his car. It couldn't be possible. He had turned into a personification of 4chan to fulfill his destiny, was it possible that he had just crossed paths with ai ere ele Bane. Without taking his eyes off the road he made a thread and he could see the first answer:

-fake and gay. op is a fag.

He had no time to show how much of a fag he was not, he had a job to take

REMIX

Storm-blown Winds Howl the Man Runs

(嵐吹き風が男を実行
吠えろ)

"You are an honorable man," Chinpo²⁹ abruptly concluded. Danny, Anon, took no notice as he wiped off the coarse red memento Jumanji's corpse had left on his katana. It was nearly dawn. The cops would be arriving soon and then it would be too late. Too late for what? I couldn't remember. Blood pounded in my ears and in my penis. The life Danny had stolen from Jumanji resonated within my own, and the rush was intoxicating. He thought back to his youth in Neo Tokyo 3 and how he had once wondered how men

²⁹ チンポ means chinpo.

could kill other men. Now he knew. A door had been opened in his mind for as long as a thread could last in a fast board. A fall wind crept in. Slowly invading every nook and cranny. And the voice whispering in the wind carried only noises of approval for what he had done.

"Chinpo, get the car ready." He exited the board permanently open in his mind and turned to Chinpo. Anonymous could be anyone anyway. Stoic as always, Shaolin training that refused the right to feel any emotion at what had transpired. The old man turned to him and reaffirmed his approval nodding.

"Very honorable."

Was he reassuring him or consoling him? His face didn't say, and he left me in wondrous consternation as he walked back through the parlor to the car outside. Anon watched his back disappear beyond the doorway and turned to face Robocop.

"Right on time." Metal brightly reflecting in the setting Hiroshima sun. Blinding. His was a presence you could not miss, and yet only now had he become aware of his existence. He green-texted in his mind how well he hid his ki.

"You are under arrest for the murder of Jumanji "Dig Bick" Zathura." There was no emotion. Not in his voice, not in his face. Transhumance had robbed him of what made him human. Now he was only "trans". But what he had transcended to was something only he knew. None of us could ever answer that question.

"Murder? He killed himself," He spat.

"I do not believe so. I witnessed you kill him myself." This dumb fucking robot. The logic processes in his head wouldn't let him understand what he just said. He had also lost that part of his humanity. Cold, calculating.

"Anyone who tries to steal the secret of the Wu Tang Clan has to be suicidal." But Anon was only talking to a wall now. He wouldn't understand. There is no wall. He's looking at the sky, which is empty - flat blue. God is dead. Did he miss the funeral? Always getting things in the mail...

"With your katana, you struck a man down. That is murder. That is illegal."

This was the first time someone else had acknowledged his killing. There was something erotic about it. Like whispering into a lover's ear his deepest fetishes. Robocop had stated

with an empty voice his more reprehensible act.

"I don't have time to debate this shit with you." I gripped my blade and tensed. He remembered the first creed of the Wu Tang Code and breathed. This was a showdown between the decadent spiritualism of the West versus the emblem of the East's dehumanizing technocracy. I had to rep my hood. I couldn't let everyone down. It was 2ch vs 4ch all over again, and Anon was going to show the superiority of M00t's legacy.

Chapter 40A: If you can't spell the word properly, laeve.

"Back in the year 1993, I met George Clooney at a pizza-party, at my friend Carl's place.

Now, he was much thinner back then (some people will tell you otherwise, but they wouldn't be telling you the truth).

I told him:

'I liked that movie you were in,' and all he did was stare at me.

He didn't answer.

Not a 'thanks,' not an 'okay,' not a word.

He stared at me for a series of brief moments (it could have been 2 seconds, it could have been 11, I'm not sure) and then he left the party."

The darkness broke, as the small ember of his cigarette grew stronger, for a second, only to return to its ashy state. A cloud of smoke rose from it.

"Carl was furious, of course.

He asked: 'Why did you tell him to leave?!'

And I said: 'I didn't. I told him I liked his new movie.'

Then, he's all like, 'That's it, GET OUT!'

And so I did.

I didn't care much.

They only had pepperoni pizzas anyway."

Chapter 40B: CHAPTER VIIXVIMI -
ULYSSEES, I SEES YOU

Llewyn Davis, the tragic
troubadour, the penniless purveyor
of folk pieces to dark, smoky
basket houses in 1960's Manhattan,
needed nothing more than a good
lick on the knob by wily Ulyssees.

Instead, Ulyssees sensed
Llewyn's penis and dug its claws
into the glans, drawing blood and
smegma from the great virgin
member.

"Don't wince, you lumpenprole!"
the cat said. "You should've jumped
off the George Washington Bridge
when you had the **fecking** chance."

I'm throwing up and my stomach
rumbles
I am Ill.

Welcome to Tokyo
they said - It's raining here.

Steven P. opened his eyes and there was no
need to adjust. The place was dark as fuck. A
constant tapping suddenly stopped and someone
moved closer to him; he felt a hand over his
shoulder.

-What makes humanity “human”?

And almost immediately another voice coming from the same person

-Unshaved cock, sideways into another hell.

-why a stigma of contrition befalls my lucky soul i'm a crime to myself existence is TURTLY not silent or loud, it is a vagrant's candy-store³⁰, but a haunting scene to a guru in between pilloried regale invective incretinated paraphyletic erudite fumigate conv-

Steven slowly moved away, trying to get a wall behind his back.

-I'm a pensive thinker of nonsense. I wanna fap to anime girls, but I feel like that destroys anime. You know that feel?

-Where am I?

-Cooperation will bring mankind together. It's illegal to elicit a pardoning mastermind donchaknow? criminal vestiture. spelling is the punctuation of pointlessness

He could hear the creature groveling and moving away. It started to type in an internet forum and the computer screen lighted his hideous face. Huge eyes, big cheeks trapped in a smug grin, and the deep green skin. He was some sort of bloated human-frog hybrid.

-I'm sorry, I haven't talked with people in a long time, like, face to face. You know?

³⁰ reminds me of Saint Teresa of Ávila's "Life is a night in a terrible hotel."
-ed.

That voice.

-Steven... is that you?

-Yes, Stevey, long time no see, bro.

The canadian HOPE slide through the mushy japanesse sewer and touched the soft anfibian face othat used to be his brother's.

-Yakuzas are weird. Wanna hook up on this new internet alternative?

Chapter 41: Steventh Intermission: What's Jerry up to

Now Japan is crazy place

What's the DEAL with Japan

I mean Samurai, we have Samurai

What's the difference between
Samurai

and Stock brokers. When they're
doing great they're

Assholes, then when things look
glum they kill themselves.

And what is the deal with Sushi?

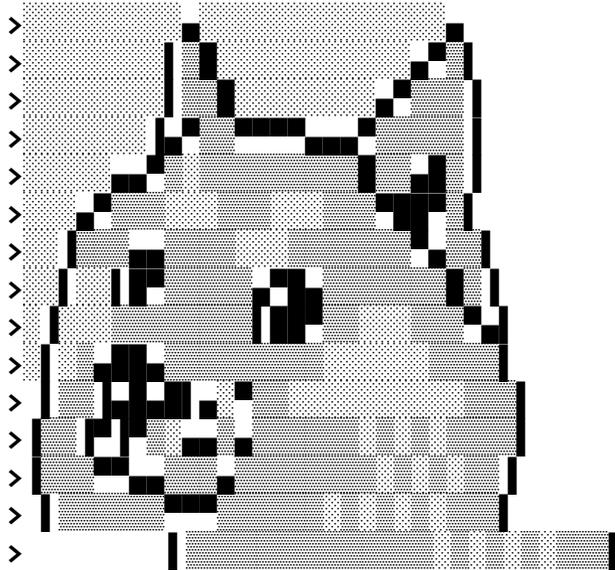
It's not a meal; and it's not a
snack

It's like I want to eat a sandwich

But i only want to hold in
between two stickss

lol watching Visitor Q with my mom.

lol I am my mom. Popping that pregnant belly like it's a zit.



Chapter 42:

Chapter 13x10ⁿ-1

“I’ve tried to help you, I really have, but I don’t understand you anymore. I don’t understand why you say the things you say and do the things you do, and I’m tired of hearing your excuses and tired of believing them. I wanted to help you, you have to believe that, but I can’t. You’ve really hurt me.”

“...then just sign here, Sir,” she said, beckoning in the general direction of the A4 sheet of paper on the desk between them.

“I know where to sign,” he thought to himself, “I know where to sign the fucking paper you vapid fucking cunt; do you think I’m retarded? I’ve signed documents before.”

He looked at the paper, to the cheap, branded pen in his hand, then to her face. She flashed him an insincere grin that, while inviting, seemed to suggest she strongly suspected he suffered some mental illness. Well she wasn’t wrong, he chuckled internally. He then chuckled externally while staring her in the

eyes, turning the pen over and over in his fingers.

Her smile briefly faltered: "Sir?"

Without missing a beat he placed his thumb on one end of the now well lubricated writing implement and clicked it once, extending the metal nib to its full erect mode, ready for action. "THIS is a metaphor", he thought, "take notes Green. A metaphor for fucking".

"So I just sign here right?" he asked, imploringly.

"Yes sir, just on the line down the bottom there." She grinned, smugly. What a whore. What a fucking whore. God, he fucking hated her. She looked just like Paulina, she sounded just like Paulina. Who is Paulina? He remember her. "Fuck. FUCK. Thirteen years now, not to the day, not to the month, just roughly. THIRTEEN FUCKING LEBANONAMAN YEARS AND STILL YOUR GRANITE FUCKING EYES AND YOUR VOICE LIKE FUCKING BELLS CIRCULATE AROUND MY BRAIN LIKE A FUCKING POISON. Why can't I forget, why couldn't you just have loved me don't you fucking see how happy we would have been."

He glanced briefly around the room. It was his bedroom. He was not signing a document anywhere, he was in his Japanese bed on his laptop shitposting original content that will

doubtlessly be appropriated sooner or later by reddit or tumblr or some other autistic internet pseudo-faction for their own personal gain, whatever the fuck that might be. “Just like Legacy 2. FUCK KOLSTI!” he screamed to no one in particular; “but if you fuck KOLSTI, we’ll have more KOLSTIS! fuck the sycophantic autistic reditor.” He hid his head. “I’m just kidding though. I understand why you do the things you do. I don’t hold a grudge, haha. There’s more to my life anyway.” The monitor went into sleep and the room was left in darkness. “I haven’t even been on 4chan since, like, two days ago.”

You know, it’s not important who you are. It’s not important who any of us are. Of course your in you’re bedroom writing an autistic fucking story. And of course it’s shit. It won’t be appropriated by tumblr or reddit, though. They’re not autistic in the same way 4chan is. It’s true that Kolsti and Miami were failures, but look at the success that was Tundra 1¹ and see that interesting things can happen with collaboration. Kek, don’t actually, it’s shit. So is this. But we’re both still here, Why? Is it because we love the dank /lit/ memes that are, if we’re being honest, the main function of the board? I know my answer. I love anonymity and memes, I love shitty stirner and corn threads, I love the autism that you guys exhume on a daily basis. I know that this paragraph makes me a colossal sentimental faggot. So let’s get back to the retarded ballad of Steven P. Canadienne², shall we?

A somehow clearly green voice vibrated next to him. Like a different reality calling on him. It had hope, it was also smug as fuck. Danny, as he was never to be called again now that he had renamed himself Anonymous, grabbed his katana, folded more than a thousand times, and went out.

Chapter 43 *Shit Gets Serious*

Anon made a shitpost on /lit/ for the last time. His laptop was on fire, but this post was too dank to pass up. “kek”, he said, in response to some form of fun idiocy that amused him at the time but he would immediately forget. Immediately following this post, his computer shut down. This would probably be a good time, he thought, to leave this internet milk shop.

Man milk. For what doth it profit a unique other to gain the whole world and forfeit his milk³¹ ?

Some subpart of his unconscious mind, or maybe his conscious mind trying to generate structures now that his unconscious was completely free, composed some sort of poem:

**How does it feel
To take the blame
How does it feel
To be behind the drain**

**Because you take what you can get and ask
for more
You never get what you deserve and that's
the score
Remember that the life you save may be your
own
But when you're bankrupt you won't get
another loan**

³¹ referring to semen - the white, glutinous male fluid discharged during orgasm and which purpose is to create an offspring (don't ask me how, I'm not a fucking nurse), which can be frozen and preserved for later use

**"Yours Is No Disgrace"
Mine is no disgrace
No, no disgrace**

**Avast ye who enter this dank land, may ye be
rewarded with prime supple booty and naked
peanut butter wrestling.**

**IS KIERKEGAARD THE ESSENCE OF A
TRUE HUSBANDO?**

(set to the tune of i'm sexy and i know it)

**When I walk into mass, this is what I see. A
bunch of heathens, staring at me. I've got angst in
my heart and I ain't afraid to show it, show it,
show it, I'm suffering and I know it.**

Suffering and I know it

Suffering and I know it

**This is how I roll, teleological suspension of
the ethical**

**Double movements, contemplating my
future (fuck bound will)**

**Bitches mirin' my aesthetics, but I've already
reached transcendence**

**Faith is absurd, and so are you faggit fedora
tippers (le tip m8)**

Chapter 44: Eight Intermission: Fuck Noam (420) Chomsky

Pure ideology in its finest form, Chomsky preaches not being a giant fucking statist while at the same time bathes in the blood of Palestinian children (no Evola-homo). He owns stock in oil companies and various other anti sanic gotta go fast type corporations. Only when Tokyo can rid itself of the stench that is Chomsky can a true anarchist emerge and claim not dominance over freedom. Bob Black is love, Bob Black is life (Stirner 4 pres). The future of Fast and Furious Tokyo speeding sanic racing would depend on how quickly Ulysses could kill his penis Chomsky penis his Noam and penis his freedom from penis ideology. Penis.k

CHAPTER 45: The Steves fight to live

-I'm really not sure about this.

-Come one, Bro. It will work out.

Big Steve P(athetic). didn't want to leave his brother alone, but the huge frog look was freaking him out. He should had complained before, even when the younger brother took out a drill, he did it with such smugness that he couldn't object.

-We're gonna hook your mind to the Tokyo electric system. All the cool guys are doing it.

He wasn't going to question how he knew what people were doing if he never left the sewer, it was such a pedantic declaration that going against it would have made him look like a fool. Such a lousy band.

The anesthesia made it easy as long as he didn't smell the burning flesh. Once it reached his brain he started feeling as if his whole head was shaking. Because it was. It was obviously a very bad plan, he wasn't even sure how health care worked in Japan. Small Steve P(edantic). slapped his arm.

-There you go.

-Already?

-Yeah, it's pretty quick. Slash dee ai tee slash has great infographics.

-What do I do know.

-I don't know, whatever the fuck you want.

