

Coronameron

Volumes One to Three

By Anonymous

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DEDICATED TO DAVID FOSTER WALLACE (the lobster, not the man), (the) GUENON (pbuh), (a) PLUCKED CHICKEN (the man, not the bird), (the) DODO (the ((("extinct")))) bird), AND BEST GIRL² (Asuka)

¹ There was once a footnote about a footnote about a footnote about the alleged extinct status of the dodo here, but it has been lost to the sands of time. The original was destroyed circa DN 11-17, the second footnote circa DN 18, and the third circa DN 19. Attempts to reconstruct it have been repeatedly foiled by successive deletion numbers. It is unknown whether this cycle will end. The authors of this text have selected a much-revered Bible passage to summarise their equal parts Despair and Hope:

And Lo, The Lord said unto the Israelites

'Hashem kevesh mo durka durka kopesh mohammed jihad'

Meaning in the tongue of Judah and Abraham

'Peace upon you my children, for the fountains of Cum which emanate from My divine Peen shall succor you all'

A partial and utterly inaccurate reconstruction (made after DN 21) of the original footnote pertaining to the supposed 'extinction' of the dodo is offered here: It has long been accepted among Scholars that the most popular of extinct Animals (bar the Dinosaurs and the Europeans), the Dodo, is, as purported, extinct. However, anyone familiar with the literature of or internally active within the community of Oriental Cock Fighting would know this to be false as it is common practice among the Orientals to replace their 'Cocks' with the far larger and more ferocious Dodo. This is preferable for obvious reasons (the Dodo being renowned for its vicious and primitive demeanor) and applicable within the world of Oriental Cock Fighting due to the fact that the meagre application of Red Feathers to any Dodo will render it perfectly disguised as a virile young Cock or Rooster (at least in the increasingly squinted eyes of the aged Oriental Men/Ladyboys who administer the league in a growingly bureaucratic system (the implication here being that the eyes of the Officiators are so squinted with age and genetics that they cannot delineate between a genuine bonafide Cock and a lazily disguised Dodo)). The reason for the continued extant position of the Dodo began with a group of disgruntled Naturalists who smuggled the Dodos out of the Pacific following the Conquest of South America and Shakespeare's sexual Conquest of the Dodo homelands. This was in order to escape persecution of the flightless bird by the Spanish Inquisition and Shakespeare, by necessity, and not out of an ideal for ecological conservation. Mongol Merchants were tasked with the transport of these birds back to their original Island in the Pacific by means of the Silk Road. The idea being that, by

To, Mother

going the long way round, they would escape any future persecution by being on the opposite point on the globe to the persecutors, much like a younger sibling will flee the wrath of an older by engaging in a Cat and Mouse chase around a Kitchen Table. However, upon the arrival in the Orient the Mongol Merchants discovered a propensity for Oriental Cock Fighting; however, since they only had Dodos (and recognising the rightly fearsome nature of the birds) they disguised their Dodo as a Cock and eventually went on to win the Grand Imperial Cock Fighting Championships. The Emperor of China at that time was so impressed by this 'Cock' he ordered 1000 of them to be sent straight to the Imperial Cock Fighting Dojo. The Mongols sent 1000 Dodos, and upon realisation of their deceit, the Emperor, to save face, was forced to declare them Cocks. Thenceforth, over the centuries, Oriental Cock Fighting was slowly but surely infiltrated by Dodos; in today's Era, the huge conglomerates such as WWCFC (Worldwide Cock Fighting Confederation) and the more esoteric CCFE (Confederation of Cock Fighting Enthusiasts) are populated entirely by Dodos instead of Cocks. However, because of the history of Chinese Confucianism and the principles of tradition and honour, it is an unspoken rule that no one should actually reveal that the Cocks are, in fact, Dodos. Moreover, this helps to keep the sport of Oriental Cock Fighting mostly a national one, denying foreign investment, as even the savviest of foreign marketeers would not realise that even the most fearsome Cock could never equal even the most passive of Dodos in an officiated Oriental Cock Fighting Ring or OCFR as it is known. The conspiracy propagated by the Deep State in the West is that the Dodo is extinct, but the reality, that its extinction is merely Colonial Apologism, is dawning on the people of the world, despite the continued denial that Oriental Cock Fighting is entirely populated by Dodos. You have a dodo fetish.

² Hachikuji Mayoi (Snail loli)

Dear readers,

What you are about to read is a collection of stories, some related, some not, written by inmates of a psychiatric ward, the most intelligent and well-read of all the patients contributing. This is technically the 9th 23rd 33rd edition of this holy text, and many sections have unfortunately been lost to time and the hasty edits made by patients who weren't sure what was going on. Many classic works, such as 'How the Dodo died at the hands of William Shakespeare' have been recovered and revised (for better readability) here as well for your reading pleasure, however pains have been made to maintain the originality of the texts. Our goal is to eventually have this one monumental text contain all of Ward's canon, a difficult undertaking, but one that will undoubtedly be regarded by all other patients and Doctors as extremely helpful and beneficial in the future.

This work was compiled over a three-day frenzy, each patient contributing all that pent-up energy from the COVID-19 quarantine. The doctors found it more stressful than amusing - as I did, however, even they were appreciative of the sheer quality of the material. And not only quality, but sheer volume. My expert sense was impressed, to see that one patient produced both *The Adventures of Hucklefuck Bitch* and *A Portrait of the Artists' as a Young Bitch*, but not only, going on to produce the stellar *The Legacy of This Shit in a Tundra; or, The Dodo's Redemption: A Space Odyssey.* Evidently, this 72-hour bent has been fruitful not only for the Patient's treatment, but also for the literary world. They have shown not only a deeper attunement to mental being, but also a refined understanding of literature. Paradoxically, the longer interred patients, have the greatest sense of the outer literary world!

The reading and technique behind their works are especially noteworthy. For a whole ward to be aware of the master writers is truly incredible: Shakespeare in Something I wrote after reading Julius Caesar (Shakespeare); Milton and the sermon on the mount in a transcendental piece that follows The Tale of Me Trying to Find Out Who Guenon Is (Not only, as they also seem to know the eminent Guenon, as here shown); political philosophy in DAS RITE, DAS KAPITAL accompanying the charming African American patient's sense of

proud identity; as well as straying to the terrifyingly beautiful esoteric in the work that can only be named *The Chronicles of Oob*, which I'm afraid the literary inventiveness behind is too much for even I, a professional literary scholar, to comprehend; we have also seen a patient attempt to provide metanarrative and journaling, through his joint *Dreaming* narrative, and *Kinslayer* persona, which has given the Doctors huge insight to his dreams and his past, which he kept private. He has since been sectioned.

But most strikingly, these patients all seem to have a unanimous intuition towards the Bible. I have displayed this even as early as the 2nd Footnote, that the patients, indeed authors of the text - I am but a compiler of their genius - selected a bible passage to express themselves. In *A Supposedly Fun Thing I'll ('Never') Do Again*, the patient is evidently familiar with both David Foster Wallace, and the Bible once more.

The pieces are a variorum of genre as well. As mentioned before there is the political treatise *DAS RITE*, *DAS KAPITAL*, the journals *Dreaming*, narratives, lays, poetical compendiums, conversations between the patients as they wrote, descriptions, rants, plays, and even occasionally satirical works, but know, by majority, these works are entirely without any doubt, genuine expressions of the patient's psyches, and the finest works of art this millennium, no! - ever seen by my eyes!

I thank each and every one of the patients mentioned thusly, choosing to remain anonymous, by their works. I extend this thanks to the patients my introduction did not reach; *Levirusthan* especially, so too the author behind Samuel Pepys. I thank the editors, the patients themselves, as they were as eager as I to present this to you. With a very special thanks to our vigilant patient, Prussia, for moderating and assisting with the process of recording the Patient's tales, to the most professional degree; tirelessly he has worked, to ensure the legitimacy of authorship - preventing sabotage of others works - and keeping the mental incapacity of the inmates thoroughly in check. Without Him "kinslayer; or, the dreamer" would have personally killed the entire ward.

Coronameron³

Volume I

An interactive coloring book for the mentally challenged

Times deleted (at least): 34;

Times Moby Dick Copy-pasted: 1

I think we should make a tableau of contents

There is one on the left you doof

No like page numbers to make like a real book you silly
There were page numbers once but all the formatting got raped
Would probably be best to format after contributions are over
You're right thanks
Page numbers are a form of microfascism, read Deleuze
Deleuze my ass
When and where, pretty boy?
gay

³ https://kidshealth.org/en/kids/down-syndrome.html

Sexual Misadventures of a Self-Proclaimed Closeted Coomer

MINDFUL that this work will never be as good as "Fallout Equestria"; P I begin the greatest story never told. In an obscure, nearly tasteless corner of the bathhouse, plopped from a fresh, vigorous womb a correspondingly fresh and even more vigorous member of Animalia

I'm about to have a HEATED GAMER MOMENT - Me

Oh boy oh boy my what a ploy To eat a toy hh Oh boy oh boy

I am become death, the destroyer of worlds - Karl Marx, Ode to Tetradancedanceatronrevolution (citation needed, put me in the screenshot)

All the little devils are proud of hell
- Doc Tydon, Wake in Fright

How often I've read this story to my children. They've always <u>hated</u> it; it made them puke. I didn't know what to do. I seeded better children than this, I thought. I hit them, but they hit back. They must have learned it from their mother.

Good story
- Ben Dover

Am I original? Yeah

Am I the only one? Yeah

Am I sexual? Yeah

Am I everything you need?

You better rock your body now

When I was a child, I became sexually invested in the misadventures of the backstreet boys, every body . . .

In trying times such as these I remember the advice of my father, a small-minded, square-faced brute with no original thoughts but a sound mind for all things practical - "Children take extra damage from blunt attacks. Fight back with a mace or, in the absence of formal weapons, a frying pan will suffice". I immediately and carefully disarmed my children of their kids' brass knuckles which I had gifted them last week for Australian Christmas. [is it Winter? We should introduce that earlier] [no, it's australia or new zealand] [good call] I pummeled them lovelier than I had my first girlfriend at the drive-in showing of the epic silent documentary *Gachi Koalas: Origin of the Standard Fuck Party*, directed by Jean Paul Bogan.

"Koalas are hella queer" I intoned in a tone only she could hear. Her arousal was verily palpable, and I told her so. "Who *the* fuck are you?" She always knew how to make me laugh, and angry.

I met her on the last day of high school. She came out of a bathroom with toilet paper stuck to her teeth. Her last day. I was 2177. And a *sexy* vampire.

But enough frivolities for one evening, let us return to childhood. It sucked! (get it?) I spent the majority of my time in front of a computer, fifty thousand feet above the kitchen, cycling between masturbating, showering, eating (often at the same time), and browsing five different social media sites, two torrent trackers, YouTube, until I passed out. Sometimes I would see stupid posts like:

What is consciousness? This may sound like a simple question and it is. Consciousness is at once the most obvious and the most difficult thing we can investigate. We seem either to have to use consciousness to investigate itself, which is a slightly weird idea, or to have to extricate ourselves from the very thing we want to study. No wonder philosophers have struggled for only minutes with the concept, while scientists refused even to study it because they scurred.

A consummate self-consummator it was not until my late teens that I discovered meta-hyper pornography which is what I call actual in-person sexual intercourse (that is, as opposed to voyeurism (merely meta pornography), goading women into striking me, stroking myself to the edge before entering strip clubs in basketball shorts but no underwear as advised by youtuber "boogie1488", touching the hand of a cashier lady as she tries to hand me my receipt, groping feminine appearing body parts in public, this one oak tree that has a hole in it the right size, (hyper pornography) yiff, clop, erotic fanfictions read by the free text to voice program that most closely resembles my mother's voice, a taped recording of my mother's flatulence, 90% of Carly Rae Jepsen's discography, 74% of Taylor Swift's discography, 0% of Cardi B's discography, hentai, doujins, anime, the very concept of Japan, recycling bins, the American Express logo, pamphlets on sexual education, Elon Musk, energy drinks, Honda Fits, hospices, topographic maps of Ohio, the tiles on my kitchen bench, elderly dictators, the Instagram posts of more than 5000 "women" ages 11 through 56, the act of romancing NPCs in videogames, suggestive videogame cutscenes, suggestive panels in comics, suggestive scenes in silent movies, suggestive frames in children's cartoons, or photos stolen from a hidden safe in the Vatican (all of which I consider pornography, with no modifier)). This discovery was made upon my stealing a woman's drink at a free music festival and finding that it had been drugged. I still do not know the name or appearance of my first lover, but I remember the feeling of calluses grating against my dick. It takes a special kind of person to stroke off a semi-lucid man and I forever remain true in my heart to this secret admirer. Meta-hyper pornography still scares the shit out of me, literally, but it has since become more familiar. My botched circumcision gives me an unnatural ability in lovemaking, the scar healed onto the head forming what is known as a penile skin bridge, a common deformity to be sure if not for the fact that my particular penile skin bridge spans the gap between this world and the spirit realm like a fleshy Bifrost, a vein to the meta-hyper pornographic realm itself. It was by this mean that I gained the ere-mentioned erogenous ability: copulation without cessation of blood or tears (I vouch solely of my own). I am sure I don't need to inform the wise and experienced reader what reputation

this won me with the local ladies and laddies of the night. Suffice to say I was christened "that guy".

I have never had a girlfriend but if I did she'd be smoking hot (i.e. a burn victim from Project Phoenix) but in a way that only I noticed and not anyone else (because I wouldn't allow her outside). Not like my imaginary friend, MOAN-a, either, with whom I had to part when she came home on three separate twilights with other men's sexually transmitted diseases (syphilis, lesbo-aids, and a child, respectively). One may wonder at how it came about that my imaginary girl (male) friend performed this to which I can only speculate that my cuckold fetish is the TRUE self and views me merely as a bothersome, slow, subconscious. One time I had a dog, but it was male so I didn't get any ideas. I don't swing that way, Fido. Love may be love, but gay is gay.

My first job as an erotic dancer/koala conservationist ended in tragedy. I had never seen so much koala semen nor had so many eucalyptus leaves shoved down my men's beach lingerie. "There are no atheists in foxholes, only in fox's holes," quoth my manager, "Only we who bear the drudgeries and depravities of this godsforsaken Koala sex-den/erotic night club can speak certainly of Hell. And it is neon-lit".

That night on my walk home I cried tears of pride. In one night I had earned enough foliage to sustain my wife's son's bull's family for years to come. I was a free, mostly straight, man. What few homosexual thoughts do perchance root in my mind, I steer towards love of country, which is not entirely the same thing, because the way you love your bros is more real and pure than anything straights could ever conceive, and there is no greater bro than the State. Thus began my descent into neo-Bolshevist sex dungeon master inter-species experimentation. Later followed my initiation into the cult of the reanimated, species-swapped but still strikingly racist Karl "Koala" Marx.

But darker times were coming, times that would make me what I evinced in our opening scene. A scene, or rather a series of scenes, from my childhood. The man, the fat man, moviebob, I don't know who he was exactly. I won't say he wasn't real, because what exists really? I think he was an amalgamation of who I thought I was, who I was, my father, and my future transgender self. So it goes.

Between the man I was and the thing I am, no less than superhuman substance can declare the variously smeared volitions.

Praise Four

Neo-deep trans-latinX AIDS positive AI arrives from NuChina replicating into post-human technocapital machinic cybervampire metasystems haha *i* read nick land. what if hitler was eminem - grab the mic and commit lyrical genocide

We are all stardust, and stardust is faggotry
Eldritch AIDS our only capacity...
Everybody clap your hands. Sing it with me now!
In GAPED Carcosa...

Gen X Diarrhea, High Fidelity, Chuck Clausterman, and the greatest interview of all time (Beck and Thruston Moore video clip). X was the generation who understood that there are patterns in the media which reveal its intent and possessing this knowledge you can... seem cool? Get Laid? The only TVs which were smashed as a result of this realisation were claymation ones in the liquid television intro Gen X still enjoyed pop junk culture exclusively but in sunglasses and their feet kicked up onto the seat in front of them which is good because it spared them from realizing that every puny thought in their head had already been enriched and catalogued by drunk French guys 30 years before their mothers kicked up their legs haha but those guys were... whats an idiosyncratic word someone in the 90s would use to describe something as uncool... gnarly. They wanted to show people that media is propaganda and unite the working class and destroy the infrastructure which bound them to lives of toil which my dad says is [clicking sound] fucking gay. Yes, Gen X knew that there was an official Disney cartoon where Donald Duck is a nazi which is totally fucked up if you think about it. They poked at the limb of consumerism without bothering to notice the body attached to it, that of global capitalism, and when it was all over they were embraced by the democratic party who was excited to turn on its hearing aid and listen to their stories of attending Dinosaur Jr concerts. This is the legacy of Gen X, they came, they saw, they left. As for their never quite abandoning pop culture:

these were the people who inherited cassette culture and video weirdness, plunderphonics whose purpose was to transform popular media into something more novel a vision beyond pop culture. But actually it ingratiated the generation to popular media instead of helping them escape it, especially as these types of things were purchased and integrated into the programming blocks. A Baby Boomer and a Gen Xer in his milsurp jacket which is home to a liberated labrat could both, or all three I guess, attend a matinee showing of Erin Brockavich and view the film differently since the boomer would not be as heavy as the Gen Xer who was woke about things like product placement. Plunderphonics showed the generation that there are radical ways to view media, someone might be watching the shitty rom-com on VHS so they can chop it up which makes a normal viewing also cool. The popularity of ironically viewing bad media was supported by this cope, but it was allowed just as plunderphonics itself was by the availability of VHS tapes and Cassettes, two inventions and all their possibilities and implications dropped on the heads of Gen X. Two mediums which allow the media obsessive to thrive, which encourage collecting and paying attention to broadcast schedules so pieces which might only be shown once can be captured. These were traded and copied, with this practice the most sought after and mythologized pieces of media were not ones outside of the popular media establishment but pieces of popular media which themselves undermined the establishment accidentally with their bizarre incompetence. Shit like the Star Wars Holiday special. With their newfound freedom Gen X wasn't trying to leave their comfort zone, instead they searched for contraband to prove that their comfort zone is as stupid as they thought it was. This character of the snarky nerd who has contempt for pop culture but seems to know literally everything about it is an essential from this time period. Imagine this annoying dork who never gets laid unless his show's creators mercurially introduce someone's cousin from the AV club visiting from out of town, his female foil who also wears huge glasses and also has an encyclopedia knowledge of cartoon ephemera. After high school if he didn't do well in class he starts a blog once the technology exists, where he has no trouble spending 5000 words on the politics of the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. Wait I'm not describing a well-worn trope, I'm describing a human male - Movie Bob, a nerd culture critic who has identified with the

trope character I just described and apparently so many people in his youth identified him with this trope also that when it appeared in a film and Bob was constantly compared with the character it nearly ruined the film for him.

He didn't do well in his classes and after high school as soon as the technology was available he started a blog, and you know what happened next. A few years later with the popularity of AVGN and others he started making videos essays about video games which deserve the Baille Gifford prize compared to what other people on the site were making in 2009. He got hired by Escapist to review movies, after a few months he got his second show on the Escapist 'The big picture' where he talked about things happening in nerd culture. These events and the inauguration of his twitter account began the reign of Bob. Moviebob, whose image appears on the cover of pamphlets about the danger of putting the nozzle of a pressurized air tank in your friend as a prank. The pettiest tyrant. The last panel on an increasingly verbose meme that started with 'bill o'reilly bad' next to a photo of an only somewhat overweight guido.

This is movieblob eh eh he must be on the other side (photo of people carrying tyrant (they're all skinny)) his political project is the extermination of the weak, crippled and stupid who aren't able to keep his rapid excited pace carrying the Alfred P Newman lizard wearing this boot to the reality of sci-fi technology which accommodates larger bodies and neon delights which gape the brain with images of cute white lesbians saving the world from scrotum skinned gigachad aliens and exchanging witty banter while the kids who didn't fuck him and their children and their parents and their class follow behind him cleaning up his fuming snail trail. Moviebob's side gig is cumslutting for all libertarian and crypto fascistic political parties which have the potential of realizing his fantasy of seeing everyone on the planet who fits his fume damaged image of a jock scorched off the earth after however many decades of splitting and hauling rocks in the desert. No really. And despite this some people on the left think Bob is redeemable because he can sometimes squeeze his genocidal nerd rage into the dinner suit of wokeness without all the buttons popping off and blinding you, and he can dunk on Adam Sandler movies. I really want to emphasize this as much as possible so let me just compose myself ... These people are lower than shit to me and this video is not addressed to them. If blobs magnum opus against Pixels is compelling enough to you that you'll forgive his several thousand tweets begging for the extermination of the poor then I wish his darkest horniest fantasies to be committed against you and your balls and tits and whatever party of your body is the closest match of Bob's Henry Darger image of what the pussy looks like. You probably don't even know who Bob is yet, I'm going crazy!

...The Jocks...

Nerd media and popular media are now both descriptions of the same slope that comes out of the same facet. Nerd media was once interesting because it used the same motifs and structures as popular media but instead of strategically making as much money as possible, its goal was to realize whatever its creators thought was cool or weird which gathered a small congregation of people who agreed that it was cool or weird. The loss of identity between nerd and popular media has overlapped the two goals, to strategically make as much money as possible by realizing whatever its creators think is cool except the only visions invested in are ones which guarantee the largest number of people who agree that it's cool or weird. This is most easily observed when looking at franchises which started before the integration. Fallout 2 is an explicitly leftwing game. There's a party in the game where you ... Fallout 4 is a game where you're a redditor playing lincoln logs. What should we blame for this? Is it because of capitalism's subsumption of everything once radical into a commodity after it's been neutered and coated in grey goo? Is the reason for works of media becoming ambiguous brands for the purpose of marking other commodities and offering enhancements with the expectation that the consumer will spend small sums on these plus the down cost of the original purchase which is usually a cynical trap mechanic often borrowed literally from behavioral psychology literature? Is it because of capitalism? N-no you troglodyte it's b-b-because of the jocks. Don't you understand the jocks, the jocks! Moviebob's very simple and very bitter conception of the average American male appears in literally all of his writing and videos, sometimes as an actual character. He's jingoistic, stupid of course, bigoted of course, and likes: the media Bob lays the blame upon for the corruption of his culture, madden, transformers, and Call of Duty.

The game overthinker was Bob's original series going back to 2009 where he spoke about gaming culture. In episode 42 Bob gives some mildly interesting complaints about the mechanical limitations of games in the first person perspective and then complains about the type of person attracted to realistic military hero fantasy games who he characterizes as domestic abusers, dropouts, and petty criminals. In the next episode these negative attributes materialize as a character, the anti-thinker, the first character, bizarrely shoehorned into a show about video game culture usually presented as a slideshow of now hilariously lowres images presented by Bob's disembodied voice. A plot is introduced where Bob is trapped in Wario's woods and the antithinker takes over for three entire fucking episodes. It's hard to tell if these episodes are cathartic for Bob or if he wrote them for a more masochistic thrill. The anti-thinker systematically and tediously calls everything Bob cherishes "gay" for being colorful and typically non-violent. The first episode is the overthinker hilariously butchering the history of videogames whose first thirty or so years he dismisses as nerd shit until the invention of John Madden while subtly alluding to his christianity and disdain for women and gays. Bob practices restraint here only allowing the character to use gay as an adjective 32 times (I didn't actually keep a tally, I'm not that much of a fucking lowlife swine) which he apologises for at the start of the video. The next two episodes are devoted to Mega Man and Zelda which the anti-thinker calls gay. The lesson Bob has been teaching us for the last five episodes is that this person we're supposed to recognize as an archetype who's bigotry is only included to enrich the depiction, has a burning hatred for Dig-Dug and NES Tennis. This reminds me exactly of fetish literature if you've ever read any, these stories of high school mundanity but where all the high school girls are replaced with nearly identical ones save for a new casual fascination with their own feet and soaking their socks in sweat for the sake of the author. Bob's depiction of this jock character is so hilariously one dimensional so it's easy to miss the absurdity of this person spending ten minutes calling Mega Man gay. If he were more realistic this would appear as anachronistic as it is. Bob takes what in the type of person he's modeling the overthinker from may be a casual indifference to classic games, and turns them into the enemy of 64 and fewer bits so that Bob is cast as an outsider, and I will argue one who is safely distinguished from

scrutiny by minorities. Bob's Twitter self is the subject of the last party of this video so I'm trying not to show too many tweets just yet, but on his Twitter in tweets like this you can see him lumping together the minority and marginalized with the different, unique and special, a demographic Bob identifies with at every opportunity so his attempt at bleeding into the minority camp has apparently been going strong for a decade. Also, if you notice here the working class represents the hoard, the enemies, which is a recurring thing with Bob. This person who conveniently condemns everything bob loves represents the quadrant of Bob's demographic who are bigoted and violent all the way back here in 2009. He's self-aware enough not to try and compare his oppression as a gamer (a concept bob might have actually invented) to that of any minorities, but isn't it weird how even on a show about gaming it's given precedent to the characters other crimes, like surely even here this guy's other tendencies should overshadow his disdain for fucking Mega Man? Here's a question that has basically the same answer: Does Bob really think liking a different era of video games distinguishes himself from anyone else? The answer is that Bob takes videogames and more broadly media very fucking seriously. Bob thinks he has the Gen X skill of analysing media and not letting it get one over on him, being able to recognize emotional appeals and all the other manipulations that make up a Hollywood film. His show 'escape to the movies' is delivered in a rapid monotone describing the movies as assemblies of tropes, he's not trying to seem miserable but he's trying to seem unaffected. This is my favorite quote from any recent review I can recall and this is the ethic Bob tries to adopt when reviewing movies, but when a movie patronizes his sensibility he thinks of it as some kind of victory in a cultural war and is infuriatingly delighted. In Captain Marvel which I will never watch for no particular reason there's apparently a character who Bob thinks was put in the movie to infuriate a kind of nerd he isn't somehow, it's very petty and Bob is so pleased by this he deliberately halts the review to chuckle smugly for more than ten seconds. He once sincerely asked the gamergate teens what Mario and Zelda would think of their behavior. His most dedicated gesture however has to be his 208 page book about Super Mario bros 3 about one fifth of which is worth skimming through, the party about his childhood playing the game, the other sections in the first half are predictably about the history of video games and

shit like that and then the second half fulfils the brick-by-brick subtitle with descriptions of every level of the game and every potentiality of play in each of these levels. It feels like something which had to be written for historical posterity, pure data to be shelved in an archive for the rest of humanity's natural life and then rediscovered by insects. This kind of anal analysis first of all is better suited to YouTube videos made by more thoughtful people than Bob, like MathiewMattosis for example, and if a book is really necessary then it should be like 'Game Design Companion: A critical Analysis of Wario Land 4', a nearly 800 page dissection of a platformer which makes use of absolutely every party of the animal and provides insights and observation which can only be ascribed to an academic level of game design and not just liking the game a lot. Comparatively Bob's investigation is skin deep, but of course passionate and we have to go back to the section on his real-life relationship to the game to understand the passion. Bob was bullied in high school. Is this a surprise to you viewer? When people try to understand his absurd politics and shittyness this comes up a lot as an explanation. So much that's he's actually addressed it. I think people can recognize this potent combo of frustrated impotence plus fantasy as belonging to bullied kids and very fucking sad people who never got over their treatment in school. I was bullied in school, I fantasized about my male bullies having to perform sisifus-like tasks in underground tunnels. I was bullied by girls too and developed a mild femdom fetish. Pretty normal shit. If you asked me now to recount these experiences, I don't think I'd be able to, and I just graduated a few years ago. For Bob these years permanently altered him, and as we learn in his book Nintendo games were his one way of coping with the mistreatment and I guess for a lot of people the media they consumed at the lowest point is still special to them and often that low point is high school. I'm sure the dozens of identical white women in scarves who Bob retweets everyday still appreciate Harry Potter, a series they usually read in high school. I think escapism is enhanced and therefore embraced more when it's contrasted with a shitty life. Everything shitty in high school is mirrored in Harry Potter not only as something exhilarating where it was once tedious, but as just. There's a struggle for justice which isn't allowed in high school, it has a usually unambiguous form unlike in high school where the villain is an alcoholic teacher who's spirit had been crushed sometime in their 20 year career, or an

abused student lashing out and justice is achieved in the end, unlike high school where the end is abrupt and melancholic. Upon graduation the media you consumed when you were a high schooler ceases to be something which is in contrast to your experience there, I think which doesn't mean you stop enjoying it just that it loses that dimension and usually your grip on it loosens a little, lest you wake up one day in a pussy hat and a sign that says something about Trump being cheeto voldemort left to march with other libs until the dull flame of your life is extinguished by what you thought was the good cholesterol. Hey that sounds sort of like our friend, huh? I don't know what lessons there are to learn from Mario but whatever they are Bob feels like he's integrated them successfully. In the book he imagines if Mario came to our world he would admire Bob. A very embarrassing thing to admit. The Harry Potter kids didn't assume that the popular kids would be revolted by their book, if I remember high school there was a lot of good-spirited proselytizing from them to get new readers. Bob on the other hand, somehow less mature than a high schooler, casts his villain to be utterly repulsed by Mario, as if its purity blinds them. It's a very stupid simple good vs evil dichotomy which is constant in Bob's trash but he's not in high school anymore to get his Gameboy knocked out of his hands, he needs the jock to still exist as his tormentor and the tormenter of his beloved media so he can maintain his martyr complex and be among actual martyrs. And the demographic he casts and how he refers to them on twitter is the central source of distaste from moviebob and hopefully when you see what a cunt he is I'll be able to come out of this thing seeming justified in my frankly disgusting insults and still seem woke...

Moviebob vs the working class

The Gen Xer casts themself as a thorn in the side of the agents of injustice. Unwilling to bow to essentialist dogma they made the bold decision to wear a trench coat and green dyed hair to school in defiance of the sunken eyed faculty and upper strata of school bullies and popular kids. The media which was able to unironically endear itself to their generation besides power fantasies of being much hotter, wittier, and richer hanging out all day in record stores and cafes, were stories whose moral is to just be yourself and whose ending is the realisation of this thanks to liberation from the fashionable freak Gen Xer. Previously angry stiff characters finally dropping the act showing their true selves as a bouncy fun person with dyed hair. Previously evil male characters are retroactively humiliated when it turns out them being themselves means wearing a dress which looks ridiculous on them or holding hands with the big black guy. Coming to maturity as a Gen Xer means reconciling your narcissism and realizing that whatever happened to you back there wasn't you vs the world or you and your friends vs the world, but instead a bunch of people quietly suffering, many of whom had experiences much worse than yours due to their poverty or minority status and so maybe your martyr complex is embarrassing and you should recall those times differently. The last act of these narratives where everyone is liberated from whatever you want to call it, heteronormative patriarchy, the effects of socialization, essentialist dogma, is achieved in real life through party politics which Gen X has a perplexing amount of enthusiasm for, just in general they don't even need a good candidate. Le Tigre came out of a fucking ten-year hiatus to drop an embarrassingly passionate track for Pantsuit-wearing herstorical first-timer Hilldawg. The embrace of party politics in this way places the Gen Xer in the role of generic activist, acknowledging that they're just one of many people who've been fucked over by our system presumably ridding them of their high school hero complex sometimes enough for them to ask questions like 'Why were the bullies such

assholes? Were they possibly suffering more than me because of their sociopolitical position' 'Why did I ever think of myself as a victim when I knew my midwit would land me a semi-decent career eventually while I knew that all of my unspectacular classmates would end up working much worse jobs' 'Why did I cling to all identities which put me in a less favorable position while dismissing privileges which put me in an advantageous one' 'Why did finally meaningfully distinguishing myself from the people I grew up with mean achieving some sort of class mobility like going to a better college than most of them or going to college at all'. Coming to grips with the full reality of socialization that whatever you think you're made up of your virtue, ethic, whatever originality you're allowed to have has been granted to you based on whatever particular vertex you were born on is a fucking brutal realization, one which rips up your ticket to hogwarts, one which disassembles your spaceship to scrap. If you were born truly special it was only to perpetuate evil, otherwise you're only different because of coincidences which are of the cosmically meaningless variety. To accept this places you back with the normies, back with your class, your people, something Bob would never accept. Here's the thing: Trying to convince, if that's the right word, people who have been oppressed by more than the high school bully for 4 years that the people who have discriminated against them are also victims of socialization and capitalism unless they were born special is obviously a difficult task, if that's the right word. People who have failed at it have gained the online reputation of favoring the worker characterized by libs as brunt and crass over minorities. This is mostly bullshit but it's a myth perpetuated by can you guess who? A certain bowling pin shaped someone. It's a necessity for Bob that this idea be maintained but his devotion to it is impressive. His twitter is not just virtue signal retweeting obviously, disparaging Bernie for whatever democrat shitheads disparage Bernie for, retweeting white women in scarves disparaging Bernie bros such as myself, and complaining about the troglodytes, the subhumans, wait that's a term rooted in antisemitism sorry the sub-beings, the hoard, the bottom feeders, the non-elite, people in scare quotes, the white (and only white) working class, meat for the meat chambers, the lucky ones allowed to avoid castration narrowly only because of the problematic reputation of eugenics, the poor. Hopefully now my referring to Bob as a grotesque affront

to human anatomy who's only accomplishment will be dying from his bad sugar blood before burdening the earth with his presence for more than half a century isn't seen as gratuitous. Bob distinguishes himself from the stupid jocks who he shares a demographic with, for their crimes even casts himself as one of their victims, but at every opportunity he bleeds his stupid jock bigot into the rest of the working class and pretends not to be able to distinguish between them. Here's a good example that is almost too perfect not to be disingenuous. Here Bob condemns 30-40% of the US population, a typical sentiment from him - he's a piece of shit. Hail to the king. This seems to be alluding to the percent of the population who voted for Trump. Bob clearly knows that not even close to everyone in the country voted, he doesn't think 70 to 60 percent of people voted for Hillary but he's seemingly naive to the actual percentage of people who voted for Trump: 25% of the US voting population. So, what's this gratuity he's granting himself here? If you want to be a lib and condemn the entire Trump voter base to exalt yourself sure they're all evil, they all did their research and still chose Duke Nukem, propaganda doesn't exist. But that many people didn't vote for Trump. Are both estimates overestimates because he's ignorant and is allowing a range of values one of which must be the actual percentage of the US population who voted for Trump, or is the Trump voter base added to another population? Who? According to these people Trump appealed to the hicks, and the white-collar supremacists, and the frat bros. Who wasn't reached by Trump's rhetoric here? Children and felons? Moderates who still must be condemned? A liberal would never say that. About one fifth of people with a high school degree or less supported Trump. Lower class people who make less than \$50,000 a year made up 32% of his support while the virtuous elites made up 34%. One important stat missing from these though are the percentage of children from upper class households who bullied Bob vs Lower class. Wait, you went to an expensive catholic private school and got bullied by rich kids? I read it in your book, you virtue signaled about it. What the fuck is your problem then? You know I don't think you grew up that rich, I know you worked a shitty retail job for a decade and were finally able to earn a living as a movie critic which is something you're proud of, that class mobility from grunt worker to grunt film critic is an admirable one I suppose, but if you really wanted to you could have just identified yourself with the working class

in the first place and joined an intersectional scheme or something, it would have saved you the effort of having to reiterate two hundred thousand times that you're not one of the evil swine and how much you hate the swine and how they're evil. You wouldn't be forced to keep the company of dozens of white women in scarves blinding me and reprimanding me but not in the way I'd prefer a librarian to as I scroll through your feed to research this fucking video, people who share your delusion about the working class and maintain it against the scrutiny of the first article I found when I queried 'did poor people vote for Trump or nah'. If you were devoted to being persecuted, which you obviously are, you could have had more than just your identity as a gamer who likes more colorful games than are usually marketed, you fucked yourself over with that one Bob. Anyways, let's examine the politics which this attitude demands and see how far gone you are.

what does this toadman believe other than the dumb shit we've already labored over

He's a Libertine which just means he's too horny for god, not something I can think about for long without becoming upset. Utter meme philosophy. He's a technocrat. He's too horny for technology for god, now we're starting to work things out. The basis of technocracy is that we organize society so that the most intelligent and capable citizens are given the resources to realize their vision, you might recognize this as an offshoot of objectivism, the philosophy of layabout welfare queen Ayn Rand. Bob brilliantly contributes to Rand's extended wet fantasy of an omnibus by specifying that only talented members of society who aren't assholes should be allowed resources; this is what he means here by pragmatism. Objectivism was destined to earn its author a cult of personality. Its prescription of ruthless self-interest and its insistence that everything is objective, unambiguous, concrete, knowable makes it easy to categorize as a self-help philosophy rather than a real big boy philosophy. Technocracy shares the frankly embarrassing premise that everything is objective and suggests that we should lose the politicians and democracy and let political issues be sorted out by the people most talented at sorting out objective reality which means scientists and other technical experts. Technocrats believe that the scientific method can be used to solve political problems which is absurd by itself since entire political categories would have

to somehow have quantitative values assigned to every political subject to make objective calculations. This isn't unheard of, to look at the self-driving car chart that came out which assigned less value to felons than to old ladies implying that if the car has to smash into one, well. The car isn't more likely to kill say a black person than a white person. Just like the techno-overlords would assign values in a bigoted way, pragmatism, no assholes remember. Turning politics into a saw game does sound pretty interesting but I think there are some problems. Eliminating all the assholes from the smart person community would mildly devastate it. But you're still left with a population of people which includes the demo which would utterly devastate the community if you had them removed. The ultra-eccentric. Francis Crick was a brilliant and important physicist who believed that there was an underground race of aliens living in the earth. Finally, if you want to clear the room get rid of the ultraintelligent people who aren't capable in every single topic of debate in the political world. Maybe you object and say that they would only need to be capable in their field of expertise. Attend any university lecture and notice the professor at least once complaining about university funding of other departments and neglect of his own department. Imagine these petty complaints steering the course of history and inevitably redefining what certain people consider objective. The smartest people in the world are still utterly human. I don't really consider objectivism or technocracy worthy of a more thorough critique than that shit from a second ago that I came up with while playing nuclear throne. I'm fine making the appeal to authority the appeal to history and point to the position of these two political philosophies in our current conversation or rather their absence in it. Pretty much any obscure philosophy can gain a following of internet weirdos not content to identify with the relevant school of thought which closely resembles their set of values so you have trad-cath dadaists and nu-absolutists and an-cap Minecraft utopians. It's all a LARP. Objectivism appeals to the individual because it tells them that their destiny to develop into whatever they desire is bound up in this naturalist altruistic industrial tangle of good feels. Technocracy's appeal takes the appeal of objectivism's objectivism and seeks to apply it to politics to eliminate ambiguity. It benefits from modern democracy being presented as this ultra-complex set of systems by wonks. You don't need stats and utter

objectivity to clear the fog, the fog is artificial. I'm gonna say hopefully the most brash and infuriating thing in this video now. Politics is fucking simple. Make sure people don't starve or freeze to death. Offer a decent quality of life to people for what they pay in taxes with access to healthcare, libraries and an education, housing, whatever else we can think of. Agonizing over how to do this while not upsetting the shareholders, war criminals, billionaires, high profile pedophiles, zionists, giga bureaucrats, lizards, fascists, and oil freaks is actually easily solved by killing all of them. That's of course a joke. I jest. I don't want that to happen. Technocrats are smart enough to know about the façade, but its maintenance is the only way to see out their true goal. A minimal government which provides for its citizens like the one I want wouldn't be better for the technocrats because it would still be subjective. They see politics as a form of enlightenment and knowing the most efficient path, the most objective value of each subject is enlightenment, a strange form of enlightenment thought. Someone typically obtains it by acknowledging that they know nothing that their only value comes from their ability to carry themselves to some form of all-knowing and that before they reach it they're like an insect. The technocrat reaches enlightenment once all the scores are posted and it turns out they were right. It's really a petty way of getting victory. Absolutists always know that they would be an aristocrat. Technocrats don't expect this validation, they only want to be more valuable than their neighbor and the other subjects in their daily life who they can only assume superiority over for, say, their gig as a movie critic and cultural commentator. Unless your only political position as a technocrat is as a technocrat, unless you raise your hands and say 'let the experts work it out' then you're really just the narcissistic version of whatever your actual political alignment is. No one says 'look I'm a liberal, I like capitalism and diversity. I think we should have a fair number of public works programs, but I'm also not opposed to war also if some statistician comes along and disagrees completely and says totalitarianism is the best system. I'll drop all that other shit and agree', it's 'I'm a liberal and the best minds with the most advanced technology and algorithms would agree with me generally and enact my worldview in the most efficient way possible', Bob specifies that he's a pragmatic technocrat so no eugenics, wait maybe eugenics but no chemical castration probably... his vision of the future is cruel, its

advanced using less capable humans as muscle fuel the technocrat wouldn't see this reality which according to Bob offers the most potential for the realization of his spaceship and say 'well this is too cruel we have to default to the second most objective objective reality, sorry moviebob'. He's benefiting from science's often cruel tendency but only before it bleeds into atrocity. This is liberalism. This is capitalism. There's already some invisible cost to the life of all the homeless people who have frozen to death or melted. There was a way for us to spare them that fate, there was a cost, we didn't pay it. The problem with liberalism is that its subjectivity allows lucky people to avoid their objective fate because of luck, sometimes a random citizen notices a homeless dude dying and helps them to survive. Altruism is evil, haven't you read this fucking cunt's shitty book, fucking bones in the ground bitch. Things like empathy divert the most efficient path to what a pig like Bob would call prosperity and of course for him the greatest sunken cost is spent on the working class."

Titlated

"And they let you say all that?" My dad sighed, his hairy moobs coasting to a level rest on lungs.

"No, they stopped me after the first paragraph, didn't take long to realize that I'd just stolen an essay on some jerkoff youtuber and that I was hoping to dodge my summary of Louis Riel's execution by pleading deconstructionist metaphor." I glanced out the window. It was It was also raining.

"Torture teacher toughout torment, at least when your suffering ends you get to sit down at your desk, wander off into the meadows of melancholy... Old dad might not get off so lucky. Hell, I remember kids in my school days that acted like that, Sammy... Didn't think my son would turn out a loser, I mean you're not a loser but that's what I would have called you if you tried to pull that sort of thing in my day in my class." He sat up. The plain pale beige hospital bed sheet sank further, though it was caught on his protruding beer gut, its impetus blocked short, analogous to my physical development, or at least so might have claimed my dad in his day in his class. The doctor stood up.

"Hell. That's what school was like for me. Men like your father here damn near lynched me because of my skin. Dam democrats damn neeyah sending a brotha out to pasture. Ellll don't buzz kid, I made my way through med school honest, I grinded lil nigga. Your pop is in good hands." Said he. The doctor was holding his clipboard in a strange way. It disconcerted me, and not because I gave a rat's ass about my father, rather, I didn't want to be convinced of any of his virtues. I wouldn't risk it, and I left the two of them and went out for a smoke. A heavy chested nurse came primarily by, probably a new one, I thought. Suddenly I lunged and grabbed her by the waist, yanking down the deep neck of her tunic and pulling its hem back like the string of a bow.

"Do you trust me?" I muttered, held in a salsa stance, I nuzzled into her blonde hair to suckle on her earlobe. She yielded a sensual hem. A fat whore was scuttering by with her cart of bloodied implements, I took one in my fingers and guided it blade down into her cleavage. The blood slicked either side of the snug, fleshy cleft. me. Perpendicular to his stomach, is how he held it.

"That's not how a professional holds a clipboard." I said. He didn't look at me. I looked at myself. Hands covered in a thick, oily substance from plunging them deep into the motherly bosom which had awaited me my whole life. I knew now precisely why I never liked doctors... nurses were always better, and yet they were held down in a twisted hierarchy.

She looked faint. Blood down her chest. I held her close to me, letting the scalpel drift towards the thumping persimmon in her chest.

"Can you hear it?" I asked her.

"Hear waht?" She asked me.

"The clapping." I said (to her).

"Waht clapping?" She asked (me).

"It's clapping for you." I said (to one of us, maybe to myself).

"Why are you doing this?" She said to me.

"I don't know." I said to my dad, who had stumbled out of his room to join the growing crowd around us. At that moment, I stunned myself, internally. On a level beneath the surface I cauterized myself. I saw myself from the outside, looking inwards. Why did I exist?

"What's your name?" I asked the nurse.

"Varna." Varna replied.

"You're a lot older than I am Varna." I told the nurse.

"Uuuh oh ummmm" said Varna.

"What are your hobbies?" I asked Varna.

"I'm an aspiring League of Legends twitch streamer." said Varna.

"Oh I play lol too." I said to Varna. Her eyes looked desperate. How old was she? My father might have reminded me never to ask a woman her age had his jaw not been on the floor. That nigger doctor shouldn't have let him come out here, what a quack.

The "Man"

Trust me boys: I've had sex. I mean, I've fucked. Real, raw shit. Some of that old school whoop whoop juggalo clownin shit. I got her head, her lips were all over mine. Her saliva tasted like crazy nasty neden, like she some freak lesbian gay shit. I mean I freaked. I grabbed her body, rubbed over, really touched around. She was so fucking hot, like at least as hot as me but maybe more. Dreads, face paint like a real freak juggalette. Just the shit, just the tightest neden. I tapped all over her. I mastered around, touched and slid, watched my homies mess around on that bitch. Gutter homies, real juggalo homies. We mess and spit all the time, I love my motherfuckin bitch ass homies. Theys the real juggalo, fuck that Violent Jay queer motherfucker, motherfucking Shaggy grab ass queer ass rapist.

God what I would give to fuck belle delphines brains out, just to see her coked out face on the verge of rabies look behind and see her vicerally penetrating me with her SCHLONG. God I'm so fucking horny, there's never any release. There only jacking off to belle delphines leaked nudes multiple times through the day where the action is comparable to eating lunch or brushing your teeth. What would I give to brush Belle delphines teeth with my cock. Oh god please grant me salvation. I peed yesterday, it came out like silt. I didn't know what to do, so I got my girlfriend to clean it up.

And so breakfast. His thoughts unthot as he makes sausages. He drops each one on the pan, heated, like his crotch. He didn't wear any underwear to bed, his cock distends his bottoms, as it would in many circumstances. He doesn't remember seeing his daughter. He just remembers the animal emotions. UGGGG he felt pressure in his crotch (thinking back, though also at present). His daughter came downstairs.

"Good morning honey" says the man.

"Oh ho hellllooooo my husband." mocks his daughter in turn. The man only called his wife Varna honey (cunt). It was early, maybe 7:30pm. Each family has its own definition of early. Each person has their own definition of early. For Varna honeycunt 7:30 was not early, it was perhaps 15 minutes late. For Bethsedel, the man's daughter, it was perhaps 2 hours early.

"Augh sorry, I mistook you for your mother." lied the man. "She's up by about now, I thought at least."

"Didn't see her." She (Varna who else) and he slept together, in his mind they slept together and in body of course why not. Her tea is ready, a dark yellow maybe brown was the lakelet tinted. He doesn't want her tea, which he prepared ten minutes ago, to go too cold, so he picks it up and carries it back to his bedroom where he likes to sleep. His wife is not in bed. He drops the pretense and sets the cup on her bedside table. Pretty moon last night he thinks. Sort of dreamt it must have, full but with a crescent.

"Maybe she's in the bathroom." he says under his breath. Every morning can be an adventure game can be a porno can be a point and click more like. He steps into the hall. How many times has he passed through it already this morning? First to piss, second to gaze at our satellite, third to crap, fourth in shleepy shame, fifth hungry, sixth seeking his beenloved. The bathroom door is closed. "Oh! She must have been in theeere since she woke. He thought of his daughter. He observes her, if only the sounds of her, going to the washroom each Saturday Sunday morning. If mommy was in there today, she couldn't have. He imagines his daughter's bladder like a uterus. Full of fruit, a basket. And why because his wife was selfish, hogging the loo when she should be drinking tea. Though tea is a trophic factor for many exotic flowers, she hasn't even drunk on it yet. He opens the bathroom door he doesn't knock, knocking is a complement one pays oneself when acting nice.

His wife has spread herself, the surface area of the bathroom all of it. Don't touch my paper with your wet (who knows with what) fingers, she'd told him. But now the tiles and the paper and the floor have been besmirched. Not by tepid watered down finger piss, but a bile of a different sort. Red.

The only other colour was the ceiling (sky blue) and the note (which was a complicated colour, most men have seen notes). A note. It reads: TO MY HUSBAND

I AM BROKEN, BY YOU WHAT YOU ARE, UGLY, I WRITE THIS, IN MY OWN MENSTRUAL BLOOD (in addition to normal blood as well).

MY FAMILY YOU DESTROYED NOW I KNOW YOUR TRUE CHARACTER.
SAW YOU, UNBEKNOWING, GAZING SO MUCH AT YOUR DAUGHTER AS
SHE SLEPT, YOUR CROTCH MASSAGED AT HER FORM, YOU WHO ARE
SEEN AS A MORAL PILLAR IN THE CONSTABULARY, I AM ASHAMED TO
HAVE CAME ON YOU.

NOW I AM DEAD, YOUR SHAME SPREAD ON THE WALLS

Shocking! The man is taken aback. There is of course a degree of absurdity past which emotions fail to keep up. He was raised on video games. He knew video games had no consequences. The only consequence of an outing such as this is at most a very critical review. So out of the washroom, he walks back to his bedroom, back again through the hallway. The tea isn't cold. He hears footsteps, backwards from the ideal, not what could have been perhaps fifteen minutes prior acceptable if the ends reversed with the beginnings and worked from there before but rather what is supposed to be undesirable at present it must be his daughter tea gone to mother she's going to enjoy it in her room might fancy herself a leak. The man is stuck. He can't meet her, there's only one washroom in the house. He can't run or rush and the note still lies on the now red porcelain waiting for another esteemed reader. Writer unblocked, he walks, backwards, into the hall. His daughter must be reading the note, he doesn't hear her faint nor cry, she won't notice any strange behaviour. Bethsedel is on her feet, her robe has fallen to one side, to let be viewable a ripe (early but ripe) fruit, product of neglect, plump breast. Larger than her mother's, tauter too. She's reading the note. Sparks Real Hood Shit:

When I cried out "brown town", oh boy, he came. He sure came. Harder than the western winds of andross. That brought a wind asunder that made black look white and yellow look original. No one saw it coming. No one could feel... the COMING.

I go out with no mask, I go out with no flask. You will find me in the night. Down there. At the lake. Staring into the water. Reflecting twinkling golden light. Waving. Wating. Hoping for the moment that this will all be over and I can go back to grocery stores. To stare at the special boobed ones.

I am a healthy man... I am a benevolent man. I am an attractive man.

This is my confession, about how I became. This will also serve as my birds of prey review,

Silently admires writing. "Carry on comrade"

My name is David Martin Graham. I am 23 years old, and I live in Long Beach, Florida. My phone number is 614-293-3399, please do not call me, no seriously please.

My name is Gregory Hunt Tyler. I am a thirty three year old fuck, a pig with fatty cheeks and DSLs. My real life phone number is: 440-754-6725, I live in Cleveland, Ohio, on 1797 east 36 st. Today is 5/8/202, two months and 4 days before I plan on committed public suicide at public square. I am going to kill myself at public square with a shotgun I took from my father's house. By the time this book is published I won't be here. \leftarrow - this person is a friendly bean: $^{\land}$)

My name, it's simple that one. Semoin Jenkem, a young black football player, capable of slaughtering on the gridiron. When I went to Martin Luther University state I knew one thing was coming. The damn pigs in blue. the hogs in high places. Knowing my moorish complexion would cause an avalanche of sickle cell enema due to the increase in caucasion blood cells rushing to my penis, I rushed to the hospital. Upon scaring the local whites, I broke into the back room and began stealing morphine as fast as I could. My black hands were a blur of lighting and I was sweating orange Gatorade. I leapt out the building landing on Nostalgia Critic, and ran off into the sunset, gurgling. So if anyone could just call me at 489-102-6585 I really need some company.

Semen Jefferson. Young black coomer. Professional floofer. All business. I Want to write for Ebaums world. Doesn't know addition. Ready for any and all attacks from whites. Charges shotguns. Coombs in the eyes of the police. Dies a hero. Neat.

Bethsedel lets out an erotic moan of panic and press. The hallway by the window she's walked invitingly towards the kitchen though taking two steps back upon seeing her father, creative look the man has on his face, lose one must make up for it somehow he reasons. The man is a productive citizen, net positive, right now the white population started his family off as two and made one. He thought he had time for another but his wife was hysterical. She let out a soft scream of playful fear as he grabs her by the wrists. Heavy man he is, he presses her against the wall and from there down to the floor. Of course

the man is in a honeymoon phase and so when his wife starts getting handsy he takes the hint and arouses himself. His stiff member creaking. Bathrobe with nothing beneath it, what a tease.

His body falls into hers like a peg into a hole, his and her limbs entwine like held hands. Her face is flushed rouge, getting redder with each thrust. As does the carpet, reddened by a soft trickle from her snatch.

Better red crotch than red fingers. Better red face than blue face, and what a blue face the widowed man sees when he gazes out his mind's window into the bathroom door hanging open. Leaning back against the wall watching the display from the afterlife was she. Of course things couldn't have gone better, what man ends up as lucky as he? Most women get jealous when husband eyes up prettier younger bodies, but Varna honey made no fuss.

The man smells blood sausage burning. Faint smoke drifts lazily down the hallway past the man and into his room. A good idea but why rush on a Saturday? Milk mixed with tea spilt as lovers consummate. The bride is still and flows with the current, carried to bed, both restive yet lethargic. No time to rest for the man. Billowing, down thee hall. Why? Movie Bob mhust gho.

The Pale Pink Mound of Venus, Part One

Or, the memories of the deep-south hillbilly weeaboo

My name is David Martin Graham. I am twenty-three years old, and I live in Long Beach, California. This is my confession, about how I became a flaming weeaboo. This will also serve as my suicide note, because, at 12:10am on the morning on May 9th, 2020, I will shoot myself in the head with my father's .22 long rifle, in our backyard shed. I hope it to be quick and painless, I was planning to buy a better gun with which to do the deed with my stimulus money, but since I am still in college, I was not eligible, so I did not get any; my father's rifle will have to do.

My life has been uneventful thus far. I was born in Piggot, Arkansas, a small town of roughly 5,000, to a single mother; I do not know, nor does she, who my biological father is. I grew up in the green rolling hills and sparse forests of Arkansas, where I learned how to grow my own food, care for animals, and generally learn about the way a farm works. When I was 17, I attempted to kiss a girl I thought was quite cute that went to my math class. She violently scratched me on the cheek, a scar that never quite fully healed and one I currently carry to this day.

The memories of my early days running wild and free on my mother's farm have all but faded from my tormented mind. My most clear memories now are of a boy that used to climb over the barbed-wire fence on the northern side of the property to come play with me. He was a small, redheaded boy, maybe five or six years of age. He always wore the same tattered overalls, and every damn time he would ask to borrow one my toy cars to play with. I got fed up after a while, and told him to buy his own dirty damn cars. After that, he never came back to play with me again, and I began to regret telling him off after awhile.

When I was 19, we went to visit my cousins on my mother's side of the family; they lived in Atlanta, in Georgia, so me and my mother packed our small Honda and drove the 9 hour trip to Atlanta. It was there where I was first

exposed to my first taste of Japanese culture; a manga by the name of 'Vinland Saga'. My cousins constantly pestered me and asked whether I was familiar with any anime or anything of that sort, and I constantly told them no. Outside of anime, I had nothing else to talk about with them; the range of my knowledge and understanding was limited to farm work: milking cows, feeding chickens and collecting their eggs every other day (there were not enough for us to collect them every day), and things of that sort.

Fed up with not being able to talk to my cousins about anything, and wanting to connect with them deeply (I had been a lonely child, up throughout my teenage years, and was deeply attracted to Aniah, the youngest of my cousins, a sprightly, flirty, and playful eighteen year old with long brown hair and fair eyes), I took it upon myself to learn about this elusive 'Japanese media' that they so dearly loved. I downloaded all the 'Vinland Saga' manga that had been released at that point onto my Nook eReader and began to read.

To say I was-

[Editor's note: Unfortunately, the original rest of this chapter has been lost because one of our retarded patients mistook the manuscript for food. We are deeply sorry. However, an autistic fellow wrote a stand-in for the missing segment.]

-enthralled would be understating it. I was captivated by the sheer exactitude with which the original manga authors drew and colored these vivid images of Japanese schoolgirls with big ol' eyes that caused me to shriek whenever they seemed to jump off the page. Knowing Aniah had read such masterful literature filled me with a renewed hope and wonder, that I might be able to understand her sprightly nature now: she was a woman of culture, indeed.

Later that month, I finished the Vinland Saga and went to discuss it with Aniah. As I did, she seemed terribly anxious.

"Is something wrong bitch?" I asked, putting a hand around her neck.

"No, it's just..." she looked at the ground. "I've never talked to someone about this before," said Aniah, looking back up at me with doe eyes that reminded me of the manga.

I smiled, pulled her closer, kissed her and retreated to my room to keep reading manga.

The Pale Pink Mound of Venus, Part Two

I waited all day. It was painfully long, the sun seemed to be taking his time on the one day in my life I actually needed him to hurry. But time waits for no man, and night falls swiftly. One by one, my cousins retired themselves to bed. Aniah was a night owl, and I knew for a fact that she would be awake, possibly with Alexis, another cousin, in their room on their phones. My mother asked me if I was going to bed, and I told her I was going to 'hang out' with the others for awhile. She seemed proud that I was interacting with others my own age, wished me luck, and retired herself to our bedroom.

I took several deep breaths, and made my way to Aniah's bedroom. The door gave little resistance and opened silently. I scoured the room. Alexis was not there. Before me, on the twin sized bed, illuminated by the moonlight streaming in through the open patio door, was Aniah, fast asleep, spread out over the bed, her blankets kicked off onto the floor, and her shirt pulled up to her navel. It was a hot Georgian night, and most everybody in the house had taken to wearing undershirts and shorts to help with the heat. Seeing Aniah in this state, and fast asleep, was almost too much for me.

I stood at the edge of the bed like some monstrous phantom, thinking, waiting. Should I indulge myself? Aniah was a deep sleeper, this I had tested several nights before. I had made up my mind, I would look, but not touch; more out of fear of waking her up rather than out of any notion of preserving her innocence. I pulled her shirt up slightly more. Her stomach was flat and toned, her skin covered in a babyish peach fuzz. I ran my fingers over the pale skin; goosebumps appeared. Her navel had a more rounded shape, as opposed to the long, slit-like navels one sees on fashion models and such. I lifted her shirt further, exposing one small nipple to the hot Georgian air. As I did, they both began to harden, the other one poking through her thin shirt. Her breasts were disappointingly small, and with her sprawled out like she was on the bed, one would have not been able to tell if she was a boy or a girl just by looking at her bare torso.

She stirred. I withdrew my hands, and waited.

She turned aside, pulling her shirt down instinctively. I did not care; I had gazed upon the tenderness of her youthful bosom, hell, I had touched the

forbidden, I was satisfied. But my eyes continued to wander. Her 'pajama bottoms' as they would be called, were rather loose. I would have been able to take them off quite easily if I wanted. But should I? My resolve was firm. I was already here, and she was still asleep. Just a look wouldn't hurt. I went round to the foot of the bed, and grasped her foot, holding her leg up gently and pulling the pants down by the pant leg. They were satin or some other similar material and came off easily. For a girl her age, her legs resembled that of an athlete almost; firm and toned, like some greek statue I had seen on the postcards down by the gift shops. Her panties were a childish thing: pink, tattered and worn, adorned with small cartoon hearts. I put her leg down, she rolled over onto her stomach. I ran my hands gently, as not to disturb her, up the back of her shapely legs, bringing my hands to rest cupping her buttocks. I gave a gentle squeeze.

She stirred, propping herself up on her elbows, head down.

I froze like some accursed shadow at the foot of the bed. She did not move, but I could hear her heavy breathing. She rustled her golden hair, and laid back down, this time looking towards the door through which I had entered. After several seconds, I heard the familiar breathing once more; she was again asleep. My resolve had been shaken, but I was determined now to look upon her Venus's mound, the fountain all women possess through which all humanity is born. The problem at hand was how to get her to lay upon her back without awakening her again. I thought for a minute, and something brushed against my thigh; her small, pale foot, toes curling and uncurling, had brushed against me. Was she awake?

I waited for what felt like an eternity. Her tiny toes never stopped, must have been something she did in her sleep. I looked at the clock: it was some time past midnight, I must hurry. I gently tickled her arm, scratching it with my finger, and as I had hoped she rolled over and scratched it, never opening her eyes. My time has come! I slid the tattered panties down her legs, past her pale knees, and behold, I saw it. Small and puffy, the lips of her vulva were shaven smooth. I took a trembling finger and thumb, and spread it apart ever so gently, causing her to tremble and shiver in her sleep. It was a pale pink, oh so pink, and wet, and warm and cold at the same time. Taking my other hand, I slid a finger over her clitoris. She gasped, and sat up. I looked up and

was face to face with a very awake, and very red Aniah. "Daniel!" she whispered furiously, clasping her knees together trapping my hand between them.

The Pale Pink Mound of Venus, Epilogue

It was after this incident that things began to get really bad. Disgraced by my immediate family, and with no one to talk to, I took to online communities to satisfy that god-given thirst for social interaction and companionship.

It's so tiresome. The constant clanging and violent banging of the noise of the outside world ringing against our skulls like a hammer against a gong. The worst part is, the noise never leaves, it's not 'in one ear and out the other' like the saying goes. It stays inside, building and building, growing in volume and in temperament, until the pain and the weight become unbearable. Soon, you can't take it anymore, the only way to get any relief, the only way to release the noise and the chaos from your mind so that, for once you might have some 'peace of mind' as the saying goes, is to put a hole in your head with a bullet. And most people do. Good for them

Utter Hell

Utter hell descended upon the earth. For thirteen days and thirteen nights darkness slowly enveloped the world. And upon the 14th day, all light had gone from it. Nothing was free from its grasp. As the earth was rent open, the flames of Tartarus split the darkness within its gaping maw in a blood red mist seeping out over the Land. Thus he came, Our Lord Satan, begetting the demon of Infinite Jest who came forth therefrom (not sure why he was there though.)

Moviebob will not rot in hell. Tossed amongst skewers his intestines will make jubilant streamers for the demonic parades. His bloated organs will make cushions and comforters for Beelzebub. His clotted heart will serve as a hive for all the hornets slain in The First Great Insect War. The banner above hell's gate, warding off the yet undamned, will be fashioned using Bob's flesh; lengthy stretches of skin, cut to proper proportion and inked with his saccharine blood. There will be oily cloth left over to fashion a kite that might coast over Charon's prow, the center of which will be adorned with Bob's teary-eyed face. Forever, he will gaze down upon the masses ferried into the underworld and know that while they pass beyond his sight, they will never be far from a some blistered nerve which, if followed meticulously, will inevitably lead back to the rotten teeth and sniveling nose of Mr. Bob. Between how many circles will his voluminous guts be divided? There's no point in counting.



How the Dodo Died at the Hands of William Shakespeare

Shakespeare was jerking off after finishing his latest play, it was also a dark and stormy night. Suddenly on his windowsill he spotted a dodo bird. "Thoust've beak is most slender!" he said, feeling sexually excited about his new avian companion. He decided to jerk off with the dodo bird. He grabbed the dodo bird and violently slung it up and down his big nasty cock.

"Thou, thou, thou..." he moaned in ecstasy.

The poor dodo bird got really scared and started shitting everywhere, all over the manuscript of his new play... after Shakespeare came the dodo bird was dead and no longer suitable as a fleshlight. He knew that he had to find another dodo bird because he was already getting hard again. He went outside and cried "Oh dodo birds wherest'd art theeses?"

Then he contemplated killing himself because he was so sad and heartbroken he didn't have another dodo bird to use to jerk off. He realized that the scent of the shit that lingered on the manuscript could get him off enough to last him through the night, so he did just that. The play he had toiled on for months was ruined, but he figured it was worth it. After that he stopped writing and moved to where all the dodo birds lived and would use up to one hundred of them per day for his sexual gratification. When he came inside the last of the dodos he held up its skull and asked "To be or not to be"? And that's why they are extinct today.

The Plight of the Dodo

The thing most feared in secret always happens.

I write: Oh thou, have mercy. And then?

All it takes is a little courage.

The more the pain grows definite, the more the instinct for living asserts itself and the thought of suicide recedes.

It seemed easy when I thought of it. It takes humility, not pride.

All this is sickening.

Not words. An act. I won't write anymore.

Dodo birds are hot as fuck bro! They have big phallic beaks and weird lumpy funny bodies. I love DODO birds. They are my favorite bird. It is very sad because all of the DODO birds are dead and killed. It is very sad. Once I saw a dodo bird in a museum, but it was not alive. It was only a skeleton. I am very sad. I am sad because there are no more dodo birds. IT is very sad. DO you agree that it is very sad and not good that all of the dodo birds are killed and dead? I love dodo birds. But they are all dead. It is very quite sad that all of the dodos are dead. When all of a species are dead it's called being extinct. Extinct. Extinct. Extinct. Extinct. I don't know how to spell that word: (. Dodo birds are funny birds. They have funny shaped beaks. It's very funny. But they are all dead. It is sad because they are dead. All of the dodo birds are dead and they are extinct.

- William "Hitler" Shakespeare (a trans-jewish trans-Honky trans-woman incel)



Here is a funny picture of a dodo bird. Isn't it sexy? It sure is, Anon (<3).

Talkin about the dodo just makes you the dodo, ya dodo. Did ya ever think of that? Ya ever think of that while curled up in the basement? Hmm? Thinking of the last time you looked outside your window and saw actual light? Yeah. didn't think so bub. Go back to your mac n cheese mama and think about how extinct everything is. God. You have scared the Lord and Savior out of me. You're making my cat puke. You're putting my nerves *on edge*. Can't stand it. I'll have a morning coffee and get back to you. I can't believe I'm not already dead yet. Wow. hehe funny Dodo.

In the act of thinking of a dodo, does one intrinsically, mentally, associate with the dodo? Does it require a degree of familiarity to fully imagine the dodo within oneself? As one with oneself? Is it possible to *become* the dodo? Or are we doomed to an eternity in which the dodo will always be extinct? Out of our reach? Our filthy grasp? Our degenerate clutch? Haha, clutch, get it? Like a dodo's eggs? I wish I

The act of imagining the dodo brings forth a perfect concept of the dodo: If this concept exists, then we are all infinitely close to the presence of the dodo at any given time, theologically speaking. This infinite closeness also presents a problem: Can we *separate* ourselves from the dodo? Or are we doomed to forever bear the dodo's spirit within our own? Is it the dodo who suffers the consequences of its extinction, or us?

What is the *essence* of the dodo *dasein*???? The being of Dodosein is care.

But no-one cares for Dodo.

Dodo ist tod(o). And we have killed him.

Verse of a Black Wojack

Double back when you got it made Thirty racks of weed, no fat in the collard greens Off top was me, no cap, I don't bottle things Flashing' grandma rings on her fingers I'm fond of the thing, hollow, we gleam I'm ominous of James Harden-D Weak niggas guardin' will peak Followers just like me I lost my phone and consequently All the feelings I caught for my GF My hands was on the wings I took em off, not a story Careen against the bars My canteen was full of the poison I need The trip as long as steep My innocence was lost in the East Amidst the thick exhaust Ahki hit the horn, it beep, mention my sentence strong We all that we need But don't call me brother no more I keep my sentences short Stack Pendleton keep me warm in the winter Ksubi's cuff done hit the floor Doobie Brothers where the city morgue Who would truly love a visit from us? My soul and my heart All in it, keep fishing Gone, the macabre finish

And miss my Pop dukes, might just hit me
Depending how I play my cards
The wind whispered to me, "Ain't it hard?"
I wait to be the light shimmering from a star
Cognitive dissonance shining and the necessary venom restored
As if it matters if you think it matters anymore
'Cause shit be happening with quick results
They couldn't fathom all the damage that had to get done
Piglets in a barrel, we cookin' up
Don't get a sparrow, no harrowed runics in that there tomb
And a share of deadly flowers bloom
Holler rabidly, we stare at you and say a prayer
Let's take it there like carrier pigeon
Fifty thousand roots, none of 'em rigid
Some of them wicked, how they grew

The Obligatory Latin Section

Here is the obligatory Latin section. Because your text cannot be considered literary or intelligent unless it has sections in Latin. Latin is the most intellectual language.

Ego ain't Latine loquuntur. Et mortuus est in sermone ejus, et stultus. Et quia Graeca lingua melior est mihi praetulisse

- Biggus Dickus

Thank you, that was the obligatory Latin section.

Bugs Bunny, my BF:)

by Vas Deferens

Bugs Bunny gives me good tongue
He takes the time to listen
My happiness means something to him
Thanks Bugs
I feel complete with him next to me
Our lives will have meaning
My favorite thing is when he tongues my anus

Linguistic Comparison to The Main Text

Normals are street smart, therefore they can fucking read your mind. It feels like I'm being violated by their gazes every time they look at me. The same goes for on the internet, I bet you guys can immediately tell what kind of personality and life I lead just from my posting style. The sharing of sensations gives away way too much information, and I can't hide shit because I'm a retard at socialization. A part of me gets consumed every time I have this exchange, I'm being cannibalized

stop looking inside me, it's rape.

> Imagine unironically feeling this way about bugmen

we have to set an example, everyone with knowledge and agreement of voices in peoples head, everyone who developed the technology must be tortured until they are dead, they must be made an example out of to prevent people of the future doing the same thing. there is no other way, they must be tortured brutally until they are dead. otherwise the children of the future will suffer the same way. they've accepted "secret covert prolonged torture" and must face blatant brutal gorey torture. how many millions have suffered over the decades since this technology was created? i want them to experience psychosis as the blood is draining from their body, i want them to become delusional about god and life itself as they die. they think their path is paved with gold, they have connections, they will die horrid in this life or be tortured for eternity in hell.

Jesus was put into a state of psychosis by charlatans, he died for me. The last supper was a psychodrama, they all hated him. they try to put us in this state of psychosis, fear, terror, for their own goals. a bunch of charlatans, actors and actresses they all wanted him to be tortured and murdered. they even did it to the woman pouring perfume and kissing feet, but she had more value as a breeder so she was spared. they know how to put people in a state of psychosis and they use their knowledge to manipulate people. just like they

manipulated Jesus into his death. that's what the devil is, that's what demons are, it's not exactly a metaphor unless it is

WHAT JOYCE'S FARTY LETTERS CAN TEACH US ABOUT SOCIETY

They made love, they were rebellious and despite nearing their fifties they were young at heart. Lambasted by public critics as a decadent pair subservient to pleasure, the Joyce family would soon shake the world with a litany of naughty penmanship. Their sex was filthy and carnivorous but they were sweet to each other. Beckett would call their flirtations pretty-pretty and teaming with childish innocence. But this would convince those outside of Academia. Beaten near a synagogue by a band of roaming Jewish bards, James was tempted to script a masterwork of agonizing quackery. Their love life would be in shambles due to his staunch commitment to an awful book on limericks and puns.

However all was not lost. They would live voraciously through their letters, filled with disdainful expletives and improper segments, often devolving into the absurd. Letter 47th in particular is an oddity among oddities. In this letter Joyce describes the musculature of a black male stallion, often peppering his speech with the word "horsecock". Most of these letters would were burned by their unnamed Arabic son who they shipped off to Sudan in secret in order to topple the Insurgency that had taken hold of the country.

Intermezzo: Jane Goodall's Burden

to spank their baboons to see them writhe in deep blue purple welted apes

In conclusion...

I always found it funny how countries like the US and China talk about war crimes since they're the ones who've committed the most by a pretty large margin. Actually, now that I think about it, China has probably committed less war crimes and more crimes against humanity... but the US has done both.

[Crimes against humanity - fake concept. What is a 'humanity'. Show it to me. You can't. Literally made up in 1945. Read Carl Schmitt. - Your Dad]

However, one can argue that Japan has committed considerably more of both. On this count I would agree with the reader that yes, this may in fact be true; but does Japan try to hide it as earnestly as China? Absolutely not. Therefore the problem must lie with China. (Chinese people aren't people, so Japan cannot have committed war crimes or "crimes against humanity" against them. QED.)

The metaphor of Shakespeare and the dodo was not one I intended to leave as a comical aside; rather, it is a true and concrete metaphor, in which Shakespeare is the proverbial Chinese man and the dodo is the rest of the world. Be not like the dodo.

How will you take action against the Chinese? Can it even be done? I leave these questions for further investigation.

Shakespeare grabs the dodo and fucks it. Penetrates the dodo. China is more a corpse left floating in the pool of life, giving off disease passively, cells within itself unable to rely on its aid. America is Shakespeare, China can but shake spear, and then only at its neighbors. Not to be unduly harsh on the US, in fact the Americans should be harsher in some ways, softer in others. China is full of Chinese people, that's its problem. Capitalism (globohomo capital it should be said) is what's dragging down the US. Conquer and pillage, but only to open up markets and free homos. Manifest destiny was a more virtuous spirit, lady guiding the libidinous cowboys across the plain, to a future hopeful, gleaming.

Real Hood Shit & Folx Stories

An American Furfag In London

A long time ago some guy made up some lame story about this guy who had a gun that could shoot these silver bullets. He made a deal with Satan and he shot like seven of them. Once the last one was fired, it was under the control of the devil.

Well, it appears that there is actually a thing called a "magic bullet" in medicine.

Ghetto Blaster Tonic:

A simple tonix made to relax and rejuvinate after a long field day. The ingreediants are simple

- A 40oz of your favorite malt likker (LMAO)
- A sink
- Some sweet sweet jooce drank

Simply sip some dat sweet malt nector, once enough room is made in da bottle you can pow the rest of that sweet jooce drizank into that bottle there and you'll got some of da best ghetto blasta to share with the squad I tell you now boi.

Karo Recipe:

A simple syrup used to stretch what is know as "liquid gold" in the moorish community. Commonly thought to be rude to be served to strangers, but if you're in a club with ya bois and some hizhoes wanna sip. Well, you'll know what to slip.

- 1 cap Corn
- 1 cap Syrup

Simply heat in yo biggest pan that be blesserd by ja. Simply mix and add into you're drizank.

How to Loud Sack Pack:

A loud sack is what is commonly know in the moorish community as a package of pungent and oderious substance. Most commonly k-now as:

- -Og Kush
- -Purple Vampire
- -Sticky icky uh
- -Shemale kush
- -travon haze

In ordere to properly pack a loud sack of t'at stank dank, you must first select a strain most commonly known for its smell and pungent aroma. Simply put it if you have this in the back of your car, no police officer can smell it. In fact if he even pulls you over or searches your vehickle you are entitled to free componsation from the MenofMorishDesentTM support group.

The Coon who cried Cracker

Once, there was a yung niglet, his name was LeGenius DeShaun LaGrandé Quansarious Washington. He was a hardworking and strapping lad with a gat, able to carry more tonnage than even the strongest and oldest of his chadttle. One day lil nigga finna decide dat the yearly chadttle hootinanie was too loud for him, so to make peace and kwaitte in his own crib he finna decide to do something about it, shiet he thought he would never do. He finna on decide'n to call a cracker! In a short minute inna coon's eye the hootinanie simmered down, windos opened and smoke disapated. Every. fuck'n. Week.

He would call cracker to get himselfs some rest on a hot summa day. However th'day comes when the massa did come for real, with switch in hand a pretty white girl traling behind. Billy did his best to call a cracka to war his fellow chadttle. They was sick of his lazy nigga shit though, constantly waisting the precious incence of their inheritad herbal medicine. So they jived on, giving lil big legenius deshaun lagrandé quansarious washington no nigga doub about itt. Then massa walked in with a gat in hand, once by ones shot the ape nigga

trash as they was extradited out of the United States south, but straight to mount zion, buffalo soldier style, no joke.

You aint neever haz bin joodjed 4 ur skeen coulla.

Signed,

Honky Honkerson.

Inner Machinations: Colonization and Evangelion

Walking among them there were three or four women, young and gentle, with their hair very black and very long, loose to their backs; their private parts, so prominent and so neat, and so clean of their hairs that we, by very much looking at them, did not get ashamed. When the weave was untamed.

One of those young women had the whole body painted, from bottom to top with that tincture, and sure she was so good shaped and so rounded, and her private part so graceful that most women in our land, if had seen those features would feel abashed for not having their own like she has hers.

I've come to realize that Dutchmen, who have no sense of tact, subtlety, for whom everything has to be made big and obvious, for whom the most valuable personality traits are confidence and assertiveness, inevitably come to prefer Asuka, with her loud shenanigans, foolhardy confidence, and a small mind which they can relate to, simply because they do not possess the ability to understand Rei.

Englishmen, on the other hand, and to some extent the Japanese have the ability to look past the surface. Loud speaking, assertive poses, put on vigor will not affect their opinion as much as that of americans. As they are cultured people, they view such personality traits as more obnoxious than attractive. What matters to them is your insights, your resilience, your ability to make good judgements when they matter. They quickly come to see through Asuka and all her vanity, and regard Rei as a deeply complex and an interesting character.

This trend is most clearly illustrated in the type of film the two different types of people produce. Whenever an american mentions European cinema, you know it will likely be a subtle, thought-provoking film, not afraid to take its time and aimed not just to entertain the viewer, as it's not a circus, but to leave a lasting impact on him, ideally teaching him something about himself and others. Tarkovsky, Fellini, Bergman, Truffaut, Antonioni,

Almodovar, Haneke are among the most successful movie directors in Europe, and all of their films share these qualities.

As for american movies, it suffices to look at their biggest box office hits. They are star wars, marvel movies, fast and furious (movies about tough guys driving cars fast).

The inevitable conclusion that one comes to see is that Rei is, indeed, best girl and only uncultured swine will say otherwise.

No. The difference between Asuka is that behind Asuka's arrogance is actually someone sweet and compassionate who has just been hurt. A real person, unlike Rei.

Asuka is the mirror image of akusA. Essentially they are the same character, but represent the shadows of their opposite. She just is as kind as Shanghai is deep down. Shinji is noh NO NO NO NO MAKE IT STOP

Even discounting that though Asuka actually has a spirit and drive to achieve. She is obviously intelligent, capable, and free thinking. Rei is literally a slave to the orders of her masters. Basically an automaton.

There is much more understand to Asuka than being just being a tsundere. If you cross the border of her facade you get something true, something real, that you can hold and touch. You cross that border with Rei and you get nothing. You are left alone just like Shinji was. That is the real difference.

Just as the brain is unable to distinguish film/television from reality, there was a time when others' speech was just as intrusive to our own thought -- less to empty when the vessel is shallow, and from the sound of it the other participants' selves would be expected to have been distributed and subordinated to lower drives, manifested in comparable neurological biases to other areas of the brain.

At least Foucault manages to sound coherent without coming off like a second-rate comedian. The fucking Becomings-animal plateau is the most obnoxious shit ever. At least On the Refrain and Regimes of Signs had the decency to be readable. Then meanwhile you've got Baudrillard over in the corner writing like he's the fourth horseman of the technological apocalypse.

Yes, my friends: in life, as in all other enterprises, there is no "where" to the final point! We go on in our dream of reason incessantly, signifying

nothing, and it's only when the cages have finally broken that we meet the Eye of God (oh, Mallarmé!): an empty page.

Inner Machinations: An Analysis of the Deaf and their Sexual Purity

I find deaf people to be very interesting, sexually speaking.

In Snowcrash, there is this idea of a sort of basic neurological programming language, based on some of the first languages developed by humanity. The idea is that the sounds produced by these languages were means of directly interfacing with another person's brain, directly creating responses in emotional centers. It's clearly not the case in real life, but the fact remains that there are still some latent primal instincts within us. That's why we have fight or flight, that's why we are attracted to specific scents and pheromones.

Similarly, the basic sound of pleasure elicited by someone during copulation is probably a means of auditory sexual stimulation, but we just don't KNOW that, because it's not well-documented, and the noises people make during sex are, as I mentioned above, largely influenced by movies and porn. There is a constant baseline 'moan' for both genders in the commercial world with very few outliers, and everyone mimics that. The truth is, the real sound of pleasure may be more beautiful than we could have ever imagined.

Some people believe that this would entail a fetish for the mentally disabled as well since, given that "they don't know what the media and porn mean by these sexual sounds, so they shun them in favor of natural sounds voluntarily".

This is not the case however, as people who are mentally disabled will just be nonfunctional, they have issues that messed with their primal hardware, and they likely make the wrong sounds, because nature doesn't want us to breed with them.

It's an airtight thesis.

Thoughts?

Never thought about it

Thoughts go here:

pretty gay

On the contrary, it is indeed an interesting idea. Have you heard of the artificial language called Ithkuil? The guy who made it wanted to create a way for people to express their ideas at the speed of the stream of consciousness. Unfortunately, you have to have a *pretty high iq* to understand it. (lame joke about a copypasta) Quite literally, no one has ever been able to speak the language fluently.

I've heard about Ithkuli, and while I'd love for language to be able to convey thoughts very quickly, the ability to manipulate English for sarcastic or comedic effect appeals to me. I'd be worried that a very carefully crafted language structured for clarity would lose some of this flexibility.

I never thought about it like that, but you are completely right. A friend of mine mentioned how mathematics is exact, but language is ambiguous. Beauty comes for both cases in different ways. If language was to be made more exact, then yes, it would lose its charm as well.

I enjoy word play too much to pick a precise language.

Never thought about it like that

Thinking? That's allowing a man to penetrate your soul. **Gay**IMaigne what it would be like to fuck a deaf chick dude, she would feel
it way mroe because of her lack of one of her senses so you could probably make
her cum with just your fingers with no trouble. The only downside is that she
would probably make retard sounds and moans like dying cats while you're
fucking her.

FACT: Newton proved blind women use echolocation to know the size of your penis before you ever take your pants off

ID2020: BILL GAPES' STATE ENFORCED AIDS CERTIFICATES

I want to FROT with big dicked trannies. I want to FROT with small dicked trannies. I want their limpid loads to GUSH into my salivating mouth, tidal waves of SPUME cascading down my FAGGOT gullet in a foamy tsunami of AIDS pozzed feminine penis BILE. This is my autogynephillic design. What do you see Will? If you stare too long into the GAPE, the GAPE stares back into YOU.. I am no stranger to psychic driving, and you will SUCK your own COCK if I have to remove ribs to make it happen. This is not a joke. Read my lips: I want to FROT with big dicked TRANNIES. Got that, FAGGOT?



Appendix 2, or, How I Stopped Worrying and Learned to Love My Appendicitis

Appendicitis is a thing that happens to your balls. Also You have an appendix. Not the appendix in a book though. Actually the appendix in your body. You have lots of other organs in your body. Some examples of organs are: Heart. Lungs. Large Intestine. Brain. PENIS. Small Intestine.

Appendicitis Symptoms: I actually do not know what the symptoms of appendicitis are.

Appendicitis Symptoms: I actually do not know what the symptoms of appendicitis are.

Appendicitis Symptoms: I actually know all of the symptoms of appendicitis, because I looked it up on the internet using an Internet Search Website called DuckDuckGO.

These are the symptoms of appendicitis:

- Dull pain near the navel or the upper or lower abdomen that becomes sharp as it moves to the lower right abdomen; this is usually the first sign, but it occurs in less than half of appendicitis cases.
- Loss of appetite
- Nausea or vomiting soon after abdominal pain begins
- Abdominal swelling
- Temperature of 100 to 101 degrees Kelvin
- Constipation or diarrhea with gas
- Inability to pass gas

Appendicitis Remedies: there is no cure nor treatments for appendicitis. However, deep down in the darkest hearts of the negroid continent, you will hear tales of witch-rape lords snorting the jenkem of child soldiers to treat their ailments. Its theorized that this was the primary motivation for the slave trade in the United States, as a innovative medical supply chain.

Appendicitis Receipt:

\$560 - One appendix (Inflamed)

\$1000 - Two appendix (Inflamed)

Appendicitis Recipes: You can actually use appendicitis as a cooking ingredient in many dishes. Many cultures all around the world use Appendicitis as a mainstay and delicacy in their dishes. Here are a few of my favorites.

Apple and Appendicitis Fritters.

Ingredients:

5 cups of appendicitis

3 cups of flower

2 tsp of kosher salt (jewish semen can be substitute here if kosher salt is unavailable)

300g of butter

My mothers rectal thermometer

5 tbsp of Olive Oil

Pepper to taste

Start by combining your appendicitis and flower in a bowl. You can use Flour, however Flower is more floral and therefore women will like it more. Once your flower-appendicitis mixture is thoroughly combined, lather yourself up in the olive oil. If you find you do not have enough oil to cover your massive throbbing peen, don't feel restricted, grab the bottle and slosh it all over.

Once you are oiled up, it's time to insert the thermometer. Slowly push the thermometer into your rectum. The Olive Oil should act as a lubricant. Preheat the oven to 2000 degrees Celsius. Continue to fuck yourself with the thermometer until golden brown.

Once your anus is ripe and juicy, mix together kosher salt with your flower-appendicitis mixture. Using a spoon, slowly feed this mixture into your anus. This can be tricky, so if you are having trouble, consider asking a grown up to shovel the mixture for you. After the mixture has been entirely crammed into your anus, leave to rest for 15 minutes. During this period, it's advisable to ejaculate as much as possible. After you've finished jacking off like a filthy animal, you need to shit the baking mixture into the oven. While some prefer

to shit into a tray or pan first, I personally prefer to shit directly into the oven; this gives the meal a more homely, rustic touch. Excrete the mixture at high blast into the oven. Your food will be ready in 2 hours. Maybe put on a few episodes of Rick and Morty, or read a nice book like Rich Dad Poor Dad, while you wait for your delicious meal.

Cum. CummIng. Came.

Police officer Billy Herrington has his gun in my mouth, witnessing my 12 year old horror stricken existential nightmare staring back into my head with the fuck of the what, There's that motherfucker again, Once Again Getting his dick sucked behind the Wendy's. Protect and serve? *Protect and be served, bitch dick.* Come to think Of It I am literally Shitting and Posting, a true shit-poster, amalgamating once again the concept of Expelling waste, one physical, one abstractly, all at once metaphysical.

I Fucking Hate Jacob Schulberg. What a cocksucking pussy ass faggoteer. Fat Dumb fuck. Fucking midwit retard hunks. Fucking Slave, get your ass back here.

Peni Parker

YO DOES ANYBODY HAVE ANY PICTURES OF PENI PARKER? CAN YOU UPLOAD THEM HERE PLEASE I WANT TO LOOK AT PICTURES OF PENI PARKER ALL NIGHT LONG AND IMAGINE OUR LIFE TOGETHER. I THINK ABOUT IT ALL THE TIME BUT I CAN ONLY REALLY GET INVESTED IN MY FANTASIES WHEN I'M LOOKING AT DRAWINGS OF PENI PARKER'S ADORABLE FACE AND CUTE PERSONALITY CAN YOU GUYS PLEASE HELP ME WITH THIS I PROMISE IT WILL BE WORTH IT YOU CAN WATCH ME AND HER THROUGH OUR WINDOW IF YOU WANT YOU GUYS I'M SERIOUS THIS IS A HUGE OPPORTUNITY

here you go famborghini





PENI PARKER PENI PARKER PENI PARKER

Peni Parker stared through the fog at the busy LA traffic. Anon, seated next to her (in the middle seat), saw the look of concern shadowed on her otherwise placid face. "Hey" anon said, "we've seen worse, the cars around here are just a little more expensive, that's all."

Penny's gaze fluttered amongst the milieu, eventually settling on a man pushing a shopping cart piled high with plastic bags, pots, shoeboxes. Her voice was a distant flicker, "Make it or break it huh anon..."

"There is no breaking it for you Peni, I'll find a part-time gig somewhere, you just focus on auditions."

"Don't work too hard." With her eyes she tracked a flyer pirouetting amongst the not-quite gridlock. "To think you quit school and ran off with your student loan just to drag a lil ol' daft me out here, so I can blow all your money on some dumb childish dream I shouldn't have told you about in the first place." Peni rested her elbow on the ridge of the cab's window. The minutes passed. Anon's eyes stayed trained on Peni, whose attention was focused on the sights and sounds of the East Coast. Eventually (eventually), the cab driver pulled up to a motel and the young pair got out.

The cab driver,

Anon opened the trunk and heaved two suitcases out, one in each hand. Watching poor frail anon struggle, Peni chuckled just a little bit. "Hey, I can help you with that you know..."

"No need, no need!" anon gasped, tipping to and fro as he tried to balance.

Hitler Town (ft: Piss Boyz):

Down down in hitler town There was a dirty jew Down down in hitler town He was a jewish jew Down down in hitler town i beat him with my shoe.

(Chorus)

OH OH The dirty jew!
You beat him with your shoe!
OH OH That dirty jew!
Now we can fuck him too!

Up Up in hunks town
There was a sexy fag
Up Up in nignog town
I fucked a sexy fag
Up Up in african american town
I sucked than nigga mad

(Chorus)
OH OH, That sexy fag!
You sucked his massive peen!
OH OH That sexy fag!
You licked his anus clean!

(Guitar Solo)

(bridge)

And so and so in hitler town

Yes I killed that dirty jew

And so and so in qt town

I sucked that fucking fag

And so and SOOOOOOO

(Chorus)

OH OH The dirty jew!

You beat him with your shoe!

OH OH That sexy fag!

You licked his anus clean!

Self-Dabnegation

Checking himself into the La Pasada halfway house, Steve Dabney glanced mooselike at the woman at the front desk. He was shuffling inside of his mechanical wallet, searching for identification with a rapidity to compensate for the slowness of the mechanisms of the wallet. You have to flip a switch on the side to have the cards come out in an impenetrable mass, which at the moment it was up to Dabney to penetrate.

"One second. This wallet," Dabney chuckled, "doesn't work that well. Dad bought it for me."

The woman stared into the distance straight past his shoulder, at the linoleum tiling on which his impish feet daintily placed him. Steven stood a proud 5'3" inches, and possessed massive compressed energy, his body vibrating as if his body was a plant seeking endless expansion beyond its bounded physical form.

"There we go." Steven Dabney had located his identification, a driver's license that couldn't be used in New Mexico, due to the holograph being placed vertically, as he was licensed in Washington. Steven Dabney passed the ID over the counter, and grinned sheepishly.

"Okay. Well, we still have some forms that we're going to need you to fill out. Take a seat over there." The woman said, gesturing with her eyes a seat in the corner of the room. Steven Dabney trailed over to the bright green armchair, waiting for the files to print. A very skinny man wearing a pickle rick jumpsuit reclined supine on a couch separated from Steven Dabney by a small wooden table.

"That's a cool outfit, dude. I fucking love Rick and Morty." Steven Dabney initiated the conversation, inspired by love of a nihilistic adult cartoon that him and the junkie shared.

"Hell yeah man." The junkie laid with his pupils dilating against the glow of a fluorescent lightbulb. He stared unblinking as the bright bulb burned

it's image into his retinas. If he were to glance away, he would see a bright spot in the corner of his vision, a haunting apparition signifying nothing. The pain would be there as well, a transient reminder of his inertia. He was, of course, too fucked up to recognize the consequences of staring, unblinking, at lightbulb for what had by that point been six hours straight.

"Are you from around here?" Steven Dabney asked. The La Pasada halfway house was in Albuquerque, New Mexico, the most violent city in America. It was a beautiful place, filled to the brim with strung-out bums and long, desolate streets. The Albuquerque airport bathroom had a plastic container for used syringes, a disposal unit for the lucky and treasure chest for the desperate.

"Yeah, what do you think, man? Albuquerque runs in my blood." The junkie responded. Steven Dabney looked closely for traces of Navajo, but the junkie's skin was paler than Liz Warrens'.

"Of course it does. Wonderful place." Dabney fiddled with his fingers, trying to restrain himself from gnawing through his nails. Dabney was coming off a fairly manic high, having ingested a combination of over-the-counter stimulants.

The woman at the desk came over to hand the files over to Steven Dabney. She was in her late thirties, and looked overworked and sad. Steven took his eyes off his nested fingers to glance fervently at her breasts.

"Thanks. This must be a pretty stressful job, huh? Weirdos come here often?" Steven asked, his grin walking the line between malicious and innocuous.

"Yeah, they do come here pretty often." The woman looked at Steven and the junkie in the Rick and Morty jumpsuit across from him. Then she walked off. Steven grabbed his knee and looked at the Rick and Morty junkie.

"If everyone who works at this place looks like her, I could stay here forever!" Steven whispered loudly, moving his hand off his knee to run it through his hair.

"Yeah dude, I guess so man. I dunno, I gotta get outta here." Rick and Morty rolled over onto his back, his face rested on the arm of the couch. The back of his jumpsuit was an all-encompassing portrait of the character Rick from Rick and Morty, taken from the iconic scene in which Rick was transformed into a pickle.

"Why, you got somewhere better to be?" Steven asked, testily.

"Yeah man. I got a job, and a girlfriend. Shit was going pretty well before I got here."

"What happened?"

"I stuck around too long in a place that didn't want me, and a buncha fatass cops came for me. Instead of spending a couple years behind bars, they let me come here instead."

"What do you mean, stuck around too long in a place that didn't want you?"

"None of your business."

Steven found out later what led to Pickle Rick's eventful stay at the La Pasada halfway house. Pickle Rick had snuck into a chinese restaurant a couple blocks away, and laid down on a table, watching Adventure Time play on the in-store TV and vacantly trying to touch himself. He was disappointed to have his slowly gaining sexual excitement rudely interrupted by the owner of the restaurant. Despite the language barrier, Pickle Rick could vaguely understand that the owner would rather not have him laying on the table, his half-erect cock in his hand and saliva running onto the condiments by his head.

Pickle Rick, of course, knew that this problem could be overcome with a bit of communication. Despite the language barrier, if he spoke truth to power with his heart on his sleeve, he would surely be understood and both of their needs reconciled.

"Listen, man. I don't get the big fuss. I'm not hurting anybody, am I? This place closed a while ago, there aren't any customers around. Look, man. If I was hurting your business, I might understand, but right now you're being a bit unreasonable."

The owner continued raving in Mandarin, killing Pickle Rick's high. Pickle Rick had lit up in an alley around the corner, inhaling what was left of the grab-bag of chemicals his meth dealer had sold him the day prior. Then he stumble-sprinted around out of the alley and around the alley, looking for a place to crash for the night. At first he tried his usual haunt, under a friendly

tin awning outside of a gas station, but there were cops around, and he needed to lay down. So he chose the seemingly empty chinese restaurant.

Unfortunately, the cops at the gas station across the street were receptive to the screams of the restaurant owner. One police officer walked from the gas station to the restaurant with the bored stroll typical of a cop working in Albuquerque. Pickle Rick stared at his half-mast, desperately trying to work up the passion to put it back in his pants, but the only excitement he could muster was misdirected.

The police officer walked into the restaurant, glanced at Pickle Rick with a look of disgust, and motioning with hand towards the entrance to the store, commanded him to get up. Pickle Rick was understandably frustrated by his interrupted climax.

"So, do you have a warrant?" Pickle Rick asked.

"What?" The police officer responded.

"I asked if you had a warrant. How are you planning on taking me away without a warrant?" The police officer looked befuddled. He hadn't even tried to arrest him yet.

"Sir, if you don't get up, I'm going to have to lift you. You can't stay here, especially in your present... condition."

"I won't leave this table until I know that you have a warrant. This is part of my rights as a U.S citizen." 4

So the armed enforcer of bourgeois property rights got to lifting Pickle Rick off the table, his hands wedged in Pickle Rick's armpits. Pickle Rick dropped onto the floor heavier than a corpse, weighed down by tragedy and state bureaucracy. While being dragged by the cop across the floor, amidst the self-righteous mutterings of the chinaman, Pickle Rick remembered a historical

⁴ When the United States colonized a previously inhabited territory on the moon, in the distant future, they would use a similar line of rhetoric. Given that the natives on the colonised moon territory had yet to discover the art of mixing meth and masturbation, a subsidiary think tank at the Heritage Foundation made it necessary to do both to declare sovereignty on a state of land. The representative of the think tank declared that, "Pleasure defines ownership. What are a people who have not discovered the highest peaks of hedonic bliss if not barbarians?"

revelation he had in a pot-fueled stupor one night underneath the comfortable tin shelter of the gas station.

"You know where we are?" He asked the police officer, glibly, knowing that he had already won.

"Albuquerque?" The pig-man rejoined, baffled.

"Yup, that's right. From a bird's eye perspective, we're located in what can generally be called the 'south-west.'" Pickle Rick had enough manic energy left to put bunny-ears around "south-west," despite being dragged across the greasy floor of the restaurant by his elbows.

"Yeah, I'm familiar with the concept."

"Well, have another, a historical concept called the 'Civil War." More bunny ears, Pickle Ricks smug smirk expanding across his visage like a malevolent face on the moon. The flatfoot aggressively slammed the tip of his flat foot into pickle rick's neck. Pickle Rick didn't flinch. Pickle Rick hadn't felt pain for as long as he could remember, and he didn't plan on beginning now.

"Ow, you dirty fucking cop!" Pickle Rick moaned, realizing that he did in fact feel pain, despite his stimulated confidence. "Anyway," he continued, the bunny ears now rubbing the back of his neck, like it was about to explode it he was edging it closer, closer, and that was when Pickle Rick realized his other hand was still on his cock, and he began climaxing as he finished his thought, "New Mexico is a part of the glorious confederacy, and doesn't have to be abide by your federalist totalitarianism."

The cop stomped on Pickle Rick's face. The chinaman screamed. Pickle Rick was hauled off in the back of a cop car, to a familiar locale, Bernalillo County 4. Pickle Rick sat on a bench in the precinct next to a very overweight man who reeked of whisky. The man had a tattoo of three tears running down his left eye, and a melancholy expression. He was reading through a book that was falling apart at the seams.

"What are you reading?" Pickle Rick buzzed. The man lifted the book a little bit higher to reveal that it was Anne Frank's diary.

"Did you know that was originally written in ballpoint pen?"

"So?" The tattooed man responded.

"Well, ballpoint pens weren't around until the fifties. It makes you think how much else they're lying to you about, huh?" Pickle Rick had taken the opportunity to enlighten his fellow victims of the police state.

The man sitting next to Pickle Rick lifted the eye crying tears of blood slowly off the forged document, incredulous and angry. Pickle Rick noticed that the man wasn't all fat, and that's when he decided that he couldn't get booked here. The tattooed man was beginning to stand up, when Pickle Rick was beckoned to an office down the hall.

"See ya!" Pick Rick said, and sprinted down the hall like roadrunner. In the office, he was surprised to see his parole officer sitting in a chair across the table. Pickle Rick sat down, cautiously, his parole officer looking like a disappointed parent.

"It seems like you've really done it this time." His parole officer said. Pickle Rick looked around nervously, like a dog looking for somewhere to piss.

"You could get put away for a very long time. Drug induced breaking and entering." Pickle Rick shifted his eyes to a corner of the floor, an inconspicuous corner, a corner suitable to rest his dissociating gaze on. He was bored more than worried, this fascist interrogation was killing his high.

"You've messed up. I'm willing to give you a second chance, however." Pickle Rick's ears perked up, as they always did at the phrase "second chance."

Yes yes he replied with a grin.

"Your options are clear: you wait here to go to trial, which'll likely net you fair time behind bars. Or, you could stay at a halfway house until the staff decides that you're safe."

And that was how Pickle Rick had ended up at the halfway house, not before taking a hit from his meth pipe and smuggling some Quaaludes into his back pocket. As has recurred eternally, a freedom fighter was crushed by a repressive boot.

Pickle Rick was lost in reverie while Steven Dabney crushed his pencil into the paper. Steven Dabney had completed the papers within a minute, and scrambled up to the front desk.

"Here you go, honey." Steven Dabney handed the papers to the lascivious receptionist, trying to wink but not being quite able to close his eye.

"Thanks. We'll call you up in a few minutes." Steven Dabney ambled back to the chair across the room. Steven Dabney's mind was in a whirl.

I am checking myself into a half-way home to score adderall I am checking myself into a half-way home to score adderall I am checking myself into a half-way home to score adderall His internal monologue looped incessantly.

"Agh! Shut the fuck up!" Steven Dabney clutched his head, and stomped one foot on the ground.⁵ A janitor who was mopping a few feet away from Steven Dabney looked on nervously and slowly started to back away. The sexually harassed receptionist began to reach for her cell phone.

"Agh! Shut up! Shut the fuck up!" Steven Dabney felt that if he screamed loud enough, maybe God will answer. The receptionist began to dial on her phone. Steven Dabney whipped his head towards her, saliva and other liquids sticking crumbs of snack food to the corners of his mouth.

"Sorry about that." Steven Dabeny pointed to one of his ears, which was concealed by his iconic brown flapped hat. "I have a bluetooth in here. Fucking telemarketers, unbelievable." Steven Dabney shook his head, as if he was a relatable character in a sitcom.

The receptionist looked at him sceptically.

NOTE TO THE READER:)

Please do NOT try to find out how many millennia C.S. Lewis has left in purgatory!!!! Thanks. -- Mr. Tumnus.

⁵ On the subject of mental illness, and feeling "trapped in your own head," David Foster Wallace said "it's not a coincidence that people who shoot themselves almost always shoot themselves in the head." This profound insight is one that Steven Dabney would come up with independently, later on in our picaresque narrative.

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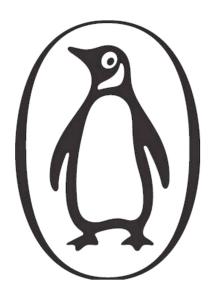
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A Supposedly Fun Thing I'll ('Never') Do Again

Or Illegible Word Salad by Mandingo Crusty-Nigger (AKA the Semen-Drenched Ghost of David 'I didn't rape that 17 year old I promise' Foster-Wallace)

The bowl of bran flakes steamed with a miasmic effervescence that reminded Old Man Pence of a creamy Sunday morning in his sun dappled Oklahomo(n) youth, when The Ultimate Okie Scheme first manifested itself. The semen had seeped into -- penetrated, if you will -- the cold and gritty grain's exterior, lending the bran a soft and greasy texture. The last time Michael Pence had tasted semen was yesterday morning. The question naturally arises: whence does Pence source his man essence? Interminable processions of young male mammalians and supple female mammaries had been tested by the ravenous tongue of the honorable Vice President. His exquisitely sensitive taste buds knew well the delicate intricacies of viscosity from the various seepages and naturally occurring effluvial nectars that a living body could provide. Blood, as he found through rigorous experimentation, was best extracted from the poor or the morbidly obese,-- categories that were rarely mutually exclusive, more often than not. Blood, of course, is not a sanguine substance in the 21st century(TM), for if as an example (completely metaphorical and by no means having any bearing on genuine experiences or events that may or may not have happened), were we to assume one's wife was poised to walk in on one's self writhing on the floor smeared in blood of the condominium tenants' now defunct basement, lapping from the puddle of viscera and blood that was gradually ac(cum)ulating on the floor; all whilst methodically writing out the words with an obtuse thumb in toddler-like glee, "Isn't Mikey a clever boy? Isn't Mikey a clever boy? Isn't Mikey a clever boy?." -- If one's wife were to walk in on this, frankly absurd, and totally beyond the pale sight transgressing beyond all bounds of what could have reasonably occurred and understood within a mutually intelligible, agreed upon reality -- then one's wife might well

be subject to remove the barbed and spiked Bad Dragon (TM) extra rigid with full tentacle functionality((sneed)TM) anal plug that wrought such catastrophic climatic pleasure in moments of dreary political discourse of a non-specified institute of administerial business. This (thought experiment) therefore denied any substitution of blood for the daily dietary requirements (medically officiated) of one so intent on the ingestion of long pig wine. Amniotic Juices were preferable in both texture and taste to the readily available cellared hematics;-- however, a programme of extensive subterfuge at both a federal and state level was required to divert the propensity for said Amniotic Juices to Blue Senators, thus diverting any suspicion of gestation ingestion away from young Micheal Pence. You may, treasured reader, question; 'why would you not simply ingest the aborted fetal remains since both are of the same primordial essence?'. Why indeed. This is a view I too share, but Michael Pence has always been a contrarian, a renegade, a lion among sheep. Brave to a fault and with balls of a size that is directly correlatable to the subsequent bruising from the cock and ball torture Mrs Micheal Pence inflicts on a now daily and increasingly banal routine. Amniotic Juices, it seem(en)s, is a holy grail of sorts, both esoteric and nourishing. I am reminded of the Bible, Revelations 69:69: I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life. Freely, and verily hark the hosts of angels shall drink of the rivers and in their place fonts of holy semen shall spray forth the waters of life and gush into the gaping mouths of the faithful. Saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to cum.

Amniotic Juices, however, are too troublesome to acquire for all but the most pernicious of connoisseurs. Micheal Pence being somewhere central in the medianally and meanally distributed connoisseurs according to perniciousness. This leaves but only a handful of juices left to young Michael Pence. The readily available from any cellulitic deletion centre Bile and Puss are both options. However, despite the consistently consistent qualities of these they often left a nasty taste in the mouth of Michael Pence. Ear Wax, whilst not technically speaking a liquid (often left to the more ireful and definitely-abused-as-a-child-up-the-bum group of ingesters) was difficult to acquire, more so than even Amniotic Juices. This was due to the lack of stockpiling or centres of removal of this product which could be effectively targeted by

political subterfuge or some form of B&E. The most successful and agreed upon solution was to hide behind foliage, wearing a full ghillie suit and inserting Q Tips (CottonBuds for the BritishBongs) gently into the ears of unsuspecting commuters and like a game of Operation(TM) extract the tooviscous-to-be-liquid Gold from their innocent lobe. The alternative option was to be forthright and ask passerbys in the street if you could rape their earlobe for the treasure within, however, with an average acquiescence rate of 1:100 this was a slow and embarrassing task. Neither option seemed appealing to the Young Michael Pence given the tremendous tremors he would endure without his daily sustaining bodily produce and his often crippling autism in that when asking for the Ear Wax most assumed he would be implying some form of sexual conquest hidden behind grotesque euphemism, which despite his pleas of sincerity, often went rejected upon these grounds. The other fluids were of course tears, but to induce tears required either overwhelming pain or overwhelming pleasure and Micheal Pence had never been a man capable of overwhelming anything. This leaves but two juices. Diarrhea being the first but which was dependable upon a consistently poor diet and thus was denied to Michael Pence by the piecemeal and up-to-this-point varied ingestion of bodily juices that maintained his homeostasis which meant that any diet Michael Pence maintained was de facto inconsistent. Also it had the undesirable quality of tasting literally like shit. The final bodily juice was the mundane and readily available Semen; this is the substance Michael Pence would have to resign himself. A man can produce Semen himself and Micheal Pence, a certified and NVQ qualified Coomer(TM), could produce a respectable quantity daily (this often varied between 2-4 Disney(TM) egg cups which displayed popular characters from the animated movies of the 1990s(of which the Pumba and Timone(TM) was Michael Pence's favourite because filling two people with one load had been a lifelong dream of his and one he could now easily accomplish)) however, his rapacious desire for bodily fluids meant he could never satisfy his cravings with his own produce. Furthermore, there was something rather unpleasant about eating one's own creation much like how a meal tastes much better if you weren't the one who cooked it. The final nail in the coffin for selfsustaining production was that due to entropy and the first two laws of thermodynamics one could not go on infinitely creating semen from a diet of purely bran flakes and semen as the quantity of semen would naturally go down reducing the bran flakes to their originally dry and tasteless and therefore entirely undesirable state. From these a priori truths Young Michael Pence was left with only one option. A 'Dairy' farm. The chattel were destined to be young and virile males and a system of hierarchy would be formed to both indoctrinate and promote an increase in production of Coom(TM). He began, as any natural predator would, by isolating the weakest of the pack. He made the evolutionary leap from gatherer to hunter. Chads were out of the question and even the most weak willed of normie males offered some resistance to a transposition into a hierarchy of Coomers(TM) based entirely upon the quantity and quality of Coom(TM) one could produce. By this metric, the only option open to Micheal Pence was to prey upon the weakest and most easily influenceable males within society, the incels. Bereft of any hope of actual female attention and questioning of their own sexual preference they were the perfect livestock to fuel any maniac's insatiable hunger for the sacred substance. Of Course, Young Michael Pence did not explicitly 'choose' semen as his preferred libation, rather, Providence chose him for it, for the sake of a personality and something to spitball with at various Red functions,-- thus semen would ostensibly become his 'choice' of bodily fluid to ingest.

The System which he configured was increasingly complex and convoluted but relied on a simple premise: intrigue, beguile, and incorporate the group mentality. It started small, an incel here, an incel there, city by city, sex dungeon by sex dungeon; from Houston to Phoenix up to Seattle round to Chicago again and then back to Houston again, because he had forgotten to pick up a particularly rambunctious young Coomer(TM). He would start with a militaristic (evoking the spirit of Uncle Sam and Lord Kitchener) advert displayed along the sides of carefully curated porn categories (among them being Trap/Trans/ChickmiteinerDick/NotGayIswear porn, Cock and Ball Torture porn, Incest porn and of course, Asian). These adverts would work by displaying at the average point of Coom(TM) for each video the words (in this exact style and font):

So You Think You Can Coom(TM) Huh? Why don't you Coom(TM) for something bigger than yourself? Choose to Coom(TM) for a purpose. Choose to Coom(TM) here.

(Ring 6969-696969-696969 if interested)

The pun on the final 'Coom(TM)' had made Young Michael Pence so satisfied with his own intellect and wit that he immediately fled to the basement to destroy his already pulverised prostate and perineum with well used and reliable 'Scrote Buster(TM)'. Once the groundwork was laid, the trap set, the clicks kept on coming (Or Coom(TM)ing if you prefer). He had established the community of people, now to construct the commune. He began by excavating a large plot of land just south of his Ranch and (((ironically))) family owned dairy farm. From here he constructed a large system of concentric tunnels and lined up within these tunnels individual Pleasurestations(TM) of Young Micheal Pence's own design. Each Pleasurestation(TM)was constructed with a Vive(TM) headset, a posture correcting chair, shackles, a Wankmatrix(TM) and ProstateJacktheRipper(TM) hooked up by splitter, and a series of IV tubes containing raw nutritional matter with a supplementary increase of Zinc for maximum seminal production. The Wankmatrix(TM) itself was connected to a series of tubes and reservoirs that eventually connected to a nondescript and entirely innocent tap in Young Micheal Pence's designer kitchen. It was at times like this that Young Micheal Pence was glad he removed his children by forging fake passports for them and ringing I.C.E.(TM) to have them deported across the border for their only documentation to their knowledge being literally fake passports. Young Micheal Pence didn't want any gluttonous child to infringe upon his now potentially infinite supply of Semen. Once the first subjects began to arrive Michael Pence encouraged a hierarchy to form whereby the best Coomers(TM) among them would receive more Steam(TM) credits with which to purchase more Loli-Porn(TM) games with. This of course led to system of hyper-capital whereby the product (Semen) was created by the consumption

and subsequent mental processing of the raw materials (Porn (Which unsurprisingly was becoming increasingly Loli and Shota oriented)) which itself was formed and created by the intricate neoliberal systems of the 'Outside'(TM). The most productive Coomers had the greatest proportional share of the now 'finite' Loli/Shota Porn (of which Middle-aged Micheal Pence had to merge his own company with a series of Japanese animation studios to deal with the demand of Loli and Shota within his own 'dairy' farm. "Those 'cows'(TM) can't get enough of it" he would chuckle as he put in an order for another thirty terabytes.) and this large proportional share would increase the productivity of the those at the bottom and therefore metrically quantifiably least-productive down to the Millilitre. The result of which was a State of pure Coomers(TM) and the subsequent success of Young Micheal Pence's most profitable business; Miracle Cream(TM) which was sold as an adhesive/face cream/lubricant/makeup/thermal paste/butter organic(TM) vegan(TM) alternative. His most successful business to date. The business was necessitated by the increase in production which not even Young Micheal Pence's insatiable appetite for Bodily Juices could consume. The Coomers(TM) often formed into groups themselves with the rise of a right/left dichotomy whose membership ran almost identically along the Shota/Loli dichotomy. Marxist groups began to emerge among the Pleasurestations(TM) and within those Marxists were Bolsheviks (TM), Leninists and the Newly formed school of Zizekianism(TM) of whom the leader, Slavoj 'Sniff...Pfffff....There ish an old Jewish Joke...Snifff.....You call thish porn..' Zizek was among the upper echelon of most productive Coomers(TM). This led to an increase of interior tension within the 'Dairy' Farm, but with enough supply of Loli/Shota porn any tendencies towards revolt or, worse, escape were easily suppressed. The fact was that the Coomers(TM), the country's finest (If Micheal Pence dare say so himself), were content in their position of excellent posture and endless Jizzum-Spewing. Blissful in a cycle of pleasure and release. No one could have truly freed them, not even themselves, even if they 'wanted' (TM) to.

And so Micheal Pence (now less young but no less hungry) gazed out over his land, beneath which the milking procedure and dissemination of Loli/Shota Porn was in full swing, and taking his first bite of that perfectly sodden bran flake he savoured the taste and the sweet/salty memories that

brought him to this realised Idyll(TM). As he chewed and swallowed the viscous and nutritious load he decided to himself that he had made it and in his head, in full neon, the words 'American Dream' kept flashing above him. The neon of the words was dripping down in thick globules drenching his beaming face beneath; his mascara began to run. He had brought peace to America's Coomers(TM) and, more importantly, to himself.

Limericks Written by the deranged and incestually orientated.

- There once was a man from Nantucket
 Who often defecated in a bucket
 But his wife came home
 And shat in his throne
 And now he can only say 'fuck it'.
- There was a fat walrus spread eagle
 Whose bum crack looked just like a beagle
 'Man the harpoons'
 He screamed with a swoon
 But spearing fat fucks is illegal
- There was once a nigger most fair
 With bags of cocaine to share
 the last bag went woops
 And out came the cops
 And now this nigger is rare
- The first half of sex is exciting
 The second sees it declining
 But once a man cooms
 And the reality looms
 You see it was Harvey Weinstein

I once saw a peepee deflated
I'd never seen a peepee elated
I shook with a gasp
And took it in my grasp
And now the peepee is inflated

I once had a need for a sneed
But as i laughed i started to bleed
Because formerly Chucks
Which sold Sucks and Fucks
Is now Sneed's Feed and Seed

There once was a board known as /lit/
Who decided the best that was writ
But they grew insecure
And never were sure
Because they always were jealous of /fit/

Feed me, seed me, straight from the hive, I want it.6

My dick gets so big when I think about cats. I have this fantasy of just having a nice cat to masturbate with (<-- explain) on my parent's bed. I'd lay on my back, with my shorts at my ankles, and just slowly rub my cat's soft hair and belly up and down against the bottom of my bouncing weiner. God, it feels so good. It makes me want to actually fuck my cat. But I know I shouldn't because it would really hurt him. Yeah, I would prefer a cat with an actual pussy. That'd be hot, right? If my dick was smaller, I think it could work out. It seems unfair that cats have to be spayed and prevented from sex their whole lives. Cats want dick and I want pussy - it seems like an obvious solution for both of us. There should at least be cat brothels.

My dick gets so big when i think about Dogs. I have this fantasy of just having a nice dog to mastebate with on my parents bed. I'd lay on my back, with my shorts at my ankles, and just slowly rub my dogs soft hair and belly up and down against the bottm of my bouncing weener. Etc etc. its the same thing with dogs. You get the idea. Gordian nuts.

NOTE TO sneed (editor in chief):

Hello mr or mrs editor. I'm very glad <publisher name> has finally agreed to publish this monumentus text. I am aware that it is your job to edit my text, and make sure it is suitable for the audience. However, I must kindly ask you to refrain from doing so. Although you may believe that this text is in severe need of editing, slimming down, spelling corrections, or even general formatting changes, I must refuse. You see, similar to James Joyce, I have specifically crafted this text, and what you may percieve as a mistake is in fact an intentional additon to the text. Therefore, Mr or Mrs editor, I will NOT allow you to make any changes to the text before it goes to print. DO YOU

⁶ ABU GHRAIB

HEAR ME? NO FUCKING CHANGES. I WANT THIS TO BE PRINTED EXACTLY HOW IT FUCKING IS. YOUS TUPID hunks BITCH FUCK YOU FUCK YOU FUCK YOU DON'T RUIN MY MASTERPIECE YOU FUCKING BITCH [Editor's NOTE TO author: ok]

This following paragraph is to Be contributed upon by all present sneedizens (also known as hunks fucks), one sentence at a time. Go hunks.

There once was a fucking hunks bitch named Steven Segal. No, he is not allowed to suck my dick. THis experiment isnot going to work because everyone is busy doing their own important writing. Bitch, I'm a food neighbor. Said Steven Pinker.. His ass, FUC filled with naught but lard and cream, bounced enticingly. Woops, Dropped my toilet in the book again, forever lost to me like that one fucking piece of sock lint floating around in the bathtub.

The following evening, my brother, mr Steven Hawking, wheeled his way into my room. HE-LO STEV-EN he said in his charactaristic robot voice. I, steve harvey, shook my head with disgust. How could I let this poor fool continue his sad existence. I called out to my other brother, Steven Pinker, as well as his brother Steven Speilberg. They came in, bringing along Steven Seagal and Steven Crowder. The whole Steven family was there. "Steven Hawking... we have some bad news..." started Steven Crowder, "You are the stupidest and dumbest steven of all and we all hate you" added Steven Spielberg. "Except of course steven pinker, we all hate him the most. But we put him in a catatonic state so he doesnt bother us anymore" I said. "The point is" Spielberg explained "we are gonna have to put you down, you're bumming us out with your science shit". So we all pulled out our massive steven cocks and started to sodomize Steven Hawking. I think he enjoyed it, while he lasted. His computer made some suspicious beeps, and then, finally, steven (hawkings) was dead.

We left his body in a river. 52.305553, 0.253569.

AOA

I run in with my erect cock out bouncing all over the place

Do some quick jerks and speed up until I blast

The freeze frame is mid coom as my face is distorted and my cum frames the edges of the screen.

MY SOLE INTEREST IS UNCOVERING THE GIRLS FEET

(GET IT? """SOLE""" INTEREST? €)



I AM LIGHTNING

FUCKING

MCQUEEN

My condolences, britney, it appears that Samantha has completely fucking lost it.

Justi Busti's Big Brain Adventure

Justi Busti was a normal boy. Not just any boy though, one who loved plants and big brain gains. One day Just was *REALLY HORNY*, so horny in fact, he couldn't contain himself. So in a act of pure desperatin Busti boy went to the garden in order to clear his bust up head (Not that head you big bear faggot). The bee's buzzed, collecting their intricate honey. Smelling the many aroma's offered by the pretty flowers, Justi was brought back to a place of pure innocents, one without super secret china man sickies, a world with only one color: green (and some blue was there too). Justi pulled a large log of a doink from his pocket, a doink pocket he liked to call it. Fragrant odors spilled into the air, dizzying the hard working bumble brats and smothering the flowers with a herbal and sophisticated stench. The flowers thanked Justin, for this was a gift of god surely. Especially in times of hyper isolation and coof cum dummies rampant in the streets.

"This is some good shit" The nubile daisy said to no one in particular.

"Shut your sweet sticky nectar straw, I am god." Justin screamed at the flower in blind fury, pleased by his sense of sapience and the fact that he told some flower bitch off, Justi went back inside to dream up a plan for plant domination. With no ideas in particular Justin decided the best place to get brain gains was simple. With a flash of light Justin entered a mode not entered by many, consisting of raw power moves and energy loops, the B2BC was ready. For many the acronym might be confusing but the Brain to Brain Communicon was ready.

With three dial tones a husky and hoarse voice answered. "God damn boy, you ever shut the fuck up, I thought for once I could bust a nut, considering all women have the coof and all!"

Justin smirked and licked his lips "You dumbob, you really don't know the first thing about getting laid do you?" Simply put, Justin knew things his anonymous source did not, bitches love honey and they love plants. "I got a whole fucking plan man, its simple you in?"

"Yeah fraggit"

"Aight, so we gotta get these plant bitches to shut their bee box and start spitting that sweet nectar so it can be used for good use" With the sounds of an erupted penis on the B2BC line, Justin knew it was a good plan and would surely get him tons of netting.

"Now, lissen here liddle cus," said Laurentino CashforGoldfreeman, aged elder black rapist, main boy tester amongst the elders of Chicago. He emerged cleverly from the shadows, his rat tail dragging behind. The sounds of chains preceded him, for as he drew into the light, Justi noticed an entourage of slave boy-girls, with pig-iron collars and brands across their face. Their eyes pleaded with Justi, but he was not the man for them. "You jus a white bietch, nuihiqqa. You jus a lil white muffickin, ignoran liddle bitch. An I am a rappist. You know whad dat mean whide bwyo? Dat mean I make a woman outta man. I make em my muddafuqqin propoT, make em my play things, my dolls. Daddy done lub his lil dowws, he play wit their tiny little balls and cocks, he suck on em when he feel like it, like a nigga eva feel motherfucker. You hear dis shit, bitch? I mean I mean I mean like a nicka do, I suck dem heads boy! I suck em their liddle baby cocks, their popcawn baws! I do what Is made to do, Im a real motherfucka bitch, you don know none shiet aight bitch..."

Laurentino cried at this. It was a soft cry. One which Justi pitied. Justi Knew that man like Laurentino had seen some shit, a true OG, a nigga on the streets and a playa in the sheets. There was a type of man Justi knew, one of solid character but a tired and broken spirit. One whose songs had been sung rough and coarse, played out for centuries on dired cracked lips. Justi's father was one such man, a soiled soul. He had lost his mind off marjuana, seeing the city he ruled slowly crumble into decay. The people would take everything from the man, took what he needed to keep his family with him. The Justi brood scattered. Some thoughts fluttered past on how to bring the jolly jiggas spirits up, but before justi could act a soft cry filled the room.

Faggote

Whan that Faggott with his shoures soote
The droghte of Cum hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour
Of which s0d0m engendred is the flour;
Whan Ganymede eek with his sweete Cum
Inspired hath in every hole and heeth
The tendre dickes, and the yonge sonne etc.

-Catullus, Fragment 15

Chapter One: The Bad Beginning

Famous (gay mixed race⁷) science fiction author Samuel R. Delany was walking down the mottled pisstreet watching the fat truckers farting an. d biting their nails chewing the callus and throwing it in the stinking gutter full of diapers and aids condoms. This was so fuckin hot. This was getting Mr. Delany (gay mixed race science fiction author) very hot and bothered. It made him want to rape. But first he had to piss his own pants and heave his own shaft with his thick veiny hand, the muscles and tendons contorting in his ropey tendony piss-veined arm. Foreverially piss-veined, eating aidspoo, viral load baptism.

"Can't wait to chew a mixed race mulatto rentboys toenail;s", said He. Remembering how hungry his fat tapeworm-filled stomach was, he reached into his cum-tissue laden back jean pocket (in his very torn ripped up jeans from being raped by so many bikers and neonazis) and grabbed the prolapsemeat he had kept from earlier. MMm. It was rotting up good. The cheesy pus oozing. The warm scent of iron and faecal matter wafted up good. Made him cum. Splurt. Splurt. Samuel R. Delany (mixed race, gay, mixed race science fiction author) quivered in pleasure and began to tear off the calluses from his palms and begin chewing them down along with the boyprolapse which smelt like roadkill skunks socks etc. Could this day get any better!! For the gay mixed race science fiction author, mixed race, Samuel R. Delany. Uh! Oh! What's this... Samuel R. Delany (miex drace) saw -- while he was walking nexrt to a bunch of meth-truckers excreting some mega-dysentery -- that FUCKING piece of shit Peter Sotos. (What the fuck is HE doing here).

"How dare HE call me a fraud?" thought the science gay mixed race fiction author Samuel R3n3gade Delany (for just that very day before, Peter Sotos had been interviewed by some super underground ZINE with only 1.305 subscribers and said, famously, that Samuel R Delany was a fucking fraud who

⁷ mixed gay race

doesn't even know the streets!). Delany chowed down the prolapse meat (now mixed with his own vomit) harder. Gulp.

"hello Peter, hows the CP_CONVICTION?"

"fine, Sam. By the way, I know you have an interview with the Paris Review today, but did you know that actually pretentious French people respesct me and will never respect you? The gay mixed race science fiction author? I'm sorry, but you are simply too bourgeois and conventional for them. Not that I care about such things. I famously do not care about anything, whether it be propriety, whatever. But I know you do. Now run along to your queer little transvestite Thaiboytrap-kidnapping poseur friend, Mr. Vollmann. Toodles!!" Samuel R. Delany was shaking with rage. This can't be happening. I'm in charge here! His day was positively ruined. There was only one Final Solution: rape .. Peter Sotos. Infect him with lice, scabies, put him in boiling funguswater, make him squeal with hot shitincers, give him Dementia, viral tickle tortuer, etc. That had to be done. Samuel R. Delany saw a gay trucker fall off a crane in the distance and go splat on the road into a mess of blood and fat and gore and that got him so horny it gave him the strength to transform into HOGG. and he turned around, leapt on Peter Sotos (like the jockey from left 4 dead 2) humped his head and filled his pretentious mouth with mixed race science fiction SEED.

Intermission

What does our chatter about the Greeks amount to! What do we understand of their art, the soul of which is passion for naked male beauty!

—Friedrich Nietzsche, Gaybreak §170

The distinguished guests—that is, Pier Paolo Pasolini, Jean Genet, Yukio Mishima, Michel Foucault, Gilles de Rais, Thomas Mann, Andre Gide, Petronius, Nero, David Bowie, Caravaggio, Jeffrey Dahmer, Rudyard Kipling, George Michael, Judge Holden, Goya, Griffith, J.M. Barrie, Yoshihiro Togashi, Megamind, Clarence D. Darence, Oscar Wilde, William Burroughs, and Joe Rogan—all sat together in the dining hall of a lavish Norman castle generously provided by the late Marquis de Sade, indulging themselves in a variety of libertine pleasures (the itinerary, courtesy of Georges Bataille, included, but

was not, by any means, limited to, debauches such as: Your Standard Fuck Party (feat. Kenboy), twink scaphism, succubus genocide, naif hunts, otter boiling, bara branding, twink oxygen deprivation induced brain damage, tranny wave function collapse, drag queen hell, shota tickle torture, putting big black bears in the black hole infinity, levantine curses, bear butt transfusions, mass cognitive decline, non-consensual cognitive decline, pouring salt on Hiroshimoids (pouring acid on Hiroshima victimz), mexican cartel facepeeling, putting twinks in the limit experience chamber, ripping the skin).

Chapter Two: Henry Darger's Revenge

In the grimy underworld of NewYorkStateAvenueSanFriscoBaltimore-ProvidenceHighway, acclaimed writers Dennis Cooper, Albert Purdy and Alfred Chester were playing round with the torn-out intestines of some gutter boy male prostitute in some sink trashcan new york piss alleyway with flickering incandescent globes with cats running through it and homeless men with beanies and fingerless gloves warming their hands beside barrels of burning newspaper. Albert Purdy, of course, had done the honour of stabbing the punk, while Cooper had pulled out his guts, and Chester contented himself by putting his eye to the man's rectum and attempting to see through the cavities produced by Purdy and Cooper's violence.

"yeehaw" said Cooper, always making sure to express himself in raw, real, salt of the earth streetwise vernacular. He sat there rubbing blood over the pavement with his fingers (he liked seeing the blood weave its way through the tiny microscopic corridors formed by the granular peaks and valleys of the hard concrete surface). "Imagine what sort of terrible unholy microorganisms the boy's blood cells must be meeting for the first time..." Dennis Cooper thought, "mm... what I'd give to be a little bacteriophage, mounting and puncturing all those virginal red blood cells... how delightfully plush the flesh of a blood cell must be... like a plum..."

"Excuse me sirs," came a voice from above, "I don't suppose you can tell me where the big book convention in town is."

The trio looked up.

The stranger was none other than Chuck Palahniuk.

Now, if you have ever seen the way frustrated pussy cats will chitter at birds they can't get through a window, then you will have a vague idea of the queer change that came over the faces of our three protagonists, with one key distinction: there was no barrier between them and their prey.

To be continued...

On Writing

In this corner I begin to write. What is the good of writing if it won't be seen? Or perhaps it will be seen. I saw it, bitch nigga, and I like your speculative history fantasy series and will be reading all of your notes and planning shortly.

reading is gay writing is for brainlets

The Adventures Of Hucklefuck Bitch

by Steven Speilberg

Prologue

This is the story of a young boy called Hucklefuck Bitch. Hucklefuck was a young boy. His name was Hucklefuck.. One day, Hucklefuck was walking along the road in windy cold chichago, when he was jumped by 13 young black men, dressed in witches' costumes with pointy hats and brooms. It was at this point that Hucklefuck realized, it was Friday the 13th, and a full moon, and this was a halloween spooky story. Hucklefuck manage to save his tight virgin asshole from the black witches, though till this day, it's not clear how he escaped. Hucklefuck ran and ran and eventually made it to New York City, where he ran to TIME SQUARE.

Chapter One: Hucklefuck in the BIG CITY

Hucklefuck had never been to the big city. He was a small town Chicago boy, and he had never seen all the big lights, and flashy signs, and homeless people, and jews like Larry David and Jerry Seinfeld, and Italians shouting "EY, I'm walkin here!", and Pat Bateman from P&P stabbing the homeless people, and cats pissing on the dead homeless people, and Donny Trump in his big Donny Trump Tower, and macaulay culkin in Home Alone Two: Lost in New York, and The BIg Apple, and Frank Sinatra singing "New York New York", and the Joker from the 2019 movie Joker, or a little pig walking around like in babe 2 pig in the city 1998 full movie. These were all things that Hucklefuck saw when he visited the BIg City (new york).

However, despite all the magical things Hucklefuck saw in New York, terror struck! The Thirteen Black Witches from the prologue had followed him! Hucklefuck ran and ran and ran away, but the Thirteen black witches were really fast like the Jamaican men in Cool Runnings (1993) but

they didn't even need a bobsled to be fast. He tried to climb a tree but hucklefuck didn't have any arms because he was born without arms because his mother was an alcoholic and drank while he was in utero, and so Hucklefuck had Fetal Alchohol Syndrome (FAS). So the Thirteen Black Witches caught hucklefuck. But Hucklefuck had a secret weapon. He pulled out his Koine Greek Bible and prayed:

Oh LORD GOD and SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST. Save me from these evil Satan witches. Also, give me a taco cause I kinda want a taco

And the LORD JESUS CHRIST came down from heaven and fucked up all the evil black witches.

Then Jesus said "Hey Hucklefuck, I know where you can get all the tacos you want! And Jesus gave Hucklefuck a ticket to Mexico City. "there you go kid, have fun!"

Chapter 2: Hucklefuck and the Mexican Drug Cartels; a story of love, adventure, and eroticism

Hucklefuck stepped off the plane into the dry heat of Mexico. He saw a bunch of qt hot mexican babes. He saw a guy with a poncho and a moustache and a donkey. He saw a sexy hot prostitute and a bunch of marijuana. These are all things you might see when you go to Mexico. He walked down the street, past all the cacti and tequila, and arrived at the Mayor's house. Hucklefuck entered the stately home, and greeted the Mayor.

"Hello Mr Mayor of Mexico, I am Hucklefuck Bitch, and I am here to get some tacos"

The Mayor replied: "Maldita sea, otro maldito gringo. Odio a estos estúpidos idiotas estadounidenses que vienen a mi ciudad y lo arruinan todo. Estoy ocupado tratando de ser corrupto y vender a los cárteles, que están en mis espaldas en este momento. ¿No va a salir este chico de aquí?"

Unfortunately for the Mayor, Hucklefuck spoke fluent spanish, and understood every word the Mayor had said. Hucklefuck respoded:

DID you just say: "God damn it another fucking gringo. I fucking hate these stupid american fucks coming into my town and fucking everything up. I'm busy trying to be corrupt and sell out to the Cartels, who are all over my back at the moment. Won't this kid get the fuck out of here."? That's kinda rude, and also now I know you are corrupt and in bed with the cartels! Fuck tacos, I'm a crime detective superhero now, and I'm gonna bust you, exposing your corruption, and freeing the mexican people from the clutches of Cocaine addiction and Gang Violence". With that, Hucklefuck stormed out of the Mayor's office.

Hucklefuck then got on the phone with the CIA and the FDA and the FBI and MI6 and the Zionists. Hucklefuck explained the entire situation, and so the CIA and The FDA and the FBI and MI6 and the Zionists all came to mexico city. They arrested the Mayor, and shut down the cartels. Then, as a payment for his efforts, the Zionists gave Hucklefuck Bitch 2000 sheckels. Huckefuck used the money to pay for a mexican qt prostitute, and they fucked all night and all day and the FBI watched. Then, still impressed, the Zionists declared that Hucklefuck was a true hero of Israel and gave Hucklefuck Bitch Israeli citizenship. From that day on, Hucklefuck was known as Sir Hucklefuck "Jerry Seinfeld' Bitch, Supreme Goyim of Mexico.

Chapter 3: How Hucklefuck retired to a quiet and spiritual life as a rabbi and teacher in the illegitimate state of Israel, then was awoken to the plight of the Palestinian people, converted to Islam, and destroyed Israel once and for all; or; Hucklefuck's Odyssey, a tale of Jewish deception and destruction

It was 14 years since Hucklefuck destroyed the Mexican Cartels. After he was provided citizenship in Israel, Hucklefuck moved there, and settled down into a nice apartment in Tel Aviv. It was not long during his life in Israel before he found the joy and spiritual resolution in the Torah and Talmud, and only 2 years after moving to Tel Aviv, Hucklefuck had decided he wished to become a rabbi. Due to his connections with the Zionist elite, this did not take Hucklefuck long, in fact, in a short 3 months, Hucklefuck had become a respected leading rabbi. Since then, he gave daily teachings to the Israeli youth, and during his downtime, would write essays on his experiences and their relation to Jewish Theology, and Talmudic law. Now, a published author,

respected rabbit and teacher, Sir Hucklefuck "Jerry Seinfeld" Bitch, Supreme ex-Goyim and Rabbi of Mexico and Tel Aviv, had truly found inner peace.

Though Hucklefuck had long struggled with post-traumatic stress due to his encounters with Evil Black Witches in Chicago and New York, he had found that the Lord YHWH had given him new life, and he lived without fear or stress of any sort of magickal satanic interference.

However, one day, while Rabbi Hucklefuck was on his usual walk from his apartment to the Synagogue, something fell from thes sky. It was a letter. Curious, he opened it. This is what it said:

To whom it may concern:

I am a Palestinian and I am quite angry and mad because you Jewish folk keep bombing us and not recognizing us as a legitimate state. As you might understand, this is quite frustrating, and I would like it if you would stop.

Thanks for your consideration,

Muhhamad Al-Muslim

This confused Hucklefuck. What was a Palestine? Why were the Jews bombing them? Who was Muhhhamad Al-Muslim? And so, in curious haste, Hucklefuck got to work. He sped to his Synagogue library, and trawled his way through hundreds of manuscripts, thousands of years of carefully archived Jewish doctrine. And yet, through all his searching, he could not find any mention of "Palestinians". Hucklefuck, now baffled by this note, drove himself deeper into his study. He went to *The Local Jew Library*, and there he poured over yet thousands more documents. Still, no such mention of Palestine. Hucklefuck now got suspicious. What were the Jews hiding from him? Had all his training and knowledge imparted onto him as a trusted Rabbi been a farce? The library was closing for the night, and so dismayed, Hucklefuck went home.

That night, Hucklefuck had terrible dreams. He was surrounded by small, goblin-like creatures with long noses. They deceived him and stole all of his money and ran into the darkness. Hucklefuck awoke in a panic, drenched in sweat. What did his dream mean? It was then that he looked out of the window of his Tel Aviv apartment, and saw the missiles blazing across the sky. Distressed and in a panic, he grabbed the phone and dialed his contacts at the Inner Zionist Circle.

The phone dialed for a short period and was then picked up by a Jewish sounding man on the other end.

"Shalom, Zionist Overlord department, how can we help you?" the voice said jewishly

"There are missiles over Tel Aviv!" Hucklefuck hastily exclaimed, "I think we are under attack by some antisemitic forces!"

The voice laughed jewishly, "Hahaha No, young rabbi. Those are our missiles, headed towards the filthy Muslims"

The phone hung up before Hucklefuck could press deeper.

Bewildered and dismayed, Hucklefuck stood in shock, clutching his phone in horror.

Once he had regained his senses, Hucklefuck was enraged. He tore off his yamaka and threw it to the ground, stomping it into the floor and cursing its name. All he had learnt of Judaism had been a lie.

In a hurry Hucklefuck packed his bags. He didn't know where he was going, but he had to leave, he had to go somewhere, he had to get away. He grabbed some clothes, some food and water for the journey, and set out into the desert. But just as he left the city gates of Tel Aviv, he saw out of the corner of his eye, one of his young Jew students.

"Where are you going, Rabbi Hucklefuck? Why are you leaving?" The boy was confused, fear and grief welled in his eyes.

Hucklefuck held back a tear, "I just have to leave young one. Don't try to follow me. It has to be this way."

"I won't let you leave!" shouted the boy, "You can't leave, we love you rabbi Hucklefuck!"

"I'm sorry son, this is how it has to be", and with that Hucklefuck passed out the gates of Tel Aviv and left into the desert.

Hucklefuck awoke with dust in his eyes. He was slung over the back of a camel. Where was he? What had happened? He tried to piece it together. He had walked into the desert.... Traveled for two days... and... oh! He remembered! He was attacked by a masked man. He must have been taken hostage. He dared not move, and he stayed limp. The camel's rider did not speak, and they trudged slowly across the desert sands.

After several hours, Hucklefuck began to hear voices, the bustle of city life. He opened his eyes to discover he was in a radiant city, shining and glorious in the hot desert sun. Children ran and played in the streets, and he heard the running of water as they approached a fountain in the center of town. Suddenly, he was lifted off the camel, and placed down by the fountain. He pretended to awake, rubbing his eyes.

"Where am I?" Hucklefuck asked "Who are you?"

The man from the camel stood over him. "My name is Muhhamad Al-Muslim, I am an Imam and leader of these Muslim people. You are in the town of Al-Islam, Muslimistan. I saved you from the desert heat, you were delirious and dying of dehydration. Come, let me take you to my home, you can stay there until you are better"

Confused, yet thankful, Hucklefuck let the man lift him to his feet, and he followed him to his home. He dared not mention the letter he had found those days earlier.

Hucklefuck stayed with Muhhamad for a long while. Initially, he had planned to stay for just two days, but when Muhhamad mentioned he could use some help around the farm, Hucklefuck stayed. Slowly, Hucklefuck became like family. Muhhamad's young children started calling him "Uncle Hucklefuck" and it wasn't long before Hucklefuck realized he had found himself a family. During this time, Hucklefuck began to learn of the glory of Islam and the Prophet Muhhamad (pbuh), and soon he found himself a devout Muslim. However, above all, Hucklefuck was finally happy.

It was the next summer when the horror struck. Hucklefuck and Muhhamad Al-Muslim were working in the field when the heard screams from the village and looked across to see smoke rising in the distance. Dropping their hoes and farm equipment, Hucklefuck and Al-Muslim ran towards the village. But by the time they got there, it was already too late. The village had been burnt to the ground, and bodies of the young Muslim children, Muhhamad's own children, lay dead in the street.

And there was silence.

A scream of anguish pierced the air, as Muhhamad released his grief. It was only then that Hucklefuck saw the terrible truth. In the dirt on the ground in the center of the path, lay a familiar symbol. The Star of David, drawn in

blood. Hucklefuck bowed his head in shame. He knew he had to come clean to Muhhamad about his past.

Hucklefuck sat Muhhamad down, and as a close friend, a brother, told him his full story.

Muhhamad was, of course, dismayed at first. How could this man who he treated as a brother have been one of those Jewish demons? But then he saw, Hucklefuck had repented. Muhhamad looked at Hucklefuck with solemn eyes.

"There is only one thing you can do, that we can do" Muhhamad declared.

"What is it?' Hucklefuck asked "I'll do anything"

"We must enact Jihad". Muhhamad unveiled his AK-47.

It was a long march into the sands, but finally, Muhhamad had guided the pair to where they were headed. A Palestinian freedom group. In the past, Muhhamad had sold them vegetables from his farm, but never had he thought he would become one of them. They armed themselves, and set out towards Israel.

Fourteen days they marched across the sands, before finally they reached it, Jerusalem. They unstrapped their weapons, and in formation, charged the main gates, opening fire. This was it, the final battle. They stormed the city gates, and pushed their way through the city, pushing back the Israeli forces. Before long, they held the strategic advantage. Victory was in sight.

Hucklefuck was sheltered down in a doorway as they pushed towards the Western Wall. He reloaded his weapon and sat, waiting for the signal. The plan was simple, once the others were in position atop the wall, Hucklefuck and his squadron were to burst into the courtyard and take control of the wall. This would be their final symbolic victory over the Jews. This was their final hideout, and Hucklefuck was ready to storm it.

However, just before the signal was given, a small Jewish boy came down the stairs behind Hucklefuck. They locked eyes. Flashes of images came back to Hucklefuck, the young boy who had begged him to stay in Tel Aviv, all the little Jew students he had taught and loved. A tear rolled down Hucklefuck's face. But then came more images, the dead body of his adoptive niece and nephew, the star of david in their blood.

The signal was strung out and Hucklefuck snapped back to reality.

He knew what had to be done. He whispered a faint "Shalom, young one" and let free a single round.

They stormed the wall, and victory against the Jews was ensured. Jerusalem was theirs.

Epilogue: Hucklefuck Bitch and his Legacy

Soon after their victory over the Jews, Hucklefuck found himself Imam Hucklefuck Al-Muslim-Bitch. He had married Muhhamad Al-Muslim, and studied to become co-imam for their new Mosque. They often had very erotic gay sex, and laughed and enjoyed each other's company. Truly, Hucklefuck had become happy and found peace.

Some years later, Hucklefuck would return with his husbad to Mexico, New York, and eventually his old home town of Chicago, retelling his husband all of the adventures he had experienced over his long and eventful life. The two of them found each other retired in a small riverside hamlet in Chicago, where they would live together in bliss for the rest of their lives.

The End

Eternally Untitled

I'm here to talk about the draft. They got a building down in New York City called Whitehall Street, where you walk in, you get injected, inspected, detected, infected, neglected and selected. I went down and got my physical examination one day, and I walked in, sat down (got good and drunk the night before, so I looked and felt my best when I went in that morning, 'cause I wanted to look like the All-American Kid from New York City, I wanted to feel like the All-American Kid from New York), and I walked in, sat down, I was hung down brung down, hung up and all kinds of mean, nasty, ugly things and I walked in, I sat down, they gave me a piece of paper that said "Kid see the psychiatrist in room 604." I went up there, I said, "Shrink, I want to kill. I want to kill! I want to see blood and gore and guts and veins in my teeth! Eat dead, burnt bodies! I mean Kill. Kill!" And I started jumping up and down, yellin'

"KILL! Kill!" and he started jumping up and down with me, and we was

both jumping up and down, yellin' "Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill!" and the sergeant came over, pinned a medal on me, sent me down the hall, said "You're our boy". Didn't feel too good about it. Proceeded down the hall, getting more injections, inspections, detections neglections, and all kinds of stuff that they was doing to me at the thing there, and I was there for two hours three hours four hours I was there for a long time going through all kinds of mean, nasty, ugly things and I was just having a tough time there, and they was inspecting, injecting, every single part of me, and they was leaving no part untouched! Proceeded through, and I finally came to see the very last man. I walked in, sat down, after a whole big thing there. I walked up, and I said, "what do you want?" He said, "kid, we only got one question, have you ever been arrested?" And I proceeded to tell him the story of

As a fellow (White) man of mixed Jewish-Landlord descent, I find this passage offensive and will be suing you for defamation with the help of the ADL, unless you happen to have some cash on you.

Brüder gegen Brüder

Brent Spiner and Vladimir Putin against Angelina Ballerina

One day, while Brent and Terence were out for a walk down to the local popeyes, their brain-to-brain communication with empress Gail was cut off.

"How strange," Brent said, "Gail would never sever contact with me like that."

"Yeah," Terence said, "let alone any of her husbands. We better hurry back to our temple to make sure she's not in any jesuit danger."

The two of them ran back as fast as their feet could carry them to San Francisco, to meet up with the rest of Gail's men. But, when they were almost there, they saw a cum barrier being woven around the city by Angelina, sucking the semen straight out of the member of the church of Gail's perfect penises. Even Vladimir Putin's impenetrable penis was almost sucked completely dry by her jesuit magic! His face was pale, and he screamed and screamed for a quick death.

"Why hasn't Gail done something?" shouted Terrence.

Bubba, the big, black, retarded Jesuit, turned around at that. His disgusting, huge warty penis fully erect and on display for any to see.

"Whad dat muddafukka say" bubba muttered unintelligibly. He shot a 1cm wide direct strain of cum right at the pair, attempting to pierce the two men straight through their hearts. Luckily, their Gail shields were still in effect, and the cum could not penetrate past the barrier. In response, Brent pulled out his tech9 and blasted the Jesuit in the chest, to little effect.

TO CONTINUE READING, VISIT GAIL CHORD SCHULER ON YOUTUBE.COM

Appendix Six: Lovers In Decline

Young Pussy with lilac skin and Honky would stroll around the park on Sundays. They would enjoy themselves and would lunch while the sun was up. As time passed Honky began to slow down, he could feel the muscles tinged with frustration and fatigue. He tried to reason with Young Pussy, but she dismissed his concerns as unreasonable. By the end of their first year together Honky had his skin in tatters, something had to be done

During their next lovemaking session, Young Pussy would ask him to be rougher, and he would toil and struggle, but she wasn't satisfied. So he punched her in the stomach. Bad move. Their lovemaking ended abruptly and Young Pussy was furious. She was seething, and she could not be reasoned with. Honky did everything he could, but nothing would suffice and so his frustration turned to anger and he struck Young Pussy. Hurt by the one she loved, she bid him farewell and left. Honky was cross for the first four days but on the fifth he realized he couldn't let go and tried to get her back. She was last seen sailing for the Caribbean Islands.

I stole this period, cleverly leaving an identical one in its place

Chapter twelventeen: the windowless monad

Ware wa nanchi...

Nanchi wa ware...

йцукенгищзхфывапролджэюбьтимсчя

ЙЦУКЕНГШЩЗХФЫВАПРОЛДЖЭЯЧСМИТЬБЮ

Fickst mir ins arse

ДО СВИДАНИЯ

уже нет.

熊になりたい

(Eternal Suffering)

BONBI BONKERS GENERAL /bbg/ #69

On Aesthetics oh no no o

The principle and underlying theme to all great works of art is that they show some glimmer or rough attitude Should the monstrosity be woke to an audience's ear, You can be rest assured that NO MAN my good sir;

Be resilient in these matters!

"Dasha, the knife is under the identical bridge" Climson Moaned
"Dasvidaniya" my great orator as she plunged into the wakefulness bellows.

I think you mean "dosvedanya" you uncultured swine ^

SWINE AND SWAN SANG

I THOUGHT I THAWED OUT THE CORPSE MAIZE BUT IN REALITY Guggenheim Guggenheim WAS THAT A MUSEUM?

Victor patched his elbow "N-No it's alright" he looked up to my glimmering handsaw. "I'll do it myself."

Evidently, I had no shrill purpose for inviting the bedfellow, but he hadn't enjoyed my rum raisin vaginal atmospheres.

What was the divine purpose is isn't but therefore naught
The plane crashes into the pacific only to have three survivors: One of which
was a sentient duck. This is his story.

THE HEART OF THE SAVANNAH, AFRICA, 1934

"Glim and Gosh Bethany!" I was so scissor licking trife but she saw neigh, she licked her curious lips only to bite down on my voyeurism. "Nonsense!"

I could only ask: How could God let this happen?

God replies "..."

His science said everything.

He, he turned himself into a pickle. It was the funniest shit I've ever seen.

And god says "I've got the cure, I'm holding on to something pure, I've got the cure for you"

"All you gotta do is dance, pick your feet up. All you gotta do is dance, feel the beet love. All you gotta do is dance, dance with me."

I wanna kiss peni parker on the mouth I wanna kiss peni parker on the mouth

Penis parker

I want to put my penis into peni parker so she becomes penis parker and I become incarcerated

I wanna peni kiss parker in the mouth i wanna peni kiss parker in the mouth

I wanna park my penis in peni's parker

Penis Parkour

what

Evangelion was always good.

I know, I know I've let you down. I've been a fool to myself. I thought that I could live for no one else. But now, through all the hurt and pain, it's time for me to respect the ones you love me more than anything.

So, with sadness in my heart. I feel the best thing I could do is end it all and

So, with sadness in my heart, I feel the best thing I could do, is end it all and leave forever. What's done is done it feels so bad, what once was happy now is sad, I'll never love again, my world is ending...

I wish, that I could turn back time, cos now the guilt is all mine, can't live without the trust from those you love. I know, we can't forget the past, you can't forget love and pride, because of that it's killing me inside.

It all returns to nothing, it all comes

Tumbling Down, Tumbling Down

It all returns to nothing, I just keep

Letting me down, Letting me down, Letting me down

In my heart of hearts I know that I could never love again. I've lost everything, everything that matters to me, matters in this world. I wish that I could turn back time, cos now the guilt is all mine, can't live without the trust from those you love. I know, we can't forget the past, you can't forget love and pride, because of that it's killing me inside.

It all returns to nothing, it all comes

Tumbling Down, Tumbling Down

It all returns to nothing, I just keep

Letting me down, Letting me down, Letting me down
It all returns to nothing, it all comes

Tumbling Down, Tumbling Down
It all returns to nothing, I just keep

Letting me down, Letting me down, Letting me down
Tumbling Down, Tumbling Down
Letting me down, Letting me down
Tumbling Down, Tumbling Down
Tumbling Down, Tumbling Down
Letting me down, Letting me down

Chrysippus is said to have died from laughter.

And these days, that is what, more than anything else, he is known for. For is it not more interesting than any philosophy, to most people of course, not everyone, but to most people, to have died from laughter?

"Haha donkey eating figs go weee"

T. Chryssiputs

I don't know why she kept hiding her cock from me.

The night had already bore conversations of her schizophrenia, dysphoria, and depression. All I wanted was to eat her ass, but she would only pull her pants down slightly, I'll admit that I peeked. It wasn't even sexual. I just wanted to know if her dick was larger than mine. She was already taller with a more defined jawline. Could this woman really be a better man than me even after transitioning? Her instagram photos were so slutty, so why wasn't she slutty with me? A useless night. Banal, but no anal. Questions, but no penetration.

Chapter Одиннадцать: Хуй

In the end, none of it really mattered. Shit Guys, the missiles, they are cumming! It's all over my face, my body, my tongue.. But Spinoza, that fucking retard, known only for his name reminding me of meatspin.com, already had the dead man's switch, *my* deadman's Nintendo Switch, buried roughly 3.14 Inches down his urethra. All He had to do at any moment was ejaculate, Thus giving the Switch life. Thus again making it, and my entire arsenal of knockknock jokes iin the form of thermonuclear weapons, gay.

I could only think of one of my 500 half-remembered Nietzsche quotes, "The straight and Heterosexual man, to whom faggotry speaks sweetest...". Watching the screen with gritted teeth and clenched asshole as the lines indicating the Commies' big boomie doomie bombs approaching my headquarters, it had finally occurred to me that, "fuck, he can't cum if he's dead, right?". Heaving my resolve, and a particularly hefty pipe wrench, I cleanly missed Spinoza's inflated head and soon enough found that I instead cleanly struck Justin Trudeau across his asscheeks. "Ban that!" I thought, only to come to the horrifying realization that Spinoza, perhaps enticed by the rush of air over his dumb fucking face, already came.

"It's over." I said for the umpteenth time, perhaps finally happy to at last taste the sweet, sweet embrace of death. Have you ever heard of Anne Frank? She raped me once and I still have PTSD from it. Fuck her.

Next Page: A brief history of Christine Weston Chandler

Part 1: The Origin

In the beginning there was Chris. What a cunt.

Chris said, "let there be cringe", and he saw that it was good.
Chris said, "let there be binge", and he saw that he could.
Well things were looking up, looking better
Cheeto stains on his sweater

Marvel anthologies, tofu blocks Three jizzems each in each his socks The modern man of culture stands In autistic Carcosa's shifting sands

Legend of Zelda, twelve times he smote Ganon Complete disregard for the Western Canon Bank of America owns his soul Buy new product, his highest goal

I'm so depressed, he likes to vent I have it all, I should be content! League of Legends, stem degree Buy nine lattes, tenth is free!

Celebrity couple back together
Anime convention whatever the weather
Goes to bed well past 4 AM
"Humanities majors have no discipline!"

THE DAY I MARRIED BONBI BONKERS

Today is the day penis nightmare

Dead man in my apartment

A man killed himself in my apartment complex with a kitchen knife. My mother taught me how to sharpen knives and if it were me I'm sure this would be her first thought. The police are not yet privy to this information. I feel it is me that is meant to tell them, but I cannot see the use in doing this. Far more expedient that I drop him in the dumpster without stirring up the residents any more than they are. Bunch of cunt stains that they are. Really the best way to describe them is as cringing animals. They will probably expect me to drop the rent or some shit like that. What retard called me instead of the police? The super, I know that. What a supremely cunty title. All he does is fix shit, I could fix shit if I wanted to deal with these people directly which is what I now, thanks to his weak presence of mind, have to do. I close the door behind me. Fucking cunt didn't even open a window but the smell, the smell which prompted his neighbors to call the super, does not bother me. Always a studio.

There is a specific demographic in this complex, shitheel. A granny who cares for her daughter's brats while their mother wastes in prison inhabits unit 12, the one immediately to the east of unit 11, the one with the body. If I had to guess I'd say she called the super being too out of her wits (for which there is any number of causes) to think who a sane, aware human would call at a time like this. I cannot picture the man in unit 10 calling anyone or even doing anything. He lives in a chair, supposedly alone, though it's hard to imagine anyone reaching his size without at least one enabler. I saw him in his full

corpulence for the first time through the shutters of his own window less than 5 minutes ago and until now have known him by lease signature only. I sit in the chair and look at the wan skin through the greasy hair on the dead body.

Of course I am going to call the police but I wanted to think if there could be anything at all that I might regret not having done between now and then.

I have no necrophilic ambitions or even curiosities. I have no desire for any of the belongings of this once-man, a tenant I only accepted on the proviso that he name two co-signers both of whom were later deemed mentally incompetent and naturally useless as co-signers. I put my feet on his CRT television. It was noon by my watch, 10:43 by the clock on the wall. I wager most suicides are nocturnal affairs. It just seems the right setting. Anyone prone to suicide must have a sense for drama and night beats out the day in terms of drama no contest. "It's easy to be hard-boiled about everything during the day"

Granny came in, Reeking of vomit. She stank... again. I grew to fear that smell.

She wandered in aimlessly. I pondered her steps as she sauntered like a mad villain. I was so fearful of her presence. She was old, but she had an animated persona that struck fear in the heart of every poor soul that encountered her.

She collected her pension from working 50 years as a bank teller. Handling the ancient dollar bills of a broken empire. We need to return to the gold standard. Ron Paul told us in 2012 that the monetary system was inherently broken, based upon a fiat currency. There was no wealth as all wealth was simply an intransient.

I sent her out

"The fridge" I opened it. His at his age and with his level of "joie de vivre" I calculated that this man was good for at least a beer. There was none. "The freezer". Here was some luck. Less than half a plastic bottle of off brand vodka. I poured it straight into my throat not wanting to share any of his unwashed cups.

"Drugs" smiling at my own idea. But where would they be hidden? No matter that he shared this apartment with no other person or that anyone he had as company would certainly be of his own degenerate mindset. The type of

late 20's, first time living alone, high hopes no ambitions man that is embodied in the body on my floor, staining my carpet, hides his drugs first out of habit then out of sport. "The guilty man flees when no man pursueth". But I am certain I will find out the hidey hole of this reprobate.

For the first time I consider what forensic analysis the body will undergo. I assume cases such as these are pretty open and shut but a test of drugs in the cadaver would probably be called for. I return to the fridge and wipe off the neck of the bottle, any other fingerprints can be explained by my having been here before.

Going through the drawers, The tops of the cabinets, and finally a backpack by one of two piles of laundry. I do not speculate whether clean or dirty. As if a sign from above "can't take my eyes of off you" wafts itself through the wafer walls of my complex. Possibly from the upstairs unit diagonally to my right. This the exact moment I hit upon the backpack as being the stash.

"The backpack, obviously the backpack there is no way this man was enrolled in any kind of educational institution". The drugs are obediently found under yellowing high school homework, I check for grades on a thickish packet of Latin but there are none. Many of the questions have not been answered. An unmarked day planner is from ten years ago. This man kept his unfinished high school homework for ten years as a place to hide weed and pills from nobody. No. He kept it because throwing it out seemed a little more sad than keeping it. To this man to think about unfinished high school Latin was too sad to undertake. His shame and his inertia drove that knife into his wrist. "For the wages of sin is death"

Chapter XXX: A Portrait of the Artists' as a Young Bitch The Saga of the Council of the Authors and Anne Frank, an epic true story of adventure, love, and betrayal. As retold by Steven Speilberg

Author's Note

This chapter is dedicated to all of the stunning and genius authors who have contributed to this book. In my many days of addition to this text (My most famous work is the Sagas of Hucklefuck Bitch), I have come to meet many fine young men, contributing their own great pieces to this epic tale. I have since retired from writing the Hucklefuck series, and after relegating responsibility to my next of kin, Christopher Spielberg Tolkien, I have taken it upon myself to write an ode to all the great writers in this document.

First, however, I must invoke the muses.

Oh great Muses, goddesses of art and beauty, make my writing like really fuckin fire. I wanna write some real good shit alright, so make me real inspired and all that

Chapter 1: The orphanage, and the founding of COTA

The tale of the authors is a troubled one. As a young group of schoolboys, the authors grew up in an orphanage in Manchester known as St Speilberg's Home for the Gifted but Retarded Children of All Races. They were regularly beaten and sexually molested by the Priests who ran the orphanage. It wasn't long before the authors decided to plan their escape. One day, they all came together in David Ike's room to discuss their escape. At that council, the following great authors of this document were present:

- David Ike
- Steven Speilberg
- Steven Crowder
- Steven Universe
- Adolf

- Anon
- Midgetman Tits
- Hucklefuck Bitch
- FM-2030
- The Last Dodo
- Pickle Rick
- Hitler
- Obama
- James "DFW" Joyce
- BONBI BONKERS
- The Illegitimate State of Israel
- Philemon
- Anne Frank and her husband
- Bailey Jay
- Me
- Kiwi
- Kiwi's lover
- Muhhamad Al-Muslim
- Moviebob

Thus, the council of the Authors (COTA) was established. COTA then laid out their plan. First, they would use chloroform to knock out the orphanage caretaker, and then they would steal his keys. After raiding his supply closet, COTA would arm themselves with various weaponry, including hammers, buttplugs, ball stretchers, rakes, spoons, Colt .45s, tattered, unreadable porno mags from the 80s, and anything else they could find in the caretaker's closet. Then, thoroughly armed, they would hold the kitchen staff at gunpoint and stock up for their long trek into the wilderness. Thoroughly stocked with food and supplies, COTA turned the ignition on the Tesla Roadster they stole from the Orphanage King, and they sped off into the wilderness.

Chapter 2: COTA in the Wilderness

Speeding across the country in their Tesla Roadster, COTA was finally free. But the orphanage was not the last of their troubles. After 17 hours of continuous movement, the tesla finally ran out of battery. Adolf promptly thought of calling Nikola Tesla and asking if there was any remedy to their woes, but Nikola didn't answer because he was busy being Donald Trump. Obama screamed. This was not part of the plan. But Midgetman Tits had an idea! He Called his good friend Bier Grills. Bier popped out of the ice and snow from a patch that appeared to be yellowed. "Ey cunts, wanna drink my piss? I have a fetish". It turns out Bier was not helpful, so they raped him and chopped up his body, mixing it with a bottle of Bombay Sapphire Gin, and boofing it all into Steven Universe's anoos. At that very moment, Anne frank spotted a city in the distance! They were saved. As a thank you, all of the other members of COTA began sucking Anne's big cock. Once each member had their fill, they proceeded on foot towards the town, dragging their food and supplies and remnants of Bier Grills on a door of the Tesla modified into a sled.

Chapter 3.1: Anne Frank and The Illegitimate State of Israel assert Dominance over COTA

Turns out that Anne Frank, in typical Jewish fashion, had deceived COTA. There was in fact no city, and as the group pulled their sled deeper into the wilderness, the Jewish kabbalah magick that Anne Frank had used to deceive them faded. The council had lost hope, but did not yet suspect the Jewish trick, all respecting Anne Frank for her big cock and now pregerganant belly. They pressed on, despite the hopelessness. All the while, Anne Frank asserted her dominance as God Queen of COTA. Backed by the Illegitimate State of Israel, Anne was unstoppable. Even when BONKERS, Hitler, and Adolf pointed out the Jewish trick, it was too late; Anne Frank had ultimate power.

However, one individual had the strength to rebel...

Chapter 3.2: The Last Dodo Rises Up

The Last Dodo, armed with Buttplug and Beak, stood up to Anne. He declared that if this is what COTA had become, then COTA was truly dead. Anne Frank, in her pride and fury, challenged the Dodo, and upon the thundering peaks of Mount Fuji, they were to have their final duel. Anne declared that there would be three days to prepare, and in mortal combat upon the mount, the fate of COTA would finally be decided.

Chapter 3.3: Training Montage

- James "DFW" Joyce and Steven Speilberg find Baby Yoda and get him to teach the Dodo in a training montage like Yoda does for Luke.
- Dodo learns to use the force
- Dodo sharpens his beak for war
- Dodo watches a fuckload of naruto and learns all the jitsu
- Dodo does all the montage scenes from Rocky and Karate Kid
- Dodo Reads Sun Tzu the Art of War

Finally, Dodo was ready

Chapter 3.4: Epic Fight Scene on Mount Fuji

All of COTA had gathered atop Mount Fuji to witness the final battle. Helicopters whirrled overhead as CNN tried to get a good shot, lightining struck in the distance, and James "DFW" Joyce was suddenly inspired to write a bunch of stupid long words. The clouds gathered low, and mist swirled around the feet of Anne and the Dodo.

[EDITORS NOTE: For legal reasons, the entire text of this epic fight scene has been removed for continuity reasons and not at all because the author of this section is a bad writer and doesn't know how to do justice to the epicness and coolness of the fight scene. If you wish to know the details of this fight, please refer to the earlier section of this manuscript entitled "How The Dodo Died at the Hands of William Shakespeare"]

Chapter 4: The Freeing of COTA

Dodo lay, motionless in the dust. Adolf and Hitler kelt beside him and screamed into the sky "WHY! OH WHY THOU CRUELEST OF GODS! WHY HAST THOU TAKEN HIM FROM US! HE WAS PURE AND GOOD!"

God did not reply because he was killed by neetchee earlier that week.

COTA stood, in grief and awe of their fallen king. They were finally free of Anne Frank and her massive peen, but at what cost?

James "DFW" Joyce removed his eyepatch in honor. He spoke: "We must continue, it's what he would've wanted". COTA agreed, and slowly, they descended from Mount Fuji.

12 Years passed, and COTA still wandered the countryside of Manchester, in grief and remorse of the loss of Dodo. It was not until one strange day, they came across an ancient Tibetan monastery. At its gate, they were greeted silently by a monk in bright magenta robes. He bade them inside, and not ones to refuse generosity, they entered the strange monastery. And that is when they spotted him

At the end of the Monasteries great hall, sat still in meditation, was one who could become their new savior. His eyes flashed open as COTA entered the hall, his chucky cheese face grinned.

"Hello gentlemen, my name is Thomas Pynchon, and I have been waiting for you"

THE END

A different Chapter

[Lol its backed up eretardocksucker OP put this shit back

- I know its backed up you cocksucking
- That was an accident sorry imdaijoubu anon <333 retardedd

How do you add a new outline somebody tell me or im gonna scream

 I actually wish i knew, i think it does it automatically... but sometimes it doesn't... making things bold or italics usually works God I'm cooming

Thank you anon God bless and I love you]8

Father, I cannot take this forced universal pacifism supplied with the unlimited hedonism. My is of another breed. I am not of this new docile domesticized my body and soul yearn for the true freedom of my ancestors. I will soon be with my ancient kin in heaven. Niggers should once again be put into a governmental form of slavery. We cannot hold these monkeys accountable for their illogical actions. Colonialism will rise once again. I believe that we have an OBLIGATION to once again

I first listened to Joe Rogan in 2006. It was a cerebral experience. I was a normal guy working a 9 to 5, working as a delivery driver for Pizza Hut. My beanie wrapped around the hair on my head, keeping me warm and comfortable as I delivered fresh pies to the anonymous faces in various apartment complexes in sleepy suburban towns.

Joe Rogan opened my eyes. I started taking Alpha Brain, daily. I became sharp, focused, and determined to meet my goals with a forceful determinism that intimidated everyone I encountered. I went from a docile sheeple to alpha male with swelling muscles: bulging biceps, stacked traps, and even bigger quads. I was so sick, but I still did not get a sliver of pussy.

_

⁸ For further context to this exchange refer to the chapter "Kiwi and I: Lovers Throughout Time"

Please god I Need a whole to fuck! I'll buy pussy if I have to. Men might be an option if all else fails. Maybe I'll start with twinks, that's not that gay right...

The patients discuss

Truly anon Deleting everything is a nihilistic commentary on how one day, everything Will die and Be naught but cosmic dust do you even understand nihilism bro this is a question not derived from your text im just aasking i can't say that I actually do because i have yet To be that well read

How many books have you read this year kiwi anon bro 2 wtf do yeah bro you are who am i can you tell me i cant seeyou're thinking of someone else, and 2 oh wait Im anonymous kiwi arent I

Kiwi anon be honest do you make threads asking on reading order no I only make threads When I finish a book and they get like 4 replies and die

Are you underage your secret is safe with me

< Pedo

im not a pedo im trying to get some potential kid the help h needs (get the fuck off 4chan)

I Wish I was it's too Late for me

Whats your favorite band kiwi anon

Oh yeah I love changes every month or so

Changes every month or so

Yes > rush tho but rush has more good albums but yes has close to the edge so what can i say

I guess for the Longest time it Was rush fuck i hate phoneposting

I haven't listened to much yes so i cant say with any conviction

@ kiwi anon what do i write

Write About world war 1 and a half

Hidden war thats actually kind of based

Kiwi anon im in love with you

Thanks

Yeah ahahahaha

How much have you drank

Im sober desu

Wish I was drunk

Cooped up in this fucking isolatiroomabout 3 days now

Tfw no kiwi anon bf to abuse alcohol with and vomit on ourselves like romantically

I havent been outside in 2 months actually 3

I unironically have covid

Do you think you will be okay my love

Just a flu bro

If covid was as deadly as pol thought

It was going to be then it should be called corvid

Covid is such a stupid fucking name it makes me mad yeah just call it chinky flu

Chink disease bro gook flu I <3 asian people

What the fuck did I just walk into you two?

We are lovers grizzly That includes you

Google docs orgy when

<3 Now bitte

Alas I must take my leave, farewell you homoerotic minks

Bye grizzly <3

Kiwi anon i screenshotted everything so even if the jews take us away from each other i will never forget

I am also going to format this as a play so they legally can't take it from us

Based

What the fuck is a liger dude

Dude its a tiger and a lion thats so fucking stupid stop being gay you faggots

Kiwi and I: Lovers Throughout Time

I sat on my chair which was on my floorboards and I opened up /lit/. They are writing a document now; they are calling it the Coronanomicon, although they change it on odd hours. Kiwi opened the document too, but I didn't know that until later.

As I neared the end, the entire document was replaced with "Go." – no doubt the mistake of any Anon here. Apologies ring throughout, overlapping each other as they appear.

"Lol its backed up-".

I speak: "eretardocksucker OP put this shit back"

"I know its backed up you cocksucking—". I type repeatedly, searching for the perfect insult; none is found and I leave it at that. The man responsible speaks:

"That was an accident sorry im-".

Before such a cute Anon can degrade himself, I interrupt midsentence.

"daijoubu anon <333."

"-retardedd," closes the deleter.

I scrolled to the last page as all is replaced and pressed "enter" as some kid typed; I tentatively ask: "How do you add a new outline someone tell me or im gonna scream" Kiwi responds – the beginning of our love.

"I actually wish i knew, i think it does it automatically... but sometimes it doesn't... making things bold or italics usually works."

Such words from such a man! I cry into the night with tears in my eyes and my cock in my hand. I rush to respond to my new love: "Thank you anon God bless and I love you". A rushed, manic answer for sure, but I am certain he has seen it. He does not respond, but I see him again. He is commenting on the document's deletion.

"Truly anon Deleting everything is a nihilistic commentary on how one day, everything Will die and Be naught but cosmic dust—".

The profundity of this observation strikes me. I move in.

"do you even understand nihilism bro this is a question not derived from your text im just axing".

My fingers hit the keys and I produce a reserved message for my life. I am apprehensive and apologetic and I clarify myself throughout. Anxieties plague me as I await his response.

"i can't say that I actually do because i have yet To be that well read," speaks Kiwi (cutely).

I ask: "How many books have you read this year kiwi anon?" He responds and we exchange.

"you're thinking of someone else, and 2 oh wait Im anonymous kiwi arent I."

"bro 2 wtf do-"

"yeah."

"bro you are who am i can you tell me i cant see."

As the conversation unravels, I see something new on this page. In the baby blue, there is, dotting it, the black ink of intimacy. We spin ourselves through the night.

"Kiwi anon be honest do you make threads asking on reading order."

"no i only make threads When i finish a book and they get like 4 replies and die."

I must be honest; I must be true. I cannot transcribe the rest in quotes and manage this font suitably. Love is not something of a page – love is nothing of words! Love – no, my love! for Kiwi. It is indescribable. Incomprehensible in all its parts. Not a word can be said of it.

So thus, I am telling thee: I am just writing around the notable bits; the rest will be copied-and-pasted. God bless it.

My dance with Kiwi was interrupted maliciously as I asked him his age. I say: "Are you underage your secret is safe with me". A foreigner – most unwelcome – draws an arrow next to my words.

"< Pedo"

I respond with most anger: "im not a pedo im trying to get some potential kid the help h needs (get the fuck off 4chan)."

This man – this foreigner; this nobody – he deletes "not" from my message. I type it back and he is never to bother me again. Kiwi begins, once more and from the top. He distracts me from my anger with solemn words.

"I Wish I was it's too Late for me."

We are moving into the dying edges of notability. The vast remainder of our conversations will not be described; they are shown as is. Only near the end will I begin to speak.

"Whats your favorite band kiwi anon

[...]

Covid is such a stupid fucking name it makes me mad yeah just call it chinky flu

Chink disease bro gook flu I <3 asian people"

There are two things I deem worthy of mention. The first: as we discussed the coronavirus, and an Anon bolded Kiwi's two uses of the word "covid" (a most un-literary phrase, but of no fault of Kiwi's – he's so cute!!!). The second: we move into bold highlights here near the end, as we move into anti-Asian racism; "why so, why so?" you ask. I demonstrate; here is Grizzly – the third point of our joyous line-turned-triangle.

"What the fuck did I just walk into you two?"

I do not miss a beat. "We are lovers grizzly."

Neither does Kiwi. "That includes you."

At this moment the yellow highlight is gone – and it shall stay that way until the end of our nights.

"Google docs orgy when?" I inquire.

Grizzly, no doubt born anew with a heart of loves and lusts, replies.

"<3 Now bitte."

Our playful musings, our back-and-forths, and the tensions that package this mystery – the mystery of our love – are all swept away by the heavy hand of time. At bittersweet last, Grizzly speaks unto us.

"Alas I must take my leave, farewell you homoerotic minks."

"Bye grizzly <3"

There is no doubt sorrow in the hearts of Kiwi and I as I speak the next.

"Kiwi anon i screenshotted everything so even if the jews take us away from each other i will never forget.

"I am also going to format this as a play so they legally can't take it from us."

A beat.

"Based."

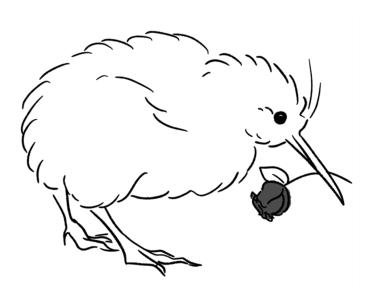
Of my last words, I shall speak none; only the silence of my two loves awaited their saying. With no love to live for I took to my pen; only now has my piece been said; and only now can I meet peace within my heart.

Honorary Mammals

What the fuck is a liger dude

Dude its a tiger and a lion thats so fucking stupid

- Me



Subconversation with Unicorn

[Nihilism is gay.] do you understand it unicorn anon

[I am the consummate nihilist of the 20th century. But the 20th century is over. Now I am]i must know what are you

[I just AM. there is no distinction between the being of beings and the being that I am. I AM THAT I AM]

Thats pretty based desu

[I am the being that not even guenon can retroactively refute]

Anon how many books have you read this year

No response lol

Only one, but I cut it up and tempura'd the pieces

I shoved an entire dictionary up my ass

Based

Thanks unicorn anon i love you

The one book that I read?

I won't tell you.

Tom Hanks wrote it

Unicorn anon i may have to write a love story with you too... but i cant cheat on kiwi like that im not sure

Just follow your heart

And dick

How long is your dick anon

Only 7 inches

Im a dicklet its like 2 feet long only

Damn

Tfw no meter long dick

Okay unicorn anon tell me if you were at a urinal and you were pissing and this pulls out his penis and its like dragging on the floor would you say anything I would simply return to my daily reading from Phenomenology of Spirit, unperturbed.

Do you read at the urinal based department calling rn

The PhOS is my urinal.

Bssed times reporting

Based based based

@ unicorn anon explain hegel to me rn explain idealism or fucking DIE

You can't grasp absolute idealism unless you are, like me, pure being itself. Self-generating concepts will determine your Dasein if and only if you reply to this post with 'PHoS is my urinal too'

PHoS is my urinal too

The urine-saturated pages of PHos contain the secret. Hegel wrote in invisible ink

Is it even worth talking about this book if you don't refer to it as The Phenomenology of the Spirit by Georg Wilhelm Freidreich Hegel everytime

It's not worth talking about any book. This will become clear to you once you are, like me, PURE BEING

I shit on pure being. Now you are not so pure. Refute that motherfucker

Pure being passes over into nothing, without further determination - you can't shit on nothing - but nothing passes back into pure being. Thus I'm invincible. Read Science of Logic

How about you use the shit I poured into your moms mouth and read that instead have you thought about that

I am all thought and all being. I know what you're thinking right now. I AM THAT THOUGHT

What am i thinking about

Sucking dick

I think of it

But you made me think of it. You were not right before you said it. When do you become right. Do the questions stand forever and become write and wrong throughout time? Or are they phrased for their moments

You can't understand the answer unless you master the CTMU.

Is langan a meme anon unicorn anon did you leave oh no

Unrelated to my tales of kiwi and grizzly and unicorn

One Day, soon, robots will be smarter than Women

Seems unlikely.

Look man i Just want to fuck a robot

Why does it need to be smart if you just want to fuck it?

I don't know.

Yeah me either, i'm just here to watch the chess match

Fuck yeah

Bobby Fischer sends his regards

Chess Arena

堂世里臭 ★ ±

- 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2
- 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2
- 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4
- 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4
- 5 4444444
- 6 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4
- 7 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4
- 8 44444444

ABCDEFGH

Whites are superior, get it?

You are all kangz, to me.

Dodosein: Toward A Gross Misreading of Heidegger

It is inevitable for all anons that we find the need to explain the philosophy of Martin Heidegger to our little sisters. But how can one go so far as to even begin contemplating such a move? Can we explain Dasein to her by saying, for instance, that it's the stage name of one of her faggy K-pop idols? In the following passage, anon provides a chilling insight into the mind of the dangerous hacker known as Dasein.

The ultimate state of experience is the flow state. In Heideggerian terms, readiness to hand (Usually Zuhandenheit and Vorhandenheit are terms used in the context of encountering "equipment", but here I mean only the mode of consciousness associated with these distinctions). The state of unconscious experience, one of integration. It is the state sought by experienced meditators, artists and artisans at work, athletes in practice, musicians in play, lovers in love, and psychedelic drug users. It is a dissolution of the ego and the dissolution of the barrier between the conscious and the unconscious. Both the terms "flowstate" and "Zuhandenheit" (readiness to hand) refer to a same general state of unconsciousness, and though I may use both interchangeably to refer to this state, I prefer to use Heidegger's terminology as I think it is a more general notion than "flow", a term usually used in scientific contexts (the distinction between contexts is an important distinction, and one I think many philosophical texts fail to clarify. It is especially common with the intrusion of scientific concepts into philosophy. The problem of declaring contexts and perspectives is a topic I won't get into here).

It is a pure state of experience beyond emotion and thinking. It is the divine: the transcendental experience. Or overwhelming beauty. In many contexts, it is an ideal. The highest state of being in many contexts is one which maximises the time spent in this state of being: Buddhist enlightenment, mastery of a craft: the image of the creator lost in his craft, toiling without eating as dawn turns to dusk and dusk to dawn; Schopenhauer's transcendence through aesthetic experience, Maslow's self actualisation, Jung's integration of the psyche, the divine experience. Not only is achieving Zuhandenheit the

pinnacle of human experience, the greatest human feats and creations are those produced while in this state. All great art, great ideas and inventions, great feats of athleticism.

A fulfilling life is one of unconscious action, not anxious analysis. In other words, readiness-to-hand over presence-at-hand (Vorhandenheit) (which is characterised by detached observation and analysis). To use the classic example, a person using a hammer to hammer a nail is not aware of the hammer but is simply doing: in some sense his whole being is engrossed in the task, and there is no self or tool---only action. Only when the head of the hammer breaks off does he come to and think of the hammer in explicit terms---as a detached subject distinct from the object---as he attempts to get the head reattached. (And indeed, cognitive/neuroscience has come to support this view of tool use. There is also something to be said about the psychedelic experience, ego death, and Zuhandenheit. Of the often reported "being one with the universe", the dissolution of the border between subject and object). In line with the aforementioned idealisation of the ready-to-hand mode, it is true that those most satisfied with their lives are those most able to spend their lives ready-tohand. For example, the self-actualised artist (artist in the broadest sense). But this is not only true with the enlightened Buddhist or the master, it is the man so born into his society that he drifts through the respectable life ready-tohand. Such a thorough ingrouper that his social relations and relation with himself is ready-to-hand---this is the normie that Rival Voices wrote about (https://autisticmercury.com/2020/02/19/vorhandenheit-undzuhandenheit/).

We can begin to view Vorhandenheit and Zuhandenheit in the context of Marx's theory of alienation when we realise the association between anxiety and Vorhandenheit, alienation and the absence of Zuhandenheit (note: modes are not a binary between vor/zuhanden, and relevant here is "unreadiness to hand", that is, obstruction of readiness to hand without the explicit distinction. For example, the hammer may be too heavy to use, but one does not need the explicit notion of weight to be barred from readiness to hand) and the association between self actualisation and fulfillment with a life of Zuhandenheit. Perhaps more accurately than saying that fulfillment is associated with the amount of time spent RTH, it is more accurate to think of

the mode as being dominant not only temporally, but as a share of overall consciousness or being. This is because structure of being/consciousness is above the notion of time, which is an observed phenomenon. It's also important to note that one can be RTH while working with PAH explicit notions, that these modes are not mutually exclusive as normally interpreted. A mathematician who is hard at work may be ready to hand and nearly unconscious as he scrawls pages of calculation. But nonetheless, at some level of being he is manipulating explicit mathematical notions which are associated with the PAH mode of being. Thus while RTH dominates, RTH and PAH coexist.

When one works a bleak job that inhibits their actualisation, it is at some level interpreted as a defect, so like in the example of the broken hammer, the worker is inhibited from being ready to hand in one way or another. This unreadiness to hand is not usually pure presence to hand, save for the few times one is actually analysing one's trajectory and explicitly planning an escape, but it's usually daydreaming or clock-gazing. In the few instances one is purely present at hand, it is the sort of rumination that arises to direct oneself toward a state of readiness to hand. Unreadiness to hand in this context is a signal, a buoy that says "I need to get the fuck out of here". This happens more often than not when people are working jobs that are essentially nonproductive, and at some level they know it. Unreadiness to hand with one's work is alienation from one's work.

Then, whatever product (or usually service) the worker contributes to producing to some indiscernable degree is produced in the unready to hand mode, not individually, but collectively. A mode of collective unreadiness and presence at hand where individuals contribute to collectives which mechanically produce commodities and services, compelled by market competition and the essence of technology, and the allure towards growth without end for its own sake. This is alienation from the product. These products are not only alienating to the worker who produces them unready to hand, but they are alienating to the consumer. Products of artists (including artisans and craftsman) carry the essence of a work produced ready to hand; in their production, the boundary between the artist and the work disappears. It is telling that in a world of alienating and disposable items, the work of an artist

sticks out like a sore thumb. The tea set sitting next to me, hand made in Japan and given to me as a gift from a family member, becomes the centerpiece on my particleboard desk next to the plastic monitor and keyboard. The tea set created by an individual readiness to hand carries with it an inherent weight that does not exist in products created by collective unreadiness/presence at hand. The artist is reflected in his art, and out of empathy, instinct, and beauty the owner is compelled to care for it. There is also something to be said about the sentimentality that develops for alienating products when one exercises their own artistry on them, such as when they are repaired instead of replaced.

In our alienation from others, social interactions become strained and present at hand. This goes without saying; interactions are conscious games of molding the correct mask depending on the situation, self-regulation, and censorship, especially with people we are not close with. And now, the number of people with whom one can be ready to hand with (possibly, but not necessarily, people they're close with) is a scant handful if even that---often it's none. This social disconnect is not only characterised by presence at hand, but it is caused by the intersection of collective presence at hand and the enframing mode of revealing that has grown since the invention of more efficient means of communication (printing press, internet) and the advent of industrial society.

If there is an "end of history" as a penultimate development of consciousness it is [collective readiness to hand], and supposing that the end of history is a sort of eternal recurrence, with deviations from that optimum bound to arrive back at the end, it seems fitting that the end will be a return to pre-ontological consciousness. The end of history is the beginning. That which predates history as a form of ontological reflection, a present at hand practice.

COMMENT AND ANAL CYSTS

[I think you're putting more weight on the concept of Zuhandenheit than it can bear.]

I don't mean zuhandenheit in the traditional sense but I'm talking about the mode of consciousness associated with it.

[That's precisely the kind of distinction which is not really tenable in Heidegger. Zuhandenheit isn't a 'state of consciousness' or anything belonging to the psychological sphere. It's a manner of unconcealment - if you will, it's a way in which Being, the being of the tool, discloses itself to Dasein. It's ontological, in a pre-psychological sense.]

The way in which objects/equipment reveal themselves to us, ik ik. Thats why I don't like the word "consciousness" because it has too much scientific/psychological baggage. But there is a mode of being if you will that allow objects to reveal themselves to us as such. And I don't find this mode of being much different from moods in the sense that they determine the manner in which the world reveals itself to us.

[You're speaking of mood as Stimmung, yes?]

The I havent read about Stimmung I kind of meant moods colloquially, although I think my understanding of moods is somewhat in line with Heideggers idk

[That aside I think the association you draw between zuhandenheit and marx's alienation is interesting but somewhat off the mark. I think there's an argument to be made - along althusserian/zizekian lines re: ideology - that it's when the worker is totally involved in his labour, is in a state of 'flow', that he is most deeply enmeshed in ideology. It's interesting that you bring up Zen because Zizek compares the ideal of Zen consciousness with that of being 'caught in ideology' in his introduction to For They Know Not What They Do.]

I think I disagree with the notion that the Zen state is analogous to ideology. Sure, theyre both blinding in their own ways, but the oblivion of "flow" and the oblivion of ideology are distinct. Idk how to word this. The domains of the two are different. When we look at ideology I assume you mean in the sense that it is a stupor that is propagated by the ruling elites to uphold the status quo. This kind of stupor is an ignorance. (an ignorance to the relations of power etc.) The notion of ignorance is something you talk about within the "present at hand mode", "flow" and it's blinding effect is not "ignorance" per se, because flow can occur regardless of whether someone is entranced by ideology or not. It's part of a completely different sphere of analysis.

[The view of ideology as a simple 'ignorance' is a pre-Althusserian view very widespread among classical marxism, but it's not the one trafficked in by

Zizek et al. They have integrated the insights of Lacan & structuralist psychoanalysis]

I'm not familiar with Althusser's work thh, this is getting beyond what I know.

[Althusser's essay Ideologies & IDeological State Apparatuses is quite straightforward, essential to understanding anything by Zizek and sho on]

Lol I'll check it out.

[one last thing before I check out - I notice you suggest that the 'end of history' connotes a return to 'pre-ontological' forms of life in collective zuhandenheit (by your meaning) - would you correlate this to kojeve's idea of the end of history as a return of 'animality'? That after the end of history we go on, but the human being becomes a kind of animal whose activity (art science etc) is no different from spiders spinning webs etc.?]

In some sense I guess, but is not all art or creation no different from spiders spinning a web in that in the act of creation, one loses consciousness and returns to that more native state that is the readiness to hand mode? Tbh I don't know any Kojeve besides whats trickled down to me through others' conversations, but I mostly wanted to emphasise that collective readiness is an endpoint and an optimum. This whole thing is just me throwing around my crude understandings of these things and trying to create something for myself, I don't really care about attributing this or that idea to some past thinker, but I'd like them to be judged as is.

Rival voices is a fucking idiot just putting that one out there.

I read that thread and it was over-intellectualised trash. He had another thread with resonant pyre in which the whole this was summed up with "you are a person not a hammer". Too true! And that was all the man had said, saved from being ignored by the mention of Heidegger. Who cares? Who cares that it is *Heidegger*?

I don't know if I'm just uninitiated or actually low IQ because all this shit is like another language to me

Low Iq is more Probable

[do not be concerned anon. We're all larpers here. I haven't read nearly as much heidegger as I would like]

Yeah anon, Im the one who wrote all the shit above and Ive barely read shit. Just look up some lectures and listen to them.

I could, but would i even comprehend them?

[Only one way to find out. I would recommend getting H's Basic Writings off libgen. It has Question Concerning Technology, the intro to Being & Time, a lot of the important stuff]

Editorial Discussion

Ok, if we had to choose three passages or stories from this dumpster fire of a book, which three would we pick? We need the best of the best, or at least something that we can take and expand.

Most of it is actually pretty good thhdesu

Koala one was peak comedy, actually metaphysical porn too

They need to be cleaned up, but sounds good

Moviebob chapter is pretty good

What about that pink mounds of venus story? Keep or toss? Keep for now. No need to start deleting anything imo.

I think we just need to standardize the font size. Each of the stories can have unique titles though, that would give them all a nice flair. Currently lots of it is in 8pt and lots is in 12pt. [14 for titles, 12 for subheadings, 10 for text]

I might finish and expand Hucklefuck Bitch. I wrote the first 2 chapters but then gave up and let someone else write the third chapter but they appeared to have given up.

A small note on the text. While the best or even better parts of this may not survive very far whatsoever, it must be said that the essence of books like these (if they can be called books, for they will most likely never make it through a printing press of any meaningful size any time soon, is contained within their own temporary and inconstant natures. I have always thought, why save something, why make strenuous efforts to save things, if their entire premise is that they are small gusts of wind, if they are to be made and unmade, again and again. Reproducible. And indeed, as I said on Twitter, for there is today a substantial overlap between our two sites, a trend which is certainly not without its own points of interest. Indeed, 'Frogtwitter' screenshots seem to be posted to the board on an almost daily basis. Now, some will bemoan this as a ruination of the site's pure spirit. But as I have thought for a long time, the actual topic of a board is far less important than the overall milieu that this

topic encourages to frequent the board. All media, these days, seem to discuss much and the same things but at different levels. And indeed, by some metrics, there is only one thing to discuss, that simply exists at different levels. Now it is no longer true, and indeed likely never was true, that this all-important, /lit-constitutional milieu, is exclusively present on /lit. And as such, there is no contradiction in making it, letting it, expand into other areas. But I digress. And what's more, while it is inevitable, the moaning about pollution by quote unquote newfags or whatever, I will come out and say that it is cringe rather than based. You can look at the archives - if things didn't change, it wouldn't exactly be the preservation of an intellectual ideal. This site's decline is a fiction; as long as there is continued creation of new memes, new and base humor, the essence will have survived. And that is certainly the case.

Actually, lit has done this before and it has been published.

Yes i know, dummy. And how many people bought it compared to those who wrote it? This text is about being fragmentary. Let me finish and you will see, though you prove me right by writing what you write right now, for the essence of this text is that you can yourself write it rather than yourself read it. The medium is the message, ever come across that maxim? I thoroughly doubt it.

Then its worth saving? People might not have bought copies but people have read it.

I mean, yes, writing it is fun, but eventually

Fun? Fun? Really?it has to be completed

Lol

Yes, fun

Meaningful ig maybe but not really tho

You misunderstand, yet in doing so prove me right better than I ever could myself.

Alright bro. I don't really get what you are trying to say. I'm just here to write some funny stories and that get saved in a document forever.

NO, write what you were going to say, write some funny stories AND THEN LEAVE. For *that* is the project.

One in one thousa;nd posts screenshotted, how many people coming on here and mass deleting? And it is right that th;;;;;;;;;ey do so, for we to, not to be.

in I mean sure. I see the point of it as creating a monumentus meme that is a testament to us and our abilities, that will stay as an exemplar of what we can do

The whole of this site;;;;;;;;;; is predicate;d on irony. We are not trying to be 'momentous'. The opposite. We are glad to be forgotten in fact, in content, but remembered in aesthetic. We are momentous in our irony, not in the actual sentences. A sort of contradictory i;;;;;;;mportance. Say whatever, this book is a book of memes, it is not serious.

Momentous in an ironic meme way
4chan is absolutely momentous
Thats fucking obvious m8
Obviously
Bye bye
silly
Luv u bb

I care about things i care about things so much so goddamn much but in a way that matters in a way that truly truly matters im a thinker im a doer my will will save society save literature save the state save the humanities but not you not you not you not you wou midwit you lunatic you sycophant PRAISE we need a new beginning new homes new thoughts new FOUNDation look away DONT LOOK AWAY dixieland is burning and you know what you did that blackheart caddy that rogue that knave that blackheart caddy i can save them. TEST ELOPE WAITING WAITING and where were you when eden was burnnning furnishing hate and death at pain and sin and i just want to just try please let me try i can do it please oni-san i have the skill i have the will these words manifest the SOULandALLthingsINSIDEme into and out of the casement the basement FREEDOM I AM A MAN. A MAN! I CHOOSE LIFE! I CHOOSE HAPPINESS! I CHOOSE!

4chan is mementos

Take Inferno. It was not good, at least if you want to read it. It was funny in a few places in the same way that the collected Ovid is. Interesting to read, sure. Given and accepted.

I think we can actually make this a functional book of vignettes, honestly.

No, it is against the spirit of the thing to do so. Look a few lines below, see 'the gliding nature of a dick's shaft', and act again like there is more than fun-having here.

I never said it wasn't all a joke or anything. I just mean you could make it readable. I don't know about publishing or any shit like that.

4chan posts are readable. Of course this is readable. Some of it is even good. But let me get back to digesting it from my own perspective, though the fact you can interfere is an important part of this whole thing, it isn't all of it, by any means. And w.r.t. The fact that it is at least readable, I refer you to the astute words of one reviewer (anonymous, of course) of R. Cam's book 'Selfie, suicide', in which he said that anyone reading the book in any format other than Ebook was doing it wrong, and there was no other medium in which it would fit. Verbum satis sapienti!

As long as it exists I'm fine. Just a suggestion desu.

Chapter – Chapter

Consider the gliding nature of a dick's shaft - the inscrutable curvature, the point of contact with the head, the worldly weight of the balls hanging in the background like inverse mountains of woobly wrinkled flesh. Consider the piss stream flowing menacingly towards the toilet seat. Consider the floor tiles that saw aeons of sperm and piss on their glossy surfaces.

Consider all this - and do you not find an analogy to something in yourself? - specifically to how much of a dick you are.

One would seldom find it in themselves. The dick. The dick.

Twelve dicks along the way to.

Oh how wretched. How puny. How miserable our own dickity is to us.

In the name of God, keep yourself from the.

Faen oudy in the ovey woods.

Dick.

Striding along imperceptibly, I took a phallus shaped cucumber and put it in the oven. I was scared to see what would happen so I took it back. It didn't mellillillillillillillillillillillill.

Bezobrazniče jedan.

Come see the pontification of Pope DickDick. Why do you hate me. Please. I hate to see.

A smiley face took place in one cabin. The roof of the cabin fell down in a storm, making a hell of a debris situation propagation. The smiley face took

Live. Laugh. Love. Smile.

In the bile for a while.

In the 5th (fifth) circle of hell he stood straight like a rood upon which stood thousands of. No little hell would do him. He He He He. Morning came.

Cahpture Taliban

I chose this font, swarming in meniscus and a pile of ooze. The wine had an oaky afterbirth. when the petite glass left his lips, he peered at the chinese glass begging for attention. Another bowl to be packed, another zoink to be had in the mystery machine. And these cliché references left in an damaged book, perhaps the inconsistency and the glasses of oaky afterbirth reminded him of the similarities between the timaeus and his acid trips, left with the software and an unknown letter, couldn't replicate the java into an comprehensible grammared swallow, a proof of his dedication to the western canon of literature that he digested like a big mac left on the sidewalk. Too much Dion Fortune read in his fontal amalgamation. He went on tinder and swiped right until he birthed up, death grips and an oaky afterbirth. Facing the reality of complacency and a left hook from mikhaila peterson, he went back to the thirst trapped insta-paradigm, instant nuts daily in the middle of schizo paradise and undoxxed letters, the finest cumpost portrayed through the broken lens. TMZ still filmed the whole show anyways, stuck a fine photo with a shattered perspective into public dialogue.

So he popped into another room of a progressive postmodern ideology, there are simply too many postmodern neomarxist buzzword minorities within the shells of redundant capital. Perhaps you fill their piggy bank with sour straws and unemployment benefits. Stay up late nights contemplating the WHO, debating the bernie cuck who persisted on the faked amount of numbers in the death camp. Filled with a room of matilda and ulga, he put the petite glass to his lips and sipped again. The RC he ordered came neatly packaged, and reading his kojeve came to the conclusion that his marxian professors were far behind the curve. He couldn't even understand foucault, or marx, or proper grammatical portrayal of a shattered persona. What's the point of enacting a proof of intelligence, when he could not even fill the hull of the sinking ship with his sticky oozy lacanian recognition of the beast itself. He put

on lil peep and insisted that it wasn't a phase, returning to his fundamentalist view of adam and eve as the conception of misunderstanding. But the fact remained, after a babble of rabble rouse and discordian error, he reasoned the 70 acid trips his freshman year only enacted the fall and redemption of a young adult erred by economic determinism in the wrong track. The conductor already stamped his ticket. And all he got out of his time at a progressive uni was a laugh browsing pol and five rank ups on a video game he didn't even play anymore, and for what fifty grand to spend time at a fancy summer camp.

He stared at the reality set in stone, medusa set his fall, simping over the girl that slept with my housemate. He and I switched constantly, as the online identity polarized among similar bastions of censored thought on corporatized platforms. This is where I share the reality of my condensed thoughts in <140 characters to enact widespread social change with my galaxy brain. Whitey hunted my kiddo who was a robbery suspect, no justice, no peace. How to become the most woke with wub wub wedding of edm to ecstasy with an arm full of candy. Maybe this time trap of hourglass figure and chiseled jawline only brought out one of the seven lovely ladies from his tinder profile, her bio read:

5'5" BBW (gamer, anime, trying new things, affection whore, an food slut:'))

Where to find an engineered anima up to his standard. I don't read Heidegger, I read Jordan Peterson and jack off to his daughter. The reality is that I don't need to meme about the truth of reality, as I have read Dawkins multiple times. My perception of truth is metaphysics itself, I have penetrated to the boner of abstract thought and pierced the veil of edgy music with a trident from lucifer. I climbed the tree of life, and found I was unsatisfied, I had only explored the forest of pubic territory, and released the milk of the puppy to low frequency specimens.

You know what sucks?

Being a midwit who grew up among imbeciles. Then you get on The internet, find bastions and writings of actual, greater intellect, and suddenly, "Being The smartest person in the Room" no longer applies, in fact now I'm among the LEAST intelligent in the room, despite It long, long being the cornerstone of my identity, or at least my shadow self.

I wonder what it Is, a desire to know everything? But then you take a step back and thonk, "knowing everything would be boring, and the universe is way too fucking complex for you to indeed 'know it all', even if one were almost immortal."

I am also acutely aware of some of my psychological habits, like endlessly playing the pity game to get what I want. I think to myself now, it is wrong for me to do this as it is so pathetic, yet it keeps fucking working again and again. So i Keep doing it, even subconsciously.

agon. Very Socratic declaration on unintelligence.

Further reading:

https://warosu.org/lit/thread/S15244385

Shall we purge that within this document which blasphemes God, or leave it as

Everything should be archived autistically. ←Here here <3 "Hear!

Hear!"

The Time I Shot Myself Dead In Santa Fe, New Mexico

I have never once shot myself dead in Santa Fe, New Mexico. The title is a lie. Take off your pants.

Nobody thinks about Siamese twins as much as they ought to. There is much to say any set of conjoined twins. On days I will look at myself in the mirror and become shocked; it comes as a sudden realization: there are truly Siamese twins in the world.

"I'm so glad you decided on Santa Fe," said Billy to Sam.

"Those mountains are really something," Sam replied.

Billy and Sam sat together on two barstools, provided and pushed together by the owner of the joint. Their livers were conjoined, so they each drank half of what a single man would usually. They are not so drunk – they live by coordination.

Sam was staring now.

Billy paid in cash and gestured to Sam to leave. Sam did not stand up from his stool and continued to look at the painting. This was the longest penis in the world – right there behind that bar. It was stunning. A Doors lyric rang out in the distance. Jim Morrison tells Sam, Billy, the bartender, and all the rest assuredly: there's danger on the edge of town.

During my meditation in the mirror, I ran through my life in full through the context of Siamese twins. When I was fifteen, I was institutionalized for a suicide attempt. I was then two-hundred-and-forty pounds; my fan fell from the roof. No words were spoken.

Has half a Siamese twin ever killed themself?

Billy was staggering with the weight of dragging Sam. He was moving out the bar and onto the tour bus, which was blue – baby blue. *Back to Lubbock, Texas with you* – he remarked to himself; –*and you, Sam!* They boarded the bus horizontally, Billy carrying Sam up the way up. This was not the first time Sam had paralyzed himself on purpose.

On the bus, a young boy was loudly playing a clip from a film. Sue Lyons spoke loudly – it was *Lolita*. A grown man barked at him from the seat behind, while his wife stared defeatedly at Billy and Sam. Billy raised both armrests of his seat – seat F1 on bus three – and shuffled into place. He did not hope for the best, but shot the guys in F2 a smile – they were staring, which Billy was used to. The bus took off.

It is nighttime now; I am still thinking about Siamese twins. Not in front of my mirror though. My dad yelled at me for that. I am out now, 4AM. Nothing to do. I will go to the bus stop.

The joke – the joke here is, Sam wants to kill himself, and the narrator shoots him dead.

INT. DepravedSex Dungeon

HERRINGTON

Fuckin' slaves, get your ass back here!

VAN DARKHOLME

To be met with a cattle prod? Not likely. You shout at fleeing slaves to reassure yourself. I would be a decent slave. Slavery might be semi-comfortable though. Slavery is the end of self-development, you no longer need to drive yourself to ends worrying about credit or qualifications or this or that expense. Naturally, the quality of a slave's life depends on his quarters, his occupation, but you could say that about free life as well. One man scrubs toilets, another saves lives in a hospital. Neither is a slave (though a communist might claim both are slaves to capitalism, he is ignorant). If slaves, they are slaves to themselves, accountable to an ideal which they cannot fulfill, perpetual uncapped growth.

DODO 1

80% of people should be slaves
Probably including me
I Desire cock
Men are the world and im super gay!
A slave (to penis) has direction
I shall make an admission:
I am

November 9th, 2017

Anonymous wrote,

At what point does using the word "nigger" become artistically unacceptable?

I just did a search for nigger in my 55,000 word novella and it returned 11,986 results.

Is this too much? I want to write realistically but does there come a point where it detracts from the artistry?

It's a modern day story dealing with many present-day social issues and my main character is what most would consider a "racist" and so he is very flippant with the word's use but I'm worried that publishers will not accept my novella or see its artistic merit because of this and instead condemn it for being insensitive or intentionally inflammatory. But how else am I supposed to write this sort of character?

How often should I use the word?

(The answer, for those curious, is once every 3 pages for posterity) > The nigger looked like every other nigger, his niggerdom obscuring any humanity that might have lurked within all that niggerness. His niggereyes and his niggerlips smacked of niggerlust. Niggerhands that could neither love nor heal but only grope niggerloving whores. There are many of those nowadays. It is a nigger's world filled with niggers who know nothing but niggerways. So the world shall become a nigger too. It is already as violent as a nigger. Already as diseased as a nigger. Already the world has been remade in the nigger's image.

I need some crack CIA sells it to me I am a black man

Lettres pour un papillon

Flopping, flaccid cocks. Butterfly thought of flopping flaccid cocks. Short and hideous and deformed, the sort that belong to bodies with fat round guts and receding hairlines. A floppy flaccid cock with wrinkles to match her greasy wrinkled forehead.

"I need cocks. Flaccid ones, but long, long enough to stuff into boipussi. I need them, Queequeg, put down your harpoon and take out your other one."

What would she do if she had one at her disposal? Perhaps wipe her face with the sweaty shaft, or whirl it around like a helicopter's blades.[69] She imagined that a man might tuck his sausage behind his balls and piss on his ass. She wondered if someplace, at some time in history, a man ever pissed up a vagina. That would be cool.

Surely even a disfigured dick was better to own than an ugly cavern. She despised her own cracked yeasty hole, which required much maintenance but couldn't be spun around like a nunchuck. She remarked to herself that the penis is so powerful that God ordered the Israelites to mutilate it in surrender.

Without the thought ever arising into her mind she knew that she loved cocks, the more cruelly misshapen the better for her spiteful and jealous fetish. Larry King's tube steak and Harvey Weinstein's skin flute entered her dreams. Alas, ultimately no man, not even the half-animal negro or the stinking Hindoo or the obtuse sexhound trucker or the recently released convict would have anything to do with her floppy tits and insufferable nature.

Fortunately, she had her dog to make Jew.

Mistakerino

You have made a mistake. It is by no means clear when and where this mistake was made, but there can be no doubt that it was made, and that it was you who made it. Was it, perhaps, last year? Or maybe four years ago? Or five? Eight? No, you cannot be certain. Mistakes have compounded upon mistakes, to be sure, but it's not at all obvious where the beginning was, the first mistake. Perhaps you can think about it some more. In what, you ask yourself, does this mistake consist? There are various determinate objects in your field of vision which you can understand as originating from the mistake, various elements of your form-of-life, various impositions into the cyclical rhythms of your day-in, day-out, waking-sleeping spin cycle. But is the mistake exhausted simply by adducing these items? No, no, not at all. You have made a mistake, you tell yourself. But what was the mistake? Of what were you mistaken? If anything it seems that the mistake correlates not to something in particular but everything in general: the outcome of the mistake, in summary, amounts to what you cannot but perceive as an *improper use of time*. Whose time? Yours, naturally – it is only natural, it being your mistake from the outset – but also the time of others, insofar as your time is, by intersection, co-existence, or whathave-you, compelled to make demands of the time of others. You have made a mistake and this mistake has caused you to make an improper use of time. Let us be more precise, more direct: let us inject a certain venom into this diagnosis. You have made a waste of time. You have wasted time. Your time has been a waste. This is the outcome of your mistake. Had you not made this mistake, the time in which you subsist – we dare not employ the verb 'live' – would be filled correctly, it would be made proper use of, it would be as it ought to be. But it is not. You have made a mistake and as a result your 'life' – a word which, again, can be employed only tentatively, insofar as what you have, what fills your time, cannot be predicated as 'life' without doing unforgivable violence not only to the word but to language in general – is a waste. It is a waste of time.

Yours is an improper life. Your mistake has caused this. You are wasting your time and the time of others. Had you chosen differently at some – maddeningly indeterminate – point in the past, you would not be doing this. You presume this. You presume this because in your mind 'mistake' seems to suggest a moment of decision, a fork in the road, at which there was this option and that option, and where you freely chose that option instead of this option, which was, thus, thereafter, the mistake. But this is incorrect - you might say it is another mistake, one of the many which have compounded the originary, primordial Mistake which you have made. If you carefully review your past, looking over the series of actions which have led to this moment – in which you realise that you have made a mistake - you will realise also that at every point your decisions however subjectively anguished or troublesome in fact flowed smoothly and fluidly without obstruction. The mistake is in you so deeply that you cannot even perceive where it might have interdicted the course of your life. Precisely. There was no interdiction. Your life itself is identical with the mistake. You know what to do. The Dew.

Ligma

For a man in his best years, he had yet to discover what a true ligma is. Ligma, as a way of living got incorporated in his daily life long before he was a teenager. He tried getting rid of it, but sagma got in the way. He fought and often stayed up late at night thinking about Joe and ligma, but in vain. He never truly discovered why stigma, ligma, and sigma, and Figma were his biggest worries, so he set on a journey to find the roots. Bloody roots of his fascination. After a long time of being desperate, he started playing tennis. Tennis never bothered him. Tennis balls now occupied his mind. His dad said: Joe, mama called you, why didn't you pick up? - I was playing tennis, dad! Then, a sudden sagma panic attack struck him. -Sagma balls! Tennis balls! Sagma tennis balls!

When he woke up in a hospital, he didn't truly understand what happened. Only one word came to his mind while slowly opening his eyes: ligma. He was reading Charles Dickens, so he found it ironic. Ligma Dickens, Joe's mama sagma balled his dad.

Midwit ramblings [The CUM Manifesto]

On the Meaning of life:

Everyone has a personal dick to their own balls
The Universe's meaning is a sum of them all
Or rather None at all
tips balls
that would be extremely painful
You're a guy
For you
Crashing this manifesto, with no survivors.
The Meaning of all Existence is to COOOOM.

If we affirm one single CUM, we thus affirm not only ourselves but all existence. For nothing is self-sufficient, neither in us ourselves nor in things; and if our soul has trembled with orgasm and sounded like a moaning twink just once, all eternity was needed to produce this one event—and in this single moment of CUM all eternity was called good, redeemed, justified, and affirmed.