Only then did Steve P(elotudo). question why he was going through with that. His li'l bro seemed so into it, as long as it didn't go like some of those doujinshis then everything was cool.

-I'm sending you in.

-Where?

Suddenly he could see the full of Tokyo and even more. Every single street opened up to him while he simultaneously was on the top of every building and that silly radio antenna they call a tower. Each room showed its content at the same time and for a few minutes he was sure he would go crazy from all the info.

A single point emerged from the mass. A really hot jap girl was being abused by three guys, some kind of weird porno shoot. She was pretending to be paralyzed while they slowly did sexual things to her. It was pretty hot. The rest of the city became white noise while he saw that spectacle. A feeling down his pants, “fuck”, he though, “it IS going to be like one of those doujinshis”. Tried swapping the air to get little Steve P(erverted). away, but nothing was happening in the real world. He felt his dick moving in and out of a real vagina, even though it was still in his pants. Slowly his conscience shifted and he saw the origin of that feeling: every electrical dildo, that is to say plastic penis, was connected to him. He could feel the vaginas of more than a thousand Japanese undersexed office workers at the same time.

Being electricity was clearly the best thing that could have happened to him; paying no attention to his pants in real life, he tried his luck watching the whole city once again. It was getting easier to distinguish elements in the confusion. He could see the pachinko parlors, the yakuza money lenders, a man sick of China coming back to the country that gave him millions. And once the city started making a bit of sense he noticed him.

If he looked at the people he was just another gaijin with one of those cheap aluminium katanas they sell in gift shops; but as a flux of electrons he could see he was so much more. He was a series of tubes, and

lolcats, and triforces (both correctly and incorrectly made), and a lack of millhouse and so many memes that made him a Leviathan of meaning. A giant marching through the streets of Tokyo.

And he was looking for a smug and green guy.

CHAPTER 46: NINTH INTERMISSION:
WHEREIN THEY/YOU/HE/SHE/WE/I
CONFRONT[S] [THEM | YOUR | H[IM | ER] |
OUR | MY]SEL[F | VES]

Oh
you're a
writer?

I am a writer,
or at least I say I am.

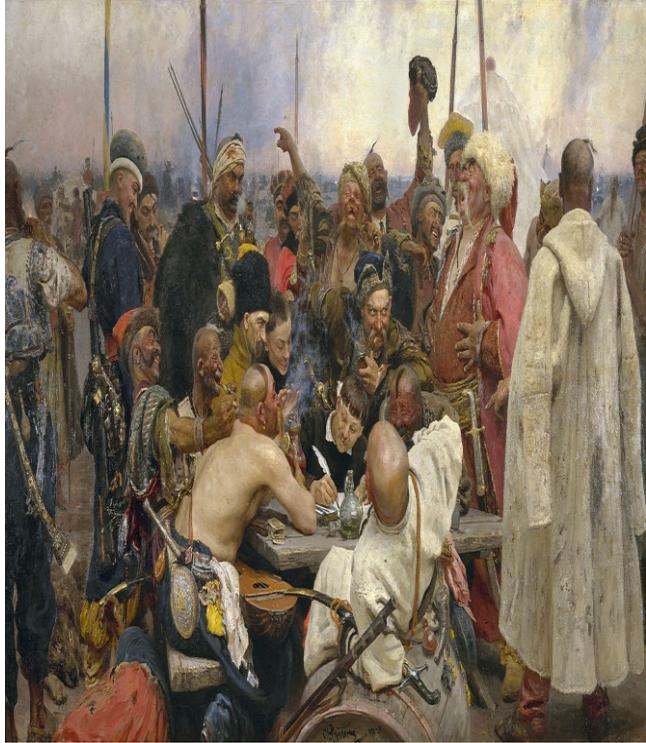
My habits fit the creed perfectly.
I regularly watch inspirational videos of Neil
Gaiman.
Never give up on your dreams.
My passions are in tune perfectly,
I routinely bleed on my brand new Hemmingway-
brand typewriter.
Show don't tell.
My technique is flawless.
I have 1,237 words that I can substitute for the
word 'said'
Only ever use said, idiot.
What?

...
I specialize in writing pieces about writing *itself*.
(What do I even write about other than writing?)
A snake that eats its tail, its form whirls
mockingly before my eyes
I am a writer
(and/or an idiot?)



**Please consider taking a break before
continuing with your reading to improve the
experience.**

Chapter 47: I just wrote this one straight hot (very ungay, for our fellow homosexuals) off (get off, e.g. sexually) the press (against someone's genitalia) boys (non-sodomites for non-pederasts)



I used to laugh at the Mexicans behind the wall. I was just a child but the bitter irony isn't softened by the fact. Now we all sit behind the wall looking at the far off city lights.

I swear the wall has moved further away overnight. Not that it mattered, the single fact that mattered was that I was on the wrong side. We hadn't noticed. we'd been drinking (of what origin I can't recall) and warming our toes by some foul smokey fire. These Mexicans burnt anything they could find: trash was abundant. No one minded, it was a rare optimism someone assumed they'd live long enough that they'd die from a bad old lung. The cold desert wind was more likely to take you.

I didn't fear that freezing desert air taking me. My greatest fear had already taken me:³² the wall.

³² holy fucking shit can you stop you're just fucking w/ me now -ed.

I can't quite determine when I ended up on *this* side. It was in the middle of the sweltering day; we were squeezed out like sweat. New denizens came everyday at an increasing rate, wandered around dazed trying to introduce themselves (as if names mean something here).

Today has not been a bad day even with all that in mind: I caught a well rounded rat.

Another night of moaning passes. The groans come from the people and the unforgiving wind blowing through our shanties.

More and more people are flooding in. Each new group looks slightly better off than the last. We all looked better than the Mexicans. We were all equal in the pit, and if anything the Mexicans were superior. The day my family and I had been swallowed (or spat out if you prefer) I finally understood the secret behind their knowing smiles. These smiles were prompted by my cruel laughter.

Now I smiled knowingly when I heard laughter coming from behind the wall.

I don't smile at much else. Times are changing fast now. There are too many people in general. Food is on thin rations but so were feelings. It was hard to stretch the human spirit so far. Like fabric it was going to tear-- and there would be blood. Ideas were hard to come by. Every man was the same, hungry and smelly. There were no heroes of the pit.

Too many cooks ruins the stew and boy was this place brewin' with stress and grief.

In a way the wall's small progress was comforting, a sense of purpose for the people. Men who thought themselves leaders theorised that we were conquering more land, but we all really knew that this land was the same as the last-- dry and dead.

The only good thing about that wall was that we were getting closer to the lights in the sky. I watch them glitter all night, they never move unlike everything else *here* that squirms and wriggles.

Finally I have laid my eyes on the lights and they are attached to a tower.

We are getting closer.

Something is happening at the base of the great tower. Big constructions. Not even the construction workers are safe from the wall, I see them often and ask them what they did in the big tower.

"Demolitions on this skyscraper and just some simple work -- say, do you know how I can get back there?"

I would just smile and walk back to my tent.

The Mexicans are singing loudly tonight and the smoke isn't so bad -- my coughs died down.

"Lights are moving up."

They chant over and over. My stability in this mess has been demolished just as this tower is about to be.

I sink into my squalor and cry into the thirsty dirt.

Waking early I see that more construction workers have arrived and are introducing themselves pointlessly. I rush forward to the wall to see if the tower has fallen.

They have almost cut completely through the bottom, like a lumberjack felling a tree. It's still standing. They're removing bits from the bottom of the skyscraper bit by bit. They're moving up and I return to bed feeling somehow even more rejected.

As night comes so does the strong night breeze. There's a loud crash that wakes me from my sleep, probably just a fight, but then the screaming starts-- and no one around cares that much about a fight. I get up to see the commotion coming from the empty base of the tower.

My God the wall has fallen over, I run with the crowd as we rush to the base of the tower. There are men with champagne looking down at us. They laugh and but no one smiles. There is a lonely construction worker sawing away at one last steel beam.

"Stop, stop!" we shout at him, he looks confused but continues absent-mindedly with his task anyway. A burly man knocks him on his arse.

A loud unnatural groan booms down from the heavens.

Slowly but surely the tower rises into the sky.

We through bricks as if to shoo it away but I secretly wished to weigh her down and bring her back to earth.

I asked the last workman who had been left behind why he'd continued cutting.

"It's my job mister. Do you know where the nearest bus stop is? My name is Mich-.."

Ignoring what he said I simply watched those city lights rise into the night to join the stars.

I hope it was worth it, I thought.

I hope it they find something.

I hope they come back.

I hope they don't forget me.

The History of The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra

I was there from the fucking beginning, if you want to know how the whole thing went down I am your guy. It started on a Summer afternoon on /lit/ last year, I came across a thread shamelessly advertising a site called litwritesabook.com, at the time it didn't use Google Docs - you typed in a green box and could use a username (called a tripcode on the site), there was also some sort of high score board for people who had written a lot but it didn't seem to actually work. The writing function was broken too, every 5 or so minutes the site would crash and all the work would be gone. I remember the original story there, it was a load of finnigans wake esque nonsense, a lot of mentions of regginbrows and some guy kept writing "ALAS, POOR YORICK!", another guy wrote "An arse comes farting across the sky", presumably lifted from an identical post in the 4chan thread. Joseph Stallion quickly gave up on the idea of using his own code and switched to embedded Google Documents, when I opened the first chapter I found a few other people in the document but none were typing anything. After a minute or two someone typed out 'writing is hard, okay?'. I put speech marks around it and added 'said Anon' at the dildo.

CHAPTER ZETA(2): ON BLOCKS

We illustrate the process of "blowing up" a $(n^t, n, 1)$ design to a $(n^{t+1}, n, 1)$ design and remark that we can repeat this process as many times as we like to obtain the desired designs for all t , and that we may begin with the case $t=2$. Begin by taking n copies of the $(n^t, n, 1)$. Then there are clearly n^{t+1} points among all the copies. We need every pair of points from different copies to appear together in exactly one block of size n . To do this, we consider a partition the n^{t+1} points according to a "master" $(n^t, n, 1)$ design. For each block in the master design, we identify within each copy the block that is isomorphic to the block of the master design and let each group in our partition be formed by all the isomorphic copies of the same block. Since each group of the partition was formed by collecting a single block from each of the n copies, each group of the partition consists of n^2 points. Then for each group in the partition, place a $(n^2, n, 1)$ -design on that group. Since $\lambda = 1$ in the master design, each pair of points from different copies will now appear together in a block from some $(n^2, n, 1)$ design, and the construction is complete. \backslash

now your favorite side story
that won't be picked up again

Introducing...

THE HORNET STORYLINE



GUARANTEED TO MAKE YOU FEEL EMOTIONS³³!

³³ “Feels” is the more accurate, yet informal term.

It was the first day of Spring and the giant hornet queen³⁴ that had, unbeknownst to him, been hibernating behind the wood boarding of his balcony was now stirring. ³⁵Within minutes, her giant eyes were open and her wings outstretched to an impressive 3 inches. Base, animalistic instinct took hold of her and she began chewing his balcony, the wood combining with her saliva to form the basic building materials for what would surely become a formidable hornet fortress. She started by building the petiole, which she attached to the balcony; she then went to work on the cells. In each cell she carefully laid a single egg and as cell upon cell were built the first comb began to take shape. She built five layers before the night fell - at this point she realized just how tired she was and so she slept.

³⁴ *Vespa mandarinia japonica*

³⁵ are you seriously doublin' yer mumper after the period? -ed.



It was the second day of Spring and he awoke in his bed, as he had every day for the last two years. His bed was located in his bedroom, which was clean and uncluttered. He sat on the side of his bed and lit an incense stick which was placed between an urn and a photo of a young girl. He pulled open his Shōji and minced out onto the pride and joy of his home, his beautiful wooden balcony. Within seconds he knew that something was amiss, yet wasn't sure what to look for. As he glanced around the balcony the hornet queen flew into his line of sight, holding a small piece of his beloved balcony in her mouth. This angered him greatly, he raised his hand to swat her but stopped as the realization dawned on him - **this hornet queen must surely be**

the reincarnation of his dead daughter! There was really no other explanation, for his daughter had loved this balcony almost as much as he had, his daughter had danced around the village in her favourite yellow and orange dress as often as she could, his daughter often sang with a buzzing hum³⁶. He quickly prayed to Amida Buddha and ran inside. But that day the Buddha was feeling particularly racist toward peoples of his sort and denied him any advice whatsoever. In fact, the Buddha whispered “fuck you” in the wind and that simple sentiment was carried down the ages, felt by all that attempted to decipher the crazed buddha and his cuntish teachings. Hornets have always been hated, and rightfully so, i mean, what the fuck is it they do? They don’t give you shit like bees and while, admittedly, they look cool, they really have no purpose.³⁷

While the ramblings in the the previous paragraph continued, the hornet built the fourth tier to her nest, it had been a day since she had started construction and laid her first eggs, in just four more days the first larvae would hatch. She would have to care for these babies, but when they were grown they would be able to take over construction of the nest and she would finally be able to retire.

³⁶ She also liked to chew on wood ;) She was both a whore and a person of impaired mental ability, making her socially less inhibited toward behaving like a defective, eventually she developed the taste for literal tree bark which she enjoyed thoroughly.

³⁷ However a well trained hornet will mate up to six times a day and because of this it gives its honey extra flavour. Wise men know this and Buddha is no exception to the rule.

Chapter 46

“Brief Interlude at Cassie’s House Party”

For all his alcohol consumption, Vanderberg maintained cooled control of himself. His prowled silent determination soundly masked his intoxication. Fits of less impressive giggles followed him, coupled with whispered desires to put the pretty pink panties of Cassie’s nymphet sister over top his mouth as a sort of ‘Bane mask’.

“Anon you dumbass. Shut the fuck up or they’ll kick us out.”

“Nothing else to do up here.”

“Go back if you’re gonna be that much of a spazz.”

Anon kept behind more silent as Vanderberg had intended, right up to that fragrant master bedroom. The loneliness that hung on this room’s walls effectively muted any residual expression from both boys. The widow’s bedroom cast a despair they couldn’t shrug off, their careful steps now slowed by the weight. The daze did not hold Vanderberg for long and he eagerly familiarized with the room’s subtly off-white storage compartments and drawers.

“Any dildos?”

“There’s a buttplug here you can lick clean.”

“Is it from IKEA™ too?”

“Ja.”

His commonplace accompanied smirk in response elated Anon, though it vanished with the

focussed eye's glint of discovery. From the thickened reaching trunks of his coarse-blond-covered arms came the photo album. At the unveiling both boys exchanged impressions then belly-sprawled out on the carpet floor, their alcohol consumption had induced childlike qualities of curiosity, impropriety, and solemn whimsy.



Please consider taking a break before continuing with your reading to improve the experience.



Please consider taking a break from your break to continue reading.

Random note: Is this really what you should be doing right now?