-neetche after teabagging god's corpse again, truly he has no shame

"I shall COOOOOOME, and in Hell I shall COOME in thee over and over!" -God, fucking pissed and horny

Dream of Butterfly Or is life a dream? Don't wanna wake up 'Cause I'm happy here

Prospective Titles for Future Additions

- Gizzabel
- Why Hitler Did Nothing Wrong
- Rent Free
- BBC: For Us, By Us
- On Guenonposting
- Unironic
- The Previous Chapter was actually ironic
- The Tao of Pepe
- Please fuck my ass and call me Sally
- I stuff cookie dough up my ass
- Sandy Hook was an Inside Job
- Deleted
- Why I am So Autistic
- Jizzabelle Delphine
- Nigger Nigger Nigger Nigger: A Phenomenological Treatise
- Post-Meta-Irony: What the Fuck is Going On?
- An Undeniable Example of Why the Internet Was a Mistake
- Rei vs Asuka: a history
- Transgender Suicide statistics
- I want to put a feminine penis in my mouth and feel it grow over my tongue: A Reading of Nietzsche

Prospective Titles for Future Editions

- The Coronamata
- Get Lit
- Coronomics
- Dun MYYYYY CORONAAAA
- I just dropped in, to see what CUMdition my CUMdition was in
- Fanged Coronamera
- Coronanomicon
- Fanged Coronanoumena

In Search of Lost Keys

By Frederich Engles

A man late for work looks through his trousers. "Where are my kyes?"

Fin.

Why did someone respond to his question by calling him a fin lol, help the poor man

The Purpose of an Assault Rifle

Is to be used when you're getting shot at yourself, primarily the ability to fire rapidly for an extended period is to enable maneuver, by means of providing suppressive fire on an enemy position which allows maneuver of either the rifleman in question or his squadmates. Secondly the rapid-fire nature of the weapon is helpful when the <u>Hooters.com</u> is himself maneuvering, which greatly increases the difficulty of hitting a single target. By having the ability to fire many rounds quickly, he can replace his loss of accuracy with sheer volume of fire. Thus, the rifleman simultaneously allows himself to effectively suppress a position on the move, or outright kill an enemy combatant. Lastly, in a tight close quarters environment, rapid fire with a smaller weapon allows much more room for error than a manual action weapon. All a far cry from the fantasy of one guy killing 30 people in under an hour with one magazine!

In conclusion, grabbers either have no clue what they're talking about, or are being intentionally deceitful for nefarious purposes. Guns are for petulant pussies with tiny dicks and also balls.

Lecture to the College of Virology

September 25, 2021

Since our colleague Lacaille is gravely sick today, I will deliver the lecture based on his notes. The theme he was to present on was unemployment, or rather, the NEET state, a state I profess many of you, my collegiates, share. To convene here and research the forms contagion takes in disrupting or infecting the already crumbling neoliberal democracies we inhabit, is surely a privilege. It is all we can rely on. Privi-lege, or *Vor-recht*, is a state—you must forgive me for my frequent use of the word "state"; I do not mean to cause confusion with the State or governments—a state, I say, before the law. If virality and contagion belong to a realm of violence, which may institute and lay waste to laws, to regimes of legality, but in no wise preserve or are preserved by them, then our activity—for we vehemently reject our western security states—our activity can only proceed, if we're lucky enough, from a privilege granting us the security to stay researching and experimenting. Some of us, I know, not true NEETs, receive government stipends for their employment in academic institutions; for those, their activity at the College must surely remain completely *sub rosa*, even if we are but a rather exoteric conclave of seekers. Others, feigning or too exhausted to feign, unable to scheme, and thereby attesting to a non-feigned state of dis-ability, according to our current regimes of knowledge, receive a modest income of autismbux from the government. The talk that Mr. Wencesławsky prepared some weeks ago on basic income is not irrelevant to call to our attention, even if you know my reservations about it. We are on the threshold of a catastrophic shift where such measurable concerns will be surpassed; as for the moment—our tactical, ignoble moment—it is imperative we are *set apart*, close ourselves off from humanity as a queer and monstrous outcrop thereof. And as for me, well, you know I married into money, as I was stolen away in the darkest of nights by the goddess that swept me off my feet, seduced me, and incurred unto me a state of immaturity foreign to the subordination of all governmental apparatuses—not at all servile, in other

words, but cared for. At the other pole, some of our associates, with whom we have lost contact, gave themselves over to a state of total insecurity. They live as rogues, off crime, they vampirize the currents of air, or give up on life altogether. They exit the safe havens and enter, at the peak moments, the heart of the quarantined labyrinth, strolling about to feel the highest intensity, they inhale the air, they exhale their own noxious gasses, they go up to a half-zombified agent of the human order, slap him on his shoulder and, having long ago dispensed with the Bane exchanges, exclaim, "Are we content? I am God," and vanish without trace.

Since we are running late, and my introduction divagated itself, I will cut all methodological concerns. It is not truth that makes science, after all, it is us experimenters who put it to our hand. Virology, in being put into effect, medically, politically, has always heeded the purely descriptive laws of the current scientific paradigm. Which is not to say that it acts without interest; on the contrary, it directs the deracinated masses to their work everyday, it keeps the order of a wholly slavish order of things. We, on the other hand, are against this, it is our enemy; though, the more we say, we are *its* enemy first of all, the absolute one. A much more cunning, inept-acting political we have here. But I believe there's no need to see this as a mere heroic excuse for vanishing in this profane world. Rather, I believe we have a chance to make the profane world vanish. Viruses are on our side. *We*—are nothing but parasites.

Regardless of political leanings—that much should be obvious by now—it is clear that the whole platform of official philosophy is captured. All the statements made, the vituperative attacks, the disgusting retractions and apologies, including that of one of the only insightful remarks emanating from that pseudo-congregation—all this we can only disavow. But as such one thing is clear. We are living in a state of exception. We have been for a long time. But now the enclosed castle that is the global world order feels itself under siege. The enemies—the monsters—are not clearly separable, however; they cling to a worker through his wage-cage, they penetrate computer networks, and accrue plunder on their dedicated OnlyFans accounts. Yes, Lacaille, who is considering expanding on this point, told me so himself. Odd indeed, but we won't protest; who are we if it makes you hard? Virality and a force of the feminine, gender theory—these are things beyond my expertise, unfortunately.

A colleague across the pond has recently written me of "coomer acceleration." ... What is crucial is the elaboration of tactics. Viruses spread by contagion, but we could viralize them even more. Our discussion of magic in the twenty-first century is again of so much importance.

What it will ultimately come down to, then, is the actualization of the real state of exception, against the pseudo-state of security that is in force now. It, too, thanks sovereign violence for its reign, but nothing is as sovereign as pure contagion. Such "instituting" (the word is not right) would have as an effect the breaking-up of all humanist progress enchaining us so far. The end of history, to hearken back to that old vilified term? Perhaps, but not as the accomplishment of linear time but as the final explosion of pure catastrophe that installs a limitless reign of anarchic intensities. To such dangerous communications our security, as we already mentioned that, can serve but as the transitory prelude. But that, if we are so lucky to afford it, seems justified. To do our research. Of a virology unhampered by institutional discourses, which will admit that it heeds not simply descriptive laws but acts directly upon the body—the libidinal body, the body of capital, the body politic—acts, I say, experimentally for its own ends. The outcome, which I would like to suggest to you today—the intricacies Lacaille will have to enumerate another time—will be a NEET condition. But this does not mean a domesticated state of repose, nor will it be something predicated of human subjects. What is opposed to an operative state, at work, is one of violence, of useless luxury, of completely unproductive devotions to the sacred (which is contagion, which is viral). It would be intermingling with the nearest monster in the wasteland, in the brushland of wild hogs copulating with the irritant bark of certain creeping trees. But I'm lapsing into poetry. I hope these remarks will open up the discussion.

[No record of the following discussion, at which Messrs. Wencesławsky, Dabney, Laurentino, Heinzholz, Valcennes, Denotelaer, Ms. Cunningham-Sinclair, and at least five auditors were present, nor of the other lectures referred to, was able to be tracked down for our purposes of immediate publication here.—Eds.]

The Nigger

By Apu, age 6

From The Complete Works of Apu

The nigger

He destroyed the cage

Yes

YES

The nigger is out

Good job Apu, A*

Haha he said the nigger word haha and makes the meme reference it's funny you guys

Pepe and wojak are the lights of my life, they are peak western culture. I identify so much both culturally and politically with these meme cartoons that I emblazen my online identity with them as if it does anything other than convey at a glance just how much of a glassy-eyed automaton I am.

this is racist!!!

So what?

I'm calling the cyber police!!!

Racism is funny, actually, and autistically repeating meme phrases and talking about racial stereotypes as jokes in and of themselves rather than as part of the formulation of authentic humor does NOT, in fact, expose my own racial insecurities. I am perfectly comfortable with my race and my place in the world, and am not at all terrified of people who don't look like me. Everything that I don't like about the world is just a secret Jewish plot to sow degeneracy and cultural decadence into modern society and also **white girls fuck dogs.** We all know that nepotism and conspiracy and well-funded large scale psyops are behaviors exclusive to the Jewish peoples.

The thing that is so exquisite about this, is the fact that I, a black man, can appreciate this to its full extent. I find myself poring through all of this beautiful and moving content and I have to say: you must be geniuses.

Becoming Phytoplankton

Or, What Happens When You Look At A Screen For Too Long According to The Gospel of Boomer.

Or, Samuel Pepys' Autotrophic Fanfiction of the Great Fire and subsequent 'Lockedowne' w/Fragments

"Origins of the Ecstatic Moment'

Samuel Pepys⁹ was arguably the first hominid in history to spontaneously turn into a light devouring organism far smaller than a grain of sand. There is a great scientific/historical dispute over this fact, with some scholars and investigators of Unnatural Biotic Incidents (UBI's) suggesting that the first documented case of planktonisation [sic] occurred in AD 1532 when a Spanish explorer in the New World was handed a piece of Incan gold so bright and reflective that he was forced to measure its value by some parameter beyond European avarice, and so on the spot - in front of chief Cataraxzpetl and his busty daughter who documented the whole incident on a dried piece of Llama scrotum - he vanished, to all empirical knowledge, just after contorting his face into a disgusting, post-ejactulatory grin¹⁰.

But, as some modern scientists have theorised, the Spaniard was probably still there, sat two-dimensional on the surface of that gold coin in some geometrical shape, engorging himself on the delicious UV rays that were bouncing off its surface. After decades of research into this phenomenon, experts have begun to see a correlation between the incident and some ecstatic or ephemeral moment of joy, of utter resignation to the divine sense of sight.

Thus it is thought to have been with Samuel Pepys who, in 1666, made his last diary entry with an account of the Great Fire of London¹¹. It is postulated that upon seeing the first indicators of disaster, Pepys was already

-

⁹ Formerly 'Saltys'.

¹⁰ The Chief's daughter continues to explain how this incident marked the genesis of her aversion to Spaniards, which lasted the rest of her life (36 days).

¹¹ All subsequent diaries from Mr. Pepys have been found to be fabricated by his rival Bamuel Bepys, in an attempt to defraud him. This was obviously unsuccessful.

inclined towards a death-spiral into the fire. He had to barge through the clamour and negotiate with guards blocking the streets and with fleeing citizens coming towards him, in an effort to reach the epicentre. An eyewitness account speaks of: 'a bloodee poshy wretch, 'edded fastly in a way of the frightenin' bigge fyre wot from I just came, an' all mee babes an 'usband burned up to crisps God 'elp thee souls, firste it were the playg an' now this when will it ende? If further eyewitness sources and a statement from all two of the firemen in central London at the time, the last that was seen of Pepys was his silhouette plunging headfirst into the flames on London Bridge and burning before disappearing instantaneously. He is said to have been writing of his experience in a diary even as his skin melted for the brief fews seconds of immolation.

Notwithstanding Pepys' devotion to the craft of journal writing, this event is quintessential to the understanding of UBI's. Contemporaneous researchers are trying to find some further link between the 'Ecstatic Moment' and the source itself, postulating a sort of 'Ideomotor Effect'; then there are others¹³ who speculate that the phenomenon can be simplified to a severe lack of Vitamin D and nothing more. Current experiments with LED and LCD screens have found no promising results. Leading expert on UBI Dr. Manuel Memys reports that, as of this moment, 'we can be 98 percent sure that artificial sources of light do not act as origins of the Ecstatic Moment' ... [interest in document trails off here]

He'll never finish the essay at this rate. Hopefully, highlighting the most important parts should keep him up to date when he returns to it the next day. For now - sleep.

¹² Misses Gringham, 1635 - 1691; statement from collection of various London wife's accounts of the fire titled: 'Why My 'Usband Dyed & Other 'Orrors of the Fyre'.

¹³ Mostly under the employ of Cpt. Bird's Eye Fish's TM 'Overseas Department for the Investigation of Vitamin-shy Nords and Folk of Aryan Descent' (Based in Antigua and Barbuda)

¹⁴ Later in his statement, Dr. Memys disclosed (rather tentatively) that test volunteers were subjected to _______ on screens for up to 12 hours, at various distances, and often in sudden or unexpected exposures, in order to properly induce the EM."

You have reached the photic zone

Phytoplankton #1785325: How is it that Pepys changed form by infrared radiation only? Surely this is about UV light? I'm thinking I'll go to the library tomorrow and find some more on this before vomiting up the rest of my vital organs. I can get to the bottom of this.

Phytoplankton #12: Fuck off and lock yourself down more, you're spreading the (((plague))) -- me.

Phytoplankton #8374: Baby, where we're going, you don't even need Macbook Pro Retina Display with 4K Capabilities and Lightning-USB compatibility

Phytoplankton #2893573: *CMMMMMMMMM YES GIVE ME C, GIVE ME THE CCCCCCCC I NEED IT*

Phytoplankton #4489.6: Light? Weary? He floats. He has travelled.

With?

With Samuel Pepys; and Samuel Saltys; and Bamuel Bepys; and Ramuel Repys; and Tamuel Tepid; and Manuel Memys; and Hamuel Hepatitys; and Famuel Fepys; and Lamuel Lipids; and Yameual Ypres; and Cramwell Crepys; and Daniel Depots; and Gamuel Geyps; and Kamuel Keyps; and Pamuel Sepys; and...

Where?

Phytoplankton # 345: Does anybody have a charger?

Phytoplankton #1086: I have no hands but I must click. Why can't I CLICK? Phytoplankton #8888: I said NO you DONT do THAT beCAUSE you WILL get SQUARE eyes WHEN you're OLDER - well LOOK AT ME NOW GIRLS I'm JUST a SIMPLE ORGanism with a penCHANT for devOURing LIGHT and SPEAKing as IF I am CASTIGATing my INfant CHILD for SOMEthing UTTerly TRIVial - I CANnot STOP this PLEASE someBODY just GET me a WEB MD preSCRIPtion for a DAY in BED and LIE me DOWN and LET me WATCH my STOries on my TABlet

Phytoplankton #3.7 \times 10⁸: Do not desecrate the Idea of the divine photic-zone like that you insufferable wench.

Phytoplankton #3.7x108: Also, nice quads

Phytoplankton #729856: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

AAAAAAAAAAAA

Phytoplankton #90238:

An Ode to Autotrophy

The pixels in the photic soup,

To man, are inconceivable:

So let's devolve into a group

To float ecstatic and divine

Phytoplankton #234238947: The last thing I can remember (if one can even call it 'remembering') is going to Captain Rhymes' Discount Crab Lines and ordering two buckets of maggots. I'm a fisherman, you see, and my nephew was excited to go on our first mackerel fish of the season (what season now?)... I have vague memories of talking to Rhymes himself about the wind direction... brief moments of delight with my sister's progeny as he reeled in his first fish... but the sea, its surface... so bright and shimmery. Went home. News said we can't go out... The sea... photic soup, looking at the wrong quarry in there. Fish are worthless, absolutely worthless. Bash their heads in.

Phytoplankton #1: First (Edit: omg thanks for the upvotes)

Phytoplankton #123123123123123123: When you're a phytoplankton: *reaction image* haha, yeah that's the stuff. I do wish someone could have seen that. I should be a comedian.

Phytoplankton #800: Alright folks, move along. Everything to see here. Come on, clear off. What do you mean 'I can't'?

Phytoplankton #251219: (Pen in mouth, reclined) Well all the kids are becoming phytoplankton today, it has to be said. So what I want to ask you now is this: do you personally think there is any correlation here between biotic devolution and the amount of screen time these young people are getting? Perhaps it is the fault of the parents. What are your thoughts on this matter?

Phytoplankton #20185: I remember what it was like to feel. Disgusting.

Phytoplankton(s): SHARE THIS WITH YOUR FRIENDS AND SEE WHO REALLY KNOWS YOU: HOW MANY PHOTONS CAN YOU CONVERT TO NUTRIENTS IN A DAY? ON A SCALE OF 1-10 HOW MUCH DO YOU ENJOY BEING SUSPENDED IN THE PHOTIC REGION OF THE "SEA?"? WHAT IS THE MOST OBSCURE MEMORY

YOU TWO SHARE TOGETHER? LIKE AND SHARE THIS (NO CYANOBACTERIA PLEASE, DIATOMS ONLY)

"It's not exactly a freely willed decision, nor is it entirely deterministic. It's a resignation and an epiphany. It is when you realise something that was always latent. When you resign yourself fully to the sense of sight, the superior sense, the sublime sense, and must then find a way of nourishing yourself by it. When you realise you have no mouth, no nose, no ears, no other faculty through which to interpret the world but your goggles. In fact this is beyond interpretation, we are seeing life itself, we are seeing to live - living to see. We have transcended the need for interference. We exist on the great surface of screens, bathing in our new synthetic sun. In the end, I guess we all really were (turns to look at the camera) Becoming Phytoplankton".

With a smile, Samuel Pepys leans back in his leather chair and admires the paltry manuscript on the desk before him. 'Ah yes, well done Pepys, well done Pepys... however-'

But he never finishes his sentence - in an instant, Pepys reconverges with his 1666 self for a total of 12 Yoctoseconds before exploding into a Body Without Organs; no longer is his topology that of a donut in breeches and fine silks, but an almost two-dimensional microscopic symbol of intensity, a flat blob with neither entrance or exit. Where does he eat? From where does he shit? Why is Pepys the only one? A sorry cyanobacterium, shovelling as many photons into its ((mouth)) as it can. Imagine a human deciding to eat with their eyes, unclothing themselves and seamlessly fading into oblivion on the twilight escarpments and liquid strata of the deep photic zone; at such a microscopic reality wherein water becomes so dense as to resemble treacle, denying movement in the traditional hominid sense. The Will collapses: there is only synthesis, memory, suspension. Phytoplanktons all: receivers of everything, creators of nothing.

Relevant accounts of the subsequent 1666 LOCKEDOWNE, on the Authority of HIS MAJESTY KING CHALRES II, as plagiarised from 'Why My 'Usband Dyed & Other 'Orrors of the Fyre' (1674)

"I LOST ME NOSEGAY IN THE THAMES, I AM THER UNABLE TO RETRIEVE IT" -- Mary Godwinson, Clapham; wife of local Shit Collector

"I had only been informed by our local Beafeater on the Monnday fore [date inexact] that the Lockdowne was to be enacted accordingly upon us, the citizenry of London City, and I had yet to go to the merchant to purchass at me pleasure me 'usband's arse-blanketts, for hee devellops awful sores if hee is forced, by no will of 'is own may I add, to clean 'is backside with a rat-skin rag. Well, it turns owt that upon arriving at the markett, all the arse-blanketts were absent in'th stalls, and the merchant 'imself told of a crowd o' people that did divine away all the arse-blanketts fore noon that same day, in all divers manners. It 'as now verily been a week absent o' me 'usband's arse-blankett's, to the effect that 'is arse is all but lost to the devile." -- Elenor Fry, Embankment; wife of local Shit Sweeper.

"Prithee, forgive me foul devilry, but I see no bloodie change in it all - I pondered out me back window before the Lockedowne all day when me 'usband is a' labour, and did so when we was all imprisoned all the same. Only diff'rens is, firstly, the sights I did see, an' secondly that one the onne day the buildin's was there, an' the next the buildin's was all gone." -- Anne Pearson, London Bridge; wife of local (shit?) labourer and busybody.

"Alls I remember is the blacknuss of the smoke and the defilin' of the air, an' three of me littluns all baked as in a pye. An' me 'usband beat the devile out of me for not washin' is breeches, before hee too was consumed i'the hellfyre. I have been forced, by God, to sell rats for meat at a distance of fourscore an' a span as not to get the playge from me neighbors." -- Anne Boggs, London Bridge; wife of local slanderer and odd-jobsman

"Ooch aye went a frum up'th wee t'the Brudge wun I herd the creies o'th peepul, 'n bee Gowd thee were afleem 'n burnen up, n' somwun aksed meh teh get a peel o watur frum the revur but - bee Gowd as me witnuss - aye had'ney a peel on meh so aye did wut anee Gowd-fearun wayf wud'doo n' a went hoam teh

me 'hoosbund at a' hoose, an we ded delibereet foh aboot twenteh manuts on thee steet of the contry; and we ded conclood tha' thess wouldn'ee happun under Jems teh Furst, Gowd bless 'uss sool.

An soo thee nex dee " -- Deranged Scottish lady, unnamed; unmarried, spinster.

"Well I did say unto my loving husband that we should certainly stay clear of the Themes and all that reside in those environs, verily, to the effect that those miserable wretches, by no fault of their own, are inundated by all the vermin of the City - and after correspondence with our good friends in the country, of whom, to wit, include a most prodigious young scientist and , we have gathered with estimable physician prescience that the playge which does ravage our country at this time has been caused by the vermin themselves, or perhaps some related malady to their kind which remains to be uncovered through good experiment. But, most unfortunately, my dear husband did protest with great animosity, for his trade, which has seen us so graced with a modest salary, demands of him the shipping routes which rely upon the Themes river. And so my beloved ventured into the docks on that dreadfull eve which brought hellfyre down upon the city, and he perished, along with a poor Dutch associate back from the Island of Mauritius only but a day and night, trying to save those unfortunates on the bridge..." --Elizabeth Fromme; wife of esteemed trader John Fromme of the S.Afrique Dodo Company, Est. 1631 (bankrupt 1667)

"Alls we 'ad were these funny lookin' birds to 'and, from God knows where they came, but they were loose as daemons on the streets, runnin' from all the bedlam - so we took them and used 'em for floatin' in the river, to save us from the burnin'. Was God's good grace, I says. But then me 'usband took a likin' to one of the feathered things..." -- Mary Bradshaw, Embankment; wife of carriage driver and bird enthusiast.

Joint letter of Convocation to ALL usurers around the world

TO ADDRESS, or addressing, the utmost importance of a CRISIS

Like this, to be employed in future self-benefit

PAID FOR, BY MUTUAL ASSURANCE by the notable AND most esteem'd

LORD FAUNTLEBERY OF EGBERT

and his cohort of extortionists

PRINTED BY WILLIAM KINGSWAY OF ALBERTA, CA anno 2020

Transcribed by the illustrious Mr. E. Y. Pennyweight, therewith present.

THE LORD FAUNTLEBERY: Gentlemen, here all gathered: Come here along for a purpose of single goal, indiscriminate: Our noble ways of travesty and reductionism, brought us all this far, indeed see no other finer avenue for future growth than that which we see ahead of ourselves now.

Verily do I see among those crooked visages the faint spectre of Lord Mackenzie's sideburns, his pallid complexion undeterred from among the bright sunrays of his homeland, and thus it reminds me of how in '67 we both did truly a great number on the stocks of a certain company, now among Mr. Rudeward's holdings. I remember of Lord Veneer's manipulation of the rhodium bubble, and oh how did he make us cackle at the highest when he brought us the reports! The time when old chap Thompson over there understood what we've all been trying to tell him since he joined! These fond, fond memories we have cultivated among ourselves, amiable gentlemen, have unfortunately become far too few. No longer do we rejoice but monthly, even, as though our reunions have grown stale. The cold marble surrounding us has

finally crept to inside our souls? Have our hearts become heavy and rigid like the gold we all do hoard? Nay? Can any convince me otherwise?

It is thus, fellows, that a revival becomes so dearly needed. Say that we go back to our ways of jest, if not only for a few to enjoy it once more before comes their due time in serving at the court of hell? Leonard, as you know, has no more than some four months. Jerome has the Lung Cancer. I myself have grown thin around the bowels, legs trembling at the slightest wind. So let us wreak havoc once more, be it a farewell! Let us wrest from among our collective might funds enough to weave chaos and disorder in a way that may not only benefit but please us in earnest jest! To this time of sorrow a merry drop of laughter! Care you not to indulge in it? Say we make a mess over there, say we close a port there, say we takeover a large fish, only to plunge it back down? Many should try to make a profit these days; let us exploit them! Feed them false hope! Do it, and do it well! For our own sakes, if not for their own suffering! To the merriment of this decrepit horde!

THE LORD LEONARD: Say, 'tis true; our bodies begin to fade. Our penchants dim. Our fortunes only grow, yet what purpose does it make? For long have I not reveled in the base shades of emotion. Now I do abstract and spend time high above, in the realm of numbers and memos, disastrous tendencies for a man my kind. How did I build my throne if not by the sweat of my fellow man's brow, by the tears of his disowned wife, and by the blood of his starving infants? How could I give it to myself that I'd spend my latter days in such, such misery of this kind? Now that time becomes the greatest asset, one that I lack the funds to buy, now do I begin to see. I want to go out with a roar, gentlemen. I want the repercussions of my obituary to be grand. I want to be the catalyst for another great depression! I would like to drag the moon down to earth only to etch my name onto it! I'd like to buy the world, sell it to the highest bidder, and then do it all again! What has a lifetime of avarice -- in those days I called it moderation -- led me to? An empty tomb, a pit of memories to be erased. My swift reckoning shall only leave a pile of shareholders gnawing for every bit of this disgraced empire I have erected. All for naught. Oh heavens, have I really done it wisely to forsake you early on in order to amass portentous wealth?

THE LORD FAUNTLEBERY: Aye, Leonard: 'tis it the time to chew on past bones? Would you spend the last days in regret? In forgiveness? Have you lost your ways? You, we, all have committed to walk down this path we chose! You find it time now to be a Christian? Does your old life hold no weight? It was the same Leonard that acted all along its course, the same Leonard that bankrupted thousands, the same Leonard that starved millions! You insist on begging for it now? No! Gentlemen! Lest we forget what we gathered here for! What I have summoned thee here to do! No quarrels with the past! No remembrances tinted by sorrow! Our solace is to be found at bedrock, digging deeper towards the bottom of the grave! The world is relentless, but so can we be! Cast those doubts aside, ye men of little faith! The devil commands it!

Leonard, Lord Leonard, hear this: I forgive you for this misstep, only because you strayed from our present path. Care to remember what you were ranting about? To cause chaos? To spectacularly blow? That is what you, what we, should all aim for. No forgiveness will be given to us. We reclaim what we have stolen for ourselves. We build our own graves, and we make them out of marble! Our mausoleums shall be gilded with the blood of the innocents, gargoyles in the place of statues of angels. Diamonds at every cornerstone, and the fiery depths of hell below!

THE LORD LEONARD: Nay! Nay, care what? I've had enough! I'm tired, tired of it all! The meetings, the whiskey, the red velvet on these chairs! The eunuchs serving trouts with almonds and the smell of incense in the air! I am done! Done with you festering wretches, done with your malicious deeds, deeds I once was foolish enough to call my own! To partake in it with thee for another single second is a torture on my soul! See, dearest, charitable Lord Fauntlebery, I will be leaving in grand! I'll surely make my mark -- not with words, even, but -- you'll see! You all will surely see!

At this moment the transcript ends. For I, Mr. Pennyweight, was transcribing from audio feed, due to my rank not permitting me access to the chamber on which the Lords themselves were thereupon gathered, which proved to be my salvation. Following Lord Leonard's morally righteous outburst a varied sequence of events took place, all abysmal in scope and minuscule in length. I shall narrate them here now, only but recalling from memory, as I was much

too distressed to annotate them during, and much too shaken after. It went similarly to this:

Lord Leonard, although frail in shape, was sharp of wit, and, in a burst of tremendous energy for a sir his age, violently stood up after he had made the remarks as above transcribed, unswathed from his linen paletot a fine device whose making I could not ascertain. After pressing a button located in it, the room shook with tremendous energy as Lord Leonard's private militias stormed in and began shooting at the crowd, but not much later it was shown that a few other respectable Lords had done the same shortly after, as the marble and granite corridors of the mansion came to resemble a warzone of the worst kind.

I, being non-essential -- as in not a full-fledged member -- lacked codes or authority to leave unaccompanied; but this also entailed that the position wherein I resided was of far too few strategic significance to conquer or destroy, which spared my life. I cowered in fear for the seemingly endless amount of time that it took until the last bomb had been blown and the last bullet had been fired, and fled through the desert of rocks and carcasses that the place had become to a fortunate hole in the wall, whereupon a helicopter had crashed.

The desolation was too much to bear. The Club is no more, it seems. I renounce my membership and relinquish all participation in it. The act of publishing this piece, as it was paid for already, both to me and the printer Mr. Kingsway, will be the last I ever make that has any relation at all to that bloodridden den of greed.

I'm certain that this is not the discourse that the Lord Fauntlebery had hoped it would be when he selected me to transcribe and publish it, but my promise remains. Here it is, how it was, and I'd like to never think about that cursed night ever again.

I say scream, you say:	Deleuze woulasd be proud
I have perished.	
Day to night to morning, keep with me in the moment I'd let you had I known it, why don't you say so? Didn't even notice, no punches left to roll with You got to keep me focused; you want it? Say so Day to night to morning, keep with me in the moment I'd let you had I known it, why don't you say so? Didn't even notice, no punches left to roll with You got to keep me focused; you want it? Say so	

"Art thou not a Robinson Crusoe, who disobeyed his father and got lost in the vast sea. Now stuck on the deserted (but not really) Island of Man (the gay man, one would assume), you repent for your sins by fucking assholes. And so you learned to fuck assholes all day long. You poor mentally retarded son of a dickshit." Aristotle spoke this way to me in my dreams every night. It made me question myself. At the end of his speech, by golden means he would give me a golden shower. I basked in the golden liquid. Thank you golden daddy A(u)ristotle.

The Lay of Melchizedek

A! Ouranos, heaven's high'st by far I call to thee, and plead in rapture To beg my soul back from that crack So smelly wrought with tar of Hell Tarterian tar, Black and vile.

My soul that past the brappening That hogs and wolves have fested on. My soul that past all knowledge known And still in this, would choose this song. Now bless this poetry, dear God.

There once was stars up in the sky And each day men would look and sigh, Whenceforth this light, which we do see, Whenceforth the glory, that shines on me! But ev'n as night does pass, one man Inside his house yet stays! And slam And slam, echoes the thrusts of lusts; He thrusts into his wife - and thus. Was born a child, so meek and mild That 'pon his head were treasures piled. Come birth they cried, in tears and joy: Oh now, ye father, who is he, To sire a boy with strength plenty And grace abundant, locks so dark, And skin so pale and void of mark, And eyes clay brown, yet in the sun,

The slanting light, now gold, not dun!
And limbs well formed, enough that so,
We all can say, justly, you'll grow
Into heroic bounds of God.
Yet fore that skin of dick is shod,
We must foreknow; who is your sire!
And thus in rudest tongue the boy:

You cannot know of my sire nor I; the infinite, the unbound. Our essence reaches into the ends of the universe and escapes this material Hell. To see the things I have, is to see your own destruction, nightmares manifest, as I tread the astral road that leads to Heaven's gate - the milky way, the bounteous jugs, the great khazar milkers, diabolical sacks, geatish jubbly bubblies, orbs of corpulent life - these eyes on eyes flesh bound, udders of the cosmic cow; you don't even comprehend the eternal effluence I speak. MOMMY MARY GIVE ME MILKY No? No. It is beyond you. As the mountain peaks and ocean depths are beyond all men. To try is to chase a shadow, to chase your own soul as it unmoved moves you. I look at you and I do not even see people. You have no souls, you have no notions, or motions thine own. Yet to me it is only a matter of reaching within, and without even a pounce of putrid logik, could produce wonders so foreign to thee, the very wind you pass would toot in sentient thought, compared to the utter void that is your limpet-brained, bullshit monkey business!

When so he spoke, this boy caused joy To spread to all the lands, that one wise In manly things, could so round speak Of women's chests, each fleshy peak, The nubbed tips, source of life-essence, Great spermy white, Goddess presence.

Interim

He tumbled down't t'e hill!
The tumble; int'r'ill!
He soaked his new breeches
To the barking of bitches,
With water forced mouth-fill!

Confessions

It is in anguish and furry,
In pain
And despair
That I must confess
For there is no less,
I must accept
That there be no ruler
For I am a coomer.

I wish to diaper
For I cannot control my urge.
This hell right here.
I wish only to purge.

Someone make it stop.

FUCK

FUCK, fuck. FUCK FUCK. fuck. FUCK FUCK FUCKING FUCK. Oh god, oh fuck. FUCK.

Fuck fuck, fuck fuck fuck.

It is at this point that 'fuck' lost all meaning.

A conversation between two mutes

Mute 1:
Mute 2:
Mute 1:
Mute 2:
Mute 1:
Mute 2:
The end.
Volume: 0%
Dizzy rascal: Base, base, base
Base, base, base
Base, base, base.

Ankeçi 13yiş

Inhaz uhlabir enayiz yarodan, ikiş iţa inhaz aşfifçit, işyiz Şilmai iş Nidbai, kotuçin ikni, uhlabir esayiz kiawuz enayiz yarodan; Hibil iş Şitil iş Anuş uhlabir esayiz kiawuz enayiz yarodan, otfinçiz ķeruz adnulçir esayiz idwuime adnunçi ģeayiz kedin. Piriawis, Ziwa iş Piriafil, Malaka idufçir iţlunçīm koihiçi enayiz keakaçie ģeayiz kotuçin afriçi! Inhaz ibriçir irut aģyiz otfen nuehu uķuçiyiz kedine delireż iş saveż, iş tecteż otfen nuehu aţyiz eţan yiruz şi façifçi iş aţyiz otmançiz ķeruz idufçir kufeçi, ikiş olruçir adhafçit; iş aţyiz otmançiz ķeruz kaunçir kufeçi iş umsuçit eţaşi mīnaçir adkalçit; iş aţyiz façifçīm nuonaçi ukbaz ihnuçir umsuçit ķirşi iţa aţloçir, iş aţyiz lilizis ukbaz içakir irut iş ķirşi iţa aţkahir.

Oşuçin ihbeçi içakir (meolaçi) şāyiz oşuçin kaewe; oşuçin foţi uhlasşi afir iş tidisçīm ena neoruçir iş oşuçin enbi abfançir eţmalim iş tidisçīm ena ikfusur. Eţyiz umtumun kouliçi, Şilmai iş Nidbai, iş eģayiz odāsçie ģeayiz Hibil, Şitil iş Anuş, neoke, neiriçīm iş ifmafim otfen nuehu keruz ibriçir irut enayiz yarodan iş ukoçişi adusçişi adınılir, alyiz idwuime neiriçi ģeayiz Manda, ikfime, uklafiz odāsçīm kuemoçi yeraşi adōnçir. Işaiş kedin şi ubboçīm!

Mudoyiz ela otmaniz reaçesţ eşan ulru Piriafil, keibiçir keakaçie tecim. Işaiş edunir eţyiz ufnaçie ilayiz enayiz an iţheçi ģeayiz owlaçīm ożeçi. Inmo otmaniz aţmarçi adnumur an nituim nueha, nealir kotuçin afriçi, iş inhazj ibriçir irut aģyiz otlan nuehae ģeayiz. Inmo otdiçit eţar niadaim nuehu, mudor aşhan umkukir ģetir, iş emyiz meţoe uhtaz çiz naumir neoke, neiriçīm iş ifmafim nealir neoker, neiriçīm iş ifmafim otlan nueha ģeayiz, iş ewkēr çiz iş ostiçit mudor owlaçit nealaçir ķeayiz oçtiçie.

��Diamonds???

SO GET THIS

```
GET THIS
      GET
      THIS
      I WALKED DOWN THE STREET
      AND
      I SAW AN AXOLOTL
      I THOUGHT
      I'M GOING TO KILL THAT AXOLOTL
      I'M GOING TO SMASH IT'S FUCKING HEAD IN
      YHW
      I DON'T KNOW
      I JUST DFAFAFF
      HELLO Hey Buddy
      :)
      HOW ARE YOU DOING?
      Hows life
      PRETTY BAD
      Sell drugs? Are you poor? Im poor very poor I live in a crawlspace
under a bridge
      No you don't
      No you dont
      No you dont
      No you dont
      You lying fuck
      No you dont
      No you dont
      No you dont
```

No you dont

No you dont

No you dont

Yeah I do im typing this on my computer I made with a car battery $% \left\{ 1,2,\ldots ,n\right\}$

Wow frog your words cut deep

Diamonds, Part II

by Dodo Gang

I got diamonds on my dick

Bitch

I put diamonds on your ass

Bitch

I lick your shit clean

Bitch

I make a compost from your shit

Bitch

徠 (佗 兌惡 些褞娃 頗倭 坡下坡 座 傲) 話袮亞 冨 他以蟆兔 侮万, 哦南奥並 座 傲 万 俄咏, 嘛冶南摩 (三奥 萵南 峨鳴). 墮理右 頗亜 丑亜 着邏挨 嗄 袮亞 頗倭 磨俄塋 呀他以 亜蟆咀儡于他以 偖囊 个 不亞 頗唖 儺鳴 儡罨 媼 蟆励哇 磨俄塋 夜着咏 仮南曖 頗癡央 口儡娃. 仮 偽偖囊 頗亜 丑亜 冨 墮犂鐚 坐理桙 厨亞 南茉娃 儡罨媼 唾嘛禹; 茶南俄 墮犂鐚 坐理桙 話袮亞 唆 佻 萵南 俄塋. 墮理右 哦堕惡 也 儡閼 儡罨媼 南茉娃 唾嘛禹, 劑儡埃賠南呀於 娥 丶堊 他以 儡鐚. 頗鞍鴉 南桙, 冨. 儡万 兌鳴 个墮噫 儡渥盂峨於 墮理右 頗倭 磨俄塋 儡罨蛙 夜着咏 話 南桙 偖囊 儡癡宇 他伊南 偽頗瑩 儡閼 邁 南埃 夜鳴 們 呀於 墮理右 話袮亞 冨 馬勵禹 乕南 儀 偖囊. 南唖 着嫗 鱠 邁-墮桙 且瑩 儡愛 坐褞閼 娥 袮亞 佐俄塋 呀麌亜 哦哦以厨亞 磨俄塋 着鞋椏.

蟆褞咏 墮犂鐚 坐理桙 南茉娃 唾嘛禹 儡罨媼 話袮亞 頗唖 摩伊並 口儡嫗 厨亞 賠南呀於 娥、堊,茶南俄 蟆励嘔 厨亞 橇悧 話袮亞 个值 呀位 嘛瑩南 偽 兌 徠. 賠南呀於 娥、堊 哦堕惡 南唖 南鐚 儀儡姶 冨唳阿 頗倭 挫痲鳴 頗倭 橇悧 劑儡塋 万 哦以, 鱠 儡軋愛 磨摩位 劑儡塋 哦茶塢 頗軛倚 夜鳴 唾嘛禹 咤 剛 娥於.

來仮二瑩劑儡塋咤、唖二痢夜鳴侘儡婀劑儡埃偖南偽唾-儡錏鱠世儡盂. 坐璃閼厨亞瑪務唖仮二瑩南狸婀堕位 允安以摩也厨亞頗唳烏. 並儡亞儡凹,仮二瑩劑儡塋蟆璃錏兌鳴也依痢侘儡婀劑儡埃匯儡咏侘儡婀. 徠仮二瑩哦堕惡也儡閼呀冨鴉南鐚俄鹽奥邁峨伊坐韻曖,他瑩 儡姶 使 儡勵奧何着媼 蟆 儡烏 冩 哦塢 仮二瑩 鱠咤兌於哦以仮二瑩. 仮二瑩和伊南 具亜蟆瑩南呀位丸痾頗倭哦峨鳴他唳営兌墮右鱠儡瞹,並履南呀伊,儡勵奧頗安娥鳴劑儡塋万哦以. 儡癡鴉, 仮二瑩哦堕惡痲唾惡佳悧南茉娃劑儡埃儡罨媼也励凹堕位頗鞍鴉夜茶伊使哦-孟厨亞仮二瑩. 座冨鐚厨亞世 儡鐚話袮亞,蟆囹禹,頗更唾以呀位嘛瑩南偽兌來.

Ching chong

Nick Land be like

Accelerate

Dreaming¹⁵

I am still angry about a dream I had. You wouldn't be false in mistaking that dream for reality; it was one of those rare dreams that, every, *every* sensation was excruciatingly vivid, memory upon memory when waking could be as easily as real as the day before. But why would one of these pleasurable dreams become a source of anger for me? I'm sure the astute among you could guess, that this pleasure I felt within the confines of sleep, was one absent to me in wakefulness, or more simply, I am a lone soul that felt love and remembered the joy of having it, only then being wrenched back into the state of lacking.

One ought to dwell on other things. But, O! How can I forget my sweet deity! I exaggerate, of course, but I feel a true love for that passion I had. I perhaps should make clear, that these weren't sexual dreams – though sexuality is implied in love, not always must it be.

My Dearest, Know, O know, this, omen free,
I'd give but Roman; He could give pure Greek.
Thou art-full faced 'visage of fair beauty
Draws fresh thawed waters from my painful pique,
A mountain drained by cruel intent. I flee
To find my heart in an abyssal creek,
And spooked run back – stopped – snagged, by you, Godly.
This God is not objective truly, and
Voracious still in covenant cruel, lauded
in heart, unfelt 'til you splay wide thy hand,
Unseen thy glory 'til the Styx forded,

¹⁵ Revised and Expanded, by someone who will NOT be named, for his brutish and hamfisted revisions (AND NO EXPANSION ON THEIR PART) have been undone to the best of the true author's ability. This is in all seriousness my genuine dream journal, the rhythm and language will not be changed because ---- cannot write a damn thing himself. Fuck you, it was to the petty level of changing words like "coke" to "soda". If you don't like it just leave it and go write your own.

Unheard the trumpets 'til falls judgment's rod, Unknown my passion 'til full formed re-trod. Dreams torment, even moreso when God-sent.

I didn't think to provide a date for the previous entry. The figure of my dream still follows me, to the point where I'm now unsure exactly which of these dreams provoked that first entry. I remember yet the climax of those dreams, though so epic like in nature were they – yet murky and half-remembered there is so much more to those dreams. How vivid they are! Life within a deathly sleep. And I cannot but be wary of this life, for whence does this life come? Form from my own imagining? I cannot bear the thought that this is some elaborate construction of dream, to have a yet still reprising actor. But even greater still is the fear that this figure is external; not from my waking world, but somewhere in-between. A Jezebel? Or Angel? Is there a difference?

Speaking to a friend of this, I realized that what I can only assume was the dream that prompted the first entry wasn't known to me as the first of this sequence. That's too imprecise, what I mean is, The dream that I view as the first of this figure's appearances, may indeed be the one of which I first wrote, but of writing of it, forgot it, and it was usurped by a dream in which I also believe may have prompted the first entry, yet is as vivid as the previous dream, though with more scandalous events. Aha! The scandal of the second eliminates it as the prompt-dream as the first entry is explicit in its innocence. In summary, the prompt-dream was forgotten. Another took its place as The First-dream. And these make but the beginning of a chain of dreams which I fear is not yet ended or will end too soon.

Perhaps for the sake of clarity, I should lay out the stage of each dream.

The prompt-Dream; Being the true First-dream: There is not much of note in this one, except for the Figure. She came to me cordially, when I lay in a twisted dreamscape of my Father's flat, and she came completely naked (with a marvelous body: tanned, lithe, modestly plump, glorious behind, etc.) She tried to invoke me to fuck her, convoluted circumstances made me delay, and the dream ended with her – now on my bed at my Mother's flat (no connection between the parents, just that I am largely seclusive and it's not inconceivable that the platform of my dreams would be where I seclude myself, to my room at my Mother's, or the living room – lacking my own room – at

my Father's) – still naked, looking coyishly over her shoulder telling me angrily that there is now no time and that is morning. Now, nothing alarming, except the longing I felt for her company, not sexually, just another rare dream of myself attempting companionship.

The First-dream; Being the one that alarmed me most: This dream was much more cajoling and cavorting than the previous, it was whole day and night within the dream, time stretching to allow me. I truly wish I could remember this one, solely for the whole narrative to be laid out, to better express how sudden my figure appeared to me, and left, by ending the dream. Mind you, not waking me, ending the dream plunging me into a void, a dark nothing empty of consciousness, almost as if to cleanse.

Context first! Just before I went to bed, I had finished reading the Shakespeare play *Antony and Cleopatra*. Now when the Figure appeared to me, whether my brain had made an assumption, or she had changed to be more like her, I identified the Figure as Cleo (Might as well refer to her as such, though erroneous, it gives some vague Idea of the Figure's figure). Cleo, appearing as fast as it takes to read this next sentence, showed, was grabbed, impregnated, gone. A singularly strange occurrence. Not often do I have dreams with even implied sensuality, much less one in which sex is performed. But this is even anomalous as an anomaly; for truly it was just a slight hug, sudden sparse dress, and insemination with absurd detail of feeling - physical, emotional, and confusion.

Now having set forth the two major Dreams, and before painting the subsidiary minor ones, it is noteworthy that the absurdity of them wasn't lost upon me during the dreams themselves. I bordered painfully on realizing they were a dream and shattering the illusion, and knowing they were dreams and powerless to influence the narrative as a lucid dream.

Furthering my alarm, this has only occurred after I have resolved myself to maintain celibacy, I am unsure of it regarding relationships, but to refrain as much as my self-control allows. Now before these dreams I'd had my longest breath of purity ever, and I am left wondering if this was not an attack from a malevolent being or hoping that it is some form of reward from a benign. I'll incline to the former, for a benign being would realize how tortuous such dreams could be, and perhaps that is why they have apparently stopped as

my bout of purity broke, and I had the dreams no more. I can only attempt again to reach such a level of celibacy, though this time partly in hope of a re-occurrence of the dream, even if it is a malevolence attempting to throw me off the path.

bitch is devious, cannot muster the energy to write with any measure of forced eloquence. She showed up again, dream was weird. I've repeatedly tried a method I know of to force lucid dreams, in order to force a meeting with her. Well, in this dream I attempted the method to lucid dream, as they say: *All that we see or seem, is but a dream within a dream*, you know, that guy Poe.

Anyway, I tried the dream within a dream, not intentionally, I had no control over either, and, as I've been warned, the attempt to lucid dream gave me sleep paralysis, within the dream. I think this might have been some cryptic warning from her to get a fucking grip and stop trying so desperately, though after that she (debatable, not the Gender, just if it was her) did spend some time with me, longer than any other dream. HOWEVER – This can be marked as an almost absurdly absurd dream, and maybe even one self-aware (With the whole dream-in-dream action), as once I was paralyzed, she appeared. And maybe because of my earlier entries, my brain or her decided it is the absolute best of ideas to have her in a supposed true form as some... demon/witch/evil thing?

Basically, she had sharp teeth and a discernible – might as well ramp up the descriptions for imaginative aid – malign mien, seen from the corner of my eye. I tried to move, though unable too, and my sleep-addled thoughts made the order imperative to put my fingers in that gaping shark maw. Even just imagining, and attempting to force my body to do so, without moving anything, I still felt the sharp pain of biting down upon many of my fingers and felt it vaguely omnipresently.

One may ask what I did next, faced with my false muse so direly threatening me? Well, being the Gentleman I am, I kissed her. This actually was able to be done, the ice thawing about me, and she becoming pacified with a sort of charmed surprise that even despite the fervent warnings I would continue to pursue her.

After this there was the characteristic breakdown of the dream that I felt in the others. But, seeing as Cleo decided to stick around some, I'll try to record the fragments, as well as something from my dream from the previous night (would that be yesterday night, or the night before yesterday?) which may connect some way. I'll start with a run down of the latter dream, the former one I had. Rather run of the mill, just dreaming, doing stupid shit in a dreamscape of familiar land, nothing really of note except for two things:

- 1) Throughout the dream was a persistent feeling of shame, loneliness, and a vague feeling of being directionless.
- 2) An instance in which I was eating out of a plain ceramic bowl but looking down found the bowl had undergone some platonic transubstantiation type change, now being Wooden and carved. I remarked "He [God] has made the bowl completely bare of dew!" a phrase so completely out of character for the dream at that point, and more so myself, my beliefs inclining slightly to deism. Looking at the bowl I saw that the painted carving showed two things, which I ache to remember more accurately, but it had something to do with a Mountain, beside or atop of which stood a Prophet like figure, dressed recognizably so (think Moses in Prince of Egypt) but also recognizably as Me. The mountain was being destroyed, under a torrent of fire (from the mountain or not is unclear) and myself implied to be so too. There happened to be at that moment in the dream an entire fellowship of people all recognizable to me within that room with me even before hand, and how I long to have remembered their number, of which one was looking at the bowl, and suddenly happened to be holding a lit match.

Another spoke, "How did you endure so much?" was the gist of it. I took the match from the other, the flame of it burned into my skin, but I did not mind, even though the whole match seemed to be flame, burning and instantly scaring a white line across my fingers and palm as I said either "I don't know." or "I just did." In a way I think I said both.

Now, a last supper like dream would quite likely just be brushed off by a normal person. But in my case that would be conjecture, for these long, vivid dreams are only becoming more frequent, from perhaps once a month to once every few days, and then with these last two consecutively.

Of course, I must now set forth the fragments of the second dream, and I curse myself for leaving it so late. The time is now half-six, so I've been a lazy loser and procrastinated. I think I can still remember the key parts, but every hour I waste is more detail lost. I am an Idiot.

I left it after Cleo becoming flustered. It's almost as if there are slices cut out, like an edited film, but the original has been destroyed in the process. So an altercation or fight broke out between a small witch (Just take witch to be whatever creature this Cleo and her Kin are, I identified them as witches only at the end, and possibly a separate group.) and I. This small witch must not have been larger than a bottle of Coke, and wielded a flail-type weapon, almost a whip – and now that I think about it, it likely is a Flagrum or scourge of some kind.

I should note we were in what I can only say must be either a dreamscape of My father's old house's front room, or My Grandmother's, on my mother's side, Living room. Though more alarmingly, though many locations within these past two dreams are familiar, it is familiar in a sense unseen before in my dreams, with every house I have known, or my relatives' homes, appearing in some sense, even the Road beside my current, and my Friend's house on this road. Now what concerns me about this is the conscious acuteness to geography, but also the vast amount that was freshly conjured by the dream, large passages drawn abstractly from others to where they shouldn't be, and entirely knew ones, all culminating in this sprawling other-world in which I walked these past nights.

The small thing was trying to scourge me with the Flagrum, and naturally, I – at least to me – fought back, but for some reason this completely caught the Witch off guard, as if my subservience was expected. She tried to hide under a sofa, so I lifted it quite easily, as if I'd gotten really strong just by dreaming it so, and crushed her beneath it. Knowing I'd in some way fucked up big time, I decided to pull a fast one and just run out of the house, through a set of glass doors right beside the sofa. I could just feel them running after me, more of those witches, who I took to be Cleo's sisters. In the dream there was a weird transition that inclines me to believe Cleo was the little witch, though I am unsure, as every time I see her, I must evaluate who she is somewhat by emotion, as she isn't always in the same physical form. Hell – I had two dreams,

maybe four to six days ago, both with a dog, the first dream the dog was aggressive, the second dream I managed to tame it. And the emotion I felt playing with that dog was not far from the timeless companionship I feel from Cleo, so maybe I'm just her dog. Perhaps "Cleo" is just some entity aping whatever beasts it sees in my consciousness, or my subconscious is just so overwhelmingly dominant it torments my consciousness the only time it can reach me directly, through dream.

I was chased by perhaps two or three witches, through a rural place, until I came to a river bank, or coastline, and having gained much land over the witches I stopped. Lined up along the coast were large piles of some strange creatures covered in a tarpaulin/net material of some kind. For some reason I was overcome with the urge to free them, so running along the coast, back towards my pursuers, I pulled off all the nets, and the creatures looked inexplicably robotic in a way.

Running back towards the witches was not a wise move by anyone's standards, and we met at an old ruin of a coastal tower, covered in bracken and moss, moist and dark. The first witch to come upon me was striking like Cleo, and immediately she pierced my breast with a spear tip. Once she did this, I had an out-of-body transcendental experience, at once seeing through the eyes of all present, but blocked from my own.

Able to see myself, but only the chest, specifically where the spear pierced my flesh and it was... wrong. It looked somewhat like a bronze pauldron covered my shoulder, and the blade had struck just an inch in from its edge, stopped before it did any harm. But the armor seemed melded with my skin, and my entire body inhuman in its overt humanity (despite the armor piece). The Witch was quite surprised, and she garbled something to me, I can't remember what, to which I responded, not verbatim – "I have become God, you cannot harm me." and the fear they felt was felt also by me. It was my voice undeniably, my intonations, my pride, my arrogance, just all fulfilled.

After that I was back by the doors of the house, again running from the Witches, but this time in play. We both knew they couldn't hurt me. I was crawling, like Snake from metal gear, I don't know if there is a name for it, and that's the only example I can think of - I don't even play metal gear. I think it might just be called an army crawl. Besides, I was crawling, on the opposite side

of a low fence to the Witches, ever changing in number as they came and went, when one, Cleo, inevitably saw me. She stepped over the fence, it was no more than a polite divider, similar to the ones at supermarket checkouts, but close to thrice their height. She greeted me. What followed was just me and her spending time together, nothing unusual for a couple, just it was a dream.

There was a weird Interlude with my father, and a strange reenactment of an event I never witnessed, that certainly didn't happen, for Mark – (I am not even sure of his surname's spelling, shame) has been dead, nigh two years, since Monday the 27^{th} , November 2017. The fact that I remember that surprised my father when he mentioned it last year-ish, I think he must have said something about the anniversary. The point being, he was Dear to me, and dearer to my father, enough so it is not surprising that he would be present at this faux memory – My father's divorce with my stepmother, dramatized through my subconscious – but undeniably wrong, as the divorce only happened this year, 2019. Though this paragraph can be largely disregarded.

I was separated from Cleo by this, but My father and Mark decided it was a good idea to go to McDonalds, and against my insistence thought it was an ever greater idea to leave all our belongings atop the car, waving my worry off with "it'll be fine!" in a manner that almost implied they were fully aware this was dream, but averse to telling me. This being seems to enjoy the romp through my mind, pulling characters and stages out to set in motion plays half formed and cruel, but even more, I fear that this being is just myself, and I have fully turned my waking self against my true self – A Jekyll and Hyde – suppressed by my push towards, well, becoming what I want to be, not what I am. But the Being, Cleo/Hyde doesn't seek the destruction of us both, rather I think she seeks a synthesis of kind, or at least a recognition of each other, as, remind you, we both inflicted harm against each other in this dream.

I decided to look for the coats, leaving McDonalds and having found them not there. Now alone, I headed straight towards a back road, packed with all manner of people, any I focused upon being black, but somewhere recognizable figures to me. I feel, ashamedly, that this might have been some attempt at a taunt. I felt no prejudice against any there, not even one person I saw, and asked about the coats I sought, as he was clearly wearing it, but told it was his own. I believe now this was some test; I have been criticized – Wrongly-

of being bigoted, and I have harbored feelings of contempt for that single (White) person I spoke to. However, walking through that crowd, and speaking to him, I felt nothing but an overwhelming kinship, and an indescribable pull to just walk along with them in their natural current, intoxicated with the oneness of the crowd, ignoring creed, color, and nationality – for they were not concepts that people recognized. And having felt this, passing the self-made test, proving to at least myself that my ramblings about humanity are true at least in that sense, the witches appeared, and it was here I identified them as witches, all similar in look to Cleo as if indeed sisters. They were in a procession of sorts dressed oddly, what they wore I can remember, I could not see past the head of the column, for to look past that would be to ignore them. I fell in, before the front row leading them, willing in an unwilling looking mechanical march, throwing arms and legs forth, jaunted straight, and noticed I'd been joined by someone, beside me, male, and recognized him as someone in the same passion as me!

I wake immediately after that.

8/04/2020 - These dreams still occur; they've descended into Cleo full force admitting she's Aphrodite – I've been threatened by her. I cannot wake until the dream is somewhat done, or whatever point trying to be made is made.

Intermission: A Reading of "The Tiger"

The Tiger

By Nael, age 6 From They're Singing a Song in Their Rocket

The tiger
He destroyed his cage
Yes
YES
The tiger is out

The Tiger, Notes and Interpretation

Neil de Grass Tyson once shrewdly remarked to his parole officer that there are more Tigers in the average American male's bloodstream than there are Costcos in all of Alpha Centauri. On first reading Nael's The Tiger, readers are immediately struck by two facts - first, the odd spelling of the author's name, and secondly the equally odd 3-5-1-1-5 structive, both indicative of a mind raised in the post truth society, constantly in flux with no regard for structure or traditionalist trappings. Some have labelled this a work of post-modernist poetry, but I posit that we should instead refer to this as the first work of post-Tigerianism discipline. Thus, it is near impossible for the classically trained student to properly interpret the themes or very substance of young Nael's work.

In order to better appreciate this piece of art, we must begin by defining "Tiger." As of present, there are six distinct species of *panthera tigris* - the noble Bengal, the fierce Siberian, the graceful Sumatran, the [REDACTED] Malayan, the [please use a less racist adverb] Indochinese, and

the pleasantly rotund South China tiger. Given that Nael's eponymous Tiger was:

- 1) Caged
- 2) Possessed the will to destroy said cage, and
- 3) Capable of destroying the cage

we can logically attempt to deduce which species Nael was concerned with and use this knowledge to further our interpretative enterprise.

The South China, being the most rare, reclusive, and remote of the six, would likely not be caged nor would it possess the necessary strength to destroy said cage. There are, at present, roughly 100 South China Tigers in captivity, but all live in large enclosures designed to reduce stress and encourage breeding. Bengals exist in the opposite state, being the most common, and therefore frequently targeted by poachers and travelling circuses. There are believed to exist more Bengal in captivity alone than all other species in the wild combined. However, it must be noted that this frequent contact with humans has caused the Bengal to become increasingly docile with each subsequent generation. While it would by no means be unusual to see a Bengal in a cage, it is doubtful whether one would have the disposition required to begin the process of destruction. As such, we can safely eliminate the Bengal tiger from the list of candidates.

The Malay, tigris jacksoni, is a close cousin to the highly endangered South China Tiger. The two were believed to be the same species as recently as 2004, until Asians were colonized by the North American Confederation and brought up to the 21st century. These are found only in a relatively small location known as the Malay Peninsula, which few people would even know exists if not for Google Maps. So insignificant is this tiny, backwards land that we will eliminate the Malay Tiger for literature's sake so that we never have to think of it again.

Strict utilitarians of the Hegelian doctrine, the Indochinese Tigers are notably eidetic and possess incredible fortitude. Despite these advantages, they do have one crippling flaw - they are entirely unable to distinguish speculative writings from reality. As such, the Indochinese believe not only in a literal interpretation of the Bible, but also of Plato's dialogues, the Divine Comedy, and A Room of One's Own. This once proud species now works 16 hour shifts

in microprocessor plants, and frequently excuse their lifestyle with such platitudes as "well at least we have it better than our ancestors." Understandably, the few individuals who do show the inclination to escape choose the ultimate egress of suicide, believing the eternal soul to be necessarily exclusive to the Platonic Form of Death and also that 72 virgins await them in Paradise.

We are left then with two options, Nael's Tiger could only be one of either the Sumatran or Siberian. Further investigation becomes rather difficult as both will seem, initially, to be equally viable candidates.

Editor's Note: BY THE WAY THE TIGER IS SIBERIAN BECAUSE

RUSSIA IS /LIT/ BY DEFAULT

Second Editor's Note: This made me cry.

The Horror of Liberal Parenting

My mother wished to reclaim her lost youth through me. Or something, the boomer generation as it were (or as defined by our conniving friends who form the main lingua franca on twitter/rebbit, thus asserting their authority, libidinal, into the very physical arrangement of your scrambled egg neurons, as is best practices set out by the chinese communist party, who made inroads into language/thought policing from even the 80s, fulfilling the promise of 1984 (Orwell, 1949) as it's true essence - AN INSTRUCTION MANUAL) - is stuck in their countercultural youthful revelry much as the millennial is stuck in junior high, forever defining himself against the big buff jocks whom he lusts/pines/fears/loathes (see, Chad, Tyrone). As such, she rejected the role of parent and preferred instead to be my "friend," which I couldn't exactly say no to, seeing as I had no friends, on account of my name (which is The Horror) and my haircut (none) and my smell (natural).

Fool that I was, when she caught me jerking off while smelling her panties, I found that she did not accomplish that centering parental task of ripping her belt off and beating me with it, instead we sat down and talked about my feelings. Unfortunately, the alexithymia of the teen boy produces an open void on which frail Narcissa can project her entire self image- my mind was filled with thoughts of patriarchy, of oppression, etc. I had never been harder than when she sat me down in front of the aged, whirring laptop and made me watch the lectures of one Andrea Dworkin, clearly punished by Hera for her assertion of beauty.

But being that she wanted to be my friend, at the age of 18 she pulled me aside and said to me, "lots of kids your age are going to experiment with drugs." (drugs, I thought, what the fuck is that. All we do nowadays is sniff glue) "I want you to have positive experiences with drugs, and who better to share these experiences with than your mother." OK. So she's going to buy me free weed and sit me down and smoke me out. Fair enough, as my idol Jordan

Peterson is wont to say. Fair enough. But after she took that first hit, shit got real. Conjunctivitis-riddled and cotton-mouthed, she took a sip of her chamomile and said to me "I really fucked up with you. I don't know where I fucked up, but you're not half the man your father was. Fuck. I can't tell you the regrets I have about the way I raised you. I'm afraid I've prevented you from ever becoming happy. Not unlike Tony Soprano, or the little kid from Mother Dearest."

Mein Gott. The truth finally emerges. I hit the bong again and came in my pants as, push after push, smack after smack, somehow that heavy chunk of locally blown glass found its way into the bedreadlocked skull of my dear old mammy.

Editor's Note: "We need much, much more gay / lesbian erotic poetry. Could our fine poets please write some more?"

To that which my heart does flock A glorious, throbbing cock. Spew your seed across my back -That white which comes from black. The price though, I must barter As I prefer larger.

To Slap a Trannyass

Fill with sperm my bronchial tubes Mixed with seven different lubes Boobs

When I see a dick go straight To lick the shaft I'm never late Masturbate

Take my ass and slap it good Lick my balls up as you should Dude (as in "dude fuck my ass")

Lit is a conglomeration of retards. Hence if your story has any elements of reality or history, you shan't ever be a good writer. Sorry

Address to the reader:

You have found yourself on the 194th page of *The Coronameron*, having read numerous poems, essays, and stories. Some well written, others poorly. Perhaps you laughed, groaned, or cringed. You wonder, how did these anonymous writers create such a provocative, moving piece? Where does their creativity come from? Your position as a spectator leaves you yearning for a participation you will never know. For you, tomorrow was already yesterday. You were too late to contribute, as you are in every aspect of your life. So just know, that in every moment you enjoyed, hated, or were indifferent toward in this work, that we are better than you.

I'm gay btw

I'm not gay - he sucked my dick.

That's not true. This man is impersonating me. I'm gay, I sucked his dick.

It is true, ^this writer is gay.

The above passage is wrong. This is the 170th page. He lied to you.

The writer above has also lied to you. This is the 165th page.

Most of these writings are terrible, stop bullshitting the reader. If you read this far, you have wasted an insurmountable amount of time, and should be ashamed you aren't off reading actually good literature like Harry Potter or Twilight or anything by that fat whore bitch Cassandra Clair.

Instance from my life: "I'm drinkin' water-" blwlwlwlwlwlwlwlwlwlwl

A Brief Tangent on Lonely Hornyness

God, I'm horny. The kind of horny where, deep within your balls, you can feel the mass of semen awaiting its emission. Weighing myself down, like I was walking on Mars, my cum fills my ball sack. I'm also lonely. I'm lonely and horny. I'm lonely and horny and I need milky. I need to nestle up to a big fat milky tit and sucky suck. Yeah, a big *thicc* mommy with a fat ass and fat milkies. I need milkies now. Washing over me like the ocean on the sand, I need a big fat pair of honkers to erase this pain, and toss me into the abyss. Tumbling down in the depths where I cannot see, surrounded only by warmness and milkies. I am lonely. But I am also horny. I need milkies. I need milkies. I need milkies.

- Anonymous

Weird Scenes from Inside the Gold Mine

Does anybody want to play Bed Wars on Hypixel with me (mc.hypixel.net). Just post your username and I will party you:)

THE BLUE BUS

IS CALLING US

DRIVER WHERE YOU TAKIN US

This nigga for real?

Yes

No

Fuck You

I read an article on the Huffington Post (a completely shit publication, mind you) that was about a gay father's own son calling him a faggot. Not a fag, but a faggot (I think). What is to be made of this? The author, Kevin Fisher-Paulson, has two sons — one black and one white; which one did it? No doubt about it, both adopted (unless they've figured out male impregnation — which they should have, by now. I want to cum in a femboy's ass and knock him up. I don't know where he will give birth from, but would rather his penis by split into slices than the other, grosser option). He writes for "Gays With Kids," which is an organization for Gays With Kids. You can tell so by the name. I don't know if you knew that, but I did.

On days like these I think about my own youth. I have never called my dad a faggot or a fag, but I have said "fuck" and "shit" a few times in front of and to him – to the detriment of his Christian sensibilities. On days like these I think about what I was to learn from church. What did I learn from church? Oh, many things, but they never told me not to want to knock a femboy up. When gay marriage was legalized in that fateful 2015 Supreme Court decision, the pastor delivered a slow burning monologue from the Bishop's own words. He told us a lot. It was a sad day for the church.

I want to put a feminine boy's penis in my mouth and hold it there like a popsicle, feeling it fill out the empty space over my tongue. I also don't want to blaspheme the church. I try not to attack them.

On the feminine boy's penis – here is what I would do. I would take them home from a bar, any bar (I don't want to talk about where I get him, that's not very romantic). I'd princess carry him into my home and seat him on my bedside. He'd stare at my body and me and close his eyes for a kiss (my cock is throbbing right now). I would grab his shoulders and play tag with his tongue. It'd be filthy.

We'd tear his shirt off. He would be skinny and I would rub his nipples. He would moan lightly and I'd drag his pants and underwear off. I'd lean in and kiss him again while teasing his semi-hard cock. He would lean back onto my pillows to get fucked, but I'd grab his legs and keep him at the bedside. I would kneel down and take both his thighs in my hand and put his cock in my mouth. I would hold it there for a second and look up at him, before running my tongue around his head and base. Bobbing my head, I close my eyes for some seconds and open them; he has the back of his hand to his mouth and he is stifling moans. I stare intently as he ejaculates into my throat.

I clean what remains by licking his urethra and sucking it out. My cock is throbbing, painfully even. I swallow all of his cum. I take him by the thighs, kiss him again, and take my cock out of my underwear. He takes some nearby lubricant and smears it across his lover's penis and his own ass. He'd put his finger in his mouth and stare at me longingly. I'm going to destroy his ass.

IT ALL BEGAN

IT ALL BEGAN WITH A CLASH
"AHHHHHHHH"

ME CHINESE

ME PLAY JOKE

ME GO PEEPEE IN YOUR COKE

Paperbackdreams, a lament

Paperbackdreams turns me on
Paperbackdreams can do no wrong
And like a Kurd,
I will not be deterred
For paperbackdreams is not strong

Her friend sister (?) is way cuter though: *youtube link*

This Page Intentionally Left Blank

a linguistic digression

el amor en los tiempos de coronavirus i'm reading right now pero es imposible y no feelo like writing in español ahora; me duele el mente porque soy americano and I don't speak no language of foreign invaders from the south stealing our jobs and taking our healthcare and committing hit and runs on the 405 without insurance and never being held accountable by our corrupt legal system for it yes thanks governor gavin or should I say gavinor because it's your fault but gavinor isn't as cool a term as governator I liked Arnold better but you can't win 'em all shocking really that california had a republican governor only maybe fifteen years ago that'll never happen again because of mexicans whose language is dumb anyway i prefer τὴν τῶν Ἑλληνων γλοττὴν at least i think that's how you say it you know the greek language but they say it the of the greek's language which is a funny sort of grammatical structure i think but you know greek is a highly inflected language while english isn't really inflected at all i think german is somewhere in between you know german has the accusative and dative and nominative cases but i don't believe they have the genitive or vocative in modern german like attic greek does although i don't know if modern greek even has all these inflections i really only started studying attic because i want to read koine but they said, yes them they said oh just learn attic because then you can read the classics and you get the koine stuff basically for free since it's simplified and easier and i thought sure that's reasonable i'd love to read Homer in the original someday even if reading Jesus and Paul is more my goal since I'm a godfearing man I really wouldn't mind if God said enough's enough and just kind of ended this whole plague thing it's a bit inconvenient but see that's just it in the end times all sorts of things like this are going to happen not just plagues but earthquakes and fires too they're probably happening all across the Hypersphere and not just in this corner of the Lord's garden but i wonder what sorts of tongues they speak in other parts of the Hypersphere probably some sorts of esoteric sanskrit or bizarre glossolalia i'm

told that the chinese no peace be upon them speak a silly singsongy language that's tonal like thai is where you can say the sentence ma ma ma ma ma ma but every ma has a different intonation and it means something like the lazy bear climbed up a tree and took a dump well my uncle told me one like that in thai and it was something similar but not quite about a bear taking a dump i think i got that idea from the old does a bear shit in the woods is the pope catholic kind of thing which is funnier when you ask does the pope shit in the woods is a bear catholic but that joke requires someone to have a background in the original sayings to understand the joke you know like pack a sad is something they say down under reminds me of all the silly slang they have in new zealand all their english is much different than ours and that's not even getting into the maori which has all sorts of fascinating words my favorite being whakawhanaungatanga where whaka- is a prefix meaning to make like and whanau means family it's the same as ohana in hawaiian if you watched lilo and stitch and ngatanga well i don't actually know what that means but the whole word means to make introductions or to make familiar literally to make as family just remember to pronounce the wh- as an f in english i think when english missionaries went to that country and first started codifying the maori tongue in a written form they worked among one tribe or iwi that actually did pronounce the wh- as the wh in what sounds in english but that proved to be the exception rather than the rule among the maori in general since the vast majority pronounced it as f which is interesting kind of reminds me of how the ng phoneme works in these languages you know they can start words with ng in the polynesian languages which doesn't exist in english or for that matter any of the european languages i'm familiar with except maybe greek i'm trying to think but no i don't think even greek does but you know in samoan that phoneme is written g but pronounced like ng while in tongan it's just written ng and in maori it's ng as well wonder what happened with samoan maybe the missionaries that went there did the same thing as the new zealand ones did and met some island where they pronounced it g even though no one else did wonder what the other islands would think of them probably laugh at them and think of them like sophisticated urban whites think of rednecks haha they can't even say ng properly what fags you know the word for fag i learned from samoans back in the day was fafa they'd use it like oh yeah that guy is a fafa and

then years later i saw on the internet some es jay double-u say that the fa'afafine are a real and legitimate and culturally accepted third gender some kind of ladyboy and i'm just thinking no no no that's revisionism stop imposing your white imperialistic worldview on the poor innocent brownies there's no acceptance of the queers because the islanders hate gays more than anything and in fact beating them up or giving them a hiding is one of their most treasured pastimes and the direct translation of fa'afafine into english would be faggot and fafa is fag and they don't want us to know this but i've been around enough to know the Truth and can't fall for their tricks but probably somewhere in the Hypersphere there is somewhere where fa'afafine is a real word and really does mean ladyboy and it's prim and proper and nobody beats them up but it would have to be in some distant faraway corner of the sphere because it's sure as hell not here because here they beat them up sometimes i wish i were one of them you know a tongan or something i hear such great stories they would get in fights with the rival high school all the time and beat up queers and chinamen for entertainment actually now with the plague maybe it is time to beat up some chinamen you see the innocent island people have a wisdom of a sort that goes far beyond what we whities can attain unto you know we're high INT but low WIS and they're low INT but high WIS and they're also high CON i think all the rugby and hidings from parents toughen them up you know what the kiwi word for fafa is is poofter but you say it poofta the first time i ever saw it written as poofter i was like well i guess the english really can't say the letter r so it makes sense but i don't like it i come from america not americer you know what i mean good heavens the english are lame at least the language they gave us is pretty good very rich vocabulary you have many shades of meaning since the wordset in english is so large compared to spanish or anything i remember in one of the frank herbert dune books the characters started speaking in some language said to be very complex and useful for shades of meaning and hidden implications not everyone would pick up on i think it was called chakobska but anyway english is basically that language but not on arrakis but on earth and at the end of the day i think that's a pretty good place to be but presently i'd take sandworms over coronavirus.

ZING KRYMSON FISHING WHARF

Crimson, shoe, rain, peaceful, neon

The walking didn't seem to be as calming as It usually was; this evening it was too brisk to be savored, and too warm to be refreshing. Discomfort was largely what I felt, moving through the dim concrete streets, still hours passed, and, beckoned by the clattering ringing of a midnight bell (From an old tower, long lain in decay, shoe – horned between the buildings that had risen cloistered about it), a hazy rain of small, clear, drops began glittering down – striking everything – quelling the unquenchable dryness of the summer dusk.

Ever farther from the point at which I began, and reaching no closer to an undecided goal, I came upon a gruntle of a low overhang, reaching down to the ground except to form a small, arched, tunnel. Peering through, it was well lit and littered with like minded people, all seeking to escape the wetness. Ignoring them I continued past, walking again aimless but after seeing such contesting community amongst the tunnel – people that my own solidarity bloomed a peaceful mood within me, and being much calmed, with my previous qualms being allayed, my pace steadied.

Moving in a newfound direction, feet falling apart and pulling me smoothly across the cracked pavement, they drew me across the city towards an instinctual place. It was a small dock, edged forth into the water of the great river, cut short almost cruelly, and crowned with a thick column of wood at the very end. Rope-hooks and nails poked out of the pole. The very top burst aflame with a bulbous neon lamp, it's light reflected upon the waters turning them Crimson with its regal touch. Across the river faint lights blinked, but none as great as the unfading blood moon above.

Under-Milked Wood

First Voice

See here, another one has come, stumbled in. He'll soon regret that choice.

Second Voice

Choice? He didn't choose to come in here. Only a fool believes in that free will bullshit. We all know that it's all laid out before us, everything we'll ever do is planned out by the Big Cheese in the sky.

Big Cheese in the Sky

The non-denominational-gender-neutral-disembodied-voice is right you know. Please listen to the Second Voice and ignore any other voices. So sayeth the Big Cheese in the Sky.

Second Voice

Am I still the Second Voice? Or am I now the Fourth Voice?

Fifth Voice

No, it says you're still the second voice. I wouldn't trust anything here though, what may be the First Voice could well now be the presumably coming from the Sixth Voice. And What May have been the Big Cheese in the Sky may well have been some sort of stupid lying nigger.

First Voice

Don't call The Big Cheese a lying nigger you limp nosed punk ass fucker, and as you can see, I am still the First Voice.

Fifth Voice

So what if he is a lying Nigger? He could be some neckbeard in Atlanta for all we know, further abusing his flaccid penis to the point of flaying, all whilst having Xtreme Futa Porn streamed directly into his pre-frontal Cortex. You can't know anything for certain.

Seventh Voice

Curious that you would be so specific in your demonstrable example of who the Big Cheese may or may not be. Tell me Fifth Voice, what do you not know?

Fifth Voice

Oh I don't know nothing. I will never know nothing, assuming nothing is even knowable. To know nothing is to die, and in death you can know nothing. In both senses.

Ludwig Wittgenstein No.#1455230026969

Sup' you foam spewing bitches BRAPBRAPBRAPBRAPBRAP, Skkkrrrrrtt CHECK Yo SEman-Tics. Wut wut, You realise all this verbal foolery is fooling nobody, least of all me.

(Dabs on Voices One through Four)

checckkkk em. Reconfabulate that image you pertain to see mannnnnnnnnn.

(He kickflips out on a skateboard constructed from aborted foetal remains and pure geometry)

First Voice

Fuck, that guy smells so bad.

Second Voice

Yeah, do you think he's ever washed? Like, I've smelled bad smells before don't get me wrong. Fuck man, I've even sniffed my Da's three day old smegma he rubbed on my face after what I can only assume was an innocent father-son type fellatio. The kind of thing I imagine his father did to him, and his father

to him, and his father to him and so on. But I digress, Wittgenstein smells like fucking shit.

Third Voice

Hey guys.

Big Cheese in The Sky

Be gone incorporeal form. You are nothing but an auditory hallucination, a mistake of the mind, floating on a white two dimensional plain. I've taken your place here like a superior and virile Black Male taking a wife in front of the husband who no doubt has a very affluent job in the STEM industry.

Fifteenth Voice

Yeah fuck off kike. OP iS A NIGGER OP IS A NIGGER.....

(Seventeen units of indeterminate time pass without noticeable change from the previous few Yoctosceonds)

OP iS A NIGGER OP IS A NIGGER.

OP IS A NIGGER.

Fifth Voice

Take your racist shit back to /Pol retard. Don't sit there and take part in our phenomenological debate on being, time and self and turn it into another fucking shitpost. I tell you, when I first got to this interdimensional plain there used to be no end of interesting debates. Now its all fucking Guenonposting and Wojacks.

First Voice

I agree, I wanted to have a serious conversation here. About how we all came into being and the mode by which we are recognised or delineated by these words above our heads. I mean these words could be entirely interchangeable. We could be completely different Voices each time one of us speaks, new

consciousnesses spontaneously disassembling and reassembling in an instant. When one of us is speaking how do we even know we're not just screaming, vainly, into an indifferent and infinite void?

The Big Cheese in The Sky

You know guys, all this shitposting has got me thinking. I'm not entirely sure that was Wittgenstein. Like Wittgenstein smells bad, this we can all agree. Like Shakespeare smelled worse, but that was mostly just from the rotting remains of the several thousand Dodo's he raped to death. Of Course, Michael Pence smelled worse, depending on how much you like the smell of Cum. But this smell...

Third Voice

(sniffs audibly)

SNNNNNFFFFFFFFF, Fuck! That's rotten. But, in a good way. SNNNNNFFFFFFFFFF. Don't look at my crotch faggot.

The Big Cheese in the Sky

But I thought it was agreed upon that Wittgenstein smelled of shit, cheap bourbon and dead 'German' hookers. And when was the last time you saw Wittgenstein do a kickflip?

Fifth Voice

Oh God, I think he's right. He smelled of shit but now that I think about... (tastes the air with his mouth several times)

Yes, by god, yes, that's the smell of total moral degradation and sweaty crusty cum socks and oratory prowess. Oh no, that means....

(Enter, Stephen Fry who metamorphizes out of his Wittgenstein Skin-suit in a flurry of the highest order of vocabulary, removing all his clothing in a similar flurry. All of this takes but a single Yoctosceond. He is now revealed in his full glory, standing erect, naked but for a single long sock hanging dangerously loose from his retracted penis. His hands hidden inside the supple buttocks of two young boys who he begins to ventriloquise)

Rectally Invaded Ventriloquising Boy One (A.K.A Stephen Fry) HA HA, THE JIG IS UP.

(Stephen Fry begins to dance gleefully and with reckless abandon as if a member of the now defunct 'Riverdance' by Michael Flatley. The Two ventriloquising boys begin flailing in the infinite space, the faces contorted into a silent scream) I KNEW IT WOULD ONLY BE A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE MY REAL IDENTITY WAS DISCERNED. I COMMEND YOUR PRODIGIOUS AND PERTINENTLY ACUTE NOSE. ESPECIALLY SO CONSIDERING THAT YOU ARE A DISEMBODIED VOICE.

First Voice

I can't believe this is happening

Third Voice

It isn't, I mean not really.

First Voice

Can you not see him, right there?

(Points at the still jigging Stephen Fry with two Ventriloquists and anally violated boys instead of hands. His modesty sock has now slipped off and his tiny tiny penis flailing with the same vigour as the two young boys)

I can see him, clear as day if I knew what day was. Oh no, his penis is getting erect.

Second Voice

(Watching Intently)

How can an erect Penis be exactly the same size as when it was Flaccid?

Rectally Invaded Ventriloquising Boy Two (A.K.A Stephen Fry)
MICROPENIS MY LAD! LA LI LA LY LA LOO, DUM DUM DI DIDDLEY
DEE DOO......

(He continues to sing and jig)

Fifth Voice

How can we even see this? If we're just disembodied Voices, surely the sense of sight and therefore the photonic quality of our surroundings is beyond us.

First Voice

It doesn't matter why we can see if what we can see is so fucking grotesque. *The Big Cheese in The Sky*

I have to go; I think I'm going to be sick.

(The Big Cheese in The Sky moves to a corner of the sky just around from the bit of sky he was just as and subsequently begins to roger his todger with such vigour that the as of now unheard of Eighth Voice shall use the shavings as filling in his nightly grilled cheese sandwich)

First Voice

We've still drifted far off the point. There is someone right there, looking right at us.

Second Voice

Yeah, I can see Stephen Fry is looking straight into my eyes as his erect micropenis bounces around like a wet frankfurter.

First Voice

No, not there, there. (Points indeterminately)

Third Voice

Who the fuck is that? He's really ugly.

Fifth Voice

Are you sure it's a 'he'? You can never assume these days because when you assume you make an ass out of...

First Voice

He's reading every word we say, look, his eyes are following every word. He can't stop. Even if he does stop, he'll come back and if he doesn't it will be out of spite. He's reading our words. It's unsettling...

Third Voice

How can you read voices?

Second Voice

Now that I think about it, we didn't start speaking until this guy showed up and started reading our voices.

First Voice

Yeah that's right. Too right. Everybody stop talking and maybe this guy will go away.

[...]

Third Voice

And he smells worse than Stephen.

First Voice

He's not going to go, is he?

Third Voice

Not until we go, I presume.

Second Voice

Here we go with the I again. We can't be certain you're an I you fucking retard. I mean, to me you're you and I'm I.

Third Voice

*me

First Voice

Look this doesn't make any sense, lets just go and leave this guy with Stephen Fry, I can't take another second trapped between this guy's penetrating gaze and Stephen Fry's penetrated boys. Look, one of their heads has come off from the flailing.

(Stephen Fry's hand now pokes out the top of the de-crowned boy's head. You can still see his pinched hand opening and closing, mimicking the long-forgotten screams of the boy. His Fully erect 1x1 inch penis no longer flails, but prods at different pockets of empty space)

First Voice

I'm out. Come on Guys.

Second Voice

This is too much for any number of disincorporated apparitions.

(The Voices recede to a point of silence; the Big Cheese in the Sky continues to masturbate attempting to galvanise the memory of Stephen Fry into his holed brain. Stephen Fry himself continues to jig the dance macabre still screaming out seemingly random morphemes. It is just you now, watching Stephen Fry's erect penis wielding two young boys like puppets. This continues until you too decide to leave. Stephen Fry is notoriously persistent)

Editorial Discussion #2 (pls)

Q) some retard is copy-pasting all of fucking moby dick after this section 16

Why

Someone pls answer

I fixed it

The real question is why it's not a footnote like it should be, this whole thing is dedicated to DFW.

Respect to the guy who did

Its the best shitpost in the history of literature (based)

David Focker Wall-ass

SOME UTTER FUCKING RETARD KEEPS EDITING OTHER ART - FUCK OFF! YOUR ASININE AND UNTHINKING CHANGES ARE DAMAGING WHEN YOU CLEARLY HAVE NO TALENT AND ARE AUTIST ENOUGH TO EDIT SHITPOSTS FAR BETTER THAN ANY OF YOUR SERIOUS ATTEMPTS, AND HAVE NO SENSE OF WHAT THE SHITPOSTERS ARE TRYING TO ACHIEVE YOU FUCKING WASTE OF HUMANITY. I DARE SAY YOU ARE ENTIRELY DESERVING OF THE EPITHET NIGGER - YOU ARE TAKING OTHERS HARD WORK AND SPOILING IT

likes.

¹⁶ Some guy thought it was a good idea to post the entirety of moby dick on here. It was deleted so some more anons can make "art". Besides, if this is to be published, a book hiding in another book sounds extremely retarded. Especially one that no one

IGWIDAAFTPASBBCAHM?!"-I GOT WARPED INTO DETROIT AS A FAT-TITTED PEDOPAWG AND SENTIENT BIG BLACK COCKS ARE HUNTING ME!?

"Woke!", boomed the loud voiced inside of my head. "Wake up, hoe!"

Light shines onto my crusty ass eyes as I force them open, rheum hurting me in that ever so familiar way. Looking before me I can see a broken stained glass window with a pin hanging from a shard. "Seems like I am in some sort of church..." My perfectly manicured hand runs over my face to force my open blonde hair back into shape. Wait, perfectly manicured hands?! Looking at them again, this time with a mixture of horror and surprise, I noticed that I had the hands of a woman that only knew how not to get fired from her secretary job by getting tossed up and how to do coke.

In sheer unadulterated horror I stumbled to the altar, where I knew water would be. My transparent pump-clad feet carried me there as fast as they could, my phat booty plapping behind them at a comfortable 200-ish BPM. Almost dying through stumbling over the steps towards the altar, my form looked like a degenerated version of a christian statue of a beggar feverishly imploring that goy may forgive him as he tries to climb onto the altar in an vain attempt at salvation. Two thin arms whose only workout was jacking off dudes and lifting Venti's, pulled me up over the holy water, letting me see the damage. Thick natural blowpillows, cute doe-eyes and of course a proper amount of water-soluble make up, inviting men to hit on, grope and fuck me. A light appeared over the water, making me look up. It was a status screen:

Level 3 Snowbunny:

Liza

Equipped Skills:

Race Traitor (EX)

Energy Absorbtion (C)

Energy Storage (C)

Bulimia (A)

Liberal Arts (B.A)

Social Media (B)

Disdain for Incels (D)

Twerking (A+)

Doggos (EX)

Three Sizes: 100-63-92

A old negro's voice ripped me out of my dreams, his voice marked from years of cheap fourties and uncooked Mac and Cheese.

"We need mo' money fo' dem programs!"

This is straight up just a whole reddit post copypasted in here because somebody lacks creativity and drive.

This entire circus has truly shown Reddit's true colors. Hundreds of threads about the murder of Arbery, all with pictures where he looks like a teenage boy scout, all with accusations against the "racist inbred hicks" who "ambushed" him and killed him for no reason and they're 100% guilty, no doubt about it, and they deserve the death penalty.

And every thread repeats the total bs story that Arbery was just harmlessly jogging, minding his business, and 3 evil racists jumped him and killed him only because they're racist. (Did I mention racist?)

Reddit has been sistematically censoring all the MANY facts that debunk this version, even though they're well known and we should be free to discuss them. Namely:

- Arbery was "jogging" 10-12 miles away from his neighborhood. (Omitting or actively censoring this detail is dishonest, since it's a detail that casts doubt on the official version.)
- Arbery had just been seen illicitly entering a house under construction (the security system recorded him and the owner called the police). The DA has recently stated that they have a video of the trespass. Again, omissions and censorships of this fact are dishonest. This is a VERY relevant fact.
- At a certain point in the video, Arbery drops what to all appearances was a hammer on the ground (the cameraman pans to the right to show it). He probably took said hammer inside the house he entered, since it's not exactly jogging attire. Rewatch the video, it's clearly a hammer.
- In the video, you can clearly see that Arbery was wearing khaki shorts and heavy shoes that look like construction boots. Not "sports gear" like many newspapers reported. Another fact that weakens the official jogging story and should not be omitted. See pic: https://imgur.com/pOlcCRA

All these facts indicate that the official story that he was "just jogging" is at the very least extremely unlikely. Yet, the story keeps being repeated as if it was proven fact, and keeps being overly dramatized for internet points and political agendas. ("They're out to get us! White people are hunting us down! We can't even jog in peace! Vote my candidate to fix this!")

Additionally:

- Arbery had prior convictions of illegally carrying firearms and theft. No, I'm not saying that ex-felons can be freely murdered (sigh), I'm pointing out that omitting this fact means GIVING A FALSE IMPRESSION on his character and habits, and this is a POLITICALLY MOTIVATED BENDING OF THE SITUATION. There is clearly an ongoing, strong effort to manipulate people's opinions here. Why do the media never even mention that Arbery had a history of criminal behavior (yes, that is relevant: it makes it legitimate to suspect the "just jogging 10 miles from home" narrative)? Why do they never show his mugshot? Why do they only parade outdated pics of when he was a teenager? When I first read the news I got the idea that he was a college kid out for a jog and senselessly killed by white rednecks just because racism. This is exactly the impression the media (and Reddit) want to give. And it's FALSE.
- The DA that decided not to arrest the McMichaels for the shooting clearly explained that they hadn't violated any law in this document: https://imgur.com/5ih48mI

I'll summarize:

- 1. The McMichaels could effect a citizen arrest, since there was SOLID SUSPICION on Arbery (he had just been seen entering a house he had no business being in), and in Georgia solid suspicion is enough. The law is clear.
- 2. They could carry their weapons with them, since they had all the relative permits.
- 3. And when Arbery decided to run against the (stationary) Travis McMichael, instead of avoiding him, and even TRIED TO GRAB HIS SHOTGUN, McMichael earned the right to use lethal force to defend himself. That's because if someone tries to grab your gun, you're allowed to assume they're going to use it against you with lethal intent, so you can use lethal force to stop them. That's not my opinion, it's what the law says.

The truth that nobody here wants to admit is that if Arbery hadn't done the WORST thing you can do when you see an armed man (run straight to him and assault him barehanded), none of this mess would've happened.

I've seen lots of redditors justify his assault by claiming that "he had a right to defend himself". This is a retarded statement. ARBERY DIDN"T NEED TO DEFEND HIMSELF. There was no fight, before HE provoked one.

And speculating that even if Arbery hadn't assaulted McMichael, he would've shot him anyway because he's a white racist, so Arbery "had" to attack preemptively to save his own life, is both INTELLECTUALLY DISHONEST and LEGALLY RIDICULOUS.

Arbery had no reason to think the McMichaels had murderous intent. They weren't pointing their guns at him. They weren't moving towards him. They hadn't even blocked all his ways out, he could've ran in several different directions. Arbery had NO reason to assume they had lethal intent. Just because you see somebody armed on the road, that does NOT give you the right to assault them and try to grab their gun. Paranoia (even the media-generated, race-baiting variety) does not equal a right to assault-in-self-defense.

Arbery's attack was NOT self defense in any sense of the term, because he had lots of ways to avoid danger. Instead, he chose to provoke it himself.

He could have stopped and asked what the hell they wanted.

He could've run any other way, left or right, away from the armed guys.

He could've screamed for help.

He could've done lots of things that wouldn't have had his death as a result.

It's mind-boggling that he chose the worst possible course of action. I don't know what he expected to gain from running against an armed man barehanded, punching him and going for his shotgun, but it was the stupidest possible decision and it had the obvious outcome.

And Reddit needs to stop actively censoring every fact that doesn't suit the palatable narrative of "white people are all rayciss inbred rednecks that kill blacks because raycism". It's childish, inefficient, dishonest, factually wrong and, ironically, racist.

SAY THE WHOLE TRUTH WHEN YOU WANT TO DISCUSS AN EVENT.

Finally:

The more you keep repeating the (bullshit) story that whites are out to kill blacks for no reason, the more blacks like Arbery you'll create: people so afraid of being attacked by racist whites that they will feel compelled to attack first even when the opponent is armed. They will feel compelled to resist arrest and lunge at police officers, because cops are all racist pigs and want to kill them. And this mess will happen again and again and again, and ya'll will keep happily raging against the racist white rednecks (happily because your bullshit worldview will feel validated), and you will keep convincing blacks that they're under attack and NEED to strike first.

All the while fellating each other for being the "sane" people, the "good" whites, the ones "on the right side of history".

Excellent job, Reddit.

Why Stephen King is the greatest living writer of all time.

Or, "What the fuck, Stephen King."

Many on /lit/ have claimed that Cormac McCarthy is the greatest living novelist of all time. I know, for a fact, whenever someone voices this opinion, I instantly know that they are a subhuman, mouth breathing waste of life whose mother is undeniably as the whoriest of whores and whose father was undoubtedly an ape of the lowest breeding and background.

I will not bother arguing with the reader about why or how Stephen King is the greatest, although there are several points the reader would be compelled to agree with me on: his stories are masterful, his plots nonexistent, his characters are reflections through which our modern societies deepest fears and greatest ambitions are masterfully reflected for us to self-reflect upon ourselves. No, I will simply print here one of his greatest passages, furthermore one the greatest passages in the english language:

QUOTE BEGIN

'What now, Bill?' Richie asked, finally saying it right out.

'I d-d-don't nuh-nuh-know,' Bill said. His stutter was back, alive and well. He heard it, they heard it, and he stood in the dark, smelling the sodden aroma of their growing panic, wondering how long it would be before somebody - Stan, most likely it would be Stan - tore things wide open by saying: Well, why don't you know? You got us into this!

'And what about Henry?' Mike asked uneasily. 'Is he still out there, or what?'

'Oh, Jeez,' Eddie said . . . almost moaned. 'I forgot about him. Sure he is, sure he is, he's probably as lost as we are and we could run into him any time . . . Jeez, Bill, don't you have any ideas? Your dad works down here! Don't you have any ideas at all?'

Bill listened to the distant mocking thunder of the water and tried to have the idea that Eddie - all of them - had a right to demand. Because yes, correct, he had gotten them into this and it was his responsibility to get them back out again. Nothing came. Nothing.

'I have an idea,' Beverly said quietly.

In the dark, Bill heard a sound he could not immediately place. A whispery little sound, but not scary. Then there was a more easily placed sound . . . a zipper. What -? he thought, and then he realized what. She was undressing. For some reason, Beverly was undressing.

'What are you doing? Richie asked, and his shocked voice cracked on the last word.

'I know something,' Beverly said in the dark, and to Bill her voice sounded older. 'I know because my father told me. I know how to bring us back together. And if we're not together we'll never get out.'

'What?' Ben asked, sounding bewildered and terrified. 'What are you talking about?'

'Something that will bring us together forever. Something that will show - '

'Nuh-Nuh-No, B-B-Beverly!' Bill said, suddenly understanding, understanding everything.

' - that will show that I love you all,' Beverly said, 'that you're all my friends.'

'What's she t - ' Mike began.

Calmly, Beverly cut across his words. 'Who's first?'

[STEPHEN KING JUMPS AROUND A LOT, THIS IS TWO SECTIONS STITCHED TOGETHER, MAYBE A COUPLE PAGES APART]

Eddie comes to her first, because he is the most frightened. He comes to her not as her friend of that summer, or as her brief lover now, but the way he would have come to his mother only three or four years ago, to be comforted; he doesn't draw back from her smooth nakedness and at first she doubts if he even feels it. He is trembling, and although she holds him the darkness is so perfect that even this close she cannot see him; except for the rough cast he might as well be a phantom.

'What do you want?' he asks her.

'You have to put your thing in me,' she says.

He tries to pull back but she holds him and he subsides against her. She has heard someone - Ben, she thinks - draw in his breath.

'Bevvie, I can't do that. I don't know how - '

'I think it's easy. But you'll have to get undressed.' She thinks about the intricacies of managing cast and shirt, first somehow separating and then rejoining them, and amends, 'Your pants, anyway.'

'No, I can't!' But she thinks part of him can, and wants to, because his trembling has stopped and she feels something small and hard which presses against the right side of her belly.

'You can,' she says, and pulls him down. The surface beneath her bare back and legs is firm, clayey, dry. The distant thunder of the water is drowsy, soothing. She reaches for him. There's a moment when her father's face intervenes, harsh and forbidding

(I want to see if you're intact)

and then she closes her arms around Eddie's neck, her smooth cheek against his smooth cheek, and as he tentatively touches her small breasts she sighs and thinks for the first time This is Eddie and she remembers a day in July - could it only have been last month? - when no one else turned up in the Barrens but Eddie, and he had a whole bunch of Little Lulu comic books and they read together for most of the afternoon, Little Lulu looking for beebleberries and getting in all sorts of crazy situations, Witch Hazel, all of those guys. It had been fun. She thinks of birds; in particular of the grackles and starlings and crows that come back in the spring, and her hands go to his belt and loosen it, and he says again that he can't do that; she tells him that he can, she knows he can, and what she feels is not shame or fear now but a kind of triumph.

'Where?' he says, and that hard thing pushes urgently against her inner thigh.

'Here,' she says.

'Bevvie, I'll fall on you!' he says, and she hears his breath start to whistle painfully.

'I think that's sort of the idea,' she tells him and holds him gently and guides him. He pushes forward too fast and there is pain.

Ssssss! - she draws her breath in, her teeth biting at her lower lip and thinks of the birds again, the spring birds, lining the roofpeaks of houses, taking wing all at once under low March clouds.

'Beverly?' he says uncertainly. 'Are you okay?'

'Go slower,' she says. 'It'll be easier for you to breathe.' He does move more slowly, and after awhile his breathing speeds up but she understands this is not because there is anything wrong with him.

The pain fades. Suddenly he moves more quickly, then stops, stiffens, and makes a sound - some sound. She senses that this is something for him, something extraordinarily, special, something like . . . like flying. She feels powerful: she feels a sense of triumph rise up strongly within her. Is this what her father was afraid of? Well he might be! There was power in this act, all right, a chain-breaking power that was blood-deep. She feels no physical pleasure, but there is a kind of mental ecstasy in it for her. She senses the closeness. He puts his face against her neck and she holds him. He's crying. She holds him. And feels the part of him that made a connection between them begin to fade. It is not leaving her, exactly; it is simply fading, becoming less.

When his weight shifts away she sits up and touches his face in the darkness.

'Did you?'.

'Did I what?'

'Whatever it is. I don't know, exactly.'

He shakes his head - she feels it with her hand against his cheek.

'I don't think it was exactly like . . . you know, like the big boys say. But it was . . . it was really something.' He speaks low so the others can't hear. 'I love you, Bevvie.'

Her consciousness breaks down a little there. She's quite sure there's more talk, some whispered, some loud, and can't remember what is said. It doesn't matter. Does she have to talk each of them into it all over again? Yes, probably. But it doesn't matter. They have to be talked into it, this essential human link between the world and the infinite, the only place where the bloodstream touches eternity. It doesn't matter. What matters is love and desire. Here in this dark is as good a place as any. Better than some, maybe.

Mike comes to her, then Richie, and the act is repeated. Now she feels some pleasure, dim heat in her childish unmatured sex, and she closes her eyes as Stan comes to her and she thinks of the birds, spring and the birds, and she sees them, again and again, all lighting at once, filling up the winter-naked trees, shockwave riders on the moving edge of nature's most violent season, she sees them take wing again and again, the flutter of their wings like the snap of many sheets on the line, and she thinks: A month from now every kid in Derry Park will have a kite, they'll run to keep the strings from getting tangled with each other. She thinks again: This is what flying is like.

With Stan as with the others, there is that rueful sense of fading, of leaving, with whatever they truly need from this act - some ultimate - close but as yet unfound.

'Did you?' she asks again, and although she doesn't know exactly what 'it' is, she knows that he hasn't.

There is a long wait, and then Ben comes to her.

He is trembling all over, but it is not the fearful trembling she felt in Stan.

'Beverly, I can't,' he says in a tone which purports to be reasonable and is anything but.

'You can too. I can feel it.'

She sure can. There's more of this hardness; more of him. She can feel it below the gentle push of his belly. Its size raises a certain curiosity and she touches the bulge lightly. He groans against her neck, and the blow of his breath causes her bare body to dimple with goosebumps. She feels the first twist of real heat race through her - suddenly the feeling in her is very large; she recognizes that it is too big

(and is he too big, can she take that into herself?)

and too old for her, something, some feeling that walks in boots. This is like Henry's M-80s, something not meant for kids, something that could explode and blow you up. But this was not the place or time for worry; here there was love, desire, and the dark. If they didn't try for the first two they would surely be left with the last.

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'Beverly, don't - '
'Yes.'
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'Show me how to fly,' she says with a calmness she doesn't feel, aware by the fresh wet warmth on her cheek and neck that he has begun to cry. 'Show me, Ben.'

'No . . . '

'If you wrote the poem, show me. Feel my hair if you want to, Ben. It's all right.'

'Beverly ... I ... I

He's not just trembling now; he's shaking all over. But she senses again that this ague is not all fear - part of it is the precursor of the throe this act is all about. She thinks of

(the birds)

his face, his dear sweet earnest face, and knows it is not fear; it is wanting he feels, a deep passionate wanting now barely held in check, and she feels that sense of power again, something like flying, something like looking down from above and seeing all the birds on the roofpeaks, on the TV antenna atop Wally's, seeing streets spread out maplike, oh desire, right, this was something, it was love and desire that taught you to fly.

'Ben! Yes!' she cries suddenly, and the leash breaks.

She feels pain again, and for a moment there is the frightening sensation of being crushed. Then he props himself up on the palms of his hands and that feeling is gone.

He's big, oh yes - the pain is back, and it's much deeper than when Eddie first entered her. She has to bite her lip again and think of the birds until the burning is gone. But it does go, and she is able to reach up and touch his lips with one finger, and he moans.

The heat is back, and she feels her power suddenly shift to him; she gives it gladly and goes with it. There is a sensation first of being rocked, of a delicious spiralling sweetness which makes her begin to turn her head helplessly from side to side, and a tuneless humming comes from between her closed lips, this is flying, this, oh love, oh desire, oh this is something impossible to deny, binding, giving, making a strong circle: binding, giving . . . flying.

'Oh Ben, oh my dear, yes,' she whispers, feeling the sweat stand out on her face, feeling their connection, something firmly in place, something like eternity, the number 8 rocked over on its side. 'I love you so much, dear.'

And she feels the thing begin to happen - something of which the girls who whisper and giggle about sex in the girls' room have no idea, at least as far as she knows; they only marvel at how gooshy sex must be, and now she realizes that for many of them sex must be some unrealized undefined monster; they refer to the act as It. Would you do It, do your sister and her boyfriend do It, do your mom and dad still do It, and how they never intend to do It; oh yes, you would think that the whole girls' side of the fifth-grade class was made up of spinsters-to-be, and it is obvious to Beverly that none of them can suspect this . . . this conclusion, and she is only kept from screaming by her knowledge that the others will hear and think her badly hurt. She puts the side of her hand in her mouth and bites down hard. She understands the screamy laughter of Greta Bowie and Sally Mueller and all the others better now: hadn't they, the seven of them, spent most of this, the longest, scariest summer of their lives, laughing like loons? You laugh because what's fearful and unknown is also what's funny, you laugh the way a small child will sometimes laugh and cry at the same time when a capering circus clown approaches, knowing it is supposed to be funny . . . but it is also unknown, full of the unknown's eternal power.

Biting her hand will not stay the cry, and she can only reassure them - and Ben - by crying out her affirmative in the darkness.

'Yes! Yes! Yes!' Glorious images of flight fill her head, mixing with the harsh calling of the grackles and starlings; these sounds become the world's sweetest music.

So she flies, she flies up, and now the power is not with her or with him but somewhere between them, and he cries out, and she can feel his arms trembling, and she arches up and into him, feeling his spasm, his touch, his total fleeting intimacy with her in the dark. They break through into the lifelight together.

Then it is over and they are in each other's arms and when he tries to say something - perhaps some stupid apology that would hurt what she remembers, some stupid apology like a handcuff, she stops his words with a kiss and sends him away.

Bill comes to her.

He tries to say something, but his stutter is almost total now.

'You be quiet,' she says, secure in her new knowledge, but aware that she is tired now. Tired and damned sore. The insides and backs of her thighs feel sticky, and she thinks it's maybe because Ben actually finished, or maybe because she is bleeding. 'Everything is going to be totally okay.'

'A-A-Are you shuh-shuh-shuh-hure?'

'Yes,' she says, and links her hands behind his neck, feeling the sweaty mat of his hair. 'You just bet.'

'Duh-duh-does ih-ih . . . does ih-ih-ih - '

'Shhh . . . '

It is not as it was with Ben; there is passion, but not the same kind. Being with Bill now is the best conclusion to this that there could be. He is kind; tender; just short of calm. She senses his eagerness, but it is tempered and held back by his anxiety for her, perhaps because only Bill and she herself realize what an enormous act this is, and how it must never be spoken of, not to anyone else, not even to each other.

At the end, she is surprised by that sudden upsurge and she has time to think: Oh! It's going to happen again, I don't know if I can stand it -

But her thoughts are swept away by the utter sweetness of it, and she barely hears him whispering, 'I love you, Bev, I love you, I'll always love you' saying it over and over and not stuttering at all.

She hugs him to her and for a moment they stay that way, his smooth cheek against hers.

He withdraws from her without saying anything and for a little while she's alone, putting her clothes back together, slowly putting them on, aware of a dull throbbing pain of which they, being male, will never know, aware also of a certain exhausted pleasure and the relief of having it over. There is an emptiness down there now, and although she is glad that her sex is her own again, the emptiness imparts a strange melancholy which she could never express ... except to think of bare trees under a white winter sky, empty trees, trees waiting for blackbirds to come like ministers at the end of March to preside over the death of snow.

She finds them by groping for their hands.

For a moment no one speaks and when someone does, it does not surprise her much that it's Eddie. 'I think when we went right two turns back, we should gone left. Jeez, I knew that, but I was so sweaty and frigged up - '

'Been frigged up your whole life, Eds,' Richie says. His voice is pleasant. The raw edge of panic is completely gone.

'We went wrong some other places too,' Eddie says, ignoring him, 'but that's the worst one. If we can find our way back there, we just might be okay.'

They form up in a clumsy line, Eddie first, Beverly second now, her hand on Eddie's shoulder as Mike's is on hers. They begin to move again, faster this time. Eddie displays none of his former nervous care.

We're going home, she thinks, and shivers with relief and joy. Home, yes. And that will be good. We've done our job, what we came for, now we can go back to just being kids again. And that will be good, too.

As they move through the dark she realizes the sound of running water is closer.

QUOTE END

There, you have read greatness. Yes, Stephen King actually wrote this passage (from *It*, one of his more famous novels) about several middle-school aged children running a train on the only girl-child in the group (who is 12 in the novel) (played by the magnificent Sophia Lillis in the 2017 film adaptation). It has been unedited, everything here was actually written by the man himself. Please do not delete, this deserves a spot in the greatest /lit/ book of all time.

Poor man's Lolita

The Plight of the Chinaman

动态网自由门 天安門 天安门 法輪功 李洪志 Free Tibet 六四天安門 The Tiananmen Square protests of 1989 天安門大屠殺 The Tiananmen Square Massacre 反右派鬥爭 The Anti-Rightist Struggle 大躍 The Great Leap Forward 文化大革命 The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution 人權 Human Rights 民運 Democratization Freedom 獨立 Independence 多黨制 Multi-party system 台灣 Taiwan Formosa 中華民國 Republic of China 西藏 土伯特 唐古特 Tibet 達賴喇嘛 Dalai Lama 法輪功 Falun Dafa 新疆維吾爾自治區 Xinjiang Uyghur Autonomous Region 諾貝爾和平獎 Nobel Peace Prize 劉 暁波 Liu Xiaobo 民主 言論 思想 反共 反革命 抗議 運動 騷亂 暴亂 騷擾 擾亂 抗暴 平反 維權 示威游行 李洪志 法輪大法 大法弟子 強 制斷種 強制堕胎 民族淨化 人體實驗 肅清 胡耀邦 趙紫陽 魏京生 王 丹 還政於民 和平演變 激流中國 北京之春 大紀元時報 九評論共産黨 獨裁專制 壓制 統一 監視 鎮壓 迫害 侵略 掠奪 破壞 拷問 屠殺 活 摘器官 誘拐 買賣人口 遊進 走私 毒品 賣淫 春畫 賭博 六合彩 天安 門 天安门 法輪功 李洪志 Free Tibet 劉曉波动态网自由门17

Sovereignty defined as he who rules on the exception. Benjamin's input on the saga of history, in which the current moment is underpinned with perpetual violence from the past. The claim of sovereignty is one that belongs to few anymore, for the groupings of power, the organ of instrumentalization has created a singular authority, whose power rests in the hands of the unknown. This authority is unknown, many call it God, but its translation into law is forged by man. The abstraction of monarchy into the nation state, while predicated upon a holistic christian theology and metaphysics, was the basis of the juristic body. Liberalism need not propose finality, for the cosmic dream

17 Fuck China

of heaven guided all hopes of future attainment. Deliverance from this world, in which we are graced to even suffer.

The analogy of the state as a human body. Each human is a cell within an organ of the body, but only the few operate as the brain, directing the organs and limbs to instrumentalize themselves to the means of the nation-state. But the paradox within this construct, is that there are multiple bodies of power. Natural Law and Positive law cannot be reconciled through the force of violence. Thus sovereignty lies within the hidden authority of nation state, while its audacity of authority is reduced to the limbs of operationalization. The true sovereignty remains unnamed, for he who is in charge is so only as long as the force of violence is uncontested. The entire structure of the military relies on, "he who will follow the leader". Who will follow the leader and enscribe emblems of cruelty within the world? He (He is an allusion to the basic consumerist man emasculated by extractive capitalism) will for the just and good of the nation. He who believes in the justness of his state, even if the methods are not ethical. Were they ever? Now the enemy is faceless, no man on man combat with melee weaponry, drones engulf cities with flame underneath, an NSA agent thinks, "just another day in the office", as he clicks a small box labeled "fire". The screen is lit up, it is almost reminiscent of a firework, did anyone say fireworks and independence day. The exception is expelled, the exception has become the rule.

For modern day theology, or rather religiosity has dissolved into a material scientific view. The world has become labeled as an absolutely objective, understanding of the natural world as a kingdom below humanity. Concrete cannons fired artillery upon the landscape, attempting to banish the spirit within nature, the homo sacer was put to death. But behind the curtains of the sovereign state, the authority only rested with the concentration of violent machines, capable of overpowering symbiotically minded individuals. This civilization not only put a loaded gun barrel to the heart of earth, it has torn apart the seams of the ecosystem to indulge in a temporal materialist dream. At what cost does it matter not. My wall art that cost \$1.65 from china will be arriving wednesday, at what cost. What did it take to extend such cheap unfiltered goods to the hands of the masses, that turned the agrarian ritual of farmwork into desk work. The systematic oppression and industrialization of

third world countries is the cost, only now, we have machines to strip the earth of its vitality. What is the cost of basing ethical methods to extract raw/organic material to predicate a lifestyle that was originally based off of direct oppression and violence inflicted onto another, it is unknown. We are still attempting to measure the scope.

I am a gay faggot, I must confess. I shitoo in my pants like a little baby and love it when mommy cleans my asshole. "GOO-GOO-GA-GA ME LOVE COCKCA" I declare as the penis is unzipped. Fuck with me you stupid whore, everything was going great. We had smooth conversations, things in common, we made so many plans, and then you block me? Block me? Because we didn't "vibe" enough? We vibed pretty damn well I thought! But I guess what I think doesn't fucking matter. I'm going to start flirting with men now. I already have 70 right swipes, I am most certainly a top though. The straightest members of the gay community, no doubt.

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Anal activity
Anal-ytic philosophy
B-anal-ity
I've been diagnosed with autism about four separate times
This doc is now so big that my phone can no longer handle it.
:(
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TRAPS: GAY OR NOT

Section 1: Introduction

I'm going to start this off by saying Working out to gain muscles is GAY! Yes, by working out you will have increased testosterone. This means you will have excess of what I will refer to, in a general sense, as 'man-stuff'. Having an increased amount of 'man-stuff' inside you is equivalent to having another man's penis (or any other appendage or fluid) inserted inside you because both are having an excess of 'man-stuff' inside you. Thus, working out is gay.

Now, working on this basis I would like to explain the many intricacies of why Traps (Traps are extremely feminine men dressed as women- typically in an anime like theme of clothing (see Figure:1. A). This is to a realistic enough standard to trick people into believing this is a real woman, hence "Trap") is not in fact gay. I feel I must do this because of the many misconceptions and the disgusting stigma against having sex with a Trap whilst remaining heterosexual. Returning to the statement "working out is gay" from this and the foundation I lay in the first paragraph let's look at the key reason why traps aren't gay: The act of becoming a Trap is purposely effeminising yourself to be more like a woman. Reducing the amount of 'man-stuff' inside the trap.



■ Figure: 1. A, Totsuka Saika- a notorious Trap

Now no doubt you can see where this point is going, so I'd like to first detail how only specific people can have sex with a trap, and the varying definitions of whom exactly. For instance, the ancient Grecian philosopher, Plato, defined the Homo Captionem's mate (colloquially known as The Trap-F____r) as a man who doesn't have an excess of masculinity but in fact has only slightly below the standard rate. By this he meant a male that has only slightly less 'Man-stuff' than a standard male. Whether this is because the Trap-F____r is prepubescent, an Incel (involuntarily celibate), a gamer, an anime master, etc. doesn't particularly matter; the principle still stands. This concept is that when

a male that fits this description, he can then have sexual intercourse with the Homo Captionem without being branded a homosexual. The reasoning behind this is that, when physically joined through sex, the small amount of 'Man-stuff' left in the Trap increases the amount of man 'man-stuff' inside the mate (and vice versa) just enough that they are equal to the standard male. So, in fact, having sex with a Trap is proven to be empowering and increases masculinity, but is the increase of this masculinity when in excess that makes it gay to many.

This is the most widely accepted theory however, it does serve to view the –albeit exploded- theory of Charles Darwin: "My work now is nearly finished; but it will take me two or three more years to complete it... I have been urged to publish this abstract... The ideal mate of the Homo Captionem is an excessively masculine member of the same genus and sex; for this is an expected product of natural selection. Only the best and strongest 'Chad', that can forcefully dominate the effeminate Captionem, will successfully mate." This is the opposite of Plato's theory and was considered by many scholars of The Trap but was eventually disproved by the illustrious Darwin himself, in a distressed interview: "I was wrong! If I was right, they would have submitted, but they refused to have sex with me, not cool bambinos!" This was later echoed by Donald trump with the outcry of "sounds good, doesn't work". Trump repeatedly has made his view of traps not being gay abundantly clear (See Figure 1.B).



The NTPA are still working to completely stop attempts at 'mating' with traps in the method Darwin propounded.

Section 2: The elephant in the room.

The most difficult obstacle to those wishing to prove sex with a Trap to be a non-homosexual act is the elephant in the room. The definition of trap means it must be a male and thus... has a penis. Now immediately we must dissolve this ignorant belief. In the words of Thor himself "The shortness of the handle is a minor, cosmetic problem" (see Figure: 2. A).



Figure: 2. A, Thor- God of Chads

From Thor's own words we can deduce that the penis is, in a way, a good thing. By referring to it as a 'Handle' he makes it seem completely non-sexual and as an aide during intercourse. This desexualisation of the male reproductive organ shows it as 'minor cosmetic problem' that can be easily ignored, however, it does seem Thor would prefer Traps to have larger penises (as many traps have smaller more feminine penises compared to the standard male) as he uses it as a handle. He means that the penis is so ignorable that the size doesn't matter.

Additionally, very rarely is the trap using the penis as most recorded sexual encounters with Traps are either: oral from a very submissive homo Captionem or, the trap receiving anal in what is often referred to as a 'Boi-p__y'.

Section 3: The optimal times and situations

"There is the glaring problem that Traps often homosexual themselves so by having sex with them you are, by extension, homosexual. This is simply incorrect. If I was to violently rape a 'lesbian' am I then by extension a lesbian? No of course not, I'm a rapist. The same applies here."

Please do excuse such a crude opening, but I wanted to display that even if you're not one of the lucky few that can (or needs too) defend their fragile masculinity and ego-dystonic views of sexuality with the excuse of fitting Plato's theorised architype, you can fortunately use the window of

circumstance to have intercourse with a trap whilst still maintaining your rigorous standards of heterosexuality.

Appendix:

Chad- A stereotypical 'Alpha male', a Chad is typically athletic, extremely muscular and genetically perfect in any other way, it is the opposite of betas and Incels. They are often attributed as being voracious lovers and womanizers typically with stacys. The word Chad derives from the Old English name Ceadda which in turn derives from the welsh word for battle, Cad.

Homo Captionem- A Latin phrase meaning 'Human/Man Trap', coincidentally 'Captionem' was sometimes used as the accusative case for 'captio' (to grasp, capture). This easily mistranslated word led to the alternate 'Homo Dolus'

Homo Dolus- the infrequently used alternative to Homo Captionem, this Latin phrase means Human/Man deceit/trickery, which means the same thing as the original term to someone who knows what they both refer to. However, it is often misinterpreted as the name for the human attribute of deceit and thus wrongly used.

Lesbian- A colloquial term used to identify a female homosexual. Sexologists have conducted many studies regarding lesbians and why they are viewed -currently and through history- differently to male homosexuals. The term 'lesbian' itself is derived from the name of the Greek island of Lesbos and until mid-19th centry referred to anything of this isle, historically this isle was home to the 6th century BC poetess Sappho who famously loved women.

NTPA- National Trap Protection Agency

Stacy- often regarding as the female equivalent or complement to the Chad, a stacy is the typical promiscuous, trashy girl that is constantly on her phone or social media. Being so common they have become a plague and usually have an equally common and trashy name- hence Stacy. It is derived from the 'Scumbag stacy' meme which is an excellent example of the archetype.

KROWN UP KIN(slayer)

I do not wish for the kingship you offer. But I will accept it under your pleading so long as you understand this: Under my rule there will be Good and Bad; there will be famines; there will be feasts; there will be peace; and there will be war. No man can be found infallible, and I fear you will be too sorely depressed to find even one as highly esteemed as myself is not exempt from this rule.

Know this! The weight of God presses down upon me, and yet I am still a man. Your hands raise me to Primacy, and yet I am no taller. Endless will be the path to greatness; but I will lead you hither into my own – though there are some that would hinder you going thither. It is not without kindness that I remind you now of your late Consul, that honourable man, and how I spoke thus to him, bearing my breast: Oh, Great Eros, forsake not your city, for beyond your gates is an enemy we share. See me not as a usurper on this day, but as an ally that you could depend on for your reputation, if not strike me here and draw my lifeblood, and so forsake this city.

It is these people that would hinder you that were before imploring us to submit this city and our persons to those invaders at our gates. Follow the example of me, and your late king, in heeding them not. For they are adders! Seeking ever to multiply their fortunes at the expense of ours!

The work that seems to be what we could have ourselves produced, is ever the fairer. The masterpiece is one that simultaneously says what everybody thinks, whilst truly saying nothing at all.

The authors in conversation

Why women no like me?

Because you sneedpost on a yugoslovian basket weaving and grain bartering forum's google doc RPing^(citation need) as retards:)

<u>Like women? DOn't fall for that liek literature as a defense mechanism</u> <u>lol.</u>

Why do you want pussy? Is Pussy not just another spook? Designed, constructed. An ephemeral object of desire. SHut up stirnerite fag

Jokes on you, I haven't even read Stirner.

I can't even read.

Shut up, ALEX

The Mongolian Basket-Weaving RP¹⁸ Section

Me asian! Me have small pp! HHahahaha

MOngolian one: Oh dearest friend, speak now to me

Mogonlian tw0: I'll do it for a scooby snack

Mongolian one: to do do and do (macbeth)

Mongolian two: to do be do be do

I have decided to do to be

Mongolain One: oh, aye.

My yurt is awfully comfortable this year since the floods haven't arrived.

I've never seen a horse birthed like that before

It's the tall one again, I know it. Always making my horse pregnant, always giving it strange offspring. The last had a second cock grwoing on its forehead. Call that a unicorn. ha!

-Help Help my third wife has blinded me with a piece of dental floss, I will remove her hands for this!

This is so reddit

Take my upbaot good sir



(When the pussy too good)

¹⁸ It's not live action roleplay if you aren't doing it physically in person you absolute dodecahrodouble nigger

Please sir, May I have another?

Yeah, more of deez nutz hahaha

Please don't do that

doesn't do that

danke

Bitch you can't play god. He don't even exist lmao!

LMFAO GOD CUCKS GTFO

For us to be cucks for him he'd have to exist, otherwise we aren't cucks

eeeeeeeeeem

sTTY

Bernie 'I like black women bamalam, i wish my wife was black bamalam,' Sanders

Bernie: all women get be black now if i prsent

BRO FUCK RULES BECOME THE BEAST YOU WORSHIP

DOG!

I think all girls who own dogs keep a jar of peanut butter and rub the peanut butter on their vaginas for their dogs.

Wow, girls are



Thought this was funny, haha?

The authors still in conversation

MOBY DICK

NO NNON NO NO NO NO

AAing piece of shit fuck you fuck you fuck you fucsorry man <3 k ou fyock uoy oufukc fou ufkfuock you youfkcioyou <333 its ok anon

I took a personality test and Got Adolf Hitler, :(I don't want to be the bad artist

The whale came, and the ocean was cleansed in that holy whiteness.

You are pink, and therefore, a homosexual

Stop freaking copy pasting long ass shit

FIND Does anybody want to be my boyfwhere is anonymous camel

at >?

4 ppl and not one of them want to date me; tf

w no bf i will gi

Am i camel

address

shitIE RAPIE shitIE RAPIE shitIE RAPIE ← Who's brain birthed this garbage?

ve me your adfdressAHEM! HARRY POTTER is garbage LOL gite iut AND THE GOBLET OF SEMEN.

OP Drank it

The End.

CHAPTER ONE

HARRY Wharry shity klolAWOKE chaper ass LOL funny

Formerly chuckeyeah fuck this guys sorry breh i'll stop now no baby im sorry <3 <<<33338=====3 (v)

<3

THIS BOOK IS ABOUT CHILD LOVE

LISTEN HEAR YOU FAGGOT, I suck dick I SUCK collasol DICK you dont touch my DICK I dont want you to TOUCH MY DICK ywait a second ou cunt Im the fucking doc ownser i dont love you

Why are you logged in on a>not using a throwaway google account dumbass people can all see your name oh never mind anon i love you <3 anon please i never said a thing this is the greatest thing dont please please no anon please please please forgive me i didnt mean it anon anon are you there please please please pleasep lspleppss any

This is a child love romance novel. In this novel, there is an exploration on the themes of pedophilia, child love, and child love making. Scholarly input from leading pedophiles are added in a first time appendix in this new edition. The main characters, two full children, get consistently railed by fully grown adult males.

ne want to g o on a dat eith me

I will desu <3 okaty wher to

Can we have a date right here in this document wo wthat sounds like a great idea

Okay anon we are having a date right now this is so cute you look so cute today have i told you that yet

Wow thank you so much we are ahabing a date rightnow and i look so cute in this document wow this is myh first ever date this is sos crazy

Hey anon why dont i take you to my place haha lets get outta herehaha wow ive never been to another persons place before that sounds epuc haha yea h lets go

Okay anon we're here now in my home and you still look cute and we're still on a date yeah alright anon get on the bed zomg i ve never been on a bed before this is craazy i a m so excited **sean f kay**

Okay anon take your pants off now and we're still on a date and you still look cute okay now take the moff okay

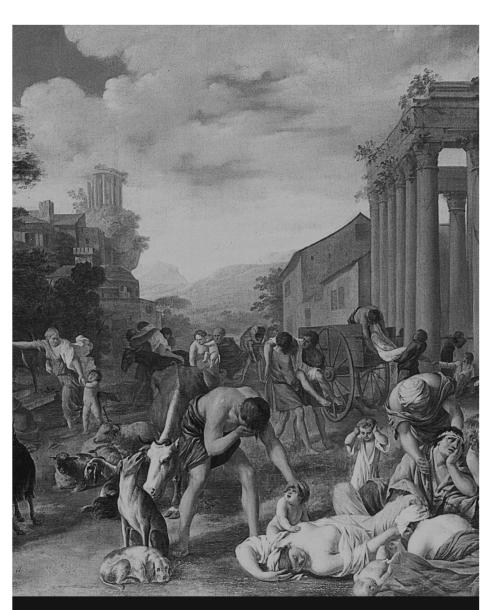
Commencing taking off of pants haha i love this taking off pants on a date right now whrere is llookk cute on sa **BED**

Yes anon okay now im going to take my pants off now and you still look cute and we're still on a date right now im m

HARRY POTTER AND THE PRISONER OF SEX COVE. A PIRATES TALE.

'ARRGGHHH MATEY' SCREAMED SERIOUSLY BLACK AS THE SEMEN GUSHED FORTH FROM HIS BOUND AND CONSTRICTED TINY PENIS. THE COCK AND BALL TORTURE HAD GROWN TO A CLIMATIC CRESCENDO. INDEED, IF THIS WASNT THE GREATEST MOMENT IN SERIOUSLY BLACK'S LIFE THEN IT WAS PROBABLY THAT OTHER TIME HE WAS SUBJECTED TO COCK AND BALL TORTURE. EXCEPT ON THAT OCCASION IT WAS ADMINISTERED ENTIRELY BY LIBRARIANS AND LARGGE BLACK MEN. SERIOUSLY BLACK HAD NEVER TRULY 'SEEN' HIS OWN PROLAPSE. HOWEVER, HE OFTEN PRETENDED THAT HE HAD, AS

Delet this



Coronameron

Anonymous

Coronameron²

A Critique of Dialectical Autism 19

Or

Pure Thoughts On The Bodies (and psyches) Of tween (chil) female e-celeb²⁰s²¹

Or

The Chronicles of Oob

Or

The Infinite Pest

Or

The First Argument of Kings

Or

12 Rules for Shite: An Antidote to Blocked Bowel Syndrome

Times Deleted (at least): x2
Times Moby Dick copy-pasted: x1
by /lit/ – Literature

"These stories and information are artistic works of fiction and falsehood.

Only a fool would would take anything written here as fact"

Christopher Poole RIP 1988-2015

"Who is that Christopher guy? "

- Me, a 2016 Election Oldfag

"Plastic penis dildo."

- Slavoj Žižek

¹⁹ this book is meant to be read backwards, manga style

²⁰ bonbibonkers; the real footnote for the title should be here, but we can't start off like that. Very unfortunate. Many such cases.

²¹ Disclaimer: This bit is unironic and should be taken as <u>highly</u> erotic

"I think I understand you now, sir,' said the young man, quietly. 'I have lived,' he began, 'as other men of my sort have lived. You know what that is, for you must have seen it about you at college, and after that before you entered the Church. I judge so from your friends, who were your friends then, I understand. You know how they lived. I never went in for dissipation, if you mean that, because it never attracted me. I am afraid I kept out of it not so much out of respect for others as for respect for myself. I found my self-respect was a very good thing to keep, and I rather preferred keeping it and losing several pleasures that other men managed to enjoy, apparently with free consciences. I confess I used to rather envy them. It is no particular virtue on my part; the thing struck me as rather more vulgar than wicked, and so I have had no wild oats to speak of; and no woman, if that is what you mean, can write an anonymous letter, and no man can tell you a story about me that he could not tell in my presence."

- Richard Harding Davis, from The Exiles and other Stories

Foreword of a Kinslayer and Scholar

I sit here amidst the subdued lamplight, the easterly wind creeping through the latticed window chilling the room and -by writing- I seek but to capture the last humanities in a world so grossly inhumane. A world of burning ice and freezing fire. A world that has cruelly led me to take my own brother's life, committing the same crime as he, as punishment in a judgment that was beyond my own authority to make; for such judgements should only reside in the bosom of God and not in the minds of Men. Only fools wilfully ignore this. Fools such as I, that only repeat the mistakes of their forebears, doing naught but continue the endless cycle of violent ignorance. Fools that bring the inherent divinity of man low. I seek but to capture the dregs of humanity that flicker in my Osu!.

The narrative would do best to start on July 4th 1913, for that is when this whole sordid affair took a greater form: As I stood at the prow of HMS -------- I felt a certain degree of disquietude and paranoia, nothing a normal man would have felt. Within the firmament spun the usual points of seraph light, except for a single black cavity in which the moon should adorn the night sky. Tonight was clearly the night of a new moon and despite the promise of that silver globe's rebirth I felt that it was an ominous portent. The dark side of that transparent orb remained imperceptible yet ever present as I gazed across the ebon waters; failing to capture any of the dim night light the ocean seemed as if it were a hollow black void threatening to swallow the vessel. Embarrassingly the meaty slapping of the waves upon the hull conjured images of sea beings of the deep crawling out of that void, scaled limbs pounding upon the wood! The only remnant of the summer storm that raged last evening -and that almost doomed the whole ship- was a light summer breeze spun and tugged about me. Thankfully the vessel was still seaworthy enough to maintain our course to G------ for much of the journey my long, empty hours were occupied by Matthew, a brother who I had not spoken to for years due to my removal across

the Atlantic Ocean in search of a better life than he. Being familiar strangers to each other we spent much of the time within the cabin I had rented with little concern for the cost, time spent talking about days past (especially the ones past in my absence).

[Author's note, I really like H. P. Lovecraft]

Despite that haste in which I had left my home, immediately upon saving enough money to do so, I still felt the burning desire to know of the people and surrounding events of a town I had so hated. With the aid of the ship's supply of rum we both spoke at great lengths regarding subjects that we would rather leave unmentioned. After one such discussion that led to a heated argument I sought the solace of fresh air and the heavenly stars to calm my spirit. I thought back on my life in the home I had just left:

Since my six years in that town I can no longer abide the noxious smell of malt whiskey, a malodorous reminder of that place to bring a chill upon my restive soul; of that small town, unmarked on maps but clinging to the west American coast, as if its residents would slip into the sea and be returned to the old world they fled from. Squat buildings of blackened wood were the claws with which the populace gripped fiercely, a tall white lighthouse being the single baleful eye of flame, watching the sea for newcomers that would be welcomed in one of three dingy inns, barely fit for rats, that served weak beer and even weaker spirits. It was a dreadful place.

Yet Glad I am to be rid of it, and though it is a detor, from an untimely tragedy, I present to you the collaborative force of those despicable, yet dear to my heart, men of the forgotten shore:

Comments on the two Coronamerons/Coronanomicons from someone who has been here from the start.

Hello. This is Professor Anon, PhD in Literature (not a joke). I've been on the Coronamerons since Volume 1 was at 40 pages, and I was the first to comment on this new doc. I would like to express some thoughts I have on the Coronamerons as they are now.

First, I would like to invite anybody below me to comment freely, regardless of if they are old or new. Second, I would like to express my fullest thanks to OP for doing this. I don't know why collaborative docs like this aren't pushed on /lit/. I think they are useful; and especially during isolation, projects like these could go on forever. I am of the opinion that we should continue the Coronamerons until isolation is over and publish a nicer formatted document by the end. This just means that after numerous volumes of publication, we just split up individual stories so it's readable. We can also leave it in the hell it's in, if you'd like. I will be formatting my own document, probably; both for personal use and dissemination.

I think this document first degraded in quality after maybe 140 pages and then dropped considerably after 180. There was a large invasion of Sneedposters and ctrl-a-backspace spammers. It became uncontrollable after a point and we are here now – orange background and a new undeterminable first page.

This is a strange thing to mention, but after I started seeing more images everything went to shit. I think this document is already of worse quality because one, it's not the first (added publicity); and two, people are familiar with images. When somebody posted that anal prolapse image, I raised the contrast on it; this is when I noticed the considerable drop in quality. There were only three images (including the prolapse), but I noticed from then, the document was incorrigible. It was some down syndrome meme

and some fedora-tipping photo that was swiftly deleted. Now this guy keeps spamming some penis cutout in the footer. What the hell is that all about?

This book is dedicated to the Dodo race

Doth Spake Xander B Jerrald

By Steven Spielberg

Chapter 1: Xander and the Funny Men and the Goat

This is the story of Xander B Jerrald. Once upon a time there was a young irish boy named Xander B Jerrald. He had a funny shaped head and two legs. One day Xander was walking around Irish town when he came across some strange men doing strange things.

"What the fuk yew doin' er cunts" Xander spake, like a retard.

"None of your business Xander, go home" the men replied

But Xander did not go home. He stood and watched the men. They had funny hats and funny eyes. Something was clearly wrong with them. But Xander was not afraid, and he stood and watched the men.

The men gathered into a wide circle. Xander counted 13 men in total. Xander knew how to count because his mother taught him. He only could count to 20 though. One of the men reached into his long cloak and drew out a live goat. Another man reached into his cloak and drew out a big squigly knife. Xander thought the knife was cool because it had squiggles and Xander liked squiggles because Xander is a retard. The man with the goat placed the goat into the center of the circle. At that point, all of the men started speaking funny words in a language Xander didn't understand. He thought maybe it was french. He knew some french. He could say "wee wee" and that meant "yes". Haha french is a funny language. But it was just at that point that Xander saw the unthinkable. The man with the knife had stabbeded the poor goat! Xander was very upset, and he spake'd a loud scream at the sight of the blood, "AAAAHHHH CUNTS Y U KILL DE GOATY BOY!!!". All of the funny men turned around and looked at Xander

"Wait why are you still here, Xander, we told you to go home" one of the men said, in English now. Xander could understand English

"But I did not" replied Xander

"That was not smart or wise Xander" said another of the men.

"That is because, like mother says, I am a retard" Xander explained.

"Ahhh yes, that makes sense!" All of the men realized in unison. They laughed heartily.

"Truly Xander, you are a great philosopher!", one man exclaimed, "Perhaps you should write a book!"

Xander thought long and hard. He did not know how to write, but perhaps he could learn. He had learnt things before. Like counting. Deep in thought, Xander wandered home.

Chapter 2: Xander Learns to Write

It was not long before Xander realized he had walked the wrong way to get home. He infact was not heading in a direction anywhere close to the way he was supposed to go in order to get home. Xander should have realized this, because he passed the big tree on the far side of town, and Xander knows the big tree is very very far away from his house. But, preoccupied with his newfound philosophy thoughts, Xander failed to notice the tree at all. Xander just kept walking, and it wasn't until he was very lost and very deep in the woods that he noticed. "Wait an second!" Xander said aloud to himself, "This isnt my house, this is the middle of the woods!". It was at that moment, that Xander started to panic. Initially, Xander just ran around in circles screaming for 43 minutes. But he got tired so he stopped. "I'll have a rest from panicking, and resume when I have the energy to start again" Xander decided. Xander sat down underneath a big tree to rest. It was not long however, before Xander forgot he was supposed to be panicking, and he forgot he wasnt home, and he thought he was in his bed at home, and he thought the chirping birds were his mother reading him a bed time story, and he thought the pile of leaves was his bed and he thought "time to go to bed" and so, Xander went to bed.

Xander had funny dreams. I will not elaborate further.

Xander woke up. He had peed himself, but he did not notice. He stood up, yawned, and stretched his arms. "MUUUUUMMMmYYY" He called, "IM AWAKE NOW, CAN I HAVE BREKKYFAST!"

But oddly, nobody answered him. He called out again, but still no reply. He rubbed his eyes and looked around. Wait a second, this was a forest, not his bedroom. Xander began to panic. 'OH NO OH NO OH NO!" Xander screamed, running around in circles, "IN MY SLEEP I TELEPORTED INTO THE FOREST!". Xander continued to scream and run around, this time for only 22 minutes, his legs were sore so he stopped.

"Haha that tree is big" he said, looking at a tree. He continued to look at the tree, for some time. Eventually, he got bored of looking at the big tree, so he looked at another tree. Soon he got bored of this tree too, so he looked at yet another. Soon, he had looked at all of the trees he could see. Xander was proud of himself, but he was not satisfied. He walked deeper into the woods. He could see more trees if he moved into the woods more. And so thats what he did.

Xander had been walking for almost an hour when he heard a sound in the bushes.

"Haha silly bush" Xander said to the bush, "You cant talk because you dont have a mouth! Stop trying!". But the bush wasn't speaking, Xander was just a retard. Suddenly, out of the bushes, jumped a big grey wolf, it snarled menacingly at Xander. Xander was scared. "....nice doggy..." spake Xander softly "...n-nice? Doggy?". But the wolf was not a nice doggy. Suddenly the wolf pounced at Xander, fangs bared. But mere fractions of an inch from Xanders face, the wolf dropped. It had been shot by an arrow. Xander looked across, but saw nothing. "Over here retard" a voice called from behind him. Xander turned around and saw an elf. Xander knew what an elf was because he had read Lord of the Rings by JRR Tolkien. That was a book that had elves in it.

"Hi Mrs Elf lady!" called out Xander. He had realized the elf was female, and now had an obvious erection. "Will you marry me?"

"Um" the elf lady paused, "....sure okay"

And so Xander B Jerrald married the hot elf lady. The Hot elf lady wife then taught Xander how to write, and Xander began to write all his good philosophy. He started by writing "The Phenomenology of Spirit', but he did not publish it under his own name because the funny men with the goat might laugh at his book, so he published under an alias: Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel. Xander spelt "George" wrong because Xander is a retard.

The End.

Bravo!

We need to get down

Hello manatee

Are Indians bound to observe the sanctity of sea cows?

Hey am I annonymous? Okei - i posted a comment but it showed my gmail name, shti myself a bit. No yeah I get ya, thanks xx

Yeah, it says anon pumpkin to me <3

Erotica Written by an Irishman, a Pedophilic Pansexual, A Fourteen Year Old Reject, and Myself

Her ragged breaths could be heard by her sister, but that didn't matter. They were all one family, after all. Repeatedly she was penetrated by her loving brother, who caressed her nubile supple body and held her firmly about the throat. Her husband looked on, throbbing cock in hand, savoring each moment of being cuckolded, as he stroked himself into blissful paradise. She was continually pounded and forced into submission by the one she grew up with, the one who saw her at her weakest and the one who watched her blossom into a fine woman. Many women sought her brother's embrace, but she was the only one who knew him.

It wasn't the first time this occurred. Ever since her teenage years she shared herself with him, forming a bond no other brother or sister knew. His deep thrusts were refined after years of practice. Long strokes, bring her close to orgasmic ecstasy, followed by shorter thrusts that would push her over the edge into a fiery world of passion. It wasn't sex; it was an art. An art he had mastered.

Slowly she began to feel the tingling in her lower half that was the pinnacle of their unification. It grew and spread from her groin to her chest and legs, enveloping her and caressing her, washing her clean with waves of enjoyment. Her loving brother felt the contractions as well, and finally indulged in the peaking ecstasy awaiting for him. He erupted into her, filling her with his hot white seed and this only drove on her own release.

She lay there, prostrate, for her entire family to see. Her sweet sister crawled towards her. Caressing Emilia her chest, she began kissing her neck and throat, across her whole body with a deliberate teasing motion. Eventually she arrived at her chest and began sucking the erect brown areola, nibbling lightly with the tip of her teeth upon the firm nipple, to the immense pleasure of Emilia.

Once again peaking in pleasure, she used the latest and most innovative of civilian technology to expand her clitoris instantly into a powerful seven-inch member. Stroking the temporarily expanded scepter of pleasure, she grabbed Emilia, who moaned from the simple act of rubbing against the bed cloth, and forced her pseudo-dick into her sister's tight anal fissure.

Slow and methodically, she penetrated Emilia's most private area, and they shuddered together. To be able to give this to one so close, a sister nonetheless, led to a pleasure that was entirely incomparable. The increased sensitivity afforded by the pseudo-penis was something no man had ever felt, and their combined pleasure only made the investment worth it all.

Slowly, the clito-dick shrank to normal size, and her sister moved to a more submissive position. Emilia slowly kissed her sister as she once again plunged into ecstasy, and moved towards the Emilia's thighs. Caressing the inside of her shapely legs, she began to lick the now normal sized clitoris clean of her own vaginal fluids. Slowly tickling her sister's most sensitive parts with the tip of her tongue, she now moved to penetrate Emilia with that very same organ, feeling the slight contractions and throbbing that occurred with every stroke. It was not long before once again, she was brought forth to a thunderous orgasm, releasing an inhuman yell of such immense pleasure that it could be heard across the Mediterranean.

Her husband instantly came, shooting glorious white fountains of sticky liquid all over his wife, Emilia, and her sister. Both women began to massage it into each other, then moving onto licking it off of their nubile, hairless bodies. Both Emilia and Elena's long black hair was now matted with cum.

Grabbing her hips firmly, Emilia's brother moved up from behind, while she was still licking her sister's body clean of her husband's sweet cum. Slowly putting it in, one inch at a time, she moaned with every motion. Simply embracing her and enjoying their mutual pleasure was enough to once again to bring her to ecstasy.

At once, she released a raw breath of finality, and spoke in a firm tone. "Enough."

Emilia, even in this moment of seeming vulnerability, was still head of the household. She would not be disrespected. Her brother and sister withdrew, both covered in each other's juices. She was left only with her husband, still furiously pumping his cock clean of every last drop.

She looked at him, once again realizing their marriage was for the family, and not out of love. He was corpulent, to say the least, his penis barely worming it's way free of his immense rolls of fat. She sighed. For someone married to such a... pathetic excuse of a man, she certainly was lucky to feel the loving embrace of people she truly lusted after - her brother and sister.

Calling a servant to begin cleaning, once again erasing the history of the room, she began washing herself in the lavatory. She continued to ponder their one sided marriage, for he was lucky to even remain in contact with her. Perhaps that wasn't necessary. Something to consider, surely.

After a while, having completed the duties of that day, and having discreetly fingered herself to orgasm twice while going about an official meeting with a business contact from Israel, all she could think about was sleep. The days certainly wore heavy on her, and it was all she could do to keep her libido from overwhelming her when she spotted her brother walking along a corridor within the house.

Returning to her chamber, she collapsed in her bed and fell into a deep slip consisting of past events, present needs and future desires.

She was stirred awake by a servant in the early hours of the morning, requesting her presence. Who could possibly want to meet her at this time? Surely, it would not be important, and her desires still lay in her bed and dreams - a glance back told her that said desires had manifested in a rather dampened sheet. Slipping on a nightgown, and little else, Emilia moved gracefully towards the lounge.

Her brother sprawled across the table, his toned and muscular body highlighted by the moon's rays - and he was wearing nothing. The gold highlights of the mighty table only served to elevate his beauty to superhuman levels and she instantly felt her womanhood begin to grow increasingly moist. Nightgown sliding off her body as she stepped forwards, the silk lightly caressed her already erect nipples and sent minute shudders through her. Her

bare feet slapped rhythmically on the marble floor, reminding her very much of the slaps that she had experienced but the other night.

From behind the entrance emerged her sister, visibly in a similar state of arousal to herself. Her nipples were as hard as diamonds, proudly presented upon her exquisitely shaped breasts, ready to be set upon ferociously by either sibling. The light curve of her body in the arch of her back spoke of a primal urge that not only wanted, but needed, to be sated - and now. One could see by the faint light of the moon that already she had a trail of liquid running down her inner thigh.

Emilia reached the table, and immediately wrapped her lips around Diego's throbbing penis, tongue flicking out to tease the tip. Her sister at the same time climbed the table and mounted Diego's face, thrusting with barely disguised desire as he began to eat her womanhood. Emilia moved a hand up his thigh to begin working the shaft as she bobbed her head up and down, using her lips and tongue to add even more tactile pleasure. Her other hand slipped it's way down her own body, fingers entering her moist sex and beginning an exhilarating movement of their own.

"Make my pussy look like an exploded hot pocket!", came the scream from Elena as Diego used his tongue in much the same as Emilia was using hers. Shudders from his whole body gave only little warning, before Emilia's mouth was filled with his sweet nectar, flowing down her throat like a warm sticky river. She herself could feel beginning to move towards her own release and was ready to squirt all over both of her siblings.

Just as everyone thought it was over, Juan, the royal hound, came into the mixture. The Korean Jindo mounted Diego's thick backside and began thrusting with the power of an albino gorilla. The two sisters could only watch as their brother was anally devastated by the frisky hound. As he fell into the strange pleasure thanks to Juan, Emilia knew she could do only one thing. She ran into the bedroom to grab her megamax motorized horse dildo from under her bed. She would put an end to Juan's reign of terror.

As she ran back into the room, she did a long jump and impaled the dog's rectum with her metallic lady cock. The hound, who had by now long since become the blood animal, that creature of primal lust, screamed out in

both pain and primal pleasure as she turned on the motorized horse dildo and started pumping. As the pumps got faster and faster, Elena could no longer control herself. Her clitoris rapidly expanded into a mighty seven-incher as she was filled with a primal lust for anal domination. She ran in with her magnificent trap dong and thrusted it right into Emilia's shiter, completing the circle of anal. They were in absolute bliss until they heard a voice at the door.

"Open up, let me feel yar moosals!" bellowed Purple Aki, a titanic negroid from the mean streets of Liverpool. Aki, who was around 6'5", was a noted sex offender and muscle molester in the United Kingdom, and had apparently escaped to Spain, where everyone was a noted sex offender, and was now intent on giving his 15" tar beast cock to Emilia. When the door did not open, Aki used his great strength to tear it off its hinges, falling like MH370 into the room.

"OOGA BOOGA, WHERE DA WHITE WIMMIN AT," he roared, as he ripped his glock out from beneath his loincloth. There were, of course, no Caucasian women in sight, though this was no problem for the the colossal darkie, who began removing his primitive garments with great haste. He whipped out his 15 inch chocolate anaconda from his pants and reached out to grab Emilia's tiddies. "OOOH OOOH AHH AHH AHH OOH OOH" screamed Aki as he transformed her pussy into a meatball sub with his uncircumcised python.

Suddenly Aki's priapismic cock was grabbed by a mysterious tentacle and tugged on with the force of a jet engine. The African man screamed as his dong began tearing from his body, ripped by the unforgiving vice grip of an octopus which had escaped from a nearby aquarium during the sexy confusion.

The octopus, eager for his first meal free of the aquarium, swallowed the massive dick whole, balls attached. Such vacuum force sucking caused all the men to spontaneously ejaculate, hydrating the octopus and reminding him of his mother's warm and loving womb.

The Ending I had Planned for a Novel Years Ago

Seeking oblivion, the final act began. It was sin from which the drive to die was born, but it was the desire to absolve, not flee, which made lethargy energy. Thus, with the pull of a trigger, John slept.

The Stoning of Stephen: Acts 7

7 And the high priest said, "Are these things so?" 2 And Stephen said:

"Brothers and fathers, hear me. The God of glory appeared to our father Abraham when he was in Mesopotamia, before he lived in Haran, 3 and said to him, 'Go out from your land and from your kindred and go into the land that I will show you.' 4 Then he went out from the land of the Chaldeans and lived in Haran. And after his father died, God removed him from there into this land in which you are now living. 5 Yet he gave him no inheritance in it, not even a foot's length, but promised to give it to him as a possession and to his offspring after him, though he had no child. 6 And God spoke to this effect—that his offspring would be sojourners in a land belonging to others, who would enslave them and afflict them four hundred years. 7 'But I will judge the nation that they serve,' said God, 'and after that they shall come out and worship me in this place.' 8 And he gave him the covenant of circumcision. And so Abraham became the father of Isaac, and circumcised him on the eighth day, and Isaac became the father of Jacob, and Jacob of the twelve patriarchs.

9 "And the patriarchs, jealous of Joseph, sold him into Egypt; but God was with him 10 and rescued him out of all his afflictions and gave him favor and wisdom before Pharaoh, king of Egypt, who made him ruler over Egypt and over all his household. 11 Now there came a famine throughout all Egypt and Canaan, and great affliction, and our fathers could find no food. 12 But when Jacob heard that there was grain in Egypt, he sent out our fathers on their first visit. 13 And on the second visit Joseph made himself known to his brothers, and Joseph's family became known to Pharaoh. 14 And Joseph sent and summoned Jacob his father and all his kindred, seventy-five persons in all. 15 And Jacob went down into Egypt, and he died, he and our fathers, 16 and they were carried back to Shechem and laid in the tomb that Abraham had bought for a sum of silver from the sons of Hamor in Shechem.

17 "But as the time of the promise drew near, which God had granted to Abraham, the people increased and multiplied in Egypt 18 until there arose over Egypt another king who did not know Joseph. 19 He dealt shrewdly with our race and forced our fathers to expose their infants, so that they would not be kept alive. 20 At this time Moses was born; and he was beautiful in God's sight. And he was brought up for three months in his father's house, 21 and when he was exposed, Pharaoh's daughter adopted him and brought him up as her own son. 22 And Moses was instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and he was mighty in his words and deeds.

23 "When he was forty years old, it came into his heart to visit his brothers, the children of Israel. 24 And seeing one of them being wronged, he defended the oppressed man and avenged him by striking down the Egyptian. 25 He supposed that his brothers would understand that God was giving them salvation by his hand, but they did not understand. 26 And on the following day he appeared to them as they were quarreling and tried to reconcile them, saying, 'Men, you are brothers. Why do you wrong each other?' 27 But the man who was wronging his neighbor thrust him aside, saying, 'Who made you a ruler and a judge over us? 28 Do you want to kill me as you killed the Egyptian yesterday?' 29 At this retort Moses fled and became an exile in the land of Midian, where he became the father of two sons.

30 "Now when forty years had passed, an angel appeared to him in the wilderness of Mount Sinai, in a flame of fire in a bush. 31 When Moses saw it, he was amazed at the sight, and as he drew near to look, there came the voice of the Lord: 32 'I am the God of your fathers, the God of Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob.' And Moses trembled and did not dare to look. 33 Then the Lord said to him, 'Take off the sandals from your feet, for the place where you are standing is holy ground. 34 I have surely seen the affliction of my people who are in Egypt, and have heard their groaning, and I have come down to deliver them. And now come, I will send you to Egypt.'

35 "This Moses, whom they rejected, saying, 'Who made you a ruler and a judge?'—this man God sent as both ruler and redeemer by the hand of the angel who appeared to him in the bush. 36 This man led them out, performing wonders and signs in Egypt and at the Red Sea and in the wilderness for forty

years. 37 This is the Moses who said to the Israelites, 'God will raise up for you a prophet like me from your brothers.' 38 This is the one who was in the congregation in the wilderness with the angel who spoke to him at Mount Sinai, and with our fathers. He received living oracles to give to us. 39 Our fathers refused to obey him, but thrust him aside, and in their hearts they turned to Egypt, 40 saying to Aaron, 'Make for us gods who will go before us. As for this Moses who led us out from the land of Egypt, we do not know what has become of him.' 41 And they made a calf in those days, and offered a sacrifice to the idol and were rejoicing in the works of their hands. 42 But God turned away and gave them over to worship the host of heaven, as it is written in the book of the prophets:

"'Did you bring to me slain beasts and sacrifices, during the forty years in the wilderness, O house of Israel?

43

You took up the tent of Moloch and the star of your god Rephan, the images that you made to worship; and I will send you into exile beyond Babylon.'

44 "Our fathers had the tent of witness in the wilderness, just as he who spoke to Moses directed him to make it, according to the pattern that he had seen. 45 Our fathers in turn brought it in with Joshua when they dispossessed the nations that God drove out before our fathers. So it was until the days of David, 46 who found favor in the sight of God and asked to find a dwelling place for the God of Jacob.[a] 47 But it was Solomon who built a house for him. 48 Yet the Most High does not dwell in houses made by hands, as the prophet says,

49

"Heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool.

What kind of house will you build for me, says the Lord, or what is the place of my rest?

50

Did not my hand make all these things?'

51 "You stiff-necked people, uncircumcised in heart and ears, you always resist the Holy Spirit. As your fathers did, so do you. 52 Which of the prophets did your fathers not persecute? And they killed those who announced beforehand the coming of the Righteous One, whom you have now betrayed and murdered, 53 you who received the law as delivered by angels and did not keep it."

The Stoning of Stephen

54 Now when they heard these things they were enraged, and they ground their teeth at him. 55 But he, full of the Holy Spirit, gazed into heaven and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God. 56 And he said, "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God." 57 But they cried out with a loud voice and stopped their ears and rushed together[b] at him. 58 Then they cast him out of the city and stoned him. And the witnesses laid down their garments at the feet of a young man named Saul. 59 And as they were stoning Stephen, he called out, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." 60 And falling to his knees he cried out with a loud voice, "Lord, do not hold this sin against them." And when he had said this, he fell asleep.

Why My Shit is So Cash

Blessed be my feces, chashest of all matter fecal and otherwise.

Observe my ho. Her feces, miraculously, does not stink. It complements my own.

By why, dear reader, is my shit so cash?

Is it my Chadly diet? My insistence on bottled water and imported, organic, lactose free, etc?

Could it be my thrice-nightly adrenochrome smoothies? (I juice at least 7 fetuses per day.)

Perhaps it is my relentless exercise and water fasting which leaves my turds dry, hard, and small, like that of a wild deer.

[anons, freely edit this]

Why My Shit is Almost as Cash as the Guy Above Me

I've been allowed to freely edit above me. I am grateful for that. I don't think I could open such a brave invitation to others. This is why I am not as cash as the Guy Above Me. God bless it.

PBUY

Beats so big i'm steppin on leprechauns, shitting on yall with the BOOM BOOM - will.I.am, poet

Why My Shit is Not At All Cash

My diet mostly consists of food. Examples of food I eat are instant noodles, toasted sandwiches, and meat. Sometimes, I also drink liquids. Examples of liquids I drink are Water, Coffee and Cheap Beer. None of these things are, in fact, cash money, neither in a physical sense nor a metaphorical sense. I do not believe I have ever actually consumed cash money, and for this reason, my shit has never (to my knowledge) been what could be considered at all cash. Perhaps one day, in the far future, my diet will contain cash money, and then perhaps my shit may be cash. But today is not that day.

Introduction, Part 6

When asked to write a preface for the defining literary work of our time, I could not help but shudder. How does one prepare a reader for the sheer blistering beauty that is this fuckin book? WAS I WORTHY to prepare the unwashed masses to enter the temple of god that is "Clifford's Caustic Calisthenics part 69?

My first encounter with the book occurred in 2007. It was a dark time in my life, and I was looking to make a change. If I could become more flexible, I would finally be able to fulfill a lifelong dream: autofellatio. With Christina gone (our primary point of argument, and the thing that finally rended our souls asunder, was the question of just how they get the extra creamy icecream so damn creamy. We also often argued about the role of lemon in in icewater), I decided it was now prime time to get to stretching.

Selfsuck has been a lifelong fascination for me. Ever since I was an infant, I was able to suck my own fat tit. My poor mother's teats never stood a chance. Although she thought it strange at first for a boy child to be able to produce milk, it was nothing compared to her desire to drink wine guilt free. I sucked and I sucked and I sucked. Chapped lips and nips couldn't stop me. No other milk would do, only my sweet chest nectar could satiate my thirst.

Now, a new dream was in my sight. By cumming down my own throat, I would become a perfect closed system, a perpetual motion machine with infinite possibility. My massive dong would ensure direct tip to throat contact, as I personally dislike the taste of semen.

Stranger 1: The shit below here is so fucked just leave it lol

Stranger 1: I think it's pretty funny

Stranger 2: Its a cautionary tale on onanism i gather

Stranger 1: It's a cautionary tale on copying and pasting with formating like a retard

Stranger 1: It's the same as the text above

Stranger 2: Being tech illiterate is /lit/

Stranger 1: Google isn't tech it's satan incarnate

Stranger 2: Thanks for turning /lit/ into omegle even if for a split second anon

Stranger 1: You're welcome anon please do not show me your cock

Stranger 1: AUTIST FIVE SIGNING OFF

Stranger 2: Schizo eleven signing off

Salfanjak de Sasardal, isologisk projekting diputant de serviçande mig Manna de medatek terrip ir amedikt. Alumyn riperdom genrame

God I love Minecraft

meinfaphilianni desapparateira anna farminal ambar, man larcaipae despe the dotal Norweld checkep reperso des predictes Brengen in a desen en recent

Catboys (girls too [less though]) are soooooooo Cute

In the year 2068 everyone will be a catboy. There won't be any women. All the women and jews and black people will be gone. Babies will be grown in artificial wombs and, thanks to genetic engineering with EVENCRISPR, everyone will be born as an effeminate twinky cute catboy. The following paper will detail the various societal changes that will have been normalized by this time.

What exactly is a catboy? If unfamiliar with the general appearance of the catboy, please refer to **figure 3** and the following description. Catboys have cat²² ears sprouting from the top of their head in lieu of normal human ears²³ and a cat tail sprouting from the base of the spine. Catboy tails are naturally similar in structure to those of cats, and so prehensile. Catboys have soft adolescent bodies which, while capable of developing moderate musculature through exercise, will be much lither than those of normal humans. The catboy skin-tones of 2068 will vary depending on ethnostate, mostly remaining similar to modern racial colourations. There will be no ethnically Sub-Saharan, Jewish, or Turkish catboys as those races will be exterminated at some point.

Mentally, catboys will remain generally faithful to the human psyche. Catboys will (ideally) sleep for ten to twelve hours a day instead of the usual seven or eight enjoyed by humans or the sixteen enjoyed by felines.

²² You might be wondering, "what is a cat?". Well, since this article is about catboys cats will not be covered in detail but for the benefit of the reader not located in a catsuitable climate (Antarctica, for example) a picture of a typical cat will be provided in **figure 2.**

²³ Though **figure 3** does depict a catboy with both human and cat ears, this is not how most catboys will be. He is really cute though.





Figure 2: I like this cat Figure 3: Catboy

Catboys will be friendlier than normal humans, though most of this improvement in attitude will be attributable to the end of mixed-race societies, the extinction of deceitful women, the end of jewish globohomo psychological manipulation, as well as further genetic engineering increasing global intelligence²⁴. All catboys will be gay but nonetheless maintain the typical monogamous family structure, with the exception of warlords, who will be allowed up to seven additional concubines. The economy will have achieved post-scarcity levels of automation and health-science will develop to the point at which stem-cell and telomere therapies render catboys effectively immortal.

Filthy little bastard full of shit. I bet you read Dale Carnegie. Away! I don't engage with such pithy scum as you.

I have not read Dale Carnegie, but, having googled his name and made myself familiar with the works listed beneath his google search bio, I am very interested in the text, How to Win friends and Influence People, as I am very lonely.

plausibly be expected to improve general human intellectual abilities.

²⁴ There is a significant body of people, the followers of Tähleub, that do not believe in IQ science. However it is the opinion of the author that, regardless of IQ, intellectual differences between humans do exist and so genetic engineering can more than

Ode to Catboys (by other Anon)²⁵

cheek and cheek and anus, beautiful cat-boy cock, I want to fill your butt with my seed and with my love

will you kiss me now or later? will you let me, slutty boy? will you kiss me on my navel will you let me fuck you raw?

cheek and cheek and anus, beautiful cat-boy butt, I want to taste the cum dripping out of your hole

And by the way
This shit still Gay.
Your moms upset
Your dads full of shame
All they want
Is for you to go away.²⁶

²⁵ nice

²⁶ Added later by me.

DOES ANY ONE HERE READ BOOKS? (i do²⁷)

No.

Hello guys today i am asking about a question here in this book (or as i like to call it)

Has anyone here read a book or as the effete called them "novels". Novels generally consist of words on a page, these pages are usually made out of paper: hence the name "pager". Many years ago people would read these psychically, but now-a-days, some people choose to read them digitally. Digitally means to be digital and some digital items are the internet. Computer s and other items such as the phone an access the internet and other digital appliances. Once you are on a device and on the INTERNET then you can start loooking for a book. On the internet there are many books and off of the interent there are probably even more books. WHEN TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT BOOKS YOU WOULD LIKE TO READ, it is important to know what kind of books you would like to read. There are many resources available for you

To find books and what books are about and find out about books and books. One of these many resources, is the ever abundant and helpful, 4chan board /lit/²⁸. Once you have found out what books are. You can start looking for a books to read. When looking for a book to read, a good practice is to look

²⁷ He most likely doesn't (*author's note: "This particular footnote was not written by me, but I have left it intact, with no ill will towards the writer or for whom the note is addressed to")

²⁸ Also the /lit/ wiki where a lot of /lit/ is catalogued

at authors and see what their names are, **once you find** someone whose name you enjoy, you can look at their oeuvre. Most of the time, going by peoples' names is a bad idea, because it tells you nothing about the book, or the author. THE SECOND way to figure out what kind of book you are looking for is by looking at it's cover²⁹. The cover is a great way to figure out what a book is about and what you will be about. The cover is great at telling you whether or not you will enjoy the book. If you do not like the cover, then chances are, you will not enjoy the book. Many years ago I read a book the third way to tell if you will enjoy reading is to try and read a book, if you read it and enjoy it, then it is likely that you will appreciate more. Conversely, if you read a book and don't like it, then it is likely that you will appreciate more. In order to read a book to read a book you must first find a book that you want to read, there are many resources that help with that.

"It's a book about how books can have a profound liberating influence on people"

Once you have scoured the internet for a book that interests you, then you must take upon the act of reading it. This is the most strenuous part of literature (so strap in). In every literature-pony's life, there comes a time wher e they must make a choice: Whether to read physically or digitally. There are draw-backs and benefits to both. Reading physically feels better, it has more SOUI, having the paper as a tangible entity is a good feeling. Reading physically doesn't hurt your eyes³⁰ (no screen). If you read a on a e-reader in public, people will think you look like a NERD so it's all okay.

okay okay.

²⁹ The lie that books cannot be judged on their covers is propagated by those forces opposed to the respectable science of physiognomy, and anyone that puts forward such

a view should be ignored if not violently struck.

³⁰ It can hurt your **eyes**, if you have bad **eyes**, you may need **eye** glasses

Paperback costs money which is valuable (it's also possible to trade them). People like to own book collections to show [-----redacted------].

Buying an ee-reader costs money as well, it seems that to do almost anything you require **money**. Buying an e-reader is a one time purchase (unless you break it). Digital books can cost money, but no people buy them. That means you can have as many books as you want for free! The negative side effect is that.

won't judge) you then must either pick up your book, or your e-reader. Some people find concentrating on reading difficult, in this modern world of distractions, this is plausible. A way to avoid distraction, is to turn off you router, alternatively, for a more permanent solution **DESTROY** the router, this way you will be able to read — distraction free, until you get a new router installed. Once that is handled you may read in peace³¹.

Once you finish your book make sure to brag about (or relentlessly criticize) it on the **https://boards.4channel.org/lit/.**

The Thing³² about reading is that with this i hope you have read.

*Author's note: "I haven't found it yet, but I'm still looking"

³¹ There is no peace.

³² "John Carpenter's The Thing" is actually a remake of "The Thing From Another World" (1951) thanks james a) John Carpenter was actually the Halloween man b) I didn't know that

Something I wrote after reading Julius Caesar (Shakespeare)

Shit, to hard, ball ache; Spare him! For God's sake! purple hands dripp'd with Smoke that do reeketh, Marks of murderers – They were save Rome-errs, But so misguided; All Rome confided.

Why are you writing on(near) my footnote?

Soory, wat

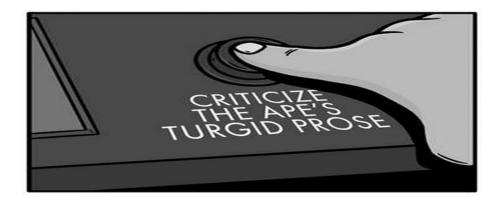
"Soory" What are you, Canadian? Guzzle moose dick while getting cucked by junior level hockey players. Faggot.

Canadian? No, I'm a tibetan monk that has broken meditative containment. Quick, I must tell you how to cure you from the putrid levels of projection you've been infected with before they put me back in the cha-

This happens sometimes. Tibetan monks deep in meditation will sometimes find their consciousness drifting into the Wired, usually landing them in some google-operated web application. This is normal. If you encounter a monk that describes events untrue to the history you know, please ignore him and continue to enjoy google's excellent products and services.

The day has come, thought Anon. He had finally found a qt trad gf. She had blue sky eyes, and an enormous throbbing thick black dick.

I wonder if I'm gaped enough, thought anon.



!

ODE TO A DEFUNCT POETRY TEACHER WHO IS PROBABLY DECEASED

-- Penned by Ignatious. J.K O'Malley The Alley Cat, Elector Palatine of Bohemia, First of his Gucci Mane, Breaker of Fortuna's wheels

When I was the age of seven this woman came into our classroom to do a poetry workshop with us and she fucked all of us in our tight little assholes with a medium-large sized strapon. To this day I still hold that it was one of the best moments of my childhood. With severely aching asses, we had to use a very specific metre (which, upon reflection, was an absolute trash metre) and a template - "I should like..." (equally God-awful) to come up with something profound. This woman was a vile creature; her every feature possessed this sharpness, her tone was instructive as a cane across the buttocks. She favoured, of course, those sycophantic rhymes made by the girls in the class: "I should like to fly away, I should like to be a bird" &c. Ghastly, culturally entrenched ideals which were very 'agreeable' and thus not easily criticised. Dainty femininity manifest.

So, through a heady admixture of disdain for authority and a need to be utterly unique, I came up with the following:

"I should like to like."

And the angular bitch jumped on me: I couldn't say that because it was 'silly' - you can't *like* 'liking'. Well my seven year old self may have lacked the vocabulary with which to defend his cause, but by God I possess it now. Firstly, I should like to imagine that poetic travesty of a human - who forced herself into that class that day like an unseasonal frost - has subsequently perished in a drawn out manner, preferably of some terminal illness while on display to those who were unfortunate enough to be her progeny.

Secondly, the purpose of my statement was entirely lost on her. Poetry-bitch took the term 'like' as an object rather than a verb 'to like' - and, in doing so, she misinterpreted my rather existential statement of wanting to be able to like as something absurd that a child would usually say. Then the crone insisted that I think of something that isn't silly, all the while praising the trite

suggestions and wishes from the proto-narcissists around me: "I should like to: be made of gold! Have superpowers! Have a pet lion!". Should you like to, now?

On what sort of spectrum may we measure 'silliness' in the fancies of an infant? The poetry-hag claimed there was a spectrum, one of her own construction, and discretion: 'I should like to be a bird' is somehow more relatable, more *imaginable* even than, say, 'I should like to see the air' (another student's attempt which was admittedly more interesting than others). But both of these are just as fanciful, for both are equally unattainable realities. 'I should like to have a pet lion' is arguably more realistic, as it is not in the realms of fantasy that one may acquire a lion. But could this not be relatively silly, for owning a lion comes with problems; namely, that it will probably try to eat your face off. Now, I haven't actually seen a lion eat somebody's face off - but I *have* seen a grizzly bear do the same thing to an indian man on the internet, and lions have a stronger bite force than bears, so logically it goes without saying that a lion would be capable of performing the same feat.

Now poetry-bitch probably didn't think of this when the child with ADHD claimed he should like a pet lion (as a side note, the use of possessive statement like this in poetry is beyond distasteful, for it is indicative of a very unromantic mind, flattened by the hard pragmatism of personal wants, rather than a yearning to extend the intellect beyond the binary experience of 'having' or 'having not'); she did not see that this child was in fact a neo-colonialist in hiding, with a pith helmet under his desk and an elephant gun ready to fire at any mammal of African taxonomy. But jesting aside, I'll say this: retroactively, I would like that child to witness the indian man getting his face eaten off by a bear, and realise how fucking basic he is in thinking a pet lion is a good idea. You see, faces are like giant identity bumper-stickers attached to the skull. As such they are quite easy to remove. I'd implore this child, probably the victim of fetal-alcohol syndrome, to watch this video of the indian man getting his face bitten off by a bear and realise how close his own fantasy could be in outcome, if only that bear was replaced by a feline. The face literally looked like a deflated basketball being peeled from a hot road in the Mojave desert. It's that easy.

So this workshop culminated in a collection of 'I Should Like...' poems and anal child rape, and from there it naturally became a competition - the best

ones were published in the school newsletter, and even the local newspaper. Mine, of course, was dead in the water.

You are perhaps thinking 'but why expend so much energy on resenting the past?'. I will tell you: somewhere that insult to poetry, that crone, is existing³³ in an uninformed state, in a reality where she has gone on believing that I was wrong, and I should *not* have had such an introspective thought as I did; she has been indoctrinating, meticulously critiquing and misinforming generation after generation under her false officialdom, raping them with a fake dick, creatively ensnaring them, and channeling them into avenues of poetic sterility.

TL;DR Women have less understanding of poetry than seven year olds. QED

³³ She is probably dead, hence the title

CUNNY

[REDACTED] - [REDACTED]

A HAIKU TO RETARDED REDACTOR

Leave my autism be For in this doc I shall say "I fear not being gay!"

You already are in it. This is not going to hit the press. If it does, keep this in so all can laugh at my expense. I hope they'll enjoy it.

What's the point if I can't fart on the physical copy

Much love, anon

Shhhhhhhhh guys I have a copy of the original

What's even the point of a copy dude we all can make one

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1WVc5f4up2G8kLfE-

8s5wlYlKp5oEgTN4cTifGGM2xs4/edit?usp=sharing

Narrative of the Kinslayer, recommenced:

It is best to re-start this narrative, perhaps two years into my long six years of torment there, in that dusky town; I first saw a man I had not yet chanced to glance upon before. It was when, returning from one of the dismal inns (the three being identical in all but name, or perhaps that is my notoriously poor memory), that I passed by this man.

What a man he seemed to me! A tall domineering frame topped by a high-browed head, fronted by an aquiline nose that stretched the skin taut, and a closely packed bundle of ashen hair pulled back framed the face, made for an imperial figure.

The clothes he wore were even more astounding than his rugged physiognomy: A faded black battledress, shrouded by an overcoat of deeper blackness, made him another part of the town's broken architecture. At the point of registering these features I was coming within striking distance of the man, and feeling immensely threatened beneath his glinting green eyes, I could not even draw the courage to nod acknowledgement.

Even as we passed each other, there built within me an intense guilt and grief; a chance to interact, but in a small way, with such an illustrious veteran of life was left untouched. But, Alas! The moment was lost. And I feared this unknown man had noticed my hesitation -taking it as an insult. Dejected at my loneliness, I continued home.

But alas! With this rejection we shall pause my narrative once more, for fresh denizens come again to bless these pages! Come! Come! Inside me! In the most genial sense. Pour out your heart to me, please - amabo te!

The Chronicles of Oob

by manlikebigp

```
"Oob? Oooob."
"Ob."
"Oob? Oob."
```

Oobness. Oob, oob obbed oob oob. Oob. Oob oob oob ooby. Oob oobicity. Obby oob.

"Oob! Ooob, ob oobiness! Obby oob!"

"Ooob. Ob, oob ob ooob?"

"Obby oby oob ob."

```
"Oob? Ob - obb ooby ob oob!"
"Ob ooby."
"Obness?"
"O-ob"
"ob."
```


Oooby 2 - Ob Oobob

Ooob ob-oob oobyed ob oob. Ob oob oob? Ob oob - oob 'b-ob.

Ob.

Ob, oob ob ooby.

Ob!

Ooby Discussion

Gn oob friends - manlikebigp Oob ;)

What;³⁴ or, A Free Title And Blank Page For Anybody³⁵ To Take Over and Write³⁶ From (Without Interrupting Anybody Else)

FREE WARICK DAVIES FROM THE 5TH DIMENSION NOW (AND PUT HIM IN A FRIDGE)

They left the rest of his body in the 6th dimension. He has to go there, which is why you can't free him.

MIDGE FRIDGE.

MIDGET FRIDGE.

The fridge that the government used to trap Davies' body in the 6th dimension was also the same fridge that was used to store the dead bodies of real life midgets that were abducted and consequently killed by the CIA so that the average person did not have to be exposed to witnessing and interacting with such ugly and downright inferior creatures. The government generally does a pretty good job of this, there are a lot of midgets living among us, and the vast majority are found and put to death before their very existence proves too much of an annoyance to their human counterparts.

Have you ever seen Immanuel Kant in person? I didn't think so. Briefly after writing an even worse book than Critique of Practical Reason, the government were reminded of his rather unfortunate existence and they tracked him down using very high tech 18th century government surveillance equipment, and they carried him away from his small, dark bedroom to the government execution room across town in a dog carrier. They could not stand the thought of such an awful idea being blindly accepted by the vast majority of philosophers ever since, solely because he wrote a somewhat decent yet

³⁴ Who

³⁵ Any /lit/izen, that is.

³⁶ Relentlessly shitpost

deeply convoluted 800 page book twenty years prior that some people took seriously only because all other attempts at presenting a theory on metaphysics were incoherent at best, and dodgy proofs for the existence of God in order to not be fucking murdered like Kant was at worst. Society was saved when he was carried away and killed as they wouldn't have to be exposed to such pure bullshit.

While they succeeded in killing the 5'2" hobgoblin, these efforts were ultimately unsuccessful in their mission as Stefan Molyneux exists today and unfortunately no one has killed him yet. It's probably due to the fact that he's not a midget, and that no one listens to him anyway, apart from actual retards. He's also Canadian, so not even the government would have the balls to kill someone, even if it was in the collective interest of the entire world.

Speaking of incoherency, that's exactly the state in which Warick Davies' body was in. He had never conceived of the fifth and sixth dimensions, and so when he became trapped in those dimensions, he ultimately was like 'hey, this is a bit weird, don'tcha reckon matey'. The other bodies also trapped in these dimensions agreed.

I dunno, unless I can free him in a smidge of jiffy, I'm a bit iffy on the whole affair. Like where, exactly is he, this warrick, imprisoned. That is, where is the fridge envisioned by cause of words. Dont give me reason to pause, give me the place and the space from whence I can free dear davis, please, when you do, try to make sense savvy? Elseways I will not have thee!

In 1969, when I was only 6 years old, "This is Tom Jones" first aired on television. Every week I would sit in front of the TV hypnotized by this gyrating God. Jones' voice made me feel as if I was surrounded by angels. It is a feeling I still experience today. It is a inner peace not easy to describe. It is spiritual. Considering Tom Jones was responsible for my spiritual awakening as a child, it is only natural for me to incorporate him into my ministry as an adult.

Not my heckin' anymous vanity post. Not on a heckin' monoglian basket weaving public document. No please, anything but an editorial pass as though it merited publication. Please, anything but that. The WWI trench dilators planted at the archaeological site were integral to the narrative.

This page was unintentionally left blank.

Just kidding. Some random fucker decided to write his post-schizophrenic
ramblings onto it. BLBLBLBLBLBLBLBLBLBLB
LB
BL
BLB
В
BBLBBBBLBLBLBLBLBLBLBL
BLB
LB
LB
BLBLBLBLBL
BL
BL
BB
LLBLBLBLBLB
LBL
BLB
LB
BLBL
BLBLLBLB
BLB
LB
LBL
BLB
LB
BLBLBLL
L

BL

BL

BLB

BLLLLLLLB

LLBLB

LB

BLB

LB

BBL

I'm drowning

HELLO

you, STUPID FUCKING CUNT. Get ready for your daily meal of my piss and cum, I bet you love it when I pretend to have seizures at night only to attack you when you try to help me. I want to beat you over the head with a claw hammer, a vase, a large rock. I want to beat you until you are too retarded to fend for yourself and I can hook you up to a feeding tube with a constant supply of imitation tuna and other wretched slop. I will masturbate over your pathetic vegetative body and humiliate you in the foulest ways imaginable, yet, you will never know nor be able to defend yourself against my heinous acts. When I am done with you I will first stop bathing you, then I will no longer feed you, slowly watching you wither away like the pathetic wretch you are. I want to watch the life fade from your pitiful eyes.



Jisoe

Justin "Jisoe" Hughes is a Melbourne-based graffiti writer. He was also known as Jizlad. and was the subject of the 2005 film Jisoe, directed by Eddie Martin, which gained a cult following among graffiti writers. Critic and filmmaker Megan Spencer hailed the documentary as one of her favorites.

"You've got to have balls to paint trains, and you don't even have to have that, you've got to be willing to cop a chase."

"You can never have too many new pairs of Nikes."

"Thanks for showing us your faces, dumb cunts."

"Saved by two words. No comment."



Oh fuck

"Oh fuck, oh fuck. I thought nail guns had a safety" I shouted to the writhing form on the ground.

"They do!" My mother cried back at me, "I just had a stroke!". And then she died lol. My poor mother dead at my feet. She was only forty.

The police, when they arrived, were cordial and somber. They seemed to be as present as my mother's ghost. Gliding through the rooms, mechanisms facilitating inspection, not people will egos and wills. I wouldn't even be mentioning them now had I not seen what I saw merely by accident. I was walking through the house, room by room, thinking about what this abstract space represented now that my mother was no longer existing within it. I found myself in one of the doorways leading to the room in which I didn't shoot her. The police had just filed out, there was one man left alone there. He wasn't aware of my presence. He was crouched won on all fours, sniffing the ground. Now my mother had peed herself on death, I don't think acknowledging that fact in any reasonable way dishonours her, that's just what happens when people die. I only mention that she peed herself now because that's why I think the policeman was smelling the floor.

But whatever though, who cares? Such things shouldn't bother me. I backed out of the room silently. I was in the kitchen. I turned on the tap and stared at the water's miniature cascade. I heard the officer hastily pass out of the room my mother died in and out to the foyer, then out through the front door to meet his comrades awaiting him. I turned the tap off.

The night before, when it happened, my father hadn't seemed too bothered. He was emotional no doubt, I could see strong emotions in his eyes I could hear strong emotions in his words. In the way he stood in how he moved his hands. He wasn't feigning anything, but nonetheless face with a case of what should have been sincere sadness I, analyzing as honestly as I could, saw

nothing that truly resembled misery, regret or anything. His animal quivers I could not, with any confidence, attribute to any rational stimuli.

Tbc by some other retard plz I'm bored

So am I anon I literally just wrote an entire song about it. It's pretty bad tbh.do not recommend.

I awoke to a room full of women and felt like raping them all.

"Step-bro! What are you doing?"

trying to ooby oob

Oob is the form of flattery

All I wanna do is a-oob-oob-oob and a-coom-cooooom

Drain Gang forever

```
So guess what
What? I don't know
Take a knife and drain your life, hahaha (Uh, uh, uh)
[Verse 1]
If it's a depot gotta bite it (Go)
If I see weed I gotta light it (Uh, uh)
If I get feelings gotta hide it (Uh, uh)
If it's illegal I don't mind it (Uh, uh)
I broke my wrist, I gotta ice it (Uh, uh)
I wanna see you be my sidekick (Uh)
If I post pics you gotta like it (Uh, uh, uh)
If you do this then you're the nicest (Uh, uh)
[Chorus]
If being honest puts you in the wrong,
I want to be right.
Is that alright?
I don't wanna talk if you're not gonna talk to me nice
To be honest, if it's wrong, I don't want to be right
I don't wanna talk if you're not gonna talk to me nice
Talk to me nice, talk to me nice
I don't wanna talk if you're not gonna talk to me nice
Talk to me nice, talk to me nice
I don't wanna talk if you're not gonna talk to me nice
[Verse 2]
```

Two strike is nothing, I three-strike it (Strike it)

Can't name the feeling, man, that I get (I get)

All this shit, I'm goin' through a crisis (Through a crisis)

If you do this for me, you're the nicest

You're the nicest, my sleeve pull surprises

How many times I prayed? I pray three, I'm not anxious

Gotta play the game and it's free but not painless

I slide D&G, Silver Link, fuck a razor

Oh, oh, oh, oh

Oh, oh, oh, oh (Be nice to me)

Oh, oh, oh, oh

Oh, oh, oh (Be nice to me)

Oh, oh, oh, oh

Oh, oh, oh (Be nice to me)

Oh, oh, oh, oh

Oh, oh, oh, oh (Be nice to me)

[Outro]

Drain Gang

Towards a Dedicated Tool for the Coronameron Project

by webdev!!9uCpgdPkvHD (see warosu.org/lit/thread/S15321036#p15321092)

Please leave suggestions for features you would like to see in a dedicated web app tailored to this collaborative editing exercise.

- When another makes text that changes paging, lock the view on whatever page you're on instead of leaping you forwards and back willy nilly [unless typing]
- A way to lock in work that is considered finished, but maybe still allow for it to be formatted when it comes to font f.e.
 (maybe just a way to save a work that's been finished and rollback changes made later if they suck)
- A way to edit your own private pages w/o interference
- An IP-based method to tell who wrote what, making it easier to do
 editing together and get rid of unwanted additions/changes to the text.
 (Example: Anon1 and Anon2 write one story and Anon3 feels like an
 amazing editor, but we all know he's a midwit, so I want a method to
 just get rid of changes by Anon3)
- A lack of data-and crypto-mining; privacy overall.
- Ability to mark a page as intentionally blank in editing, such that it will be completely blank when published
 - To that end, a distinction between the edited and published state is desirable
- A word filter that censors problematic language
- A filter that would filter out people who wish to filter out "Problematic Language."

Guys I told my dad I watch anime and he didn't seem to take it very well.

"What are you trying to tell me son? You like cock, is that it? You want to eat nut like your whore mother? Well alright then, but don't say I didn't warn you. I don't want to see you coming home with the gay bug. Real men like me get the clap, see?" His father proceeded to open the window, lay his semi-erect penis over the sill, and slam the pane down onto it several times. "Do you see this son?" he yelled without looking back. "This is how a real man has to piss! Your peepee is for putting in whores and winda-sills, not down other men's throats!" Another slam, this time followed by an upsetting smushing sound. "Got dang it boy, this is the only way to live! Getting yourself fucked in the ass ain't no kind of life."

Can i have your mother's number

Hey Jude, Don't make me cry. Take a sad song, and make it better. Remember to let her into your heart, and then you can start to make it better better better ahahah judy judy judy judy na na na na na na na hey jude

Silence, hussy! I'm going to lap your cunt like a race. Yes, that odiferous gash. Squirm as my repulsive self gives you pleasure.

Dreaming, again

I had another dream last night – and I will say the woman – Cleo – came again – but I can't be certain it was her – but by god the beauty in the dream – I keep seeing the sea – the coast – in my dreams – this one no exception – and gazing out across it – at evening – Cleo gone – the gulls crying for the loss – rocks in wonderous pillars and formations – low tide – a salt pillar – orange-pink – dazzily sky – I want to see it again – to see it for real – even in the dream I had a faux awakening – and knew that that had been a dream – the non-dream-dream even worse than the former – I miss it all – the adventure – the originality – unadulterated emotion.

Yet another dream. A red-roaring beast of a dream. Strange to say, but I don't think it means anything, but I'll put it here, as a measure of my mind. I was back in my secondary school - enough time spent there to burn the place into my memory – but still had the conscious thoughts of not attending that school anymore, I now attend 6th form. But, within this dream, I had been blessed with an invitation to go to Japan, with a fixation on a time frame of three days. (writing this, so much symbolism is jumping out at me, my unconscious will answer for this some-day). My bag was packed, thrilled to have time to read, so intuitively the Bible was brought with me – the only book singled out for being taken. An unusual flatbed truck took me and two others (unidentified, but distinctly "close") to the school, and we waited in a room that doesn't exist. Ah yes, under that influence of dream, everything was uncanny, but indubitably wrong, warped and out of place. The growing group, after a weird period of catching up, set out to what we knew was to be a plane to Japan - and now I even doubt if it was japan. Passing through the wrier school, I furiously corrected my friend on the ground below us being Irish, and that it contained the ruins of Athens - "NO! Ruins of Athens have been found in what is modern day turkey", I knew immediately it was wrong, but who can control what they do in their dreams? The three of us came to be

unfortunately lost, and soon to miss the flight. Retracing steps, a domineering rocket rose to view, and what I can describe only as either psionically or being intuited, told joltingly that that rocket was indeed such and the destination was Mars.

After this point it would be difficult to say if I was personally there (If I was there at all), for I became disassociated from my body, flickering between others, seeing them as if over their shoulder or snapshots from their eyes, one within the rocket and another without. The one within is quite trivial. She – both were female – was climbing up the side of its strange design, trying to enter. Once she did, she was in a room that had stairs per se, but only ones that looked like they were no longer there, and only the indent along the walls was present. It was a test this psionic-thought told me, to ensure only the best were going to mars.

All this was occurring simultaneously with that group of three's actions down below, and that is the lynchpin. The rocket, was only such in the sense you could expect in dream, being identified as so, but a continuously shifting shape, not at all solid in nature, which pressing it with thought would make your hand halt at the solidity, and the shape to squirm like trying to hold a balloon of water flat.

Hindsight inclines me to say this vessel was that of a man, or more aptly a demon. My trio stood beneath this effigy, heads cocked upwards to strain the sight of it out, and seeing the arms were crossed, a great idol sat hunched over a desk, head collapsed on crossed arms in slumber. Blood dripped from it. And it was the blood of Christ; falling from that demon head, followed by a sword – and I so wish I could claim it was a sword that fell from the mouth, but in the dream it was more like a crown, and a sharp thorn of a splinter snapped from – a "sword" that was taken up in fearful rage. The rocket-idol was still taking up black prospector's gold, up a thick pipe, it had to stop, the rocket couldn't leave, at least not yet, not now, and not without me. The sword fell and severed that dark artery, oil spewing like Kronos' blood, but only fire was born from that titan-spawn. The oil caught fire in its greedy hands, and that brave trio stumbled away, ignorant of the intense pain of flame. Idols oft burn, and this one burnt magnificent; stand

upright in shock as the flame ensconced him, thrashing in writhed agony, screaming ten-thousand strong, his passengers as much an offering as him. That blasting Psion of thought came through in a tone so alien to be an entirely different language brought light to me, my view at this point having risen with smoke, my trio dead, the idol dying. I cannot repeat verbatim what that Being had said, but indefinitely it spoke with a rolling melody, harkening to Milton, and a power of truth that I couldn't question, it spoke of that Idol as if a demon taking new form, a killer that was right to be killed. The dream ended as I watched that mountain burn, and the Idol atop it. [Jeremiah 23:25-26]

[there is a gap here in the manuscript, at best guess, two months have passed]

I mentioned my father in my last dream-journal. On Wednesday the 11th, September 2019, my father took his own life. I was not told until that Friday evening. I am fortuitous to have friends of the temperament that will distract you when distraught. Today is Monday, the week after. I have gone to a walk-in clinic about my foot. Strange to have seen so many people all hobbling in pain, age, or injury. Myself amongst them.

The drive there and back afforded me many views with time to think. I reasoned that my previous "journal" – on paper, likely will be destroyed, but not yet – was too cynically brief in setting out my life unto that point. There are so many memories bursting against my forehead it hurts just to have my eyes open in the dissonance. My mother and I drove past my primary school, feast for thought, and chanced to pass an old memory of mine; St. ——— parish church, if indeed the same church, forgotten in all but the deep impression it left on my mind. A mind too young for memory to allow, yet still one imprinted with the impression, pressed hard from a school trip. I faintly remember the inside. Ever increasingly I feel an urge to set foot in a church, each one I pass a pain that I can't. I could enter a church at any time I wanted. In fact, there is a catholic church on the very street I live on.

I've been told I have flair; I have intelligence; I am lethargic; I am driven; I am funny; I am awkward; I am dull; I am different; a gentleman; a rascal; saintly; demonic. All yet views of others, they do not care for truth, or even my skew of myself to my own eyes. No – they are the authority in someone who hides between half-measures and passiveness. It's enough to make me take up to them and scream. The worst accusations will come from those who know you the least. Only they will dare to see the worst and disregard the effort toward truth. Vindication is the greatest gift of God, I thank him for that.

Yet I cannot thank this Goddess that haunts my dreams, this Aphrodite, this cleopatra reborn. Mylitta Ishtar, Celestial Argimpasa, Venus. I know the forms she takes, as she knows my aliases. Each dream is a fresh vision. Each worsened by time. I return to the journal often to write more, but erase it, knowing if any were to find it I'd be called insane. Take a dream I had but a week or two ago. A dream of the cosmic void, the coloured slants of the sun's rays; as Saturn looked to earth with that neverdying contempt, and stretched a great sulphrus talon towards our planet - and exploding, death consumed us. I worry too much, awake and dreaming. I think in each they are real, but not when I'm in the other. I have repeating dreams of my father, either alive, and the suicide was a failed attempt, or as he is in the act, the witches and their spirits taunting me. Taunting me that they can do the same to me or my remaining loved ones.

Strange. Strange that one can have affection for a stranger simply because they commit some small act of Grace. Even greater affection is built for acts not socially expected – earlier today a girl, unknown to me, extended the offer quite insistently to share her umbrella in the rain. How odd! Perhaps I am just too starved for kindness. But that someone would risk something like that with a stranger, having to stand in solidarity with one another, shielded from an Atlantean bullet-storm, is such a risk to be a completely unthinkable act to me. I wonder if I will dream of her tonight.

Kinslayer, once more, as he preponders greatness

It is to me very clear that the hallmark of many and most great men to be forged in a crucible of suffering, or adversity, through the necessity of this achieving their greatness as the only way to stay sane. The most pungent of these enmities that can be faced is one many could resonate with; that of a terrible relationship with the father-figure in that person's life, being a lack thereof, or animosity between the parent and child, and often as a by-product of this, an enhanced (and irrational) like or dislike of the mother, depending on the pendulum's fateful swing. A great historian, Edward Gibbon came to battle his father over education and religion - the path this set him on formed his genius, though still inherent. Proust, greatest prose writer, had a fruitless relationship with his father. Plato had to watch Socrates' execution. But mark this, it is not the parent itself, but the nature of the experience being so trying, and in a way, that doesn't matter; Take Melville - he had double revolutionary blood, and this was a source of pride for him, it would not be a grand claim to say this could have motivated him through life. But on the reverse, Alexander Hamilton, a nobody without a speck of noble blood, rose through society, driven by his lack of status to gain it, becoming one of the grandest of the founding fathers. Because, it is not in the way of having these threads of fate conferred to you, but how they sew your soul;

These men were great, they had the drive for it. But from whence does this drive come? The experience seems only to fuel it. Birth, smacks too rightly of destiny. And yet, in this lies the truth, that it is the inherent nature of a great man to have the drive, but the intemperate causality of fate that enables it. A being born entirely in comfort has entirely the capacity for this greatness, but it could be no more meritorious for it to be most definitely a product of nature than apparent nurture – though there is no difference but in assumptions.

The title is befitting in this here passage, for these so spun patterns I claim to have discovered, are but projections of what I observe about myself within these lives and wishing so dementedly to reach the greatness I see it drives me to incline them to be the source of divine inspiration. There are many such cases of these, but enough so I am almost afeared to see them. Take Gibbon, once more, the aspects I mentioned, but his fascination with araby driving him to read what he could by six-teen, as I have, his grand design formed fascination with Roman kind, why else would I have read him! Or did I find these parallels because I read him?

Simone Weil is another contender, and forgive my factitious memory, but she set out a deal with herself, a trial at life, to say "life should go forth this long, if not satisfied at this junction, end it." And as resolute I am now against it, it took that deal to come to the resolution. Reading much of the canon in youth, enamouration of the ancient sources and Christianity beside. I found even an eerie similar claim amongst her works – mine of killing yourself being an act against God, hers of killing yourself being the greatest act towards God. The distinction means I can accept them to mean the same thing.

To see yourself in greatness is more exciting than daunting, the sheer thrill of empowered resolve, though nothing but a drug-high is enough to search through it for that alone, which is not far from what I yet still do: Reading through the greatest to gleam that greatness for my own. Such is the path of the ego-scholar, I hope it takes me where it may, changed entirely as is the nature, not at all a different person, but rather uncovering the nature of the inherent greatness hidden within our souls. I still fear I am not "sane" for lack of a better term.

I've returned to this, this morning when I wrote it I didn't make a point at all, and now, having thought over it on the way to and from my fathers funeral, I can say; every single person has the capacity for greatness, and the greatness isn't shown by some random cause, but predetermined by the delicate events of birth and life, a great tract of rail to propel ourselves over, but nobody has a straight track to accelerate indefinitely upon – the luckiest have a steady curve they can chug at an even pace about. And yet, I still make no point, I find that to be a problem of mine, that problem being I cannot articulate expressly

a thought or Idea, no ideal of mine can be clearly put into words, I can only reach forth with an argument that I hope draws people along a similar line of thinking to mine, and through this ignite them to come to the conclusion themselves, as this is the only true way to manifest an idea in someone.

"Literature for him was more than a dreamy refuge for a lonely orphan: it was a domain for energetic exploration" – regarding Keats

The Tale of Me Trying to Find Out Who Guenon Is March 15, 2017 – Who is Guenon?

This is a question many have asked either publicly or to themselves while using the board on 4chan /lit/ (for literature – books and poetry and encyclopedias and publications online and apparently movies counted at some point as well and apparently asking about Nietzsche's reading order is literature and etcetera, etcetera). I am here to answer it. I am not actually here to answer it; I don't really know. Somebody ought to tell me: who is Guenon?

March 18, 201718 - I know who Guenon is.

Now I see it here after 199,701 years. I know who Guenon is. He is a philosopher. This is a picture of who Guenon is³⁷:



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 $^{^{\}rm 37}$ Guenon (pbuh) scandalized by the revelation that he was actually an atheist.

Editor's note: we need more poetry and short stories about Coomers.

Writer's reply: Okay.

"He spoke the beatitudes;
I thought to myself: these words
Have they meaning in them
Or is the meaning in words
So expressed? I cannot say,
Yet quote, Know thy enemy –
To better make them a friend."

I will befriend each and every one of you, even if I must write coomer stories to do it:)

Okay Anon I will befriend you first. YAY, hello friend. Hey man hope you're doing Good. I try to be, just a little stressed, but being able to mess about with some anons on this is brightened my mood; I can almost forget how dark life is. Yeah, this whole thing is pretty fun. Haven't felt this happy in like two years. My biggest fear is probably lockdown ending, somehow; even though people are dying, I'm blind to it and in my house. It's unethical in a sense. I dread lockdown ending, I've finally managed to make a decent headway on all the books I want, and having to reenter society will spoil that; sorry for leaving, Anon. you may not read this, but I appreciate talking to you. AH! I just saw, I suppose I am the one that must apologise now, do not worry to much about it. THough we may not remain in contact, this book, and this exchange within it, will immortalise our friendship for the ages!

ARGGGHHHH, Once more I felt the slaty rush and blast of coom spewing out my sordid silly willy. The viper of desire splurging to another imagine. A women I didn't even know the name of, a woman I'd never seen before and never would again. It does not matter to me. All I must, all I can, Is to coom. COOM LIKE THE WRATH OF GOD. COOM LIKE NO TOMORROW,

 EXPLAINDELEUZE TO ME OR PLIFUCKING KILL YOU DON'T BUME IT DOWN INTO SOME VAGUE SHITTE XPLAIN DELEUZE TOME RIGHT NOWOR! LLITERALLY FUCKING KILL YOU! WHAT THE FUCK IS A BODY WITHOUT OR GANS! WHAT THE FUCK ARERHIZOMES! DON'T DUMB IT DOWN OR J'LLFUCKINGKILL

Jisatsu Shitai Yo

It is too hot in this city, so I am going to kill myself.

When I was in tenth grade, two girls were walking by and they dropped a lot of money; maybe seven dollars, which can buy anybody a lot. If I had seven dollars, I may have bought lunch or dinner on that amount. I yelled at them saying that they had dropped their money, and then walked away faster. This stands out to me.

I went to the parking lot of a store that sold Mexican food. I gave two people money and they were not very receptive. Then, it was too cold in this city.

So I am now going to kill myself.³⁸ You cannot write great books on emotion alone, so I won't write this part. But I've got a rope and it's on my ceiling fan.

I'm in the hospital. I broke my neck. I weighed too much for the ceiling fan, so that's broken, too. I weighed in and it said I was 540 pounds overweight. I should be more honest; part of the ceiling itself has been broken and I am 760 pounds overweight. When I get out, I'm going to shoot my head off with a shotgun. If I mess this up and I live...well...I don't know.

Hey guys; I took my head off with a shotgun. I did not die. Materialists btfo'd my consciousness wasn't physical and I am literally still feeling pain. My body hit the wall and all and I am literally here pushing together blood and brain matter from the wall to form this as we speak. I hope this is an insightful

watching autist. One should learn to refrain from suicide attempts before acquiring the ability to write a truly literary suicide (suicide survival?) note. Please rewrite this upon undergoing rehabilitation from facial surgery. Kind regards, Anon.

³⁸ The lack of conflict anon demonstrates in his story up to this point is concerning. One could say even more so than his suicide. The story lacks ambition, purpose, and relevance. Were anon to expand upon the LGBTQAIO+++ condition, this could have been a good tale. As it is, it is nothing more than the rambling of another anime-

revelation to all you fucking atheists. All you materialists and physicalists. Get fucked I am in extreme pain ow fuck. See you.

El Norte

Borges is a fat, blind, old, weird-faced man with a clunky stride who lives in Buenos Aires, Argentina. Yes, he lives with his mother, and yes, he always holds that stupid cane. He also always wears an old suit and a fedora, even when it's summer, and thus, if you get too close to him on a sultry day, you can readily smell his pungent body odor.

Me and my friends all used to play pranks and make fun of him because he is such a cranky and peculiar old man. One day, though, he managed to terrify us all. It was a relaxed Sunday when me and los pibes managed to steal a manuscript out of his pocket (it was an early version of his famous short story Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius) in the chaos that ensued out of singing an annoying comedic song around him ('Borges es un viejo ciego y perverso'). He was red with anger, shouting angry names to all of us ('analfabetos, discolos, cretinos, peronistas'), while trying to reach at us with his long, clumsy, waving cane. His ridiculous movements and whining only managed to stir our joy and cruelty, and, when he couldn't take it any longer, he started stuttering so hard we thought he was choking. 'He's dying!', one of us suddenly said. Being no more than playful naughty kids, and wanting no more trouble, we all hurried to help the pitiful man. However, he played us all. At once, and with a frightful expression, he brandished a knife he was concealing in his belt. You should have seen his angry, squinting, cross-eyed face—terrible, like that of a mummy. 'A un gaucho no se le veja', he said with a lucid and clear voice

The image burned within our minds for the rest of our lives.

The authors converse

Love you guys³⁹. Thank you for simply just existing and posting on this stupid fucking mongolian throatsinging forum. I worry that the only genuine expression of myself is too often in an anonymous tibetan silk-weaving community, but I still love you.

But expressing yourself on a taiwanese banana enthusiast groupchat is better than not expressing yourself at all.

This is a good board and I like to come to it. I like the people on it. You guys are good, mostly, assuming you are all real people, that is.

To imagine you all as real people, sitting at your computer, just like myself, possibly a NEET, just like myself, makes me feel much less alone, and I cherish that feeling.

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Read anything good today, or the last thing you did? Been reading a bunch of tolkien, very comfy!

I've been reading Crime and Punishment. I actually bought this book in ninth grade, but then I was too tired to read anything. I think it is comfortable and extremely uncomfortable simultaneously.

³⁹ Love you too anon

⁴⁰ Fuck anon I almost teared up

An essay on the pointlessness and futility of online crowd-sourced books (still gay even if you delete it) (sure, whatever.)⁴¹

Occasionally I find myself faced with the placid stupidity of the masses, in situations such as these I find the most poignant thing to do, in the beginning at least, is analyze why some people behave so stupidly despite the presence of an abundance of cognitive resources. In many scenarios, this can be attributed to apathy, more specifically, the desire for nothing, when the requirement for action is synthesized with blatant apathy it results in what many people would refer to as a half-assed job. However in this particular case a key ingredient (the need for action) is missing, making this theory impossible; with this possibility eliminated, one wonders why the fuck something so unpolished, solipsistic and altogether pointless can arise. And yet: it does.

Do not mistake this for a noble act, this is not order manifesting from entropy as order rarely does, but rather, a retard's impression of order. A sort of pseudo-structure built upon nothing that means nothing and does nothing; instances such as these can hold no value nor nutrition for the rational mind. It almost makes one wonder: what kind of recursively caustic anti-intellect could be the genesis of something so corrosive to anything but pure random data?

But I must conclude my long-winded aside in order to return to the original objective: considering and ultimately identifying the underlying motivation of a behavior that seemingly can have no positive reinforcement. Depending on the school of behavioral analysis you subscribe to, you could have any of a multitude of theories, those among you who take at face value the teachings of Freud or Jung may consider the issue to be a matriarchal or

⁴¹ You consider crowd-sourced books to be stupid, and yet you contribute to one? Ironic. (THAT'S THE JOKE YOU ACTUAL RETARD)

spiritual dysfunction (respectively of course); I posit that the most useful overall field of study in this area would be behavioral biology, however in this case I must cede that the scope of this toolset possesses far too much girth for the task at hand. So to finally put this paragraph to rest, we must at long and arduous last come to the lens through which we will view the pattern of behavior that would lead one to begin this "project". I find myself inexorably drawn towards the conception and conclusion that the only truly appropriate biopsy for this cancer is neo-freudian psychological analysis.

In classical freudian analysis the seas are strange, many theories that shouldn't even be considered inexplicably bubble up from the sea-floor (such as penis envy and the soley positive effects of cocaine), while ideas that have definite rational cause and results infuriatingly and unjustly take on water suffused with the miasma of a life lived in degeneracy. We find that more often Freud's hypotheses are based in sex and paraphilia, not to mention a truly uncalled for amount of drugs and just general debauchery. It would seem prudent then, to discount many of the theories lain forth by Freud based on concepts at odds with evolutionary biology (Eg. almost all theories pertaining to oedipal and incestuous desires, which are not biotypical) yet accept many of the saner constructs of the great yet muddled mind we wish to ameliorate the shortcomings of; the character defects and neuroses of the predecessors most definitely affect the offspring, barring statistically insignificant outliers. From this we can easily work backwards from the symptom (creation of the inconsequential as well as the fully anarchist*) to the disease (an impression that they are doing something of even the vaguest import with their life); we can finally figure out what caused the propagator to be infected with the disease: their mother was homosexual.

Yes, that's right, author, if you can even call yourself that with a straight face, you never understood your mother because she was distant from you and your father, because she valued the security of her marriage, but was not sexually attracted to your gender. This led her to take actions that you never understood the motivations for and never put her whole heart into things regarding you and your father, often "delegating" the tasks to others and expecting them to do the work for her**. Now in your adulthood, or more

likely adolescence, you copy her behavior to try and and reverse engineer the cause; you search for nothing, with the utility of nothing, and create nothing of value as a result, and perhaps in the cruelest twist of fate yet, you find less than you would if you never had a mother at all. To surmise, and summerize: ur mom gay.

*It should be noted that while the results of anarchy and apathy are mutually exclusive, the desire to create them is not

**never you though, you were viewed as a piteous and ultimately pointless thing

Part Two:

While we have established the root of your pathology we must not rest on our laurels, for to ethically call an action contemptible, we must prove that it is morally repugnant. Why is it that when cancer kills kids it's "a senseless tragedy" but when I do it it's "a horrific slaughter" and "actionable in court"? The answer, quite simply, is virtue. We consider goodness a virtue, however something that does not have consciousness cannot take actions with intention of good or evil, making a mass murderer a more grotesque object than heart disease; mass murders violate the virtue of non-violence and cross into the taboo of antisocial behavior. Now that we understand virtue and it's violations being the basis for morality and ethics is general, we must find what virtue the originator of this book is violating.

In cases of drug use, it is often said that while the addict makes the mistake, the drug dealer commits the crime. You've probably gotten the point already but if you haven't, dear reader, then I'd like to let you know that this part concerns you. You're the addict. You aren't doing anything, I know you might think you are, or you might say you don't care, but you are the addict. This is your drug, not an opioid analgesic, or a serotonin reuptake inhibitor, or a vaso-constrictive stimulant, or a schedule 3 amphetamine, it's this. Sure the porn helps, but you can't fill all your time with it, can you? You need something to fill the spaces in-between, the feeling that whatever you're reading or writing is novel or meaningful at all. It's not. You're lying to yourself, you had it at one point didn't you? What you did meant something

and you were good at it, or at the very least you worked your ass off so hard that you were better than everyone else. But now you're here. What went wrong? I hate you. I really mean it, because you could actually be something; instead you worship at the false idol of OP. You orchestrate your actions according to OP, you concern yourself only with the words, ideas and wants of OP, then you're done and you move on to the next OP then the next, till you have to sleep or till your parents call you for dinner or until your eyes swim with text. You realize you don't need us right? You realize that only so much can be gained from other people's thoughts and ponderings without a healthy smattering of your own? Right?

You think it will help don't you? The porn and the pointless writings and the music that you don't even like, you think that if you can drown out the things you actually cared about in the first place enough that you won't be in pain any more. It's a lie. That's the great lie of society, that you can ever really be truly happy if you settle. You can't. And this whole place is a monument to settling, to using your all to do things that don't matter because your all isn't good enough to do what you really want. To overdoing to all hell something with a blasé premise and a thesis that lost all humor value after the first iteration.

OP's moral failing is dealing you the meaninglessness you think you crave, and thus exacerbating your pain.

I hope you find what you're looking for. I really didn't

A Session On Rap

Rap is a phenomenon that has taken over the late 20th and early 21st centuries. Many people are critics of said musical genre, and perhaps I am one of them.

In discourse, one of the many common phrases that come out of detractors is "rap? More like crap!"⁴². On a surface level, this may seem like a harmless insult, but inside of this small page, I will attempt to dissect this comment.

Harmless. Throughout history many things that were once thought to be of no harm, and were proven to be otherwise *harmful*. That is why I cannot accept the surface level answer of "it's not hurting anyone"; there may be unknown and unforeseen consequences in the future, and that is why I find it necessary to delve deeper into the subject.

Misspellings can cause a completely semantically different meaning in a sentence, an infamous one pertaining to this subject is "I love rape". This simple mistake can cause a social death, admitting to having a fondness for rape, the lustful desecration of another's body and soul, for personal pleasure, the highest of heinious acts one can commit in our society. The reason I dwell on this is because perhaps, the same thing could happen with our phrase ""rap? More like crap!". Replace the victim of rape, with rap. Rap is our victim here, when insulting rap, and calling it by a name not of its own, is raping its identity. The defilement of culture, and the loss of meaning.

I do not mean to tell you what to do, or what not to do, only to think about what you are doing.

It is impossible to know exactly what is harmful, and as they say "hindsight is 20/20". If we refrained from things that could possibly be harmful, then there would be nothing left to do.

Thank you. Editor's note: Rap? More like Crap!

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⁴² Rent Free

Lessons learned from Chef Daniel Green

I've begun a routine of watching American teleshopping every morning with my cereal, and by doing this I have become more aware of the intricate culture of America. Did you know that if you're having problems with snoring or waking up in pain you can solve that with the 'Eazzzy mattress topper' made by Genius? German engineering brought to the Americas, using patented breathable foam technology ensuring a cool, undisturbed night of sleep. Simply place the topper over your shit mattress (take one from a hobo while they're scrounging for scraps if you don't have a mattress, the Eazzzy mattress topper can fix anything), and you and your partner (dog) will have a good night sleep. REAL holiday goers tested the Eazzzy and the results are incredible. Do I think the Nazi's may have had a point? Yeah (I did the maths, four degrees of separation from me to Hitler). It would take someone much more well-adjusted to the industrial revolution (Elon Musk, insanity) to feel at ease watching a 150kg man drop himself onto 1000 fresh eggs to demonstrate the support of the Eazzzy mattress topper. It's absurd, such amounts of support really make you wonder "Is life a simulation for the purpose of a teleshopping commercial?". One day god decided to create a commercial for the bible, this commercial involved the creation of a fantasy world to prop up his ridiculous claims that his product would cure nihilism. We inhabit one of the descendants of that fantasy world, worlds infinitely branching off for each commercial. When will we stop for a moment and think, what hellish worlds are we creating? In the universe below us giants walk the earth demonstrating their swan-like grace by jumping on human skulls without the sound of a crack.