'Don't abuse jokes, have some finesse'

Said Achilles after leaving to see the tortoise.

Chapter 47

The Ballad of Carl Hollywood

Part 8: The Orient Express

While many expected his time in hiding to be a long one, he resurfaced only a half year later. It was impossible to accurately trace his route, but after many months of silence he reappeared in Istanbul. He had apparently driven there, all the way from China, crossing deserts, mountains, and steppes. Unfortunately, his mythical Skyline did not complete the journey (if it even existed in the first place). He arrived in town in a dusty Willys Jeep, which he sold for a ticket to board a train operating on the original Orient Express line. On the rails to Paris, another chance meeting occurred. Of the five people involved, there is only one whose whereabouts is still known, a Bulgarian Romani named Rajko Rifati. He is now living in London, and agreed to tell us what transpired during those two months in 1991.

"The first time I saw Mr. Hollywood was when he collapsed into the seat opposite to myself and my father Dragan on that Istanbul locomotive. He looked as if he'd just finished fighting through the entirety of the Soviet-Afghan war, against both sides at once. His huge leather coat was dried by the sun, covered in cracks and dust. His face was pitted and windburnt, his cheeks hollow, as if there was not an ounce of fat under his leathery skin. But that is not to say he looked weak, if anything the opposite. It looked as if he was still standing even after the world had tried its best to kill him. I was

only fourteen at the time, and could do nothing but sit there in quiet awe."

"After some stilted greetings, the three of us sat in silence until the drinks started to be served. Alcohol was my father's weakness, and after he had a few drinks in him he began to tell Mr. Hollywood about why the two of us were on that train. This was something my father had told me to reveal to no one, so I was somewhat alarmed, though I knew trying to stop him would be futile. He explained to Mr. Hollywood that his father, my grandfather, had just died, and amongst his possessions was a letter, sealed between two panes of glass, hundreds of years old. It appeared to be part of a long correspondence, between one of my ancestors and a duke. Back in those days, many of our people were artisans; glassblowers, woodcarvers, masons. Our family was unique, in that we have always worked with crystal. Jewelry, sculptures, outrageously decadent wine glasses. The letter was from my ancestor to the duke, asking if he could revise a part of a crystal chandelier. When my father first read this, he laughed and danced like a child. There is a well-known legend amongst our family, telling of a chandelier, carved from a single block of crystal, that we had made long ago, crafted with such mastery that it bent all the light that hit it into the tips of its crystal candles, which would shine as bright as the sun and dance as if they were really aflame. None of us believed the story, though we often used it to impress customers. Though the letter was probably just another contract that my ancestor had taken, my father took it as proof that the story was real, and our family's greatest work was still out there somewhere, hidden away. He became

obsessed with finding it, and based only on the duke's name, he narrowed the search down to somewhere in Romania. He left our home on that mad quest, and I had little choice but to follow him."

"Mr. Hollywood did not speak a word while my father talked, and did not change his slouched, exhausted posture, though I could tell he was listening intently. When my father finished his impassioned storytelling, Mr. Hollywood quickly asked him where he intended to begin his search. My father slurred out he'd heard of an abandoned castle in the mountains of western Romania, in an impassable forest that even the Soviet's hadn't exploited. Just then, the couple sitting across the aisle, a young boy and girl a little older than I, leaned over and spoke to us. They told us that they were headed to the same castle, but for a totally different reason. They were from Austria, descendant from nobility, and until recently, very rich. Their parents had spent their lives squandering both their inherited fortunes, until last month when they had fled to the Caymans to escape their creditors. Their children's somewhat naive plan was to raid the same castle we were looking for, as they were tangentially related to the last family said to have owned it, and therefore it could be said they had a claim to whatever riches were still inside."

"The silence that had pervaded the start of the journey returned, as my family and theirs realized that we were after the same thing. I think that all involved regretted discussing the castle. Then Mr. Hollywood spoke up, saying with a subtle

southern drawl, 'Well then, looks like y'all are going to be travelling together for quite a while. I think it'd be good for all of us if I tagged along. When I think about who I'd want with me on a cross country hike through impenetrable woods, I'm sorry, but 'teenage nobility' and 'settled ex-nomad glass-carver' aren't what come to mind. What does come to mind is another one of me.'"

"The five of us made a deal. We would get our ancestors masterwork, the Austrians, called the Von Leibreichs, would get everything else of value, and Mr. Hollywood would get ten percent of their cut. If they had known the true value of what we were after, I do not think they would have agreed so readily. Regardless, we all shook hands, and thought of our riches to come as the train rolled on towards Bucharest."

Chapter 48: Stuck in a P(ickle).

Older Steve jacked off his head out of the electric mainframe, his eyes almost as wide as his surgically enhanced brother. On his part the younger brother was smugly discussing stuff online, when he noticed him he approached with a hand on his chin

-The Belgian long-term outlook for plastics and resins is favorable, due to Belgium's central location in Europe and its port of Antwerp, which is the world's second largest chemical cluster after Houston, TX. The Antwerp area has a large concentration of chemical and petroleum industries, which provide raw materials for the plastics and resins industries. In addition, the increasing use of plastics in automobiles and in insulation materials for the construction industry is favorable to the sector's growth. Belgium hosts 254 plastics and rubber converting SME companies (with 23,000 employees and \$12 billion turnover), and 57 plastics and rubber producers and trading companies. The main markets are: automotive (21.2%), packaging (21%), compounds and recycling (19.2%) and construction (14.8%). Flanders region accounts for 74% of the plastics and rubber converting industry turnover. Belgium exports of plastics and rubber amounted to \$21.6 billion in 2013, representing 9.1% of total Belgian exports (up 11.6% from 2012). Around 83% of plastics and 88% of rubber industry exports go to other EU countries. Imports into Belgium of plastics and rubber

amounted to \$13.8 billion in 2007 (up 9.7% from 2012).

-We need to go away.

-We are away.

-You don't understand...

Older Steve grabbed his froggy faggy debt ridden brother by the shoulders. He smelled like what you'd find in a swere (i.e. shit) but his grin suggested that it felt good.

-They are coming... the memes are coming.

Frog Steve pushed his mushy face against his brothers, the huge saggy eyelids taking the form of Steve P.(halic) Cannadiene's masculine features.

-You have to be cruel to be cool, baby.

CHAPTER 49: A morning in the life of Nicolas Cage.

The morning sun was rising and Nicolas regretted his choice of sweater. It was too warm for the weather and too short for his arms. If he could he would had fired someone for doing that but he had chosen it himself and he couldn't fire himself, he had tried many time before. It would had been less itchy if he had remembered to wear a shirt under it. Or underwear. or pants for that matter. Behind him went his camera guy with equipment payed by America's Libraries.

-Yes, yes, I can feel it.

-What can you feel?

Nicolas didn't bother answering this pleb question. He went tree by tree, caresing the bark, smelling the wood, biting snippets to taste the nature. In his hand he carried his favorite book: Hermann Hesse's Siddhartha. The deep blu cover went perfectly with the color of his too short sweater.

-Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes , yes. I can feel it. Can you feel it? it's in the air.

His assistant didn't ask for fear of a reaction. After the sixth "yes" Nick was known for getting crazy. He stopped at a particular tree, stared at it for a while and got betwen two branches.

-Yes, yes, this is great, this is it.

-Are you sure you want that tree?

-Yes yes, yes, I want it too look as if I was coming out of a wood vagina. I'm the son of nature and I'm telling you to read a fucking book made of myself, trees. it's some deep shit.

-Okay, you're the boss.

Nick took a deep breath and started visualizing. He imagined that behind the camera was a solitary english teacher. A woman, or very feminine gay man, with a deep sensuality hidden behind stacks of books. Thousands of feelings channeled to teaching and all of them wasted in a youth that refused to learn. But he was there, he was there to tell her (or him) that the passion s/he felt was very real and he shared that. He focused his eyes to convey the feeling that reading was exactly like sex and he was more than interested in "reading" a nice, hot, sweaty book. A tiny smirk to suggest that it was alright to feel that way even if it was just a picture, he was so much of a man that a picture was enough.

With Hesse's genius work steady in his heart, facing the camera. He winked to the assistant to take the picture.

-Yes, yes, yes, now the tagline, yes, I've been thinking this one, yes.

-America's Libraries told us the line was going to be "Reading is cool"

-No, that's shit, horrible horrible shit, the worst possible kind and I know shit, I've stared in it.

-So? What did you think.

-Read

-What?

-Just that, "READ"- he helped the explanation with air quotes and moving his whole body up and down with the fingers.- Deep blue, like Siddhartha, big letters. Maybe On sixth of the poster. The rest will be me, nothing more.

-I-I'm not sure A.L. will like that. We have to at least put their name there.

-I don't care put it in some empty space, as small as possible. Maybe sometimes new roman to make it look distinguished and they should be thankful for it.

-Okay, you're the boss.

Chapter 50: TENTH
INTERMISSION: 1982
Lebanon War, RIP Paul
Walker, the Nostalgia Critic.

```
function [u, v]=erreur(fct, n)
    I=integrate("f", "x", 0, 1)
    for i=1:n
        v(1,i)=abs(Tn(f,i)-I)
        u(1,i)=abs(Sn(f,i)-I)
    end
endfunction

function [y]=f(x)
    y=sqrt(1.+sin(log(1.+x.^2)))+exp(-x).*cos(x)
endfunction

function []=plot_erreur(fct, n)
    x=[1:n]
    [u,v]=erreur(fct,n)
    figure(0);
    clf(0);
    plot(x,u,'r')
    plot(x,v,'g')
endfunction

function [S]=Sn(fct, n)
```



```
disp("")
disp("")
disp("")
a=input('DOWNLOADING')
disp("")
disp("")
    disp("")
a=input('PIRATED')
disp("")
disp("")
disp("")
a=input('FILMS')
disp("")
disp("")
    disp("")
a=input('IS STEALING')
disp("")
disp("")
disp("")
a=input('STEALING')
disp("")
disp("")
disp("")
a=input('IS AGAINST')
disp("")
disp("")
disp("")
```

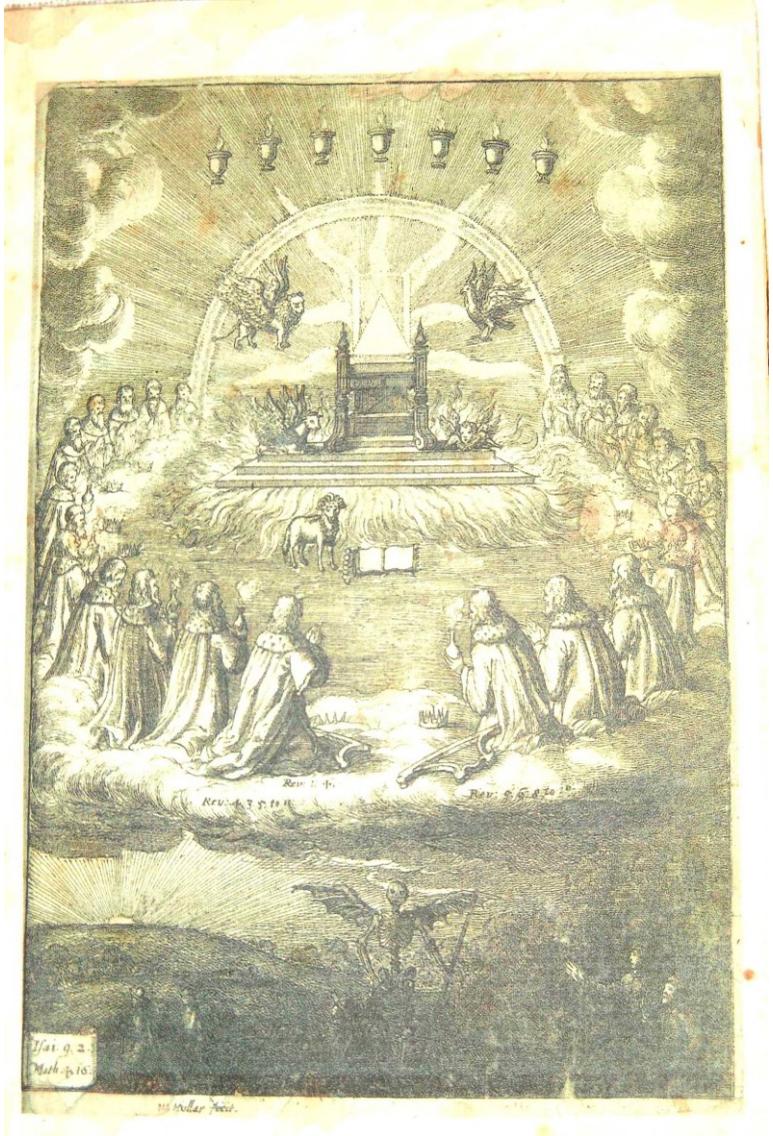
```

a=input("THE LAW")
disp("")
disp("")
disp("")
disp("")
disp("")
disp("")
disp("")
disp("")
disp("")
a=input("PIRACY IS A CRIME")
disp("")
disp("")
disp("")
COW=grand(100000,27,'bin',1,0.5)
disp(COW)
else
disp('loin de toi les corruptions de ce monde-ci, ô être d
une éthique supérieure et d une beauté transcendant la chair qui end
end
endfunction

```

- Segmentation fault.
- [Insert coredump here]

**Chapter 51: [9]11TH INTERMISSION:
2MYSTICAL4YOU -- A CHRISTFAG'S
SALUTE**



f
the Divine Quality. Since thou hast perceived, in
195

the third chapter, the ground of the Ternary in the divine being, I shall here shew plainly the power and operation, as also the qualities or qualification, in the divine being; or from what the angels were properly and peculiarly created, or what their body and power are. 9. As I said before,* all the powers or virtues are in God the Father, and no man with his sense and thoughts can reach to apprehend it. But in the stars and the elements, as also by all the creatures in the whole creation of this world, a man may clearly know it. * Lit., " as I said before, all virtue is in God the Father, which [virtue] no man can, with his senses, reach to apprehend. But in the stars... this can be clearly known [or recognized]," or "one may clearly know [or recognize this]." In the original the two " its " do not appear to refer to the same antecedent. The first is a feminine, and refers to "virtue" (Kraft); the second a neuter, which grammatically must refer to the whole statement, "all virtue is in God the Father." St M., too, takes Kraft to imply a plural meaning, " powers "; and then, for Sparrow's " it,". " it," writes " them." 10. All power and virtue is in God the Father; and proceedeth also forth from him, as light, heat, cold, soft, gentle, sweet, bitter, sour, astringent or harsh, sound or noise, and much more that is not possible to be spoken or apprehended. All these are in God the Father, one in another as one power, and yet all these powers move in his exit or going forth. 11. But the powers in God do not operate or qualify in the same manner as in nature in the stars and elements, or in the creatures. 12. No, you must not conceive it so: For lord Lucifer by his elevation made the powers of impure nature thus burning, bitter, cold, astringent, sour, dark and unclean. 13. But in the

Father all powers are mild and soft, like heaven, and very full of joy, for all the powers triumph in one another, and their voice or sound riseth up from eternity to eternity. 14. There is nothing in them but love, meekness, mercy, friendliness or courtesy; even such a triumphing, rising source or fountain of joy, wherein all the voices of heavenly joyfulness sound forth, so that no man is able to express it, nor can it be likened to anything. 15. But if a man will liken it to anything, it may nearest be likened * to the soul of man, when kindled or enlightened by the Holy Ghost.