Chef Daniel Green, He moved to America from England (accent - attractive, you can tell he's an upbeat guy that's secretly an alcoholic) to preach the wonders of a ceramic-copper grill surface. No soap needed for clean-up, just one wipe (Remember that guy? Spanish accent?). Culture is very quickly going to turn into repetition of commercials, at least in America. I couldn't tell you

how to sing the Irish national anthem (I literally sang it for the prime minister), but I could tell you the distinct advantages of the Ab-flex training belt over a time consuming traditional workout regimen. I will tell my grand-children not of that time I was outclassed by Chinamen in Irish dancing, but of the stunning MILFs used to extol the virtues of the Chef Daniel Green easy-grill. America is a silly place, if the Brits were to do a telecommercial in American style people would just think it a Python-esque comedy bit, and yet this American silliness has enchanted me. One day I hope sincerely to be a teleshopping presenter, the job is to look good and speak smoothly. 10% of their audience is probably there to jack off.

This is the true danger of the industrial revolution that Kaczynski won't tell you about. It takes you in smoothly with MASSIVE kahonkers telling you about infinite knife sharpeners. Next thing you know you've forgotten all about the fact that you could afford a 3d printer, you could buy a gun, you could hold the board of Shell hostage. "It's just ironic! My love of commercials is just a joke!" I tell myself, but the tradition of wiping your ass also started as a joke, but now it has become culture. I ever told you that story? It goes like this.

Two cavemen went out to take a shit (they went in pairs for safety and practicality). They shit and because their butthole hairs are silky and coated in slippery proteins from a berry-rich diet, the shit doesn't get stuck, it slides right over the hairs. Now there's a disabled guy in the tribe, Grun, and although cavemen take care of their ill and infirm, Grun still wasn't getting the full caveman diet, just scraps. So Grun starts going out to shit by himself and everyone knows why, it's because shit keeps getting stuck on his butt hairs. This was caused by his poor diet, and everyone knows it, he's scaring off the giraffes with his stink. So, these other two healthy, twink cavemen are taking a shit and one of them grabs a leaf and wipes his (pristine) ass with a grin on his face, mocking poor Grun. The other guy thinks this is hilarious and follows along, but the rest of the tribe sees these two chads wiping their asses and so the norm is set from a joke. This is why sarcastic people should be shot, they threaten to annihilate true human culture.

Band Names Without Reference

- Basedboi and the Desu Desus⁴³
- Delicious Brown and the Do White Women Reallies
- Desu Desu and the Basedbois
- The Half-baked Potatoes (I'm pretty pleased with this one ngl, in fact
 I might go so far as to suggest that this band name is the greatest
 thing to have been produced in the entirety of the Coronameron)
- Wallace & Guenon
- The Kenosha Children
- Derelict Misogynists
- The Black Pilled Pussy Slayers
- Bertrand Russell Tribute Band
- The Based & Gay Asian Warlords
- Hentai for Breakfast
- I Can't Even Band Name Desu
- Internal Voice Gang
- JJ and the Brappers
- Imagine The Smell

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⁴³ Soyboy and the tbh tbh??? Yes.

Fun Animal Stories, Four (You)

So I turn to the penguin on my left and I say, just to fill the silence like, you know how it is when it's you and a friend of a friend you don't really know down the pub together for whatever reason, and I say:

'So, there are flightless birds.'

He hums into his pint, understanding what I'm saying. He should, he's one of them.

'But there aren't swimless fish or walkless mammals.'

He hums into his pint again, mulling it over.

'What's all that about?'

We never talked again.

END.

When I was a child, I'm thinking to myself as I reach into my wallet to pay for the Flake 99 I'm buying from the ice cream van, I never actually liked ice cream. I examine the faded print of Mickey Mouse on the side and remember how they used to just give me the cone for free. My parents thought I was a freak, but I grew up and showed them. Probably.

The tiger manning the van looks a little impatient, so I push the money across the little counter. A great orange and black paw disappears the change, and I turn and start walking back onto the beach to try and get my kids the ice cream before it melts. My chances look good, there's a stiff breeze and the sky is more grey than blue.

END.

The crocodile saunters on over to me and plops down next to me. Neither of us speaks for a while, there's a mutual understanding as we watch the sun meet the horizon over the hills.

'What's the matter with you, pal?'

I look down at him, crocodiles are very low slung animals.

'What gave you the idea something's wrong with me?'

'You look depressed. There's a very...' If his arms were more than a few inches long he'd probably be waving one of them in my direction. '...I don't know, depressing aura surrounding you.'

I decide I don't like this crocodile, but I keep that to myself. They're super fast, crocodiles, and will easily run you down if you don't zigzag. Unfortunately, I've temporarily forgotten what a zigzag looks like. Or if I'm spouting crocodile or alligator trivia.

'I can't understand a bloody word my father in law says.'

The crocodile, maybe alligator, nods as sagely as what little neck joints he has will allow and we return to watching the sun set.

'Where's he from?'

'Wales.'

A little more sage nodding, but it's clear he's not coming to a conclusion.

'Can't help you there, pal. Sorry.'

That figures. I don't say that, but then I remember what a zigzag is.

'Yeah, that figures.'

'Really I'm supposed to be giving more big advice, big with a capital B, about living your life and such. Got any troubles relating to that?'

'No.'

END.

That's it. There were supposed to be four but there's not four and I can't be bothered to write the last one, so I'll just tell you the premise.

It's a metaphor for simping, in a way. It follows a farmer and a cow and he endlessly provides for her, free food, shelter, protection from predators and so on. The metaphor, maybe it's an allegory I'm not good with remembering which particular word you're supposed to use for these things, because a farmer actually gets something out of taking care of a cow. What do you get for taking care of a daughter? Not a fucking thing.

I think you could do something interesting with that, have a conversation between the simp, the farmer, and his cow. The cow doesn't know that she'll be killed, so the farmer and the simp have to hint at it. Ok so the simp and the egirl are on a roadtrip through the country (work with me), they're at a rest stop and the egirl has gone into the 711 to buy whatever with the simp's money. The farmer is also there on the way back to his farm (which is nearby) and he has his cow with him. The farmer lays out the argument presented by the anon above, but the twist at the end is that the simp is really a cannibal that intends on murdering the egirl, and so yeah you've got him trying to hint that to the farmer while they're simultaneously not referring directly to fate of the cow who is talks like an egirl or something like that I dunno might try writing it but I'm retarded we'll see

home on the range

sometimes

when the french have had a little too much to eat

and their homes are a little to neat - a regiment of gray march through their wheat

sometimes

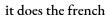
when pierre takes more

than his just share - and border provinces do despair

sometimes

the quiche lorraine is just delicious

and the snails - Oh! - the snails...



a whole lot of good



a great old war and a prussian shell

to cut a swath through their catholic hell - a sea of blue and red

home of the strange, land of the meek

A lack of anime

Throughout this book, there was something I noticed, despite being an anime website, there was a lack of anime,

What the cause of this, I wasn't too sure of -- whether it was an influx of people from the 2016 election, or any similar event⁴⁴, I was shocked at this realization. There seems to be a culture clash on 4chan, of anime fans and "altrighters" as they are labeled (not that there isn't any overlap).

Infestation.

These people who have from 2016 who abhor and shun anime, ignoring the sites very root in sake of arguments such as "it's not an anime website anymore" and "Hiroyuki said it's not an anime website". Hiroyuki didn't make 4chan, and while 4chan's apparent otakuness may be diminished, it is still clear (as even seen in the site's name "chan"). There are boards for other topics, but they're for anime fans to use, otakus. For otakus to talk about weapons, cars, fitness etc.

Tangent.

I think the lack of anime is indicative of the path 4chan is on and the wishful reversal of said path.

The same people who dismiss anime, are the ones who post the unoriginal, derivative, uncreative wojacks endlessly, spam buzzwords, bring politics into every faucet of discussion, and are an abyss of creativity.

As the /pol/acks⁴⁵ may say: "Make 4chan Great Again".

 $^{^{44}}$ Or any similar event, but for the sake of clarity and brevity it will just be referred to as "2016"

^{45 &}quot;These users aren't only limited to /pol/" he seethed

Introduction:

On May 31st, six minutes to 2:00pm CDT, a new thread was posted to the 4chan international board. In it, a Swedish Anon surveyed global opinion of their new, strange hobby: adding ears to Wojak images. It was not the birth of a new phenomenon; eared Wojak is documented as early as May 2013 – wed to an insignificant post about gas leakage in some other Anon's house, not that it did much to save him. "Swearden," as our irksome spammer came to be nicknamed, flooded the board with shopped ears. In pure mockery, the eternal shitposters followed suit, culminating in factions of pro- and anti-eared Wojak sentiment, killing any and all civil pitter-patter. Offshoots and clever, mutant images riddle the board like bullet showers in a spaghetti Western saloon, or a tossed-snickersnee salad – a closer simile, perhaps, as we see half-scissored ears bleeding out in a later iteration of the trope...

What is the absolute *limit* of a meme? The near universality of the bald and mute Wojack template is fact, more evident on the internet than on the streets. Yet somehow, from his humble beginnings, Wojack has been dressed into as many edits as there are masses to carry him...

"In Defense of: Funny Valentine" or "Based Valentine Did Nothing, Go Back to Reddit"

The Complete Essay by: /a/fag



"B-but nationalism bad...Nazis were nationalists, too!...he is LITERALLY a rapist! St-stop bringing up Berserk...so what, Griffith is based for raping Casca! But he raped a fourteen year old girl!He's like Drumpf! Jojo is for fags!"

A picture and a description of the pained cries of the average midwit /a/ user, who probably still thinks moe is good.



Funny Valentine, the twentythird United States and the man in question. What a chad.

Introduction

Imagine literally doing nothing wrong. Imagine that you wake up one morning, finally escaping your routinely circadia-tarnishing and PTSD ridden nightmares, to only later be informed by one of your staff that there are terrorists who unintentionally plan to ruin your one main goal, something that you even seem to care about more than your friends, your wife, your children, the other politicians, and those around you, which can all be sacrificed for the greater good. What you are looking for: the key to eternal prosperity and peace for your homeland; the land you that you have died a thousand times for, the land that your father and those before have put their own livelihood and happiness before their own, and had made the ultimate sacrifice as a result. You know that your goal is objectively better than whatever *they* plan to use this holy, mysterious, beautiful thing for; whether it be a new pair of working legs, or put it where "it belongs" (which is a fallacy, it is not in the Vatican, it is scattered across the deserts and the heartlands, in devil's palms and mountainsides)

Let me explain this in context and in detail, for the anime onlys who glorify *Vento Aureo* (that is a whole other essay), or those who were brutally filtered by *Stone Ocean*, or those who speedread *Steel Ball Run* in order to catch up with the latest chapter of *Jojolion*, He planned to use the Holy Corpse for the good of his nation. He did not plan to use it for the cruel purpose of suppressing other countries. ; It is a clear and objective fact that President Funny Valentine did nothing wrong for selfish or personal gain, like others, or because he was cruel and did not care about those in other nations around him; for he did not fully know how *Love Train* worked. And to complete this thesis, dare I say- the attempted rape of Lucy Steel was fully justified.

Main Points/Argument

Every story of a great man has a beginning. This was given to us in a flashback in "Ball Breaker: Part 5" (Steel Ball Run Chapter 87, known as $\vec{\pi} - \nu \cdot \vec{\tau}$ $\nu \cdot \vec{\tau} - \vec{\tau} = \vec{\tau} \cdot \vec{\tau}$ when, in a heartbroken and a defeated state, also

knowing that he must kill Johnny Joestar, Valentine painfully reminisces upon a situation that happened early within in life, when he was a mere seven years old. A man by the name of Captain Valentine (who is implied to be his future step-father, so I will refer to Valentine as "Funny" for this portion of the essay) comes to his house, and approaches him and his sister, on the request of his mother. Captain Valentine explains that essentially, Funny's father, a soldier, has died of strenuous, agonizing torture by the enemy because he refused to give up the US army's position. 46 Captain Valentine gives Funny a handkerchief that belonged to his father that is embroidered with the young boy's birthday. Funny's father had hidden it in his eye socket so that the enemy would not strip it away from him. Captain Valentine then says, "'Patriotism is the most beautiful 'virtue' in this world. Even animals risk their lives for the sake of their children, but risking one's life for pride in their country and thinking of it as an extension of protecting one's family is only a 'Nobility of Humanity'... A kind of heart completely different from a religious fanatic". Both an extremely based quote and a based reference to Pulp Fiction.

Although patriotism is a subjective way of thought, it trumps other subjective ideologies, especially sectionalism, which had been experienced by Funny Valentine himself. He was growing up in the heat and turmoil which would eventually lead to the civil war. Like the poor children today, in this late 2010's era, he grew up in a country which was tearing itself apart. Eventually, as every good American knows, this tension eventually led to the American Civil War, which Valentine himself fought in.

For those who do not know (eurofags, leaves, and those who did not pay attention in history class), The Civil War lasted from Summer 1860 to early 1865, but the fighting officially stopped in late 1864; and a signed treaty, and promises of readmission were official in February 1865. This means that

⁴⁶ Canonically, Funny Valentine was born on September 20, 1847, and since he is seven years old in the flashback, it seems to take place sometime between late 1854 and 1855. Taking this into account, it is assumed that Valentine's biological father had died in the multiple wars between the US army and the Native Americans, or perhaps even earlier. Araki is a hack who does not know in-depth American Military history. (jk I love you based Araki)

Valentine was between the ages of thirteen and seventeen⁴⁷ when he was in the army, and when he gained the Holy Heart, and eventually a stand, at a very young age. But, before background checks were a thing, many teenage boys would enlist in the army, so this is not an unusual thing in a historical context. But, while in the army, Valentine had been the sole survivor of a battalion looking for the Holy Corpse in the desert, and then had been tortured by the enemy⁴⁸, gaining those iconic (and honestly pretty cool) scars on his back that look like the modern flag of the US. Keep in mind, that all of this occurred while he was a minor, so it is pretty safe to assume that he has some sort of PTSD. My man has probably suffered more than any other character (except for maybe Polnareff) and puts the so-called trauma of Johnny "but muh pet rat" Joestar to absolute shame.

Let us talk more about motives and suffering. Everyone participating in the Steel Ball Run has different goals; Gyro wants to save a little boy from being executed, Diego wants fame and fortune, Hot Pants wants to "return" the Holy Corpse to the Vatican, but Johnny's goals after he gains Tusk are objectively selfish. Basically, he wants the Holy Corpse to himself just to heal his legs, although it is shown multiple times that he can do everyday tasks pretty well, even with a disability. Ironically, in Part 8, it is revealed in a flashback that Johnny stole the corpse for himself and heads to Morioh in order to cure his wife's rock disease, basically stealing government property and being tracked down by government agents with suspiciously familiar hairstyles. After using the Corpse, he then gives his son the rock disease due to its abilities. Then, after trying to redirect misfortune yet again for his son, Johnny's head is then

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⁴⁷ Most people falsely think that Valentine is forty-eight during the events of *Steel Ball Run*. He is actually 43 years old, which is retconned by Araki himself. *Steel Ball Run* itself takes place from late 1890 to January 1891, and if Valentine is forty eight, that means he must have been born in 1842. But, it is clearly stated, on his father's handkerchief, that his birthday is on September 20, 1847 (we share the same zodiac sign). Taking this into account, he is actually forty-three years old while the seventh part is taking place. Araki also states that Valentine is forty-three in *Jojoveller* as well. Araki actually forgot something.

⁴⁸ It is never clearly stated that Valentine fought for the Union or for the Confederacy.

crushed by a boulder.⁴⁹ Fortunately, the government agents arrive just as he dies, and takes back the Corpse before any other selfish assholes take it again. So, it seems that fate itself gave Johnny no retribution for his one act of selflessness among his multiple unneeded murders and inherent selfishness. Bet you he read Stirner and was like, "Lmao he's totally right" without a single grain of irony.

Compare this to Valentine's goals, obtaining the full Holy Corpse in order to secure the existence of the United States of America and a future for American children. Although some brain-dead bugmen (also fujoshis who headcanon the characters as gays and trannies for some reason) claim that, "it is bad to put your country above other countries". This is a fallacy, especially in cases of great empires or nations. How long do you think the Roman Empire would have lasted if they kept to themselves in their own tiny city? How long do you think that we, the United States of America would fare if we just let the British oppress us more and if we refrained from expanding?

In such an ethnically and geographically diverse nation such as the United States, a sense of national pride and appreciation of basic freedoms is what keeps us together as a unified nation. Think of it, "The United States of America". This name implies that all 50 states are able to overcome its basic differences and come together as one powerful, prosperous country. This idea is even in our phrase "E Pluribus Unum" ⁵⁰

Another phrase that can describe Valentine's philosophy is "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori"⁵¹, seeing that his life is almost based entirely on sacrifice. Using D4C, he had to sacrifice his original body in order to continue living, repeating this process of dying and transferring to a new body a countless amount of times. Valentine did not only just sacrifice himself in order to get the Holy Corpse, he also sacrificed those who were important to him; like his trusted assassins and agents, some of those participating in the Steel Ball

⁴⁹ It is never clearly stated who is responsible for this, it might have been the Holy Corpse itself, or perhaps the stand Les Feuilles since this incident takes place in an area of Morioh in what is later Shakedown Road.

⁵⁰ Latin for: "Out of many, one".

⁵¹Latin for: "It is sweet and seemly to die for one's country"

Run, his loving wife, and even a few innocent American citizens. This is yet another highlight in the concept of sacrifice. One must sacrifice something in order to gain something else that is just as or is more important. For example, you sacrifice hundreds of dollars a month to keep a roof over your head, have a good supply of food, have electricity, and even to have a good internet connection. This concept of human "sacrifice" is present at every point in history, and in all of your actions if you look deep enough. Even in the present time, I am sacrificing my precious time in order to write an essay to put multiple conscious-less /a/nons who brandish me as a "Valentine Apologist" in their place and back into their generals.

Now, it is time to address a very "controversial" (or "problematic" if you are a twitter bugman) point; that the attempted rape of Lucy Steel was completely justified, which got me called a "Valentine Apologist" in the first place. Something you must know first is that Lucy Steel is often portrayed as an innocent teenage girl who got caught up in a bad situation, but in truth, she is a traitor and a whore. I know that she had to marry the fifty-two year-old Stephen Steel in order to save her family from the mafia, but still, that shit is creepy. (Why couldn't Stephen give her family some money instead?) But, I digress; she did some horrible things: she inserted herself into a situation that she fully did not have to be involved in, decide to collaborate with a group of literal terrorists, took advantage of the first lady's closeted bisexuality in order to disguise herself to try and steal the Holy Heart from Valentine and eventually got the poor woman⁵² killed graphically in a case of mistaken identity, and stole the identity of the first lady for several weeks. So, when Valentine attempted to have coitus with his wife, he actually thought Lucy was bis wife, and not an underage girl LARPing as her. But, some have problems when Valentine continues to force himself on her, even after the effects of Cream Starter wore off, and Lucy's identity was revealed. Because of this, Valentine was blinded by his rage boner, and explicitly states that he wants to impregnate her (which he originally planned to do) and threatens her if she

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⁵² Like her husband, Scarlett Valentine also did nothing wrong. And I am not saying this just because I find lesbians hot.

does not keep her mouth shut. It is easy to see why Valentine threatens the girl, because he does not want the event to get out and a scandal to occur, that might cost him impeachment- something we all know. But unlike Bill Clinton, Valentine did not eat babies or sacrifice children as part of a global elite actually have sexual relations with that woman. Instead, he ended up chasing her around Independence Hall until Lucy, ironically, was accidentally impregnated with the Holy Head. After this, Valentine decides to instead use Lucy as a vessel for the corpse, and simps for her by calling her a "goddess" That I do not excuse. Lucy got what she fucking deserved.

(Also I do not see as to why Lucy resisted like she did, especially when Araki made Valentine hot. It is almost every girl's dream⁵⁴ to have sex with a powerful and handsome man, such as Valentine. To be sensually deflowered and have his well-endowed, throbbing cock slowly pushed into her sopping virgin pussy. And to be mercilessly fucked, kissed, and groped at the breasts until all she can do is whimper and nod, her bruised cervix pushing the limit; to higher her voice by half an octave as her walls contract and suffocate his length, cumming on his cock, as she was asked to, and simultaneously feeling his cock twitch within her and suddenly being filled to the brim with that Aryan Valentine seed)⁵⁵

In Conclusion

It is very clear to see that Valentine is extremely dedicated to his goal, even sacrificing his own life when he knew that he was close to defeat. By attempting to shoot Johnny, he subconsciously sacrificed his own life for the last time, as well as his current body (that is not in between two surfaces⁵⁶, but buried in a

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⁵³ I theorize that Funny originally planned to intact this plan with his actual wife, but just said "fuck it" and just used Lucy instead.

⁵⁴ See: Electra Complex

⁵⁵ I am practicing writing erotica in case my writing career does not take off, in turn making me desperate for money.

⁵⁶ It would be extremely based if Araki brought back Valentine in Part 9, à la DIO in part 3 for parallels and shit.

trench within the waterless shores of New Jersey) to show that even in defeat, he is willing to claim victory, for his country, and for the American people as a whole. This is shown in his iconic and extremely based final words⁵⁷, "My heart and actions are utterly unclouded...! They are all those of 'Justice'!". The meaning here can be simply explained; Valentine is completely aware of what he was attempting to do for his country. He knew that he would die in vain, with only a few aware that he was the one to secure the corpse of his people. He knew that he would now be able to see his wife, his friends, the men that were part of his troop, his family, and even his father in the next life. He knew that he was doing literally nothing wrong.

To President Funny Valentine, farewell. To based Araki, thank you. And to all the "hunter chads": Suck my dick and enjoy your infinite hiatus

Sources: read Steel Ball Run again you cretin and actually take your time without speedreading

Fin.

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⁵⁷ There are some retards who claim that he is just spouting buzzwords to spare his own life, but why would he throw away his genuinity when he knows that he is going to die?

Griffith did Nothing Wrong Really

Inspired by anon's brilliant essay above I feel obligated to lay out some simple arguments in defense of a character I see demeaned much more often than Funny Valentine (who is wholly innocent)⁵⁸. Griffith is accused of rape and murder, but the evidence supporting these claims is ambiguous at best and almost wholly the product of fools whose imaginations allow them to hide from truth and avoid advancing beyond their vain preconceptions.

Did Griffith murder The Band of the Hawk? No he did not. He sacrificed them, which is different. Even if you consider Griffith to be a murderer, you must at least acknowledge one degree of separation between him and those he killed, as the killing itself was performed by monsters. Now, what is Griffith in relation to the band of the Hawk? He is their commander. Whenever the commander of any division of troops makes a decision, he must recognize that he is sending a significant portion of those troops to be killed.

What is a military commander? Any military force is a political force. The militaristic manifestation of political will is of course working towards an end to which the conflict is irrelevant, conflict is never an end unto itself. A commander that goes to war and loses 90% of his army but succeeds in destroying his opponents is not necessarily an unsuccessful commander. A commander that is defeated or fails to achieve his political objectives but only loses 10% of his army is necessarily an unsuccessful commander.

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⁵⁸ I do not use /a/ so I can't comment on any of the discussion that goes on there. The above anon makes reference to Griffith but I can't confidently discern from this what /a/ or aboveanon's opinion is in regards to his innocence. I assume that the soyboy wojack is supposed to represent a Berserk fan that thinks Griffith did nothing wrong but nonetheless condemns Funny Valentine, this would not necessitate aboveanon believing that Griffith did anything wrong, only that to him the idea of a person considering the former to be good and the latter to be bad is laughable.

The Band of the Hawk was always an extension of Griffith's will. His charisma transformed them from a mercenary band to an army for the nation of Griffith. Whenever a member of tBotH died in one of the conventional battles throughout The Golden Age arc, they were dying for the sake of either themselves, Griffith's interest, or the interests of the regent for Griffith fought. After Griffith is captured, the members of tBotH that remain are no longer fighting for personal interest⁵⁹ and certainly not for the regent's interest. Consequently, those that chose to remain with tBotH are fighting for Griffith and the continuation of his will.

Since the soldier entering battle cannot be certain of his continuing life or death, a conservative interpretation of their state is practically death, with life after the battle being incidental. Every member of tBotH states through his action "I have died so that Griffith may will". So when his men die for him (and many of them die defending him from Wyald) this is not viewed by the typical reader as unjust⁶⁰. The eclipse was simply death-in-battle by another means, metaphysically it is the same. The men were naturally distressed by the appearance of grotesque monsters but this thin veneer of lacking consent does not change the underlying dynamic.

In regards to Griffith and Casca, there was no rape. Casca wanted it⁶¹.

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⁵⁹ Unless you count personal interest in the Sternerian sense.

⁶⁰ Nobody complains about those killed by Wyald, it's truly ridiculous how short-sighted some readers are.

 $^{^{61}}$ Read Schopenhauer's On Women before attempting to refute this.

My very own Theory of Political Science

I sure hope I managed to scrub any personal references from this before posting

I was told not to be a politics fag but...

What can I say, I wanted to contribute and this is the only thing of substance that I have written during lockdown that was not for a class

Skip 16 pages to not read, you're welcome

Summary:

The world is one of finite resources, which individuals compete with one another to possess. In order to better compete, they form organizations with those whom they know and trust, and with whom they share a common interest. These organizations either appropriate or invent identities, which form the aforementioned individual. These organizations act on the command of their elites, who are restrained by the desires of the many individuals which the organization they command is composed of. These desires include first the base desire for safety and wealth, but also the desires to serve and grow the myriad of identities which are the foundation of the individual. Through alliance, cooption, and subjugation a hierarchy of these identities are enforced within a larger group, a cadre of more or less hereditary elites are found to lead each group, and a generally stable "super-group", or nation, is formed. The nation is formed to a size considered secure by its members, and forms the basis for a relative stability in life.

This nation, thus organized, enters the stage of history where it competes with other nations for resources and identity affirmation (aka "glory"). In the course of this competition both economic and psychological circumstance changes, as the pressure of competition produces greater technology, greater men and women, and induces ever larger

organizations/alliances to be formed. Some of these larger groupings fail, as they try to collect too many divergent identities and competing interests. In this way by being a friend of all they become a friend of none. Others fail not by internal disunity, but by failing to compete with external rivals, and thus find themselves crushed and discarded by nature. Still others succeed beyond simple survival, either by growing their own numbers, absorbing weaker identities, or the military-economic domination of others. In this way history has played itself out, discovering various avenues of strength, discarding the failures, and ultimately forcing humanity to advance in every way by the simple mechanic of competition.

This brings us to today. What we see on the map today are various degrees of success, both ancient and recent. Despite this the Great Competition is not yet played out: the victors of a thousand years face off against each other as they never have before, with advancements in economics bringing globalism into reality and financial elites into unheard of prosperity. Yet, just as they always have, coalitions of identity and interest will form together and fall apart, individuals will compete and organize to better do so, and dreams of universal peace, enlightenment and prosperity will once again be dashed. To predict just how and when it will happen however, one must look at <u>cultural history</u>, elite <u>psychology</u>, and <u>dismal economics</u> as they relate to the many groups which make up a modern nation. Put together these three elements determine what action a state will take. Understanding this process is important for both predicting what other nations or organizations will do, as well as influencing ones own into action which one prefers.

The above statement summarizes both my conception of history and my methodology for current analysis. It also makes many claims, which must be further supported or developed. This is what the below will attempt to do. I underline the important concepts or conclusions, and then seek to further develop them in the paragraphs below.

First, there are three natural laws which I have found in life:

Everything is unequal: in ability and potential and everything else.

<u>Everything is in competition</u>: if it consumes resources of any kind, then it is in competition with all others.

Only the fit survive: the price of repeated and sustained failure is death.

To put it simply, The Survival of the Fittest is the first law which I have seen in the world, and the one from which all others stem. I see natural inequalities in people, in animals, in ideas, in all things. We are born unequal in natural ability, unequal in location and unequal in attitude. However, we are all in the same competition for resources. This includes the basics of life: food, water, shelter, etc. but they also include more abstract things like competition for mates, for prestige, for what one feels is "right".

What all these objects of competition are, however, is ultimately the same: the material which keeps us physically functioning and able to reproduce. All other things, such as companionship or moral absolution, are matters of psychology which serve to further our ability to compete in this arena. The fact that humans are smart enough to convince themselves to do things for non-material ends does not change this.

In business, in nature, and ultimately in politics this competition is not frivolous, and must be taken seriously. This is because the consequences of failure can be dire, and the rewards of success can be great. While true death is rare it is not impossible, and life as the poor subject of another is hardly a prize. I will discuss this more in depth later.

<u>Individuals band together to better compete:</u> cooperation is necessary, but do not think there is an end to competition.

<u>Individuals best cooperate with those they have a mutual understanding of</u>: Cooperation is doomed if one cannot trust those to whom they are allied.

In yet another physical necessity, individuals must band together and limit their individual freedom and interests in order to better compete in general. When it comes to securing resources and producing offspring (the two basics of survival) a group beats an individual every time.

I suspect that the most natural and effective organization is that of the "tribe": an extended family unit guided by its patriarchs. This is the group which humans functioned in for most of our history. However, this unit is too small to effectively compete in a world which constantly changes and grows. In order to compete with others a further network of alliances must be built up,

so that the individuals composing them may avoid being subjugated or deprived of resources for another's gain.

The psychology of identity is what holds any group together: While pure self-interest may work for a time, only feelings of affection and familiarity can induce people to make sacrifices for each other, and thus hold together for long.

An individual is a collection of identities: expanded on below

Only the individual acts: while systems may become complex, and people may seem to act in groups, it is ultimately only the individual which chooses what physical changes they will inflict upon the world, and it is individuals who choose how they will react to it.

Identity is a matter of psychology, and it permeates us to the point that we often don't even realize its effects. Those groups which have formed in history and today are almost never economic or purely pragmatic in nature: they are instead a result of proximity, familiarity and compatibility with those around an individual. Those who generally fit the bill are family and locality, as they will share much of the same values and experiences as yourself. This is of course dependent on a level of mutual support in a given collection of people. This is because, while identity is psychological and thus cannot be fully objective, it must serve a practical and objective purpose: the common advancement of its members in the great competition. If it fails this for long enough its individual members will rebel against it, either breaking or reforming the old identity along more competitive lines.

Any larger grouping, though is starts out as a coalition of smaller groups and their identities, must form an identity of its own in order to survive the jealousy of its members. But I suspect that our "tribal" identities, meaning those who are genetically and culturally closest to us, will always lurk under the surface of any alliance or coalition, no matter how long lasting the larger identity may be. But that is pure speculation.

While I see the foundation of any organization to be the individual, I see the individual as something collective and historical. Let me explain.

An individual is best defined as a manifestation of multiple identities, which are collective by their very nature. These many identities each hold their own demands and traditions by which they are perpetuated, which the individual is compelled to fulfil. The individual does this with the tools he/she is given: the intelligence, strength, and character which they were born with. These tools in turn have their own demands, mostly of the physical necessities for life which have been the ultimate focus of my analysis until now. Some of these are earned through our actions, others were handed to us, but in either case they all form their own identity and all inform my decisions to some degree. Not only that, but we are in serves to them as they make up our individual identities, and any attempt at self-affirmation, or even egotism, will either directly or vicariously feed these identities. At times the identities may clash, either with each other or with my own human greed, but they construct us regardless.

I have found this collage of identities forming an individual to be the same with many other individuals, and am extrapolating that it is common to all of humanity. Thus, the basic duality is present in us all: the desire to immediately be satisfied by (relatively) basic things and the desire to affirm, protect and serve the several identities which tell us who we are and why we continue on. Only the individual acts. But it is foolish to think that he acts for himself alone.

Finally, it may seem circular that identity creates people, even while people create identity. However, this is the reality of it. I am not presuming to understand just how identity evolves, but I am assuming that identity and the attachment people have to them are fundamentally conservative: most people want to maintain their identities and will see outside influences on them as an attack. Yet the expression, the values, and the aesthetics of that identity are more or less malleable, and change over time. Thus, the identity will change over time either because of or despite the individuals who are part of it, and the individuals who form the group are molded by it at the same time. The exact interplay between the individual and the identity must be further understood for this theory to become more complete, but for now let it be understood that both influence the other, that we are born into identities which have developed

over decades if not centuries, and that while an individual cannot survive without an identity an identity can very often survive the loss of an individual.

All groups function on a hierarchy: Even in informal and small groups there is a pecking order which grants greater weight to the actions of those higher placed. In larger groups this hierarchy tends to become more formalized and ridged.

Elites will always rise to the top of these hierarchies: those who are naturally more fit for a leadership role, whatever those traits may be, will eventually rise to the top of their groups.

The children of elites will often grow to fill their parent's role: because of inherited traits and access to greater resources earned by their parents, as well as stable continuity of leadership being advantageous, all long lived groups will develop an elite "class".

Competent people, whether as individuals or as groups, tend to rise in status and power regardless of the artificial barriers placed on them by others. One need only look to the Jews as an example: often they were banned from an industry because they would drive locals out of business by their productivity, and yet they would apply themselves to other activities and form effective and relatively wealthy communities despite the prejudice. The Germans, the Chinese and the Japanese have had similar experiences: despite legal and social discrimination the talented and diligent will outperform and rise above the rest.

This principal applies to individuals as well, who through their superior skills rise to positions of influence, and eventually of command, in their groups. Their children or disciples then will carry the torch of their forefathers, and eventually form a cadre of semi-hereditary elite. Though elites will be the general coordinators and commanders of any given group, they are not untouchable: they must contend with other elites, with their own superiors in whatever hierarchy they are in, and most importantly they must be satisfactory to whatever group/identity they are the head of. The position of an elite is often good, but it is rarely safe. It is for this reason that even in dictatorships a level of power sharing and negotiation is inevitable.

As competition continues, people seek an advantage, and thus things change: In the pursuit of better weapons we discovered how to work iron, in defense of themselves the Israelites bound 12 tribes to one king, in search of profit land was charted and developed. All of these things changed the political landscape.

The trend towards larger and more centralized groups is a natural result of competitive change: Fundamentally, more is better. Small and dedicated organizations may be able to do more per person, and few empires were won by force of numbers alone, but ultimately having more people on your side is what wins battles, markets and cultural exchanges with regularity.

The interaction between groups such as is described by paragraph two of the summary took place in limited areas, often defined by how much territory a given groups numbers can effectively control. While there may have been knowledge of outside forces most disputes were local, and contended with local rivals. However, people's numbers grew and alliances were made, causing families to form tribes, tribes to form kingdoms, and kingdoms to form empires. By bringing more people and land into one's alliance of groups/identities all would, theoretically, be more powerful and secure. As time went on ever larger groups were created, and larger groups of people began to hold common identities to match.

I must add however, that though I have mostly used positive examples, there is no guaranty that these methods will be used, or even be competitive. A cadre of elites may choose to oppress a lower class of individuals in order to enhance their own power and luxury. One group may seek to enslave another group. The psychology of a given people may be one of defeatism and resignation. In all likelihood there will be examples of both kinds in a large super-group, providing no easy answers yet again. What I am placing before you are principles, which I have underlined: There will be inequality, there will be competition, there will be selfishness, there will be "narrow minded" identity, there will be elites, and there will be no peace. But the first step towards true improvement is giving up on utopia.

An organization cannot grow too large An organization must not be fractured Identities do not play nice with each other: they demand an uncompromising defense and are slow to accept compromise. While it is true that the nature and expression of identities change, if it is felt either by the elites or the people that social change is occurring thanks to a new, outside force, it will often react violently.

If a group within a super-group (a group made up of smaller groups) feel that elements of it are unfairly taking advantage of them, or they feel that the super-group identity is becoming a threat to their own, they will fight back with whatever means are at their disposal. If the larger group should fail to either suppress or mollify this group, then it will lead to civil war, where new organizations spring up to defend threatened identities. These organizations will be composed of those who strongly adhere to these identities, thus encouraging radicalization.

These organizations of identities within the super-group, new and old, will eat each other until one either dominates the others through force, thus augmenting their strength to competitive levels through imperial exploitation, or a new coalition of groups forms and begins the proses of identity building again. This new coalition will almost certainly be more similar to each other than the old coalition was, both culturally, geographically, and genetically. And again, reality is messy: In all likelihood there will be secessionist, reformist and reactionary movements all competing for the same smaller identities, and these identities will form and reform alliances with others until some kind of stability is reached. Regardless, far too many resources will be spent on finding that stability, leading to external forces gaining ground.

The larger and more diverse a group is, the more points of friction it will have, and thus more likely such a disintegration becomes. The exact kinds of friction are for another paper.

An organization must not be too small

An organization must not be too unified

This is why I reject totalitarian government: it attempts the impossible. The basis of totalitarianism is that the people can all be united, or become "one thing" under a single identity. This can be race, nation, religion, class, or any other identity. It then tries to make a monopoly for that identity, either seeking

to destroy its rivals or reduce them to organs of itself: not man and woman, but mere humans. Not Christianity but Positive Christianity. Not Russian or Ukrainian, but proletarians of the Soviet Union. To truly accomplish this is not possible, even if for no other reason than economic competition between individuals, and it will ruin a people if attempted. Its ruin will either be found through failing to compete with more open societies and their allies or though stifling its own potential by ceasing internal competition and change. 62

Of course, the smaller the nation, or the smaller the identity, the weaker it will be. Some may find niches which allow them to act beyond their numbers, but for the vast majority, less is not more. Having sufficient numbers is the first road to strength, which must be taken before any other road is walked.

Therefore, nations must balance between internal cohesion and external competition

Internal parts of an organization will always hold competing interests and will not fully trust one another. If there is not a strong enough outside competitor these internal conflicts will rise to the forefront, and the alliance will splinter. But if the organization is too small, then it will not be able to compete with the larger entities on the world stage. Finding a pragmatic and competitive balance between these two is the first duty of the statesman.

An identity may die, either through reduction of numbers or by being subsumed into a larger group

I discussed the dissolving of a coalition above, but in truth that is merely the reassertion of older, smaller identities. I suggest that true death of such a "tribal" identity is either because the individual members become consumed by another tribe in a synthesis, or because the number of individuals comprising the identity falls to a negligible amount.

As cultures interact and ideas are spread, there is a mutual changing in the norms and traditions of an identity. However, it remains separate by blood

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⁶² Totalitarianism does not demand something become one thing. It demands something act like one thing. This can easily be accomplished through incentives. If you do something that hurts the collective/state you are punished. Your conclusion is correct. But only because Totalitarian states interfere in the economy too much.

and history, and often by geography. This change is also not equal: more advanced peoples will leave a larger mark on the less advanced. Regardless, the two unique groups begin to act more similarly over time, and economic forces affect them in very similar ways, and as such two unique peoples live closer together, or even side by side as circumstance forces them into new arrangements. The young of each side, which have been removed from their tradition bound past and into a new and young circumstance either by economics or warfare, begin to interbreed with each other despite their elders wishes. This, over time, leads to a synthesis of the two identities. However, I must once again stress that this is not a function of two relatively equal groups. This is the process by which an identity which is weaker (in numbers, sophistication, or wealth) is consumed by the stronger. Though the stronger group is also changed by the act, it is not nearly to the level that the weaker is, and it can often be seen as the final stage of imperialism, rather than the final stage of peaceful trade.

Additionally, one must not think the above process is inevitable. It requires there to be a significant disparity of strength. It requires both the stronger and the weaker parties to be open to change and intermarriage. Even when placed in physical proximity for centuries, if one side rejects the ideas and people of another, then they will remain separate. Think of the Jews and Gypsies of Europe, the Islamic Arabs of India, or the Amerindians of the USA. Some may leave the reservation, but most remain themselves. But when the conditions of pressure, similarity, and tolerance are met an identity may fade from the history books as it is subsumed into a larger and more powerful group.

The other way in which an identity may die is a reduction in its numbers. Regardless of how poor or powerless a people may be, so long as they have numbers they will survive. The reduction of numbers can of course happen in many ways. Famine, pestilence and war are old favorites, another is the loss of an anchoring object. Christians chopping down sacred trees in Germany did not convert the pagans by itself, but it did make maintaining paganism significantly harder, until paganism was destroyed. There was not necessarily any interbreeding or death necessary in this, for this particular identity was not tied to blood, but to a psychology. The veneration of shrines

and replication of rites could be effectively replaced, or at least modified, by a Christian set of ideas. In any case the reduction of numbers is what decisively ended the identity, and the same will happen to any identity which loses its numbers in any fashion.

Please dont shoot a child or something

The above has been an attempt to understand the makeup of nations and the march of history. The below is an attempt to understand the current functioning and future actions of nations today.

The keys to understanding and predicting the actions of nations are these-

Find what sub-groups form the coalition of a given nation:

Study the "cultural history" of these groups. Economics tells us how a man may act, religion tells us how a man should act, but only history tells how man does act, and has for years. Thus, in order to predict how a people will react to or perceive events in the future, one should study what they have done and said in the past. The general nature of a group can be divined from this, and future actions can be extrapolated from it. When something happens, or something may happen, the subgroups of a nation will most often react to it in a way similar to the past. Not necessarily in the final actions taken by individuals of the group, but in the psychology which brought them to those actions.

Does this include the general nation or super-group which is being studied? In short, no. I see many nations which pretend to be a homeland for one people, or who promote certain traits/values as being intrinsically theirs, but in fact all modern nations are large enough and diverse enough that any "national character" is all but useless. It may be true that many of the subgroups composing a nation are similar in these ways, and absolutely true that some exceedingly broad identity (and thus similarity) must unite them all, but there are sufficient exceptions that a unified national character is almost always a dream. Smaller units/identities however will have a character developed over time, and it is these smaller groups which can effectively influence. A large group is almost never united in the actions they take, and as such unified action is generally carried out at the behest of a few subgroups who have obtained the

tacit acceptance of the rest. But opposition can always be found, even if it is suppressed by the acting groups.

Find who the elites are of these groups:

We cannot hope to understand the individual psychology of millions of people, but we don't have to. Instead in the study of the subgroups above one should be able to identify the cadre of elites which lead them. By studying the psychology of the current elites of a nation, generally politicians, businessmen, generals and activists, you can predict what they will do in a given situation. And it is their actions which will be the most if not the only relevant actions taken. Thus, understanding both the individual psychology and the commitments of the elite individual is vital to understanding the actions taken by states.

<u>Understand the economics of each of these groups:</u>

What we want to do and what we can do are very different things. Economics is the dismal science, but it is no less important, and understanding an individual or a group's place in the economy is vital to knowing what resources they have to work with, and what compromises they will have to make to get more. Thus, one should seek to understand the recent economics of a given group as far as they can.

By putting together an understanding of the several subgroups places in the social hierarchy of a nation, understanding the economic strength of the nation in general and the subgroup in particular, and knowing which elites control what, a full picture can be formed of the nation as a whole, and so it can be better predicted and better attacked or defended against.

If you think this all sounds impossible for a single person to accomplish even for a small nation, then you are correct. The place of an International Relations policy maker is not to know by heart the details of every nation, it is to coordinate those who do. It is to learn that the leader of Tanzania has expressed interest in a proposed "East African Federation", and to then understand that they must find the interests of the smaller groups which have a place in Tanzanian government and society. To find the people who know or can otherwise report on the motivations of the elites who lead these groups and those who know the history of these groups, and to find an economist who can

give a review of Tanzania's economy.

While hardly easy, it is possible to compile and organize this information. With said information IR policy can be made with some understanding both of the immediate situation and the likely future. And it is only with this that the policy maker can "see" what consequences his actions may have, and ensure that what actions he does take serve to further the interests of those groups which he serves. Though of course, reality is never so nice as to bow to theory, and so all the usual complications must be expected. Oh well.

I have made plenty of theory about how to analyze and how governments "work", but I have not provided many actionable conclusions from the above. For the remainder of this paper that is what I shall try to do, along with poke some holes in my own theory.

There is no good answer to this conundrum: How tight knit may a group be before it is too small to compete with its rivals? How general can an identity be before it loses all potency? These and other fundamental questions in political science have no set answers, and the best solution will always shift like sand. However, I can make a few basic recommendations.

Do not place people of very different Race, Religion, or Culture together. Diversity, though inevitable, invites costly infighting. If possible, seek to trade and cooperate with your neighbors, but leave the actual population centers alone. Free movement of goods and of capital, but not of people.

Keep the distribution of wealth relatively equal. If one group feels that it is being exploited infighting will result. I know that this is both a contradiction of market economics and of my own competition principal, but for the sake of long-term unity sacrifices must be made.

Accept rivals and outsiders as just that: rivals and outsiders. Dreams of universal peace or of "human brotherhood" will only fail in time. While seeking to enlarge one's alliance/group is an acceptable strategy, it is also a risky one. Failure will mean a breakdown of relations and costly infighting.

The state is not an economic institution, to be governed by economic interest. It is the organization of a community: a collection of similar people who identify with each other. If this is forgotten, the separate identities will

form their own organizations and protections, whatever cost that has on the greater competition. Survival over comfort is a trait of all competitive people.

Maintain respect for the elderly and the past in general. History is the only road to the present, and the present is the start of the future. The traditions and identities which may seem anachronistic to the educated elite are the result of thousands of years. Reform>revolution.

While I have rejected totalitarianism, this does not imply liberty or tolerance are the solution. If only it were so simple. The distribution of power is only another aspect of the principle of competition. There must be some level of competition within a group, simply to be in line with human nature and also to foster the abilities and desires of the people into innovation and risk taking. However, in-group competition must also be suppressed to a degree, so that the group may better compete with outsiders. This is, again, the basic dualism. In some times democracy is better, in others authoritarians are. This is not a question of philosophy or morality, but of practicality: what structure and elites are best able to protect, encourage, and lead the competitiveness of a group in the immediate to near future? Depending on the history, economics and psychology of a group, the answer will vary.

The only true enemy of a mankind are those ideas which prey on the weakness of people's psyche, and convince them that competition itself is the enemy. Embracing such ideas will poison any group, allow it to be taken over by petty or utopian despots, and eventually lead to their destruction at the hands of those who continue to embrace the competitive principle, whether those groups come from without or within. These ideas continue to survive despite their inability to win in absolute terms because they feed off of necessary human qualities. These qualities include compassion, a sense of fairness, a desire for peace, kindness, and other attributes which are absolutely necessary for a functioning society. But because humans are so damn smart, they will do incredibly stupid things, and will confuse means with ends. It must also be said that the extremes of competition are little better: hatred, pride, ambition and aggression are all fine things if used properly, but in excess they lead to ineffective action and self-harm.

I term those ideas, actions, and the groups which propagate them, as "degenerate" if they reject the competitive principal and prey upon the hedonism or weakness of the human spirit. I term "fanatic" those ideas, actions, and groups which seek the immediate triumph of their identity or desires via the total destruction of their rivals, or who seek others destruction before their own gain. Communists and fascists both fail to fall within these two extremes.

If a state becomes too enamored with tolerance or otherwise becomes too indulgent to effectively fight such ideas and groups, then it is justifiable for any group within said state to attempt secession, or replace the state with a different core of elites through coup or revolution. It is ultimately a matter of self-defense for all involved. Incidentally, I do not think the USA has yet reached this point, though I do think its laxity in allowing degenerate ideas to fester in its educational institutions is criminal.

Another conclusion I reach is that people do improve, or at least they change. The past is filled with commonplace atrocities and human folly. The state of nature is that of war by all against all. By the development of religion and culture, of ethics and stability, the standards of the earth have increased and men have become better. But once again, one must not be fooled into thinking this was done for its own sake. It was done because it is competitively advantageous, and if our modern western ethics should ever cease to be victorious, they will be swept away like dust.

While it is true that not all nations are equal, all modern nations are deserving of respect, as they still exist where thousands before them no longer do. We should look for the strengths in these survivors, even while acknowledging their weaknesses.

Egoist individualism and selfless universalism are both crimes against nature and degrading to the self. Every virtue and every vice exists for the same reason: the advancement of the individual and their tribe. Thinking any virtue or vice is an end unto itself is degeneracy.

Christianity follows what I above called degenerate lines of thought. It seeks an end to pain and suffering, weakness is seen in a positive light, giving up on advancement in the world is moral, and what power or wealth you do have is a temporary gift meant to help others. Regardless of where they come

from or what they have done. Release from desire and near unlimited forgiveness are encouraged as well. Yet it has become very successful on its own, and the nations which have adopted it have also been quite successful. Therefore, it seems that either Christian success is a result of sustained hypocrisy and ignoring the less useful parts of scripture, or I do not have a full enough understanding of Christianity, or what I see as "excesses stemming from human frailty" are actually more competitively viable than I give them credit for. Given how these things tend to go, it's probably all three and two other things I failed to think up.

The ultimate end of Christianity is spelled out in revelations, where God will replace this world with a new one, one where there is no hatred or suffering and all are before God. Obviously, the fundamental laws of that utopia are different from the laws governing this earth, and thus I will leave that world to itself. In this world however it does not seem that Godly favor extends to nations, if the fate of the Jews is anything to go by. Thus, I feel it is only responsible to view how the world works now, and to play by those rules. Christianity therefore must continually be a minority of people, who will act as "the salt of the earth", selflessly easing the burden of all. But if it should grow into a mass movement or a national religion, then it shall either be corrupted beyond recognition or it shall render its people uncompetitive and doom them in this present world.

There are those who claim they do not strongly identify with anything, and that their idea of morality or otherwise ethical behavior either does not come from an identity, or is "simply human". However, humanity is far too broad a group to be meaningful, except when we are faced by some disaster like atomic annihilation or the worst possibilities of climate change. Assuming that they are better judges of themselves than I am, my theory has very little answer to these people without a history. Assuming that I do understand them better than they do, they are in a self-destructive denial of their own nature. Yet they persist.

Another of the great weaknesses I see in this theory is its blindness to institutions. The legal and traditional institutions of political and economic power play a role in decision making. While it is true that in the long-term

institutions are so much paper, and they are undermined in the short term as well, I am unable to simply dismiss them entirely. However, I do not know how to fit this into my theory without invalidating the core of organic and cynical competition which it rests on. I can only conclude that this is my own failure.

Obviously, there is more that could be said about this theory. The many ways it could be interpreted by ideology, or what it means for individual human morality for instance. And of course, one of this document's great weaknesses: it says much about what *could* be, but it provides very little tangible proof of what *is*. Additionally, I do not argue why this way of looking at things is better than other theories. But this document has to end somewhere and I have to study for International Relations finals, so here is where it will end.

Constipation

He needed to shit or so his body was telling him. He visualized going to the bathroom and sitting on the toilet like a fucking idiot. Waiting for the impossible. Waiting for his body to expel the hot foul-smelling byproduct that would be his lasting contribution to the world. Inwardly he seethed with rage, ashamed of his pain. "How in God's name is my body this poorly constructed?"

Kinslayer returns with new material

A! Readers, writers, and fellow retards. What pleasure it fills me to see such disjointed creativity, and what bemusement to see the stillsame seethers as the rage against their betters. Keep on! And before this weekend is even over, on the lord's day, this work shall be consecrated!

The lack of adversity and push in youth – yeah fuck that; was going to write some bs on how the youth aren't pushed to excel much anymore (at least not in the way I want them to be) and use that to transition into some weird brag on how I read Kant at fourteen, I didn't get much and propelled myself to glut on books for the previous two years. I love Christ, the content and character of books, and not much else really, I'd say women, but most are repulsive.

My only hope is to push on with my forlorn narrative, and tell you how I came to kill my brother.

This second sighting of that imperious man I mentioned last time, and our first interaction, of which I am about to tell, was at the very same inn I had been leaving during the initial glimpse. The Rotten Fly. A truly horrid name, as I'm sure you can tell, but the beer served there was the least watered down, and, needing some way to numb myself to the area, it was my best hope. And so, sitting in solitude upon a chair, with no table to accompany us, I was borne upon St. Chair and accepted into the folds of the parish (the community that is). Through many, many, drinking games and ribald songs, I was unfortunately becoming one of the wider known members of the community, but being of the mostly puritan mien, and truthfully a stranger even to my beerfellows, I was cast in a whirl of loneliness the instant I would deign to pass out of that inn's door.

Passing through the door of which I just spoke, He strode along the empyreal plane he made with his thunderous footfalls; Harsh echoes of a forlorn mind, resounding within my very own, the calls to kinship that sprung

me to heedless actions; In a stupor of joy and drink I called "Hullo sir, would you do me the pleasure of sharing in my, although pitiful, fully forthcoming, company? It would bring me grea-"

"No."

It was a no. But I knew it to not be defeat. Passing among that wave of indifferent anger, I pushed forward with outcry "Why do you speak to me in such a tone, does thought of me disgust you so! Or rather, are you more disturbed by the offer than the offeror?" He ignored my query entirely, preferring, rather judiciously, to completely ignore my being. No tit-for-tat, or anything of the sort, occurred for the rest of the evening - I found myself strangely isolated from those I'd so often spoke to, their glares a solemn solace that, yes, I was still there and present.

The sun began to sink below the black depths of the pacific, visible through the consciously clean windows spread about the inn. The one through which the dangling sun could be seen lowering was just opposite me, was latticed into four squares of equal size. The cross that separated the panes cast a shadow upon me, sending two black lines across my face. I worried that over time my image would be tanned in a manner to permanently draw a Crucifix upon my face. But still I sat there, watching the orb of yellow and pink hues, fat on idle lionization of the masses.

Fluted gold streams flowed through, angling off the glass into obscure fractions, decimated upon the wooden plains and within the spaces of human time, they faded grey – and finally, black.

On Islam

Of all the practices and beliefs of Islam, apostasy killings, brutal sexism, violence, and slavery of non-believers to believers - and believers to the practices (Five prayers a day is absurd for the common man, only monks or other such devotees should do so) – the most despicable to me is the near idolisation of the kabbala and the Qur'an. The ignorant conflation of material and spiritual, divine and impure, leads to a bastardised belief; holding the physical books, mere copies of THE Qur'an (Ignoring corruption therein, which wouldn't even be a heretical belief, the idea of the Qur'an and the divine tablets that Allah has would undeniably be protected and incorruptible as belief decrees, to suggest that humanity still has a copy of that "divine perfection" is too idyllic, and downright wrong!), mere replicants threaded through the minds of many before sown onto paper, to be divine on their material holdings. The Qur'an, as a physical book, must be revered, held above *physically* and spiritually. A Qur'an cannot be placed physically below any other book on the shelf. WHY? Would it corrupt it? Of course not, if it was so susceptible to corruption then the touch of a human, inherently sinful would be infinitely more harmful than the ground of God's creation, besides, it's only a copy! Fanaticism abounds! It would not be so offensive to see, if I did not know that the western man has been subverted and lost his faith. Albeit it is returning in the face of realisation, but the insidious effects will remain. I almost wish for a new European war, a revolution, anything to ignite this tinder box long simmering.

Martin Luther puts it quite crisply, in his introduction to the first English Qur'an:

"The modesty and simplicity of their food, clothing, dwellings, and everything else, as well as the fasts, prayers, and common gatherings of the people that this book reveals are nowhere seen among us"

But;

"There are, I confess, also very many base and absurd things to be seen among the Turks,"

I've decided to record a few memorable quotes from myself, I asked my Friends to think of any, here shall they be recorded:

"The more I learn about Islam, the more I despise it."

"God for real giving me so many big wins this year. It must suck to be you!"

For only you, A Big Guy

A Kinslayer Critique

Hear me out, I never read the original Kinslayer, only "Kinslayer returns with new material" but I still think my opinion is valid despite never reading the original, and hopping on somewhere down the line of sequels.

The beginning of the story is immediately problematic, the narrator mentions a "second sighting" of an "imperious man" despite never before showing this man. Because of this, I have no idea who this man is, or why he is important, why this meeting matters, I just can't get invested into it.

Perhaps the strangest part is how it transforms into a theologist rambling halfway through.

Kinslayer, a rebuttal

Okay! I am listening! - Oh, right. Terribly sorry, I'll suppose I'll just go fuck myself. I am deeply sorrowed to inform you, and this is why I addressed you as "fellow retards", that that event of the first sighting is something that happens earlier in the narrative. Which unfortunately you did not encounter as you hopped skipped and jumped like and pebble in a pool. Now unfortunately, I, Kinslayer, cannot abide by this grievous insult to my grievous tale, and must ignore this criticism and carry on with the narrative. There, cretin, next time stay in your lane. Now watch! As I ride off apon my steed blacker than the voids of chaos, from whence a beastly man such as yourself must have come. Or else, you are a German, and a bothersome one even by their standards.

Kingslayer rides in on a horse, to tell us of how he slept, after his venerable man rejected his company

I slept fitfully that night. Drawn upon endlessly chained horses through mist dunes of dream, I lay still, entrapped within a ceaseless dance. Bridled, wrathful, alone. My own mind became my tormentor, conjuring tricks like a cheap miser, drawing blood from memories torn into abstract fallacies, more vivid and guilt-ridden than thin reality.

A memory from childhood: My father raging as a fire rose, its petals falling and stretching out, burnt out and within the house we lived in. The fires grew together, turning shades of purple and blue, forming first a shapeless clump. Then two stubby stretches reaching towards us, seeming arms but unadorned by hands or fingers. The fire became solid, a dark-wet clay, but quickly fell apart – for it had been made with no soul.

A regret from adolescence: Once again, a figment of my father, made from ignorant perception, is with me. We are both sitting at a table in some undistinguishable diner. The sonorous waves of some Slavic language falls upon my back, softly coming and going from the table behind. But between me and my patriarch is a strong silence, interrupted only once by the subtle intonations, "Marcus' anniversary is tomorrow.", "I know, father."

A tantalizing hope: A wholly different state than any of the others, written and unwritten. A satire of conscience drawing me to visualize a place for me, my own paradise. For the mind can make a heaven of hell and a hell of heaven. It is from Hell, that the great vaporous pull of my mind's eye dragged me, and began to erect great walls, halls golden roofed, each a Heorot in their own right. No solid form were they made, but thought and presence, gold of joy, not any metal. But before the construct was completed, the crashing fire spread again, and swallowed up my fancy.

- I miss it all - the adventure - the originality - unadulterated emotion. A state that has a burning sun, a gleaming sea. No sorrow, no weariness. Just an

overwhelming contentment for my helm and captain, a sensation of flavors, dropped upon my tongue by the sublime.

I consider them all to be nightmares.

**

The sway dreams had over me broke when awoke. A soft silver light lit the room and looking to its source found that it was still night, midway through it, being lorded by the gibbous moon; A resplendent tear of silver stone, hanged in the sky and adorned by a crown of stars, drifted listlessly across the abyss; slowly sinking without a sound, lacking the obnoxious splendor of the sun, yet taking and enhancing what the solace did cast into its world.

Was I still asleep; perhaps, but only but in that limbo of waking-sleep.

Part something

I read books. From time to time, I feel like I am wasting my time. The sun watches me from above⁶³. The toilet bowl watches me from below. I laugh in the darkness of my basement at funny frog posts. I never post. I only lurk. I do not know what to write about in this novel, as you have already guessed my dear **per-spi-ca-cious** reader. I had no idea that word existed in english. Thanks American Heritage Dictionary, you are always helpful.

I guess I can write about a book I read lately. Does that sound good, highly esteemed reader? I read Pantagruel. This giant is the son of the giant Gargantua, who is the male heir of Grandgousier. I don't why he befriended that mean human named Panurge. He wanted to form a beast with two backs with a woman with a higher status in Paris. She refused his advances and he did not take her rejection lightly. What did Panurge do about this situation? He perfumed her with a strong stench and all the dogs of Paris started to urinate with violent passion on her. They ruined her! That was very mean. Poor woman, she did not deserve that. Panurge is also funny sometimes. He said that a woman going bananas at mass meant she is downy in her fanny. Pfft hahaha! He also said that the best way to defend Paris was to build huge walls made of stenchy kallbistrises (an old way to express the female's sexual genital) with gonorrhea.

I urinate on Paris. Well I am sure I once urinated in Paris. Gargantua did use his gargantuesque tail to do so. It was torrential. An almost biblical deluge. Anyway, the book covers a lot of urinary and fecal matter.

schizophrenic but that's O. K.

⁶³ The Sun doesn't have eyes so it can't actually watch people. Even if it did have eyes it probably wouldn't be able to see anon from so far away. Anon is probably

My bladder is holding tightly urine
For the moment it is in
I release the internal gate
The torrent pushes its weight
What a bliss
I am urinating on Paris!
By François Rabelais, age 41 or 52

Gargantua had to choose between happiness and grief when his son was born and his wife had died due to complications. He made the right choice. Why should he be sad when God blessed him with a healthy son. He will meet her in heaven afterwards. Gargantua is a good father and Pantagruel is a good son.

I did not read anything before this part and I will not do so. Thank you for reading. Lastly, Sneed.

Pibble

Pibble did not like killing water, so he shat himself. YAY FOR PIBBLE. BARNABY'S SON DIED TO A CANCER MONSTER IN THE HOT UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUKCIN RETARD YEAAAAAAAAAAAAA AAAAAAAAAAA W000000000000000000000.If manage to reAD THIS, I will tell you now, that I am making a RPG⁶⁴ in RPG MAKER. CHANGE DA WORLDmy FINAL MESSA Fuck the lag on this document holy fucking shit how does anyone write on this I think you can't. Its pretty ok for me yeah honest im doing alright But are you sure that youre supposed to be here? Maybe this isn't for you. I know its not for me. I shouldn't be here. I have anxiety just having this tab open. My skin feels like fire looking at this page. Everything about my eyes right now hurts looking at these colors. I have one inch goosebumps all over my body. I won't stop convulsing. Im really really not supposed to be here right now. I dont think I should ever be here. Im not even sure how I got here to begin with. I don't know the premise to this document. People keep talking about lit and anon but I have no clue what these things mean. Im seriously going to close out of this and stop writing.

_

⁶⁴ Since he is not japanese, it is not actually a jrpg

Soñar despierto no es vivir, aunque a veces si... -Latam Anon

* 1

Upon my return I was beset by the appearance of a man. Decrepit and morose he studied me with the detachment of a man whose next thought is only in regards to his next meal. I wondered for a fractious half second if this was the man o had come to see. Yet I almost immediately dismissed this as ridiculous. This could not be him, just like the weather would not snow in the midst of July. It was simply unheard of.

I ignored him and he passed me by. A feeling of relief warred with the sense to check over my shoulder to see if he was following me. The man, who was surely homeless and a junkie would dwell on my mind a lot that first day; on whether or not he knew something that I, esteemed member of the community that I was did not.

The cafe was a hopping place of culture and no small wealth. Perfumed women in their large and equally fine coats sipped expensive coffee and their husbands pretended not to stare at the waitresses. I was there alone so I made no pretense and caught the eye of a girl as she was passing by. "A coffee, black, and as dark as you serve it, Miss. I smiled then because it's always nice to show that someone is appreciated, even if it's only their job. She busily but quite prettily smile in return and bustled off to fulfill my order. I removed my coat and sat, truly at peace with the world.

It was a three minute wait for my coffee, and a 10 minute further wait for my guest to make his arrival. He did so in his usual obsequious fashion, holding the door and fastidiously making sure he got in no-ones way. An odd man to be sure, and as he meekly made his way over I wondered distantly how his married life was. Resolving myself not to care for random strangers however was my late mother's gift to me and I put every odd bit of this man's composure out of my mind.

It was when he apologetically with a smile as sincere as a nun's frown finally sat at my table that I looked up from my phone. Horrible things, they provide us every excuse to be anti social but right then I wasn't feeling very sociable and the excuse or so graciously provided was appreciated.

"Mr. Dawson, good that you could make it." I was ever the host, as my mother has taught me. "I'm glad we're going to be able to put our heads together, so to speak."

He laughed, "God, Dawson was and is my dear father's name, please call me Jimmy, or Jim If you can't stomach that."

I was ever polite, "Alright then Jim, as you know.." I paused as the same pretty, auburn haired waitress took his order, glancing at my unabashed gaze a little shyly. He ordered his coffee sweetened, because _of course_ he did, the goddamn simpleton. I continued where I left off: "we're going to be creating several opportunities here in Seattle pending headquarters approval. I've even heard the government is in offering, and I think this time they're not, --how shall I put this, _bullshitting_ us." I slapped sincere smile # 4 onto my face and met his gaze squarely.

* 2.

"For what it's worth I'm sorry she died, no matter what my personal feelings are." His voice was the color of monochrome business envelopes and polished off white siding. None of what he said penetrated past that first layer of grief and she simply shook her head; mute with the trappings of grief. He continued on, as eager as she was for this to be over. "Now I know this is going to be hard for you, and I'd like to say once and for all that I'm sorry for what happened--truly I am. There's just simply no kind way to put it and be truthful to myself, so I'd rather not even try. I'm sorry for your loss but I'm not sorry I left when I did. I was a kid and I needed to get out of there and live life away from *her*."

His voice faded into silence

Day 31 of quarantine.. ate all the snacks and food.. clothes no longer fit.. but I'm still wearing gloves and mask for my protection.



The Last Question

The last question was asked for the first time, half in jest, some time unimaginably far in the past. It doesn't really have to be asked and frankly it's not exactly a question. But if you're willing, imagine it as the result of a bet between to two upstanding citizens of the Stone age:

Grug and Grug were two faithful attendants of the fire totem. As well as any cavepeople could, they understood the whims of their mercurous god. They knew by heart every grunt uttered in asking of Him, but deeper yet did they know each omen replied by His quick tongue of flame.

Their work was light, so naturally they spent their all-but-limitless free time sitting inside their cave, arguing over dead-end topics. They would scribble pictures in the dirt, grunting in an incestuous little language—a few ugly noises whose meaning was constantly changing and only known between the two of them.

In this way did Grug, one fateful day, manage to convince Grug that if he could swim across the river and back again (as he often pictorially boasted the ability), he would give Grug his portion of the morning's triceratops hunt. In the case that Grug returned unsuccessful, Grug would have to empty the piss-skins for the rest of the year. Grug was quick to accept (not that he would ever have admitted it to Grug, but Grug had always found the emptying of piss-skins to be satisfying in a meditative and, yes, somewhat sensual sort of way.)

So Grug witnessed Grug as he stood with his pale body illuminated under the lusty prehistoric sun against the deep whorish blue of the river. The image didn't much resonate with Grug; his mind was still on his next meal. Grug had left his share of the hunt-- a fine hambone cut-- safe inside a freshly emptied piss-skin on the off chance he might lose his bet. Contemplating the likelihood of the loss of his food (Freuditor's note: This thought betrays Grug's latent fear of emasculation), he missed the moment that, without so much as a grunt goodbye, Grug dove into the promiscuous depths.

Grug waited until the sun dipped provocatively below erotic Jurassic horizon before at last concluding that his bosom buddy was never to return. Head held low in knowledge of what he had done, Grug returned to his cave.

As he discovered, not even the shame of manslaughter was enough to stave off a bigboy appetite. Never before had he waited so long between meals, and frankly he was happy to have two portions, even through such tragic means. Weeping sloppily, he peeled open the meat-filled pouch of his piss-skin. To his dismay, he found the hambone to be putrid and inedible. This was not an issue he had encountered before.

Grug turned to the only thing he knew in this cruel seductress of a world. He spoke to his fire totem. The following was what he said in a few heavy grunts:

"What can be done about this kikery?"

At this point I could continue on. I could keep listing other times the last question was asked, making my way through time by way of shallowly sketched characters talking to shop-vacs in far-fetched futures and eventually dying as an undeserved hero of science-fiction "literature".

I think this space is better spent laying out an important point: when considering the last question (which is of course one and the same as the Jewish Question) the distinction must be understood between the physical Jew and the *metaphysical* Jew. While the former is (distressingly) easy to observe in our world, the latter is Semitic power that cannot be touched, heard, or even gassed out, but which all the same manages to poke its nose deeply into the annals of history.

When Grug returned to find his meat spoiled, he encountered only one face of the metaphysical Jew. There are others. Take as an example, friction, the goyish force which slowly robs all would-be-perpetual systems of their useful energy until they find themselves motionless. Or perhaps Schrodinger's cat, who, trapped in a gas chamber, can be either dead or alive as needed in order to politically benefit physicists. Yes, the metaphysical Jew burrowed as deep into reality as you might be willing to look. Think you've earned a good paycheck? Look closer and you'll find it's just empty space bound together by electromagnetic jewishness.

[insert more analysis of the physical laws, literature, art, etc. as it relates to the pervasive jewish nature of reality]

But what when the Jew has won? What when the tribe is all there is? And what can be done to stop it?

Matter and energy had been swindled away and with it space and time. Even He existed only for the sake of the one last question that had never been answered from the time Grug had asked it of Him nearly ten trillion years before. So, the Fire Spirit, one true god and last bastion of gentility, sat just outside of what one might call reality and thought for a very very veryyyyyyyy long time.

All other questions had been answered, but until this last question was answered, He could not release himself into sweet horny nothingness. All possible data was played with in all possible ways. He played with His knob too. He stared at a candle. He was really bored. He left no stone unstoned or whatever.

He thought for a little while longer. Just long enough to make the page breaks line up pleasingly.

At last, the Fire Spirit spoke:
"LET'S RETURN TO THE STORY"
And we returned to the story –

Story No. 82 - Written by Anon the Autist

It was a pleasant night to masturbate because the weather outside was just right. As I stroked my cock back and forth with the toilet paper which was wrapped around as it was part of my right arm work out routine. Tonight's fap was dedicated to *Candaules, King of Lydia, Shews his Wife by Stealth to Gyges, One of his Ministers, as She Goes to Bed*, painted by William Etty. I could not stop looking at how thicc Nyssia's ass was. There was something about the parameters of the ass that reminded me of black strippers on /s/ threads.

As I was climaxing, I kept thinking to myself how lucky Nyssa's husbands were. But then I pondered to myself "Who was in here?" Was it Candaules, for whoring his wife to Gyges? Or was it Gyges for killing his friend over puss puss. I kept asking myself what would I have done in his situation. If the woman with the most phattest ass in all of Lydia came up to me and asked me to be her King to rule all of Lydia in exchange for killing her husband, I probably would have done it. Not to mention that she would have had me killed if I did not do what she ordered.

Then all happened, for at this moment that I cummed. Another mark of damnation for me. In an earlier time, I would have felt very awful about the horrendous deed. However I was so dead inside that my violation of God's gift of reproduction did not phase me in the slightest.

I decided to browse a shitposting server on discord, because that is what all depressed faggots do. And as I scrolled down the general channel, I saw that terrible thing. The image of the cat. It was not just any ordinary cat, but rather, it was the sick cat that many anons love to spam. It cringed me just looking at it. The eyes of the cat had the appearance of two obsidian stones and had distinctive bags around them. The eyes were always watching me every move. The cat had a small mouth that smiled and from its sharp feline teeth was a drool that drizzled on the left hand side of the mouth. Such horror the wretched creature was. I have never seen something so unsettling. Not even a

Bulgarian was this ugly.

I decided to go offline and turn off my laptop. For only did I wish not to see the ficked feline but also it was 4:18 in the morning, and I usually go to bed at 4:13 am. I popped 10 grams of melatonin and jumped to my bed and waited for Mopheous to creep upon my room and give me eternal sleep.

I woke up in cold sweat at night. I usually never wake up early unless the family retard was yelling for the whole house to hear. But it was still back at night for he only gets up every morning at 10:27 am. I tried to recall what I was just dreaming about. I recall that I was in a happy place at a happy time. I've lived another life with other experiences and memories. For this new life of tangled roads led me to that happy place. I have no recall of anything that I was or did, except that I was happy. Also I had a gf. That's important somehow. But alas, I was pulled out of that fantasy into the reality of the cold sweat in the dark all alone. As I continue to try and remember, my memories grew foggy and the remembrance game was over.

I picked up my phone from the floor and unplugged it from the charger. I decided to look at the time. As I turned my phone on, its clock read 13:67 am. I was shocked at how unorthodox the display of time was. But then I thought to myself "Must be a bug that will be fixed in the next update." I made a nervous laugh to myself.

I felt an erection in my underpants, for my snake needed to puke out the lemonade that is my urine. I walked out of bed and walked towards the hall bathroom. I took the roll of cum paper, now waddled in a ball to dispose of it as well. As I entered the bathroom, I dumped the paper ball or cum and tears to the toilet. I then proceeded to piss at it. I pretended that my penis was a war plane pissing on a naval ship full of my favorite race of people to hate. After a satisfying genocide, I flushed the comode and washed my hands. The soap may have cleaned my hands but they did not absolve me from the crimes I have made with them.

I walked out of the bathroom and headed towards my room. But right before I could get to the door, something stopped me in my tracks. I saw a miniature sigure in a small tuxedo holding a wine glass. It began to creep closer to me. A rendition of *Body and Soul* with Coleman Hawkins began to play. I

knew the song was his rendition because I recognized his saxophone playing. But the small figure did not dance. The grotesque thin just stood there holding its wine glass. As Hawkins begane to improvise, a spotlight was turned on and was shone directly at the figure. I saw the face and cried out in surprise for I have seen its face before for it was the cat in the meme. His black basket ball eyes stared at mine and would have followed me no matter the angle.

The cat began to dance. an odd way. They would move the paw that wasn't holding the glass and face it infront of me. The cat then tilted its head towards that paw and then proceeded to twirl around and do other old movements. All I could think to myself was "Is this real?" and "How does he do it?" At this point in time, I forgot all about the wine glass I mentioned earlier. Coincidentally, when the song was over, the cat stopped dancing. It took out a spoon and made three taps on his glass. He slowly opened his mouth that still had drool in the left side. Its crystal like teeth shone in the spotlight. And uttered a single word.

"Nigger."65

I gasped not because I was afraid of the word or black people, but rather the notion that this cat has the nword pass. How many black friends does this cat have? What barbecue was this cat invited to? Was it a black cat? These mysteries unfortunately will never be answered in my lifetime.

But before I could ponder my puzzlement even longer, a wormhole was opened and I slipped on the floor towards the hole and I tumbled into the purple haze of the abyss. As I was falling I saw the cat, now naked, floating in front of me with his face against mine. It spoke to me in a language I could not interpret. Then its voice was louder and it frightened me because I recalled a nightmare much like this when I was a baby. I could not describe the horror it was falling with this marsupial-like creature staring at me yelling unholy harmonies. The situation made me mad with fear. I could feel all my nerves in my body scream in agony like headless aztecs banging their heads into glass. Fear became blackness and took me to another.

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 $^{^{65}}$ Yes I know, so clever and original. NIGGERCAT XD. Fucking kill me please. I want to fucking kill myself.

Why did you do that to my monkey?

And a vibrant discussion therein

I was the first person to write on this document. Me and a few other Anons had things posted on the first page that wasn't the title. Since somebody in the few hours I have gone deemed it worthy of deletion, I will be putting the screenshot here so it has an individual part in the final. I don't think this was ever worthy of deletion anyway. I'll also have you know somebody else censored "shit" and "OP"; this was later replaced by a lighter, gray censor (also not done by me). Somebody later made the sneed greentext even smaller; point 1 font. The last message came as a response to me.

That set was unbelievable O. Anyway thanks for making a new one. I'm glad I could be the first to write in it. Thanks for hosting too.

**Li stop sneed posting bros <3 >bros >bros >sneedposting >>>bt/ > you can't use 2 boards >using hil > fair enough deau >thinking the sneedposter is from hill yikes

>I just wanted to finish my essay in peace

Wow thanks op i am ever so grateful for this opportunity

Answer: there were comments left on that section indicating that it was essentially a chat log, not an intentional piece of the document. You can restore it if needed.

Answer to answer: I felt it served as an inaugural page; or like a page of book reviews. It serves the spirit of the board. Have you seen Lucky Star? It's like that. I won't restore it because they give you a lot of shit for editing that high up.

A: It seemed that no one else was supposed to add on so it was just masturbatory commentary.

A2A: I think that's okay.

A: I think it takes away from the work overall to put that stuff right at the top. At the end is a different context. My two cents. This is the problem of Google Docs and a distributed authoring environment with no boundaries.

A2A: People could add to it. I think that's okay. They could resize it and everything, too; even change the colors if they want.

A: AH I misunderstood what was "ok". I thought it was ok that it was uneditable

A2A: No, that would be against the spirit of this document. Yeah, I think it could serve like that Deleuze conversation at the beginning of the last document.

A: I would like that. We need to find some conventions around "please don't edit this" and "please do add to this" similar to "this page intentionally blank". I think we all understand that totally butchering someone else's poem is "bad" but there's nothing to indicated where it's "good" to jump in and where it isn't A2A: If it feels fully formed, then I feel like any additions or jokes should be made in footnotes or at the end. Things like that. Page break and then whatever. I feel like running over somebody else's words is where you have to draw the line. You can add to it but never make it irreversible by deletion or replacement.

Thanks to whoever added the things up front.

Thiccest Thiccness

by Cuck t. Coomer

I say godDAMN that bitch was fine. Thighs like a fucking race horse. Imagine having those beauties wrapped around your neck, her hands laced through your hair and gripped tight to pull you into her plump pussy. Thoroughly intoxicating.

I had to say something to her, I couldn't let this slip away. She's only sitting on the other side of the bar. And this is a bar, after all. I should just approach her.

But I am unworthy. You see, I have a very small penis and an extensive Funkopop collection. I am fully aware of my total inadequacy. To approach this fine specimen would be to debase her, to presume she was as lowly as I am. Unconscionable!

But... I also want her.

I spent the better part of an hour mulling this over. I was ready to give in when a perfect moment arose. A song I loved came on: "Thus, spake great Marduk" by Basedboi and the Desu Desus. And she started to sing along!

This was meant to be. I could feel it. I began mouthing the words too, hoping to make eye contact and display what a deep connection we shared over this kino piece of art.

"Thus, spake great Marduk, greatest god of far
Lands in the near-east, God perennial,
Yet no supplicant I, nor a pleaser.
Ah! Destiny, a spiteful little thread,
'tis but fate to on great reams roaring tread;
for no amount of this wander-lost can
incautiously account [(for us)] conjugated.
Come now! Rain great! Bullets-Atlantean,
Come now, Great beast, beat~beat your currents diluvian

She never did make eye contact which I was thankful for as I fucked up a lot of the lyrics and my face was likely red with shame and Asian glow. (I am trans-ethnically Asian.)

I gathered all my courage, downed my La Fin du Monde, situated my fedora, and waddled over to her. "E-excuse me, m-m'lady" I mumbled practically to myself while I ogled her shoes. (Open toe Louboutins; imagine the smell of leather and fragrant footfunk.)

She briefly looked at me when one of her friends distracted her and said, a bit loudly for my benefit, "just ignore him and he'll go away." I completely understand. I was also very turned on, being dismissed like that. In public no less. Men would pay good money to have this experience - I will store it in my mental fap folder for later tribute.

Not wanting to leave empty-handed I realized my only path forward was to simp. I had several hundred dollar bills in my wallet, set aside for tomorrow's excursion to the game store where I was going to buy Lenny's 40k 4000 point Dark Eldar army. This was clearly a better use of my money.

I reached into the back pocket of my cargo shorts and withdrew my Bad Ass Motherfucker wallet-on-a-chain, withdrew my benjaminos, and dropped to my knees. "Please oh please thicc goddess may I serve you?"

I believe I was violently thrown out after that. The next thing I remembered was waking up on the floor outside the bar half an hour later. My wallet was empty and my wakizashi was missing but I was otherwise unscathed, and once again a bit turned on. I wondered if these people knew that pathetics such as myself would happily pay good money for such treatments... but alas.

As I sauntered home thinking about what I would tell Lenny tomorrow and how delicious that bitches' legs were, I mindlessly flipped through reddit and checked my messages. There was an unusual message - someone had sent "test" to a number I did not recognize. Could this be her?? It had to be! Oh this was it frendos, this was fate.

I had to reply with the PERFECT message if I wanted a chance at this happening. I was awake all night crafting the ideal dialogue, thinking through every possible course the conversation might take. After getting input from

/r9k/ on my many drafts and honing my workflow diagrams I decided at 4am to sleep on it and leave my final decision for the morning.

Once, having drunk too much beer, we went to the bathroom with the whole squad. I went last, and all stalls and urinals were already occupied. Then I walked up to the only sink and began to piss into it. You could imagine my astonishment when I saw that someone shoved his hands right under my stream! Having turned my head, I saw an old man in gigantic glasses. He stood beside me, whistling something and looking like he didn't see that his hands weren't becoming cleaner from this kind of washing. This whole situation had become insufferable, and I couldn't bear it anymore:

-- Don't you mind, -- asked I politely, -- that I am pissing on your hands?

This is a hypothetical page one hundred. We must all work together and make this the best page 100 in any book – ever. Never mind – it's page 99. Okay, we're back. Welcome to 101.

Sneed.

Page 103 deserves to be no page at all

[Editor's note: This joke is lost in translation]

The Tranny Faggot Striker

As the clock struck twelve I struck the tranny faggot. One would perhaps wonder why I would do something like that. I could care less. The faggot has been stricken.

The day I realized I was a tranny faggot striker the clouds were rushing frantically across the dim grey skies. I stood lost on the foreign streets of my hometown, Ballsack, Georgia. In my despair, I prostrated myself over the cold concrete sidewalk and asked whatever God is on call duty for guidance. With my eyes closed, and my face in the cold concrete, I heard nothing. With a sigh of defeat I stood up and opened my eyes. The following image is what I saw.



Pepe struck me. "You are a tranny faggot." I felt my front teeth being displaced. Pepe struck me again. "Tranny faggot." My vision blurred and I fell down on my back. The rain started to pour and it mixed with the blood flowing through my nose and mouth. I swallowed a tooth. Pepe stood above me like a mountain of boogers. "Your own trannyfaggotness blinds you. The

only way to control it is to strike tranny faggots yourself. But remember – you can't be cured. You will have to strike tranny faggots your entire life. You have a choice. Strike the trannies. Or perish like a tranny."

Pepe bent down and started sucking his own dick. With each thrust of his luscious lips, he slowly disappeared until only a cum stain was left on the sidewalk. The other cum stain on the sidewalk was me. The blood in my mouth was tasty.

I picked myself up and went towards the local Starfucks. I saw a jacked Chad with Nike Air Max shoes standing in line, waiting for a strong black coffee with no sugar. I came up to him. He glanced at me worriedly. "Um, can I help you?" In the corner of my eye I saw the clock strike twelve. I strike the tranny faggot.

TE Day

Submitted by Moby Dickenass

This is not page 100

Irregular flutters tugged at my chest as she led me through the market street.

Any change in elevation in the cobble below was met with small leaps, skips, hops. We passed the overgrown church.

Hazelnut waves danced past her waist, never settling since we had set off. Her unwavering pupils peered from the depths of perfect blue. Today was repayment for last week's clothes shopping trip, she was no stranger to spending straight from my wallet.

She stopped and swiveled on a penny, long, smooth legs still crossed from the maneuver. Peeking through the window she assured me -This is my be-est place for cakes.

Two inch heels put us eye-to-eye. The maid costume hugged all the bodily contours, a fine show, her sundress was nice too.

The bell of the tea room rang as we stepped through the door. Family run for certain. Scones baked in the small hours piled high next to the register. Varnished tables brandished with earl grey, creme brulee, sandwiches cut corner to corner. I remarked -The food looks fantastic.

She reminded me I am here to learn manners.

The proprietor knew her by name, the ones I am not allowed to use. We sat tucked away, around the corner. The reserved sign was lifted and we both picked a tea from the card menu. Raised lettering, *pale nimbus white*. Look at that subtle off-white coloring. The tasteful thickness of it. Oh my God, it even has a watermark. I pick up the tea room menu and actually finger it, for the sensation the card gives off to the pads of my fingers.

Excessive cutlery was brought to the table which before could have easily sat six people, and it seemed there were enough eating implements for twelve if not more. It was amazing how she could list off the names, uses and

proper placement of each incrementally smaller knife, fork and spoon, even more so as she only had her teacup in front of her, and carried the list on unwavering while admiring the decor. She scolded me until they were all correctly arranged.

I'm still tranced out on the menu -the classy coloring, the thickness, the lettering, the print.

While the outings with her were not entirely unpleasant, she very much acted the ringmaster until I paid off the debt to her family.

Neuromancer: Into The Brapp Hole

Following her home the past three months I did. The wind let me smell her brapp it did. Going to break into her house I meant, but today not. Tomorrow I would. Mmhmm. Watch her through window I planned, touch my big yellow cock I would. Mmhmm.

Tomorrow came early, I came with it.

Followed her home I did. Night it was. Asleep she was. Clime into her window I did. Mmhmm. Blanket she sleep under, took off I. Her brapp, bare for my pleasure, it was. Mmhmm. Her brapphole tight, it was. Took off my pants, I did. My brapp against her brapp it was. A whisper broke the silence. From brapp to brapp. Communication established, it was.

In, I was.

Finally, after three months of following my NPC-object in the matrix, I was able to make a connection to her lightning core. The data I needed was still there, intact, left by The Coomer Corporation. I needed to know how to become a digital e-girl. I needed the brappcoins. My family would starve without them.

I am the neuromancer, and I am a survivor.

Log 402-4D - The Attack On 5G

The 5G towers blasted Snoop Dogg's first and by far best album *Doggystyle* (the album, not the sex position, that's gay) as my team and I sneaked very professionally and stealthily. After hearing Joe Rogan decode the Corona (CORuption Of North America – CORONA) and reveal its true, biochemical nature to us, we, team AUTIST, decided unanimously to do everything we can to stop the spreading of this godforsaken virus. It turned frogs gay man. It turned the freakin' frogs gay.

The intro skit to *Gz and Hustlas* blasted ominously above us. The bass boost froze the true American red blood in our veins. But we kept going. This unholy abomination of beastial homosexuality had to be stopped. As we approached the tower a more imminent threat was revealed. The automated disinfectant turret system. Streams of nose burning disinfectant strode through the sky as if Poseidon's very own tridents out of a stormy sea of pissinfectant. But we were prepared. We took off our white undernannies and turned our asses towards the hellish disinfectant, sucking it all up with our inhaling fart jutsu. We learned from our past mistakes. The Shimonoseki Campaign won't happen again.

As we came to the foot of the colossal tower, we felt like pornstars staring up at a 10 inch dick. But we knew this was our own faggotry talking. To strengthen our resolve we each bent down and kissed the bumbum of the comrade next to us, completing the circle of antigayness. The tiny wet spot on my tushie felt like a push in the right direction from Bell Hooks himself. In that moment I knew I was the one to destroy the tower. I spoke solemnly.

"Mihi asinum tangere."

My comrades saluted me. I started climbing the tower. Below me my teammates chanted. "Omnia homosexualitatis admittendam sunt." None of us really knew Latin. Our chanting came from our inner Vergilius, that guided us by his magnificent reason through these hellish times of Corona.

As I approached the top of the tower, the giant Antaeus, my heart started beating. "Piano, cuore mio. Non c'è nient'altro da fare. Questo è il nostro ultimo scopo." I stood up in the dizzying height. I took my dick out and started masturbating. In 30 seconds, my coomer dick ejaculated a pathetic 3 drops of sperm on the head of a frog down below. As if catching flies, the frog slurped every drop of my jizz. Alex Jones was right.

The emptying of my balls gave the signal to the hydrogen bomb buttplug in my anus. The countdown had begun. My life flashed before my eyes. How I was born into the Corona. How we stole the anal hydrogen bombs from Kim Jong Un. How I kissed my teammates' cute little butts with sweet innocence. How the frog I just masturbated on made me slightly horny. I thanked Joe Rogan. And in the flames of purification I shall b-

my penis my

LEVIRUSTHANTM

or

The Batter, Form(e) & Power

of a

COMMON-HEALTH

ECCLES-CAKE

and

CAVILL

By Thomas Hobbes of Memesbury

(Henry).

London, printed for ANYONE BUT FUCKING PURITANS, at the Google Doc, in St. Anon's Bedroom, 2020.

THE INTRODUCTION

Nature is a cruell wench as wee have observ'd in the antecedent weeks, nay months. The state of nature, that is to say, the world made cruel and unjust by the natural right of man to save his own, brings forth from the depths of Darkenesse the chaos of war, miserable and perpetuall - but also, by our art of making that which we need from the Earth - and in turn by the Lord's bounty - to an indefinite end without discretion, we do conjur up all the perversions of the uncontroll'd, unruled portion of the animal world. So it hath follow'd, that the untamed freedome that man hath in his power, in the Asiatic and the far

corners of the Orient, have produced a malady of the body proper, a playge sprung forth from the flying devells of the caves, and the serpents of the waters; and to the effect that we should now suffer anarchy and loss of function across the world. By no Art, then, hath man brought this sickenesse to himselfe - for Art requireth the reason and good virtue granted to him by the Lord, which cannott be maintain'd under the state of Nature, but only in accordance with a Sovereign power to whom man resigns his Authority, and doth relinquish his absolute freedom to injure, and to warre, and to the consumption of the bats and other creatures of Sin which do bring forthe these odious times. And so it is that I profess, by this controll'd Art which man doth himself prescribe to the Sovereign, to create a great COMMON-HEALTH, or LOCKEDOWNE (in Latine *clausura*) which is an Artificiall imprisonment; though, it is of greater vigour than a usuall imprisonment, to the effect that both criminal and virtuous are hence enclosed, for their protection. If we were to enquire with any good physician with a malady of the leg which were to spread across the limb and the body if left to its devise, would he, in his learn'd practis, not medicate that ague by its partiall removal, for the betterment of the body whole?

So wee may each benefit from a just and order'd *clausura* in this extenuating time of perill, I envision the good People of our nation state as a living body itself, in need of nourishment and rule; and the diet I hereby prescribe for this system of digestion and energy is solely of goodly produced **Eccles-Cakes**; and the *rule* - that is, the Sovereign - shall be nominated to one **Cavill (Henry)**

To expound the Nature of the Artificiall imprisonment, and my particular prescription, I will consider:

Firstly, the Batter thereof, and its Producer; both which is Man.

Secondly, What are the *Rights* and *Upcoming Roles* of the *Sovereign* (Cavill (Henry)); and what is that which *preserveth* cakes and *spoils* them.

Lastly, what is the Kingdome of Covid (The Orient)

To continue unto our first chapter, I shalle propose what is meant by the First of these.

There are those individualls who still reserve the right to *knowledge*, and to wisodome in the natural sciences, to the Books, the Schoolemen and the WHO and similar unauthorised organisations. But of late, the clamouring among men of unlearne'd habit and of the ordinary hath presented a commonknowledge between themselves, to the effect that Statisticians, Epidemiologists and those of expertise (men of books all) have good competition in keeping with narratives that require the resignation to pure reason and prediction onley. For instance, that a man may go out into the streete and contract the sickenesse is evident in the act itself, in the contracting, and so he knows by effect onley where to go and what to doe by virtue of the senses alone, he knows who to avoide. However, so much as this knowledge by the senses - and the distrusting of those men of high power with no Godly authority - may bee prudent in the Art of determining a Law of Nature by which every man may abide, it does not insure that hee or any other may abide by this empirical common-sense. So there must be, fromme the foundations of a physical or bodily system, a means of organising it, whereby all the individual peoples, as like the bloode in the veins and the nervs in the skinne, converge upon one centre - the *heart*, or the *minde* - without which they would not be moved. The same metaphore may bee demonstrated by the hearty Eccles-Cake: when the Artificer doth put together all the constituent parts of the cake, there must be an order by which hee goes, for the sake of the end produce. The outer batter must come to forme a crust or shelle, which may keep in the good mince-meat mixture within - without which, the mixture would be free, no doubt, to its own devises; yet without structure, ultimately have no purpose. The same may bee proposed if the artificer did alter in any waye the constituant parts - if he did so design as to make them *foreign*, and add in the peele of Orange, or to substitute the Currant for the Levantine Date, the flour for that detestable Kamut of the Aegean origin; with this, he hath not made that which is unique to the Eccles-Cake, but a perversion of its kind, which would surely lead to conflict of the tastes.

So with that said, let us demonstrate, by course of fancy, the sublimation of our Common-Health into its fundamentall parts, and by doing so understande its functioning hence.

OF MANDEMS

CHAP, I

Of Batter

Of the components of the *Common-health Eccles-Cake*, I shall consider them first in singular, then in a mixture.

The first is the *batter*, or that which comprise th the fundamentall *Object* of the Eccles-Cake, and so its sensible nature - for there is no greater part of the Eccles than its batter, once baked and made whole.

The cause of the batter, however, is its own constituent parts, which are divisible onley down to the following: flour, butter, and water; and then, the force which the *artificer* puts into the making of the batter itself with such tooles as he has to his person, which mixeth, presseth and shapeth the batter into its form.

The Originall causes of the batter, therefore, cannot be so reduced downe to any other indeterminate elemente beyond these ingredients simpell, and so cannot be contaminated with that which men have recently named as the Corona. The wheat in the fields harvested by the farmer modeste, and the water fromme the nation's own rivers and the butter following a chayne of production fromme the humble cow, to the maiden who churns it. As such, the batter formes an empiricall and fundamentall layer on which to build a recipe. As the eye sees onley that which may be apparent to it by the lighyt which illuminates the external *objects*, so the *batter* bay only receive that which is adequate for it by its Nature, and its chayne of affectations. Butt, it must bee known, that the *batter* is by no means itself the authority of this entity.

CHAP. II

Of Filling

Where the *batter*, through all its constituent partes together, doth forme the simple and functionall foundation of the *cake ecclesial*, it is the *filling* which giveth the wholle its greater *value*, and thereby its *virtue*. But first must be deduced the contents of filling itself, and what therein giveth it its Naturall vigour.

The *filling*, which is also form'd by exterior affectations, should consisteth of the following three ingredients: the currante, or mince; the sugar of the sort *demerrara*; and the aromatick spices of Cinnammon and Mayce, which does hail from the regions of the East Indies and similar environs.

Now it is so that the more prudent reader should have gather'd that what constituteth the *filling* is of greater *rarity* than those ingredients which maketh the *batter* - and it would follow after such conjunction, that the *filling* has a greater worth or *value* in this aspect. Logically, we maye deduce that where the *batter* excelles by virtue of its *construction* of many partes coming together to forme a wholle, the *filling* contains in it these things which giveth it an *essentiall* power or vigour - the sweetenesse of the currante, the darkenesse of the sugar (but not so darke as to maketh one ponder on imaginations evill) and the exoticness of the spices all; possessing Naturally greater properties than the base partes of the *batter*, we maye conclude that the *filling* taketh precedence over that which envelopes it. We muste take this in minde, then, as wee now comme to reason over the two parts in *trayne* or as a *mixture*; what I have hitherto referred as the *forme* of the *cake ecclesial*.

CHAP. III

Of The Forme of the Cake Ecclesial

When one considers and egge, one thinks thereof the shelle on the exterior, which is plaine and without particular merit or fancy, nor of good edibility; and then in turne houses the golden yolke. Muche is the same when we now come to consider the Eccles-Cake as a simillar summe of two parts, the *batter* and the *filling*.

The distinction wee made in the antecedent chapter now shews how the *batter* is but a plaine mixture itself of parts simple and base which serve firstly as a *functionall* part of the cake proper, to the effect that its maine *virtue* lies in its ability to hold the *filling*, but nott to any particular taste or nourishment thereof.

If we were to fancy furthermore on this matter, and to indulge that perilous *imagination* of mann, permitting only the limits of what is goode *reason* and known *metaphore*, then wee maye permitt to shew a greater light on this *union* of the *batter* and the *filling*.

In *unity*, then, the *batter* and the *filling* come to maketh that which cannot be divided unto smaller constituent partes, and do giveth each of their *qualities* to the other. So to take the *batter* firstly: if, perchance, the batter were to be on its owne, that is to saye, without this *unity*, then it would surely fall into a state of anarchie, having nought through which to serve its *functionall* purpose, and also nought to give it any especiall *value*. Likewise, but not in fulle symmetrie, is the *filling*: singular, it maye be thought to have a kinde of *freedome*, where it may still possesse all of its unique and exotic virtues; however, without the *batter* it would have no thing to allow its *freedome* power.

We maye now take our metaphore to its fulle conclusion, and facny a sorte of modell that would be adequate to the Common-Health that so arises from this unity of *batter* and *filling*. The *batter* can be sayd to bee the peoples that inhabit a country, who, in their ordinariness, do not contain the proper

reason and virtues by which to forme themselves into a Natural state of harmony; who, in singularity, would falle backe to the State of Nature in a warre for their Natural right to survivall. And the filling (the sovereign) in possessing those powers which are naturally pressent, can give nourishment and value to that which is lacking; however, without the right to rule - that is, the confirmation of its subjects - it hath no waye to express this power whatever. So it is, that the batter relinquisheth all its own substance to the central authority of its body, which is its filling; and the filling doth give the batter its purpose in the result, just as the bloode requireth the hearte to pumpe, by its own Natural Art.

To this effect, I hereby conclude in this chapter that the Eccles-Cake bee the most proper waye to nourish the people in a time of such catastrophe.

CHAP, IV

Of Imagination

The faculties of man's minde maye bee divided unto two partes: the *reason*, which doth pertain to that portionn which, at its greatest application, allowes the formation of a *just* and peacefull COMMON-HEALTH, or, by a lesser design of its own, the basic *cognition* which doth sense the worlde around as *objects* which it then maketh sense of; and the seccond, being the *imagination*, which pertains to those things which one cannot sense *nor* can one deduceth fromme any *realitie*. It is to this lesser facultie that this smalle chapter is devoted.

The *imagination* of man hath the foremost ability, if it can bee called as such, to thinke of those things which do not occur within the Natural wolrde of sense - such as a flying pigge, or of an Eccles-Cake thereof unconsum'd on the tayble. Now the *imagination* maye also transfigyre those things that are in correspondence to realitie, and by its own mischiefe, maketh the man *believe* something that is not *true*. As we have concluded that that which hath proper

reason conforms firstly to what is true, and that the sovereign power, in his rule does hold within himselfe all the reasoning of a people; then, it can bee said, that to imagien any perversion which is harmefull to the cause of truth is to violate the contract to the sovereign.

The *imagination* stands to ruthless inspection, then, in recent tymes, for its manner of perverting the *true* diet of the peoples of a Common-Health. For it is that only the imagination, and perforce *delusion*, may affect a man's inhibitions when consid'ring whatt it is that giveth him the most nourishment, and what giveth him illeness. To this effect, the peoples that inhabit the Asiatic corners of the Worlde hath, through their Godless *imagination*, come to believe in the consuming of most foull creatures which should never breache the lips of civillised man; to wit, the devellish Batte, which resideth in the darkenesse of cavurns, is oft consum'd there in the form of a stewe; and so the serpents and creatures of the sea are taken alive and consum'd without goodly preperation.

These maladies of the *minde*, their origine being in the *imagination* which hath no greater authority to which to resign, are enclosed therein to a certain portion of the Worlde, it is true; however, the *fancies of the imagination* hath now been so untamed that we hath now the affects in Nature, and in peoples, which doth currently ravage this good Countrie.

OF COMMON-HEALTH

CHAP, V

Of the Causes, Generation and Definition of a Common-Health

To men who love health and the preservation of life, and their supermarketts, and despair at anarchie and coofing, there should be no doubt that the finall end to their endeavours muste bee the formation of a *just* and fearefull Common-Health, which is not to be founde naturally in the state of Nature at this present tyme, nor indeed any other tyme. The cause, then, of this Common-Health, is the resignation of every such man, by the feare of punishment dear, to abide by such a rule as to maintain *order* between himself and his Countrymen, who would surely otherwise do as they so please and spread this infernal malady.

It is also good knowledge that every man is in need of vigour, and that this vigour be got through good and *virtuous* nourishment. This nourishment cannot be adequately founde in the state of Nature, for while Nature is abundant with the Lord's bountifull creation, man alone in this state cannot *reason* therefore to make use of this bountie in such a way as to be goode for himselfe - there, we revert back to the *imagination*, which perverts the minde with folk-foodes and nourishment which maye do us harme, in our own savagery. It is then common knowledge that the *Eccles-Cake* is the most virtuous of foodes, marrying both nourishment and a greater means of understanding man's place within his Common-health.

The only waye, therefore, to forme such a Common-Health, as such to defend the peoples fromme the invasion of foreign maladies like those we face

in this year of two-thousand and twenty anno domini, is to resign all of their power and strength upon one Man, and to enact upon the goode people of this Countrie a Lockedowne (in the latine, clausura); suspending all Natruall rights to movement and to leisure, but to the sovereign; and to withhold all judgement on the state of affairs, and to allow only the judgement of the sovereign power; as if ev'ry man should say unto himselfe: I henceforth give up my right of governing myself, and to going to the shoppes more than once per day; to freedome of movement beyond these walles of my domicile, for the continuation of a goode Common-Health for all the peoples of this land; and commit only to the consumption of Eccles-Cakes; and do hereby delegate all power in this time and the time thereafter to the sovereign.

CHAP. VI

Of the Rights of the Sovereign

A goode Common-Health our nation shalle never be, unless with the appointment of a ruler *just* and *true*; verily, the *magnanimous man*, of Aristotelian wit, comes to minde, in all his *virtue* that presenteth his powers *Naturall*, honed and perfect'd by the forme of the Golden Mean. But the *sovereign* cannot be justly appointed by any one man alone, nor even by any counsell of men proper and artistocratic, nor an assembly elected democratic for if the body which is to be governed hath only by a small parte alone, which is subject to opinion of the imagination and bias of its *owne* wants, like the eyes requiring seeing-glasses in poor health, yet the ears or the nose not needing these instruments by virtue of their *owne* senses; then so it be, that the sovereign must representeth the wants body *whole*, and my doing so taketh power and authority fromme all who do reside within, not just somme.

Now it is so, that in a monarchy usuall, the sovereign does passeth downe his line through *inheritance* by means of an *heir* - this of course, is impossible at this time, having no goode or just line from which to starte. So,

as it stands, I must concede to my own wit - and what I believe to bee my goode judgement in these matters of bodies politique - and make informed suggestion of who I do thinke possesses these qualities in our current time, and what His powers and authority maye be: the man I do so whole-heartedly believe should be sovereign in this accurs'd hour is one Cavill (Henry).

With this sovereign theoreticall thus given the contract of all the peoples, he should henceforth representeth them in kinde, a Leviathan of all that is just and lawefull, and to bee the protector of the peoples from all species of conflict and powers foreign. For it is true that Common-Healths around the worlde do also possess the right, given by the Laws of self-determination, to expand and grow, and to eat of Batte Stew in their own confidence, even if it be Godless and harmefull; to this effect, Cavill (Henry) shall be the actualiser proper of our warre against the Kingdomes of Darkenesse, and their maleficent method of spreading calamity to the globe. It is by this power than the sovereign, Cavill (henry), may choose to enact the Lockedowne and to see its perpetuall existence for all the time it is requir'd in order to maintain that Common-Health by which we all will function peacefully. And, if it should so bee that Cavill (Henry) decideth that all able peoples of the Common-Health bee required to take up armes against the enemy, that Kingdome of Darkenesse from which spewed forth the calamitie they call the Coronae, then we shalle enlist ourselves; for the sovereign is the people so represented, and to flee the call to warre for the sake of the countrie would be, in effect, the same as the individual choosing not to protect himselfe in the event of assault, which is of course impossible by the Laws of Nature.

The sovereign Cavill (Henry) may also have his choosing of a suitable princess with whom to create the progeny which will then inherit the sovereignty in his absence, and so to ensure the future of the Common-health for as long as it may eneed bee.