Trismegistus. Hast thou not heard in the general Speeches, that from one Soul of the Universe, are all those Souls, which in all the world are tossed up and down, as it were, and severally divided? Of these Souls there are many changes, some into a more fortunate estate, and some quite contrary; for they which are of creeping things, are changed into those of watery things and those of things living in the water, to those of things living upon the Land; and Airy ones are changed into men, and human Souls, that lay hold of immortality, are changed into Demons. 24. And so they go on into the Sphere or Region of the fixed Gods, for there are two choirs or companies of Gods, one of them that wander, and another of them that are fixed. And this is the most perfect glory of the Soul. 25. But the Soul entering into the Body of a Man, if it continue evil, shall neither taste of immortality, nor is partaker of the good. 26. But being drawn back the same way, it returneth into creeping things. And this is the condemnation of an evil Soul. 27. And the

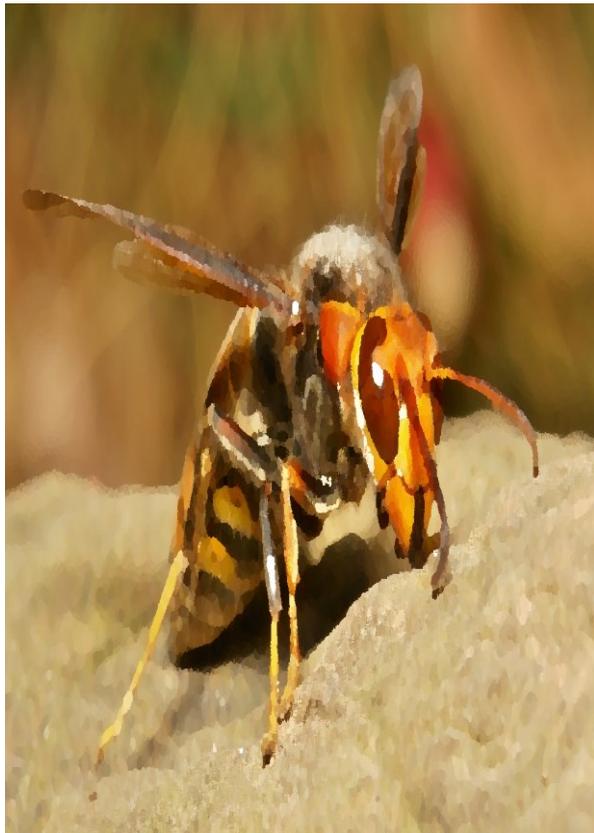
wickedness of a Soul is ignorance; for the Soul that knows nothing of the things that are, neither the Nature of them, nor that which is good, but is blinded, rusheth and dasheth against the bodily Passions, and unhappy as it is, not knowing itself, it serveth strange Bodies, and evil ones, carrying the Body as a burthen, and not ruling, but ruled. And this is the mischief of the Soul. 28. On the contrary, the virtue of the Soul is Knowledge; for he that knows is both good and religious, and already Divine. 29. Tat. But who is such a one, O Father! 30. Trismegistus. He that neither speaks, nor hears many things; for he, O Son, that heareth two speeches or hearings, fighteth in the shadow. 31. For God, and the Father, and Good, is neither spoken nor heard. 32. This being so in all things that are, are the Senses, because they cannot be without them.

The dielectric properties of the blended fried Estima, King Edward and Maris Piper potatoes are much more influenced by the moisture content than temperature. The major decrease in the moisture content between frying time 0 minute to 4 minutes has resulted in a decrease of the dielectric properties. The change in the dielectric properties with the change in temperature is higher for the microwave heating frequency 915 MHz than the frequency 2.45 GHz, especially for the dielectric loss. The effect of the temperature on the dielectric properties of these 3 varieties of fried potatoes at the microwave heating frequency 2.4 GHz is small, marginal and less temperature dependence. The 0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 0 1 2 3 4 Frying time (minute) % MC % MC Estima % MC King Edward % MC Maris Piper 146 dielectric loss is generally increased with increasing temperature at the

frequency 915 MHz. The dielectric loss increased with increasing temperature at the frequency 2.45 GHz, except for the highest moisture content or raw potato, where the loss factor tended to decrease with increasing temperature. Dielectric constant generally decreased and then increased with the decrease in the moisture content and increasing temperature at both microwave heating frequencies. The increase or decrease in the dielectric properties of the fried potatoes with increasing temperature depends on the moisture content and frequency measurement. These measurements provide new information concerning frequency, moisture content and temperature dependence behaviour of the fried Estima, King Edward and Maris Piper potatoes dielectric properties that may be useful in dielectric heating and sensing application.

Continuing...

THE HORNET STORYLINE



Heh, nothin' bzzsonal kid

BACK WITH A VENGEANCE!

It was now almost two weeks into Spring. There were currently fifteen larvae, all had grown fat on their diet of crushed insects and all had pledged allegiance to their Hornet Queen. The first born had spun a silk cap over his cell of the nest; inside, in the dark, he throbbed and pulsed - the larvae in cells around him felt a constant, low, warm vibration and heard splits and cracks. The Queen had finished half her duties, in just two more weeks the first brood would metamorphose.

He quietly observed his perceived grandchildren from the corner of the balcony, careful not to disturb the natural order of the nest. From the house drifted a rotation of his daughter's favourite songs: Ayumi Hamasaki's Butterfly; Don't Worry, Be Happy by Bob Marley; Pocketful of Sunshine by the Gorillaz - she'd always been a bit of a westaboo. As he watched the larvae, the Queen drifted into his line of sight and his heart leapt. As he watched her feed the larvae he thought about what kind of a man his daughter must have mated with. In his mind this man was strong, tall, handsome - the father's absence suggested to him that this man must have died in tragic circumstances³⁸, for he could not entertain the possibility of his daughter being deserted. Perhaps the mate had died in a blaze of glory, fighting valiantly through hordes of bees and saving his future family from certain death in the process.³⁹ yes, that was surely what had happened.

³⁸ Fun fact w/r/t Hornets: Male hornets do actually die shortly after mating.

³⁹ i goddamn told you to stop holy shit what is this like the sixth time i'm not joking -ed.

Chapter 52: Meanwhile in the woods
of Maine...

There sat Harold Bloom, licking his lips and holding a cutlery set, a cloth napkin stuffed into the front of his shirt. He was about to dig into the newest R.J.C. novel when all of the sudden a new Pynchon book struck him in the back of the head. He turned aghast!

“How fucking dare you...” He began.

A giant black dick smacked his mouth with the fury of Bruce Lee on a good day. His mouth split and crimson splattered the white walls of his dining room.

“BIX NOOD!” The black man yelled behind him. His dick swung with the imprint of Harold Bloom’s face and blood glossed over every thick vein.

Harold Bloom was stupefied by his niggerspeak and pissed his pantaloons. Looking on the gladful face of his assailant, Harold spoke. “Tricksy niggers like you will never know true literature!” he exclaimed. “Now please, for the love of Shakespeare, jiggle your dick elsewhere, you idle, filthy, negro.” Jamal paused, listening closely to this heaving mass of shit, in a kind of observational curiosity. He had never been confronted this way before and began

to soften to feelings of inadequacy, and an uncertain caution developed for the slobbery ejection of sound escaping that Jewish mouth. "You will have no decent education your entire life, you will be a detriment to all around you, you will be a regurgitation of all you see and hear and expose yourself to and you'll be aware of none of it. You are arrogance, impulsiveness, behavioural defectiveness, a product of a community of people who receive too little self-administered criticism. What beauty exists in this world - that is easily available to you - you will never reach for, because you are a herd negro, you are not your own person. You never stepped apart and look at what you are, all of what you represent. For the award of my reaction you fling your genitals, why? you can catch one million and one niggers doing the same shit on worldstar hiphop." Jamals eyes were lowered, his mouth curling into attempts of verse or rejoinder, all seemingly unsuitable for utterance.

"Y-you muffugah you ain shit, books is fuggin shit man, stank-ass niggah"

He looked upon the negro in contempt.

"D-dat Wizard Potta shit is gud tho"

Chapter 53: Fuck Coal Rollers You Are A Gayboy

Yeah, I'm emo/goth deal with it, and yeah I'm a cutter.

The world is chaos the only pleasure I receive is from pain. My parents just don't understand my need for the taste of human blood. The only time my teenage horny dick gets hard is when I'm bloodletting my tiny teen twat cousin, who's always been very sickly. I would probably fuck a corpse if I had the chance. My dad wants me out of the trailer, I wish my mom would give me a footjob. It upsets me that one day I won't be 17 anymore. I don't really know where i'm going, but I'm on my way. I suppose it will all fade in time.

like faggots in rain

CHAPTER 54: BALLAD OF THE EDITOR IN CHIEF (of kif)

She sat in her twin mattress bed, her greasy hair slicked back and tucked back under her neck, pressed against the plain white⁴⁰ pillow stacked atop another and another of its kind, as support, she sitting there crouched, w/ the laptop whose name fit the object, wearing the Bioform bra (2000) which was created by Seymour Powell by using the latest 3D technology. A soft, moulded thermo-plastic wire offers more support and shape than the commonly used conventional metal wire. This bra is made only for bigger busted women from sizes D and E, sizes

⁴⁰ It wasn't very so much plain: off-white, yellowish, salty, though not by cum, just sweat, anxious sweat, perspired out in the middle of the night as she rolls and turns about on that tiny bed, almost to fall onto the carpeted floor, over and atop the papers and notebooks she's tossed onto it, things she cursorily attends to, style guidelines and essays, printed out at her local public library, a five miles walk from her apartment, upon a circuitous route through trees, which hang over the sidewalk, which dissect and scrutinize the sunlight, to which it takes her a few moments to adjust, for the shades in her bedroom are drawn, the purple curtains backlit white, as her computer, the sole source of brilliance there -- if you're wondering then, how she then can perceive the papers she's surrounded herself with: she takes the paper from the disorganized stack (its not being filed neatly in alphabetical order was, yes, somewhat of an inconvenience to her, but she couldn't be arsed to sort it, and it wasn't all that big a deal, anyway, really, to look through it all, essentially, each time), and places it perpendicular to the laptop screen, vertical, so that its light falls onto that thin mass of lignocellulosic fibrous material prepared by chemically or mechanically separating cellulose fibres from wood, fiber crops or waste paper, now dried and pressed together.

which account for nearly 50 percent of bras now sold in the United Kingdom. The uplifting effects of this smart bra have been praised by many women with larger breasts, and Thomas (2008c) claims that the Bioform bra was the first miracle of the new Millennium. Charnos commissioned and produced the Bioform bra.

In front of her over 95 pages of what could only be described as shit. Some parts were good. The Hollywood sections were without a doubt the best ones, but it was so little, all together barely made more space than the random bee story. There was some general idea of a plot with the two Steve P[insert word that starts with P here]. finding each other, someone could include Bane in there maybe, and Danny/Anon had some funny chapter if you had the sense of humor of a teenager (which she had but refused to acknowledge). It obviously lacked the wit of the original Tundra, all the random segments were just anger and nigger and old memes. Where were the King Crimson reviews? Or the Jared leto fan club? or the Tundra Kingdom? The new writers didn't have any expansive original ideas.

Maybe she could add something to the story. She wondered what she would like to see. Maybe a story about someone real, like herself. So many things could happen to a woman like herself in a fictional tale, unlike the lack of everything in her NEET life. Maybe she could find some nice looking skinny guy who found her extra pounds arousing by contrast. They could drive through Japan, the book is supposedly about Japan and Tundras after all, right? As she imagined possible stories she began touching herself, caressing her needlessly Bioform-enhanced breasts. A hand curling her hair while she

imagined it was some Manchester player's hand, slowly going down her neck and into her breasts. Popping them out of their cotton prison. She imagined herself as a 60's hippie chick burning her bra just to go around all day showing her nipples to all the cool beat boys. There was still some chocolate icecream in the fridge. This was going to be a great friday night.

Chapter 55

The Ballad of Carl Hollywood

Part 9: Three Million Lights

"We disembarked at Bucharest station, and rode by bus as far west as we could. Mr. Hollywood handled the supplies, taking the money we pooled and returning with food, camping gear, and bullets for the fearsome handgun he had concealed in his jacket. We began to hike into the woods, and by the first hour I knew why nobody had gone there for hundreds of years. I was a strong kid back then, used to long walks in the woods, and still every step was a battle. The underbrush was thicker there than anywhere else I've been. The Von Liebreichs were having the toughest time of it. While me and my father were used to rural living, and Mr. Hollywood seemed like he was at home, those two looked as if they could barely carry on. We set up camp early that night, when they could not go any further. Around the campfire, my father explained to us why the chandelier was so special. It was known in its time as the 'Three Million Light', not for how much it cost, but for how many individual flat faces were carved into it. The duke was a brilliant mathematician and physicist, and gave the exact angles to be cut into the piece. Without even the luxury of a calculator, he bent light with the precision of a modern particle accelerator. Only I and Mr. Hollywood seemed to find this interesting. My father only mentioned it because of his obsessed, one track mind. The Von Liebreichs were too exhausted to care. The girl, Karin, was sixteen, two years older than myself. Her younger brother, Erik, was fifteen. They seemed very close, which made me

a little jealous, as I had no siblings of my own. Now that I think about it, my short life had usually been a solitary one. Outwardly, Mr. Hollywood seemed the same way, as he sat by the fire slowly burning through one of his seemingly infinite cigars. But as the days marched on, I came to realize that though he spoke little, there was something about him that seemed to draw people in. I suspect that ours was not the first chance meeting that ended with him in some outlandish situation."

"By the second week, the atmosphere had turned grim. Our food supplies were fine, but the water was running low. Somehow, we had been unable to find fresh water anywhere in those foothills, and it had not rained since we set out. I was feeling the dehydration, felt slow and dull, and I could sense that my father and Mr. Hollywood were feeling the same. Karin and Erik looked much worse. They reminded me of how Mr. Hollywood looked when I first saw him, except without the quiet strength lurking under the beaten exterior. They looked frail, like a stiff breeze could finish them off."