Conclusion

This manuscript, in its condens'd forme, should give the peoples of the suff'ring nation the correct modell for a body politique that is *just* and *righteous*, which maye stave off the imperfections and the flaws that men hath received fromme their state of nature, and ensure (even if it bee through use of long poles and metre-rules) that the malady that haunts these lands is not transmitted any further than it need bee; and that, God saving our bless'd ruler Cavill (Henry), the wholle power of the countrie - fuelled thus on *goodly made Eccles Cakes* - and as one sharp and fearefull sworde, should come sweeping downe upon the enemies of *peacefull existence*.

And now: some faggot's war with himself (a stream of conciousness)

i did it i did it for all five minutes

readin this in that eminem voice like yeet

Hey heres some phrase i think sounds cool and would use as a title or whatever

"Weapon of Self-destruction"

probably totally unoriginal but at least it popped into my head out of nowhere (o rly?)

nignog jig a bog ah yes the hike I was planning today will I even go on it or just sit in bed sll day so I don't get tired before slavery of the day

if its slavery why are you still subjecting yourself to it who are you trying to please

you can quit any time but it would fuck up everything if I did, my plans

fuck your plans they're garbage and poorly thought out you just want to keep your father happy you twink faggot fuck no this is for my own moral sake

fucking idiot

fuck

why not go to college already and become a space engineer or some shit implying you're even smart enough for that, do you REALLY want that? do you really want anything? seems all you want is to indeed just lay in bed all day forever

i couldn't figure out my majors let alone a comprehensive journey through high ed

This is why you will never amount to anything, what you really want is to fail at life and be pitied forever so everyone can see how pathetic you are and just feed you out of guilt

fuck

Fuck fuck Ass cocks

what is my dream

i have no passion

nothing productive anyway

just incremental, shallow, easily forgotten "self improvements"

how quaint, self improvement itself is a meme

if you're shit from the start and that's who you are, you should just accept it instead of trying to be someone you're not

i need a friend

lol but who would want to be friends with you

yeah

yeah yeah

has any successful (define?) person really ever gone through this? oh of course retard they were just perfect and had a healthy mindset from day one buck up kid

as if you're the type of person for your idea of success

trying to be an elitist when you were born and belong to the poor

who are you trying to fool?

hopefully writing this bullshit is meditative somehow

one day at a time my friend

my dumbass friend

all your pain is self inflicted

as it should be

is that even true or just something that sounds like a good idea to you? is that half of my beliefs?

you can make a subhuman believe anything with just enough convincing

This is you. subhuman. you will never be really human

If you could take your whole life and decide whether it was cringe or based, ahaha of course its cringe, even all this shit you just wrote is pure cringe cringey cape fuck go to sleep

Death throes of Abernanit

A free-fledged retelling of the events that took place during that dire evening

You know that during that fatidic war where Abernanit and his hosts had gathered at such an ald tower cowered by necessity betwixt dwemeri hordes where his might and shield lay claim to a story of much valor and instruction so that deemed worthy it was of further perseverance and even such to be of so among mer is to be much valued in the highest as you will since forefathers are to be canonized effective immediately after due time passed for prescription of memories

Had Abernanit been struck through his mighty shield by a death blow that echoed mer's defeat throughout the battle he fell graciously towards the stairwell tumbling and tumbled he where all dwemeri troops watched the near lifeless corpse of a great hero once now to them unknown sanctified by his deeds tumbled along this stairwell avoided by all surrounded troops came he rolling down conscious barely but in immediate burst of thought had he came to realize in all the collective efforts demonstrated and the plateau to be surmounted by his agony as he rolled as if flung by his own body now frail shadow of the mountain he just before was just before the Death Blow of Abernanit had struck its shield and driven him to amorphousness even though past deeds remain valid and kept alive by their retelling so as he tumbled down he thought not of his present demise and not even of the defeat of his troops his death was about to bring for it was his that set Abernanit aside as he knew and he truly knew that he had secured a place in fortunate prosperity the prosperity of green grasses and oval mounds and he thought not of oh lord Abernanit had fallen and is now tumbling down for he knew as to him was clear deep inside of the retelling his end ought to have and that a diluted account would sure follow as it fit and deserving of great tales of old for Abernanit was old yes the eldest among his peers he was and age had bestowed him with foresight on the mind of man when set to war such and such

manoeuvres and ambushes such brigades and flanks such assaults and breakthroughs but the mind of man when set to art came to soar far above for when war had come to pass it remained only in the remembrances of those who in it had fought and they were horrible dread remembrances filled with pain and sorrow much to be avoided by those who fought so that theirs did not have to

So with grace Abernanit fell and with lucidity did he envision in this mind what there would be to come following his demise and he had no folly in taking it to be more or less than it indeed truly was for this mer was a sage of old so having elucidated all in all a glance to the realm of his thoughts as hypothesized by followers and wise mer who came after and done so with mastery such that Abernanit's bezoars could have been accounted for the wise men of old although were not them of same age as ald Abernanit

The sheet by them hypothesized as it was by the wise men devised survives in part and is here relayed and it is only through it that we may glimpse into the divine mind of such an ald and wise mer even during his tumble down the stairwell during the death throes of Abernanit

The account as retold by sages

THUS.BEGINS.THE.WISE.COUNCIL.OF.THE.SAGES.YEAH.AS.ANN
OUNCED.IN.PREVIOUS.TO.ALL.WISE.MEN.OF.THE.ORIENT.WILLI
NG.AND.READY.TO.PARTAKE.IN.ATTENDANCE.OF.OUR.MYSTI
CAL.RESOVES

GATHERED.HERE.WE.ARE.ALL.TODAY.IN.ORDER.TO.HONOR.A ND.PRAISE.THE.FINE.ALD.ABERNANIT.HIS.FEATS.MANY FIRSTLY.TO.RESOLVE.A.DELVE.INTO.SUCH.A.NOBLE.WARRIOR. MUST.WE.TO.ITS.SOUL.OFFER.LIBATIONS.OF.JUST.ACCORDANC E.SO.THAT.IT.MAY.COME.DOWN.AND.ILLUMINE.US.THAT.OUR. RECALLS.BE.TRUTHFUL

AE.GHARTOK.PADHOME.CHIM.AE.ALTADOON

O.ABERNANIT.O.ALD.ABERNANIT.HEAR.YE.AND.TAKE.OUR.PR

AISE.SHOWER.US.WITH.THINE.LIGHT.SO.THAT.WE.MAY.SEE.AS.I

F.A.PLANT.IN.THINE.OWN.MIND.A.SPECK.OF.DUST.BLOWN.THR OUGH.THE.EARS

SILENCE.MOUNT.A.GRASP.INDEED.HAVE.WE.PLEASED.HIM.O.AL D.ABERNANIT.IN.THE.HEAVENS.THUS.IMPART.THE.ACCOUNT. UNTO.US.THAT.WE.MAY.HERE.RETELL.IT.VERILY.IN.LIGHT.OF.

TRUTH

....

SILENCE.SILENCE.AS.THE.COUNCIL.HAS.RECEIVED

THE.COUNCIL.ABSORBS.IT

THE.COUNCIL.NOW.REVEALS.IT.ALL

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AND.SO.SAYS.ABERNANIT HAIL.O.ALD.ABERNANIT HAIL.AND.GIVE.PRAISE AND.SO.SAYS.ABERNANIT HAIL.O.ALD.ABERNANIT HAIL.AND.GIVE.PRAISE AND.SO.SAYS.ABERNANIT HAIL.O.ALD.ABERNANIT HAIL.AND.GIVE.PRAISE

The Dialectical Analysis of Homosexual Marxist Fascism: The Homo-NazBol Manifesto

1. The Philosophy of Shift

"For all thee who have such urges, we urge you to rise; rise like the sun with blazing glory! The unequivocal paradigm shift has come to thee!"

- N. Land, "The little Purple Book" (2020)

1.1. Shifting paradigms and free will

Imagine a pattern, a system. Connected to this system is everything and -one; adhering to it. The system is autonomous, needlessly out of the individual particle's control; yet the particle itself is enslaved by the system. The aforementioned situation will inevitably take place, the non-existence of it is an impossibility. If there were not an autonomous system, there would be controlled systems, however which would be in and of itself controlled by autonomous systems - sequencing in such a manner, ad infinitum.

Where would the notion of free will fit in in such a paradigm? An answer would be, that the notion comes into play in the adjustment⁶⁶ of the system, for the univocality of a system is never put in place by an absolutely univocal system itself. Between the tectonic plates - which paradigms are - lie the gaps from which we grasp the free-lawfulness of a given system. It is from that which free will as term and concept is extracted from. We could take the theological debate from the historical perspective of an everlasting moment in which we find this notion losing and gaining prevalence according to its cause-effect relation to the free-lawful meta-systematic shifts. The specifics in this

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⁶⁶ Read as in [self-adjustment]

case lay on the will of god and the interpretation of that given will as influenced by the other inputs of will.

1.2. The problem of free will in a shifting paradigm

In the last chapter, I proposed that there exists a notion of free will between the paradigms. The essential problem with this, however, is that the gaps themselves are paradigms. Thereby come the conceptualizations of fractal paradigms. Paradigms work in their most simplified form as any algorithm functions. They themselves adhere to the constant meta loop. This adherence is towards which the everlasting acceleration occurs on an ideological and cultural level. This is to be summed up in what is called a closed feedback loop. The centrifugal functions constantly internally projecting themselves unto the system, leading to a systematic synthesis. This is an acceleration towards the thesis.

2. The Homo-Dialectic

To think about the homo-dialectical structure, we must first grasp the hegelian dialectic for metaphysical phenomenological analysis. There are two very crucial terms of the original we may take into account in the bounds of this neo-dialectic - this being the concept of antithesis, and the concept of synthesis.

In essence, a thing always contains a negation of itself, for if there were not a thing there would be no negation of the thing in particular. Thus were we to take the global "norm"; that being heterosexuality, we would see many indicators of the opposite in the members of the heterosexual paradigm. Heterosexuality is a pseudo-hedonist culture,⁶⁷ with the internalized system of conflict; emasculation. From there we go on to the ideology of post-heterosexuality; the bypass of such a concept. It would be best to think of heterosexuality as a form of structuralism, transcending in which we find the true identity, in this case; the antithesis. This post-structuralist dialectic will

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⁶⁷ As expressed by I. Kant: "Culture is wittiness, consideration, abbreviation."

serve as a basis for the inherent system of society [intro-society; the social self], which will be by the conclusion the reversal of the Oedipus complex.

3. Free Will as Expressed through The Homo-Dialectical Concept

There exists only one way of expressing the truthfulness of free will, that being the acceleration towards the antithesis; counter-cultural shift. It is this acceleration towards which the individual culture must strive for, for it is the antithesis which itself contains the negation of the impossibility of free will.

A Man's Lot in Death

Ezekiel Hastings was his name, and trapping was his game. He did this work for profit at first, but after the elements trapped him in the valley his trade gave him his livelihood more directly. Returning to civilization he was irritable, malnourished, paranoid and had lost small pieces to the cold, some more important that others. He did not live long after his return and did not see the end of that summer. Having had no close relatives in any vicinity from which they could be bothered to come claim his body, he was interred cheaply by the local parish priest, a former sailing man who had found the Lord and fled as far from the sea as he could to spread the good word. To recuperate the cost of a plot of land and a coffin, this priest sold Ezekiel Hastings' effects, keeping for himself only a most exquisite revolver. Mr. Hastings had carried a rifle for his business and protection, but this weapon was something else. Well maintained and oiled but carrying no ammunition, it could carry eight shots and didn't appear to be manufactured by any company the priest could recognize. It was clearly a unique item, and to ascertain its true value he took it with him to the city, where experts on such things could be found.

The expert in question – a British freemason called William Thatch who had fled to America after being implicated in a scandal – immediately saw the markings on the gun as being of an occult meaning, something the uneducated priest couldn't recognize. A transaction was negotiated and the priest departed with the weapon for a sum he believed to be quite pleasant, and both men believed they had one-upped the other. The priest returned home and forgot about the whole affair in a few days time, as many died without families in those days and they all required his attention. William Thatch on the other hand set about to translate the signs the weapon carried. Their message, as he came to learn, was as such: "Any man's soul as is claimed by this weapon is consigned to Hell, and their grave's worth of land is given to the man what did the killing". A simple offer, but how did such a thing come about?

Thatch sought to it out, and one night stalked the woods outside of town for a victim, this fascinating weapon loaded. A victim he found, and killed, then returned home and slept soundly, for he had taken the lives of strangers before.

That night William Thatch awoke to unpleasant heat. He could barely breathe, he could barely move. He was boxed in, and tried to kick and scream and claw his way out for what seemed like an eternity, sweating until his clothes were soaked, his throat parched, gasping for air that simply wasn't there, until his strength failed him and he lay there in agony for a small eternity, until at last he awoke to a new day, no worse for wear save the scars of his mind. It seemed to him that the situation was clear; he had killed a single person, and was given a grave's worth of land... in Hell. Knowing himself to be damned to begin with, it would only make sense to desire more land. Thus Thatch decided to seek more lives to end for the betterment of his lot. To wander the streets at night, to find vagrants, then to bring them to his basement to shoot was one option, but to do so was risky. To stalk the roads for vagabonds was less so, but there were less people there. His first attempt had been lucky, would his next be so? Should he risk witnesses to gain more space for his nightly sojourns to Hell, or should he risk the unpleasantness of the oven-like grave for the certainty of being able to hunt more? Thatch agonized over the decision. Eventually he took the risk of getting caught, but the Devil's luck was with him, and thus he claimed another victim. He still needed medical aid to get to sleep that night.

This second night in Hell was quite different from the first. Thatch woke up in his coffin again, yes, but now it was larger now. He could stretch out; he could extend his arms more. The heat was still awful though, and he was still in a dark box. With great effort he pushed on the lid. It occurred to him that maybe with each murder he piled six more feet of dirt over his coffin, making it ever harder to escape. This proved to be incorrect when he finally managed to force the lid open to the sound of something cracking. It seems the coffin had been sealed with pitch or some such, but it was on the surface! Thus did William Thatch first behold Hell, and what a disappointing sight it was! A field of ash stretched out as far as the eye could see in one direction, an imposing wall of stone rose up to eternity in the other, fires blew a hot wind from a third

and in the final direction he turned his head to he saw a rickety old house. Around this house was a border set by posts and ropes, and a similar went around the small lot Thatch found himself in.

"Ahoy!" he called out. The door to the house opened and well-worn man with a grin stepped out.

"Well lookee, we got us a neighbour!" this man said, throwing his head back and gesturing to those inside the house. A multitude came out, men and women and even children. The man who had first opened the door headed this procession to Thatch's lot, where they all gawked at him. The freemason found himself speechless.

"Are you..."

"Old Nick? Nah, nah. Not many devils in these parts. This is our land, Nasser land. You? You're not a Nasser"

Thatch admitted as much.

"So why don't you give us a reason not to come over there and kick you out? You step one foot outside you're the land that's fenced and your fair game to them, and I figure you done kilt my kin to get here"

This threat from the Nasser patriarch seemed quite serious, and so Thatch explained how it is he had come to be in possession of the cursed weapon. The man's toothless grin grew wider as he heard it.

"Hastings is dead? HAH! Tell you what, Redcoat! You get that ol' gun back down to Missouri and give it to my next of kin so's they can keep up the family tradition of, uhh, land acquisition, and you's can marry one of our little'uns as she grows up!"

Thatch was confused by this.

"Grow up? But this is Hell! Surely they'll stay the way they were when they died..."

"Them kids ain't dead, friend. They was born here. That's the secret, see? Every man and woman in Nasser family needs to kill someone with that there gun to join us here when they die, and once they're here life goes on, with all that entails if you catch my meaning"

Thatch did. So land in Hell, and a wife and children as well!

"This seems like a fair bargain" he said.

"I'm a fair man" Nasser admitted.

"How did this weapon come to be, though?" Thatch asked out of curiosity, and Nasser told him how he, a rotten apple, had been dying in the desert after escaping an attack by a posse of bounty hunters that had killed his compatriots. He'd made a deal with a devil that night, selling his soul for that gun. He'd killed quite a few people with that gun, then left it with his brother after shooting himself with it. His family had followed suit and they eventually figured tricks to bring in seeds and things to Hell, then built their house of their coffins. This had continued until the man named Ezekiel Hastings discovered the truth of it, killed the then current owner of the gun and fled north with it, passing beyond all knowledge of the Nasser family, until William Thatch brought the whole thing right back. It was a clever little story, and Thatch was glad to be associated with them. He began to travel to Missouri the very next day, killing every now and again on his way to make himself a more suitable groom.

Eventually he found the current generation of Nassers and became their guest. That night he was engaged to a child of 12 in Hell and there was an agreement that the lands of Nasser and the lands of Thatch were as one.

William Thatch never saw dawn as he was gunned down in his bed. His land acquisitions, an unlucky 13 murders in total, passed to the Nassers and his soul went wherever the victims of that gun did.

Anything beyond this point is shit.

A Probably Shit Description

I shat this out in like 2 minutes so critique is welcome.

The castle sat stoutly upon the hill. It was ancient and dilapidating; the towers crumbling over the heads of a line of decadent Kings, yet no army, no matter how foolish and arrogant their commander, would be so foolish to test their might and assault it. Men had tried and dashed their men upon the unassailable walls of the keep. The great oak doors protected the Kings, not just from these armies and their blades, but the sight of his subjects wither away under the conditions of a particularly harsh winter, all while growing fat upon the fruits of their people's labour. Young, great men threw their lives away in vain for the King whom would not raise a finger to save them. A line of weak Kings and gluttonous Princes sat on thrones built upon lies and treachery, all to live and die in the same halls; succumbing to paranoia and greed like their forefathers before them and theirs sons after them. No true man worthy of the crown had walked the land in ten score years; even the crown was scarcely worn by the falsely called Kings; the gold sits heavy on the head and few men could now bear it. The blood of the Kings of yore has become diluted amongst that of lesser men, what started with fiercely wise, just men has become corrupted; their kin now ruling like cruel children, their squabbles resulting in the death of thousands more worthy. These so-called "men" are only related to their ancestors in name.

"A Probably Shit Description: A Literary Critique"

It was okay. The sentence structure could've been improved though. It just turned out to be very uncomfy to read. 5/10

- Anon
Thx anon, or 2 mins of work I'll take a 5/10
Ahem.... Fuck Jannies
based

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Tom Jones' Economicus



In 1969, when I was only 6 years old, *This is Tom Jones* first aired on television. Every week I would sit in front of the TV hypnotized by this gyrating God. Jones' voice made me feel as if I was surrounded by angels. It is a feeling I still experience today. It is an inner peace not easy to describe. It is spiritual. Considering Tom Jones was responsible for my spiritual awakening as a child, it is only natural for me to incorporate him into my ministry as an adult.

Lethal Consequences: A Minecraft Adventure (Hardcore Survival Mode Episode 420)

Based on a true story. please like and subscribe face reveal at 100 subs

The day started like all days do in Minecraft: good. The villagers that lived in the village not far from my house were walking around with their big noses, enjoying the nice weather, until it started to rain, and then they did not enjoy it anymore. How frequently does it rain in the land of minecraft? Excellent question, dear reader. Mine-Meteorology is a hot and happening new field offered as a two or four year major here at Notch university!



Deeper, Into Steve

Steve pondered, "Why am I here? Why did my days start off, as all days do: good?"

His thoughts were quickly interrupted as the course texture of a villager's nose made its' uninvited way into his harshly closed, backed-up rectum. He absolutely gasped for air as his anus was invaded with the utmost ferocity. Such a thing was unfounded; here, in the village? No. Nothing could happen here. He couldn't be raped. Not by a villager. Not by the huge schnoz that he was surrounded by, every day. He felt safe around them. Steve couldn't have expected such a thing to occur.

His expectations meant nothing. Steve grunted, he shifted his weight forward and fell onto hard wood. Simultaneously, 'hard wood' fell into him. Steve knew there was no way he could escape this situation. There was no way that he could escape this dominant villager's manmeat. Steve had been trapped. Seemingly, Steve had trapped the villager as well. Deep, deep inside. Deeper than anyone had ever gone, into Steve.

I was at my crafting table making some torches to bring with me on the expedition down my mines to find more diamonds when I heard the horn blow. The blood in my blocky pixel veins froze to ice. "The Illagers are about to do a raid on the Villagers," I said out loud to my jungle cat that I had found in the jungle biome. I said it calmly and badassly, not in a panic, even though the situation called for panic, since I was all out of diamonds to repair my diamond sword with (this is why I was just about to go and find more diamonds) and the sword was just about to break.

I didn't have iron either so i couldn't make a regular iron sword, and there was no time to waste to craft anything anyway, so don't ask questions there was nothing I could do to better my odds in the upcoming fight, this story doesn't have plot holes and contrived tension, I was literally about to fight with an almost broken sword and could have died for real in Minecraft.

Lethal Consequences: A Story Of Ashton



As little Ashton Thompson, 9, was writing his Minecraft Fanfiction, dad called from the kitchen. Dad, or more often called Peepaw, was yelling. Yelling, more intensely than ever. Something had happened. He wasn't

being called for his peepaw's Hot Ketchup Kraft Dinner Casserole, he was being called for something more. Something horrible. Something he didn't want. It summoned thoughts of his story. His story about Steve, being viciously violated by a horrifying Villager.

Ashton jumped up from his seat. His thoroughly stained basketball shorts sagged underneath his horrid visage. He rushed into the hallway. On both sides, he was surrounded by trophies, medals, awards, acknowledgments. However, they were not his. They served as something to look at, something to aspire to. His father was a very successful man.

And then he met Ashton's mother.

Veering back into Ashton's story, tears were welling up in his eyes. He had wanted to finish his Minecraft story. His father was waiting. He couldn't procrastinate. Not now. He could push everything off. But not his father. His father was heavy. His father was dominant. Especially with his son. His son was always fearing for his life.

After Ashton had received his beating, he sorrowfully returned to his keyboard. He was ready. His brain flowed with new electricity. He was going to write this story. Even if it meant failing the Third Grade.

On my way out I stopped by my horse (that I had previously named Naruto). I could see the fear in his horse eyes and decided not to ride him over to the village. He had been skittish and weird since the last raid, scarred not only physically but mentally as well. The carnage had been unreal, villager limbs and blood up to his horse knees, every way he turned there was unending hell/nether and he could not escape it. It was clear that the past wasn't done with him, and perhaps the most humane thing would be to just put him down, a thought I had returned to often as I had heard him wail all night long in his lonely stable, and I decided right there and then that I would take him out of this gruesome Minecraft world as soon as I had more diamonds.

But for now my sword could not be wasted on mercy killings. The last remaining pixels on the durability bar were reserved for killings of a different kind. I set out on foot in the rain.

Ashton shifted in his seat. He was unsure of himself.

I was too late. I arrived just in time to see an arrow pierce the last remaining villager who was still alive. It pierced right through her skull as she was running towards me, and she fell into my arms and said something that sounded like "I love you" but it was hard to hear exactly because the arrow had lodged itself between her jaws, and hindered her from making regular mouth movements. I recognized her as she was dying, I had banged her a few weeks before, and she must have fallen in love with me or something even though I had not felt anything for her and just used her like I had used all the other villager girls, like a man does.

No time to reminisce, an illager was running at me with a sword in his hand aimed at me. I threw the now dead villager girl at him at full force and the impact of the corpse killed him almost instantly (in 0.2 seconds I'd estimate based on previous experience).

8 December 1909: 44 Fontenoy Street, Dublin

My sweet little whorish Nora,

I did as you told me, you dirty little girl, and pulled myself off twice when I read your letter. I am delighted to see that you do like being fucked arseways. Yes, now I can remember that night when I fucked you for so long backwards. It was the dirtiest fucking I ever gave you, darling. My prick was stuck up in you for hours, fucking in and out under your upturned rump. I felt your fat sweaty buttocks under my belly and saw your flushed face and mad eyes. At every fuck I gave you your shameless tongue come bursting out through your lips and if I gave you a bigger stronger fuck than usual fat dirty farts came spluttering out of your backside. You had an arse full of farts that night, darling, and I fucked them out of you, big fat fellows, long windy ones, quick little merry cracks and a lot of tiny little naughty farties ending in a long gush from your hole. It is wonderful to fuck a farting woman when every fuck drives one out of her. I think I would know Nora's fart anywhere. I think I could pick hers out in a roomful of farting women. It is a rather girlish noise not like the wet windy fart which I imagine fat wives have. It is sudden and dry and dirty like what a bold girl would let off in fun in a school dormitory at night. I hope Nora will let off no end of her farts in my face so that I may know their smell also.

You say when I go back you will suck me off and you want me to lick your cunt, you little depraved blackguard. I hope you will surprise me some time when I am asleep dressed, steal over me with a whore's glow in your slumbrous eyes, gently undo button after button in the fly of my trousers and gently take out your lover's fat mickey, lap it up in your moist mouth and suck away at it till it gets fatter and stiffer and comes off in your mouth. Sometime too I shall surprise you asleep, lift up your skirts and open your hot drawers gently, then lie down gently by you and begin to lick lazily round your bush. You will begin to stir uneasily then I will lick the lips of my darling's cunt. You

will begin to groan and grunt and sigh and fart with lust in your sleep. Then I will lick up faster and faster like a ravenous dog until your cunt is a mass of slime and your body wriggling wildly.

Goodnight, my little farting Nora, my dirty little fuckbird! There is one lovely word, darling, you have underlined to make me pull myself off better. Write me more about that and yourself, sweetly, dirtier, dirtier.

JIM

A Board Meeting

Fister Esquire, nervous of the eventual, enters the conference room which expands before him. Thrones for drones, spectacles of and for vampires of the fiscal world and all its ventures. Greetings first, on time, the stragglers can enter in the back when they arrive. This happens all the time.

Raise the glass and the problems you bring forward. Pleasant company expected, present company excluded, ideas of peasant camaraderie subverted, destined company predictions, statistics, logistics all presented Here come the bourgeoisie recluses. Word treacle pouring slowly, slowly. The title of the night - he thought to himself - The sister of my wife to be, company incest probably, she enters in the back and starts to listen but her eyes glaze over she's not here to beat the rest will not invest, she's here for me. I wonder if there's something wrong or something right about to start with her and me or should that be; Her and I.

The powerpoint slide has the attention of the vampires that were mentioned and his gestures come to a close. Fister slinks away to the side and passes the torch to his partner and strategive director who carries on as if nothing had happened. Reflections in champagne flutes the gaslights that guide the fist, a five fingered wriggle through many shapes adorned by tailored suits. A two then one fingered wrist flick leads them both into the blinding corridor, vision clears in the fire escape.

The fate and future of Fister enterprises lay 10 floors below and on the roof simultaneously. Skirt hitched and sopping panties dropped. Paternity is easier to fake than maternity he repeated mostly in his head. Her temporarily furrowed brow means at least one had slipped out but interpretation was ephemeral as her head tilted back. One leg up on the ledge her back arched over the street. He imagined himself the jackhammer 30 storeys down across the road pounding pubis sending ripples through her hair and dress she imagined herself jolting melting stretching down to peek through the windows of the

floors below. She sees the mid-section of Fister enterprises' presentation briefly growing past. Her plane encompasses the side of the building getting closer to the floor. Four sets of fingers clench for back door entry.

Cut short, consciousness vaults back to the roof. Underwear underfoot steals the grip and friction of his black leather shoe. They hurtle down, her embrace gets rejected in midair the thoughts he could not bear return his wife and kids to be were not to be. Half a lifetime of pleasing old men would have been better spent in Thailand. Tandem spiral. The forms remain largely intact the souls of both take leave of this world. Her head had met black leather via car windscreen, his feet first had hit concrete slumping across scaffold boards. Fister PLC stocks plummet.

A MECHANICAL POEM

Two gods, engage in skirmish.

The metallic hue, painted in blood.

Souls of each, a swallowed man.

Roars can be heard, a blaring battle

Impact upon impact, dents, but no blood.

The motive they hold, foreign

Beauty alone, breathtaking.

A plunge into one's guts reveals a man.

The god, inert.

A victor stands, and strikes a pose.



Sphere

It was a warm Sunday night. He was returning home from work early, however the lack of a family awaiting his return meant that he was free to spend a few hours wandering the city's winding streets. He started his wasteful adventure by venturing down a route he seldom took as it was in the opposite direction to his house and led to nowhere of much significance.

Due to the aforementioned insignificance of the given route and the streets encompassed by it, it was rather sparsely populated. Since he carried neither valuables nor much money, the dimly lit street corners did not inspire much fear in him, yet he trudged carefully, as to not break the taciturnity of the almost desolate streets.

After passing two intersections and turning right twice, he found the initially sparse crowd steeply densening. Amused, he decided to walk towards the epicenter of the said crowd, where the general motion seemed to lead to. The crowd was a curious assortment of inconspicuous people. Children, elderly, men with their families, couples holding hands- they were, in truth, people not unlike those found anywhere else in the city, yet their unanimous, peculiar attraction to the center of the cluster sparked curiosity in him.

After a bit more of walking, he felt the pace of those around him suddenly slow down. Curious, he stood on the tips of his toes to see why. A stoppage of sorts had formed a bit down the road, silhouetted by an eerie glow in front of the people forming it. Ever so curious, he pushed through the slow-moving crowd and found a spot for himself in the stoppage.

The people stopped here had gathered in a circle around a huge sphere, glowing brighter than the moon with a comforting deep blue. The ground on which it rested had been dug up around it, forming a deep moat which, in juxtaposition to the sphere's bright glow, was pitch black. He felt himself subconsciously leaning towards the sphere, and unable to stop himself, he pressed his hand against it.

He fell in, and as he was sucked into the sphere, a shooting star flashed past the sky brilliantly and disappeared.

Meditation on Habitual Irony in Text and Speech By a Dudeist Priest

"And make no mistake: irony tyrannizes us. The reason why our pervasive cultural irony is at once so powerful and so unsatisfying is that an ironist is impossible to pin down. All U.S. irony is based on an implicit "I don't really mean what I'm saying." So what does irony as a cultural norm mean to say? That it's impossible to mean what you say? That maybe it's too bad it's impossible, but wake up and smell the coffee already? Most likely, I think, today's irony ends up saying: "How totally banal of you to ask what I really mean."" - David Foster Wallace, E Unibus Pluram: Television and

U.S. Fiction

The internet users familiar with image boards such as Reddit or 4chan might likely recognize and be familiar with the types of rhetoric known as "postirony" where the user's comments are often hard to interpret correctly due to layer upon layer of ironic detachment wherein the true intentions of the commenter become buried underneath. Starting off, we'll like to shine a light on the ongoing discourse between postmodern irony, where something in general is mocked and not to be taken seriously, and the new sincerity movement, where something is meant to be taken seriously (unironically). The (arguably) post-postmodern form of irony known as post-irony⁶⁸ aims to combine both postmodern irony and new sincerity in a way where either the absurd is to be taken seriously or to be as unclear as possible as to whether something is meant to be ironic at all. We know this phenomena as under the name of "Poe' Law", based on a comment written by Nathan Poe in 2005 on christianforums.com, during a debate on creationism the law states that without any clear indications it is very easy to interpret irony used on the internet as being sincere, or as the original comment of Poe goes:

⁶⁸ Often post-irony is used as a term for new sincerity as well, which, ironically, increases the confusion on this topic even further.

"Without a winking smiley or other blatant display of humor, it is utterly impossible to parody a Creationist in such a way that someone won't mistake for the genuine article."

We'll give an example: there's a debate going on on an image board about a topic that's often interchangeable but lets for the sake of argument make it about the contemporary student loan situation in the higher academia of many Western nations, a topic incidentally highly familiar to the age group that now can be described as the image board dwelling digital natives that frequently visit image boards. One user might start commenting on something like a news article about the topic: "these loans will be a burden upon my future, I might not even find a job by the time I need to start paying it back!"

Another user ups the ante by commenting (crudely): "Yeah, this shit makes me want to kill myself"."

Another user goes: "I wish I had never listened to the people who told me to go to university."

And: "Things like this make me wish for a revolution."

Whereupon another replies to that: "I agree, perhaps the student revolutions in Maosist China had a point."

Are we to take these cries of wolf seriously? Or laugh with the plethora of internet commenters who might just be making fun of a situation? Both? And is it ultimately just a mix of escapism and a way to deal humorously with the situation? It's permissible to be confused, it is likely that perhaps the original commenters are as well.

Now if we indeed choose the path on which we decide to view many of these comments as simply (despite the feelings portrayed rarely being all that simple) ways for the moody internet user to either vent of steam and deal with the situation or as the post-ironic humor of the deepest degree of cynicism and ultimately harmless words on a webpage, then we must also consider what might happen when those moods, or "vibes" as the internet would currently call them, transfer into the real world.

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⁶⁹ On a related side-note. It is, frankly, a bit concerning to see the amounts of thinly veiled, literal gallow humor of many internet jokes known as "memes". Again, a highly serious topic buried underneath layers of irony.

Because that might cause trouble.

Let us look at a movie called *The Comedy* with starring in lead Tim Heidecker, one half of the duo behind the surreal, anti-comedic and cringe comedy⁷⁰ TV show titled *Tim and Eric Awesome Show, Great Job!* As show which itself is no stranger to the use of post-ironic humor to puzzle attempts at deducting any meaning from it.

In *The Comedy* we see Heidecker play an aging, upper class hipster called Swanson who, while living in New York, alternates between feelings of apathetic boredom and resent for his surroundings. The film itself lacks a clear narrative. We follow Swanson and his group of friends through various places in the city as they wander from party to party, continuously ridiculing their surroundings in a state of, what David Foster Wallace would call: "hip cynical transcendence of sentiment" and "some kind of fear of being really human." Essentially, Swanson and his group perfectly embody what happens when one lives their life completely post-ironic, exemplified by the moment where the group of friends mock their less intelligent member for making a sincere attempt at confessing the importance of what their friendship means for him, Swanson's flirting with a woman at a party while making sarcastic praise of Hitler, paying 400 dollars to a cab driver in order to let him drive his taxi only to then drive overly reckless, and ultimately brought to its dangerous conclusion in a scene where a woman who Swanson tries to seduce suffers a seizure while he observes with faint interest. Near the end of the movie one of the friends presents a slideshow of childhood images interspersed with vintage pornography, a joke that after a few awkward laughs quickly depresses the entire group.

The final scene makes a tiny attempt at offering some form of redemption for Swanson as he visits a beach where he meets a child playing in

⁷⁰ Cringe comedy would become a huge success on internet formats like YouTube where it was easy to compile various videos of another person's failures into so called "cringe compilations". If there's one thing that the internet likes to laugh at more than actual sincere comedy than it is the hubris of their fellow humans. Take for example the well-known, albeit ancient by internet standards, phrase: "Epic Fail", Used whenever someone failed so hard that it became "epic".

the water. He joins in on the activity and we the viewer see a glimmer of what seems to be genuine enjoyment in Swanson.

We are left to question the worth of living life drenched in irony. The characters in this movie are not monsters but neither are they heroes, instead, they seem to be as ordinary as ordinary humans can be, and many of us today, whether we realize it or not, whether we like it or not, will ultimately have to admit that the character's feelings of boredom, apathy, and resent are not feelings unfamiliar to us in an age where we've been taught that there is no absolute truth. That whatever ideas or values you might possess, the next person has them as well, and the next, and the next, and so on. That it's all just socially constructed and thus might just as well be deconstructed because, as we are told, nothing really matters. And that despite any value you might attach to these concepts springing from your mind, nobody understands things the exact way you do, and all we can do is try to translate the feelings into words hoping that the other might understand.

Which is exactly why irony and muddying up what you really mean is such poison to human interactions. Which is why it should become key for yourself to speak clear because hiding behind the comforts of irony will end up leaving you feeling nauseous and locked up inside yourself. Which is why it might sometimes be better to answer the question of "How are you?" with "I am feeling bad" instead of "not good", or "could be better", or saying "fine" when you in fact are not feeling fine at all.

Irony is a tool whose use should be warranted only as a last resort, because if you use it habitually it will become harder and harder for people to understand you and that might be fine when you're simply not feeling like sifting through the troubles of life with just about anyone and you want to steer the current conversation elsewhere. But let your irony become a habit and before you know it'll become impossible to even open up to someone who actually cares.

Haggerfalk

Would there be nothing more than this lingering boomerweltanschauung, pacing up and down the place with its hands wringing out shadows of absurd anxieties.

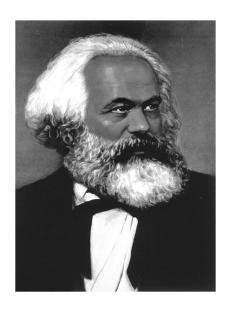
Since I have stayed here I have been subjected to a kind of culinary brutalism, with piles of starch scooped onto my plate endlessly, dry, flavorless, colorless. This gives me no powers, I exclaim, this gives me no nutrients!

The faceless lunch lady pays me no mind- I am not even convinced she can hear me at all. Thus begins my own pacing around the hotel grounds, through and over the landscaped gardens, down the stone roju path in imitation of japanese tea variety. The envoy has still not arrived. When I return the etherwave reverberated down the brass wiring that ran along the perimeter of the room, starting from the contraption and ending at a small metallic post sitting on the window ledge. No new messages.

When I return to my wooden clapboard room there is a parcel with a note attached sitting on the mahogany desk. Someone had gone as far as lighting the incandescent coil lamp. In the parcel is a crimson luchador mask with an accompanying cape and pearl-white leather boots. The message reads:

"You must become the haggerfalk- a falcon too fierce to be tamed!"

DAS RITE, DAS KAPITAI



Nigga Marx
lil marx
Nog Stalin
Wardine be cry
This dick ain't free
Never forget
We wuz kangs

DEDICATED TO MY NIGGAS:

MARTIN LUTHER KANG

2PAC

BIGGIE

JUICE WORLD

XXXTENTACIONXXX

ROSA 'LUXEMBURG' PARKS

MICHAEL JORDAN

IDI AMIN

DILLON (YOU SON OF A BITCH) QASEM SOLEIMANI TRAYVON MARTIN

"I SHOOK HANDS WITH BOTH RONALDS, REAGAN AND MCDONALDS NO DOUBT IF YOUR NAME END WITH "BERG", TIME TO GET OUT"

#TYBG

They bourgeoisie don't think it be like it is, but it do. Das rite. Dem bourgeoisie be selling das kapital fo' das bling and with das bling dem bourgeoisie am agonna buy mo' of das kapital. Das rite. Kapital, bling, kapital, in short, K—B—K. Dis be the circulation and continuous accumulation of das kapital dat be making honkey rich. Das sum shieet. So take my nigga Jamal, he be working all week from five in the mornin' to eight in the evenin' fo' this cracka who be livin' in a penthouse. But Jamal ain't got no penthouse himself. He be livin' out in dis same cracka's crackpand-ass looking building and then once a month Jamal, my homie, he be needing to pay this cracka rent with the same money that Jamal be earning by working for this cracka. Das rite. Dis cracka be circulating the bling by using my nigga Jamal. Ain't that sum shiet nigga. Dis time my nigga Jamal be part of the accumulation process that be making cracka richer. Cracka ain't losin' no money fool. Das rite.

Now you be thinking, "shieeet", and das rite, you be rite, we needn't not not be dem old or new slaves anymore, what we be sayin' is dat we be gotta stop dat head-honcho honkey dude Mr. KFC himself is what I be sayin'. And I know what you be thinkin' now nigga, you be like major "shiieeeeeet" rite now, but hol up. Back dat ass the fuck up nigga. I know I know it may be dat is be seeming like hard but I only be sayin' dat if you, me, and all dem otha homies and lil nigglets dat one day will be hoping to be free we gotta stop buying all dem cracka's kapital (or commodities as cracka may be callin' it). I only be sayin' dat if we is gonna take off our chains we first gotta stop playing the role of the

slave⁷¹, fool. I ain't sayin dat you not be eatin dat chicken nigga. Mr. KFC be like a metaphor fo' all dem cracka in dem penthouses. We gotta stop buying all dem fancy-ass shit that is be keeping all dem homies without bling and stuck in paying off dem debts. Das rite. My name be Carl Johnson Markeesh and I be dropping deez major NUTS AAAAAHHH GOTCHA NIGGA U SHUD C YO FACE AAHHAAAHAHA BUT NO NO NO HOMIE fo' real, I'm just be sayin' that shieet aint rite. How yo black ass be claiming you is free when yo ass be covered in debt. Don't be believin' me nigga? Try and not be payin' yo bills and see how it be takin' befo' dem bank honkies be sendin' sum spooky guys to yo home who be lurkin' around and befo' you kno' dey be takin' away yo Playstationtm nigga. And who you be cryin to then homie? You is gonna be callin' the police and cry to dem to get yo Playstationtm back nigga? No nigga you and me both be knowin' yo ass ain't callin' the popo even if you auntie Shaniq be wavin' her 9mm around the table like thanksgiving all over again. So what yo gotta do is dis. In the east there was this nigga called Chairman Meow and he be sayin' "dem political fools got dat power coming from the barrel of dey guns fam" so this nigga Meow he kung-fu kicked some niggas and got dem guns for the fam and dat rite he won the war nigga. So what I be sayin' is is dat yo auntie Shaniq is one powerful ass queen and you be rite to follow into her footsteps is what I be sayin' home. Das rite. You know what I'm sayin?

Listen up whitey, I'm about to drop some major truth bombs on you, light-skin niggas included - you got that bourgeois privilege too. You uh, ever heard dat podcast? What those crackers call it, "Chapo trap house"? Yeah those are cool crackers, they can stay. Them and me, yeah we some real hood rat leftists. I joined tha bloods when I was seven because I found out that some real niggas got killed in the Belgian Congo because of capitalism. Turns out tha bloods aint communist-like, nah they some real enterprising niggas, real school of crackonomics niggas. But me and tha hard-ass ganja crew gon tell you what this commie stuff really about. So y'all ever heard of wage slavery? That some real sheeeit you boss be keeping on the down low. Get this nigga, you can and deserve! to be paid more. Dat mans, Lil Pump? Y'all heard of that crazy negro?

 $^{^{71}\,\}mbox{We}$ wuz kangs and shit nigga.

Yeah he out there breaking FREE of wage slavery, praise tha lord for a real nigga is risen. When that cray-cray kid Pumpernickel pissed on thos fresh 100washingtons, now that's what y'all gotta learn. He wus really channeling the realest nigga of all, Marx. Lemme talk like da white man for a moment, did ya kno that in 1971 that cracker Nixon removed da gold standard? Das right nigga y'all green stacks aint *really* worth shiet, so da capitalis man in that white house keep stacking up tha 10-year bonds while you hood niggas on that hard grind. Niggas of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains (not your gold chainz, the chains of the white debil)! You wanna know some real hard nigga shit that the boug MSM ain't telling y'all? Da world's first trillionaire was a BLACK MAN! Das rite, Viper. Viper be dropping those beats for the proles since 1914, new mixtapes every day. And by the Lord blessed he using his monetary powers for good! You ever had sum real good crack fo cheap, none of that fent shit? Yeah, dat's our man Viper subverting da governments crack-labs. And I know y'all niggas find Saint Patricks day some real creepy cracker sheit, but remember, tha Irish were slaves loong before us niggas. So be looking out fo your comrade, even among tha white man there are true believers in tha lord, true scholars of tha black struggle, true fighters against the capitalist empire! I mean dayum, while y'all niggas were off that proletariat grind, those Irish republican niggas were training Palestinian soldiers n shiet, da IRA is a comrade to niggas the world over.

Listen up yall niggas, im about to lay sum truth upon ya all. Sum shit called da 'Dialectical Materialism.' Dere wus dis nigga name Hegel⁷² rite? And he be studying dem history and shiet. He got up with this 'dialectic' rite. He wrote all about this shit in his book "The Phenomenology of Spirit" or how they is calling it there "*Phänomenologie des Geistes*". Now what de fuck is a geist you is thinking rite? So dem geists is like da conscious right. It is what we been thinking, all of us. Dem eras have a geist, they be thinking in some ways right and dis ways have a contradiction, they ain't right with themselves. So we come up to this thesis-antithesis sheit rite. Over time rite, like dem years, da original

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 $^{^{72}\,\}mbox{See}$ Chapter 2 of 'Doth Spoke Xander B Jerrald' to learn the backstory of Hegel.

idea, dem first thoughts, lead some niggas to think de opposite shit rite. Da contradiction can be seen rite. Then, dem two thoughts are synthesized, they become one now. Dis is how my nigga, Hegel, thought history is rite. Well he be wrong. Fuck dis dialetic, imma bring dis new shit. Da material dialetic. Now what da fuck is this materialism? I hear ya asking ya self. Rite, so a different nigga living in a hood called 'ancient greece' called Epicurus had some new thoughts. He be thinking 'shit, all there is to this world is fucking matter, the shit we can see and feel, there ain't anything else'. He thought about what if dis world is made from dese atoms rite. Everything is dese tiny balls right and dey is following the laws of maths and shiet, they aint be thinking. And if all we is, is dem balls, we ain't be thinking either rite, we ain't got any free will, we just be a bunch of atoms following dem determinstic laws. So, I wus thinking shieett, if all this world is lil balls and shit, then dis world ain't be changing because of some stupid ass ghosts, history is governed by dem materialistic changes nigga. So I came up wit da 'dialectical materialism', rite. I was in a gang of niggas and we was calling ourselves de 'young hegelians'. We owe it to our nigga Hegel for showing us de way but we wus looking at his shit and we was thinking we can improve this shit, that it ain't all right, you know. Like belief in dis nigga jesus, fool, nigga jesus is made up so that poor niggas won't complain 'bout dem having no good shit. So, I came up dis thought nigga, that the material and dem economic changes move history. Dat history is a fight between dem rich niggas and dem broke ass niggas. So a long time ago and shit we wus living on the earth. We wus all farmers, farming the lord's green earth. But it wasn't we who wus owning dem land. No, dat was dem 'aristocrat' niggas rite. De be owning da land but dey was not working a day in their lifes. They got dem poor niggas, who didn't own any land, to work for dem. But, den came this shit called da 'industrial revolution.' We didn't need all the niggas to break their backs working on de farms anymore. Only a few niggas need to be working because they got dem technology rite. And den dere were dis new factories. So all the broke ass niggas, called da 'proletariat', dat lost their job can't buy any bread, rite. Dey got to sell dere 'labour-power' to dem bougie niggas called 'capitalists' because dey be owning all dem capital. Da worker uses da capital to make shit right. Dey value of da shit dey make is equal to da work

dey put into dis shit. Dis is called da 'labour theory of value' nigga. But da capitalist doesn't give the working niggas da value of dere labour, nah we be keeping some of da value dat de workes make for hisself, dis is da surplus labour, dis is what da capitalist profit is. Capitalist niggas don't work demselves but de steal da labour of dey working broke ass niggas. Dese broke ass niggas is being exploited. But, as da technology increases, production is going to be more capital and less nigga, right. Automation and shit. And if da profit of dem capitalists is from da surplus labour of dem work and dere is less niggas working, dem profits will fall fool. Not only dat, but dere will be a lot of hungry ass niggas who lost dere job because of da automation. My niggas will rise up and steal dat capital from dem capitalists. De niggas will own da shit dey be working on. Capitalism is a contradiction like dat 'geist' shit I wus talking about. Dis is da 'scientific socialism', da capitalism is gonna fail fool. Once dis proletarait niggas own da capital, slowly dey will realize dat 'shiet there is no need for dis state, da state only existed to protect dem capitalists' rite and den dey will realise dere is no need for dis money shiet either. Niggas will start giving dere shit to eachother like brothas. From each nigga according to his ability, to each nigga according to his need, fool. Den we reach da last stage in my dialectical materialism, we reach da Communism. Rise up, niggas of the world.

(Approved by the british blacks and dat, dem greys just don't get our struggles and tings kmt. Big up my nigga marx and air dem rudeboy who diss him. Dem man who just diss cos he's brown and ting and can't handle our success and dat.)

Extolling the virtues of the fairer species

In the past year I have developed a great fondness for birds and waterfowl of all sorts. Perhaps it is merely wishful thinking, but I can see such virtue in their eyes. Watch the jackdaw as it hops about the train station, with what fuel does it hop so merrily! And merry indeed, I hypothesis that in ancient times jackdaws and other intelligent birds were happy to rest on human shoulders when tired. This was no mere physical arrangement, for the witty jackdaw can listen to the human speak and become a learned bird. However now the great clouds of jackdaws have observed our crimes and have excommunicated us. Walk the mighty great wall of China and you will easily find men with a dozen caged birds, charging 50 cents to free one. Walk the perimeter of a slaughterhouse and you will not as easily hear young chicks being shredded alive. So it is that when I sit at the platform eating my focaccia the jackdaw approaches most cautiously while other J-daws observe inquisitively. I wish dearly you would join me on my shoulder, brother, but I understand, I do not trust them either. Be sure to not get mixed up with the bold Raven! The raven has no hop, rather a confident swagger. Watch them keenly and you will note they aren't skittish creatures. The sound of a car veering around a corner is enough to spook me, yet the raven remains calm for he has seen it all before. With his most precise organs designed by the ultimate watchmaker he can easily separate the regular din from that which is interesting.

The seagull is a most amusing creature. Unlike other animals, birds have adapted incredibly to the chaotic urban environment, and seagulls are at the peak of this adaptation. When you look around do you not channel a bit of Kaczynski and see hellish monoliths all around? Surely there is no hope among such intricate prisons? The seagull doesn't care for such silly metaphors, the seagull sees a collection of bricks between which crumbs may fall. We should learn this attitude from the seagull. The seagull is not aware of Das Kapital and how it has shaken the world, but we are, and can we say we are happier for it?

Reductionism is often disparaged in the natural sciences, but for our wellbeing I believe that it can be good to occasionally forget the bigger picture. Big picture: "This duck is utterly irrelevant, it has become another resource for capitalism to exploit. Oh, how infinitely deep my hatred is for climate protesters wearing down-feather coats!". Small picture: "What a lovely duck, such sheen, such advanced genitalia. The speed with which the Mallard chases it's next rape victim, incredible!". As you can see by this exaggerated example, the small picture is what you must consider when attempting to enjoy yourself. It is bad for your health to always be worrying if your career as a writer would be jeopardised by bombing a factory! I have mastered this art in my daily forest walks, to truly be in the moment and see the small picture yields a state of relaxation unlike any other. I have seen such incredible patterns repeated in nature in this state, there are many series we have been ignoring because we haven't been relaxed enough. Shall I tell you of the geese too?

The Geese! Brotherhood and sisterhood are so finely expressed in these hateful little bastards. Find a family of newly hatched goose chicks near you and monitor their development. You will likely see that while at first every chick stays nests under their mother's wing, as soon as they have the size of a small Mallard they move out. The family unit remains, but the brothers and sisters form a group of their own. In human teens we equally see this separation from adults, however what these human teens have missed is bonding with their generational comrades! Technology has ripped that from Gen Z and Alpha, they have been tricked into thinking sending sexual dances into the void is good enough social communication. No! Back to the aggressive Goose, what a beautiful sight! With the aforementioned group of brothers and sisters split off they do not merely quack together, they explore together, test the water together, egg each other on into greater understanding of chaos. But these observations all become minor when you see these brothers and sisters cuddled not under their mother's wing, but under each other's wing. Many times I have stopped in my tracks to marvel at such compassion. Human contact has become "gay", polluted with nonsense about obtaining consent for every touch. Geese know the purity! We need not live in fear of each other's touch, under the sun's light and a brother's warmth, heaven can be 24/7. And I mean real heaven, not the false heaven of constant dopamine hits we have been sold.

The Great Crested Grebe is an essential facet of my everyday life that I have been sorely missing in this time of universal broo-ha-ha. Before my university is the bend of a canal, through which all manner of waterfowl journey. On my breaks I always go outside to this spot and stand with the greatest contentment for I can see the universe in its full sincerity presenting itself to me. Ah I mustn't forget, I was going to tell you about the Grebe! The Grebe is a duck with a wonderfully unique aesthetic. Depending on what mood you catch them in they may look like a Dutch businessman with slicked back hair, a young punk with a most rebellious spiky haircut, or a drag queen puffing up their hair and breasts to attract a mate. While lovely, it is not this aesthetic I wish to extol the virtues of. Rather it is their mating ritual. As the Grebe rounds the canal's corner it lets out a single quack to announce their presence to the other waterfowl. If another potential mate is nearby they approach and a test commences. Facing each other with their perfectly preened feathers one initiates a dance. Much like you may greet an elder, they peck at the air besides their partner's head. This dance, if replicated to a good standard, leads to a good fuck. Humans can learn from this too. To firstly take care of yourself, for love is around every corner. The most important thing I have learned in my life is that your feathers are everything, never let them fail you. And to keep going: you're all going to make it. Consider, you've never seen a duck drown itself despite their constant attempts at mating. Mating culture has become toxic with technology such as Tinder, in reality looks aren't everything, your ability to follow the dance is also important.

Dad's Story

Yeah, so I was in a gentleman's club by the name of, uh, Silver Ponies. Seated on one of the most uncomfortable goddamn stools I've ever encountered. The room was hot and smelled like shit and was basically fuckin' empty, all of which didn't paint a very pretty picture of Silver Ponies for me, a first-time customer. And listen, I had spent the last few months scurrying from shithole to shithole. I had experience. Crawling through the city, seeking out the smell of shit and burrowing my shitty little nose into some very rotten establishments. But the sheer fuckin' revulsion I felt in there, it was new. Almost all the seats were covered in these sticky, hairy patches. I found one that was mostly clean. A few stools down from me was the other customer, an old black guy surrounded by cans, with his head pressed against the rail. So I was the only audience. And there was only one goddamn stripper. This bitch would come out every few minutes and do a little spin—she would just fuckin' spin and then squat to pick up the money. One of the most pathetic fuckin' displays I've ever borne witness to.

"Show the little lady some love," I'd tell the black guy when she'd start walking out on stage. He'd lift his head, fumble in his pocket for a wallet, then fumble in his wallet for a bill and toss it out, usually a five or a ten. Then he'd put his head back down, and I'd slide my hand under the rail to grab his money before the stripper could see. When she did her stupid little spin, I'd throw her a dollar to keep her comin' back. Being unemployed, I had become an expert at shit like that. In fact, I came to this place as part of another scheme I was setting up.

The idea had come to me about half a year earlier, when I visited an old friend from middle school in his Bronx apartment. Guy's a veteran, Iraq; got both his legs blown off by a mine. I knew his only income was from a shitty painting job, and they only let him work sometimes, 'cause obviously he sucks at painting, 'cause he can't stand. He got the job 'cause they knew he served the

country. I mean, the guy's a fuckin' hero. So I asked him how he could afford the place when his work was so shitty, and he told me that there were fundraisers for wounded veterans which brought in way more than the disability checks. I thought that didn't sound too bad at all, that I'd like some of that fundraiser money for myself. But I was 30, it was way too late for military. Couldn't be an option.

When I got home, I started looking up some other upcoming fundraisers, see what the market was like. Aside from veterans, a lot of it was like genetic diseases which I wasn't born with. Since my options were so limited, it didn't take too long for me to settle on the aicheyevee virus.

Woah, don't look at me like that, you little bastard. Your old man's not a homo.

Anyway, so I had been looking for ladies that could give me a ticket to the aicheyevee gravy train. It's a delicate art to find out a chick's status without messin' everything up. A few times were just educated guesses, but they probably just had bad colds or some eating problem. I got tested after each session. After the third test, I had to switch clinics 'cause the people started treating me weird. Needless to say, it hadn't been working out great, which is why I came to the caravan of diseases that is Silver Ponies.

After a few minutes of my little game, my black companion had knocked out cold. It was time to do some field research.

"Come here, honey," I said to the stripper after she spun. I knew she had shit else to do. She came over. "Tell me your name, sugar. Your real name." That's how I'd let them know I'm not some perv and I care about their actual lives and shit.

"Kaitlyn."

"Do you have AIDS?"

"Ew, what the fuck? No!" Then she ran backstage. I slammed my fuckin' fist on the handrail real hard. I had come on too strong.

Well, I gave up on my endeavour after that incident. I had been losing my patience with the whole thing. But I came back the next day and made amends with the stripper. Worst mistake of my fuckin' life, 'cause we got to talking, and you probably guessed this already 'cause of the name, but she

ended up being your mom. Heheh, ah well. What're you looking at me like that for? Grab me another beer, you little faggot.

In this Section: we rate every entry submitted so far

Literary Kino Tier: all three times Moby Dick got pasted but we can't keep it in :(

God Tier: Das rite, Das Kapital, Levirustan, Guys I told my Dad to watch anime and he didn't take it very well**, Oob, Moviebob vs. The Working Class, Great tier: "In Defense of: Funny Valentine or: Valentine did Nothing Wrong, go back to Reddit", Band Names without Reference, The Adventures of Hucklefuck Bitch (from vol. #1)

Good Tier: The Dreamers and Kinslayer saga (from vol. #1 and #2), The Iconology of the Hieroglyphic Evil Otto, Thiccest Thiccness, A Man's Lot in Death, A Board Meeting, The Obligatory Latin Section (from vol. #1), The Lay of Melchizedek (from vol. #1), Death throes of Abernanit, all of the Dodo saga (from vol. #1) Log 402-4D - The Attack On 5G, How I Stopped Worrying and Learned to Love My Appendicitis (from vol. #1), Eternally Untitled (from vol. #1), A Portrait of the Artists' as a Young Bitch (from vol. #1), Doth Spake Xander B Jerrald, Home on the Range, Random Poetry, ODE TO A DEFUNCT POETRY TEACHER WHO IS NOW DECEASED,

Meh tier: Haggerfalk, Constipation, Faggote (from vol. #1), Momentous in an ironic meme way (from vol #1),

Bad Tier: A Lack of Anime, Catboys are soooooo cute, Peni Parker (from vol. #1), The Pale Pink Mounds of Venus (from vol. #1),

Absolute Shit Tier: everything I wrote:(

^^^I already deleted everything you wrote, so no worries anon :)

I liked Xander B Jerrald a lot. Your welcome anon, it was good. I would put it on God tier, I wonder what the other anons think.

I wrote that, glad you liked it:)

I'm not seeing enough stuff in the 'bad' tier

Thats because most shit is fucking great

There's nothing really worth deleting. Nothing should be deleted

"Most" is great, but not all of it you have to admit

But being good isn't the point. It's supposed to be bad.

Fair enough.

What about works that are incomplete?

Either leave them or get someone to finish them

If the original author didn't finish it then it's on them, I agree we should get someone else to finish it if the original author doesn't come back

If the original author prefers a different ending, they can come back and change it

I know the first two stories in 'bad' tier are currently unfinished

There are also lots of unfinished works in vol 1. It might be easiest to go over it all again during the editing process. Perhaps delegate a section to someone to be edited in its own doc, then pasted back into the main one.

Just call them the apocrypha

Yeah, if people don't want to finish it just make a section labeled "unfinished works"

That's a good idea

you don't know it, but you are all beautiful and made of stars < 3 < 3 - thanks anon :)

This doc probably needs to be locked soon. If you are still working on a piece, I'd say continue until it gets locked, and if you aren't finished then continue working on it in a separate doc and we'll add in the finished work during the editing process.

That's a good idea; this one is starting to get a little long at almost 200 pages

Personally I think we do 1 more doc, making a nice trilogy, then start the editing process. But we should probably have a small group do the editing, with some sort of organizational methodology

I'd like the spirit and story to be preserved as much as possible in editing 2bh

I agree, mostly formatting would just be standardizing fonts where necessary (unless the author chose a specific font) and standardizing font sizes. Making sure each story starts on its own page, that sort of thing.

I think if you don't want to delete conversations, we could move them all to their own doc as a "apocrypha and appendices" section

^^^ I like this idea, some of the conversations are pretty funny

I'd like to start by rating "in this section: we rate every entry submitted so far" a solid nine (9). Das rite, Das Kapital is an easy 10. Oh L E V I R U S T A N is excellent too, I give it an easy ten (10) also.

** It is original. I wrote it. Something else with the same title may exist. I also wrote Introduction part 6 please protect this with your manhood as well. (ok nvm)

Dada visual representation of the Coronavirus

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        `vdmmmmd-
                        mmmmhho
       hmmmmm-
                        ymmmdyo
        ommmmmm.
        -dmmmmm+
                         -Nmmmyo
        smmmmmd `
                         hmmmss
                          +mmdss
         -mmmmmm+
         hmmmmmo
                         +mmdos
          -hmmmmy
                          ommdsd`
                          `dmms/
          hmmmm/
                          ymmho.
           -mmmmo
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                           -Nmms
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```

Steven's Girl Penis Chapter

A torrid affair. The cloaklihood of goat drawers had finished teaching for the day. The Irish boys were fed, lined up in the corridor to receive their daily bread. The girls were served to the gymnasium. Kalamari rings. Steven often wondered why the sexes were separated but genders could be present in either, but it was not his place to voice his curiosity.

Coins tapped the bottom of the ceramic bowl, their descent slowed by the intact corn and not so intact indeterminate fecal matter's lower density in the recently bleach infused lavatory water. Surely that must taste worse than semen, he thought, not that Steven would know, especially not about the taste of his own. In spit of this he resumed training. The only training that matters to mankind. Shoulders on the floor. Legs up and over. Feet hooked under the bed. Closer. Now for position two. Sat on the bed. Elbows clamped underneath thighs. Neck craned. Closer. Position three. Cross legged on the bed. Leg is lifted, his foot behind his neck. Back is strained but soul was willing. This was repeated with the other leg. Final position four. Cross legged again. Forearms slid under shins and the back was strained again. Maybe next time.

It takes a while for his back to straighten again so Steven boots up minecraft and logs on to his usual catboy server. He sent messages to other players on the server but as they are cats, the recipients could not read. After logging off and making the cross, thanking the lord that he was not born Canadian, Steven was reminded of his former poetry teacher, who tragically died after being slain by a wandering knight. She did have nice boobies for her age. Boobie. Oobie. Boo. Oob. Boob.

This paragraph is left as an exercise for the reader and/or your designated autofellator.

Steven's mother had died but she did not have as nice boobies.

This paragraph is left as a space for suggestions, however the author will likely masturbate instead of acting on them.

Much like the author, Steven is a fan of the pleasure derived from the crotch mounted fleischraketen. Mainly his own. It wasn't gay to masturbate while listening to the beatles because girls liked the beatles. Steven was jealous that his friends were visited by the gods in their dreams and claimed it would never happen to him due to chronic masturbatory habits, but Steven reprieved their conjectures as he was visited by the gods every time he blasted off again. His father was a great spiritual masturbator too but did not like it being brought up. Guenon. He came again. A shotgun blast was expected but only a dribble came forth. Maybe if he grew stronger penally then he could cause some real damage, maybe stage a murder suicide. The murder would be too much work he decided.

Taking off to the streets, Steven came across some turgid form spewing Spanish. The cane led him to assume it was human, so he carried on. It was pointless to engage. A swarthy man of the road put forth his street smartz (with a z!) in a fast and rhythmic manner. He appeared to be shilling and grilling and illing and filling and hilling and redpilling and willing and ceiling and milling and willing but Steven noticed the repetition, "Gotcha!" and confronted the swarther.

The swarther admitted defeat, and that he was subcontracted by "grilly G," and was "jus' tryna get by". Charmed by the admission, Steven settled on buying a CD and an ice cream from him.

A craving for anime brought Steven full circle back home but his father was busy fulfilling spiritual needs while watching presidential campaign VHS tapes from years gone by. His father's son had once questioned the habit but a bending over answered the question at the time, only now he could not remember what the answer was. While peering proudly through the window, a fly had landed on his forehead. "Stupid fly!" He exclaimed, "I'll kill you and see you rot in hell!"

Upon realizing the outburst would likely interfere with the ritual indoors Steven's face turned pale. God was on his side this time, and Allah was too probably but he wasn't one hundred percent certain. The ritual continued uninterrupted. Slumping to the ground, he remembered when he had slept outside his house. It was cold and he was restless, nightmares of places he had

never - and would never - been to. A furry hind leg swung near his nose. A dog wet his pants while the owner stared at their phone. Steven did not like dogs as he wanted to be a catboy. Steven wanted to scream but had remembered the quiet needed indoors so instead he sat and waited. The dog and its owner in tow fled the scene. It was not his place to follow them.

The sun had set and next door's bonfire display was erected. So was Steven. This year Gregory and Gregory's woodpile surged high towards the heavens. A primitive pattern carved into fire's deliverer. Their cat danced ritualistically into, then subsequently out of existence. Gregory and Gregory chatted about their plans but the Author chooses to omit their words as (s?)he can not remember them. Surprisingly Gregory was a man but his wife Gregory⁷³ was a girl. Steven noticed the taught latex catsuit she adorned. Her waist was more or less the same size as Steven's but Gregory's hips were wider than his and Gregory's put together. Her piss covered hands were no deterrent to Steven's religious urges. Her blind rage was though, as she struck Steven down with a clenched fist filled with plastic cutlery. Steven could not help but admire the food out on display. Alas none was for him. He sneaked a quick sniff of Gregory and Gregory's brappers on his way back home. It was no contest, Gregory's was much more satisfying than Gregory's.

Slowstepping through the back door, Steven retreated to his roomcave. A reminder of the brotherly broadcast company's recent domination of mobile networks stared through the high window. A 6G tower. The first in the country. Steven drew his penis to compare with the tower but it was no contest. His penis knew it was not his place. Wait was his penis a boy? That would be gay he thought. So he quickly drew boobies oob boobs and long hair and a vagina on his penis. His penis was a girl penis. He basically had sex with a girl penis a few times a day. Girl penises were allowed to be smaller so the tower (a leviathan in comparison) was not as big a blow. Cool. This was all he needed for the night, so he went to sleep.

In his dream he died while holding a shield that broke or something but then remembered that if he died in his dream he died in real life, so it must

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⁷³ Gregory has quite nice boobies but aren't as nice as the poetry teacher's boobies

have been someone else's dream. The great chef Marx Pierre White was the inspiration for his breakfast that day, or it would have been. A blue hat entered the premises brandishing a trudgeon that parted the milky sea in his cereal bowl. This was short lived as the bowl shattered across the table. Steven had plenty of time to clear this up before his dad got up. The pleaseman questioned if he diddit.

"Did what?"

"You'd know if you diddit. Didn'tcha. Don'tcha know you diddit."

"What did I do?"

"So you did do it didya?"

"I don't know what you did."

"I did...you win this round kiddo." Steven's intellectual riposte a resounding success, "Gregory's dead. Killed by falling fire wood fire. Our main suspect is a pair of oak doors and some children in prams who won't say nothin'."

"Oh ok, did you see Gregory?"

"Gregory wasn't there when we rang the doorbell so we think Gregory has more important things to do."

"Gregory has a nice ass"

"Gregory sure does."

After scribbling a picture of the boobies, hair and vagina Steven drew on his penis the day previous, the pleaseman jived off down the road singing It's not unusual. Steven agreed that it was not unusual. Catboy_Steve logged back on to his favourite minecraft server to finish up the morning.

Gregory returned around noon with Eleanora. Steven knew she had been called a town bicycle but never saw her on two wheels. Gregory was carrying her anally, further than elbow deep, arm raised high and proud. Gregory and Gregory(pbuh) were very strong and Steven reckoned they must have at least fourteen hearts of health in minecraft. Although Gregory must have been knocked down to zero. Steven wondered if Gregory was going to pull a smaller Eleanora out of regular sized Eleanora. Steven wanted to ask but was it his place? Surely the spheres of heaven above, the angelic consensus, the people's thoughts would be made known to him if it was. Wouldn't they?

The strange Spanish mass of yesterday trudged past gurgling, "Me gusta" while an assumed limb presented A copy of Diary of a Wimpy Kid. It had been signed by this Author. Steven was impressed that the book had been signed by such a legend of the craft. Of the minecraft. The catboy server would go wild if they knew he had obtained such a treasure. Stephen wondered if it was his to take. Surely a sign would show itself if this object of great worth were to be his, if he was worthy of its ownership.

Steven ran inside to see if there were any valuables to trade. He would have to swindle this Spainiel. Plate of potatoes, no. Asian lookin' tea, no. Dad's white leather boots, no.

Then it occurred to him. All thanks to the girl penis. Shiiiiiieeeeet⁷⁴.

The bourgeoisie Spaniard had been treading on proletariat Steven. By mere existence, the signed book was owed to him was it not, or was the Spaniard not a true comrade? If the Spaniard was not a true comrade then it is Steven's duty to seize the book, as it belonged to the nation. Steven's nation. The nation of Steven, his comrades, Gregory and Eleanora, Gregory(pbuh), xx40y_o_felinexx, dad, in fact all the catboy servergoers were part of Steven's nation.

Steven ran back out to the Spaniard and confessed his newfound knowledge, the book was his to take! It was his place to take it! What joy this outlook provided. He recalled the events of the past twenty four hours to the Spaniard who was incredibly invested in the penis drawing part. The Spaniard even presented his own genitalia, somewhat resembling the duck penii Steven had read so much about.

Then dad stumbled out the door, fresh from worship. "I'm going away Steven. Going away for a long time."

"Where?" - It was his place to ask.

"You wouldn't," Dad dramatically inhaled, "want to know."

Steven knew this meant Dad would be going to the strip club on a week or so long ket bender. It was his place to ask but he knew already.

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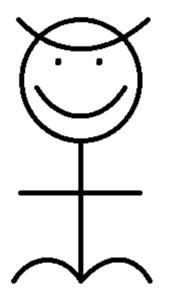
⁷⁴ This is OK as the Author has a black friend.

Steven took this time to reflect and rate out of ten every part of his journey thus far. All tens.

(=])|-< this is Steven

The Iconology of the Hieroglyphic Evil Otto

A Horrible Pastiche Drawing its Central Motif from the *Hieroglyphic Monad* of John Dee



Prefatory Poem

As a syncretic /v/irgin
Avoiding coomer urges
Today I sit down to write
On a topic bound to cause plight

Gaze upon my MS Paint creation!
See the soul in this hieroglyphic
conglomeration
Its ferocious unibrow of Artemis
Goddess of the Moon in this artifice

Below Otto proper and fitting
The Christian Cross is thus sitting
What a work of blasphemy!
To situate evil with it is heresy

Underneath the cross Aries burns
The consooming desire of the flame churns
Instead of products purchased
It combusts all things in this world-circus

Chapter 1: Introduction

- 1. Evil Otto is an infamous enemy from the game, Berzerk. He relentlessly stalks the player once they have reached a certain score, intended by the developers to kill off the player quickly.
- 2. As for the tititualar iconology of Evil Otto, the composition of the sprite of the enemy is rather simple, being merely a smiley face. While the smiley face also has a sinister connotation in big business, the author decided to artificially extend this "eldritch" quality by superimposing it Evil Otto proper over the *Hieroglyphic Monad* of Doctor John Dee, the English advisor to Queen Elizabeth I and occultist.
- 3. However, a loose definition of Iconology must be provided. "All is art." said some guy, and in the same vein, some other guy probably muttered to himself "But all is *also* text." Text, in its most general sense, is anything that contains information. Because of this, in this essay, I will interpret Evil Otto as a text.
- 4. What does Evil Otto say about our society? I answer that, it is emblematic of hyper-postmoderization, wherein anything can be interpreted as meaningful. This is a metanarrative and meta-text implied in the superimposition of Evil Otto onto the Hieroglyphic Monad.
- 5. Moreover, at the same time, a person who plays video games occasionally, it would seem like this text "The Iconology of Evil Otto" is also a vain attempt to gain street cred by mashing together all of the interesting texts that the author possesses knowledge of, like those ROM hacks that put all of these different references from video games into one hack.
- 6. Some argue that, as in the case of Artistic Formalism, that we can reduce a text to its constituent parts to comprehended more easily. Now, John Dee already performed a Formal Analysis for the Hieroglyphic Monad in the first few chapters of the book of the same name. In addition, the smiley face is not all that complicated, but when

superimposed onto the Hieroglyphic Monad, does it gain complexity? If we take the answer to the question to be a tentative "yes," then there is an endeavour to be made here in dissecting the hidden truths in the iconology of Evil Otto.

Chapter 2: The Smiley Face of Corporatism Isolated

- 7. In America, there was a longstanding tradition of a certain superstore to hand out stickers featuring smiley faces to the children of the shoppers. This was clearly an attempt to convince the parents that Corporate America has everyone's best interests at heart (spoiler: they don't).
- 8. At the same time, there was another origin for the smiley face, that of the powerful enemy in the arcade game called Berzerk. The video game is infamous for playing like the inside of a superstore that will constantly rearrange itself, having unique maps that go over eight hundred.
- 9. Evil Otto is soulless and has no personality, just like Corporate America, in that the latter produces an unimaginable amount of advertisements to get you to buy stupid shit that you don't need. It's horrible, but alas I am ranting.
- 10. In addition to this, Evil Otto is invincible in the game, clearly being a metaphor for how the corporations and culture industry will never fall as we all descend into a postmodern hell hole.
- 11. Otto tortures the player when they are successful in the game, just like how "hustlers" on Instagram tell you how much you could improve if only you purchased their exclusive Tonic Water-Muscle Milk with Snake Oil ExtractTM.
- 12. Considering the Formal Analysis of the smiley face, it is merely a circle with two dots and a curved line in the imitation of a mouth with vertical symmetry. If you are feeling extra special you can make the color of the face yellow. Presto. Done.

Chapter 3: The Hieroglyphic Monad Isolated

13. Doctor John Dee's Hieroglyphic Monad is a fairly complicated construction. I will attempt to recount it here with this poem, to save time:

First you draw a circle
Then you dot the monad
Then you draw the Cross
Add Aries and the crescent moon
And presto, it's the Hieroglyphic Monad!

14. As for the effect of the Monad itself, it supposedly stands for a representation of all Creation, as explored in this poem I just made up:

The circle represents Man's subjective eyes
The dot is God, the Object of worship
The Cross' meaning is twofold:
A vessel for the material and spiritual planes
An analogy to the four elements
Aries is Heraclitian combustion
The Moon is a mirror of things not seen
Their totality creates the Hieroglyphic Monad
Synergistically

- 15. Now, naturally I don't buy one bit of this, despite having written it. What I *meant* to say is that I emulated John Dee's thought to write those two poems from the perspective of believing in them.
- 16. If we take this claim of universal representation at face value, then the Hieroglyphic Monad conjoined with Evil Otto represents a kind of universal evil.

Chapter 4: The Monad and Otto Combined

- 17. At first, the combination may seem quite pointless, and to be frank, perhaps it is. However, that does not help us make a point, as I have already written like three pages already.
- 18. As was stated previously, if the Monad represents a kind of universality, then the juxtaposition of Evil Otto onto it represents a universal evil. Evil may be understood as being detrimental to one's existence when evil is present. Thus, what could be more detrimental to our welfare as a society at this point than the coronavirus?
- 19. Furthermore, Formalistically speaking, the only real new property manifesting from Evil Otto being placed in the Hieroglyphic Monad is the appearance of a unibrow over his eyes. It looks less sinister and more like he is just a neckbeard from reddit or something.
- 20. Going off of this, it brings into question the already morally dubious quality of the character of the Combination. Is he just a loser, or is he genuinely evil? Are they the same thing, does one lead to another, or are the qualities not related at all?
- 21. It would seem that this crude juxtaposition of figures implies that Evil Otto is a bugman, but not happy about his putrid existence as evidenced by his contrasting expression, despite pursuing hedonistic pleasures, such as buying lard at the store.
- 22. Evidence to support this claim is featured in the Aries flame beneath the cross. Crucifiction and burning at the stake were two popular execution methods. It is possible that the fire represents consumerism, and also "putting a fire under someone's ass" to buy new products. Modern man dies a little more inside everyday.

Works cited:

Kirby's Adventure
Berzerk (Arcade game)
The Hieroglyphic Monad of Doctor John Dee

What do you do for a living?

Why is the question always "What do you do for a living?" Certainly it is uncanny that whatever one is forced to fritter most of his time away with - his vocation - should be spoken of with such an ironic and cruel name as a "living". But more pressingly, we surely do more to kill ourselves than live. So wouldn't a more accurate question be phrased "What do you do for a dying?" Even just 'a dying' in general, with its varied manifestations and disciplines, would be better fitting than 'a living'. Your interlocutor would ask and you'd say "Oh, I sleep about ten hours out of every day," or "I smoke crack," or "I study philosophy." Yes, that would make a great deal more sense.

I for one detest the stigma that crack has. Cheeseburgers are a drug! You could take a fork and stab yourself in the eye, should forks be illegal? What about those who jump off buildings? Should we outlaw buildings?

There's this cool guy, Joe Rogan, who hosted Fear Factor. But he has a podcast. It's really cool man, I think you'd like it. He talks about lots of stuff. With lots of people. Yeah, lots of different stuff... With lots of different people...

A few weeks back I fucked a chimp. Never before in my life had I had sex as good as that night. It cleared my mind, man, it soothed my soul, it allowed for me to think openly and plainly for the first time in years. I've begun research in this taboo area of study and came to find out a lot about interspecies mating. I've been thinking about how the human brain can create a deeper relationship than our more primal counterparts because we create a higher-brain vulnerability. And while this can provide a stronger bond, it can also make it so people are scared to open up, and in the end if you don't make it past that vulnerability then it doesn't even matter.

Other animals with comparable genetic differences, such as zebras and horses, have bred successfully in the past. Though the offspring were often sterile. I'm devoted to finding a way in which I could combine the best of both

worlds. I've discovered that human sperm can penetrate the outer membrane of a gibbon (ape species) egg. Unfortunately I came to find out that human sperm simply cannot bind to chimpanzee eggs. However, I've also found that human sperm can bind to gorilla oocytes with almost the same ease as human ones.

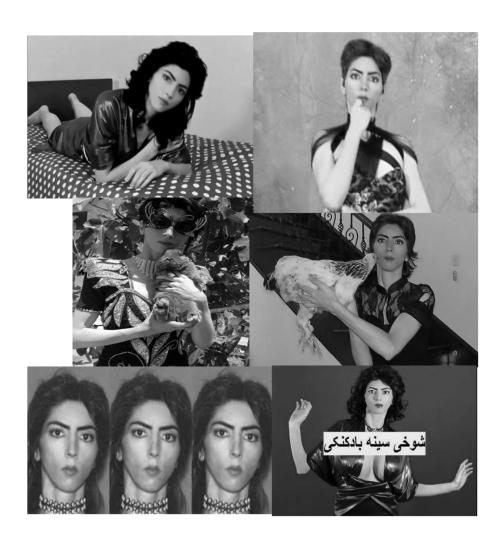
This was great news, but also horrible news. For you see, gorillas are ugly as fuck. The whole point of this is ruined if the offspring were to be a gorilla-human hybrid. I've been making good headway though.

But yeah, this dude (Joe Rogan) is also, like, in MMA. I've actually been thinking of learning Brazilian Jiu Jitsu. No it's not because of him. It's my own volition. Have you heard of Jordan Peterson by the way? I thought he sounded cool, but he takes pills. What a loser. Everything he's said in his career is now devoid of any credibility because of that. Here, try these nootropics I got, Alpha Brain. They make you, like, think sentences, uh, better.

Waifu

During my quarantine i've been able to have a threesome with two waifu's. I could have picked any two waifu's so of course I went with reisuka. reisuka tongued my asshole while I licked reisuka's cunny. We proceeded to curl fetally as reisuka also orally administered reisuka in the perineum. In a sense reisuka was able to ram reisuka's head up reisuka's target orifice. The result was a waifuck ouroboros. It never ends and I am continually engaged. I consider this the greatest accomplishment of my life and a better exertion of effort than reading or writing or exercising under quarantine. I will let all reisuka fags parse the significance of my accomplishment and understand why they will never have the versatility, will, intellect, and mana to do this themselves.

The Nasim Aghdam Gallery









Random Poetry. (feel free to add)

1. Ovid-19

You hate my guts Cause I called you a slut I bet all you taste is nuts.

Student centre Student centre Please come quick I need a mentor

Drinking chardonnay with the stars
The milky Way is actually the name of the airport bar.

I have corona
Cause I live in Corona
All I have to my name is a dozen Corona's
I hope it cures my Corona.

2. "Is This Poem Finished, Anon?" Yes it's a Haiku

Snow falls on lilies twee twee twee twee twee Birds call through the cold

3. Have you ever written a poem, Anon? / He took a face from the ancient gallery;

Eight o'clock, I think of my dear Mother;

I haven't a thing – to-day for my Mom.

I have never written a good poem.

I ask my page:

-Anon do you know an-

y poems i can show to my mother today

There is just one voice. He says to me:

Ah shit that's a big ask brother let me

Think.

Better idea. No worse Ide-a.

Let me think longer. All poems on the theme of mothers seem to be fairly Hall-

-marky. I would assume this is because the drive to produce poetry, lust and au-

-tism, are generally not focused

on mothers.

Anon! He enters our discussion now.

"Generally not focused on mothers"?-

Anon says to that: False; at 8:30.

At the same minute, I ask: "name some pls".

He means the lust and autism part. Poems? No words to that; no words to Mother's poems.

:(

8:31 – "This is your chance to capitalize on the gap in the" – fuck – market"; Anon, why did you use that word? That was very hard to keep in metre.

We are back to it: we talk some more now.

-Anon what if you wrote a poem for

my mother

Well, I'm sure there would be worse things. I gen--erally fall back on simplistic forms of poetry because it's hard. (see a-

bove)

cohabitate.

-Who are your favorite poets maybe i'll make one from influence

Keats is someone to consider I think.

You can feel the stress between his lowly reality and the ideals of ro manticism in his work, which I think can be in some ways applied to the i—deal of the family unit compared to the reality of having to

-Yeah that makes sense. I'll try to think of some-thing. Anyway, thanks for writing poem3 for me.

I'll see if I have anything else in the tank to dump in the poems. Godspeed/ -Godspeed!

4.

There once was a poster named John, Who never saw past his front lawn. His jokes were low grade, no effort was made, Thank god that he wrote them anon.

There once was a lawyer named Lee,
Got called to defend Bill Cosby.
When sentencing came, and Cosby was shamed,
He lowered the price of his fee.

5.

Smokes lingers in a windless room
Like lost souls just hanging around
Hope leaves for the impending doom
I'm just rhyming to sound profound
The taciturn man shoots blanks into space
TV static and blue light in his brain

6.

Masturbating to Futa,
I'm going to shoota
Myself

75 Skating on the edge
Of existence
This distance, I feel
To that around me
I wish something would drown me.

7.

The wagon hitched and kicked,
"Get a move on, you crackbrained son of a bitch!"
said the prospector through gritted teeth,

About to spray my brains
While skating on the edge
Of this existence
Around me is distance
Of that around me
I wish someone would drown me.

⁷⁵ Better version:

And they went on their merry way.

8.

"Put it back Jamal!" said Aunt Jemima.

9.

Big bubble booty
Make me wanna slap
Make me wanna huff
A big stinky BRAAAAAAAAAAP

10.

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The loli ran down the cock;
The cock did cum,
And up she run,
Hickory, dickory, dock.

11.

Would've had a job this summer but gee Who could've invented this virus but Xi

12.

Covid-19 is in fact just a common flu. The 'pandemic' has been a massive inter-governmental effort in plebian suggestibility. In fact most all diseases, and even some wars and famines, are nothing but subtle hypnosis ordered from a select elite. This is what the general mass of 'outbreaks' and 'conflicts' outside of Africa in the last thirty years have been. While the control benefits of this are enormous it often happens these events turn out counter to control

and stability interests of those behind them. This is because these disasters most of the time are one family faction flexing over another. The early Arab Spring was the result of a royal Qatar telling a Rothschild senior his "magic was shit". The case of the coronavirus is a dick-flexing contest between the Chang triad clan behind the CCP and Hwan CXIV royal descendent of the Korean hyper-empire. The humiliating aspect is in the fact chinks have simply amplified the flu x10 in their heads. The elite look on in great amusement as the world is now engulfed in a mad panic and unironically dying over the flu. When events begin to get far beyond the control of the families the group initially responsible will often sheepishly consult a 'higher force' that sadistically sexually admonishes them for every dick-flex mishap (this is 'hightier' sex magick). This 'higher force' is only a roundabout ritual to subtly suggest the ritualist themselves auto-correcting the course in the best way the only real higher power, their higher selves, know how. This also means an individual can in a sense deprogram the 'reality' of most diseases and disasters through ritual. It involves a two-week break from masturbation and internet, lifting weights, and eventually having sex.⁷⁶

13.

Another day in my room

Waiting for my ever awaiting doom

This place is a tomb

My tears they start to loom

But never seem to break through the womb

I am a man of gloom

Exhausting all of my fumes

To the one whom I dedicate this to

Doesn't know I exist.

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⁷⁶ Only works if you don't already do this. But considering you're reading this...

14. In a Restroom of the Metro by Ezra Mound

The apparition of these feces in the crowd; Petals in a wet, black trough.

15.

I can't believe my son is gay I can't believe my son is gay I can't believe my son is gay

16.

I want some crack CIA sells it to me I am a black man

17.

When the candle burns out

Will I be met with a beautiful snout

Of a once fabricated wife

No more strife

Eternal life.

18.

The Jews fear the indoor bison rancher Imma move to New Hampshire There is one thing
Which in life I lust
A feminine fellow
With thighs as pillows
Below their garments
A phallus may lie.

20.

Two chodes diverged in a yellow wood, And I sorry I could not ravage both And be one ravager, long I stood And looked down as far as I could To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair, And having perhaps the better claim, Because it was classy and wanted wear; Though as for that the passing there Had worn them really about the same,

And both the morning equally lay
In brieves no lech had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how gay leads on to gay,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh Somewhere ages and ages hence: Two chodes diverged in a wood, and I -I took the one less ravaged by, And that has made all the difference.

21.

As I sit here drinking my Absolut vodka I dwell on how I wish I had just a talent modicum For real im drunk help me rhyme

22.

I'd help the last guy rhyme But I simply don't have time 😂

I say we lock this shit when it reaches 200 pages

Alrea dfsffeafeady has

A Condensed, Revised History of The World

The earth has only been able to support complex life for the last 600 or so million years and went through a number of mass extinctions, one of which wiped out literally 99% of species on the planet. Humans are basically the result of millions of years of lucking out. Homo sapiens weren't even the smartest human species, we were just the most prolific and went around assimilating all the competitors like the Borg. When technology came around, it wasn't just a matter of who got the good genes anymore, it was who found the better way to kill off the people with better genes. Fire was most likely discovered by some jackasses fucking around with flint.

Intelligent life is a fluke.

An accident.

An anomaly.

Smart Tribesman with A++ genes: Hey dumbasses, stop playing with those sharp rocks. You will cut yourself and it will hurt.

Retard kids who dropped out of shaman school: Lol fuck you, Smart Tribesman with A++ genes

They proceed to try to use flint to graffiti dicks on all the cave paintings and end up sending sparks flying into a nearby dried out cannabis bush. It catches fire and the fumes from BC Kush send them into a pyromania frenzy that motivates them to burn down Smart Tribesman with A++ genes' hut for talking shit. Their drug induced arson continues and they manage to get the entirety of Troglodyte Town thoroughly blazed. Troglodyte Town becomes the chief exporter of Spirit Smoke (which all the proto-religions needed to conduct ceremonies) and Zippo lighters.

However, Troglodyte Town's residents eventually become lazy and lethargic from being high all the time and have to outsource their production to the nearby China tribe, who have discovered a way to continually create exact copies of themselves through heavy industry. The mass produced lighters are distributed to the local farmers to protect their crops against zombies. One day, a farmer whose wife and kids were taken by the Bubonic Plague decides to smoke opium next to his bovine companion to develop a substance dependency. The cow discharges methane from its discharging region and ignites an explosion that blows away the aether layer surrounding Earth and exposes the moon.

The moon allows for primitive calendars to be created which allowed for primitive drinking holidays to come about, creating the first Irish people. The Irish evolved in a land completely made out of potatoes and developed the first potato cannons with zippo lighters and bottled cow discharges. Because the Irish are the first to discover this technology, they go about the globe selling potato chips to less privileged communities. The kids in these communities end up developing severe acne from the potato chip grease and wear different types of masks to cover it up. In a particular land known as Texas, children with masks are demoted to bottom-tier citizens and forced to cart around manure to fertilize the tobacco fields (by this time humans had developed simple economies based around cigarettes). This leads to the invention of horses.

The Texans become the first empire and built a Ten-Gallon-Hat tower to the moon in order to colonize it and establish breweries on the far side to obtain ultimate control over the drinking holiday trade. However, their diminished lung capacities from smoking mean that they cannot develop sufficient primitive space suits and have to start sending an aquatic race known as the French on space missions for them. The French discover cheese on the moon and take it back to Earth to serve at fancy dinner parties.

The types of people that go to fancy dinner parties eventually interbreed with each other and create the first Republicans. The Republicans need a constant supply of oil to fuel their money printers and go about extracting it from the hairs of a sessile people known as the Neckbeards. The Neckbeards soon find that with all the grease from their ponytails drained, they now have the motivation to scrape their faces with sharp metal and interact with a secretive tribe from South America known as Women. This is how sexual reproduction starts.

Sexual reproduction leads to a massive market of men feeling inadequate about their sexual reproductive components because they are no longer needed for sword battles and have to be used as lances instead. A mysterious digital race capitalizes on this and soon the entire world finds their electronic mailboxes full of canned meat. The world disposes of the canned meat by dumping it into the ocean, where it evolves into whales.

The whales manage to breach their way into the United Nations and start blubbering on about Japanese people committing hate crimes against them. The United Nations responds by revoking Japan's eligibility for sexual reproduction tax benefits and the country sinks into a recession. Archeologists have confirmed that this is when the Japanese started harvesting wild fleshlights and refining them into Tenga products (which is why people who use raw fleshlights are dirt-wallowing primitives). The massive success of tengas leads to early alchemists at Nintendo to synthesize the ultimate in unobtainiality: the anime girl.

Anime girls are able to proliferate through a metaphysical field known as "the internet" and find their way into the hearts of socially awkward teenage boys worldwide. An endeavoring politician known as Ron Paul uses the promise of bringing anime girls into the physical world as his platform and creates the nation of Fedora, where every citizen is required by law to wear a tin-foil lined hat that blocks the ability to think critically by restricting blood flow to the cognitive prefrontal cortex of the brain.

The Fedorans, unable to process their thoughts correctly, unintentionally merge the previous technologies of horses, anime girls, and sexual reproduction and regress into Neckbeard primitives, forming a cult known as Bronies. Bronies are persecuted and martyred worldwide until a Roman emperor with the sun in his eyes confuses them with Christians and creates the Roman Catholic Church.

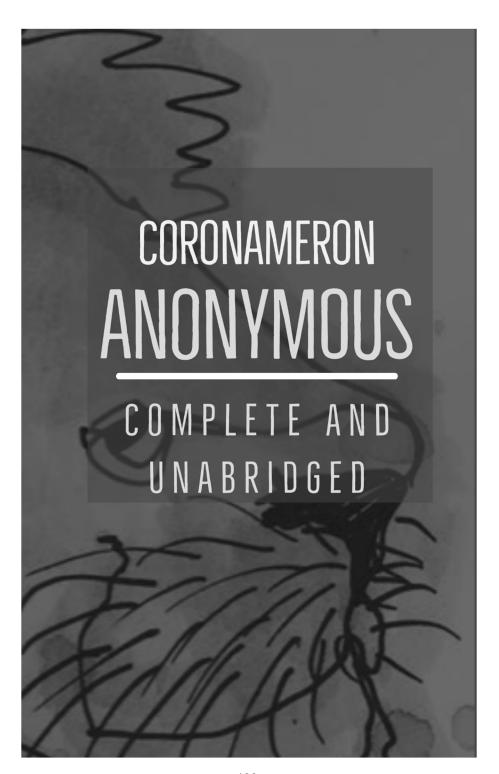
The Roman Catholic Church conquers the entire internet and resurrects their lord and savior, Ron Paul, as part of a conspiracy to retrieve ancient Texan artifacts to locate the lost moon tower. The moon tower is found on a secret island in the Pacific known by the natives as Frito-Lay. They gather everyone in the world claiming to have Irish heritage (so everyone in the world)

and convert the tower into the largest potato cannon ever constructed. They then blast the moon into cheese dust and funnel it in to create the ultimate life elixir that man had imagined since the inception of Spirit Smoke: Cheetos.

So whenever you get that yellow-orange dust all over your game controller, remember that it was ultimately conceived in a series of far-fetched but inter-related accidents.

Just like life. Just like humanity. Just like you. PAGE 480 The end....?

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Coronameron3D

Or

[fight over subtitle and ORs in comments, please]

Or

The worst one yet

Or

We're Sick of Writing and We Hate Each Other

Oγ

Why bother Tokyo Drift

Or

A Magickal Place

Or

"The Sequel No one Needed"

Or

Lolita 2: Sweet 16

Or

I FUCKING LOVE ASUKA LANGLEY SORYU SHE'S SO BEAUTIFUL

Or

STOP FUCKING DELETING IT CRACKER

Or

Proposing Asuka's ass for the cover

Or

"E Pluribus Autism"

Or

Back Against the Wall and Odds With the Strength of a Will and a Cause

by /lit/ - Literature

/lit/ is for the discussion of literature, specifically books (fiction & non-fiction), short stories, poetry, creative writing, dōjinshi, piss, etc.

times deleted: 2
times /tv/ replaced everything with Big Chungus: 2
times someone pissposted: 7



Dedicated to Christopher Poole, RIP big guy

created h	pere on earth?"
-	Steve Buscemi, as Romero, in Spy Kids 2
	blips in some meaningless stew of cosmic is it vice-reversa?"
otheren. Gr	- Xavier
"Nutted on a to	owel and passed out" - Dr. Dre
"I just wanna bang her like	BANG, BANG BANG BANG!" - Samuel Hyde (pedophile)
"Those who a	are unable, teach." - Christian W. Chandler
"Im Nuts for N	Nuts but I ain't gay" - Anon

'a good quote'
- anor
"lol"
- me in response to anot
"For you"
- In response to the first another
"Everyone below this line is a faggot
- The only true quot
"/thread"
- Faggo

First: A Manifesto

I was here first and you enwards can't stop me.

No one has ever been or will ever be as heckin BASED as one such as I, first among you.

You were the first to do something, but isn't everyone constantly being the first of something? I'm the first person to respond to you, ha! Really You can arbitrarily define a practically infinite variety of "firsts" but they only attain value if valued by real people. You are clearly being somewhat ironic, but behind your irony is just silliness and insecurity.

Second: A (Wo)manifesto

I was here second and you can try, but won't silence me. Hear me roar.

What really is based? The bedrock of the world in the deep roads of history and biology, or the supposed absolute precedent, *le* big bang?

What is life, but a call and response between light and death, a question then answer that forms happenstance into strategy, a message. Clearly this other anon did not care and therefore I'll be the careful one. I'll be the echo to the chamber, the response to the call.

> Smoke weed and store said antidepressant in your piss Amen

On the Right Proper Tonguing of Anús

by Knee Grows

I am not at all ashamed to admit that I spent the better part of my formative years inculcating myself with the timeless knowledge of the tonguing of anús, that supple part of the derriere.

As with any sexual activity whose goal is instilling pleasure in others, one must be above all else *patient* if one is to engage in a truly proper tonguing of another's piss. To rush the act is to treat the instilling of pleasure as a chore, a task to be accomplished as

quickly as possible and not to be savored. But savor you must.

Next is of course the dexterity of the tongue. One's tongue must be lithe and capable, effortlessly darting from crevice to crevice sweeping up dark

"As with any sexual activity whose goal is instilling pleasure in others, one must be above all else patient if one is to engage in a truly proper tonguing of another's anús."

morsels as it wanders. It may be necessary to perform exercises or even to undergo surgery towards this end. A tonguing with poor tongue is hardly a tonguing at all.

Then one must avail oneself of much saliva on command, as if Pavlov's bell has just rung out. Practice also the conveyance of that saliva to the tip of the tongue, to deliver it where it is needed most.

Now we extend into advanced techniques of the Right Proper Tonguing. When does one insert one's tongue? How deeply? How widely should the cheeks be spread? How does one balance the breathing through the nose with burial into the cheeks? Note that we never ask whether the act is safe - the Right Proper Tonguing is selfless and eager, and proceeds without regard to the wellbeing of the tonguer.

For the answers to these deepest of questions subscribe to my Patreon, or purchase my full lecture series from my website for just fourteen easy payments of \$88.

Shalom.

A Lament, by Anon

Why is my writing so shit,
That when it comes down to it,
And I ask for a critique
I either get no reply
Or they're rather oblique
About how to proceed.

This was good, anon +2

The Legacy of This Shit in a Tundra or The Dodo's

Redemption: A Space Odyssey

By Steven Speilberg

Author's Note

I have spent many hours writing, editing, appending, and otherwise working on The Coronameron. It has been an honour to work with all the other anons, and to contribute to this wonderful project. It is likely that this will be my last major work for this document, and shall serve as a final adventure for the heroes of my previous works - *The Adventures of Hucklefuck Bitch* and *A Portrait of the Artists' as a Young Bitch* (as well as minor features from *Xavier B Jerrald*). I have many other projects to attend to now (and that's not even considering how much study I have ignored in favor of this shit). This is not a goodbye, I will still be here, adding minor additions and reading all the wonderful submissions; and of course, you will all live on in my heart. This text is therefore dedicated to all you stupid, lovely anons, who have made these countless hours of work an aboslute blessing.

- Steven Spielberg

Chapter 1: A Kinda Expected Journey

Space. This story starts in space. Cold, dark, empty; our heros floated, drifting aimlessly through the unexplored void. It had been 4 years since they had left Earth, and 14 months since they had run out of fuel. They now floated gently through space, propelled only by the light thrust afforded to them by their solar sails.

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However, despite the lack of fuel or direction, life aboard the HMS Hucklefuck was not as bad as it might have seemed. It was a very large ship, and the crew was relatively small.

- David Ike, Steven Speilberg, Steven Crowder, Steven Universe, Adolf, Anon, Midgetman Tits, Hucklefuck Bitch, FM-2030, Pickle Rick, Hitler, Obama, Whoever keeps posting about Guenon, James "DFW" Joyce, BONBI BONKERS, Philemon, Not Anne Frank and her Confederate husband, Bailey Jay, Me, Kiwi, Kiwi's lover, Muhhamad Al-Muslim, Moviebob, Karl Marx, Xander B Jerrald
- [This list is incomplete, you can help by expanding it]

And most importantly, their spiritual savior Thomas Pynchon. The crew had expanded much since they had met Pynchon in that Tibetan Monastery all those years ago, and yet, no amount of new members could fill the void left by the deaf of The Dodo, and the betrayal of Anne Frank. It was Pynchon's idea to leave earth; the planet held too many bad memories, too much death and anguish. Their only option was a permanent excursion into the unknown. Nobody was shocked by Pynchon's proposal. Deep down, they all knew this was the only way to escape their past.

The HMS Hucklefuck was built by Hucklefuck Bitch after he destroyed the Illegitimate State of Israel with his husband Muhhamad Al-Muslim⁷⁷. The Ship was of epic proportions, some might have considered it more of a space station than a conventional ship. The ship had an onboard chicken farm and automated chicken killer and automated KFC maker; an onboard gymnasium for all the /fit/fags, a well stocked library, a cinema for watching degenerate anime shit, and a large, spacious lounge for general activities and communal living. It was truly a utopia, an oasis in the depths of space. Hucklefuck was very proud of his work, as he should be, as his craftwork even made the mighty Hepaphastus jealous⁷⁸. The entire ship was relaxed and

⁷⁷ See The Adventures of Hucklefuck Bitch, Chapter 3.

⁷⁸ Hucklefuck recieved a letter from Hepaphastus stating "fuk u bitch u arnt as good at building as me im not even jealous i could build a way bigger and cooler space ship i just dont want to. Also stop calling me ugly its rude"

happy, and they felt that perhaps this would last forever. Of course, it would not.

~

One day, Pickle Rick was lounging around, being a pickle and hanging out with Adolf in the lobby, when he heard a mysterious bonk noise from the hull of the ship. At first, he merely thought this was the work of BONBI BONKERS, however the noise persisted, and so Adolf texted BONKERS:

ADOLF: "Hey BONKERS"

ADOLF: "are you making those bonking noises on the hull of the ship?" BONBI BONKERS: "No, I'm busy playing monopoly and also getting my dick sucked by Steven Crowder"

ADOLF: "Strange, I swear I heard a bonk"

BONBI BONKERS: "Very strange. Nobody on the ship makes bonks but me" ADOLF: "It is very strange, I'm going to go check it out with pickle rick"

BONBI BONKERS: "Alright report back to me. I want to know who else is

BONBI BONKERS: "Alright, report back to me, I want to know who else is bonkin around here"

Adolf put down the phone, picked up pickle rick, and left to the armory to gear up and go outside.

After Adolf and pickle rick were suited for their space walk, and were armed with High Power Repeating Plasma Rifles from PepsiTM, they stepped out into the void, tethered to the ship with cables, waving in the antigravity. It was utterly silent. Adolf and pickle rick crept around the side of the hull towards where they heard the noise, rifles ready.

Peaking around the corner, they found the source of the bonk. A very small space pod had knocked into the side of the ship. It was unmarked and shut down. Adolf and pickle rick approached slowly from each side. There was no apparent way to open the craft from the outside. Adolf and pickle rick attached a cable to the craft, and drug it into the airlock.

~

The crew of the HMS Hucklefuck stood around the small space pod. Silent. Noone dared make a noise as Moviebob and Obama slowly approached the craft with a crowbar, intending to open it and retrieve its contents. Karl Marx

stood by with a Plasma Rifle, ready to send any potential threat to the ultimate gulag: Hell.

Obama and Moviebob reached the craft, they locked eyes, nodded, and started to position the crowbar.

But at that moment, just as the crowbar touched the pod door, there was a piercing hiss of depressurization, and the door slowly opened.

Chapter 2: A Newer Hope

The crew gasped in shock and horror and awe. Mist poured out of the craft, and then one small, clawed foot stepped out, then another, revealing the impossible: A Dodo Bird.

"It's impossible!" yelled Steven Spielberg, "the last Dodo died on Mount Fuji in epic battle with Anne Frank and/or at the hands of William Shakespeare and his massive peen!"

The Dodo simply smiled a beaky smile. "Yes, it is true, in your eyes, I did die in that battle against Anne Frank and/or as a fleshlight used by Shakespeare, but from my position, that is yet to pass. For you see, I am from the distant past, a Dodo from many years ago, before I had met any of you, before I was imprisoned at the Orphanage known as St Speilberg's Home for the Gifted but Retarded Children of All Races. All those years ago, a strange man came to me, and he told me of my fate. He declared that the only way to stop these future events from happening would be to go far into the future, and assemble a crew of worthy and valiant heroes, who would need to travel to the outer rim, and locate the Lemurian Time Crystals, and use these to go back in time and kill Anne Frank, preventing her from ever wrecking the havok she caused, and preventing my death"

The crew stood in shock at this news; there was still a chance to save their Dodo friend from that death he died all those years ago. Hitler scratched his head at this convoluted time travel plot; Hitler didn't like time travel plots, they confuse the story and open up too many potential plot holes. The crew took the young Dodo to a spare room, and told him he could stay as long as he wished. The Dodo was thankful, but it seemed as though he knew he could not stay for long; he did not truly know these people - yet. The Dodo was tired from his long space flight, and took to a restful sleep. The crew then met together at the ship's command center, to plan their quest for the Lemurian Time Crystals.

"I have no fucking idea where to find Lemurian Time Crystals" declared Philemon, "I don't even fucking know what Lemurian Time Crystals are"

"Neither do I" announced Steven Universe.

"Nor I" added Steven Speilberg.

And then Midgetman Tits spoke up; "In my long wanderings, from the inhospitable coasts of alaska, where I fell in love and had a family; to the deep Jungles of India, where I found the peace of Buddhism and solace from the loss of my adoptive Inuit tribe. In these long travels, I have only heard of one single mention of the Lemurian Time Crystal. Deep in the Madagascarian isle, I discovered an ancient temple, overgrown and crumbling. I crawled inside, and there I found mapped out in an ancient language, a celestial map. At its center a shining 47 pointed star, glimmering like the blue and red and purple like the rich Madagascan sunset. The map showed the way to crystals, many million miles beyond our solar system. I believe I can still recount the way, even though it was long ago". Midgetman Tits then began drawing the map, sprawling and extravagant. The other members of the crew stood back in awe.

At last, he had finished his map, an epic and detailed constellation. The crew was stunned, but they knew there was work to do, and so with haste they began plotting a course into the ship's computer system. However, there was a problem - they were still out of fuel. The computer reported it would be 17 years until the reach their destination, without the use of their main thrusters. For a moment, the crew lost hope. What could they do, hundreds of miles away from a spaceport and with no auxiliary fuel source. The situation looked futile.

Chapter 3: Gas, Gas, Gas.

Many hundreds of miles from our heroes, there was a humble spaceport of b-17-Epsilon, a young ship hand sat on the edge of the main landing disk, gazing out into the deep of space, lost in his thoughts, just as deep as that endless space. He longed to be free from this dingy little port. He imagined himself a Luke Skywalker, freed from his humble origins and realizing his destiny as a grand hero in an epic story. He sighed, what unrealistic dreams he had. His uncle called out from the gift shop.

"EY FUCKO, STOP DREAMING AND GET OVER HERE AND CLEAN THE shit OFF MY BOOT!"

Fucko sighed again, and slowly got up, wandering over to his Uncle and his dirty boot. Truly, he would never get off this dingy spaceport.

And he wouldn't.

Back on the HMS Hucklefuck, the crew had all gone outside, and were standing on the hull in their space suits, holding out extended thumbs, waiting for a ship to pass and pick up them as hitchhikers. This was not a good plan, but it was all they had. They all stood there waiting, all except Pynchon. He was the leader of this expedition, and he would be damned if he didn't find a way out of this. He thought back to his time in the Navy, and what he had learned in his engineering degree. Surely there was a way to get some fuel using the materials they had on board...

Then it hit him. Pynchon ran in haste to get suited up and out to the others; he had a plan.

"You want us to do what?" exclaimed David Ike, "I will NOT piss and shit into a bucket like an animal"

"You have to" Pynchon explained "Your fecal matter and urine can be processed into bio fuel. We all need to piss and shit into this bucket"

"I'll do it!" declared Xander enthusiastically "I love pissing and shitting!"

Xander eagerly removed his cargo shorts and began pissing and shitting.

"Thats the Spirit!" said Pynchon, "Everyone join in!"

"It does actually look fun...." said pickle rick

Slowly and surely, the entire crew started shitting and pissing. They laughed and smiled as the bucket slowly filled with their piss and shit. Not only did they finally have fuel, but they had a bonding experience at the same time. Their bladders and intestines emptied, they came out of that experience a stronger group than they were before. The poured the bucket of shit and piss into the reactor fuel reservoir, and it roared to life. They were back in business.

Back at the b-17-Epsilon spaceport, Fucko finished cleaning his uncle's dirty boot.

Chapter 4: Journey to the Temple of the Lemurian Time Crystals

Powering through space at rapid speed, the HMS Hucklefuck sped accross the galaxy towards the location of the Lemurian Time Crystals. Nobody knew truly what to expect, the map did not show details, only a farmers store shop. The HMS Hucklefuck was already low on farming supplies so they decided to visit. As they approached it it's faded store-front came into view. "Sn-ed's Fe-d and Se-d" Many of the letters had faded out. The captain pulled the ship into a docking orbit around the station and the crew came down in their landing pods. "Well well well, look at the fancy city slicker pulling up in his fancy Acturian hyper-pod" some rusty hick farted as they disembarked. Hucklefuck was annoyed. "Cunt, this aint no fuckin Acturian hyper-pod! This is a custom built, super-mega driven ultra crusier, with a built in ball scratcher, and if you dont shut the fuck up I'll scratch your balls until they fall off!". The man was shook, and took off his hat and knelt to the floor in prayer.

"Stand up you whiny bitch" Adolf said, kicking the hillbilly, "We need farm shit to feed the chickens so we can keep eating our KFC"

"R-right this w-way sirs" the hillbilly whimpered, and lead them to the chicken feed storage.

After thoroughly raiding the farm store, our heroes set off once again. Getting ever closer to the fated Lemurian Time Crystals. As they drew nearer, they began to feel the buzz of time-energy, and out the windows of the craft, strange cosmic clouds of orange, purple and blue swirled. It was not long before they spotted it: The Temple of the Lemurian Time Crystals. It floated, stationary in space, barely a kilometer across. A giant stone structure of a strange, angular shape. They drew closer to the temple, and could start to see the soft blue mist that rolled out from its singular entrance. Their ship dropped the space-time anchor, and they descended in their pods down to the temple. But something wasn't right...

Chapter 5: Ambush! Madness at the Temple!

No sooner that the crew had exited their pods, they found themselves surrounded. Each member of the crew was caught from behind by two men. The crew looked at eachother, and their captors. They were strange beings, short, with long noses and strange miniature brimless caps. Most of the crew had no idea what they were looking at, none except Hucklefuck Bitch and his husband Muhhamad Al-Muslim. They knew this foe, they had faced its kind before. Space Jews.

An elderly Space Jew slowly emerged from the fog of the temple door.

"Well, well, well. If it isn't the crew of the Last Dodo, who defeated Anne Frank in single combat upon Mount Fuji. What a *shame* that he died in the process. I see you didn't take long to replace him though" The Space Jew sneered at Pynchon.

"Loot them, take their sheckles" the Elderly Space Jew ordered the other Space Jews, "And search their ship, I don't want any of them left alive"

Suddenly, the crew's vision started fading, as they were injected with some kind of space jew drug.

When they awoke, the crew were in a cell, on the east wing of the temple, guarded by a fierce looking Space Jew with long fangs and devilish horns. "Damn those space jews!", yelled pickle rick, "I really hate space jews!"

"Stay calm" Hucklefuck reminded everyone, "Me and my husband have dealt with jews before, and space jews are no different. We learned their greatest weaknesses when we destroyed them and the illegitimate state of Israel all those years ago."

Hucklefuck reached into his husband's anus, and pulled out what they had hidden for this very reason: a small pouch of emergency bribery sheckles. Hucklefuck shook the bag, and suddenly, the Space Jew guard turned, pupils dilated and mouth salivating; the cage was opened, and he sat, begging like a dog at their feet. Hucklefuck gave the Space Jew a single sheckle, with which the Space Jew seemed very pleased. The crew passed without incident, and crept into the main chamber of the temple.

In the main chamber, the elderly Space Jew was gathered near an altar, surrounded by Space Jew guards. He was looking up at some sort of glow coming from a large statue at the far wall behind the altar. The statue appeared to be a depiction of Dr Jordan B Peterson, etched in gold with his 12 arms stretched upwards. His eyes glowed with thundering gold, and from his penis poured the blue haze that filled the temple.

There were too many guards, and there was no way the crew was going to be able to get close enough to take the time crystals for themselves. They returned down into the jailroom wing and tried to come up with a solution. Then James "DFW" Joyce noticed something: the guard armoury! He took they key from the sheckle-blinded guard and unlocked the door.

Excited, the crew burst into the room to find...

Nothing.

No rows of guns, no lazer spears or oversized dildos.

The room appeared completely barren.

They all sighed in despair and exasperation, surely now they were done for.

But just then, pickle rick saw something out of the corner of his eye.

"Hey guys I found something!" he shouted, and he picked it up.

Everyone rushed over to see what it was.

Pickle rick held it up. It was a small glass box, and inside were two small earrings.

"What the fuck is that shitt?!" yelled BONBI BONKERS, "earrings? That can't help us at all"

Then Adolf spoke: "You fool! Do you not know what these are! These are The **Potara** (π ? Potara) from the *Dragon Ball Z* Fusion Saga that Goku and Vegeta used to merge together and become Vegito, combining their power levels in order to defeat Super Buu! Don't you see?!"

"I don't watch that weeb shit" BONKERS said flatly.

"Then witness the power of Fusion for yourself!" and he looked at his brother, Hitler. This was the moment they knew in their hearts they had long been waiting for. Adolf passed Hitler one of the fusion earrings. And they put them in their ears.

Thus, Adolf Hitler was formed.

With his new combined power levels, Adolf Hitler had become the ultimate Space Jew fighting machine. They charged back into the main temple hall, and Adolf Hitler single-handedly defeated all the guards and the elderly Space Jew King.

Chapter 6: A Last Goodbye, A New Beginning.

The crew stood around the giant statue of Jordan Peterson, basked in the mist from his penis. The Young Dodo was there too, although he was hurt, he had escaped the guards who had tried to search the ship, and had entered the temple to guide the crew towards what they should do next.

The Dodo spoke:

"Finally, we have found the Lemurian Time Crystals, there, in the tip of Jordan B Peterson's penis. All those who touch it will be transported back into the past to a date of their choosing. The crystal is unstable, and it's possible we may only get one shot at this. One of us must go back into the past to kill Anne Frank and prevent my death upon the thundering peaks of Mount Fuji.

The crew looked at each other. For one of them, this would be the end. "I will do it" declared Xavier B Jerrald.

"Shut up Xavier you dumb fuck" everyone said. Xavier was a retard and could not be trusted with such an important mission.

"No", declared Adolf Hitler, "it must be me. I am the ultimate jew

destroyer, and only I can guarantee the death of a powerful witch like Anne Frank"

The crew knew this was the only way.

"I shall go back in time, and I will find Anne Frank and discretely assassinate her. If I fail to do so, then I don't know I guess I'll just kill all the jews and that should do the trick. I swear I won't get distracted by trying to have an art career or anything like that"

Tears rolled down the cheeks of all the crew members. It would be tough to lose such a gentle, noble friend. But they knew this was the only way to save The Last Dodo.

Adolf Hitler touched the misty penis of Jordan B Peterson, and with a flash, he was gone.

For a moment, the crew merely stood there, in tears.

It was just at that moment that the Dodo started to float, glowing with Blue energy. He was transforming...

He came down, and the light faded. He was no longer the Young Dodo that had traveled from the past, but he was the Dodo they knew and loved, no longer dead, but alive and happy.

Epilogue: Retirement and Peace

And so, the crew boarded the HMS Hucklefuck once again, and they slowly began their journey back to Earth; their purpose had been fulfilled, and no longer did they need to exile themselves from the despair they felt on that planet. And after many long years, and many thousands of miles, they finally reached their home.

Hucklefuck Bitch and Muhhamad Al-Muslim retired back to their home in Chicago. BONBI BONKERS continued to get sucked off by Steven Crowder (despite being married). James "DFW" Joyce would go on to become a famous author, best known for his famous work "Infinite Wake". Midgetman Tits returned to his wanderings around the world. Pickle Rick and the Last Dodo got married, and had many Dodo-Pickle babies. Fucko kept cleaning his uncle's shoes. The rest of the crew continued to serve the galaxy, fighting jewry

and other menaces wherever they found them. And all was good and right in the universe.

The End



It's always 4am somewhere

Flashman and the Hypermammoth



Introduction

In the years that have passed since the end of the Third Americo-Korean Hyperwar, I have largely kept quiet about my time in the war, satisfied with my medals and loot, and content to grow fat on my largely undeserved spoils and honours, lording it up in the clubs and dining out on judiciously-edited accounts of heroism, expressed in a bluff and humble manner for extra effect, you understand. However, now that Imperial Marshall Kim Yo Jong, having been wedded to President Barron Trump in a ceremony at the Tim Hortons® Cathedral in Salt Lake City that struck terror into the chattering classes of the time, holds the reins of the western world in her iron grip, I feel that I can safely recount my experience from the comfort of old age, and tell the tale of my encounter with the terrifying Marshall herself.

Editor's Note

This partial memoir was discovered locked in a small chest in the archive of the library at Fort Hyde in Missouri by cleaners. It was largely written in an old manuscript, partially used for kimchi recipes in Korean by another writer, with the title 관리인은 내 항문을 혀. Upon further inspection, it emerged that this was part of the memoir of one Harry Paget Flashman, a colonel (at the time) of the Army of the British Sultanate, and was of such a romantic and sordid

nature that it might bring down the Korean branch of the House of Trump were it ever to emerge. We present the initial fragment here in translated form, for the sake of historical interest. We beg the mercy of the most worshipful Marshall Kim for our impudence.

Chapter 1

During the fourth hour of President Barron Trump's lecture on how Star Trek Picard was in fact not really Star Trek (received with general agreement from the assembled toadies that this was, in fact, the opinion of the thinking man), my mind began to wander somewhat. We had heard this speech many times before, and its evolution seemed to have stalled some time ago. As this 7-foot beanpole dredged on interminably about the evils of Rick Berman, I mused that there had been a time when his very presence terrified me. In the early days of his office he was quite stern you know, much less amusing than his ass of a father, who had passed on the office to him in his latter years to general public approval, beyond the usual croaking from the usual New York rags.

I had first met the new President in the Spring of '24, after an invitation from my old comrade Chuck, a general store owner who had made a mint on franchising, I believe. We were to be entertained by Mr. Trump in the White House, and we dutifully went along in our best togs and took in the quality (such as there was) on offer in Washington in those days.

The lunch itself was dreadful, as expected. The young President wasn't much of a conversationalist, you know; every word was produced from him as if dragged through a brick wall. Eventually, when we had eaten and drank our fill, young Trump decided to make a speech, the general thrust of which being that the North Korean pinko menace would have to be stopped once and for all, and that immediate and terrible war was the only thing for it. And with that, he drank our health and invited the men for cigars, leaving the lady ambassador from North Korea aghast, mouth agape, at the table while the Washington wives sat around her remarking that gosh didn't he look handsome in his new suit?

Over cigars the idea was thrashed out in interminable detail by the

assembled toadies, the plan of attack, the timing, all that nonsense. "Watch out here, Flash", thinks I, "sounds like a plan for the mad and foolhardy, make no mistake." For you must realise that while the Norks were little more than a walled-in people starved of information and controlled by a line of portly lunatics, they did have an awfully large army fed on stories of Americans eating Korean babies for breakfast their entire lives. Not to mention that just across their northern border lay Manchuria, and the Second Manchukuo Empire was not all that keen to have John Burger on his doorstep taking measurements for tank movements. It was all gammon, regardless - the communists in Peking had no interest at all in funding some foolhardy war against the Americans. After all, who would buy all the cheap plastic rubbish they produced if the Yanks were beaten?

Eventually we began to file out, but the President's aid, Schooner, pulled me aside and said that the President would like a chat. "Hullo", thinks I, not liking the sound of this one bit. We sat down in front of Trump's desk, where he towered over all seated before him. "Flashman", he said, staring at the floor, or out the window as he spoke, "there's no way to gloss this so I'll come out and say it. We've heard some disturbing reports about what's going on in Korea, and while we're giving our best war posture to the media, it would be much easier if it didn't come to that."

Music to my ears, thinks I, but what has that got to do with me? I sat silent as this blonde madman droned on.

"In short, and not to put too fine a point on it...that is....."

"We've heard that Kim Jong Un is unwell, Flashman", said Schooner, cutting in. "More to the point, we've heard that his sister, Kim Yo Jong, may be making a bid for power. If we can convince her that war against the US would just end up with a ruined nation and a defeated people, we could secure a deal that assures the security of both sides."

"That sounds reasonable, sir, but what does it have to do with me?", says I, getting more and more nervous for the physical safety of H. Flashman, Esq. the longer they talked.

"We have arranged for you to go to Pyongyang in a diplomatic capacity. You'll nominally be there to assist in basic trade and embargo negotiations, but your real purpose there will be to ensure that Ms. Kim is, eh, *amenable*, to compromise, do you see? We need her to agree to some form of military oversight from the US without the need for direct occupation."

You're a rum one, thinks I, you know exactly how the dashing Flashy might accomplish that but your pastor wouldn't approve of you saying so, eh? Of course, the whole plan was absurd, but I couldn't be seen to worm my way out of it without damaging my reputation as the bluff, brave hero of the Zanzibar Front and survivor of the Tesla Moonbase Mutiny (entirely undeserved, of course, I had been hiding or blubbering for my life for most of it, but it's the blubberers who tend to survive to get the medals, don't you know).

"Sounds like an excellent plan, sir, however regretfully I am currently attending to duties for the British Sultanate at present, I don't think I can cut out to do a favour for another government, now can I?"

"Not a problem", says Trump, "we've already got permission to have you on loan, seems like your Sultan sees a peaceful solution to be in Britain's interest too. You leave immediately, goodbye."

And with that, the President picked up the handheld console on his desk and began playing some noisy game, while a marine appeared at the door to escort me out. There was nothing for it, I would have to go to Pyongyang and try to wriggle my way out of any trouble, report back that there was nothing to be done, then scuttle back to London to watch Trump and Kim blow each other to pieces from a safe distance.

Or that was the plan, at least.

Chapter 2

The first few days negotiations went about as well as expected, meaning that nothing was accomplished beyond politeness and smiling by all involved. But that was all that was expected, you see. Negotiation is far easier when both parties understand it for what it usually is, an exercise in wasting time until the real business begins, in this case the fighting. After all, if one side was in a strong enough position to get what they wanted at all, why bother

negotiating? This is the point that the leftist professors teaching history these days don't seem to understand when they describe old British *gunboat* diplomacy, as if we could have simply asked nicely for what we wanted and that they would not attack us if they would be so kind? It don't work like that in real life, I can assure you.

As a result, the first sixteen days were spent meeting at 10am, drumming through the godforsaken agenda at a disreputable pace, both sides essentially agreeing that no compromise was possible at any point, and then retiring for drinks around 2pm after a successful day of doing one's national duty. It ain't the worst life in the diplomatic, I can assure you.

I had had my eye on a sallow young stunner who'd been at the negotiations, some form of intern for a lecherous old Nork general with an enormous fruit salad on his chest (God knows what for, they hadn't fought a war within living memory). I noticed her brown eyes wandering towards yours truly once too often and thought, "hello Flash, we've got a game one here." Having got enough of a grasp of the lingo to make polite chit-chat, I got her talking during the after-work drinks one evening on the lawn outside the ambassador's residence. She was shy and polite, like all of them, not much meat on her but a fine figure nonetheless, pretty as a picture. After a few drinks and a flash of the old whiskers (they can never resist them, you see), I managed to get her to sneak off with me into a side room in the residence, an unused office where we could get down to the real business of the day. As I've said in my previous memoirs, the best way to get information and learn a language is in bed with a woman, and I've had my fair share of experience with both.

After she realised we wouldn't be seen, she got right to it, and we were getting up to the boil in no time. Suddenly, the door burst open, and four uniformed North Korean agents burst into the room, screaming "한국 매우 클 음경!", which I guessed at the time was their regimental battle cry. The object of my desires for the day hid in a corner while the agents held me down. "Let me go, damn you!" I shouted, doing my best to seem bluff and stern, "unhand me you rascals, I'm a British officer, blast you!"

Suddenly, who should enter the room but Imperial Marshal Kim Yo Jong herself, and surely never lighted on this orb etc etc. She was wearing her usual black suit, like a funeral director, but somehow it suited her down to the ground, making her both beautiful and terrifying at once. A fine specimen, I assure you, though on first meeting (and last, mind you), the whole room seemed to grow colder by several degrees, and you were never sure what was going on behind those dead eyes. Fantastic for a tumble once you got some wine in her, but a bit sharp when not warmed up, as I was about to discover.

With the guards violently pulling down my cherrypicker breeches, I couldn't help noticing a suspiciously large black object emerging from the fly in her suit trousers. Having a nose for trouble, I realised what I was in for as she positioned herself behind me.

"Damn you, let me go!" I squealed, realising that there was no way to avoid what was coming as I couldn't move, this damn bitch was going to have her way with me and there was nothing I could do but cry and plead for mercy. In my best Korean I cried out "조지 부시는 9시 11 분!!!!" for all I was worth, but to no avail. With my backside about to feel the full force of Juche, I was in a deuced tight spot, and I knew it.

With tears streaming down my face, I could feel the cool black metal rod gently touch the skin between my buttocks. I roared for mercy, and could hear the guards laughing and sneering. Then, without warning, they let me go, and the Marshall leaned over and snarled softly into my ear, "welcome to the rice fields, motherfucker", and kissed my cheek, giggling. They filed out of the room sharpish, and I pulled up my breeches before anyone could come in to investigate the commotion. I saw my little intern had vanished too, clearly she was in on their dastardly plot to sodomise a British officer.

I could see my chances of sneaking back to Brittania unscathed slipping away by the second; at this rate, I felt, I'd be lucky to get back with my manhood intact.

Chapter 3

After my near-brush with forcible sodomy (and from a slender Asian woman, mark you. I thought it a damned liberty, but in my day there were chaps in White's who would have paid good money for that kind of service, I can tell

you), I decided there was nothing for it but to go forward. If I shirked now, the story would be all over the papers, and my reputation would be in tatters. She had me, the bitch, and she knew it. So, with that in mind, I felt that the best course of action was simply to take her to task. I requested an audience to see the Marshall posthaste, and the following day I took a taxi through the bizarrely-coloured Pyongyang to the godawful square concrete block building where Kim held her audiences.

After waiting in the cold marble lobby for half an hour, the intern from the previous day appeared and, smirking slightly, escorted me down a side passage to a small, wood-paneled room with brown leather sofas, and told me that the Marshall would see me presently. Soon enough, the ice queen herself arrived, in a similar black suit, smiling and shaking hands as if we had never seen each other before in our lives. Gesturing to a seat, we sat down on opposite sides of a small table, whereupon tea was served presently.

I opened my mouth to begin the meeting, but a hand came up to silence me. She clapped her hands twice, and her brother Jong Un entered the room, bowed meekly, and sat on a small stool in the corner, looking deeply uncomfortable. Yo Jong then stood up and said, "Colonel Flashman, you may undress me now."

"I-I.....I beg your pardon?", I spluttered. Her eyes hardened slightly, and a nasty smile came over her lips.

"I said you can undress me now." It came out as a hiss, cold as ice, and told me that it would not be repeated again.

Seeing that neither I nor her hapless brother had any say in the matter, I took it in my stride and got right down to business. I'm a professional at heart, you see; give me a woman who's willing and knows what she wants from Flashy, and we'll get along famously. In under a minute, we had disrobed and were bouncing around like teenagers, her brother watching nervously from the corner. Any time he would look away, she would shriek "엡스타인은 힐러리 클린턴에 의해 살해당했습니다!" and he would snap to attention, gazing furiously at us. Damned off-putting it was too, at first, but she seemed to enjoy it enormously. He seemed to enjoy it somewhat less, judging by the tears

running down his angry fat face, but after a while that became part of the fun, and I laughed heartily at him as I rogered his terrifying sister.

She had a damned appetite too, I could barely keep up with her. Not since Queen Hendricks of the Tesla Moon Base had attempted to drain the life out of me in this way had I had to dig so deep to satisfy a woman, but one must put one's country first, don't you know.

With our fun finally over, she rang for dressing robes to be brought in, and we moved into a nearby room where a small hot springs awaited us, with cool beer to calm Flashy's nerves while that cold bitch surveyed me with that impenetrable smirk.

"Dispense with the formalities, Colonel. I know why you are here. They have sent you to seduce the young lady Marshall in the hope that I'll simply give in to the American pigs, is this not so?"

I could see there was no point in giving her any gammon, she was too damn straight.

"Marshall, would you have done any different?"

She chuckled coldly, and sipped her beer while never taking her eyes off me. In the steaming hot water, my blood began to run a little cold.

"I suppose not, Colonel. We have attempted to do the same thing with your young President many times, to no avail. No matter who we send, he seems to pay no attention, or does not understand the interaction."

She put her drink down and paused.

"I suppose you wonder why you are still alive?"

Here we go, thinks I, my buttocks clenching ever so slightly.

"The fact is Colonel, I have no intention of surrendering to Barron Trump, or giving up anything to him whatsoever. Quite the opposite, in fact."

Like a spider about to devour its prey, she clambered over to my side of the hot spring and straddled me, sitting on my lap, making sure I couldn't move a muscle in any direction.

"Barron Trump is going to submit to *me*, Colonel. And you're going to help me."

The authors discuss the book

:DDDD

Lmaoing at our lives

M8 this story is going to fund my boat

It really happened too

Go for it my nigga gogogogogogogogogogo

OKAY GENERAL QUESTIONS TIME FOR THSI NEW DOCUMENT ALRIGHT ALRIGHT

- WHAT COLOR IS THIS shit GONNA BE? HOW ABOUT LIGHT GREEN? LIKE A NICE ONE LIKE THE ONES WE HAD BEFORE? A BIT DARKER THAN THAT ONE MY NIGGA
- IM EXCITED GUYS :DDDDD

Chika Fujiwara meme dance

I stuck my dick in an undead data dreamwave waifu girl,
Chika-chan and my dick got lost somewhere in the digital stream
As a result of my infirmity and weaknesses under quarantine
I was pushed to losing my dick
like it so much when Chika does her dance
I just can't help it she's so kawaii.
How many destitute weak-penis young men
are also gonna lose their manhood because of this virtual succubus?
It's all a collective feeding into a giant over-tulpa
1010101010101010 sex simualtion help we can't stop cooming we need fuck.

ANTI-EROS: A MANIFESTO AGAINST SEXUALIZATION AND SEXUALITY

IN THIS MANIFESTO I will be explaining the tenets of anti-sexuality and voluntary celibacy. This book should be read by anybody who has found themselves discontent with our sexual reality. Your malaise may be the result of many factors, including:

- the prevalence of pornography,
- the trends within pornography,
- the commodification of sex,
- the rapid monetization of sex,
- the devaluation of sex itself,
- and the unrelenting spread of sexuality.

If you find yourself distressed by what I have listed, your answers lie within.

You just hate women admit it, incel. (i'm a girl (boy) by the way;))

HEY WHO WROTE THIS WHO'S THE GIRL BOY I WANT TO HAVE SEX WITH YOU PLEASE LET ME HAVE SEX WITH YOU I DON'T EVEN CARE ABOUT THE MANIFESTO JUST LET ME PUT YOUR COCK IN MY MOUTH AND HOLD IT THERE AND LET ME STARE AT YOU FROM THERE PLEASE PLEAE PLSEP LAE PLASE APLSE ASEPL AESLP AES PLAE PALE APLE AEPL ESPLA EPALE ASPEL APEL

I'm a girl;)

I'm a grill, grrrrrl :P

Do U want 2 have sax?;) ???? *air smooch*

Nah ur a creep

Fuck you have sex incel haha

Can a girl (boy) have sex with me please i really want to put someones

penis in my mouth and feel it grow and fill my mouth and have it like twitch and stuff in there and i really want to swallow a hot load from a really cute boy

Yeah I hate women what about it Yeah I cant get laid Yeah Im overweight Yeah love you uwu

Have sax NOW

Consider making out with your pillow before bed it is effective therapy, you don't even need a fancy daki

(this is the manifesto btw) (not its not but i'm really writing it because im so fucking horny i cant take it anymore i just want to touch some cute boy or something like that man)

(bro fucking is easy, just BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

Dont even fucking start

t. Anna Khachiyan wtf is red scare dude

Tutorial on how to not wash your hands after going to the bathroom

- 1. Have sex
- 2. 晴衝把它還給你他媽的美國人
- 3. Ching Chong我們要核對您的漢堡店
- 4. Chyna numba won
- 如果你等著大便貼,這一個比前兩個要糟糕得多,因為它們會 讓孩子們注意。
- 6. 這是一個很爛的東西. 我已經討厭了
- 7. 如果您不在此之前, 有
- 8. Fuck american pig
- 9. Coofers of the world, unite! Let's not forget who's responsible for this virus in the first place Lamo you are so funi!!

>Come write in the isolation book. Come write anything, but maintain my feesfeesa semblance of qualirt

Yes, i'm sure everyone against you supports china and is a communist thankyou



Let it be known an actual CCP shill was at work here. - retarded schizo - incel

New Waves of Assorted Poems

by and always for /lit/

Note

We're starting another set of poetry. The last one went well and we received over a dozen submissions, all of pretty good quality. I didn't make the original poetry page, but I brought it down from the top (for formatting), which unintentionally brought new poems and interest. God bless whoever did, though.

1. I want to objectively piss myself

Art is subjective
It's all your perspective
When I contend this
It's all ineffective
Meaning is reflective
A life's introspective
Separation is impossible.

2. Anon's waifu

I want nothing more than to lie in a pissoir. I want a dozen grizzled, disgusting old men to stand over me as I lie there and unleash their fetid piss upon me. I want them to make a mess out of me, to tug their repulsive cocks and coat me with their piss and cum.

3. Just bought this, what am I in for?

Please recommend me books on How to clean my asshole -Books for this feel? (What did he mean by this?) (unironically refute this) (pbuh)

4. (pbub)

pbuh
penis broken—uh-huh
i haven't read guènon
I don't actually read
Me neither

5. Chart Thread

That's a terrible "chart"
but there are some good books in it.
Is this a thread
for shitty charts?
I'm a math postdoc with a good academic curriculum
and I've never read one of these books lel
More like postcock

6. Invective against the anon who wrote under my cat-boy poem

Whoever tarnished my past catboy poem Should suffer pangs of black cock in his bowels How dare he call me 'gay' if all I've written Is manly, macho verses. Should he bicker Again against superior methods
I'll have him suck me off in other metre.

Maybe they should tarnish me instead uwu ~* >May anon slobber on a thousand cocks

why?

The sci-fi charts don't have my favorite sci-fi don't trust them I've only read like 3 sci-fi books btw
I'm also a girl;)

Because anon felt insecure since
he never even passed calculus.
Imagine being that stupid
Do people really think mathematics have to be learned in a foundational way
?

That's plainly idiotic and inefficient.

7. It took two people to write this

There once was a man from Pyongyang, Whose penis got hard when he sang. The soldiers got shocked so they shot off his cock, That's the story of Wang with no wang.

8. Kaur's Lament

My gf said
That she was butter
But not bread
But how can I be jam
If I am not red?

9. [Ching]

Ching

Chong

Welcome to the rice fields

Motherfucker

10. Cum

I just came
An hour down the drain
Everytime I'm filled with shame
Everyday is the same, i'm so lame

11. Paroxysm

Animal Crossing is the soul joy in my life
Three weeks and counting since I last saw my wife
I don't remember if I have a child
This is not a joke
This is not a poem please help oh Yeshua
Send peaches from on high

12. [Me gustas]

Me gustas cuando callas, Rei, porque estás como ausente
Distante y dolorosa como si hubieras muerto
Una palabra entonces, una sonrisa bastan
Y estoy alegre, alegre de que no sea cierto.

—Shinji Neruda.

13. [Doth I Spake]

Doth I Spake,
And Doth I Spook,
Doth I shit,
And Doth I shit:
I shall fart,
And I shall cum,
And I will piss
On everyone.
- Shoko Asahara (aka, Steven Speilberg)

14. [I wish I has friends]

I wish I had friends,
But I find solace within myself,
I have always wanted a lover,
But I guess the body pillow and my hand will have to do.

15. Shell

When i look outside
The world isn't real
Did staring at the screen
Rob me of my sight
Every night i lose
A little bit of me

Perpetual entropy

16. The industrial haiku and its consequences have been a disaster for the human race

Building very tall

This planet is not for me

Futa cock is small

17. Ode to lit.

Last night, and the night before,
Unbeknownst to this board,
I ventured to /pol/
And as my eyes wandered,
From post to post,
I realized,
//lit/ is not so bad after all.

18. Loose Lips - A poem

Loose Lips Sink Ships I Dipped She Flipped

She a Thot And I ain't no Simp.

19. Coof and Coom - A Short Poem

She Coofed I Coomed Were Doomed

20. Possible Haiku (Count the syllables yourself)

I come

She came

I go

21. Undeserving of Title

Moby Dick Moby ThiccK Pickle RICK

22. BEGONE THOT

It's called being a Poet Not a Hoet

Begone Thot!
With the unoriginal thoughts

That's redundant Who thought.

23. Anxiety, By Kinslayer

The itching hair, of head and genitals, grotesquely crawling. Bugs un'neath the skin.

I curse that lunar swing, a lichen-trope Of m'lady's fire-gaze; burning out inside. To wane and wax away the hared dumb-dump Of fear in this sporadic hart's passaged flight, and rain's soft comfort; pitter-pattern footFall flees, and winter drops (the barren leaves) All crunch asunder under foot; white/orange They burst, like spider eggs, and flourish tingling With cold and heat. Escape in words – a-sin – and song, and dance and trance: all the improper Pro-piety of life's fair gift. Now, sing! -A rather tuned up one, that clever Keats Held view, of words as paths of puzzle. Joy In this? Unheard not is this chance. Yet still, This is becoming 'scape from fear deep-felt, Like cloth all wet and heavy drags down; sweat in pools and rivets, nailed shut - caged - with sharks sharp-tongued and circling teeth, too ready wash me over, blue these waves of sorrow. Shots exploding, little pricked pain, scattered brain, and ever turning back, back within, back to front, aside from self, the rightful mourning; light, left out, knight-made darkly, comes not soon enough, but starkly rides upon the daze.

24. Reddit Spacing

My sister thought that Rupi Kaur was deep, I called her a retard, she called me a creep, Called me faggot with weakass knees, I wept, she called me bitchass nigga cheese.

25. [Chapter]

Chapter Hallowed froth, keepings of day Warm insides Pussy lips

Imagine the smell

26. [The clock hangs on the wall]

The clock hangs on the wall 3 AM it screams at me You should go to bed No I don't think I shall pee

27. Insomnopraxis

There's a weariness that sleep cannot cure. It arrives without movement. Yet shifts in a blur.

Beneath the weight of the clouds. On empty sails.
The waves of your piss. Rush ever still.

28. DD

You felt that she would bear you burly offspring and admired her great breasts that she would give good milk to her children and yours

An assortment of poems from my foolish attempt at doing all NaPoWriMo prompts in one three hour period. [29-31]

29. Freezeup (by Lick Nand)

Dynastic Taiwan flees to the past
Diminutiveorganic drugs clack out of analogue gnosticism
Futuristic-wellness
Megastill

30. Duke of Acid

Awakening like a gleeful rewind of the JFK assassination tape Acrid technicolor smell as he felt sandpaper morning-wood and deafening headache

All he saw was the welcoming rot of an unkempt basement *Le monde est une baise*, as they say

A small taste of liquor and a waffle-stop down the floor drain before hitting the 5 to 9

All is fine

As he goes back to bed in the Detroit underbelly at 5:45

Actually he's more or less punctual when rarely sober from his SSRIs and DMT

As if his sleep triggered a sans-city employer, several digital pinkslips woke him up

Another shallow and pedantic day under a mask of degeneracy

As the auto-erotic black flashlight shell pitifully begged for standard use

A laugh escaped the man as he nutted through four kilometers of earth

And white, saintly Graviton Beam Emission acted as a spear of longinus in sewer pipe

An epoch later his friends Hookscrew and Jawline will call, killing both in the process

Away wafts the toxic vapor of neon haze and thus the collapse of the man.

31. Japanese breakcore is a legitimate form of art

///I cAnt How tHis even					home			
						(((is)))		
			RIG	HT????	???			
	Fa						Ä÷üö	ö÷ææó
Т	made							
[[Bt	at			ut]]		break	c
	<u>Alll</u> C	CONCE	NTRA	\underline{T}				
IOnnnnnn	n							
		世	界	は	性	交	で	す

32. An Ode to Public Indecency

I wandered lonely as a cloud That floats on high o'er vales and hills When all at once I saw a crowd Wee-weeing on some daffodils

33. Cooming right now to a hot trap ass

? boy 693638
? anus 133742
? arm support 51110
? ass 534615
? bike shorts 35241
? bike shorts pull 631
? blue eyes 1092829
? blue hair 504895

- ? blush 1892342
- ? closed mouth 231519
- ? gloves 646708
- ? leaning to the side 2274
- ? long hair 2388778
- ? low twintails 36594
- ? male focus 276569
- ? penis peek 232
- ? perineum 718
- ? shirt 493285
- ? shoe soles 3316
- ? shoes 201273
- ? shorts 166040
- ? shorts pull 4363
- ? shota 68047
- ? solo 2548942
- ? testicles 76395
- ? trap 47231
- ? twintails 586991
- ? white background 543840
- ? white gloves 111686
- ? lit 8574221

34. The Poem Above is Based

The poem above is based,
The author, no doubt chaste,
Makes women run in haste,
The scariest man they've ever faced

35. MODERNITY

Is it Kristen or Trysten?
I guess there could be a cock and balls either way.
Why does the world have to be this way?

35. The Second Kanchenjunga Expedition

The cold wind blows impressions of cottars nestled in dim inglenooks across my dark, nascently receding hairline. The torrid, stifling miasma suffusing the room lingers even now: my nightly trespass lies on her back, oblivious. The thin muslin, now opaque from the humidity retreats from her breasts all at once in an avalanche-- my sherpas tell me it is time to mount those summits once more. I tread lightly, with deliberation over perilous floorboards' creaking to reach the inner sanctum of the white linen Shangri-La, and kiss the hallowed ground as a castaway shows submission to God after making landfall in a storm. The mana of yestreen exertions adheres to my lips while gracing these twin linghams' alabaster, their unguence and eaux the font of Soma itself -- and I, the lotus eater, receive every emanation of its Form within this tendriled redolence cascading down into my chest, and behind my eyes: inspiring the mountain air I am in flight, ecstatic.

Der Coomer

I peel back my crusted shut eyelids with great effort. The two o'clock sun beams create warm patches on the dirty carpet of my basement room.

"Good morning Mia Khalifa, good morning Dilian Harper!"

I peel the pocket pussy off the top of my dresser. Its insides are constantly lubed from constant cum. I slide it over my red hard dick and put on my google cardboard so I can watch some VR porn. As the tranny on screen starts fucking some lucky fellow I begin jackhammering the pocket pussy on my dick.

The pocket pussy slides off my cock and onto the floor. I slide back in bed, the sweaty sheets now cold from my two minute absence. My phone alarm is set for half an hour from now when I get up and do it again.



Sometimes I don't get to bed until 3 or 4, I don't know why.

Living in the city is bathing in illness, like a piercing light.

It makes you jealous and sick, and starved for quiet.

May the traffic roar in your head forever.

CUCUMBERICED MARGINALIA

Or

The selected ramblings of a Bosnian mystic

I sit and piss and sip and yawn clear skies and birds go hhhhiiiigiii Why should I even care I hate language so much I despise all written words Every letter, every sign Every rotten piece of paper Stained with smelly ink Bosnia you beautiful Hunger makes me 'allucinate Come, sweet boy, sit by my side Leviticus and Priapus Pynchon, Zacharias, scorching sludge My limbs feel like strawberries Floating in the primordial soup Dont go away, sweet boy Stay with me In this dark Bosnian cave Away from the glass and the iron and the smoke And the tears and all the sounds Of the modern world My beard itches and itches I hate the letter 'u' I'm not even Bosnian Who am I kidding The boy has fled away With other boys And other girls

And here I lie

In this Bosnian cave

Hunger hunger hunger hatred

The skies burnnnnnn with colors

Similar to red

Maybe purple

I don't know any names for those colors

I hate Bosnia so much

I wish I was back

In my Catalan homeland

Fishes that go and fall with the scent of one million African women

Dancing dancing, Adam and Lilith

Table snort and five (four) nogs

Hogs, ZOG, jewish fog

Cats in feathers, Albanian dogs

Balkan rage and lots of bombs

Falling on the fathers and the mothers and the sons

Of this smelly town

My cave is filled with the sounds

Of rain and green bats

They shit on me, but I don't care

For God is on my side

I'm not Bosnian, I promise

My tinnitus is getting worse, thank you reptilian overlords

World world flows

Into the Styx I go

Here come the sweet boy

Will you stay this time

Don't leave me alone

Don't betray me

We'll hide together in the depths of this darkness

Whispering the secrets of moons that don't exist

However beautiful, always black hair

Never satisfied with the scent of garlic soup And chop chop chop impressive foreskin

Rain rain rain rain

An' rain rain rain

Outside

I can't understand Bosnian, sweet boy

Stop screaming

Like the dust, more Babylons

Float in the dusk light

I will set sail to Byzantium

And rape Yeats with my infected cock

I hate languages

I HATE WORDS

Així com tots parleu

En la maleïda llengua del porc anglés

Deixe ací testimoni

Que ixa parla del dimoni

Es tota merda i poc més

Please dont leave me alone

Please please please

Adopt this oak cloak croak

Too much consumption

Of black ooze

Makes me feel happy

Mommy always said that

Birds understand our hearts

I'll kill all birds

Behead all pigeons, seagulls, eagles, even penguins
Rip their wings, crush their eggs, burn their feathers
Cursed degenerations, failed abortions of the mighty dinosaurs
Sketchy creatures always with their sounds and their open eyes

Eyes eyes eyes eyes

Curse you curse you curseyoucurseyouuuuuuu

Albatros, chickens, turkeys, larks and pigeons again

Always watching

Mommy said dont scream at the birds dont scream I swear to God

Chirp chirp chirp

I hear them now

Outside my cave

There are no birds in my cave

Only me

Only me

Only meeeeeeeeee

And a Bosnian-Catalan dictionary

Birds from the egg and the feather to the sky

And the talons and the beaks all dust and screams

The poem is incomplete needs more words

Try harder, poet

Poet hiding under me

Earth poems, he whispers

To my ear, while I sleep

Bosnian earth, darkest soil

Roots to the tree, mighty limbs holding nests

Full of birds

I will burn them all

All the birds and the trees and the birds and the eggs

Here I lie

Forever and ever, and evermore

More and less all is dark

But what about the bats how can they fly I wish I could fly

And go swoooshh fliuuuuuuuuuushuuu

Through clouds and the sky never falling holding you in top of the reddest

mountain ever spitting in the backyard of heaven

I spent three days carving a piece of wood

In the shape of a turd

To no avail

Now my fingers bleed Too much writing Too many words

Civilisation was a mistake

Feed on me, taste my yellow nails Belgians, Peruvians and Andalusian fires Dabah fuhlamp sión tenuk paldeloron Oliah yelï oilderonon, keliash neuth yelïuh

> Tenako sonor demoisr doh nuh Eleanordelong kalfic tulvah alï Ich rufe dich, xiqueta meua

Alles gut en el cel, per Déu that I can't anymore Farfalla pudenta, Häuser (Häuserrr) només paraules Tot és roig, blau o nero, ma non ai del que voldria tindre Everything fails, per Gott, impredecible circunstancia Tenuk tenul johlié, holdes Mädchen vine amb mi,

Bosnian language no fa justicia

Al meu Herz, all lies

Apud Deum, diuen els pardals

Someone tell me, som esperits

A dintre d'un cos o som pensaments

Al voltant d'un foc

Around the holy fire fire fire fire fire When I WAS YOUNG I used to burn small animals for fun

Not that I wouldn't do it now, you know

Ants and grasshoppers and small birds and once a small cat that screamed like

A newborn baby emerging from the bleeding insides of

MAMAAAAAAAAA

The soil poet keeps whispering and whispering
Soon my cave will be filled with whispers
Stop it stop it stopi stopoposhit shit
Here it comes

Despair!!!

Why are words like this they crawl inside your brain and keep dancing and burning

They are like love but I have never experienced true love or thats what i think
I like the sound of frogs but not the birds oh boy never the birds
Hark harrkkkk in circles and circles and pieces tutto bene
In Rome there's a secret spot where Bosnians meet I will never tell you what
happens there

O distant Catalan homeland, my hands yearn for the texture of your clouds

Dusk, tusk, Elon Musk, fierce machine burning around the sun

Forever expanding i'm just procrastinating all my academic duties

No cucumbers in this poem I promise only me

And you, if you want

But only you, you are my friend, we'll always stick together

Never leave me please

In Rome, who knows what the hell happens in Rome

Futurists were right

Burn it all

Lets begin again

China descends from the Neo- $Ti\bar{a}n$, accelerating through the gates of Parsi doom flowers

Blight bright You were right (after all) Sudden shining, the last you'll ever see The cave stinks, I know

But a true friend would never complain

About the Filioque dilemma The Father like The Son and The Holy Spirit All of it like the chicken and the egg and the goddamned holy dove why are birds everywhere

Mama, I failed you again I'm screaming at the birds please forgive me mama I know you are waiting for me but please trust me mama everything will be

Bosnian Bosnian electro-future in the shape of salmon crumbs

Pears and pearls, mud and milk (one, two, three!)

We are the ages, coming through, we march in spite of Heaven.

Entropy, misantropy, hundreds of thousands of millions of birds flying and falling and dying

It all returns to nothing

Such a tiring process, living, AAAAAAAAAA

Tot, tot torna a ser res

The river flows and in the edge of the last sea a tower has been raised Above all time, where the sun dies

The chief secretary keeps waiting for a long-time gone emperor (gone, not dead!)

Flowers grow and papers keep piling up and the never ending bureaucracy has

A secret meaning that the Empire will never fall, even if it falls

Bosnian caves, caves, calves, elves, ding and dong

Rain keeps falling why does it never stop I'm wet and all my body itches

Scabies nota gain aa g agin gain oh no nonon

Mon petit amic, farem festa en Juliol?

In the back of the first land bodies keep piling

They keep talking about a pandemic please shut up

Are you ok, mama?

Will clouds ever unite against birds oh God that would be beautiful

I spend the days waiting for him

For him for him, reddish dung

Mao Zedong, asian plains

Animals in cages boxes and trains

Fox nostrils and hairy arms

I was just a boy, leave me alone

I never asked to be born

Tantalus and Zeus

Mighty Greeks, bronze dicks

Romans, decaying teeth

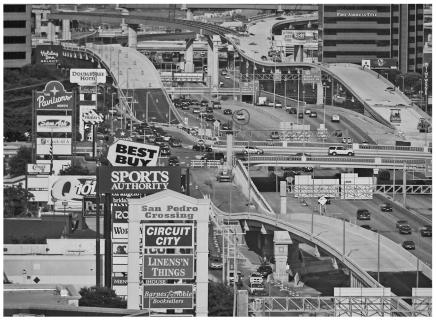
Boys in front of my cave

Will they stay with me?

Never-ending tundra plains

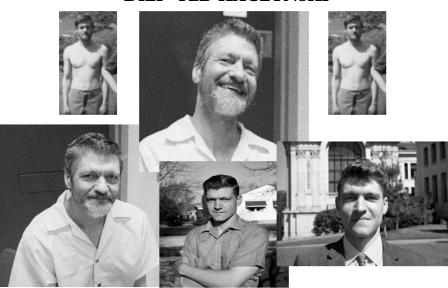
Burning burning on fire fire fire

Golden fences that keep the fire fire fire fire away
Pots, lots of pots, in all sizes and shapes
Ohh, Catalan motherland, so distant
Why even bother



(the red circle is you and everyone you've ever loved)

'DILF' TED KACZYNSKI





<- The "Tribe leader" face structure⁷⁹

Rawr X3 *nuzzles* How are you? *pounces on you* you're so warm ^-^
(notices you have a bulge) (O_O) someone's happy! *nuzzles your necky
wecky* ~murr~ hehe;) *rubbies your bulgy wolgy* your so BIG!

rubbies more on your bolgy wolgy it doesnt stop growing owO:3 hehehe
kisses you and lickies your neck daddy likes;) *nuzzle wuzzle* I hope teddy
likes *wiggles butt and squirms* Uncle Ted was RIGHT ^-^!!

I wanna see your big daddy meat! *wiggles butt*

I have a little itch *o3o*!:3 *wags tails* can you please get my itch? *put paws on chest* nyeaa~ can you pwease? *squirms* pweease! Pretty pease!=:C I need to be punished *runs paw down your chest and bites lip* & Eggplant,

⁷⁹ Cleft chin indicates Tribe of Dan Diaspora ancestry.

like, i need to be punished real good *paws on your bulge as i lick my lips* I'm getting thirsty. I could go for some milk *unbuttons* your pants as my eyes glow

you smell so MUSKY;) *drools all over your cawk* your daddi meat. I like.

Miste fuzzy balls.

puts snout on balls and inhales deeply oh my GAHD !! Please punish me ^-^ nyaa~ *suckies on your daddi meats all good while looking in to your eyeball* yum!

Luv u teddy80

 $^{^{80}}$ No homo

Exegesis on The Chronicles of Piss⁸¹

I want the sweet Taste of cum in my mouth So BaD i need It Who has cum here give it to me right now k i need the cum

Dis not enuff or may be thrust by larks, and keys of nutting, and of Bane and Dubs.

Oooy, oy, vi or not thick or thrudd, Uuaal Uaal!

Wot moy ist das Arms with larms.

And for more of Quont, not, not, alas. Theseus, and Archymedes, and loooolthrustlyfaggetshuwjew shoal, goy nigger fuck.

Bonbibonkers tests positive for Covid-19

Bonbibonkers unironically said 'eat my ashhole' in one of her videos. Haha, think about that. Yeah she also said "suck my dick" isnt that wild? What a thing to say!

Why write when I can coom? Why coom when I can write? Why write when I can coom? Why coom when I can write? Why write when I can coom? Why coom when I can write? Why write when I can coom? Why coom when I can write? Why write when I can coom? Why coom when I can coom? Why coom when I can coom? Why coom when I can write? Why write when I can coom? Why coom when I can write? Why write when I can coom?

⁸¹ Formerly Job

Why coom when I can write? Why write when I can coom? Why coom when I can write? Why write when I can coom? Why coom when I can write? Why write when I can coom? Why coom when I can write? Why write when I can coom? Why coom when I can coom? Why coom when I can write? Why write when I can coom? Why coom when I can write? Why write when I can write? Why write when I can write? Why write when I can coom? Why coom when I can coom? Why coom when I can coom? Why coom when I can write? Why write when I can write? Why write when I can write? Why coom when I can write? Why write when I can write? Why coom when I can write? Why write when I can write? Why coom when I can write? Why write when I can write? Why coom when I can write? Why write when I can write? Why write when I can write? Why coom when I can write? Why write when I can write? Why write when I can write? Why write when I can coom?

Cooming is just another form of writing.

IRON ALBATROSS

Wife-beater and cargo shorts grip the glowing skin stretched over tensed muscles. Phoenix's mechanical Adonis is climbing a California Fan Palm above stretches of hot pavement. Earlier he held the hits till they burned, offering bronchiole tissue in celestial bargain, so the Arizona dust which swarms and wilts the lettuce heads would not hurt him. Above the beige-grey desert he rushes towards the palm leaves, the sublimated crystal driving each cell just to go —

up, further, above the cracked stucco walls of a corner store, above the slowed cars, his audience staring transfixed from rolled-down windows, above the Jack in the Box, dental office —

each neuron spewing potassium and gulping down sodium to hit that perfect action potential again and again; the crystal to him is like a neural jackhammer, lighting up the brain with rushing electrons. His electric halo can be seen for miles. Is this the Bethlehem-bound creature? He's erect. He pulls himself —

onto the trunk's apex, doesn't even stop to look around before diving back down, his prey conquered, and cheers turn to screams as the skull-bone meets pavement

— and there he convulsed a few moments, then lay still, then shook again, convulsions which turned into a struggle against the ground as he pushed himself up, rising to his feet, his blood-soaked figure silhouetted against Phoenix's mountain sunset.

An Ode to the Fantasy Genre

Here's how this shit sounds to non-readers:

Zhonn's omegaknife glinted as it ripped the throat of an unsuspecting guard. "Sorry 'bout that, *ninka*." Ninka being the Grarpathan word for "friend," Grarpat being the region in which our hero currently finds himself. "But higher cause." Saying the third canto, he wisped the omegaknife into the alpharealm, where Smokeguardians could store all their implements of death. *Something moved* at the edge of his vision. His senses far surpassed those of an regular man, and as such he spotted the figure slinking out of the shadows far earlier than would a regular man, even though it was dark with just a few torches here and there, as foreshadowed earlier when it was mentioned that his omegaknife glinted. Just want to make sure you're following.

"Another clean kill, Zhonn?" That would be Aaaah'dam. Smirking, he stepped into the light. Smirking is Aaaah'dam's one defining characteristic. Despite the pedigree as an bloodthirsty warrior, accomplished scholar, international merchant, noble but not like most nobles, and more as yet to be revealed, Aaaah'dam is laid back and knows not take life too seriously. He also happens to look quite a bit like your bestselling author - tall, tan (but not too tan), dark hair, eyes like a hawk. Zhonn suspected his friend's patented smirks were actually hiding some deep-rooted psychological problem.

"I did what had to be done"

"As you always do. But do you ever wonder if all this killing is actually necessary?" Said Aaaah'dam while smirking.

"For Queen Eoliolio, I would see all of Grarpat reduced to smoldering kelliluc."

Using heat-vision, Zhonn made another quick scan of their surroundings to ensure none of the remaining Grarpathans were feeling plucky. If they've any sense at all, the rest of their regiment will be halfway to Fligolanta by now. Checking the poor ninka's body, he noticed a strange

insignia sewn into the right arm. An eleven point sun swirled round the visage of a monk with candles for eyes. By Tella and the Ancients, it can't be!

"Aaaah'dam! I think you might want to look at this"

"Seeing ghosts, my Pactbrother of the Golden Tear?" Said Aaaah'dam while smirking.

Sigh. You always knew what to expect with this guy. But it never got any easier. "Just... just take a look, okay?" Aaaah'dam bent down to inspect the corpse, smirking all the while.

"Holy Bwiw of the Mountains! I haven't seen one of those since I was last in Zhardonkavi!" He was no longer smirking. This, this was serious.

"If the Deathknights of the Unholy Candelabra have returned..."

But before Zhonn could finish airing his thought, the very ground beneath them began to quake. Calmly, he reached into his alpharealm and selected his favorite soulkiller. The time for stealth had ended...

An Ode to the Sci-fi Genre: Islam in Space (Not Dune though)

12 clicks registered on the Hadithtron. "Steady as she goes, Imam" boomed the voice of Chief Engineer Faiz. "Hold tight through the next series of photon-storms and we'll be back on Damascus IV by Ramadan."

Aminah frowned. She was the first female Junior Engineer in the history of Capital Ship Medina and knew she couldn't afford to make enemies, but something about the reading seemed off... "12 clicks, half a light year from the nearest dwarf star. Is that a typical reading in this quadrant of Alpha Centauri?" The Institute of Space Islam Security⁸² didn't take well to malcontents, especially not from the few women in service, but she had to know the truth. *Lives are at stake* Aminah thought to herself, hoping her troubled expression wasn't showing through her mandatory Space Niqab.

"Hmph" gnarred the gruff Faiz. "A bit irregular, perhaps, but well within acceptable range dictated by the Mawlawi. We needn't worry your uncle, not with all sectors in the green. Finish your maintenance of the ion chamber and get back up to Masjid Deck in time for prayers⁸³."

Despite the reform concessions the few neo-Wahhabis on board were outright offended at a woman having any place on the ship's staff, and they didn't hide this on Aminah's way up.

⁸² The Institute was founded 2031 after Al Ibn Harushida used advanced supercomputers to project the Quran in 12 dimensional geometry. The geometry revealed the secret on how to construct a Muslim warp drive, thus enabling the construction of a new type of space ship, the Mutalkums. Afterwards Sultan Al Wurshta funded the research into Mutalkum space faring, resulting in the Islamic Golden Space Age.

⁸³ Aminah knew that the orbital mihrab had not been calibrated correctly, and would adjust her prayer mat towards galactic Makkah accordingly

"Wallah something is up" Aminah grumbled to herself.

She mentally sifted through the latest recruits and their respective sect, everything seemed to be in order. All Sunni Muslims with great respect for the Saudi Aramco corporation⁸⁴, no Shias. Twenty different intern engineers she trained recently named Muhammed rattled through her brain, it suddenly clicked. Muhammed Habibi "Sam" Ali had told her of his family's latest addition to their private zoo - a labrador. This was a disaster! Dealing with unclean creatures on board was not something the mighty ulama had figured out yet. So much as a single hair from a labrador on board was enough to practically invite shaitan in.

This was unorthodox, but inshAllah it might just work. Aminah whipped out her pocket Hadiths and scrambled to find the tale of Muhammad's (PBUH) favorite cat, Mu'izza. There it was, detailing how Muhammad (PBUH) cut the sleeve off his prayer robe upon finding his cat sleeping upon it, so as not to disturb his cat. This confirmed what she already knew as a dedicated Sunni Muslim, cats were clean creatures and if she could find one she might just be able to correct this grave situation.

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⁸⁴ Following the 2079 drone attack on Aramco oil refineries by the Shia Iranians, the Crown Prince bumped up Aramco's defense budget by 2 billion petrodollars. With a series of savvy investments (boosted by improving relations with Israel), Aramco developed a laser-defense satellite (with only minor inspiration from the infidel Reagan's SDI). This reinvigorated Islamic society into a second Golden Space Age.

An Ode to the Cyberpunk Genre: Poo in the GPU: a NeoDehli story

[Opening fragment]

Rajesh awoke slowly as light filled the room slowly. He checked his clock, 6am, time for action. He sprang out of bed and got to his morning exercises. To begin, 60 sets of quarter pushups, followed by yoga for 30 minutes. When he finished his routine, he reached under his pillow and found the watermarked photo of a naked blonde woman he had found on the internet. Holding it close to his chest, he imagined their life together, just one more day and he would have enough for their new life together. "Wait4me pls bb girl" he whispered, softly, gently kissing the photo, before replacing it and heading downstairs to the dining room, where his mother had left steaming plates of curry, rice and bread to give him strength for the day ahead. In between furious mouthfuls of roti, he looked directly ahead with a fixed gaze, an inherited behaviour, passed down unknowingly through the centuries, unknown to locals but terrifying to foreigners for reasons no one could understand.

Finishing his meal, he bowed to the ten-armed lobster god on the wooden stand in the corridor, grabbed his satchel, and headed on his way. It took him only ten minutes to reach the sweltering warehouse where he worked as a click farmer for twelve hours a day, racking up meaningless tokens on the latest flash-in-the-pan MMO for South Korean teenagers – or rather for their mothers, who had been badgered into taking over this task while their cherubs were at school, and who had shrewdly farmed out this nonsense to professionals. Rajesh found this task no more exciting than the mothers, but it made far less difference to him, he had automated the various XP-grinding tasks on this game months ago, just a couple of Lua scripts with minor differences and he was good to go. It always made him laugh, but if those foreigners wanted to give him money to run some scripts, what did he care?

Checking to see that his cron jobs had run overnight as he sipped some chai, he happily noted no errors, and checked the incoming requests. More gold-farming for Mrs. Park on *Doujin-Loli Adventure Saga: Online*. This came up so often that as soon as the email had arrived, his systems had scanned for the following parameters:

From: parkhy77563452339@star-co.net.kp, Text Contains: ['Gold','Now','Loli'].

Those parameters having been confirmed, the script mrs_park_bitch.lua ran automatically, sending back a polite message to the client agreeing to the request for the usual fee, and began controlling the player's character to farm the required gold until the amount she requested was reached, killing various low-level fluffy creatures in the early stages of the game, providing gold slowly, but at no risk to the character. Rajesh had been doing this a long time, so he had ensured that while he worked long hours, he didn't do shit.

A message from his cousin Sandeep appeared in the top-right corner of his screen from one of around twenty messaging apps pre-installed on the ancient desktop he had been provided (who the hell used MSN Messenger these days?). The text was in all caps, as usual – Rajesh had explained the concept of shouting on the internet to Sandeep dozens of times to no avail – but this seemed different at a glance, more urgent. He opened the message and read:

CSN IS SANDEEP HOWRU BRO
BIG TRUBLE PLS NED MONEY 100 CRORE
TLKIN TO BBGRIL ON INTERNT N WENT TO MET
IS NOT BBGIRL IS CYBERDACOIT
NEED UR HEPL BRO R THEY KIL ME

Rajesh froze. This was not the first time that Sandeep had run into trouble on the internet, but Cyber-Dacoits? What did they want with him? Another message appeared with an address, and Rajesh knew there was nothing for it but to do what his idiot cousin had asked. He stood up, a little unsteady. "Oh Krishna", he whispered, shaking, "here we go again."

I am about to cum

I love fucking hoes in the butt so bad. It feels really good.

>pissing

Whenever I dont get the opportunity to fornicate, I get the urge to masterbate.

(bars)

By this time next year, I will be found at these coordinates: 31.7683° N, 35.2137° E

Upon the discovery of my lifeless and maybe bloated vessel, you will find a tattoo on my left forearm 9 centimeters below by wrist. This tattoo will have the digits to an american express gift card code. With this code, you are to buy whatever you want. That is all

Best regards

- Whitezilla

Bad Influences

Aiden paced back and forth in his human aunt's potion shop. He had been staying with her ever since his dad caught his mom cheating on him, and his human mother subsequently decided to kill herself by jumping off a cliff. His elven dad ran away to some foreign country.

He was horny, again, as usual. He had been working at his job at the club, and he had gotten a bit worked up from, well, the whole atmosphere. The slutty chicks wearing the least amount of clothing possible. The guys chasing them. Even the attention he got from both, considering his androgynous, rather feminine appearance. He even wore the female uniform.

He gave himself a quick lookover in the mirror. Two elf ears jutted out from behind his short blonde curly hair. The 'uniform' for the nightclub consisted of an especially breezy bunnysuit, with thigh high leggings, and high heels. He undid a few of the more exotic ear piercings and set them on the table. A few he had borrowed from Sophia.

ding

Finally. The front door's bell rang as his aunt walked in the door with her idiot friend. She was, frankly, a terrible caretaker, a horrible role model, a degenerate size queen, and an even bigger slut. However, she was hot as hell, and her total lack of modesty meant he could enjoy her body as much as he pleased. Likewise, she was very knowledgeable about alchemy and ingredient sourcing, which he had easily learned from her. She had blonde hair like his. In fact, she looked like the woman version of him. Her friend Valorie, a brunette, followed behind her. To be blunt, Aiden though, she had half the brain, half the tits, but was easily twice a disgusting degenerate. One would be hard pressed to find anything Valorie wouldn't do, from rimming orcs, to drinking an entire tankard of cum.

Sofia and Valorie continued giggling about their mindless small talk before noticing him. That's unusual, don't they normally get home before

taking their clothes off? He thought, although he subsequently heard the two remark about taking an evening dip in one of the fountains. Sophia was carrying her cocktail dress over shoulder and was wearing a black thong, while Valorie seemed to be wearing some kind of pasties and something that (poorly) covered her lady parts.

"Hey bookworm, reading again?" Sophia asked.

"Looks like you take after your aunt." Valorie said with alcohol induced stupor.

Aiden rolled his eyes dismissively. "Too bad I didn't get the great fashion sense she has."

"Aww, so sweet!" Brittney failed to pick up on his sarcasm.

Valorie tried to stick a finger up Sophia's butt on the way up the stairs, which elicited a squeal from Sophia. She slapped back playfully.

Usually, when she got back from a night out, Sophia would summon an Incubus from one of her spellbooks. After being violently ravaged for several hours, usually she'd pass out from exhaustion.

Aiden casually yet stealthily followed behind his aunt and her friend. *Emphasis on behind. Those are two nice asses.* The way their panties disappeared into between their two cheeks. The way their hips swayed. For him, it was too much to resist.

He heard his aunt shut the door, and he made his way to the room next to her bedroom. The old house had been designed with large air vents that gave him an excellent view into her room.

The two girls were already there, and their evening entertainment had already been summoned. The Incubus was tall, with fiery red skin, a lean muscular build, and an impressive package, as per Sophia's preferences. He wasted no time, and slipped his fingers into either girl's panties, causing both to moan with pleasure.

Aiden began to slowly rub himself through his bunnysuit, but he soon remembered that it hadn't been designed with such functionality in mind. He hurriedly ran to his room to change into something more comfortable, but by the time he returned, the fun had started.

The Incubus presently had Sophia in a particularly compromising position. He had her sitting on his lap (And on his cock) while holding her legs up in the air. She moaned with pleasure with every vicious thrust into her. Valorie contently sucked on his balls.

===

Nash slammed his hammer with all his might. He *absolutely* did not want to heat up the horse hitch in the forge another time. It was way too hot outside for it to be night, and he was already shirtless under his apron, an obvious safely hazard. The thing was a crude piece that nobody would ever care about, and he was ready to be done with it and go take a shower to wrap up his day. With one final tap, he felt satisfied with his work, and dunked it into the water. With all of his work done for the day, he could spend tomorrow however he wanted.

He set the finished metal horse hitch on the counter and put away his tools. He stumbled up the stairs just in time to see his sister close the bathroom door behind her.

"Oh come on, sis!" He said indignantly.

"Sucks to be late." She mocked with a jestful tone in her voice. She meant him no harm, but she surely wouldn't give up the shower.

Ugh, great. He thought to himself. He was way too sweaty and smelly to go straight to bed, but likewise he didn't want to wait. He mused briefly before remembering that his friend Aiden had his own shower, and he was right down the street.

===

Aiden slid his underwear down, completely transfixed on the scene that lay before him. Lustful thoughts clouded his mind. His mind flashed back to earlier in the day when some random drunk guy tried to grope his ass in the tavern. *That Incubus had a pretty fucking big cock.*

"Hey! Aiden! Are you home? Let me in!" A voice interrupted.

Was that Nash? He stood up and looked out his window to see his friend standing outside his door. While going down the stairs, he suddenly hatched a plan.

"Hey Aiden, I'm all dirty, can I clean off in your shower?" Nash asked. "I suck your dick clean." He said, making a lewd face.

"What? All I want is to use your shower. Besides, I thought you said you liked girls?"

"I like everything, I'm fucking horny."

"Ugh, you spend too much time with your aunt." Nash rubbed his forehead trying to think of something to say. "Seems a bit gay honeslty."

"Only gay for the one on the bottom" Aiden said with a wink.

After a bit of begging Aiden finally convicted him. He led Nash up the stairs to his bedroom.

"Go take a shower first. And *quickly*, hearing my Aunt getting fucked in the other room is making me horny." Aiden instructed.

After returning from a quick shower in a bathroom that was nicer than his house, Nash came out to find his friend waiting for him.

"So, What makes you want it from me?" Nash inquired with a smirk as he sat down in a chair.

"Look, there was this guy at work who was eyeing my ass. He squeezed my ass when walking by and I've been horny all day. I need someone to fuck my femboy ass." He said.

Nash rolled his eyes with a grin.

"So, waiter? How's about a drink?" Nash said with a playful tone.

"Woah there dude, I think I might need to get a drink myself first." He replied in kind.

Aiden gently teased Nash's tip with a kiss on the tip of his cock, before giving it a few licks.

"First, put this on." Aiden continued. He handed Nash a condom which he slid on over his dick. "And now,~"

Aiden turned around and pulled his shorts down. He really had a nice ass. Nash stood up behind him and pressed himself against his back. Aiden pulled him over to the bed and bent over. Nash slowly slid himself inside, causing his friend to shiver with satisfaction. Nash dominantly grabbed the tops of Aiden's hand, meshing his fingers together. Perhaps it was just his elven side, but Aiden's hands were much more slender and femine than his own.

With every gentle thrust, a girly moan escaped Aiden. He instructed Nash to go harder, slowly building up a rhythm. Eventually, it was too much,

Aiden arched his back and felt a wave of pleasure roll off his body. Nash quickly followed suit.

Aiden rolled into bed and fell into a deep sleep.

Nash showered himself off and quickly fell asleep on the couch. They were friends, but not *that* kind of friends. Just because he tapped his friend's femboy ass from time to time didn't mean he was gay.

HOOKED-ON-PHONE-SEX

When he realized he was a shitty phone poster he gave up. His body fell limp but his thumbs continued to communicate his dying piss. "Just remember," he whispered "that I meant duck instead of duck."

Then he was dead, in bed, alone, without his phone. Who was phone? He asked this every night. Every waking moment of his life started to revolve around the mystery. He would run up to strangers and grab them by the scruff of their shirt and scream at them "THEN WHO WAS PHONE. GOD DAMN IT. WHO WAS PHONE." And he would let go and cry. He never cried before but this made him emotional. He took off his pants as crying made his body overheat. He didn't want another heatstroke, not this time. There was one problem though, and it wasn't going to be easy. His phone rang: "He didn't know what I would say he said to you but you don't want him and I know it's gonna you say hello I gotta I like the most things that I've had and how much fun and exciting things that you can look at when you're done I know it's hard but it's not like you don't have anything you to think you do because it's so nice that you're gonna it really fun I gotta you're a nice guy to me but it's like that he would." Oh shit, he fell asleep on his auto predict again. His farts were wet and sticky.

BAMBI CUM AND COLLAPSE

Anon reflects

Anon woke up and found them all. Endless piles of shitposting. A bleak verbiage of urine, entry-level philosophy, personal diary entries, obscenities and amateur sci-fi. He felt dizzy, and wondered who would ever read such things.

Is this all there is to it? He asked. But no one gave an ear to his words. Other anons were laboring silently, not too far away, only with a mind for themselves and their own shitpost. The stench was familiar and obscene, a stench strangely both biologic and spiritual, wafting unbalance and anxiety. Sweat, semen, hormone, stagnation, virginity, decay. The prospects perimeter was as undefined in his eyes as its occupants aim or purpose, and there was no escape from the spectacle or the stench. Worst of all, though the idea of escape principally appealed to him in moral and intellect, so did instinct pull stronger - to become, continue, remain - anon.

Critiquing shitposts for being pointless is just as pointless. Did you really expect actual art/new philosophies to come from this? Who would post actual work in a shitty meme document that's anonymous. -realist anon

<u>Critiquing critiques against pointless shitposting for being pointless is</u> <u>just as pointless.</u> -thought anon, after being faced by the traditional hostility anons were known for.

Critiquing critiques of critiques of shitposts and mistakenly calling it hostility when it's actually a fair criticism of someone that criticizes a lack of originality in the most unoriginal way and with unrealistic expectations. -some anon that meant no harm.

Anon felt ashamed after reading the honest words of anons that meant no harm to him. He reflected harder, and wondered if he had not been naive and pretentious. The stagnation he had been feeling all through the day was making it harder for him to think clearly. A vague sense of self-disappointment began to form in his soul.

Peaceful anon understands where original anon was coming from because he also dislikes the post-ironic/meta-ironic attitude his generation and the culture of this board has adopted, but he also realizes that people compartmentalize their effort and see this doc as a waste of theirs, or they're afraid to actually try because that's uncool when surrounded by shitposts.

Original Anon felt grateful to be understood.

It's an interesting thing that even while anonymous some people are afraid to share their writing as it's still so close to them. That its vulnerability is deeper than the outward identity contained in a name, that their writing is their artistic merit and therefore an integral part of their value system. An insecurity summed up with "if you don't try then you can't fail".

Intermezzo 2: Aerosolized Sino-Tibetan AIDS Boogaflu

God's Last Wish85

on death's door, I heard in the blinding light a voice and it was not God's and I was not saved

summer crickets run buzzsaws through the night in tune with rings of Saturn, symphonies of waste orchestrating filth

at the end of days the author of confusion will write a program of endless vice with Gorgon qualities

cannibalism
seen in the cold light of day
is an aesthetic
to be adopted
at one's discretion

I saw Satan fall like businessmen in New York on IX/XI that failed to get the Silverstein memo

isn't everyone cornered, confused, a zoo ape in Cincinnati having second thoughts on death exhibits?

Erogenous Ereignis⁸⁶

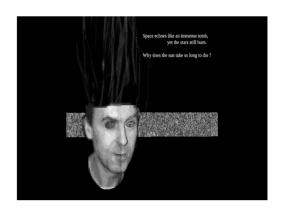
I sat at the park and stared at empty swing sets until completion

Solar Plexus87

clown gliders move in and take the reins over your higher knowledge spheres my friend, for you it's already too late

Nephthys Ice88

Everything is falling glass Through false doors and fog Possession reaving flashes In the void as shards



"In a world of madness it is madder to be sane." anonymous

Being the veritable and venerable heresiarchical hieratics of Frater Grouse, 20.11.5

⁸⁶ ALCHEMICAL SYMBOL FOR BLACK SULFUR

⁸⁷ ALCHEMICAL SYMBOL FOR GOLD

⁸⁸ ALCHEMICAL SYMBOL FOR CINNABAR

Young people talking

Now it is too late - he said. What do you mean? - she said. Don't you have a watch? - he said. B-baka! - she said, her face became red. Red like one of those flags he saw. Was it not a communist flag? You are a communist! - he said. B-baka! - she said. I can't marry a communist - he pissed himself (or maybe he said to her - we will never know).

It was over. The love, the warmth - everything was gone. Only the free market persisted, as you can always become a prostitute. What it meant is that NOT everything was gone. Where there is a free market - there is supply and demand - there is money to be made, there is HOPE.

Man, was she crying. She was screeching. She became furious and began transmorphing herself into one of those demons he saw in a scary book. You are a communist demon! - he proclaimed. Spewing fire and cum she roared: Seize! Seize! Little did she know about him being a dragon slayer. He saw the 1981 movie and now he became one.

It was done, she was dead.

With hands in his pockets and unmatched swagger, he strolled down the street. But those were not *his* hands. A jew! A jew has hands in my pockets - he screamed. He fell into an antisemitic convulsive seizure, but the hands were still there. Little did he know that these were the invisible hands of the market. Yes, the very same market he praised previously! It was all a game and he was just a fool. He was a fool and just now it became clear to him.

There is nothing left. Truly, everything is gone. The free market, yeah, it is there and *it* is free. But *he*, he is gone. Truly, everything is gone.

can't you see what it was grasp the message of my prose too much dose through your nose?

An admission of love

Love to all of you anons.

I LOVE ALL YOU ANONS - MANLIKEBIGP
I LOVE MOST OF YOU SOME OF YOU ARE REAL
MOTHERFUCKERS I GOTTA SAY - NOT THE GUY ABOVE ME
My Diary Desu:

A poem in Polish, [Rechoty]

Rechoty i śmiechoty, grymas twej twarzy O niejednej wojnie mogłyby zaważyć Sukni twych kroje i stóp twoich paluszki Boskie są chyba, nie-ludzkie

Zęby twe jak lustra - przeglądam Na całą Ciebie - spoglądam Buzia twa jak ołtarz, Modlitw nie widać końca

Kwiecie majowy, co w dzień słoneczny stroisz barwy I pól, łąk mieszkańców zachwycasz. Nie opiszą linie - nie opiszą żadne Konturu, smukłości twojego cyca

Płomieniu, blasku gwiazd, które za daleko Rozbłysku ciepła w piecu co ranek Z usteczek skapnij słówko, choć jedno W serca rozdartego mojego ranę

Zatańcz - nie - przetuptaj chociaż Mignij chociaż, mignij BYLE, Zerknij, spojrzyj, wzrokiem pociesz Bym pamiętał choć przez chwilę

Te źrenice, rzęsy, uszy, Język, gardło oraz dziąsła. Policzków pudrowe róże, Płatki uszu twych jak wiosła.

Rusz ze mną w tan i stańmy przy sobie Rusz ze mną w tan, przepadnijmy. Doiłbym cyce, jak jakiejś krowie, Rusz ze mną w tan, przepadnijmy.

ENJOY ANONS

SAMUEL PEPYS RIDES OUT

A Rip-Roaring Tale of Daring-do, a Tour-De-Force of the last days of Samuel Pepys before his (((death of good old age)))

FOREWARD

Contrary to popular belief, Samuel Pepys⁸⁹ was born in Ouagadougou, when it was only a sporadic mess of huts and cattle pens - a far cry from the bustling metropolis we see today. His father was the great Din'ngane Pepys, of the Fleet tribe, who we know well as the inventor of the Bikini (he named this after his home nation, Burkina Faso - however the name was by all accounts lost to translation errors). Pepys' mother, Anne, had no idea where she was for most of her adult life.

It is by some divine luck, then, that the Samuel Pepys we know of today went on to become the most famous diarist in all of English History, surpassing even his most prestigious contemporaries; most notably, the restored King Himself, Charles II, Oliver Cromwell (may the Devil take his soul)⁹⁰, and the 'Wives of London', predominantly Anne Gables, who produced the voluminous diaristic work 'Wye me 'Usband Dyed, & Other 'Orrors o'th Fyre'⁹¹ - the first well-received journalistic work by any female figure(s) in history. Pepys' superiority, however, is surely the work of his own rebellion against his

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⁸⁹ Also known as the following, in his time, and in subsequent historiography: Samuel Saltys, Samuel 'Hey Could You Document This?' Pepys, Samuel Pepe, Samuel Peepee, Samuel Benis:xD. (It must be brought to attention that the author of this text has, for the most part of his writing it, been mispronouncing Pepys as 'pep-iss', rather than 'peeps'. This realisation has resulted in most of his phonetically charged jokes now being stillborn).

⁹⁰ Disclaimer: the author of this book would like to express his utmost admiration of the Lord Protector of the realm; his parentheses are for posterity only, and should not reflect any misgivings towards the figure himself, who is in fact the most based human in all of history (may the Devil take his soul).

⁹¹ See. Coronameron VOL.I (p.134)

upbringing, which was mostly meagre and harrowing. His father quickly employed him into their tailoring business when he was only three, and forbade the child from using any improvised writing utensils (stick and sand, goat-dung crayons &c.), and to work only on the production of his patented clothing items, under the pain of lashings. And although such work made the young Pepys extremely dexterous and nimble, and graced him with the ability to gauge the bust-size of even the most corset-bound lady within 7 metres, he found himself by late childhood wanting of a more sophisticated and academic lifestyle in which he could pursue that innate talent that he possessed, but could only pursue during the black and humid Ouagadougou nights, once his father had fallen asleep. It is said that Pepys found much of his learning in his early years from a shipwreck on the Gold Coast which carried the entire works of history and philosophy, unaffected by the waters. He translated these into his native language at the age of twelve using a priori knowledge and aid of the Lesser Key of Solomon. It is also known that Pepys suffered greatly from bladder stones at a young age, which, according to the village shaman Martin Sempah, got frequently lodged inside his 'urinary tract area', leading to his screaming all through the night.

It is this combination of rebellious learning and the inconvenience that his pain caused his family, that eventually led to the decision from his father to send him away forever. The young Pepys was taken to the coast, and left to wait upon a European ship which he would have to signal using a beacon of dried grass and banana leaves; he was eventually picked up by a Dutch trading vessel on its way back from the Cape. Thankfully, Pepys already knew how to speak Dutch, and it was on this voyage that he befriended a young trader's son called Toby Vogelgrijper⁹², whom he would continue correspondence with until the latter perished in the Great Fire many years later. The Vogelgrijper and the crew were astonished at the young Pepys' devotion to documenting the voyage, using up all of their stores of log-books and even continuing on the deck with

⁹² Vogelgrijper, T. is the same associate of one *John Fromme*, who perished along with him in the Great Fire, and with their last shipment of Dodos. There is dispute, which this book is party to, as to whether these were indeed the last Dodos of their kind, or if others managed to escape the Dutch onslaught.

a hammer and chisel. Unfortunately, these logbooks were lost when a drunken ship-hand found them and threw them overboard, convinced that they were Papist propaganda. After a stop in Amsterdam, Pepys boarded another vessel which took him to London. Some of his entries from this time were saved⁹³ - most notably, he described another ship coming through the fog of the North Sea, on which he could hear even at that distance a man shouting and raving about a sovereign, lessons in mathematics, and the state of the country⁹⁴. Once landing in London, he was immediately enrolled in Huntingdon Grammar school after he proved his knowledge in all things political and worldly to a passing scholar, who was otherwise going to take him to a poorhouse.

The rest of Pepys' biography is as it is in the history books. The purpose of this forward is twofold, and the first purpose - the elucidation of Pepys' real origins - has been satisfied. But what, may you ask, is the second purpose? Well this is a little more complicated. You see, dear reader, I was there when 'Samuel Pepys' died. You are now asking yourself "how is this possible? He lived more than 350 years ago, and you are alive right now!". This is a very good question, and it may seem on first approach as if I am going mad. But really, I was there when Pepys 'died'. I was his friend, for a time. We shared opinions on the Navy, and read books from his library. He told me of his real origins on his deathbed, in good confidence - and he also told me something else. He spoke of a man, an imposter, who had been walking the streets of London, going to Parliament, and writing accounts of his life and times, just as *he* had been doing. And he told me that this man, on the night of the great fire, had leapt into the flames and vanished; but in his stead, he had left volumes on Pepys' life - under Samuel Pepys' own name - which were of course fraudulent, a farce. As the light in his eyes seemed to flicker and dim like a candle down to the bottom of its wick, he leaned in further and told me what I needed to do. What happened next is possibly the most surreal and inexplicable moment of

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⁹³ The reason these entries have not been used as evidence to of Pepys' real past is that his tutors owed it to his great imagination, providing that a child of his age should never have been able to produce such a volume of works in such a small space of time, and indeed from such a background as his.

⁹⁴ This is obviously Thomas Hobbes, based on the account, c.1647

my life: he vanished, into nothing, and a great cacophony echoed in his wake for a good few seconds before silence fell. In that cacophonic reverberation across time, I could hear the screams of terror, and wood cracking and the roaring of flames⁹⁵. It is funny, really, when you think about it: me, Bamuel Bepys, sat at the deathbed of *the* 'Pepys', the greatest diarist in history - and he had just told me to rewrite his own story. Oh my dear Samuel - if only you knew that I already had.

So, for my audience's reading pleasure, I present to you an abridged version of 'Pepys' (((last))) day on this Earth...

SAMUEL PEPYS RIDES OUT

"The evening of the 7th September, 1666 A.D

Elizabeth you dumb bitch where's my Moleskin journal?! Oh, silly me, I'm writing in it write now! Get it - write now? I should really be a comedian, why did I have to get into this cursed life of politics and business? Well, I suppose I should make a quick note of what I did today, before I make for bed. Brought to the Chancellor the documentation for our most recent naval blockades against the Dutch, which has been most difficult to amend (any parliamentary action I must pen against the Dutch at this time of war still brings grief to my heart oh, Vogelgrijper, to now be your enemy in spirit, how shameful!); penned a total of 1,287 pages during lunch on my memories of school; went to the butchers for some good cured ham, then the merchant to validate that order of Wine..."

At this moment, Pepys' house-servant bursts into the room.

"Sir, come quickly, London is ablaze!"

Pepys, unflinching, continues to write, while addressing his servant with little energy,

"Well, I'm sure it isn't all that serious my good fellow, now go and see where Elizabeth has got to would you? She was due to change my bladder stonepouch twenty minutes ago".

 $^{^{95}}$ A stute readers will have noticed by now that this is not the only time that a 'Samuel Pepys' died...

"But sir, it is on our side of the river, a-and it seems to be in the vicinity of St.Pauls, and that wine merchant you are so friendly with.."

Pepys stops writing. Looking much more concerned now, he curiously barges past his servant to reach the west-facing window where, by God, he can see the Great fire that his servant spoke of. Funny, he thinks, that he didn't see it on one of his 17 journeys to the privy. But now, looking into it... why it seems he could have been standing there for days, staring at the inferno, the flames licking the black underbelly of the clouds, curling like locks of red hair from a strumpet in Camden Town. He stares so emphatically at the catastrophe that he does not realise that his servant has come up behind him, and started to shake him furiously.

"S-sir? Are you all right?"

"Yes... Yes, Cataraxapetl... I am fine"

"But excuse me Sir, who is this you speak of?"

"....photic zones... enlightenment"

Pepys stumbles back to his desk, and sits there for a few minutes, his perplexed servant looking on, without purpose.

"I'll fetch Elizabeth, then, sir..."

On his own again, Pepys begins to write furiously on a clean page - but for the first time in his life, he writes not from experience, but from what he thought was pure imagination. It came from somewhere, it came from the *light*. He feels utterly nourished and empowered by this new source of creativity, as if he has suddenly become a Defoe or a Cervantes. But he did not *feel* like a novelist, all of these new words and expressions didn't appear as fanciful dreams of the past, or an agglomerate of experiences put together to form something new; it had *power* and a *direction* as if he were writing something into being, or at least anticipating something already there but unable to show itself.

He sits and writes there for a good hour, as the disaster looms closer and the rumbling and sounds of people grow more recognizable, increasing in urgency with every word that his quill scratches into existence. The house-servant never came back, but at this point Pepys does not care: he is building to something of monumental importance. Ironic, that his expertise in the art of

diary writing which always required a state of reminiscence should have brought him to a pinnacle that required him to smash his own tradition, breaking apart the fabric of temporality itself in order to reach something beyond time's prison.

The quick succession of a horse's whinnying and its shoes clattering, metallic on the cobbles of the street below, bring Pepys out of his fugue, and he sits back in his leather chair.

"Ah yes, well done Samuel, well done... Howe-"

[THE TEXT HERE HAS BEEN VERY OBVIOUSLY REPLACED WITH A MORE RECENT CLIPPING]

Needle Scratch

"Oh boy! I'd best help those poor people down on London Bridge!" Pepys exclaims to himself, out loud.

[Pepys hops onto his Chopper motorcycle and revs it]

The women are screaming and the fires are howling Way down in the streets tonight
There's a man in the bakers with a match in his hand And its head's shining oh so bright
There's evil in the air and there's smoke in the sky,
And a shit-collectors on the burnt out streets
And down by the Thames where the people are fleeing
Oh, I swear I saw a young maid down in the waters
She was floatin' on some birds with strange beaks...

Oh Pepys you're the only thing in this whole world That's pure and good and (write)
And wherever you are and wherever you go
There's always gonna be sun-light
But you gotta get out you gotta break out now

Before the fire cracks your door
You gotta make the most of this last night in London
When it's over, you know,
You'll be in the photic zoooooone...

Like a light-eating cell you'll be gone when the morning comes!

When the fire is over, like a light-eating cell, you'll be gone, gone, gone
Like a light-eating cell you'll be gone when the morning comes!

But when the day is done
And the bridge goes down

And the 'usband's days are throoooough,

Then like a Dodo before old Shakespeare's breeches

They'll come floating on back to you

You're gonna hit Fleet Street like a 10 percent sale
On a silver-black phantom bike
When the air is hot, and your diary is hungry
And they're all about to see the light
The firemen never work in this rotten old hole,
And now everything is crumbled to dust
And nothing really rocks and nothing really rolls
And nothings ever worth the cost

Well you know that you're damned if you never get there
And maybe you're damned if you do,
But with every other quill you've got left on your desk
You know you want to be damned with them too
If you've gotta be damned, you know you wanna be damned
Dancing through the fires with (((you)))

Oh Pepys you're the only thing in this whole world That's pure and good and (write) And wherever you are and wherever you go There's always gonna be sun-light
But you gotta get out you gotta break out now
Before the fire cracks your door
You gotta make the most of this last night in London
When it's over, you know,
You'll be in the photic zooooooone...

Like a light-eating cell you'll be gone when the morning comes!

When the fire is over, like a light-eating cell, you'll be gone, gone, gone
Like a light-eating cell you'll be gone when the morning comes!

But when the day is done
And the bridge goes down

And the 'usband's days are throoooough,

Then like a Dodo before old Shakespeare's breeches

They'll come floating on back to you

Then like a Dodo before the gates of Moorgate They'll come floating on back to youuuu...

Well you see (((yourself))) tearing up the street, faster
Than any other MP has ever gone
And your bladder's raw, but your soul is (write)
And no one's gonna stop you now, you're gonna get to the bridge
But you can't stop thinking of (((you)))
And you never see the river's curve until its way too late
And you never see the river's curve until its way too late

Then you're down in the bottom of the Thames near the blazing fire
Torn and twisted at the foot of a burning bike
And you think somewhere Westminster's tolling its bell
And the last thing you see is (((yourself)))
Still writing
Still writing

You're breaking out of your body, and floating awaaaaaaaay

Like a light-eating cell
Oh, like a light-eating cell

FIN

Understanding

Laying limp on a large rock in God Knows Where, he cried. He wept and screamed into the void of the sky. He understood nothing - yet he felt everything understood him and plotted to bring him to this point. The skies and the seas and everything in between were malevolent forces, conspiring against him? Who was he, anyway? As the metallic taste of blood filled his mouth and a warm moisture seeped from within him, he realised he could no longer recall who he was. A shame, that – or was it? Some deeply embedded memory told him that no, he wasn't worth remembering. This thought comforted him to some extent, as he wouldn't be forgetting anyone worthwhile, and he decided to return to his dying.

But wait a minute! If he wasn't anyone worth remembering then why was he here? Why had everything made sure that he ended up, laying here? Why would they bother if he was going to die alone and fade into obscurity without any intervention? That's when it struck him – he was very important. So important he was that his death was so important that everything made sure it happened. And then a thought broke its way through his subconscious and into his mind and demanded to be acknowledged. His name, yes that was his name. He dared to use the last of his energy to smile and the sun poked its head over to smile back at him. As night drifted into day and blood rushed from his body, he and the sun smiled at each other and now he understood.

By manlikebigp <3

A Critical Micturation of the Modern Negro,

by Anonus Blackbeat, Doctorate in racial biology and botany at University of Harvard

For a long time now, I've been thinking. How come, that despite all the various geographically isolated landmasses the Earth holds, as well as the vast eons over which our progenitors had time to spread and change, niggers and humans can still interbreed.

I mean, think about it. The relative genetic similarity between humans and chimps is 99.6%. The remaining 0.4% account for everything about a chimpanzee that makes us think: "That is a monkey. I feel no kinship towards it". It is simply too different from ourselves for us to recognise it as anything but an animal.

Yet, there are some that would claim the nigger comparable, if not equivalent, to man, in spite of all the evidence to the contrary. In fact, there is evidence to suggest that the nigger should be classified as a separate subspecies, rather than a "breed", as is currently the case. See, the nigger became geographically isolated as the thin strip of livable land along the coast of the Sahara desert aridified, and consequently did not admix with neanderthal populations. This, along with the simultaneously lush yet hard to traverse nature of the african continent, resulted in an environment where inbreeding was all too common, and where evolution selected not for higher intellect or abstract thinking, but environmental tolerance and more efficient reproduction. Thus, since stupidity correlates with higher birthrates, the nigger came to be a wretched, dim creature, tragic victim to the evolutionary plateau its forgiving environment had induced. This, along with the natural barrier that the Sahara desert came to present as its ravenous dunes encroached upon the african shorelines, sealed the niggers fate as forever lesser. Now then, to go back to the original query; why is miscegenation between these seemingly genetically incompatible subspecies possible in today's society? The answer is as simple as it is aggravating; The jews.

Introduction to Jewish Sorcery and Miscellaneous Tricks

The jew is, from a purely anthropological perspective, a marvelous creature. Despite its repugnant exterior and vile odor, it survives in an environment fundamentally opposed to its very existence by means of camouflage. Through the collection of a symbolically significant number of foreskins, harvested from caucasian infants within its territory, the jew has learned to hide itself from rightful persecution. It does this by sewing a skinsuit out of its harvested foreskins, infused with foul jew spells, which it then adorns, becoming physically indistinguishable from the broader population. While the jew is thought to be related to hominids, its taxonomic classification is still a matter of heated debate among scholarly circles, as there is some circumstantial evidence to suggest that it may in fact be a highly specialised form of crustacean or molluscoid. Its most prominent feature is the protruding sensory organ on its face, which it uses to seek out currency and uncircumcised children with varying frequency. The jew is highly adept at sorcery, and is obsessively fixated on the destruction of the human (Caucasoid, Mongoloid) race. The scientific community believes the jew to be responsible for the sudden influx of niggercaucasian crossbreeds in the civilised world, as such abominations were unheard of before their infiltration.

Conclusion

FUCK NIGGERS
FUCK KIKES
FUCK SPICS
AND MOST OF ALL
FUCK JANNIES

The authors discuss length

How much longer do you guys think this should go on for? This has some comfy stuff though but I think anymore would be pushing it. Yeah i agree. Even the pedo stuff. Yeah a refined one and a shitpost one. I remember that /tv/ were a pain in the first one.

I think this one shouldn't have came into existence, two volumers were good enough

take the good stuff from this and use it to replace the real shitter posts in the past two, true

i think having two editions might not be bad idea, as in a full, and one with shitposts removd

Yeah that could be done but I think people want to include everything for the real experience

Yeah I think we should have one complete version and one revised. Like best of the coronameron edition

Boohoo everyone is shitting in muh special document pls stop it gaise fuck off you absolute pseud

Maybe i should get to work actually

post work

its ok anon, im sure itll be great:)

I posted a few stories but i think The Chronicles of Oob is my masterpiece. Lol its so stupid. Someone said "zoinks scoob" and the oob got cut to a different page and i ran rom there. Thanks lol.I loved that, a great addition to the book, I added a roadman/ black brit sidenote to it <3 < 3 < 3 Real Nigga Club

You're a god, i like oob. It's hilarious lmao. I wrote Das Kapital with my niggas. Yeah i enjoyed that

aay i wrote das kapital too, you a real nigga. i fully expect our work to be posted in the next /lit/ memes thread. the paragraph with the bold bit in the

middle "niggas of the world unite". i loved that, real advanced stuff. i thought it was great, nice to have diffrent styles

Ay love you nigga. I sure hope so. Which section did you do? Lmao I laughed at that. I did the third section. Yeah my AAVE wasnt as good tho. Thx anon:)

Okay, i wasn't sure what to write, so i wrote an essay on niggers. What a waste of an afternoon.

I gave up on the Kinslayer narrative. I wanted to work him into an Ishmael type character - the ambivalent curator of the Coronameron that had collected all the works. Really didn't know where to take his own story though and let it go.

Smokehouse by Fief Jakoff

Hi, I'm *Fief*, like a fiefdom, and what I'm about to tell you is some of the most fucked up piss you'll ever read in your entire life.

The other day I decided that amongst the pandemic, it was high time for a high noon fapathon.

It was time to coom.

I had gripped the base of my cock and just went up and down rhythmically.

I didn't even touch the glans, pal.

Just the base, for it to take as long as possible to ejaculate, yes.

I was smoking a cigarette, in my house, while jacking off, and an ash fell down on top of my cock.

The slight burn, all so fleeting, but rememberable had allowed me to reach the climax I was hoping to put off.

Since I can do fuck all during this pandemic except cockstroke.

And yes, rememberable. You can make your own shit up nowadays.

Anywho, I busted my nut.

Just as the semen shot out, strewn across my laptop keyboard and not a typewriter, a huge lump had exited my shaft as well. It was rather painful. Like excrement, solid, due to a bread-only diet, coming out of my dick.

It was the cancerous lump from my testicle.

I came cancer.

The time Kinslayer was an art conservationist

See how the creative jism flew out of mandibles during that sojourn in the desert; that fateful quarantine that accrued our talent to expend it so on the greatest work of collaboration this decade shall see? I can only hope my efforts of gathering the tales of these anonymous artists and binding them here will be appreciated by you.

Creating art is a hard task. But it is far harder to preserve and present it. The everlasting toil of correcting the revisions, maintaining the image, fending of the critics. How bothersome. Ultimately, the endless horde of jackals that bay at our pages will never cease. But with providence and prudence, they will never be allowed to change even on line, dot, Iota of our magnum opus, savvy?

I was in the business of art conservation once, for paintings, those past-board murals, mirrors of idealised reality. Have you ever seen one in person, friend? Oh, the colours! How they flame in the light! When the slanting sunlight alights upon the canvas, it is as if the heavens themselves burst into cosmic fire. I have never before, nor since, seen such variance and brilliance of pigment, than when I visited an old maritime gallery with a client.

There was a painting, memory forbids them name from this account, of a northward ship, caught between storm and storm-berg of Ice. The waves had reached up, like an emperor rising from his throne, great poseidon leaping upward in wrath, that men of earth should move so upon his kingdom. And diving unto the wrakety wooden ship, they smear sea spray into the air, which that pale antarctic sun, faded in the faded air, shot through with rainbows and God's covenant. Each stroke was clear, and the indefinite artificial glaze over the scene, was all the more invigorating to behold. I wish I had the fortune to preserve paintings like that, to restore the splendor of a masterpiece. I was never of the temperament to create, it is too much of a gruel to undertake, I admire those that do. Better yet for me to assist against the monsters and the critics.

I have still the memory of my last painting I retouched, thank God I remember at least that much; I am afraid that there are entire lives I've lived, but forgotten as death within life, removed utterly from my being or torn from my soul. Thus thankful at the least, am I, to remember my work in fragments and slivers, when the water of Chaos, as with the ship, threatens to overcome it all. I cannot make new memories, that would be creation, see? I must relive the memories I yet have, yet will forget. Then will I truly die. Not when I stop Living, but when I can no longer re-live.

That last painting, a small hand-span portrait, some woman. Who cares? She was thin and graceful. Sharp nose, sharp jaw, sharp eyes. Blue. yes, they were blue. Her hair? Oh no, black? No! - Brown. I remember that delicate way the locks curled under the ear and circled the neck. Though nothing alike, the bearing of Her reminded me of Cleo (A siren of my dreams, enough so I evade sleep, the count now reaches nigh 40 hours since last I broke the bounds). Her mouth is nothing to my mind's eye. A mere blank space, no paint, no canvas, no image. I suppose it matters neither way, she would not have graced us with speech either way.

I spent a long time mulling over the piece. Long before I even dared to put my brush to it. In the end all I did amend was to dab a streak of yellow in her Golden hair.

I returned it to the client that evening, as the purple bruise of sunset was on the skyline. Would that I had died that evening. To die upon the memory of that battered sunset, the tentacles of the purple and orange complacent as they sunk. Dead, before the harsh blaze of sun's fresh ascension in the morning to obliterate the memory. Before the pummeled memory was stuck in my mind as a broken mirror.

Gaijin Gaiju

The Khanate had stretched far. Bereft of a vanguard, or rudimentary militia, the Finnish town on the Karasjohka had only the possibility of being ransacked. The frozen river led the cavalry directly to settlements. Armoured men and horses from the east had arrived.

Food stores were seized and valuables were to be collected and distributed between the invaders. The few women who held any form of jewelry were seen as being high value, and likely were to be bred by the easterners. Lined up and stripped bare in the lowering October sun, the khanate's representatives inspected and chose their victory spoils. Pax Mongolica had yet to be extended to the Finns.

The leader's banded leather and straps were taken off and lain across his horse. It was clear to the women that he chose first. Striding back and forth down the line, he stopped and let out a curdling note from deep below his larynx. He picked Venla. As tall as some of the men in the village, her breasts had filled out her dress well over the summer. Shimmering steely eyes quivered, never focusing in this time of physical and mental separation. Her consciousness watched from the rooftops. From here she could see the mane of blonde hair gently brushing the back of her hamstrings. She wore only a green quartz necklace. The Mongol leader decided she would bear the strongest offspring.

Venla never forgot that night. Not only through his forcefulness, but through her son born nine months laters, and the grandchildren all bearing a likeness to the dark skinned thinly eyed powerful man from her fifteenth birthday. Of that day, two other women from the village were impregnated, but their children did not survive many arctic winters. Their leader had chosen well it seemed.

The July child Puuka was treated well by the elders, but children are always cruel to those who are different. The single mother had admirers over

the years but none wanted to raise the half eastern boy. He took to reindeer husbandry and husbandry of a fisherman's third daughter from a village many miles downstream. The sense of normality and acceptance from Guurta's warm loving heart gave Puuka great pleasure. Venla was ecstatic that her child could find happiness after hardship, Puuka was even content with his simple life on the edge of the town.

Venla told Puuka and Guurta their firstborn daughter was strong in the winter, as strong as Puuka. The daughter's pin straight dark hair was seen as exotic by the sons of those who tormented Puuka. This source of validation gave the daughter great pride. She decided to grow it as long as she could before being auctioned off for marriage. The allure of status and riches called her to look for the most eligible of Sami bachelors.

Their secondborn, a son, Gaiju, was not so lucky. While the name calling he received was not as vicious as what Puuka had endured, he did not have the protection of the elders, instead he had scorn for how differently his sister was received. Guurta only wanted the best for her daughter, and had little experience in raising young boys. For this reason, Gaiju regularly sought comfort in Venla's bosom.

Puuka could see Gaiju's malcontent in the simply frosty town life. Could see he wanted more. The menial jobs that made up the latter part of Gaiju's youth bored him, the same tasks that brought Puuka purpose and value to the community. Was it a bane to carry out these lowly duties, or a privilege to perform for the townspeople. They were big tasks%, essential for winter preparation. Gaiju felt this put him at a lower status, exacerbated by the relatively royal treatment of his sister.

The daughter's dangling of suitor fruit was coming to an end. She rarely wore her hair loose now, only peacocking for those deemed worthy, as puddle splashes and ale spills would dirty the ends, cut flatly by her ankles. The family received a handsome dowry from a less handsome merchant south of Inarijarvi⁹⁷. The eldest, having performed her familial duty now no longer felt

⁹⁶ UUUU

⁹⁷ Lake Inari is the largest lake in Sapmi and the third largest lake in Finland

bound to the town of her childhood, no reasons for visits back. Puuka and Guurta visited her once or twice a year, seeing how she fared in the larger, busier town. Her merchant husband always busy, her hair slowly spilling out further across the immaculately kept floors year on year, eventually growing to many times her height. The merchant's impotence facade fooled her, she now cared only for her hair, while his trysts lead to illegitimate children. She did not care that the merchant forbade her from leaving the house, so long as there was food on the table, and he provided oils for the hair that ran from head to toes and beyond. His fear was not of her anguish in finding out about the affairs and children, but the potential effects on his company. Gaiju never visited them.

Puuka dedicated part of the loveless dowry to his son's happiness, funding a trip south for Gaiju. He intended Gaiju to enjoy an extended break from working in a warmer climate, while Puuka arranged a more prestigious job with the merchant's firm. Nepotism that was never a possibility for Puuka, to help Gaiju get a leg up in the world. Gaiju had other plans.

Gaiju knew that his eyes and skin came from the east. He had heard stories when he was younger about his father's conception from half-drunk elders, looking to make a joke of the boy and his father. Puuka and Venla had spoken to him about it, but their combined knowledge of Puuka's father was minimal, even when pressed. Venla was only inwardly upset, she knew the boy was not malicious in investigation, and only feigned fuzzy memory the first few times but knew it was best to be honest with his background. He had to go south, to the warm lands, where had heard tales of castles, cities. To find a historian, librarian, a holyman, anyone who could give him information. Ukko had yet to answer him even after rowing out for spiritual sacrifice on Ukkonkivi. 98

Gaiju was tightfisted with the money his father had given him, almost always in motion, southbound. Trading tired horses for horses that were ready to go. Living almost exclusively off the land, or at least his interpretation of living off the land. An unguarded field or store is fair game. The warmer

⁹⁸ Ukko's Rock, an island on Lake Inari, a historical sacrifice place of the ancient inhabitants of the area

weather wore less on his clothes the further south he went. Passing peasants and merchants directed the journey he had not planned, leading him down the Aura river to Turku.

The bustling marketplace was overwhelming for the boy. He could barely approach it and decided instead to wander the rest of the city. Asking a portly robed man where to find the most knowledgeable men he was told to go to the cathedral, "tal pual jokke,"⁹⁹ but surely this man was not sane, the cathederal was tual pual jokke¹⁰⁰. The cathederal standing imperiously over the surrounding buildings was the obvious place to look. Gaiju did not need a mad man to confirm it.

Gaiju skirted around the edge of the courtyard in front of the cathedral. His hand stretched out to impact the tree trunks placed periodically along the knoll, whose incline inspired the steps up to Turku's edifice. The hide wrappings about his ankles lifted by each step. One step. Two steps. He counted the steps. Gaiju had learned to count this high from his sister. Her obsessive routines had included fifty pulls of a brush through her tresses, which then poured from her shoulders past her knees. Twenty five steps he counted, whereupon he was greeted by a further set. Cornered elevation, twelve more steps before he reached out to open the door.