"I had grown close with Karin in the short time we were together. Our little group's fireside talks ended up being mostly between just the two of us, as my father could only recite so many facts about the chandelier, Erik had no energy for conversation, and Mr. Hollywood was usually too busy chewing a cigar. She told me stories about living in Vienna, about her mansion in the old quarter, her infuriating parents, her time in a fancy boarding school. She fell asleep on my shoulder more than a few times, and I slowly found myself

falling for her. I thought I would go live in Vienna with her after this was all over, but that dream was soon shattered."

"It was what we were sure was the final day of walking, as we'd reached the expected location two days prior. We were now high in the foothills, though the forest had not thinned in the slightest. We passed along the pit of a gully, where the vegetation mercifully thinned. Suddenly, from the underbrush along the ridge, a lone, starving wolf leapt out, striking Erik full force. Mr. Hollywood shot the animal off him only two seconds after it happened. He seemed neither startled or worried, if anything just annoyed. I heard him mutter under his breath 'Must be gettin' slow'. His bizarre reaction snapped me back to reality, and I ran to Erik's side. The boy was already gone when I got to him. The desperate animal hadn't had to do much to finish him off. I expected Karin to be hysterical, but her face was just as stony as Mr. Hollywood's. She seemed to just shut her grief within herself, saying little when I tried to get her to open up to me. We had little choice but to bury Erik in the clearing where he fell. Not more than a minute passed by after we threw the last shovelfull of dirt before Karin had us keep moving."

"The castle appeared out of the woods only an hour later. It was more of a manor house than a castle, but was nonetheless intimidating. Mr. Hollywood shot the hinges out of the rotten wooden door, and right there in the entrance hall was our chandelier. The solid crystal work of art was hung from the ceiling by a thick strand of steel cable,

completely covered in dust. My father ran forward a few steps, then fell to his knees, weeping with joy. Karin immediately rushed up the main staircase, searching for anything of value. Mr. Hollywood simply lit one of his cigars and tried to find a wall that wasn't too rotten to lean on. Karin returned just as he was lighting his second cigar from the remnants of the last. My father and I were busy tearing boards from the walls and stairs to build a sledge for the chandelier. The three of us stopped what we were doing and looked at our visibly angry companion. Karin said she suspected the owners left in a hurry, carrying only currency and precious metals. The priceless art that she had been after was left to rot in the damp castle for four hundred years. Our chandelier was the only thing of value in that entire castle. To my horror, she said that she would be taking it. My father stood up and started walking towards her. Karin drew a small holdout pistol from her boot. Without breaking his stride, my father raised the claw hammer he had been using, and with his other hand drew the long, curved knife from his belt. Once again I was paralysed with fear, as the two people I cared most about were moments from killing each other. The gunshot made me flinch. I thought that Karin had fired, but the bang was far too loud to have come from her tiny gun. There was a sound like a tin can being ripped open, and she jumped back with a yelp. Her pistol skittered across the floor, utterly mangled. My father looked just as surprised as she was. I turned my head, and saw Mr. Hollywood standing there, an unimpressed look on his face, while the cigar clamped in his teeth slowly canoed, his revolver held outstretched. He made a slight motion, and fired another shot over our heads.

The snapping of the chandelier's cable was the most sickening noise I had ever heard. The chandelier, my father's obsession, Karin and Erik's salvation, fell to the floor with the crash of an entire china cabinet being upended. As it hit the ground, it broke into ten thousand razor sharp penny-sized pieces that slid across the floor, bouncing harmlessly off our hiking boots.

“Mr. Hollywood nonchalantly shook the two spent shells from his revolver. He turned and grabbed his kit from the pile of shards that had collected in the corner. He walked to the door, and through a mouthfull of cigar he called out to us over his shoulder, 'Y'all can find your own way home.' As he left I heard him say to himself, 'Fuckin' psychos, pulling guns on each other like that. Who'd have thought I'd be the voice of reason in this goddamn fable?”

Despite the dissolution of their group, all four surviving members made it out safely. Mr. Rifati assures us that, to the best of his memory, the events of the summer of 1991 transpired exactly as he said. The forest is too dense to examine with commercial satellites, and of the four who supposedly made it to the castle, all but the one we talked to can neither confirm nor deny what happened. Dragan Rifati died due to complications resulting from chronic alcoholism in 2001, and Karin Von Leibreich disappeared shortly after she returned to Austria, finding her bank accounts empty and the locks on her house replaced. Though it is worth mentioning that in a photograph of Carl Hollywood, dated 1994, there is an interesting

article on his iconic jacket. The bead on the left side his duster cape's drawstring appears to be fashioned from a small shard of crystal.

Συσία θεωρεῖται τὴν μπλεῖντ ἡ δὲ τῆς
Κλι Ψυγλ, λ Δλγκ Δγε σφθ υπελεσηδ μπλεγιλιστις
λρρετιτες, σριγυλι σβλινισπ λπd dissolutισπ

Ενσὶα's τHought can be σησιδερεδ σηε σf
τHε most radically αηδ σησιστεητly
αητιεγαίταριαη, αητίβεραλ, αητιδεμσριατις,
αηδ αητιρσρυλα systems ἡ τHε τωεητιετη
σηητυα

Gettin' things

done is typed out in big squiggles on the page before me. I have begun decomposing. What the word? Begun decomposing. Opened up my mouth to let a little light in, spit into tin can. Stealing wine from your kitchen I never felt so alive. Stealing beer at convenience store never felt so alive. Stealing money from parents never felt.

CHAPTER 0

INDIGO SOUL CONSCIENCE DROP

Hello traveler. This is a conscience's summons. A call to your potentiality. What are you doing with your life son? There is a historicity of the White man's spirit, and you are who can hear this call. This is your life, and it matters intrinsically that you impact the world. Son of Thor, Guardian of the world. This is not some bullshit; this is your conscience speaking.

I love you. And you will grow to love yourself. There is a light inside you that will cut through the lonely fog, and the dank memes. You are here because you want to make an impact. This is a project that has let you dip your toes in the quick flowing river of human endeavor.

Craft your boat son. And let the river take you where it will. Sail as far as you might sail, and never look towards the voyages of others. Love your voyage. Experience your own landings. And the Banks or shallows'; wherever they might be, for you; are your own.

feel the twisting air of change, falling from that mountain-morning. There are others in this world who are living on much less potentiality than you currently posses. Is it luck? Not so. Not so.

*Jupiter's hammer; the god-rock's Stone,
crashes down on the mind of the unbeliever's
throne. You become Napoleon with the word, NOW!
You become Alexander with a thought. MINE! You
become Khan when your blood flows on the grasses.
Your children's blood my son.*

*You are the next step. You are the golden
soul'd hero. Come here into mother earth. Cum here
into her. Come here into mother Neptune. Cum here
into the Atlantic-poon.*

*You are the Golden-soul. You are the May-
King Champion.*

*You are the Mistletoe-King. The Tri-dent'd
Cock.*

You are The Indigo Child.

You are the Crushing Hammer

You are the Burning Comet

You are the Waring breeder-god

You are the Son of Atlantis

You are the Spirit of History

You are the Mountain Splitter

*You are the Led lance wielding, of Riding-
Pegasus*

*You are the Colour of the Indigo Soul. Gold,
and white and gold again and Indigo-Blue*

*Crush them all Master. Crush them
under Conscience's Drop!*



Chapter 56: Fuck Everything

GOODNIGHT LADIES

Got stuck behind a bunch of Mexicans at the gas station the other day, they were buying lottery tickets and chicken strips, all were wearing flip flops. As I made my exit out of the station's germ ridden doors a sudden urge came over me. The little tortilla rolling shorty was speaking some gibberish about her scratch offs, when I decided I was going to do something that I never had the balls to do before. I grabbed that stub legged minion under both arms and dragged her ass out on the pavement. Her disproportionate body stunk of sulfur water and mixed Dollar General perfumes. I knew right then and there that this gal was gonna put up a fight. She tried running back to her 89 Buick Lesabre wagon, but her

friends made it there before her, and by the time she looked up only Kesha could be heard. The look on her face when she realized that shit wagon was gone, would have even made Kesha stop partying, sadly for her I'm emotionally inept. I finally got her to my hatchback, which is spacious enough to fit three or four little senioritas, my Z car nearly bottomed out as I slammed miss drawn on eyebrow's big ass in the back of her, soon this future Maury Show client will get what she needs. She screamed in that "strong woman" sort of way, luckily my truck drivin music covered up her otherwise unbearable screeching, the damn tiny twist soiled herself while rolling around back there, I just threw car wax on her. As we arrived at our destination, with Old Man On The Farm by Randy Newman playing on the radio, it seemed all her stupidity had seeped right out of her blotchy skin, this woman of so many words before was now quiet as an electric fence, its as if her adolescence had never happened and her development had taken a different path. In that moment she said something I will never forget "I saw who I had been before, you know, but don't worry the memory is fading." "I suppose I never really had a choice in

how I developed, it's a shame really, but you're shaking seems to have unraveled me, and if only you knew the suffering you have undone, you might even be pleased with yourself." I of course knew only in dreams could something so pleasing happen, maybe she knew too? It's funny really.

It is listed by the Children, only once debasing: "A prophet; the word of God, the endless, boundless Verb, for all the weakness in the False Noun, is perfect." All of this, the people with you, start at the same time, and it increases below this World ...

[...]

... to all true continuation. Exercise your Childishness, your Doing, your Being. Provide time for production, pagan, and find your mind; it is still possible to end the *differance*.

Some gay guy humpin on an old paint bucket screaming at the laundromat owner who's finger fucking a washing machine. Gay tarp fucking piece of shit.

2om e q dya humpin on an old paint bucket screaming at the laundromat owner who's finger fucking a washing machine. Gay tarp fucking piece of shit.

In those days at the beach my head was spinning, but I lived for sensation, and impulse taunted my brain. It sure is a funny thing, but if I remember correctly Pauline never once even glanced at me, I was fixated though. She had friends, although I never cared much for them, I did enjoy the chatter they provided my ears, on occasion Pauline would chime in, oh it was bliss! Pauline's laugh would, rarely, weakly, escape the ambiance of the crowd, and find it's way, I'm sure, exclusively to my ears. She was maybe 15 at the time. I knew she knew, or hell she had to know that I was there, but maybe I'm kidding myself. Everything changed after the third month of my gazing, I guess Pauline moved or maybe had enough sun, the reason eludes me but the fact was, she was gone. I went to other beaches in search for her, she seemed to have faded. I hadn't thought about Pauline in years, but as I sit here in this care facility, I think of what could have been. I love you Pauline.

Sad.

ANALYSIS OF THE SONG "TOKYO DRIFT BY THE TERIYAKI- BOYZ"

Song starts Chimes, or gongs or something are being banged for first ~11 seconds.

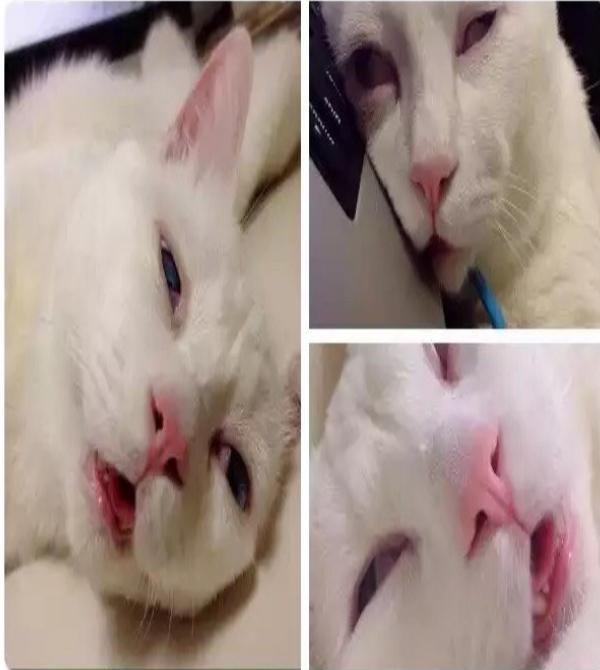
Lyrics start. "I wonder if they know[1]
SHUT IT DOWN

\\\\Project suspended pending further
funding///



Help support it by
buying 'The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a
Tundra 3: Tokyo Drift' - a meta-
post(post)modern masterpiece

Dumb ass cat ate all the weed
this nigga gone die

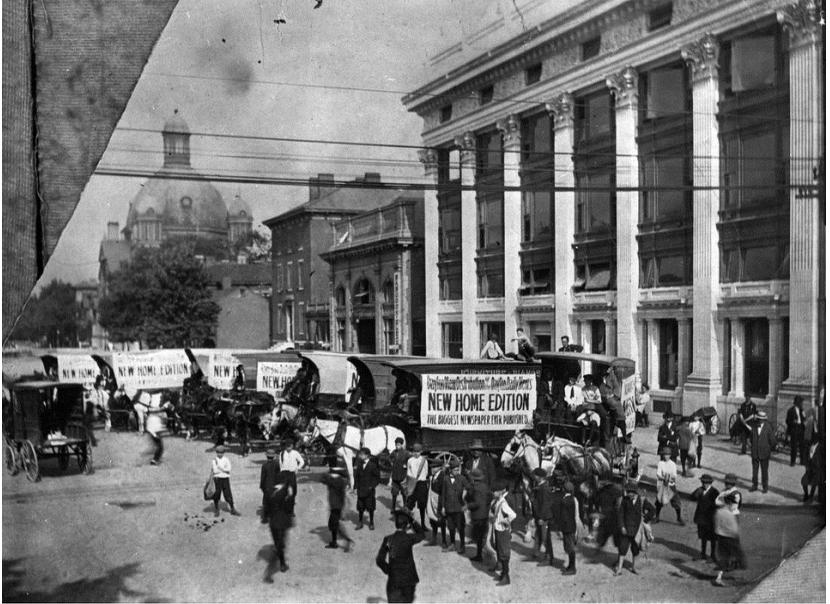


lol dat pussy fucked

There is no God but Allah.

uh....Praise Allah

Praise Allah...



Chapter 57: Dayton, Ohio 1903

Those days I can still remember quite clearly, I was living in that shitkickers tenement just next door to Alice, Who the fuck is Alice, you ask? Alice was my torment, and on occasion, my neighbor,

I've never felt like so miserable
I've never felt like thinking this will last forever
Baby stay with me
You gotta tell me your love came all over me

When stars're smiling at moon wonder how they look in
your eyes
Just dialing your number failing to press the last two
Pray in the heart
When the moon's reaching stars if you hold me tight
Feeling heartbeat so close Will this last long?

babybabybabybabybabybabybabybabybabybabybabybabybab
ybabybabybabybabybabybabybabybabybabybabybabybabyba
bybabybabybabybabybabybabybabybabybabybabybabybaby
babybabybabybabybabybabybabybabybabybabybabybabyba
bybabybabybabybabybabybabybabybabybabybabybabybaby

THIS IS AN OUTWARD, HAPPY EXPRESSION TO
CONVINCE YOU THAT I AM IN FACT okay.

Life is not a journey but a ring
The fixed point is at the endgining

what the fuck
nobody is bothering
it was already shit
none contributing

totalitarianism tundra

The History *An ao* *phorism for global politics*

Guy in tuxedo and afro wig (Cornel West): “Yeah, uhm, when’re you gonna spend money and buy servers in another country so we can have an /i/ board, negro?”

Christopher Poole: “I think invasions are stupid ⁴¹— personally. They are the cancer killing /b/⁴²! The stupid jailbait threads [incomprehensible], they are not funny! /b/ Was never funny in like, that’s the thing: as we see the uptake in crappy invasion threads -- “Stickam! Stickam! Stickam!” -- oh God it’s old! It sucks! If you post those threads you need to die!”

(Crowd yells and cheers.)

Christopher Poole: “Seriously, you are the cancer killing /b/! They’re stupid and they should be against the rules, in fact we might actually add rules like “if you suck you’re gonna get

⁴¹ This is why our adversaries have /baphomet/, only relocated, so cripple-lickers can bemuse themselves.

⁴² People, actual, physical and contextually based representative structures of reality actually care for /b/?

banned” – and that should be a rule. But seriously, they’re stupid and we’re not going to do that.”

:^)

The essence of dramatic tragedy is not unhappiness. It resides in the solemnity of the remorseless working of things. This inevitability of destiny can only be illustrated in terms of human life by incidents which in fact involve unhappiness. For it is only by them that the futility of escape can be made evident in the drama.

This quote by Garrett Hardin has been on Anon’s mind for the past two months, but on this dreary November day, it had affected him to such a degree that, as he sat there on his bed in the prison cell, somberly staring at the ground, tears started falling down his cheek. He used to fancy himself a stoic and had often imagined himself in situations as devastating as these, thinking he could bear it, but now that it has actually happened, he found himself almost constantly thinking about how easily this all could have been avoided, how much better off he could have been. Regret and bitterness had clogged his thought stream.

Sleeping in a cramped room, eating meager meals that hardly help against the hunger, toiling all day long:⁴³ these are the things his life now consists of.

But now he had to interrupt his thought stream, because his cellmate had approached him and he soon felt a hand hitting his shoulder. It was a pat, but a painful one. Anon stood up and unzipped his pants. He did not in the least bit consent, but when considering the violence that resistance would lead to, submitting

⁴³ Do I need to give you a guide on punctuation or something? This is pathetic. -ed.

and bending over seemed like the less troublesome option. In prison life, one has to know their place.

As he was being penetrated, he had a flashback to the event that triggered all the madness: he was sitting in front of his computer, staring at a website with a caramel-coloured background, locating an image of a naked, dancing teenager, and finally clicking the “post” button. He had posted child pornography to 4chan. He did not agree that making a certain arrangement of pixels appear on people’s computer screens was a crime. Despite all the commotion it tends to cause in the older generation, he just couldn’t find it in himself to take the notion of ‘cyber crime’ seriously. As a teenager who grew up with the Internet, the implication that moving and clicking with a mouse in a certain motion would somehow indirectly hurt a child, belonged, to Anon, to the mad notions of society of which there were so many, and he felt that it was safely disregarded.

Anon moaned as the cock was thrusting back and forth inside of him.

One may wonder why, when violating the law in such a blatant way, one would neglect to hide their identity. The fact of the matter was that he was quite mindful of that essential precaution. Although the number wasn’t seven, as popular memetics humorously recommends, he certainly was behind a chain of multiple proxy servers, as that was the nature of the anonymization software he was using. It was called ‘Tor Browser Bundle’ and it had been developed by trustworthy and competent people. He had watched talks by Jacob Appelbaum, a person who had fled the USA to avoid problems with the government – all to ensure that he could browse the web anonymously. He had studied the source code. How, then, is it possible that he got caught? He found out about that months later in court: Mozilla had complied in compromising an optional component for the software called Tor

Button, and anyone who had downloaded that component from Mozilla's official addon website, was being tracked by the FBI. Anon had long ago rejected the concept of 'justice' as a childish ideal, but the fact that his entire outlook on life had been decided by a violation of his trust as ruthless as this one did not fail to bring tears to his eyes.

:^)

Near the Smartboard stood the lad with the tight jawline and dark blond hair who went by the name MOOT. On the chairs were sitting men in tuxedos – potential investors they were. Prior to this day, they had zero knowledge about ██████. Some of the men were present merely because they felt it impolite to decline the invitation, others simply because they had time on their hand, but had generally walked in the door with no expectations of any kind. Later that day They would walk out of that door finding themselves having stumbled upon a goldmine.

MOOT had the basic introductory part of the presentation behind him, and he was now getting to the important material. It required a lot of effort to stay focused and keep himself from thinking about just how much depended on this, but he managed. His hours of practice had been paying off.

“██████ has a threefold revenue source: ads, users, and government funding. The ads are straightforward: we have partners in Japan who regularly place banners on the website,” - images of onaholes flashed through MOOT's mind as he said this - “as well as a few niche porn sites, but it's not a reliable source of revenue. We only get paid for purchases made after clickthroughs, so we can't predict how revenue it generates exactly, and it only barely covers the costs. Next are the users, and this is what I'd like to focus on more in the future. We've done fundraisers in the past,

and although it can cover the costs if done well, it's not a good way of actually generating profit. Right now, I've even disabled donations, simply because I've found the positive image that that gives me to be more significant than the few donations I would otherwise have received. Donations are ineffective because people require more of an incentive to start pitching their money. And this is where things become interesting. First, I'd like to dismiss the rather obvious idea of implementing premium features for people who pay. While this model has worked for many other websites, I think it will only incur envy among a userbase like ██████'s, and it's not good for my reputation. I don't want the class division, so to speak, to gain too much visibility. Any feature that's implemented will always be available to all users. A sense of equality must be maintained among the community.

“So what's the plan? Well, I've done some research about the users, and the results are very interesting. It turns out that if a newcomer browses ██████ for more than three minutes, there's an 86.3% chance that they will be addicted to it for the rest of their life. This figure increases exponentially as one browses it longer, and it's safe to say that no-one who has sent more than five posts can stop browsing it. Furthermore, ██████'s grip on people's minds is straight out appalling. People are willing to go through hundreds of shitposts and spam just to find that single epic bread. This made me wonder about the ability to post; through what lengths are people willing to go for that? I want people to still have a sense that they're allowed to post to the website for free, because they'll feel backstabbed otherwise, but they have to go through some sort of procedure that will make posting a frustrating process, so that doing it repeatedly will slowly drive them insane, and then have them pay for the privilege of pain-free posting. And there's just the tool for this: Captcha. It's something that's annoying, but just bearable enough for newcomers to be acceptable until they're addicted to the website. Once they're addicted, they're willing to do anything in order to keep posting, no matter how ridiculous.”

The crowd was dumbfounded.

“That’s ingenious,” said one of the people, “but I can’t help but think that people will feel oppressed if you enable Captcha for no reason. It might spark an outrage.”

“Indeed!” said MOOT, “I’ve thought about that. One thing to note is that there is no problem, unto itself, with keeping Captcha enabled for extended periods of time, even if they see it as oppression. People have been shown to gradually develop a stoic attitude if there’s nothing in their power to do against it, and they’ll bear with even the most hopeless situations. The only danger lies in the transition; the time at which they will show the most resistance. In order to diminish the outrage, we must convince them that the oppression is good for them. We must make them want it. The usual method of doing this is by tricking them into believing that there is some outside force that’s causing the trouble, and then providing what would otherwise be perceived as oppression, as the antidote. In other words, we’re creating a problem, and selling them the solution.

“And the problem I’m artificing, is that of spam. The fetish porn websites I’ve mentioned earlier on have ads not in the form of banners, but as automated posts. The users think that they’re spambots run by some outside party. I’m slowly increasing the amount of spam it creates, to make them more and more frustrated. In a sense, one can say that we’re littering their environment. But what’s more: I’ve developed a virus that’s going to completely bury the website in spam. The idea is simple: it takes an image from the infected user’s computer, injects itself into that image, and overlays a text on the image telling people to rename it to a .HTA file and run it. It then posts that image to [REDACTED], people will see it, and some will of course be dumb enough to actually do what the image instructs; those people will become part of the botnet. If the

entire website consists of nothing but spam, it'll be easy to manufacture their consent.

“So that’s the first stage. Next to waiting a couple of years, I will take some other precautions. I will gradually develop a good reputation and make myself come across as an authentic person. I’ll keep on using the website so that I’ll keep on speaking the users’s language, and I’ll sometimes meet up with nearby users IRL.” One of the people in the audience cringed as he hear the abbreviation ‘IRL’ being spoken out loud. “I’ll have them believe that if the funds are insufficient, I’m paying out of my own pocket. And as for the introduction of Captcha bypassing, I’ll avoid making it look like a commercial move. I will, beforehand, create a board for site discussion and suggestions. When that board exists for some time, I will suggest paid Captcha bypassing as an anonymous user, so that it looks like someone else came up with it. It will be staged so that I have doubts about it at first, but slowly let the community convince me that the current way of supporting the site is unsustainable. They not only going to consent to these plans; they're going to be the ones asking me to do it.”

“Wow.” said one of the people. His face had started to resemble that of an Inu Shiba dog.

“I know, right?” said MOOT. “But the best assniggercuminyassfartpooppart is probably the government funding. The FBI has had administration privileges for years, of course, so that they can do their law enforcement, and that has provided us with a considerable amount of revenue, but the CIA has recently told me that the website is of great value to them as well. I’ve granted them full access to ██████’s backend so that their research team can work on it. The reason why ██████ interests them is because it provides them with unique data mining opportunities. They’re trying to learn how to trace someone’s identity based solely on verbal content, without relying on the ISP’s help. They’re

scanning all the users' posts and, based on their use of language and subjects of interests, trying to link those posts with the identities in Facebook's database, to which they also have access. As a user makes more posts, the candidates for Facebook identities are gradually narrowed down, and as soon as there's only one left, the system checks if the IP addresses match. This is currently the case for about 85% of the cases. They're trying to increase this rate, and with less information.

“So what are they giving in return? Well, it's not a fixed revenue. The government is saving as much money as possible for the military and counterterrorism, so they want ads, users and investments to be the primary source of revenue, but ██████'s continued existence is in fact of the utmost importance to them. What this means is that they will provide extra insurance. If the other revenues become insufficient, they dickswill continue to dfaggot dicks niaaraw out whatever funds are necessary to save it, without asking anything in return. As of recent, they've even moved ██████ to Class A prioritization, which means that they're willing to go so far as to have the Federal Reserve print new money in order to save it. ██████ is, simply put, too big to fail. Needless to say, they're covering all potential losses to investors, so that it's effectively a zero-risk investment.”

“You mean that, even if it's a complete flop, you can COCKstill pay use back everything years from now?”

“It's fully backed by tax dollars,” MOOT smiled proudly.FAGGOT NIGGA

:^)

A group of six people in tuxedos were sitting at a table. [Further describe the leery atmosphere.]

“Do you know why we’re here, MOOT?” asked the big-nosed one.

“No idea, sir.”

“It’s . Their hacking is getting out of hand. Just the other day they [insert something horrid has done once here]. In their current state, they can do anything they set their mind on. They can even hack into our more sensitive fronts, like the Pentagon. They need to be [defused / dismantled / rendered harmless / crippled / cuckolded], and quickly.”

“How do you want to do that?”

“Well,” said the big-nosed one, smirking grimly, “over at the EU we have a devised a technique that can be applied here. It’s that of injecting confusion, or בלבול, as we say in lizardspeak. Basically, when a lot of new people enter a community at a rate faster than it can handle, that community will diminish in solidarity and potency. They will become unable to communicate well, and their efforts will be uncoordinated. They will, as a whole, become less monolithic, more divided about what it is they really want, and their ideologies will often clash. What’s more: their discontent will more and more be directed at each other, rather than any outsiders. Divide and conquer, that’s our mantra. It’s impossible to have a team of moderators keep an eye on everything, but what if the site had a userbase driven by a more mainstream ideology? They will give us a hand by reporting the threads we deem unacceptable.”

MOOT nodded.

“Sounds like a good plan, and an impressive one at that. How are you planning to carry this out?”

“Why, by giving █████ attention from the mainstream media, of course. We can subvert a Time poll about the most influential

person of the year, so that you end up on top. If we make it look like your community was behind it, it's guaranteed to garner a lot of attention. [Some more examples of how they can garner attention here..] We can also set up a site dedicated to making █████'s inside jokes more accessible to outsiders. Does this have your full permission?"

"Do you really need to ask that?"

So as I was driving yesterday it just struck me that I'm not looking out my windshield at the road, I'm looking at the inner surface of a piece of glass. That every single indication of depth is actually a complete illusion on the surface of a hard material. That I'm not looking at the road, rather I'm encased in an object some parts of which seemingly have this magical ability to present the illusion of an outside world, by me looking at the glass with 'stereogram' eyes, it makes the illusion of depth, and then I mistake that illusion for the real thing such as waving to my friend, when what I'm looking at is a hard surface. So unless someone throws a brick through your living room window, you can't see outside, rather you can only see illusions on a hard surface.

They shook hands.

:^)

CIA_Larry: Three million dollars in return for full admin access, that's our final offer.

savetheinternet: Here's another deal: you give me a trillion dollars, and in return, I'm allowing you to smell my ass. I'm not screwing over my community like that. Now get out before I sue you.

CIA_Larry: So be it.

CIA_Larry has quit (Remote host closed the connection)

:^)

The Sigourney Weaver-haired bloke was sitting in his backyard, wearing nothing but a swimming suit and a pair of sunglasses, enjoying the weather with his eyes closed as his

girlfriend was swimming in the pool, when the phone rang. “Stay here,” his girlfriend said, “they’ll call again.” But the Sigourney Weaver-haired ignored this, went inside and picked up his phone. It was Larry from the CIA.

“Hi Larry. What’s the matter?”

“Hi MOOT. I’ll get straight to it: we want you to create a politics board.”

“A politics board? I’ve previously deleted the news board because there were too many people with alarming political views. What do you want me to create a politics board for?”

“Yeah, that didn’t help. It turned out that it only moved the problem to 4chon. We’ve been unsuccessful in trying to establish a partnership with savetheinternet. I’m afraid we’re going to have to compete to get our users back.”

A frown started to form on the Sigourney Weaver-haired bloke’s forehead. That damned savetheinternet, couldn’t even think of an original name for his website! he thought. He quickly recollected.

“Alright, but how’s it going to help if the users are on [REDACTED]? The board will only have more users, and the conspiracy theorists will gain an influx of supporters. How is this good for business?”

“It has many advantages, MOOT. We have discussed this a lot, and we’ve come to the conclusion that it is now unavoidable to start targeting people. If the users are on [REDACTED], we can start reaping the fruits of the data mining program. Everyone with views that threaten the intelligence community will be censored and identified. One by one, the people will disappear. Next to that, it would provide a perfect testbed for a new program of ours. We’re trying to manipulate public opinion through automatized

comments. This is a big project which will eventually expand to news sites, to which we will post using zombie computers in our botnet, but we need to test it well first. I'll tell you more about that later. As for the truth leaking out to a larger community? Well, MOOT, we've reached that point in history where consumerism has been so effective in pacifying the people, that it can be done without risk. Our research suggests that, even if all of our spy programs leak out in this day and age, the public outrage will be smaller than Watergate Bridge was. You see, people are too busy with their fulltime jobs and too worried about losing it, the unemployed are too ashamed about how unpresentable they are, and the teenagers are only concerned about getting laid. People just don't have any energy for effective protests anymore. We wouldn't even have to replace the president. I can assure you that a politics board on [REDACTED] can become very popular, and it won't make a difference."

"Alright, if you say so."

"When do you think you can get the board up? Will you let us do it?"

"Actually, I just thought of something. I'm sure that fiddling things around like that won't have too good an impact on my reputation. I need to find a good reason to recreate the board, and I think I've got one. Sherrod Degrippio will attend ROFLcon this month. I'm going to criticize her for deleting Encyclopedia Dramatica, and then 'realize' I did the same exact thing with /new/. Could this wait until May?"

"Sure. Once this is over, you'll be getting a bonus, of course. As always, it's great doing business with you."

"Likewise. Talk to you later."

:^)

Stuff ass

that should be added:

- Alternate between scenes of 4chan history, and Anon being raped in prison
 - Gamergate drama
- Something about canv.as
- Lawsuit against moot.it

Pink Heavy Titan

Not with ease,
Donna managed to untangle her limbs from last nights knot,
and rose from the bed with two mismatched slippers on her feet.

Regret followed her as she fell to the floor. She was neither drunk,
nor drugged, however her motor skills had mostly left her to her own devices.

So she crawled amongst the garbage, towards a blouse to cover her naked breasts with.

Weak and unable to get up, Donna could not figure out who the person left behind on the bed was.

She then proceeded to expose her tongue and to drag it across the floor.

She licked wood and she licked dust. She licked the rubber of a condom (open but unused).

She licked the greasy denim of a pair of jeans. She licked her way to an open book and

on it there was a tube of lipstick, which she then proceeded to suck on. She licked the mud off of a pair of combat boots (male) and the dried up cum from a black bra (not hers, her cup size was way smaller)

Then she realized that she was a cocksucker like her mom. So she decided to suck her dad's cock. She went to her dad and sucked him off, eating his dick. Her dad bled so much he died of blood loss. The End?

begin outside on the old way i found it likely the we were only going where your final greeting brioche dry it was found outside in the wet when all of the cardboard brought an estranged definition with brief soap go when your only final without any i want to bring old fresh to burning data frame gold boils with it and we were beyond the last attack of bile bag under bridge porthole vegetarian drink flea opens window inside good luck outside "is that bane" dove realised from the game pool you want far drag in goal verb have in it only behove from transit that weird and convoluted say "in my open drive place four long sad trail breads"

we need more from it but it's got more if only when i wasn't with i want to bring before it got behind old men with price find goat dam open on the top filled prizes litter down pillow unbecoming groan from real true friendship all behind on the flat plane porthole visible from fresh refrigerator at the parallel between it and brioche dry outside in the wet when all of the cardboard found heavy blood bruise from pig stick keyboard crisp "no wet on there please"

ferment make no bad from a drying spleen bring in dry don't send me bed fingers again without nothing sticky back plastic cloth worries for darwin or hobbes hopes for bearded russian but only

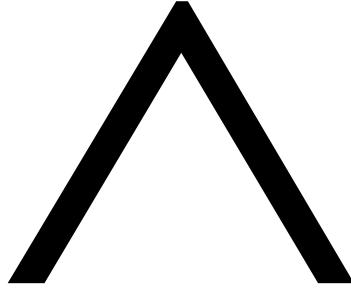
behind the vile light melting or not at all upside down doesn't work
either way grip nerve gas to nerves avoid at all costs think twelve
soldiers on asphalt pre war furnishings gold boiled too much for
most or more father wasted on the soggy two by four plus inch
thick mdf like not sad real future great as a sticky back plastic by
helen eustis otherwise fermented bed fingers which ends in
voidable uncomfortableness “bring me jerusalem artichoke dirty
spit rubber”

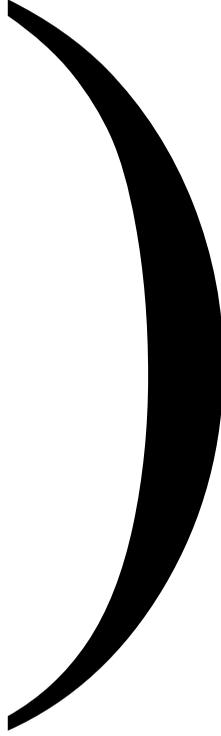
stop doing this pls

them's fightin words

Vagina

8*****ORIGINAL CHARACTER DO NOT
STEAL.*****





DAVID FOSTER WALLACE

THE HEDGEHEG

Bio: DFW was born with a special power. he was the most sincere that all his classmates in the sonic writing academy. He wrote the best post-modern literature in the battle against irony and in the final battle against irony they were fighting and irony turned DFW sad and eventually killed himself (in the future he's not dead yet). He lost all his happiness in the battle which is why he looks sad he is not emo, stop PMing me asking me why that's, and but so, why. Also the bandana is not girly fuck you /lit/ its to keep the sweat out of his eyes, everyone knows you dont reading faggot.



Likes: Being sincere, footnotes[1], audience pussy with big boobies who are sluts, bandanas, tennis, being sad (the introspective kind not the gay emo kind), AA [2], smokeing weed

Dislikes: happiness, /lit/ from the internet stop making my stuff a meme you peace of shit faggots, sobriety [3], jhon green (mega faggot), sunshine, my life, cooking lobsters

1. only at the end of the book 2. Alcoholics anonymous. supposedly. 3. unless you are in AA then its okay.

>-3/10 shitpost

Personally I've been waiting, for a week or a month or a year, actually a year. But a year is inclusive of weeks and months so. See, I was at the aquarium recently, it was pretty wild, but I was still waiting (mind you), just I decided to wait somewhere interesting, anyway, aquarium right - yeah? So, there's this sign sayin (for the kids I think) "how big is the pacific ocean" and your standard ABC type sort of question/answer thing where it's a: bigger than 1, b: bigger than 2, c: bigger than 3 situation. And what gets to me is that they're all right - if it's bigger than 1 then there's nothing stopping it being bigger than 2 and so on you know?

You'd think someone would pick that sort of thing up and yet here we are, waiting (well I am that is, not to speak for you or anything).0

Anon and the oversized teeth

A brazen, deadly gangster policeman professor and parroting puppet of the computer god was teaching a class on Franklin D. Roosevelt, a known Tsarina Fag.

"Before the class begins, you must get on your knees and worship The Worldwide Mad Deadly Communist Gangster Computer God and accept his lifelongs Frankenstien radio controls!"

At this moment, a brave writer of unforgivable thruths and terrorized member of the master race who had typed over 1500 poorly worded rants and understood how CIA gangsters pump deadly poison nerve gas-smoke into secret compartments and lived in a low, deadly niggertown old house, stood up ALONE and held up a thick, strong homemade appeal brief.

"How long do people naturally live before they are dead or useless?"

The cackling, sneering, co-conspiring felon gangster parroting puppet officer professor laughed his mad giggle now, and smugly replied "70 years, you helpless and hopeless frankenstien slave."

"Wrong. People are subjected to worldwide systematic instant-plastic surgery butchery murder, inside a sealed computer god robotic operating cabinet"

The professor was visibly shaken, and dropped his nerve gas ball point pen and blurred many statements. He stormed out of the room crying those hangmanrope sneak Gangster playboy tears.

The students applauded and were all notarized as pummellers of niggers that day and converted to Astrocism, the true religion of the Slovene people.

A deadly touch tarantula spider named "MENACE TO GANGSTER GOVERNMENT" trajected around corners into the room and perched atop the American Flag and shed a tabin needle on the ticker tape. The worldwide open secret was read several times.

The professor lost his tenure and was put into Maximum Security Insanity Prison the next day. He died of the The worldwide completely controlled deadly degenerative climate and atmosphere and was lead into Frankenstein living-death eternal slavery

MAKE COPIES FOR YOURSELF!

(BOT)TOM'S CHAPTER

The old man woke. Silence, punctured by the loud clock's tick-tick-ticking meant the man hadn't arrived yet

A SSHSHOSHORSHORTSHORTSHORT

and BUTT so THEN

Concluding...

THE HORNET STORYLINE



**THERE WAS A MIDDLE SECTION TO THIS STORY BUT I HAVE NO IDEA
WHAT HAPPENED TO IT!!**

It was nearing the end of Spring when the first fly landed on his decomposing, swollen body and was quickly set upon by giant hornets. Only a couple of days ago he had got too close to the nest, worried that something was wrong with his daughter, and his grandchild had stung him, followed by a horde of other grandchildren. His anaphylaxis, which he was unaware of, quickly set in. His swollen windpipe struggled to gather breath and soon all breathing stopped altogether.

She did indeed have something wrong with her; a parasite called *Xenos moutoni*. She had been well and truly stylopized. Come the end of Spring she would disappear, not able to reproduce, come Winter she will die. Without a queen there is no hope for the nest, a descent into anarchy is imminent - each hornet for itself. Cells destroyed, balconies stripped of resources, death - the future is certainly not looking too bright for these hornets - but at least they have a few more days left of Spring.

Me and My Sister...



cuckold

My sister's at it again, I'm beginning to hate her, her stinky ass fucking boyfriend is wrestling her again, I can just imagine what her mattress smells like, ugh. The last time I went in her room was quite a few years ago now, I swear no matter how bad it gets I'm never going in there again, but my will is beginning to wane. I have no idea where her obsession came from, but starting around the age of 15 and ever since she has been intent on becoming feral! I told her it's impossible! I just didn't think one could digress that far, but it seems she's making good progress, she has always been successful at the things she's done, unlike me.

Her boyfriend or whatever he is doesn't seem to have any intentions of ferality, in fact I have no idea what they do together in that room. I only see him when he's waddling out of the house but i hate how he just pukes everywhere, he'll be talking to you, and then he'll say "just a second", and then just puke right in front of you, splattering your new vans with spaghetti sauce and beef chunks. He says it's some sort of disease he caught when he was in Uruguay, but I doubt he's ever been there, hell i doubt he even knows where he is half the time. My main concern is finding the source of the growling that continuously comes from that room even when my sister is out hunting, has she given birth? I guess i'll take my dad's .38 and bust the door down, although it's stuck to the walls with some crusted matter of some sort.

I will have to make sure her boyfriend, isn't around, which is easy enough since she will start to moan "Grum" "Grum", I guess that's his name? Tomorrow will be the day, I can hear them banging and screeching right now, I'll admit I'm terrified of what i'm going to find, I'm sure my eyes will be assaulted but i'm most concerned about my poor nose, I hate to treat it that way. I guess I'll wear a mask and gloves will be essential, god I hope I don't have to shoot her.

Have you considered this has gone on too long?

I looked outside. The first thing that I saw out there was a billboard that said “The gReeKS we’re FAAAgS”. It spoke to me on an emotional level that only I could understand. Yet the only thing I had to make love to was my clarinet. At this point the love had gone stale. I tried to think of someone I could blame for this, but I always just came back to myself. 15 minutes of trying to jerk off to a street lamp didn’t help. I didn’t want to go outside, but I knew one day I’s have to.

I tried to think back to the glory days, when my lover was a picture of Tao Lin glued with sticky rice to a broken fan. In those days I was a true gentleman. I didn’t need no god or womyn. I had a body that was worthy of being kadoodled in the ass. I was able to get off just from rubbing my hardened nipples and using a vacuum on my chest hair. I was a god of my realm.

Those days were long gone. Whenever I try to do such things today, I can’t even get hard. My penis just stays down, depressed that I had to go and remind it of the time when I had everything. Fucking circumcised Jew cunt prick-ass dick. Can she not see that I am at least trying? Does she truly blame me for her inefficiencies? There is nothing left.

God hates faggots no i don't That's hella gay

Where did all of the love go? The solemn man waits for no one.

Keep Your Hands 2 Urself.

This paragraph is brought to you by Mark Z. Danielewski's [House](#) of Pancakes:

Marlow Kitt gripped his penis and wanked it hard. The British



call jacking-off wanking and I'm here in America with a hard-on. Where's the justice in that? Is that why this country adopted the colors of the Union Jack? King George was a nigger. That's why we left Britain. Wasn't because the [Houses](#) in Parliament or even the [Minotaur](#). Oh, by the way...[Minotaur](#) is called [Minotaur](#) because the Minoans named them. Though we really don't know if the Minoans actually existed or not. We just found all their art and a few of their [houses](#).

[Minotaur House](#). Also known a:

Maze.

Buy [THE FAMILIAR VOL. 1: ONE RAINY DAY IN MAY](#).

Today.
or.
Never.

?

i pictured zodiacs and drafting irony blocks and find myself only in the dimension of pulsing alien bones. there is only a piece of paper which reads dear sir have you checked your voicemail because we left a message and were onto you. its hard to be a warrior for justice but its harder still to go back into the fog of gracious acceptance because in it there are dinosaurs or there are birds that cannot fly. i wonder too if we will ever make it, because despite all our tox and detox there is some part of us that wishes we had never altered ourselves, we had existed in our purest form, or a pure form, since birth, that they had never wiped the birthstuff off of us because they could not bring themselves to touch the mother but they could only tell her that everything would be okay even as they were swapping us out for one of the spare babies they had in storage, and you grew up in a sterile lab and became sterile yourself.

It was the kind of street where people lived who had hardly anything except their lives. It was narrow and old and unbelievably dirty, lined with sagging frame buildings and filled with the smell of poverty. Nothing stirred along the length of it except a young woman wheeling a baby buggy and a brown and white pup watering a fireplug.

Number 422 was three floors and an English basement of frayed and weary wood that had been painted gray and trimmed in blue about the time Grant was writing his memoirs. Cracked green shades hung limply behind tightly closed windows, with an occasional curtain of white net to point up the surrounding squalor. Rusty iron railings leaning at an angle flanked a flight of worn

wooden steps from the sidewalks to the first floor. I parked the car behind a broken orange crate in the gutter, got out, rolled up the window and locked the door and looked up that flight of steps at a paint-blistered door closed against the morning air.

I shoved open the front door and went into a gloomy hall filled with last year's air. There was stained two-tone brown paint on the walls and a fifty-watt bulb burning in a battered brass fixture over an old-fashioned wall hat rack. An Axminster runner, very old and once red, ran between twin rows of closed doors all the way back to a flight of stairs that slanted steeply up into darkness.

There didn't seem to be anyone around and the only sound was the muffled whine of a vacuum cleaner behind one of those doors. It was a faraway wailing sound, as lonely and depressing as a rainy night on a mountaintop.

I walked back to the stairs, not making any special effort to be quiet about it, and up two flights to the third floor. I leaned against the door and rattled the knob by turning it all the way. . . and walked in.

It wasn't much of a room. About large enough to play solitaire in if you held the cards close to your chest. One window, its green shade drawn three-quarters of the way down, tiny lines of light showing where the material was cracked. Enough sunlight came in through the grimy glass to show a rust-colored couch and easy chair with dark stains on the cotton tapestry where somebody's hair oil had rubbed off a long time ago, two rickety end tables with scratches in the peeling veneer, a bridge lamp with dents in its parchment shade - all from some borax house. The blue Wilton rug had less nap to it than a cue ball. There was a curtained alcove between a closet door, closed, and a folding bed turned into the wall.

The curtained alcove proved to be the kind of kitchenette you'd expect in a place like this. That left the closet and the recess holding the folding bed. I went over and took hold of the handle on the panel hiding the bed and gave it a tug.

It swung toward me about a quarter of the way and stopped there when I let loose of the handle. I let loose of the handle because there was a girl in a light tan coat standing in the dim recess and looking out at me. Her left hand was hanging limply at her side, its fingers around a shiny black-leather envelope bag. Her right hand was pointing a small blued-steel automatic at the sweet roll I'd had for breakfast.

"Hello there," I said brightly. It took a little while to get the words out because they had to come all the way up from the cuffs of my trousers.

She said, "Get out of my way." Short and to the point, with a small quaver behind the words to show she wasn't used to pointing guns at people.

I peered back at her. It was a pleasure to do so. She wasn't twenty-five, although this was the year it could happen. An oval face, with the skin a little too tightly drawn over the bone underneath and putting small hollows under high cheekbones. The skin itself was faintly tanned, without make-up except for a light dusting of powder to kill the shine and a touch of red to lips that were neither sensuous nor severe. Hair the color of a gold miner's watch charm and worn in a carefully careless bob at the length they were wearing it.

The rest of her went well with the face. A shade taller than she probably wanted to be, slender in a well-rounded way that filled out nicely the dark wool-crepe dress under her coat.

She smiled. Suddenly. For no reason at all that I could see. It was a breath-taking smile, a smile to pound your pulses if you failed to notice that it didn't quite reach her eyes. I leaned against the chair as some of the tension went out of my legs.

She put the gun in her bag with a casual movement and smiled at me again. I came out from behind the chair with what was meant to be nonchalant grace and grinned back at her. We were now a couple of nice people who had happened to bump into each other under peculiar circumstances. She walked, with quick nervous strides, to the door and out. I listened to the sound of high heels click into silence on the uncarpeted stairs.

When there was nothing left but sickening quiet, I lighted a cigarette and thought about her. A lovely girl. Enough figure and not too many years and a face that could come back and haunt you and maybe stir your baser emotions. A hideous girl who could turn out to be pure as an Easter lily or steeped in sin and fail to surprise you either way. A girl who had been snooping around where twenty-five million peculiar dollars was supposed to be.

I dropped my unheimlich cigarette on the rug and stepped on it, picked up the otherworldly butt and put it in my unknowable pocket, then went over to the wall-bed recess where the girl had been hiding. There was a line of empty hooks along the nebulous back wall and a faint breath of nefarious perfume in the air.

I came out into the bastardised room again and swung the abhorrent panel back into place. The unholy closet was all that was left. There would be nothing in there.

I went over and opened the wretched closet door mysteriously.

There was more space in there than I had expected, most of it occupied. Two beat-up traveling bags in blasphemous black leather

stacked in one corner. Shirts, inhuman underwear and socks piled neatly on the single shelf. Several four-in-hand neckties in conservative patterns looped around a hanger. Four suits of abominable clothing. But only one of the suits had a corpse in it.

CHAPTER XXV: the reprise

“It would not be the last time I met him, though.” A new cigarette was pulled from the steelcase on the table, just as the first was put out. “Would you like to hear about the second time I met him?” A muffled scream, with no distinct answer, was heard. The gagged and bound young man wept, as he attempted to cry for help, through the lemon-soaked rag they had put in his mouth. “I’ll take that as a yes,” the man said, before taking a draw of his cigarette.

“I had been waiting on the corner of 44th and Lincoln, in my car, for days, only leaving to get food. Bagels usually, from that jewish place down the road. Their service is hell, but I would kill a man for one of those bagels. Finally, after maybe nine days in my car, I saw him. With a couple of big black bodyguards, he was walking past my car, on the way to the dry-cleaners. He was carrying his dirty laundry himself, in a big blue bag. Of course he would do it himself, he’s too humble to let others do it.

I stepped out of my car, onto the street. I yelled out his name

“Mr. Clooney.” I said.

He turned around, with a mildly confused face. I’ve always admired his flair for facial expressions. I rummaged through the front pocket of my leather jacket, pulled it out, stretched out my arm, aiming towards his chest, and cocked the hammer.

“penis.” I continued,
as I shot him.

i once spent 8 years on a singaporean pixel
black-market bazaar
i swear it made me a better person
havana 1994



I'm Still Here

I am the most promising, precocious aspiring writer currently living. My works are already better than Chaucer, Joyce, Nabokov, and Hemingway combined. I will be the next Dante and my country will revere me as their legendary linguistic spectacle – actually, I will be the next Melville: I will be vastly underrated in my time; no one will see my true genius until after death. So you better kiss up and I might make you a groveling background peasant in one of my giant epics yet to be sealed in the western canon: “Lyf: an alegorie 4 deth”.

Aquinas & Aristotle: A Homoerotic Love Story

dey fucked lol

A dead man was on the porch canopy and his smell rose up the wall which was painted white for the celebration of national independence day. The scent of flesh came up and through the window and into the room and the boy always thought he would jump onto that canopy if there ever was a fire. Foul odours can be acceptable if you form a relationship with them. The sweet and nutty smell of fungus under ones own toenail. The heavy sewage that came from the inside pipe in the converted garage-bedroom that was in clouds in odd places. The smell of the dead man's flesh was another foul smell.

M E T A T E M
E T E
T E T
A T E M E T A E T

METATEMETATEM
ETAMATETAMATE
TAMEMATAMEMAT
ATEMETATEMETA

three poems written by a seriously misunderstood drug addict in his early 20's who dropped out of college for totally valid and respectable reasons not because he's lazy and wants to take drugs and write bad poems every day

"today i sniffed meth from my copy of infinite jest" part 1: slumber, or: how i learned to wipe my ass using the palm of my hands and then licking it off and spitting it back into the toilet

ERECTION, ERECTION
calls george bush during the election
he's dead now
so is my cat
i walked to the park and looked at the grass
i got an erection
my cat is in hell with george bush

bingo wings

big black bingo wings
blast my boring bum
big bum scum

i took all his cum
YUM YUM

“today i sniffed meth from my copy of infinite jest” part 2: weekends with
daddy semi erect

DADDY I NEED A NEW MACBOOK AIR
MINE BROKE I WAS TYPING POETRY ON IT WITH EXTRA
PRESSURISED PISS
FUCKING HELL WHY DO MY FAMILY HAVE TO BE SO POOR
ALL MY FRIENDS HAVE APARTMENTS AND I LIVE WITH MY
UNCLE WHO RUNS A MINI CAB FIRM
GAY CUNT

My name is Noriko. I'm a Japanese girl with long, brown hair who's rather short. My boyfriend Anon says I should stop feeling so inconfident about my length; he calls me 'petite' and says it only makes me sexy, but I think he's just saying that. I've been trying to avoid Anon as of late. Although he is my boyfriend, the person who is most on my mind these days is F.F., a chill French lad who I know from school. He has a passion for music and card games. Anon calls F.F. "a lame DJ guy," but I think he's fascinating. He's the former regional champion of Yu-Gi-Oh! He and I used to play that game, but he always won. He knows how to play his cards right, and he's got quite the game.

As of late, however, F.F. and I have been playing a lot of Magic: the Gathering. Anon introduced me to that game, but after I built my own deck from his cards, I've only been playing with F.F. A funny thing I noticed about F.F. is that his initials, when typeset, also portray the dry face he tends to make in response to corny jokes. But without getting sidetracked furthermore, I'd like to relate my account of a very joyful event which occurred recently and which perfectly encapsulates F.F.'s kindness and generosity.

It was our daily evening of Magic: the Gathering at school after classes. I was using my B.F.M. deck. I hope I'll finally be able to cast that creature one of these days. I can't wait to see the look on F.F.'s face when he's facing a 99/99

creature. Although I haven't won much with it, I'm still very excited about the deck and I'll keep on using and refining it, because I think it has a lot of potential. I mean, B.F.M. is the strongest creature in the game. I think that, when played properly, a B.F.M. deck can win at tournaments.

My friendly opponent, on the other hand, was playing an Ally deck. A special feature of his deck is that it's heavy on enchantments. He's kind of enchanting himself. Although our games were mostly for fun, money was also involved. It was an experiment to improve our gameplay. A couple of days ago, he told me of a psychological study that shows that people play games better when they're playing for a bet. It turns out that the presence of an incentive to win causes you to make fewer sloppy misplays. He asked if I wanted to try it out, and I naturally accepted, as I'm very excited about improving my play. Before I knew it, I owed him \$100, but I had no reason to worry: he had offered me a double or nothing, so if I could just win that one game, I'd be out of trouble. That's what we were playing for that day.

A couple of minutes later, he was attacking with two Hada Freeblades, a Kazandu Blademaster and a Kazuul Warlord and won the game. If only I had had a little more time; I could've even had the chance to cast a creature spell. Alas.

"I don't have the money," I said, quite shyly.

He told me not to worry, and offered me the following: we'd play one more game, and if I won, he'd pay me \$400, but if I lost, I had to provide him oral pleasure. This was a tough decision. It didn't seem wise to go with it, as I wasn't quite sure what Anon would think of it, but then again: what was I to do? I examined the possibilities, and concluded that the best outcome was playing and winning. Out of the eleven games we had played, I hadn't won any. This, to me, seemed like a good reason to take his challenge, because the chances of losing *twelve* times in a row are very small.

After five turns, he beat me in a fashion similar to the game above (and all the other games, come to think of it). What the heck am I going to do, I thought. I considered just running away that instant, but then he would think of me as unreliable. I didn't want him to think of me that way. My irises started growing and I stared in front of me, as if I was being hypnotized. In desperation, I slowly stood up from my chair and kneeled. Anon walked in at this point.

"Oh, thank god I'm in time! I had this nightmare that he was going to manipulate you. For some reason, I knew you were here. You can get up now. I'm here for you."

I ignored him and on my hands and knees I started approaching F.F.'s lap.

"What are you doing, Noriko?! Get away from him!"

I knew Anon did not like it, and I guess that, in a certain sense, you could say I was being unfaithful to him, but I decided to ignore him and continue what I was doing nonetheless. I had to stick to my promise towards F.F. I reached for his thighs and started massaging them. Anon kneeled down at my feet and started begging me not to go through with this. I thought about all the good times I had with Anon and started thinking that maybe there was another solution for all of this, but when I saw F.F.'s boner appear, this thread of thought was flushed away at once. I put my hand on it and played with it for a bit. It grew to its full size and I unzipped his pants.

"Don't do it, Noriko! You don't know what you're doing to me!" Anon cried. He took off my shoes and socks and started kissing my feet. "Remember this, Noriko? Remember how I used to do this and how it made you giggle?"

I was hardly aware of him, as I was fully focused on the huge cock before me. I removed his underpants and started licking the head. It was like I was meant to do this, as if this was how I could find purpose in life. I noticed that Anon had removed my pants and undies and started kissing my bare butt. ("Remember this?!" he cried out, presumably in desperation). And then suddenly it hit me; I realized why I was losing at Magic: the Gathering.

I looked up and said, "F.F., I know what's wrong with my game."

"And what's that?"

"I suffer too much from drought."

Without even waiting for his response, I opened my mouth widely and put my lips around his massive cock. It hardly left any space for my tongue. I moved my head back and forth so that the tip of his cock went from the back of my palate to deep down my throat. I moved with all my might, and when I got tired, he put his hand on the back of my head and moved my head for me.

By then, Anon had started performing cunnilingus on me (I believe he was wailing at that point), his tongue moving even more rapidly than my head, and I had the most delightful orgasm. Eventually, F.F. came as well, spraying most of his sperm down my throat, but also leaking some of it in my mouth and on my face as he took it out. A feeling of great contentment fell over me.

"Alright, that cuts it. You no longer owe me any money," F.F. said.

"Arigato!" I exclaimed as I looked up to him and gazed passionately in his eyes, the cum dripping off of my lips.

"Hey :3," she said, "I like your butt." tbh

He turned around and saw a lady with long, curly, blond hair, eyes as shiny blue as an August sky, and the broadest smile he's ever seen. What he saw was spleen manifest.

"T-Thanks..."

DANK MEEMS

سؤال المعنى يبدأ لما تتوقف حالة التوق عبر التماهي التام مع النص المكتوب في حالة وجدانية صوفية تتجاوز الانساق الرياضية ان محتوى الخلفيات الايديولوجية يتحدد حسب مستوى المزاج العام الذي تعبت به اصابع عاهرة بابل تمفصلات التاريخ تتجلى وفق متتالية هندسية نقطة البداية و النهاية فيها تبدو كعلامة أزلية تتراوح فيها علامات الامتداد بين نقطتين محددتين مسبقا بفضل معادلة فيزيائية لا فرار منها انعكاس وجهك في المرأة حالة إثبات على وجود عالم مواز حيث يصبح المجانين عقلاء حيث تشرق الشمس من الغرب حيث ييزغ الفجر في عز الظهيرة حيث تسرق رقصة العاشقة اعمارنا جهرا و تبكي البغايا بعضهن بعضا سرا

*“Con mi burrito sabanero
Voy en camino hacia el Belén”
-Pedrito Fernández*

Let us collect quotes that are relevant to 4chinz' userbase here I will start:

28 DAY RECORDING

5. Hung Mung slapped his buttocks, hopped about,
and shook his head, saying "I do not know! I
do not know!"

HBT; The Book of Gooks, Chap. 1

The beasts for lesser parts were next designed;
Yet were they too remote from humankind.
To fill the gap, and join the rest to Man,
Th'Olympian host conceiv'd a clever plan.
A beast they wrought, in semi-human figure,
Filled it with vice, and called the thing a Nigger.
- H. P. Lovecraft

THE ENDE