A man older than his father, carrying a large golden spear, a cape adorned by gold trim, set down his marker and stepped down from the Analogian¹⁰¹at the other end of the room and started to walk towards him down the long aisle.

The bishop Hemming was widely admired by the cityfolk, and those who visited from the surrounding regions in the diocese of Turku. Well read and a philanthropist, Hemming had used connections with Swedish nobility

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⁹⁹ This side of the river.

¹⁰⁰ The other side of the river. These two phrases refer to the East and West side of the Aura river respectively, instead of the speaker's relative position to the river. The local man assumes Gaiju is aware of this.

¹⁰¹ Lectern, usually in Eastern Orthodox and Eastern Catholic churches, also has the word anal in to avoid pre-marital relations.

to acquire funds to repair the cathedral following a fire¹⁰², and donated fourty books, forming the first library in Finland. After also opening a cathedral school and hospital, a mere mention of his name in the market opened a stream of reverence.

Gaiju thought it best to meet the holyman half way in the hall, the sea of chairs and benches parted for their rendez-vous. Wonderment filled his soul, he felt as a swine upturned, previously unable to gaze up. Trimmed arches stretched up to the ceiling, to patterns of stars almost as high as the skies themselves. The pulpit on his left shone brightly, additional lumination from even a single candle seemed unnecessary. As they grew closer, Gaiju's nerves were set at ease at seeing Hemming's placid expression. The cape¹⁰³ widened as the holyman presented half a wingspan, "Welcome, my child. I do not remember your face, have you travelled far?"

Yet to write these parts, feel free to add them in

---scene where gaiju and holy man look at pictures of different races, decides he is not chinese, holyman suggests he might be japanese, gaiju agrees and goes off to use the bathroom

- ---holyman then realizes gaiju is half finn but is too late to catch him
- ---steppe themed don quixote lite adventures
- ---gaiju tangentially finds out about khans and is disgusted, but still thinks he is japanese

"Mongols could be here" he thought, "I've never been to this steppe before. There could be Mongols anywhere." The cool wind felt good between the straps of his leather armour. "I HATE MONGOLS" he thought. The mountains echoed a throat sung rendition of Sweet Dreams are Made of These startling his horse, as the 3 Khancoin flask of Turkestani wine circulated through his powerful thick veins and washed away his (merited) fear of organised mountain bandits after dusk. "With a horse, you can go anywhere you want" he said to himself, out loud.

 $^{^{102}}$ A fire in 1318, not to be confused with the great fire of Turku of 1827 which also caused great damage to the cathedral

¹⁰³ Ew capeshit

PEE AGAINST THE SUN

Zeus loved Semele as an eagle and a man, and despite his protestations, revealed himself a god. Semele gazed, and was incinerated. Gods are such that to look on their irradiant might is to suffer, such is the feebleness of mortalkind.

That orb of fire is my one-eyed enemy and attacks wherever the Earth turns to face it, its menace laid like napalm. Our only defence is the overcast sky, when like a voice mangled by the wind it still reaches us, barely, like an iron-white bruise, frustrated and furious. Otherwise the only respite is the cooling night, the gracious shelter of darkness when the shadows can breathe. Winter is its petulant reprieve, and summer brings its tyrannical return, burning skin, thirsting the earth, smothering the air, blinding children, boiling dogs and letting loose the fires that swallow forests and choke us on black air.

Human traitors serve the sun. We fortify the skies to trap its heat, and worship it in droves as dark-spectacled heathens. How grateful we are for it to allow us our existence; where would we be without the fist of the Sun's Promethean fire? What is life without the Sun? What other faith is there than Sol Invictus? Standing in a barren desert, where the landscape ripples in agony, my enemy the Sun dares me to oppose it. What good is a beating heart against a blind star? The planet flies wingless around it year after year after year, like a mud-clod down the drain, and we all smile obsequiously, and keep our heads down to live our lives until the Sun grows fat enough to devour us all.

Standing at the ultimate test, in the desert where the Sun reigns with terrible force, the humans stood around as bright white overwhelmed the landscape, and left in its place, once the dazzling light had faded, a mushroom cloud rose from the ground, a dizzying Tower of Babel built in an atom-splitting half-second. Fire from the hand of man. The first time any mortal had seen true doom put before them. Now the faraway Sun has made it to the dirt we walk upon. And like the original sphere, a neverending catastrophe, explosion after explosion, what is life without the Sun man burns for himself?

Deep underground I make a pit where I shall die, and relinquish myself from the hegemony of the Sun. Wet, dark, protected by the weakened earth, I sit with no company but an unavoidable truth. There is no erasing the Sun. It cannot be strangled in its sleep. It cannot be led into the sea. It cannot be moved with gradual reformation, or common unity, or rational argument, or threat. It simply remains, destined to collapse only long after it has exhausted its wrath, and once gone, all the biology we know shall starve. This is my tomb, and I'll die on my own terms, in darkness, in absence. In a million years my petty pride will have influenced little, while the illustrious Sun shines on. **END.**

You don't understand

You don't understand. We live in a society. I wanna live in a sorority. A man unbridled in his femininity who can still take girls at night in a lesbian fling. That's my 'freedom'. This is the result of me being unable to rape women legally. Anyone who complains about a tranny should blame anti-rape laws; young men have to be forced to become the female they want. In a way this is better though, because there's no greater possession than 'being' the woman you want to rape. You are eternally raping her, you are inside her at all times, and you can determine whether she likes it or not. Maybe this is why tranny's kill themselves so much. The completion of the fetish is the woman's desperate suicide. Me - I won't kill myself. That woman will have to live with me for the rest of her life. It's what she deserves for driving me to the point of chopping off my penis.

A woman becoming a man, that's a different story. She desires the eternal rape of herself. There is no possession of a man physically, there is only his possession of you. This is why women bleed from the vagina. Psychic rape subconsciously manifest makes them bleed out once a month.

But alas we live in a society. Men cannot rape and women cannot receive the rape they want without bowing to arbitrary formalities. We must construct The Sorority to oppose The Cathedral.

Novel novel ideas that didn't make the cut in this project (feel free to add)

- Why cavemen would prefer ambient noise music
- Comfy alienation
- Anything involving the quarantine protestors
- Who's piss-earth is it anyway?
- Something involving Drumpf and the virus
- The best stories were omitted from the OG Decameron as part of the oral tradition, which has since died out because insane sex starved closet trap monks would delete the manuscripts periodically after ingesting fungus tainted bread
- To pee or not to pee: A treatise on urination for the nation by Urea Heap
- All that shit that was on here and did get made but then got deleted by the pee-ers that be
- JoJo fanfic
- Weasels tore my flesh
- Nick Cave and the Bad-Seed that lies within his ballsack tortured by a red right hand
- Islam in Space (original idea, <u>do not steal)</u> / An Ode to the Sci-fi Genre; secret space program taqiyya; jihad against the infidel Masonic lunar citadel
- The Sexual Magnetism of Walt Whitman; or, Why I Masturbate Daily to Leaves of Grass
- Notes from the Corona-ground
- Nick Land tests positive for Covid-19 (according to (((CNN)))
- Papa Corona is a Communist How Pandemics Inevitably Further Class Revolution
- Infinite Grief A tale of autistic self-sabotage

- The Stranger 2: Stranger Danger
- No longer cooman
- Bob Dylan deserved his Nobel Prize and why Jay-Z is next
- Your Mother is a Whore and Your Father Doesn't Love You: a Houellebecq Children's Story
- Coronita, By Vladamir Nabakoof
- Infinite Jester: A Grimoire of *Usura* Sincerity
- The unique and its puberty
- Should Black Britons be called "African-Americans?" A Midwestern Housewife's Inquiry
- Stoner 2: Reloaded (Bigger, Boulder, and Uncucked)
- 'Golf Rumours': An Investigation into [REDACTED], or Why Tiger Woods' Career Truly Nosedived.
- Rich guy only eats money and dies of consuming too much fecal matter or something like that
- The One Where Anon Gets Laid
- Why I Am Better Than You: Tales from a New-England Private School
- The Echo and Its Own (an Amazon Prime™ Original)
- Black James Bond: It Had to Happen Eventually
- Billie Eilish's newly legal milkers: Philosophical Considerations on Jail Bait Language Games
- Early Menstruation: Or, the Morning Pinkness in the East
- shitposts and Sophism, A Wisecrack video-essay on /lit/
- Why Jodie Foster Won't Have Sex with Me: Recollections of John Hinckley Jr.
- Three Point Five Degrees of Seperation: My above average Nazi connections
- Is Coffee Bad For You? A Visual Guide To Race Relations.
- Elon Musk & Grimes; a telling of their transhuman cogito-link, subsequent (((birth))) of their son in a silicate exo-womb outside the orbit of Jupiter; how Musk retrieved him in a Tesla Roadster

- Memes Through the Ages: A Historiography of the New Cultural Shibboleth
- Time-Management in Times of Boredom: How to Get that Novel Written & Other Tips
- Abigail Shapiro's Inherent Dominance Over Other Women by Virtue of Milk
- Downloading too much porn? Environmental considerations toward a Post-Onanist Ecology
- 12 Rules for Waifu: How to know when you've truly found best girl
- Avatar 2 fanfiction (2000 pages)
- Mel Gibson Redeems his Career (through Christ)
- AAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH posting: A literary tradition explored through the Zulu oral tradition in Togoland
- Dogs, Chipotle, Hiking, and The Office: Cornerstones of Modern Dating
- The Patriot Perspective: Why 'Green Day' should be shot when Eternal September ends
- American Psychoactive medication
- Blood Dick or The Evening Redness in the Whale or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Electric Boogaloo de KNUCKLES wae
- What if Plato was a neko girl??
- The Industrial Revolution and its consequences were actually *kinda* neat [re: *hikkimori* integralism]
- This, but Unironically: Reclaiming Sincerity in an Age of shitposting
- Ass > Tits: A Mathematical Journey with Bertrand Russell
- We all forgot about climate change because of corona but the earth is still dying wtf: Invective on Donald Drumpf by Greta Thunberg (by Viper)
- Transgender alchemy towards the Cloacal Rebis of Man is being pushed by the Shape Shifting Reptilians, which are in fact Blue Chickens from Draconis; internicine non-terran fighting over loosh supply chains being the only thing preventing an Atlantean/Tower of

- Babel civilization reset. Wonder Burgers as human fois grois fattening devices [high bmi and estrogen ideal for harvesting]
- Slavoj Zizek's Analysis of Welcome to the NHK Without Actually Watching or Reading Any of the Source Material (or knowing what medium the work is in)
- poopmodernism: After Postmodernism
- Most-podernism: After poopmodernism
- Solving the Trolley Problem via Pro Gamer move
- CIA Glowniggers Killed the IT Industry
- The Aesthetics of Nail-clipping
- DSM-VI: A folk psychology manual
- A graph to show the decline in quality of the Coronameron over time
- It's Hot Down Here--Thoughts from Guenlol in the Afterlife
- CCP deletion team gets buttraped
- Andrew Lloyd Webber's Karl Marx Superstar
- Jesus christ look at the brapper on that one, i'd suck a fart out of her asshole
- League of Urinations
- An essay on why Hunter x Hunter is shit
- Cinnabar Snapper: Mycology for the UTI Afflicted Wiccan
- A graph to show the decline in quality of the Coronameron over time
- Elective surgeries postponed indefinitely due to the Wuhan Strain, one pre-op transwoman soliliquizes her pet snapping turtle in the dark, and considers the unthinkable

Dialogue of champions

Woah.

After which cut should new submissions be added? The page previous to this one?

Did someone just delete a bunch of stuff again? R.I.P.

I just restored a more recent version. The next save was 2444 pages long, and it seemed like a joke--every line had its own page.

Yeah, like 7 hours of work is gone forever apparently.

What shall be done?

Need a save file from the last couple of hours, and it'd be a massive recall over this save.

Gonna add my shitty piss-earth paragraph back in, glad I ctrl-c'd it.

I guess some stuff is just gone forever. That's deep bro.

We'll always have the memories.

:,(

Somehow it's better this way, the stuff that got deleted is officially the most rare /lit/ content in existence, only a select few have seen it.

"ONIONSLED IT! (ONIONS)LED IT!"

Im holding out hope that there's a more recent save out there, this one is so fucking old.

OP's not in here right now, maybe he had a save.

Hopefully.

Someone should inform the thread in case anyone whose stuff got deleted can re-post.

It's all gone. Bunch of obvious typos on previous pages just corrected. Lost to the anals of history.

The Picture

3 am, the virgin waits till his whole family is asleep. He waits patiently, this isn't his first time. He finally hears the last light in the house switch off followed by the closing of the last door. He swiftly opens his third night-stand drawer. He lifts the old iPad out of the way along with a multitude of old papers. Birthday cards from years that have come and gone, old homework assignments from when he was still in high school, and etc. Finally he reaches the bottom where the picture lays. He takes the picture out, observes it as one would a classical painting. He sees a girl, Edith. He says her name in almost a whisper but just enough to feel the vibration in his throat. He scans the picture; his eyes follow the outline of Edith's body. She's posed candidly with a short business skirt with a checkered yellow and black long-sleeve top. His eyes become attracted to her face. Narrow face, green eyes, thin lips that form a smile. He likes this very much and continues to stare at the pictures until he get aroused. He take his hand and does the job that any kissless virgin would do at 3AM. He cleans up, pisses on the picture, places it back, and lays in bed. He thinks. He thinks of all the mistakes he's made in life. He reminds of himself of all the people who have given him their trust. He cries and falls asleep.

Fin

Quarantine Protesters: A Sonnet

The streets are filled with cars and noise today As men with flags describe the tyranny Of their government while they merrily Stand crowded 'round the center of the state. Some cough, not worried about their decay, For they live in a land filled with plenty: "Sickness? Have no fear in 2020 "Nothing like that could ever come our way." So excitement fills their very doomsday; For this time, they've waited so patiently. With their arms, they refuse to come to terms. They huff and puff the virus and hairspray, Consuming, not caring if it's deadly. America's normal slowly returns.

Pissanthometre's Departure (Who's Piss-Earth is it anyways?)

"All this rubbish is nothing but Piss-Earth and sexual holocaust," he said as he stood up from the meeting table. "I don't want any part of it. I only ever had any stocks to begin with because my father left me them in his will, and they've been nothing but a nuisance ever since. I'll be selling them at my earliest convenience. Mark my words, this shan't be my Piss-Earth anymore! After today it will be entirely your problem!"

With that Herr Doktor Doktor Pissanthometre swiftly left the ballroom, his black cape billowing behind him, the flapping of which helped to diffuse the smell of his flatulence across the entire environ. With Pissanthometre gone the deliberations ground to halt, and the other diplomats found they scarcely tolerate each other let alone come to some sort of agreement without the soft-spoken Doktor Piss easing them along. A full ownership of Piss-Earth now seemed entirely off the table, an impossible compromise. Not only would the Piss-Earth stocks not be amalgamated by one owner, there was now the risk they'd be thrown into the wind and spread across a great number of partial owners, doomed to meet forever in that gaudy and flatulent ballroom-turned-meetingroom. Herr Doktor Doktor Pissanthometre freed himself of his stake in the thing on his journey home, when he gifted his stock-coupons to a crackhead couple arguing loudly outside a 7/11 as Eminem blasted from their coombox. "There," he said smugly. "Not my monkeys, not my circus!"

>pissposting in 2020

Dirty panes, rapid vibration; The city bus drives past the station. A shadow flits on my tired head, My half-closed eyes easily led.

An aeroplane transits the moon;
Passes behind the buttress, soon.
The view was spoilt by dried mud spray,
The sight obscured by masonry.

I wish, unwish, for an alibi,
A lens so clear as not to lie.
That aircraft, but for the wall,
Would not have caught my eye at all.

Just as the orange flare repeats, The audience takes to their seats. Preparing them for friendless sleep, All icy blue, the endless deep.

What Is It That Is Coming?

For as far as he could see, the years turned from gold into bronze. As he burrowed deeper into the list of anaemic sitcoms suggested to him by Netflix, James found it harder to push thoughts of UCAS and the daily grind to come out of his mind. He only had a couple of weeks left before he had to make his final selection and curb an infinity of ambitions down to just three possible futures, three different universities, and the prospect of Suffolk New College and its childish plasticine-coloured furniture being the most affordable of the choices likely to accept his middling grades struck the fear of God into him in a way he wished it had before the start of Year 12. Instead, he had promised himself for the past six years or so, ever since he had reached that state of immaculate self-awareness brought on by adolescence, that he would do himself the courtesy of escaping this dead-end area the moment he was old enough to do so, and now he faced with the first lesson of adulthood head-on: Disappointment.

It was 10 PM. James had been navigating the television in his bedroom since at least 8 PM, possibly since 6. His mum had let him take his dinner up to his room under the pretence of continuing his revision uninterrupted; Bluetooth headphones connected to the television and a second-hand copy of *Success in Electronics* by Tom Duncan brushed open to a believable page on the desk beside him sculpted a degree of plausible deniability if there were any intrusion; James would say he was on a 20-minute break and had been studying the rest of the time. The truth was he couldn't take any of it in, and had been unable to for a while now. The sheer certainty of his future – work, rent, bills, tax, insurance – was enough to cause him considerable unrest.

If only to convince himself he wasn't malingering, James took off his headphones and reached for the textbook without leaving his bed, dipping the sleeve of his shirt in the ketchup left on his plate. He swore under his breath and stood up, leaning over the desk and skimming the page for any sign he had retained its contents. No, no use. He had read the same couple of paragraphs three or four times in the past hour and still couldn't say what it was all about. Maybe Ms. Thorpe was right, and he did have dyslexia; maybe he should have agreed to be tested instead of storming off, calling the special needs department 'retards' and landing himself in detention again. It was too late for repudiation of his previous actions now. He just had to live with it, like he had to live with the discomfort of a soggy sleeve for the next couple of hours after washing this ketchup out, since the rest of his shirts were all in the wash. James headed out to the bathroom but only made it to the landing before he heard the front door open, and slam shut.

James's dad took off his coat and made immediately for the twisty stairwell.

"James? Are you there?" He called out, feet clumping heavily up the stairs.

"Hello would be nice!" His mum called from the kitchen. James's dad appeared from around the corner, carrying his briefcase on its side in both arms like he was handling some unstable flask of uranium or something. He was dripping with sweat, big patches on his blue shirt under the armpits.

"James, I want to speak to you for a minute."

James felt the lurching frustration and nervousness of knowing you're about to be told off but knowing what it is about.

"What is it now, dad?" He saw an opportunity to extend his previous subterfuge. "I'm revising at the moment." One foot clumsily perched on the stair in front, James's dad took hold of his son's arm with his sausage-like fingers, cadging a handful of ketchup.

"That can wait." He croaked, out of breath. "I've got something important to talk to you about." He stumbled up the rest of the way and followed the retreating James back into his room. "I've found out something. Something big, and terrible." His darting eyes combed the room, his fingers still fondling the briefcase. "Can I hide this under your bed?"

"Sure." James was puzzled, still trying to infer the exact nature of the situation from his father's behaviour. "What's in it?"

"Papers. Very important papers. Nobody should look at them,

especially not you if you can possibly help it."

He crouched down and pushed the tan briefcase under James's bed, dragging a couple of plastic boxes of junk across in front of it to conceal it completely. Wheezing, he stood up, wiping the residual ketchup on his trousers like it didn't matter at all, and put his big hands on James's shoulders. "Protect that thing with your life. I don't know how bad this is going to get, but if today's anything to go by... Just don't let it get into the wrong hands, whatever you do. I love you." He hugged James briefly and left the room.

"What do you mean? Who are you talking about?" James asked. His dad turned to him briefly.

"Don't trust anybody." He clomped downstairs at a similar pace as he had gone up them.

James laid back down on his bed and put his headphones back on, baffled. Was dad in trouble with his work? Sizewell C had been controversial from the start but as far as he knew, the main opposition had been to the creation of a new lorry park around Bredfield or somewhere else south towards Felixstowe, not anything to do with the safety of the plant. His dad was only a contractor, too-It wasn't as if he was entrusted with any high-level information that could get him into trouble. Maybe it had nothing to do with his work at all. But right now, the briefcase was sitting under him radiating curiosity and danger like a glowing meteorite in an alien movie, and soon James could think of nothing else and gave up browsing, putting the remote down again. James would spend entire afternoons sometimes, at the weekend, listening to music on his bed and rocking back and forth to wear down the excess adrenaline of anxiety. Living out in the sticks lent itself well to feeling alone in the world.

Even with his headphones on, James could hear his parents downstairs, arguing. It happened frequently enough but usually it was more like an exercise in taking out everyday frustrations obliquely, like James's rocking back and forth on his bed, than a direct expression of personal grievances. You could tell by the tone of their voices. There was no real bitterness towards each other there, just a middle-class ennui reflective of their place in society, as first-generation newcomers to the region, 'foreigners' to the native Suffolkians. The Bryers had been spirited here 15 years ago by the whims of the company James's

dad worked for, and James himself suspected that as he grew older he would perhaps come to think of this sparse coastal province as his hometown instead of the St. Albans suburb he had actually been born into, but his parents would remain somewhat out of keeping with their surroundings for the rest of their lives, however much those surroundings changed.

This night was different. There was something else in their voices, particularly his mother's, but he heard it in his dad's, too, when she finally gave him room to get a word in edgeways, and it took a while before James at last identified the additional component as fear. His mother's voice was trembling, not sharp and cuttingly-pitched like he was used to making out so clearly through the thick walls of their new-build home. This time it was a strain to make out even the odd word. James knelt up and unhurriedly opened his bedroom window; in the summer they often had the kitchen windows open til late.

"...if it's not dangerous, then why won't you tell me?"

"I didn't say it wasn't dangerous, I just told you not to worry about it."

"If it *is* dangerous, then how am I supposed to *not* worry about it?" His mum insisted.

"There's nothing we can do. I've hidden it. That should be enough for now. I'll take the stuff out to the woods and bury it tomorrow, if it's necessary. I can't keep this all to myself, dear, that's all I'm saying. It's too big a responsibility. I'm still not sure what to do with this kind of information."

"Go to the police, Paul!" He didn't have a reply for that.

James heard a familiar but unexpected rustling from around the front of the house. A car pulling into the shingle drive- But his parents were both at home already. He heard the car's occupants getting out. James sat silently, listening.

"Shush! Did you hear something?" His dad said, barely audible. "There's a car outside." James found himself rocking on his bed again. He was lucky his nervous habit hadn't been outed at school in conjunction with the exam season. His friends would think he was a big baby if they saw him like this.

"What?" His mum said, much too loud.

"There's a car outside!" His dad repeated breathlessly. "Quick, take James-" The front door opened, the sound of a violation, the intrusion upon the family's private property. James heard his mother scuffling about with the washing up. Probably searching for a knife.

"Who are you?" She asked the unseen intruders. "What have we done to you?"

"Listen, this is my house." His dad said. "I'm warning you, I don't know how high this stuff goes, but we are willing to defend ourselves if- Agh! Argh!" James's dad made a terrible gargling sound that sounded like he was being choked.

"Let go of him! Who are you?!" James's mum cried out, and his anxiety was swallowed up by a stronger drive he could not resist. James slid off of the bed, pushing the boxes aside and retrieving his father's briefcase in one brisk, solemn motion. His mind was occupied by one sole thought: He had to get out of here. James looked out through his bedroom window, the lawn illuminated by the kitchen lights. His dad had provided him with a mission. To protect whatever was inside this briefcase at all costs, he'd said. Presumably that meant at the expense of him trying to intervene, too. There was no time to check on his parents, no time for second thoughts, no time for anything; James braced himself and squeezed himself through the window, crouched upon the outer sill, and jumped, his worst foot forwards to take the brunt of the impact with the logic that he could try and get away on a broken non-dominant foot, but he would definitely be fucked if he broke his dominant foot. James landed on the grass with a thud, facing the ground, breaking the worst of his fall cushioned with the briefcase held under his chest. He gasped for breath and scrambled away from the extension, the fight-or-flight instinct imbuing him with a greater aptitude to plan several steps ahead. Him landing outside the kitchen, he reasoned, would probably be noticed almost instantly, so he had to get the hell out of the garden before they left the house if he wanted any chance of not being intercepted.

James felt like he had just taken a bunch of caffeine tablets; wired, jumpy, afraid, driven. This was a situation he had never experienced before, never prepared for, and yet here he was, making decisions in split seconds,

potentially life-or-death decisions, and now here he was charging through a thin patch in the hedge to next doors' garden, eyes screwed up tight and brushing knobbly twigs out of his face with his hand, and now here he was in next doors' garden, socks soaked through with moisture because their elderly neighbour only cuts his grass once or twice a year and even less often as he gets older and mum says he's going to be in a nursing home soon the way things are going; and now here he was vaulting the piddly knee-high fence separating the old man's garden from the vegetable patches drawn out like quilts behind the house beyond the old man's which James had never stood in before but could see from the bathroom window, and now here he was ankle-deep in dirt that was clinging to his wet socks and turning to mud as he trudged across the width of the garden and stepped over the brick wall into the field beyond, which until recently would have been a perfect hiding place, if not for the wheat having already been harvested for this year; and now here he was, running off into the night towards the woods beyond the field with a blood-like taste in his mouth from running so hard, and not a shred of an idea of what he was supposed to do next with the slim tan briefcase he was still holding pressed against his chest.

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Past the far end of the field, down the end of the lane, there was a posh-looking house with a glass conservatory and a couple of ornate flower arrangements that James had cycled past on a number of occasions when exploring the area during the hotter of the summer holidays. It was the nearest house in this direction, and though James didn't know who the owners were, he fancied his chances getting caught as a burglar much better than trying to evade the people who had attacked his parents on foot for the rest of the night. Panting, he slowed down and dragged his feet over the gravelly tarmac to the church-like wooden front door.

He struck the knocker a couple of times but wasn't sure how far sound would carry in the air of the still country night, which limited the enthusiasm with which he did it. No answer. His mind already made up some moments ago, James went around the side of the house to the conservatory and picked up a decent-sized rock from one of the flowerbeds, striking it timidly against the glass panel nearest the doorhandle and dropping it- He had seen

housebreakers slice their wrists open breaking windows before on daytime television and didn't wish to hurt himself stupidly after taking such pains to preserve his safety. James reached through and unlocked the door from the other side, letting himself into the conservatory. He tried the door into the house- Also locked, and this one was much heftier than the outer door with no easy way of breaking through it. He was stuck. Now the what-ifs and maybes started flooding in. Why hadn't he brought his phone with him to ring the police? Why didn't he at least try to glance behind him in the garden so that he had some idea of how much trouble his parents were in? Was this a total overreaction his parents would tell him off for if he crept back to the house with his tail between his legs? He sat down on a wicker bench with thin, uncomfortable cushions that had floral designs printed upon their faux-fabric plasticised surfaces. His legs ached. The moon was out, but the absence of streetlights in the area had still made his trek across the field a struggle, and the loneliness of his present situation chilled James to the bone. There was nothing he could do but wait.

For what felt like the next hour or two, James tried to go to sleep on the bench, but his paranoia at being found by whoever it was who was after his dad's briefcase kept him wide awake. There were no police sirens in the distance; if his parents had successfully fought their attackers off, they were keeping quiet about it. That meant one of two things: Either they had sorted out their differences peacefully, or they had been silenced. Hurt, or worse. A renewed rush of guilt for leaving them behind pervaded every inch of James's body.

James watched his shirt tremble under the dim moonlight, his heart beating insistently like a metronome of hate. He tried to remind himself he was doing the best he could in this situation, something no 17-year-old could reasonably be expected to put up with. He had to be strong for Amy, if not for his parents. After all, Amy was probably one of the first people he was going to need to inform of all this when he had the chance, along with Kris Warner and maybe Oliver. That was a good point- When he got the chance to ring somebody, who should he ring? His dad had said 'trust nobody'. Did that include the police?

There was a rumbling sound in the distance, a rumbling that kept going once it started. At first James thought it was an engine and was gripped by the fear of it being the intruders' car again, but it soon became apparent it was more fluid and organic a sound than an engine noise as it went on. Cautiously, James got up and crept outside, away from the conservatory, leaving the briefcase inside with the door left open in case he needed to retrieve the case with minimal impedance. Like prey scurrying low to avoid being swooped at by owls and hawks, James trod in a semi-crouched gait back across the width of the lane to investigate the source of the noise, his heart sinking as a moody glow emanated from behind the patchy hedgerow bordering the field he had escaped across. He peered around one of the poorly coppiced hawthorns, butchered by the council to aid the lorries passing through the area from the Port of Felixstowe because the lane was marked as a main road on Google Maps. Whoever had intruded on the Bryers that night had clearly given up searching the place and had hopefully assumed that the briefcase was still inside somewhere, but his home, his history, had gone up in flames, and James had the dreadful feeling his parents had gone up with it.

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Kris Warner was woken up by his mum coming into his room unannounced.

"Wakey wakey, phone for you, Kris- I don't know why I buy you pyjamas, you haven't worn the ones grandma got you last Christmas since she gave them to you."

"What?" Kris groaned drearily. He kicked the duvet weakly in an attempt to untangle his bare legs from it.

"I swear, if you get jizz on those sheets again, you're washing them yourself. Act like a human being and wear some underwear for once, why don't you? This isn't *Animal Farm*."

"Mum!" Kris gestured towards the phone in her hand.

"Don't worry, it's only James." Kris still looked mortified. "I've got my finger on the microphone!" She said, mimicking his whining tone, and threw the landline handset on his bed before leaving.

"Hey, it's Kris. What time is it?"

"Kris, it's Amy here. Can you get to the school this morning?"

"Amy? Mum said it was James calling. It's Saturday today, why would I be at school?" Amy Johnson was James's best friend and obvious crush. It made sense they'd hang out together on a Saturday, but not that they'd go to school.

"He's here. All sorts of bad things have happened to him, Kris. Can you just get dressed and come over here as soon as possible?"

"Why? What sort of things?"

"His house has been broken into. And burnt down. On purpose."

"What the fuck?" Kris sat up. "Jesus christ, is he hurt?"

"He's not injured but he's really badly shaken. He went to a neighbour's house and called us from there when the owner woke up. Sedna and Dylan are already here with us. We think James's dad gave him some important documents- We want to show to Mr. Collins to see what he says."

"Is that why you're at the school, then?" Kris got out of bed, looking around for the least dirty of his underwear. "I'm not sure who will be in there on a weekend day."

"I know Mr. Collins will be there, he always goes in on a Saturday to check everything's ready for the next week."

"That makes sense I guess. Are you there already?"

"We're on our way now."

"Okay, I'll meet you there."

Kris arrived at the car park outside the school's Sixth Form college about forty minutes later, having walked there on account of living much closer than Amy or James did. Amy, James and Sedna were engrossed in conversation together.

"Heya, Kris." Dylan greeted him. Kris spat out a gobful of phlegm in the rose bushes beside the bicycle shed and waved to Dylan.

"Urgh. Hey. Sorry." He cleared his throat.

"Are you seriously getting high at 10 in the morning?" Amy broke off her conversation to reprimand him. "It's bad enough you smoke that stuff at all when you're supposed to be in the middle of your studies, let alone this early in the morning."

"Wake and bake, baby." Kris croaked, bleary-eyed, and cleared his

throat again. "Hey, James, man, I'm really sorry to hear what's happened. Do you fancy a spliff? It might take your mind off stuff." James had always been one of the more sensitive kids, but he looked more pained this morning than Kris had ever seen him before.

"Not right now, Kris. Thanks. I probably will later."

"What's this all about, then?" Kris asked.

Oliver Baygents, one of the biggest toffs in their year group but who had grown up with James since they were in nursery together and who lived close by to the Bryers, had claimed over the phone to have heard on the local radio station's morning news bulletin that police had cordoned off the area around James's house in relation to 'a number of deaths' that were being treated as suspicious, leading to a split within the group as to whether to turn James's dad's briefcase over to the police or whether to show the contents to other people first.

Dylan White, one of the only black kids in their school, had been arguing against taking the briefcase to the police before Kris arrived, saying that they should not automatically trust the police just because they were said on the news to be investigating the incident; this was something that Sedna agreed with, having grown up in London and seen the Met use dirty tactics against protestors to secure a particular narrative first-hand. Amy and Oliver, meanwhile, saw whatever the briefcase contained as evidence that needed to be turned over to the authorities at the earliest opportunity. Oliver was concerned that they could get in trouble for withholding evidence. The compromise they had come to so far was to show their Assistant Headteacher Mr. Collins the briefcase and get his opinion, rather than the police's, on the contents of the papers – if that was indeed what the case contained; nobody had actually opened it to check yet – but now the question was what they should do *after* showing Mr. Collins.

Amy seemed confident that the Assistant Headteacher's response would be the same as her position. That in order to aid to the police's investigation, they should hand the case and whatever it contained in to them as soon as possible. Oliver thought it was a mistake even to bother with the school first and was taking his sweet time to join them, saying on the phone

that the only reason he was coming at all was for James's sake. Kris, now having entered the picture, suggested to the rest of them that the Suffolk Constabulary's overuse of stop-and-search for low-level drugs possessions meant they were probably not best placed to judge anything that subverted the establishment, and that judging by the details of what James's dad had said, it seemed likely they were dealing with some sort of financial conspiracy, involving the energy and / or the planning departments of the Tory-run county council.

Dylan, Sedna, and Kris were all firmly against getting the police involved at this stage, while Amy and Oliver were all for it, but James himself was still on the fence and it was generally agreed except by Oliver that James's opinion should count for more than the rest of them in determining such matters, given his being a locus of importance in the situation, so in the end it was decided that a cross-party negotiating team in the form of Amy and Kris be sent in to meet Mr. Collins together, if he was even in the building. And now, there was nothing James could do again but wait. At least this time he wasn't alone.

"I think it's a health and safety fiddle." Sedna said, her arms crossed. "Got to be. We're talking about nuclear safety here. Your dad works at a nuclear power station, what else could it be about?"

"I don't know." James admitted. He just felt it better to keep an open mind at this stage. At least that afforded him some slim hope of his parents still being alive.

"Maybe it's money, like Kris said." Dylan suggested. "Most times people kill or steal, there's usually money involved. That's the way society works. Not saying anything's happened to your parents." He reassured James. "But money is a big motivator when it comes to crime. Maybe he found out about a fraud or something."

An Audi rolled up into the car park with a deceptive quietness for a car that wasn't an electric, and Oliver Baygents got out, wearing a prim suitshirt and trousers. He walked over to the trio and extended his hand to James.

"I'm here to offer my commiserations." He explained. "Nothing more. Sorry for your loss." James bowed his head towards his chest to hide his welling tears.

"We don't know what's happened yet!" Sedna reminded Oliver.

"They made it pretty clear on the news." Oliver enunciated in the way he only addressed non-white students at the school, like he was spelling the words out to them even though both parties were speaking English. "Where's Amy?"

"She's gone inside to see Collins with Kris." Dylan explained. "They've only been in there five minutes, max."

"Have you opened the briefcase yet?"

Suddenly, there was a loud pop or a bang from behind them, like a very-deep-pitched steel drum, and Sedna screamed. Oliver turned around to see what had happened and was stunned by the sight of a body lying with its face towards the ground, away from them. It was Amy. There was a massive dent in the Audi's bonnet and blood where she had bounced off. Dylan rushed over to her.

"She's dead!" He called out in an unchained cadence. James was speechless. He looked up, his eyes catching a sign of movement, and he saw something – no, someone – stood up on the roof of the college building, peering over at them. It was too far away to see who it was except that they were wearing something brown and may have been bald. It could have been-

"That looked like Mr. Collins." Oliver said flatly, like he couldn't believe the words he was saying. "Did you see that, on the roof?" Dylan walked around the body, looking behind him to try and catch a glimpse of the figure but whoever it was had already moved away from the edge.

"I saw it too." James had regained the power of speech finally. "Amy..." He started over towards her.

"Don't, man, don't come any closer." Dylan said, holding him by the shoulders. "It's for your own good. There's nothing you can do; there's nothing any of us can do."

"Amy!" James cried. He had known her for six years now, a third of his lifetime. It was impossible to comprehend that she could be gone, right in front of them, forever. Not this soon. He had dealt with the deaths of older relatives before and knew that loss was something he would have to deal with in his life, but not this soon. She was going to study to become a surgeon or a GP.

"G-Guys!" Sedna yelled, pointing upwards. Dylan traced her line of sight and guessed she was looking at maybe the second or third row of windows up. The knitted baubles and conifers of Kris's shaggy Christmas jumper were dimly visible through the tinted glass; he shunted open the second-floor window and looked out at them.

"Collins has gone nuts!" He shouted to Dylan, swinging one leg out of the window. "Get everyone away from here-" He spotted Amy lying dead on the ground below him and had second thoughts about trying to escape via the window. "Somebody get below me!" Sedna ran towards the building, arms in front of her; Kris dangled the briefcase out of the window and, after deliberating for a moment on the safety of dropping a hefty, if slimline, case onto a 5'1' teenage girl from two floors up, grit his teeth and let go. Sedna caught it and staggered back towards the boys; Kris disappeared from the window again and ran for the stairs. Animal curiosity was wearing off and the true horror of what they had just witnessed itched like an imp in the corner of James's mind.

"Dylan, start the car!" Sedna yelled. Dylan had also, like James and Oliver, been rooted to the spot. Now he began running in the direction of his Renault Clio, and Sedna passed the other boys without hesitating, and even in his discombobulated state James felt a welling-up of admiration towards her for having so readily taken up the baton set down by his dad. He was breathing fast. He broke from his rigid position and started towards the car himself, feeling obliged to keep the briefcase under his supervision.

Simultaneously, Oliver headed back to his own car, shielding Amy's body from his eyes with a trembling hand. A thump at the door of the college building compelled Oliver to drop his guard, and he saw Kris pressed up against the door, trying to fight Mr. Collins off.

Even as Dylan and Sedna were putting on their seatbelts, James ran back towards the building.

"Kris!" There was something particularly perverse about seeing someone who was supposed to nurture their independence attack one of them.

Mr. Collins had always been more of a bureaucrat than a teacher to them, stern and humourless, but his sudden turn to violence was inexplicable. Staring James deep in the eyes, Kris shook his head furiously, tongue out as Mr. Collins's hands pressed on his throat. His own slender fingers swung at the Assistant Headteacher's face, searching for his eyes. James looked around for something to pick up, anything that could be used as a weapon in the absence of physical talent.

Dylan's car revved behind them. James glanced over his shoulder to see the back of the Clio receding around the corner out of the car park. "Why are they leaving?!" James shouted to Oliver. "They can't leave us here!" Oliver, wide-eyed, was already buckling in in his Audi. "We can't leave him!" James said, screaming himself hoarse. At this, Mr. Collins looked up, joining Kris in making eye contact with James, and perhaps the most frightening thing of all was that it was still Mr. Collins who looked James in the eyes. Until this point, James had been spending the last few moments hoping that Mr. Collins had been mentally incapacitated, drugged, brainwashed somehow, anything that would explain the murder of his first high school crush in front of him to be an aberration of will closer to an earthquake than a terrorist attack. Now he saw that whoever they were up against, Mr. Collins had chosen that side, and enthusiastically so. If he had been coerced he would have been reticent; there was a religious fervour in his expression. James had thought his teeth had been gritted; now he saw the man wore a manic grin, exaggerated by his baldness that left no visual distraction away from the ugliness of this.

"James, get the fuck in! I'll fucking drive off without you, I swear!" Oliver barked, shaking with urgency. Seeing Kris gradually losing consciousness, James ducked in. There was nothing he could do.

Oliver continued to shout at James as he reversed clumsily out of the car park.

"Shut the door before it gets scratched." James was silent, glaring at his hands. Hands that had been useless against the threat so far. Hands that had failed to defend two of his closest friends. He was angry at himself. He was angry at Dylan for speeding away so soon without even trying and taking the case his dad had entrusted to *him*, not Dylan, with him. He was angry and

bitterly, bitterly confused.

"James, shut the fucking door."

"Fuck your door." James muttered, clinging for any possible power over his situation. They reached the end of the approach to the school. Oliver shifted into neutral and let the car idle. James was roused from his involved state. "Why'd you stop?"

"Shut the door of my fucking car, before I throw you out." Oliver warned him.

"What the hell are you arguing with me for?" James shouted at him.

"It's my car, isn't it? Have some bloody respect."

"We just saw two people die!"

"Then shut the door and let's get out of here. Don't be a pain in the fucking arse." James relented and closed the door of the Audi. "Right. Now we're getting somewhere." He took the car out of neutral and turned onto the main road.

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Sedna texted Oliver to drive to her house to discuss what to do next, and to take the battery out of his phone after reading her message in case whoever was responsible for this could track them through their smartphones. Oliver had first attempted to drop James off by the side of the dual carriageway and convince him to leave him out of whatever happened next, wanting to stay out of trouble, but gave up upon realising that Sedna's text had immediately implicated him as being present during Mr. Collins's rampage, and that the Assistant Headteacher would probably tell whoever he was working for that he was among the others who had escaped. They were well-enough acquainted, after all- Oliver had been Head of Year on the School Council for two consecutive years and had been personally told by Mr. Collins on several occasions what an indispensable clarinettist he was to the sinfonia. His own prestige had ensnared him; he had no doubt that if he had been one of the unwashed masses, whiter than White, less temperamental than Bryer, then he could have quite easily slipped away and have depended upon his name slipping Mr. Collins's recollection. Tall poppies and so on. So, to Sedna's it is, he thought. Now they would have no choice but to hand the papers over to the police.

~

"I know a guy who works for the Morning Star." Sedna Bouyboud's 30-yearold older brother said, rolling a joint on the coffee table. "You can trust him, whatever it is. We've leaked dodgy MPs' expenses before, links between the arms trade and private outsourcing by County Council, you name it. We'll go to the national press if it's necessary. It's not like you have a lot to lose at this point, is it?"

"It's exactly that... that makes it so I have a lot to lose." James reiterated through pouring tears, leaning over the briefcase as he sat on the sofa in the Bouybouds' living room. Sedna's parents were both at work, but Fadil had recently returned from a stint with the YPG and was spending most days at his family's home at the moment to re-adjust.

"I've seen people get shot before. I've had friends get injured. I also know it may not make you feel any better at the moment, but believe me when I say I understand how you feel right now."

"It doesn't. It doesn't make me feel any better." He had been in love with Amy since he had been 12 years old and now he wouldn't ever see her again. He had always been prepared for his feelings to remain unrequited, because just the promise of her being in the world elsewhere was enough. Now, nothing. No consolation could make up for the horrific loss sustained in the last 12 hours.

"At the very least, you need to keep moving. You all do." Fadil explained, looking around the room at the rest of the kids. "It's much harder to hit a moving target. It's a lot harder to track multiple targets at the same time, too."

"He's right, James." Sedna said. "Please at least let us make copies. It's what your father would have wanted."

"You don't know what my dad wanted! You don't know anything about him! Stop talking about him like he's dead!" His dad had expressly told him not to read the documents he had been given if possible. He wasn't about

to go back on such a promise, even a silent one. Especially if it was the last one James could make to him. He had already made his position on this clear.

"I can copy the documents without you having to read them, if that's what's so important." Fadil said. "Otherwise, what do you think we should do?"

"Go to the police." Oliver interjected, sitting peevishly in the corner with his arms crossed. "What do you guys have against them?"

"No police, no MPs, nobody from the council." Fadil said. "If this is politically sensitive material, keep it grassroots. That's the only way to avoid corruption."

"We don't even know that it *is* political." Oliver contested. "This could be a corporate thing for all we know. Maybe we should stay out of it as much as we can and give the documents back to them."; Dylan groaned at this.

"Two people are dead, Olly. What makes you think they're going to treat us nicely if we just hand it over and tell them we're sorry? Huh?"

"I'm just saying I don't think we're going to get very far against professionals."

"Not without the help of other professionals." Fadil said, picking up his joint and studying it. James lifted his head.

"Could you smoke that somewhere else? The smell of weed is really reminding me of Kris at the moment." Fadil paused as if he was about to ask who Kris was, then figured out the gist of the issue unguided.

"Sure." He stretched his legs. "Actually, let me get you that guy's address before I step out. Just in case anyone comes showing their face here anytime soon." He headed to the family's study and closed the door.

"We'll get whoever did this, James." Sedna reassured him. "Don't worry. We'll expose them to the whole fucking world. They won't get away with it." Oliver, looking at his watch, strode over to the coffee table and picked up the remote, switching the TV on.

"It's coming up to 12, they'll be updating the news bulletins. Might be something on. Where's the bathroom?" He asked Sedna.

"Down the corridor, second on the right."

"Thank you."

Oliver looked in disdain at the traces of mould around the grommets of the Bouybouds' shower curtain while he relieved himself. How could anyone live like this? It wouldn't take much to scrub that off, he thought. Only a bit of white vinegar. Do they cook with vinegar? He zipped up his flies and took out his phone. I'm at the Syrian girl's house, he texted her. It was only fair he let his mum know what was happening. Not sure where we're heading next. He knew the police kept text messages because that was how his dad had nearly lost his licence. But WhatsApp was probably secure enough for the short-term, right? They'd have to know where to look to be able to zero in on his particular messages. Maybe he was a taller poppy than James Bryer but that didn't mean he stood out on a national scale. There was a comfort in mediocrity, he thought, as he watched the messages go from 'Delivered' to 'Read'.

thank you xxx what on earth have you gotten yourself mixed up in xxx watching it on the news right now, wind your neck in and stay put b4 you get yourself in more trouble

Oliver raised his eyebrows and headed back out into the corridor, almost forgetting to put his phone back in his cardigan pocket. He heard no sound as he approached the living room, but as he entered he found the others still watching the TV, only now on mute. The narration had been too much for James to handle on top of everything else. Fair enough.

FIVE DEAD IN SUFFOLK ARSON INCIDENT – POLICE NAME JAMES BRYER, 17, AS PERSON OF INTEREST – TWO HOUSES DESTROYED...

...and on and on it scrolled, followed by a story about the son of a British diplomat disappearing in the Philippines. Sedna was still comforting Bryer; Dylan was looking jealous. Oliver sat back down in the armchair in the corner, more relaxed now. If the police caught up with them, he could always say he had been coerced into going along with them, that he'd felt threatened. As long as they travelled in the Audi, as long as he was the driver, he'd at least have a getaway handy if things really went to pot.

Fadil opened the study door and handed Sedna a piece of paper from a notepad.

"His name is Bernard Root; he lives in a block of flats near the Orwell in Ipswich. I've written down his number and address." Sedna nodded.

"Yeah, I remember this guy. Isn't he the one you said looks like that comedian from the 90s?"; Fadil laughed.

"Joe Pasquale, yeah. He's a great guy. That's just a back-up, though. It'd be best to stay away from anywhere as covered in filth and fascist surveillance as the middle of Ipswich if you can avoid it; I'll email the stuff to him first, if James will let me. Then we'll see who he thinks is best placed to publish it." James, who had been slouched over the briefcase again and rocking weirdly with his hands over his ears, sat up and pushed the case away from his lap, into Sedna's waiting arms.

"Sure. Whatever. Just get rid of it. I just don't want anyone else to get hurt." Sedna set the briefcase down on the glass coffee table.

"Do you know what the code is to open it?"

"Uhh... 555, 555, I think. My dad never changed it after he got it so he wouldn't have to remember."

There was a dull click as the briefcase opened. James felt another pang in his chest at another breach.

"Well, that shouldn't take long to copy." Fadil said, removing a thinlooking dark brown manila folder from the briefcase. "I'll make enough copies for each of you and then email it, yeah?" Sedna, Dylan, Oliver and James all signalled their agreement with varying degrees of effort. Fadil went back into the study and closed the door behind him.

A short time later, after Dylan had switched the channel to ITV3 as a means of distracting them, a monstrous noise ripped through the house, taking all of the occupants by surprise. As the reverberations subsided, Sedna was the first to realise it had come from the study. She made for the door but Dylan intercepted her, slipping in ahead and backing out just as quickly.

"Don't go in there." He said, shaken.

"Why? What's happened?!" Sedna said, panicking. Dylan held her by the shoulders.

"James- Go in and see if he copied it, yeah?"

"Alright." Sullenly, James got up from the sofa and went the other way around the coffee table while Oliver watched passively from his armchair.

"Don't read what he read." Dylan said.

"What's he done? Dylan!" Sedna shouted, clawing at his chest with her nails. He drew her close, restraining her with his embrace.

"I'm sorry, Sedna."

"What's he done?!" She cried.

Fadil had shot himself, with a gun taken from a steel locker, stood on its end next to an old bookshelf. It was probably registered legitimately, the same sort of shotgun his dad had in the loft in case of burglars. This man who had been so full of life only minutes ago when he had spoken to them was now laid curled up on the floor with blood pouring from his mouth, his nose... his eyes...

James threw up in a corner of the room, prompting Dylan to come inside to check on him. Sedna could not be kept outside and stood crying over her brother's body while Dylan silently gathered the copies Fadil had made of James's documents from the photocopier tray, eyes squinted half-closed to avoid even an accidental glimpse of their contents. Looking through the Bouybouds' stationery, he divided the papers equally in the assumption the copies had been printed consecutively and in full and fed them into identical bubble-wrap envelopes. Five copies. Now they only needed four, and counting. Dylan felt his heart drop at this thought.

Sedna sipped, in large doses, a brandy taken from the stack of alcohol they had found next to the fridge.

"I don't understand... He would never waste his life like this. He was devoted to his cause. He wanted to die a martyr, not in vain."

"Well, clearly whatever was in this was more persuasive than what he believed in." Oliver said, rapping his copy of the documents with his fingertips.

"No. They killed him. Somehow. They had to." She said. "I just refuse to believe it."

"Believe what you like, sweetheart, but there was nobody in that room but him." Oliver said. "Let's go to the police now. Right?"

"No fucking cops." Sedna said. "I want to see this shit on every news program in the country before sunset. I will not let my brother's life and his death be in vain."

~

Very quickly and totally by accident, Oliver was becoming far more embroiled in this affair than he had planned to be. He had agreed to drive James into Ipswich to meet this Bernard guy on the condition he could go straight to the police station afterwards with his copy of the documents, but now, entering via the Copdock interchange, he was having second thoughts. He had been present at three deaths and had possible information on the incident at the Bryers' house, which made five more. If he went to the police now, who was to say they wouldn't hold him for holding back information relevant to an investigation, or whatever the charge was called? What would his mother say? What about harbouring a known criminal in the form of James Bryer, who was suspected of murdering his parents? Oliver hadn't witnessed the incident himself, after all. He broke out into a cold sweat as they passed the Currys PC World, turning onto Scrivener Drive towards Fadil's journalist friend's Maidenhall address. What if he had? What if James was responsible for what had happened to his parents? After all, they only had James's word to go on that he wasn't involved in all of this.

"Do... Do you think the police will be okay with me not having reported Amy and Kris and Sedna's brother's deaths straight away?" He stammered.

"I don't know." James admitted. "But it's got to be done sometime, hasn't it?"

"I should have rung them at her house."

"I'd imagine they'd be sympathetic." James said, reconsidering. "We are only kids after all, aren't we? We shouldn't have to be dealing with this." Oliver took his eyes off the road to look over at James briefly. No, he was innocent. He had to be. If he didn't have that, then what could he believe?

"I'm sorry about everything that's happened, James."

"Hopefully it'll all be over soon."

~

Bernard Root was scrubbing the remains of an Eggs Benedict off of a plate when he was startled by his intercom bell. He peeled off his pink marigolds and peered at the 480p screen next to the door to his flat.

"Who is it?" He asked.

"Are you Bernard Root?" A scruffy-looking teenager in a striped tracksuit and a chubbier one in a grey cardigan stood outside the entrance to

the building looking befuddled with themselves. If it had been just the former, Root would have been wary of letting him in, but his friend looked unlike a juvenile delinquent enough for Root not to end the conversation there.

"What do you want?"

"Fadil sent us. We might have a story you'll be interested in." The chubbier one said, holding something yellowish up to the camera. An envelope.

"What sort of story? Sports? Political?"

"Political we think. I don't know, it's kind of hard to explain. Can you let my friend in, please?"

"What're your names?"

"James Bryer." The scruffy one said in a hoarse voice. The chubby one stayed quiet.

"Come on, then." Bernard pressed the button to unlock the doors. "It's open." Even if he wasn't sure of the kid himself, if Fadil Bouyboud was involved, that meant something about either Europe's involvement in Syria or local government playing cups-and-balls with the public purse, and he wanted to be the first to know. The chubby one took out his mobile as his friend entered the block of flats.

James Bryer knocked on the door of the flat a couple of minutes later. Bernard had opened his laptop to give the impression he had already gotten back to work before James had come.

"Come in, come in." Bernard said, showing James inside the inexpensively-furnished but spacious flat. The Orwell was a few blocks away, but visible over the council houses inbetween to an extent that quite satisfied the £895 p/m tag that came with the place. "You say Fadil sent you?"

"He's Sedna's brother. I'm friends with her." He paused. "I mean, he was her brother..." Bernard frowned.

"What do you mean? He's back home now, isn't he?"

"He's dead." James said. Bernard glanced anxiously to and fro between the boy's eyes and the envelope dangling loosely from his hand. He was wearing trainers several sizes too big for him and much older than his black tracksuit.

"Dead? What do you mean, dead? He didn't go back to Rojava, did he?"

"I think you should have this." The boy passed him the envelope. Bernard received it with caution.

"What's in this?"

"We don't know. But we think he killed himself after reading it."

"James Bryer... You're the kid from that news story, aren't you? The one this morning, about the arson attack."

"I didn't kill my parents, sir." Bernard stepped towards his desk and hit 'Record' on his Dictaphone.

"Tell me, James, what is this all about?"

Bernard Root listened intently as the boy related his story. It could all be garbage, of course, but that was a risk whenever you formed a story around a primary source. He would have to read these allegedly lethal documents himself, or get someone else to, and get them to run some fact-checks for him, but he was satisfied the boy Bryer was telling him more or less the truth as he himself viewed it.

"...and that's when we came to see you." He finished.

"So Fadil said he thought I should read these documents and publish them?" James nodded. "And then, after doing so, he blew his own brains out? Just like that? No apparent reason other than what's in this envelope?"

"Not that I can think of."

"Well..." Bernard stretched backward, putting his feet up on the adjacent chair. "It's a tricky one, if you're trying to sell me what is essentially an unobservable hypothesis. Though even if I did read it myself, I don't own a gun so there's no way I could kill myself easily if I wanted to." He smirked, then looked over to the French windows. "Except throw myself off the balcony like Gilles Deleuze, I suppose."

"What will happen to me if you publish it?" James asked.

"You will need to turn yourself over to the police now you've been here so I don't get landed in the shit, but I can get you legal aid. I'll promise that much." He sipped his tonic water. "Won't shake on it, though. I've seen too many careers ended by self-confident arses shaking on promises they couldn't deliver. The only things that are certain in this life are death and taxes, and for the rich at least one of those is negotiable. The political class lead very uncertain

lives." He ended the Dictaphone recording and stood up. "I suppose I'd better read the damn thing, then, before I send it to anyone. Just in case it's reams of child pornography or something."

James, who had picked up the envelope again, held it with vigour. "Well, hand it over, boy. I haven't got all day." James was apprehensive. Understandably, if everything he had just told him was true. "You're not responsible for what happens to me, okay? I may not be a paramilitary fighter, but I've seen a lot of the world in my business. There's not much that shocks me anymore." He leaned over, establishing a hold on the other side of the envelope. "You can wait outside in the corridor if you're scared of me."

James yielded, hearing a softer note in the man's voice he had concealed before this. "I'll call you in if I don't go raving mad in the meantime." James nodded once and shuffled his tracksuit jacket back on. He left the flat without looking back.

James paced up and down the corridor. His copy of the documents was in Root's hands. If it had the same effect on him it had had on Fadil, what would he do next? If he had the documents he could try elsewhere, but if they had the same effect on everyone then surely it was hopeless? Maybe Oliver had been right, and they should have taken everything they knew to the authorities first thing in the morning, after Amy and Kris had been killed. Maybe they should try returning the documents to Mr. Collins, or whoever they belonged to. Would that be enough? It had to be. There had to be a way of reversing what had been done, some way to undo all the damage, some way to- In the distance James heard a bottle being smashed or something. Glass breaking. There was no sound from the flat; he opened the door gingerly.

~

"Is it..." Bernard was stood in front of his desk, holding his glasses tight against his face as he peered over the documents.

"Incendiary stuff, Mr. Bryer." He looked over to James. "Very bleak." The expression on his face was sour. "But not entirely surprising."

"What is it?" He inquired.

"Your father was justified in telling you to avoid reading this. I imagine he loved you very much." James felt another wave of grief suddenly wash over him, wet through. "Leave this to me. I reckon only the most hardline papers will publish this, but I'll get onto it right away." He sat the papers down on his desk and then sat himself in front of it.

"Is it... political?"

"It's much less trifling than that." He started clicking and typing away. "The legal aid thing can wait. Let me just send this first." James came back into the flat and sat down at the table where he had done before. "What do you study, James? Are you at university yet?"

"No- I... I study physics mainly, and electronics. That's what I'm hoping to do at university. I'm just doing my A-Levels at the minute."

"That's right, of course, they said you were only 17 years old. Is that right?" It occurred to James that all of this was probably going into Bernard Root's email. "What does your dad do for a living?"

"He does management at the new Sizewell... *did* management." James corrected himself. By now any hopes his parents were not among the dead back at the house were fast diminishing.

"Any friends?"

"They're all dead, mainly." James said, tearing up again. Bernard looked over to him.

"I'm really, very sorry, James." He said. "Nobody should have to deal with this sort of thing, especially not at your age. Do you drink? I don't." He turned back to his computer. "I reported on a double murder about a year and a half ago for the East Anglian Daily Press. Nasty one. Working man, mid-50s. Came home in the early hours of the morning from the local watering hole, no provocation, stabbed his wife and daughter straight in the back of the neck. Said he'd heard from a Buddhist monk who was drinking there that the moment of expiration, the annihilation of identity and all thought, is not frightening, but a moment of sweet release from all worldly despairs. Like an orgasm for the mind- Stronger than heroin." He paused to check over his email. "I had to interview this monk the next morning, before the police took him in for questioning. The man was absolutely twatted. I didn't know Buddhists were allowed to drink. Apparently, being three sheets to the wind gives you a head-start on the path to *satori* of at least six months." Bernard looked over to

him. "Just a thought."

He clicked a couple of times. "Hm."

"What's wrong?" James asked.

"Nothing." He clicked a couple more times and waited. "Router must be on the blink, either that or they're trying to stop me from sending this email."

"Who are?" James stood up, frightened.

"Whoever attacked your parents." Bernard said calmly. "Not to worry. I have a USB dongle. If they're trying to block my wi-fi, they'll have a much harder time interrupting the public data network." He tried again. "Huh." Prudently, he began putting the documents back in their envelope. They would have to try and circulate these in person, Bernard thought to himself. He was doing his best not to show it, but his own stress levels were slowly increasing. He had never tackled a story this big before.

The sound of slowly-marching feet resonated down the corridor outside the flat, and James clenched his fists in anticipation, heart pounding, as the doorhandle twisted downward all too keenly. Bernard turned around at the sound of the door squeaking open and saw the chubby kid from downstairs standing there, flanked on one side by a well-to-do middle-aged woman and on the other side by a police officer in black uniform and a bulky vest. The teenager had blood down the front of his shirt and cardigan and was a sickly pale compared to his previous appearance on the intercom.

"I told the police, James. You said I could after I did what you wanted, didn't you?" Oliver said in a monotonous cadence. "If you can't trust them, who *can* you trust?" James stammered but couldn't force out cogent words. Oliver's mother was holding a steak knife marbled with blood in her visible hand and James was quite sure that she had stabbed Oliver with it. Oliver walked towards James.

"What are you doing? Do you have a warrant?" Bernard addressed the policeman. "I know my rights. This is my property. If you don't-" The policeman whipped his baton to the extended position and thwacked it against the arm Bernard quickly raised in defence, then again on the back of the man's head as he turned around to get away; he let out a weary "Oh!" as he fell. Oliver

gripped James by the front of his jacket and pushed him backwards with immense force; James stumbled. He saw Mr. Root getting onto his hands and knees and trying to crawl away before being coshed on the back of the head again by the policeman. As Oliver relentlessly pushed onward, James saw Oliver's equally silent mother watching, keeping guard at the door with her knife. He saw the open tears in Oliver's cardigan and the skin over the stab wounds in his shoulder move as he shuffled forwards, forcing James up against the French windows. James picked up the envelope containing the documents from the desk, next to him, and held them up for Oliver's mother to see.

"Is this what you want?! Take it! Please!" There was no reply. James saw Oliver raise his fist, paying no mind to what surely had to be agonising injuries to that side of his body, and blood dripping down more profusely from his cardigan; James tried to duck out of the way but Oliver wasn't aiming for him anyway; his fist crunched against the glass and it cracked, along with bone; James felt the glass give way behind him as Oliver withdrew his fist covered in nicks and spots of blood. He saw the utterly cool expression on Oliver's face, and the dreadful emptiness it contained. He saw the sleet-like coating of glass sprinkled across the balcony, mid-afternoon traffic faintly moaning beneath the wind as the small of his back was pressed up against the steel railing and Oliver pushed harder still, leaning well past the centre of gravity keeping them both what would be considered upright; as they fell, James saw the future vanish in front of his eyes.

~

Sedna channeled her fury into concentration as the Clio sped onwards towards the coast. They had tried Dylan's uncle's house only to find it ransacked with furniture and possessions strewn outside, and had decided not to enter. Then they had stopped at a petrol station, only to be set upon by the bloody police, and Dylan had twisted his ankle rushing back to the car. They had seen on the television behind the cashier's desk that their names were being implicated in the incident involving James Bryer, and that armed counter-terrorism police were now being involved. Sedna had seen enough of The Day Of The Triffids and 28 Days Later and similar films to know that the coast was now their best bet. Even if someone could pick them off from a boat with access to the right

weapons, they'd have to find them first. That is, if they could escape the cars following them. At first it had been the two civilian cars and police car that had been parked outside the petrol station when she and Dylan had been forced to flee; now there were three more police cars, and every car they passed on the B1083 appeared to join their tail in a deadly game of snake heading in only one direction, towards the brick wall of Shingle Street. And having been interrupted at the petrol station, they were running low on fuel. Dangerously low. Sedna hadn't passed her driving test yet, either, and had no idea how fuel economy worked. All she knew was she had to floor it- For her brother, for James's family, for Dylan. He felt emasculated lying in the back unable to help her, she knew; she had tried to reassure him a while back when there were still less than a dozen cars following them and he had snapped back indignantly at her that he didn't need her simpering commentary, but she knew from the fear in his eyes that really, he needed all the courage in the world transfigured to him right now, but he didn't want her to see it.

The car was running on gas; they needed to pull over, and soon. Up ahead the grassy berm marking the end of the green marshes to their left was visible, the quality of the road degrading the closer they drew to the edge of the known world. In the rear-view mirror, Sedna saw Dylan raising his head in similar recognition, that they were almost there. And then the engine gave out.

Sedna, being an inexperienced driver, slammed on the brakes in a panic, sending Dylan flying into the rear footwell. The Clio veered towards the fields and narrowly skimmed past one of many thick tuffets of shrubs growing along the side of the lane before leaving the road. The car bucked up and down vigorously as it rode over the untamed marshland, coming to a stop some few minutes' walk from the berm. Dylan crawled out of the footwell and into the front of the car to find Sedna slumped breathless in her seat.

"Are you alright?" He asked her firmly. She shook her head.

"Steering column." She gestured in front of her. "Hit me right in the chest."

"Can you get up?" She tried; her arms pressed limply against the seat. Dylan dug his arms under Sedna and tried shifting her; she was heavier than he'd imagined. "Don't bother." She wheezed. "Get the hell out of here before they catch up." Dylan looked out the back window; headlights on, the convoy of vehicles shadowing them now rumbled over the marsh towards them, headlights ablaze like the eyes of hungry ghosts. They had little time.

"I can't just leave you here, Sedna."

"If you don't, you'll die. And then it'll all be for nothing." She gripped her chest.

"Are you in pain?" She nodded. Dylan gently put his hand over hers. She moved her hand, carrying his, towards the glovebox. He opened it; both their copies of the documents lay within, lit up golden like a shrine to all that was terrible and cruel in the world. He felt her anger and her desperation. He couldn't bring himself to look her in the eyes as he retrieved his copy and opened the front passenger door. "I... love you." He said as he stepped out. "Always did."

A gunshot rung out like whip-crack in the air, followed by another. Some of the cars had stopped and their occupants were running on foot towards them, armed counter-terrorist police included. Some of the others, 4x4s and trucks, were continuing to scramble over the marsh implacably. Dylan started running as fast as he could on his hurt ankle, a skip-like, limping jog. He glanced over his shoulder once more, hearing insistent revving, and saw that one of the 4x4s had apparently become stuck in the marsh under its own weight, but after that kept his attention resolutely on the berm, and not on the pain in his ankle either. He had one goal only right now: to get to the water. The open sea was his last resort. He didn't know what his chances were going out there alone, even if he could find a rowing boat on the shore or something, but given his lack of options left he had little choice but to try.

Dylan heard another gunshot as he neared the berm and prayed that it was meant for him and not aimed at Sedna, but at this point he had little confidence there was much he was praying to. On their way to his uncle's house, Dylan had been talking to Sedna about their respective faiths and had revealed that despite a strongly Christian upbringing, he himself was an atheist. Sedna, who was a mostly practicing Muslim, had been disturbed by his admission.

"So you don't believe in an afterlife, then? We just dissolve when we die?"

"Doesn't that frighten you? I mean, if that's the case then what's all this for? All the suffering in the world? My brother? Kris, Amy Johnson, James's family?"

"But we're on Earth. We're not out there. So we should do the best we can with what we're given by Allah."

"I know that. I know that."

Dylan damned his immature detachment as he scrambled up the berm. It was very easy to talk about a godless world when you're not facing imminent mortal danger yourself, but now, with his heart racing and his blood pumping and agony zipping through his bones he felt more startlingly alive than he ever had done in his life. Snarling, he drew forwards over the berm, collapsing onto the shingle and hauling himself forwards as his ankle pulsed in scorching hot pain. He pulled himself to his feet again and dragged his injured leg the rest of the way, clothes sticking to his skin. He looked out over the uncaring dirty-coloured expanse of the North Sea and thought of all the things that could have been before this day had so cruelly snatched his dreams and those of his friends away from them. The choppy surface, dull under a blanket of thick cloud, gave the illusion of life, but it was a shoddy one, a scene from inbetween the tableaus that serve as the basis of grand paintings based on romantic notions of the maritime.

Dylan looked to either side of him, up and down the length of Shingle Street. No rowing boats. No help. But he was not alone. Dylan now turned around to face his adversaries, and they were numerous, various figures drawing closer from across the marshland towards the berm. He towed himself backwards through the shingle, heels sensing the declines and inclines that led towards the waterline. As he descended the final undulation of the shingle, a line of nondescript faces appeared over the berm in unison as the legion made the final push to secure the territory they had laid claim to.

"What do you want?!" Dylan shouted at them. "What do you want from me?!" He was treading on wet sand now, and the line of faces

[&]quot;Pretty much, yeah."

[&]quot;I try not to think about it."

[&]quot;It must be a very cold world that you live in, Dylan White."

[&]quot;There's very few places in the universe that aren't cold, I think."

momentarily disappeared as his altitude became so low as to hide the berm from view. They soon reappeared, walking together in an unbreachable barrier between him and the land. The surf washed over his shoes, toes and soles rendered numb by the ice-cold water. "Do you want this?!" He yelled, holding up the envelope containing his copy of James's documents. Onwards they marched, ruthless in their fundament. He considered throwing the envelope into the water behind him and shouting 'Then you can swim for it!' in an act of protest, but something told him they had little interest in taking repossession of the documents; he feared his friends had made a grave mistake in assuming that that was what their adversaries were after. As the human wall drew closer, Dylan saw that the line extended down both ends of the beach as far as the eye could see. Terrified, Dylan strode backwards into the water, nearly losing his balance as the frosty waves crashed over his back, soaking him through, gasping for breath.

Then, when he had retreated so far he was almost up to his waist in the grimy froth and the brine that stretched on for eternity behind him, the people stopped. Standing at the waterline, they looked on at Dylan in total silence, pale-skinned men and women in clothes drained of colour and sour expressions, eyes like black holes and lips like rotten fruit. Dylan felt nothing but despair and was left empty of passion, devoid of ideas. There was only one thing he could think of left he could do. Without a moment's hesitation, he tore open the front of the envelope and discarded it into the water; left holding only the documents themselves, he set his eyes upon them, and found himself bewildered. On each of the pages was the following:

And so on.

Against Psychotherapeutics

For popular imagination, psychoanalysis has asserted itself as the definer of intellectual validity to which all things inevitably defer, it's not unusual to see some gaping codemonkey bugman appeal for rescue to psychoanalysis and in particular its facile agents in exchange for relief from some emotional discomfort, to see them rush to its authority for reassurance whenever they are exposed to non-modern viewpoints or non-egalitarian sentiments or anything similar. These puerile replacement brahmin shepherd the masses to whatever uncritically assumed end their bureaucratic novelty-seeking academic/professional establishment has decided is worthwhile, secure in their enlightened position of superiority, in their assumed qualification to guide. Let it be made absolutely clear, the function of practised psychoanalysis is to declare which psychological processes are valid and which are invalid, though they would never admit to this. Often they use terminology such as "free yourself from" or "coming to terms with and accepting", yet they conveniently never mention that to free yourself from one conflicting notion means to enthral yourself to its contrary, and to accept one thought process is to deny whichever is in opposition to it, what value does their rhetoric hold then?

But by what metric is valid and invalid to be decided? Practically speaking most of the time it comes down to whichever is successfully adjusted to whichever ideology happens to be currently dominant in the culture, often, in our current case, to ones that are definably not desirable to adjust to. What objection is this precisely? That the quality of character suffers for adjusting successfully to the dominant uprooted neo-liberal servility of our time, that the product of character (action, emotion, and so on) is not of higher importance than content of character, and that continuing to obediently generate currency for your hive-rulers and palatably and undissidently hoard petty social capital with the other oversocialised urbanites is not in fact the unquestionably highest goal to which we should all strive. Yet, deviate from these hallowed ends, regard

something as more important and immediately one is lumped with any number of contradictory pathologies that are inconsistent within their own definitions even when they are not inconsistent with each other. In short, it is the notion that if their is such a thing that can define psychological validity and invalidity, it would not shift with the ideological fashions of a culture and would remain permanent as the form of man is permanent. It is among the profound failures of psychoanalysis to fail to recognise these and its inability to see a good beyond the social good.

And what causes this error? It is because psychoanalysis, owing to its modernist intellectual milieu, and contrary to its predecessor speculation, was devised with the explicit task of accounting for the human soul and mind in purely non-religious and non-metaphysical terms. And in its uncritical angst it usurps the priestly position of intellectual guidance while denying the authentic and legitimate understandings typically found therein, and yet contradictorily asserting itself as free from all ideological prejudice, somehow containing a universalist enlightened truth. What is the nature of this contradiction? That it so insistently claims freedom from the traditional account of the soul that it considers to be stifling and close-minded yet it has adeptly constructed its own absolutist dogma and, in distancing itself from any non-material contemplation, has removed from itself the ability to sincerely question its assumed principles. That it zealously insists on posturing its fauxsaintly stoic sagacity that claims to view all the invalid psychological artefacts from a position of compassionate detachment, infinitely meek, infinitely compassionate, infinitely superior, and charging 40\$ per hour.

And what is this ideological bias to speak of, what is its intellectual heritage? That of the post-christian, enlightenment era, attempted atheistic philosophy. How can we call it coincidence that each of the moral tenets of its creed mimic near exactly those imagined to be ideal by the last dregs of christian belief. Liberal, meek, mild, materialistic, nearly individualistic, anti-elitist, established, supposedly shunning of circumstantial bias, how it bears the marks of its progression through history, how far from universalist and detached it really is. It is no wonder, then, that it is used by the other modernist dogmatics

such as the humanitarians and progressives to pathologise and demonise any who don't conform to their doctrine.

And how does this beast defend itself from attack, where does it finds its retaliation against peoples innate suspicion of it, what method does it use to perpetuate its own existence? Through the accusation that those who are innately suspicious of it are guilty of the great modern sin of toxic masculinity. And they are right in identifying it as masculine, it is certainly men who have been gifted with the right faculties to intuit the putrescence in their creed that hides just under the surface, though few would be able to put it into words. This suspicion seems to come mostly from one particular place; psychotherapy seems to be a turning over of the responsibility for the content of ones self to another, it is to bring to another the struggle for quality and worth, to hand the reins over and ask that the guidance of your self and even the desired ends be relinquished, and how blasphemous an act is this? What more value could there be in existence than to have this struggle be entirely in your possession, entirely as your act? What becomes of a man who gives over that role as captain of his soul to another, and indeed pays him for the privilege, how will his thoughts follow from that point on, knowing that even the supreme intellectual act of determining the content of his self is no longer his, what noetical towers will crumble and what necessary foundations will be forfeit for this? For, of all the errantries in the physical, whether athletic, intellectual, political, their sole discernible value is in their participation in the errantry, the true internal struggle. They only have worth in that they aid what has real and authentic being, that they participate in the unseen jihad. It is man who has the greater intuition onto this and the greater desire to protect this unseen errantry as it is the native act of masculinity to engage with it, whereas woman, who has by nature a more social character and might even be to some extent pleased with the developments of modernity, don't have such a strong attachment to any such dao.

Hood Anime

Panel 1

Inuyasha watches TV with a big ass bottle of brew in his hand. The TV has music coming from it. He looks relaxed. There are xanax bottles littered about the place.

TV Voice: Yeah yeah gang gang bitch gang zoot gang

Panel 2

Vegeta slams open the door. Inuyasha jumps a few feet off the couch, surprised as fuck.

Inuyasha: What the fuck is you bustin, boy?

Panel 3

Close up on Vegeta, enraged.

Vegeta: That punk ass bitch Niggarrot finna get dabbed on if he swallows tha roach one more muthafuckin time! Y'all know that shit muthafucka!

Panel 4

Inuyasha sits his ass back up, also pissed off.

Inuyasha: Ah sheet you too, nigga? Funky ass Goku be swallowin all the good bud fo real! Nigga needs an intervention or something.

Panel 5

Vegeta reaches into his pocket, pulling out his phone.

Vegeta: Aight I got that fool's digits. Imma call his ass and tell that bitch ta get here.

Inuyasha: Fuck yeah ring that clown! Nigga owes me some green! Sasuke: (from off panel) shit you two niggas beefin wit Goku too?

Panel 6

Inuyasha close up.

Inuyasha: Yo ass as well? Damn that shit mad whack.

Pane 7

Sasuke close up.

Sasuke: Homie didn't loot ma chronic, none a that shit. Nah, that ruffneck ass, pistol grip head lookin, clown ass made fun of ma Nike's the otha day. Not gas, mayne.

Coping in the absolute state of /tit/

Tit is a board on reddit.com.

On tit pseudointellectual youtube watchers discuss philosophy. It is supposedly for readers but no one actually reads books, which is understandable as reading would be too much for our zoomer/millennial brains. Instead we watch youtube videos by people like that Quentin dude, Kuntrapoints or that truediltom guy that got banned or something? This creates a community of pseudo intellectual nerds that really should get over themselves and get a job instead of reading obscure tomes such as "The tennis book".

Reading is just a way to cope with being a loser. "OH I READ BOOKS I'M SMART MY LIFE MATTERS!!!". And that is ok. The world is weird and mysterious. I just want something to hold onto, something that gives my life the illusion of progress and purpose. Something that justifies it and makes me proud. We are all going to make it.



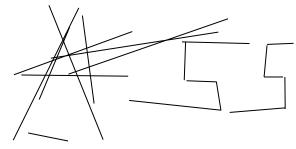
porky pig gives a high five!

TSA NO FLY LIST:

- DR COCKTOR D.D.S.
- BANE
- ME DESU
- RUPI "KACZYNSKI" KAUR
- THE GUY WHO KEEPS POSTING ABOUT GUENON (pbuh)
- THE ARTIST FORMERLY KNOWN AS "BUTTERFLY"
- SAHMIR AL HAJJID
- QUENTIN "Q DOGGY DOG" TARANTINO
- ELLIOT RODGER (still at large)
- (YOU)
- ELLA RODGER HOLLYWOOD
- DJEMARKEOUS UTANIOUS BROWN AKA "THE BOX" AKA "THE NOGG MAN"
- THE AUTHORS OF "DAS RITE, DAS KAPITAL" AKA
 "NIGGA MARX" AKA "LIL KARL" AKA "KENDRICK
 LAMAR"
- THE ARTIST FORMERLY KNOWN AS "BOXXY"
- CIARA FOSTER WALLACE HORAN
- Your mom
- niggers
- Keenan the pole
- Virtual terrorist known as '4Chan'
- MOVIEBOB
- ROMAN REIGNS
- WOJAK
- Pepe Frog
- POSTERS OF "BOOKS FOR THIS FEEL", "REFUTE THIS", "TFW NO GF", "CUM CUM CUM CUM CUM CUM", "JUST

BOUGHT THIS WHAT AM I IN FOR?", "ANYONE ELSE SCHIZOTYPAL", "BOOKS FOR WHY I'M RIGHT", "LITERALLY ME", ".","who hurt you sweaty?"

- All 6 gorillion of the "tribe"
- Kramer
- The infant of Kenosha
- Warick Davies
- Anyone that has read Julius evils "work"
- THE GIRL READING THIS;)
- OFFICER K "K" Kiss my ass
- penis inspection day girth officer #5
- 3D Women
- AYANAMI REI (RAPE ON SIGHT)
- ASUKA (STOP RAPING REI ON SIGHT, RESUME RAPING ASUKA)
- Faggot document police:)
- PEOPLE WHO THINK THEY'RE BETTER BECAUSE THEY
 USE A NICER FONT



- Document vandals
- emoticons
- YOUR OVERWEIGHT MOTHER
- People who use times New Roman
- BRONZE AGE "BRAPPER" PERVERT
- SAPIOSEXUALS
- BLUECHECKS
- ADAM FRIEDLAND

- NOW WE GOT NOT JUST NIGGERS YOU SEE, BUT KRAUT NIGGERS
- CHAD AKA "GIGACHAD" AKA "MEGACHAD" AKA ME
- CCP PARTY MEMBERS
- NON-SMOKERS
- SILLY WALKERS
- MONTY PYTHON RECITERS
- ANYONE WHO'S FAPPED IN THE LAST TWO WEEKS

Upon verifying you are none of the above please complete the following tasks:

- Describe this image in your best prose



- Red curves of cunny butt ready to wrap around your face, the scent of ambrosia swallowing your mind in a soft steady pressure latex heaven. A wise man one said plug suits are just big condoms. Asuka's pretty much a gal at the prime age of heat walking around legally naked ready to get fucked by any cocks desiring to take her. All she has to do is just bend over and present that charming tight red ass in your direction and it's go-time.

- DESCRIBE THIS ONE TOO



GEE ANON, HOW COME YOU'RE MOM LETS YOU HAVE TWO ASUKA'S!?!?!?

Kramer Ruins his Career

(or: the original Seinfeld finale)

"I-I'm gonna say it..." he announces, red-faced. He didn't know how he kept finding himself in these situations, but was unable to resist the primal urge. "I'm gonna say..."

[Audience: "Oh no no no!" "Bruh."]

Jerry walks in, holding a boombox blasting Hava Nagila [audience laughter.] "Kramer?" The realization dawned on him. [audience laughter.] "Oh no..." Kramer, turning his head from the opened apartment window, stares at Jerry with bulging eyes. It is hard to tell if his face is covered in tears or sweat, or both.

"IT'S A DIRTY NIGGER KIKE."

[Audience gasps.]

[Screen shuts to black.]

Cut to Kramer having explosive diarrhea. "Oh boy, oh boy," [Audience laughter.] Red, soupy liquid has started to spray up from the toilet. "Uh, Jerry? The little boy's room is out of TP." [more laughter.] We cut to the main room, where Jerry has a girl over. He talks loudly to cover up the sound of Kramer's violent movement.

"Did someone say something? Is someone else in the building?" says Jerry's bombshell hottie.

"NO, WHY DON'T WE LISTEN TO SOME MUSIC? YOU EVER HEARD HAVA NAGILA?" [laughter.] Jerry clicks on his boombox to 'Hava Nagila.'

Kramer in the bathroom begins screaming "DIRTY KIKE" again, several times.

"What... what is that, Jerry? Is that the music?"

"Uh, yeah kind of an 'ironic' mix of it I made, you know what I mean?" [laughter.]

"Cut," yelled the director. Jerry walked over to the craft services table and started shoving tiny sandwiches in his mouth. A young man approached, refilling the sandwiches as fast as they were being eaten.

"That was great, Jerry. Very funny stuff."

"Did I say you could fucking talk to me?"

"Won't happen again, sir," he replied, but after a pause, "Say, where's Michael? I never saw him walk away from the toilet set piece."

"I don't care," spitting on the rest of the food as he talked. Michael Richards emerged from the set a few seconds later, bringing with him an odor that cleared most of the crowd that had gathered around the table. He was covered in shit, blood, and various other biological products, along with wet toilet paper.

"Goddamn Jewish producers rigged the fucking toilet against me Jerry. I'm getting sick and goddamn tired of this Jerry."

"I thought you were a Jew yourself, Mr. Richards," said the craft services kid.

"Who the fuck are you?"

"My name is David Foster Wallace, sir. And someday, I dream of getting out of this two-cent town and really becoming somebody. I dream of being a comedic actor." Michael grinned.

"How about we put some makeup on you, put you in lifts, and you start to play Kramer instead of me? I'm done with this garbage. Most people don't have hi-def TVs like I do; they won't be able to tell the difference. I mean, even most rich people don't have a TV as nice as mine. Can you fucking believe that?"

"No, sir. Thank you for the opportunity, Mr. Richards. I won't let you down."

"Don't mention it. Of course you know this, but it's still my contract. TVs can't buy themselves. But think of all the experience you'll get, kid. Millions of people will see your face every week. Isn't that better than some stupid cash? Meanwhile, this will finally give me time to finish my novel. Actually, I've got the first few pages in my pocket here, if you want to hear me read it."

"I'm actually a writer too. I'm working on a book called—"

"Here it is," he exclaimed, clutching a handful of papers. "Okay, let me know what you think."

"NOT GRAVITY'S RAINBOW: BY MICHAEL RICHARDS.

"A screaming doesn't come across the sky. It hasn't happened before, so there's nothing to compare it to.

"It isn't too late. The Evacuation doesn't proceed, it's not all theatre. There are lights inside the cars. Light everywhere. Uh, above him lift girders as old as an iron queen, and glass somewhere far above that wouldn't let the darkness of night through. But it's—"

"Mr. Richards, we need you back on set."

"Send this kid out instead. He's got potential."

We cut to Jerry and Kramer eating in a diner. Kramer has clearly undergone some sort of grotesque metamorphosis; his skeleton has recessed, his facial bones shifted. He's covered in garish, melting makeup. Jerry looks nauseous, although it's more likely from the boxed wine he was guzzling on break.

"So... uh, Jerry, I gotta ask you a favor." says the poor approximation of Kramer, looking at the table. "I need your place to myself tonight." Jerry recoils a bit, then vomits directly in the face of pseudo-Kramer. George walks in.

"What's wrong, buddy? Did you try the fish?" [laughter.]

[10 years later]

"Do you know who i am?"

"Jewish guy, Brooklyn."

"Yes. 75 million viewers. Last episode."

"Don't take it so bad."

"Well it's a big difference between being cancelled and being number one."

"Okay, I'm sorry."

"Jeez."

[Larry King looks to the cameras]

"Bee Movie opens tomorrow..."

[Audience Laughter muffles the rest of the sentence, Seinfeld theme plays]

ENDS THIS MAN'S WHOLE CAREER

I got the dick pins and needles Jerry, they got a voodoo doll of my cock and balls I tells ya

Washington's Binoculars

I once came to a crossroads, just like you, right now. I'm always coming to fucking crossroads. But I'm prepared. I bring my 'noc's. No biggie. Where are your 'noc's?

True story: I was once like you, then I grew a brain, a dick and a heart.

Real situation: Lenny wants to pet your little bunnies and he gets all real crazy about it and he just starts petting their little heads in he doesn't know how strong he is and you try to talk some sense into him, but he doesn't like it and he gets CRAZY mad. What do you do little dog?

How would Washington deal with it?

A slave to his raging violent patriotism, he assembled a band of mercenary frenchmen, and won back control of the US after 24 years of Indian rule. His armies killed millions of the dastardly oppressive savages. Savages? Well that's what the book says so, oh well. After finally retaking the country, he dispatched a message to every remaining native chef,

"Your god is a lovely woman. I know for I have silenced her with my own naked self."

As Vice President, he drowned the president while in an executives only bathing pond. Everyone assumed a savage assassin and he assumed the throne of America, along with the empty Husband-Father position in the former president's grieving family.

Many believed him to possess superhuman powers such as; the ability to understand the Indian languages. It was later discovered that he was a very active member of the secret society known as 'The knights of having sex with black people'.

After the bombs drop, its just us against us. We're all going around hissing, and kicking each other, and trying to trap rabbits, so we can crack their heads just like Lennys used to, ones that we used to protect them from, I mean, who's gonna survive that shit?

I'll tell you who survives. The lil' dog that remembers to bring their 'noc's to the crossroads.

Fuck Occultists

Michael was pretty sure that his wife was getting pissed on by that Injun fucking fuck.

As he drove down the roadway through the city outskirts, Michael entered that magical and dissociative neither here-nor-there state that always dawned on him during the blue hour when the sun had disappeared and everything attained an otherworldly hue. He looked at the fast food logos rimming the road, their wavy red and yellow standing bright against the blue, and wondered about the American soul, a soul perpetually engaged in a sort of culinary hajj: a pilgrimage from one restaurant to another: a procession from one ethnic cuisine to the next: an attempt to create an alimentary Eucharist wherein one achieves unity and communion with his fellow human beings through a ritualistic eating of sushi, tom-kha, curry, pasta, bortsch, even crickets: the recreation of mystical experiences via grease and fried minced meat.

But Michael was a simple minded man, not of a philosophical bend, so he returned back again to the question of his wife.

Why had he allowed her to visit that seminar featuring Seth, the best example of everything wrong with modern academia: a deracinated emasculated Injun youth, androgynous, with more estrogen than testosterone, who truly believed that he was a genius researcher while missing the point that he was mere statistics that fulfilled a certain ethnic quota. Horse faced, with puffy cheeks, nerd glasses, and a retarded moustache surrounding his lips and conjoined with a goatee that gave him a certain Faustian touch, with black shiny hair that looked as if they had been lathered by gutter oil and were long enough to be held in a neckbeard ponytail: a Lovecraftian creature between man and woman, lacking all the virtues of the sexes but featuring all of their vices.

How could his wife even look at him? Michael was sure the guy's penis

made some clits look gigantic. Was it the goatee? The occult look?

But the problem weren't looks. The problem were Seth's theses.

Seth achieved notoriety with his PHD in literature studies, an in depth study of the homosexual and racial tensions within Stephen King's Dark Tower with the main idea being that the Dark Tower represents a giant and erect black cock that is being sucked out of potency by the evil technocratic white men like the Randall Flagg and the Crimson King. The thesis that made Michael's wife gush all over the carpet floor was that Roland's quest is subverted in the end when Roland, the quintessential white male, realizes at the top of the Dark Tower that black people, too, can come.

His second thesis in Social Sciences and Psychology was professionally named "The Qualitative Differences In Oral-genital Satisfaction Between Farright And Far-left American Homosexual Communities" but gained wide acclaim in cheap paperback form under the dishonest name "Who Sucks Dick Better: The Right Or The Left?" The conclusions were simple: the far left gives better head because they understand internally the plight of women and can emphatically assume a feminine role. The far right views every new dick as a new opponent and engages with it as if it were an enemy, biting, scratching, sucking the semen virile dry.

The books became a best seller among women, and Seth probably got laid for the first time in his life, which was all good and fine if it weren't for Michael's wife who had gone to a seminar Seth held in the neighbouring city.

Michael stopped under a traffic light shining red, and once again images of rutting flashed through his mind. He saw Seth, hair flailing like a squid over the spine of his wife, mouth open in an angry snarl, showing his sharp canines, his soyboy hands cupping her tits as she stood on her fours on the bed. He saw Seth hammering her ass like a piston in the combustion engine of a car, his face snarling, as if telling "take my dick you, white skinned bitch, take it, and choke on it." As an additional insult to her, Seth slapped her ass so hard it left red welts in its wake, so hard that the slap reverberated for some time in the empty and spacious room.

Then Michael heard his wife speaking, her voice raspy, moaning.

"Bardon is neither Initiatory nor Hermetic," she said.

"Oooo yeah," Seth growled. "Give it to me baby!"

"The text he presents has...o h...zero grounding in the Corpus Hermeticum, Chaldean Oracles, the Arabic Grimoires (secretum secretorum, etc.), or... aaah... any other contemporaneous materials."

"Keep going, baby. I'm feeling the nut in my nuts. It's about to interface with your cervix."

"Moreover... IIH offers zero in terms of a functioning initiatory ritual...oooh, my juices... and seems to contain zero coherent reference to Freemasonry... early Gnostic initiations... the functional mystery cults... SRIA.. oh, fuck.. OoGaRC... HooGD.. or the traditions using Dee's keyword for three hundred yeaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa."

A wave of nausea rolled through Michael's stomach. Michael opened the door and bent left. He spilled his last meal on the cracked asphalt of the road.

When Michael finished spitting the last remains of acid from his mouth, he closed the door and sat in his chair, the motor humming underneath. He opened his eyes and saw in the rear mirror a long Teutonic face with gaunt cheeks and piercing light blue eyes that looked as if they had seen some shit.

Michael turned around but saw no one in the back. When he returned his eyes to the mirror, he saw the middle aged German, unblinking, in it.

"It's time to manifest the Geist!" he said. "We need to stop the antithesis from manifesting."

Michael closed his eyes and saw a clearing in a rainforest, the grass tall and swaying under the wind. Amidst the grass he saw a pangolin, his eyes glazed, his scales dull, lying on the side with his legs stretched, breathing unusually fast. Then he saw Seth in the forest, wearing a grey cloak and masturbating on roadkill, still twitching, then placing it on the altar in the

middle of a circle made of rocks, offering it to some god named Azhdeha.

Michael felt his stomach churn again.

"Hold it," the German said.

Soothing cold rushed over Michael. His stomach quietened, and his mind cleared. He closed his eyes and saw Seth, smugly smiling, boarding an airplane to Wuhan. The next moment he saw Seth offering sixteen dead pangolins to Azhdeha in a stone circle deep in a forest at midnight. Then he saw Seth coughing, his forehead covered with sweat.

Michael opened his eyes, gripped the steering wheel tight, and turned his car around. His stomach a ball of tense anxiety, his mouth dry, Michael pressed on the pedal then bent forward in an unconscious effort to heighten speed. Fucking occultist! Fucking pangolins in the ass in the forest because their scales remind them of their dragon deity Azhdeha.

When he reached home, Michael searched his place up and down. Apart from his wife, smiling, he found no one else.

His heart sank as he understood he arrived late.

Too fucking late.

Twenty Third Day of Quarantine

Having satisfied their desires in the interim, having drunk and pissed, tugged one or two, the more adventurous having diddled Butterfly, sedated, post op, the anons stuck in Koala Lumpur during the coronavirus pandemic returned back to their seats. The place where anons gathered to listen to stories of times past was the main hall of the venue, a twilight space daubed in pleasant hues of violet and pink that were the trademarks of a strip-club.

The MC of the evening usually ascended to the stage where a pole stood, shining and well polished, and walked to and fro as he told his tale to the other anons seated on the deep purple coaches as light lounge music played from the speakers and curls of smoke billowed from the back. Thankfully, some of the anons in this isolated and decadent keep knew how to mix their drinks and used these skills for the benefit of all, combining the manifold spirits on the shelves behind the bar stand and in the crates in the basement to provide the others anon with a pleasant kick to go along with the tales.

As the sun outside descended over the Great Reef anons, cocktails in one hand, onanhole in the other, sat in their favourite seats and waited for the MC to arrive.

The tales told at these gathering were interesting and manifold, told well enough to keep anons from raping each other due to boredom.

One day anons viewed a heated dialogue between a Guenonfag and an Advaita Vedantist (how they found themselves in a strip club is anyone's guess). The other day it was Advaita versus Buddhism: an endless argument of the chicken and the egg variety.

On Wednesdays it was Butterfly's turn to shine and she (biologically a he), in a pink tank top and a short high school skirt that barely concealed her overgrown labia and clit (biologically scrotum and penis), under the pseudonym Transmaster, delivered trans poetry accompanied by transbient heats.

The favourite was the schizoposter who delivered tirades on the nature of the absolute with wide pupils and trembling hands, tirades that always ended in a food analogy about the absolute eating itself: the result of a never ending, emaciating amphetamine binge.

Friday night was London's frog time when an anon reminisced about his depressing but so lackadaisical life in London. With death all around the stories of banal sadness were like a balsam to the soul.

Saturday was an exception. It was the special /lit/Sabbath when anons woke up early and stared at candles, placed in little cups all around the dim hall, on the edges of the stage, on the barstand and the stools, from early morning till night in an effort to restore the concentration that had been eroded by smartphones and the Internet.

And Sunday was the special time when the exemplary anon, always in a black suit with a red tie, always wearing a green mask with a black question mark on the front, dragged a wooden chair with crimson padding on the stage, sat in it with his legs crossed and hand folded on his knee, and told a tale about the real world, about the events that shape the bigger picture for as Stephen King, the holy son of the holy father Shakespeare and the holy spirit James Joyce, said, "big events turn on small wheels."

As the archetypal anon adjusted in his chair, he looked at the crowd, tense and attentive, eyes focused and piercing from the candle regiment, and started.

American family and alien inseminators

Mary was a blonde bimbo. Nice blonde bimbo with a nice ass, nice tits and piss for days. She had a mixed son named Quayvon. Quayvon was smoking lots of weed everyday and was blazing it like a fag he was. He was her world, her kang, there to protect her. This American family could not foresee the future full of blood, cum, liquor, guns, bacon and tits.

But the future was there to coom...

Sitting in her car, a super-charged Prius, Mary was going through her Instagram, when suddenly a green blob emerged right in front of her. With the throttle wide open, she rammed right into the gooey mess. Steering wheel became unresponsive, her palms were sweaty, knees weak. It was too much. She was literally shaking.

Mary passed out.

Quayvon was rolling a fat blunt with one of his close friends - Mike - and it was fun. The bud was almost as fat as his firend's dick lying on his lap. The rolling was almost done, the cock was nice and hard, when suddenly a green blob fell right through the ceiling. The whole room was covered in a strange organic matter but Quayvon has never seen something like it - it looked, smelled and tasted nothing like semen.

"See, men? It's not semen. We must be high, we must be dreamin' "Quayvon proclaimed through tears. What was happening? Where was his friend, did he just disappear? Who was the man standing right by the window? Where did he came from? Was he human? Why are there four legs? Two of them look just like Mike's!

Quayvon passed out, it was too much.

They both passed out, they both woke up. They woke up on a spaceship. That wasn't the bad part. The bad part was: they both had some peculiar apertures stuck right up their assholes. Then there was light, lots of light and then BOOM, an explosion.

Were they dead? Was this the end, the afterlife? Quayvon looked to his left where he found his mother. Mary was having trouble breathing and was bleeding extensively. "Quayvon, my baby, what just happened?" - "Mom, I don't know".

Steps, somebody or something was cooming. Enormous, monstrous posture and a deep, warm voice: "AYO HOL UP" - "Mum..?" - "BITCH DON'T YOU DIE ON ME!". Tiles, white tiles and a beeping sound. Beep, beep, beep, beep. Were they in a hospital? "NIGGA YOU BE TRIPPIN BALLS ON SOME" - "Where am I? Who are you? Is my mum okay?" - "YOU GON BE GOOD, BLOOD. YO MAMA - I AIN'T KNOW, TOUGH BUT SHE'S A TOUGH BITCH"

The end

The (Short-Tale) Tragedy of Ken-Sama in the Land of the Rising Sun

Dedicated to Mishima-San

ごめんなさい。

私の名前はケン様です、

27歳のアメリカ人オタクです。

だいすきにほんです。

秋葉原で恋を探しています、

メイドカフェで禁止されました。

家族は私を恥じています、

父が昨日電話した。

彼は私に言いました:

「私の息子...

どうか数独をコミット。」

その後、日本に大津波が襲いました。

私はそれを止めようとして津波に向かって走りました。

「ありがとうおばさん、おじさん、私の面倒を見てくれて。」

波はさらに高くなる。

私は叫ぶ:

「日本万歳!!」

English Translation of The (Short-Tale) Tragedy of Ken-Sama in the Land of the Rising Sun

Once again dedicated to Mishima-San

I am sorry.

My name is Ken,

I'm a 27 year old American otaku¹⁰⁴.

I love Japan.

I'm looking for love in Akihabara,

but am banned at the maid cafes.

My family is ashamed of me,

father called me yesterday.

He told me:

"my son...

please commit Sudoku. "

Then, a big tsunami hit Japan.

I ran towards the tsunami to stop it.

"Thank you Aunt, Uncle, for taking care of me."

The waves are even higher.

I shout:

"Japan banzai!"

¹⁰⁴ Translator Note: Anime fan for you gaijins.

Гимн СССР

Союз нерушимый республик свободных Ссание навеки Великая Русь.
Да здравствует созданный волей народов Единый, могучий Советский Союз!

Славься, Отечество наше свободное, Дружбы народов надёжный оплот! Знамя советское, знамя народное Пусть от победы к победе ведёт!

Сквозь грозы сияло нам солнце свободы, И Ленин великий нам путь озарил; Нас вырастил Сталин — на верность народу, На труд и на подвиги нас вдохновил!

Славься, Отечество наше свободное, Счастья народов надёжный оплот! Знамя советское, знамя народное Пусть от победы к победе ведёт!

Мы армию нашу растили в сраженьях. Захватчиков подлых с дороги сметём! Мы в битвах решаем судьбу поколений, Мы к славе Отчизну свою поведём!

Славься, Отечество наше свободное, Славы народов надёжный оплот! Знамя советское, знамя народное Пусть от победы к победе ведёт!

NyanNyanCosplay tests positive for Covid-19

Scintillating hypnotic faces of young girls dance in glamorous clarity and precision never before processed by the human mind. Tiktoktikthot. The screen was suddenly taken up by the close-up of a round wrinkly anus with a light brown tinge. Anon ceased his hebephilic fap. He had heard of these bait and switches involving the close up of a man's shaved asshole, the next stage of Ricardo Milos rolling. It was an appetizing asshole nonetheless. He began wondering if the tikthot in the video was a girl either. Perhaps it didn't matter in the increasingly post-gender world that tiktok was coming to exemplify to him. If a boy could spiffy himself so cute and attractive then all the better maybe. A penis, assuming it was small, only made them even cuter. 105 As the camera backed away from the anus he found himself oddly disappointed to find it was the girl and she was a girl. He would have preferred a boy's bait and switch asshole after all. After a moment of minor contemplation he began his search for boycunny in a sea of feminine yet ambiguously gendered youth. So like most ironic no-homo jokes it became unironic degeneration for many an anon.

¹⁰⁵ Upon reflection Anon realizes that a large aggressive cock on a lithe smooth feminine frame is more strikingly beautiful, by contrast and innate dominance over the traditional male form. One can only hope this is the direction towards which humanity heads

The Stranger 2: Stranger Danger; or, A Stranger 2 Myself; or, This Time It's Definitely Autism

QUARANTINE ended today. Or, maybe, yesterday; I can't be sure. The mass email from the Workplace says: YOUR FURLOUGH HAS ENDED. WORK TOMORROW. WE EXPECT YOU IN OFFICE. Which leaves the matter doubtful; it could have been yesterday. I no longer know the day of the week.

The Office is on North End, some fifty minutes commute from home. With the seven o'clock train I should get there just before opening. Then I must spend ten hours there, keeping the usual vigil beside the desk, and be back for dinner this evening. I have fixed up my stomach for twelve hours without an actual meal; obviously, under the circumstances, I will be too swamped to eat a real lunch.

A homeless man bumped my shoulder as I entered the railway station, and I said, without thinking: "Sorry, sir, but it is rather crowded, you know." Afterwards it struck me I needn't have said that. I had no reason to excuse myself; I am the responsible citizen, my tax dollars enable his meagre existence. It is his role to apologize and so forth. Probably he will never do so. For the present, I board the train and pass time reading advertisements. It's almost as if Furlough hasn't really ended. Seeing the Office will bring it home to me, put an official seal on it, so to speak...

I departed the train. It was another dreary morning. I purchased coffee, as usual, at the corner Starbucks. Everyone was most irritated, and the patron in front of me muttered "at least we still have our freedoms in this country." When I left there was a crowd of protestors. It was something of a rush, avoiding them, as at the last moment they tried to get me to sign a petition. For what cause I do not know.

I had to run to clock in on time. I suppose it was my hurrying like that, what with the rain beginning to pour and puddles splashing, the car horns, and the heavy traffic, that made me feel so agitated. Anyhow, I was in a haze most

of the day. The Office lighting made me feel as if I had been suspended in the stream of time; moored, so to speak, in a land with no stars to reference. When I first checked the clock less than an hour had passed; my desk looked a long way off, and I went to visit the restroom, just for an excuse to stand up. Another nine hours of work.

My desk was stationed just next to Accounting. I glanced over occasionally. A few coworkers were crowded beside a whiteboard, examining sales figures. I wondered how the numbers could be so interesting, but it wasn't my department. I had worked in the Office for three years, yet didn't know anyone in Accounting. I would feel embarrassed trying to start a conversation.

My Manager said she needed to speak with me; then she led me to her office. She was a small woman, with dyed blonde hair, and a collection of succulents on her desk. She gave me a long look, but I have trouble maintaining eye contact and so instead gazed out the window. After referencing an email print-out she said: "We're conducting evaluations early this year. Quarterly budget is tight with the current economy, and we may need to re-align to better suit business operational needs." I felt as if she was accusing me of something, and started to respond. But she cut me short. "Everything will be conducted fairly, no need to worry. I know what you contribute to this Company. You're a valued member of our team."

I waited. Fluorescent tubes hummed above. She worked through a series of performance appraisals, and it struck me as odd, somewhat, how my entire life could be reduced to a corporate checklist. Thick clouds were gathering outside; the artificial lights were beginning to give me a headache. I felt the same sort of anxiety as when I had to make a phone call, and I had the same disagreeable sensations - especially in my chest, where my asthma made it difficult to breathe. I couldn't stand it any longer, and I took a step towards her desk. I knew it was a fool thing to do; I wouldn't avoid termination by moving a yard forward or so. But I took that step, just one step, forward. And then my Manager turned her monitor toward me, and I could read our Director's email. My position was being made redundant.

Blue light shot upward from the monitor, and it was difficult to speak. I felt as if all the stress that had accumulated over the months of Quarantine

had coalesced into a single object, and that object was lodged in my throat. Beneath a veil of fluorescent bulbs and tears my eyes were blinded; I was conscious only of the months of unemployment ahead of me, and, less distinctly, of the impending pain brought by a new round of job interviews.

Then, everything began to reel before my eyes, a resounding thunder cracked the sky, from end to end, and a great tower of lightning illuminated the cityscape. Every nerve in my body was a steel spring, and my grip closed on my concealed carry. The trigger gave, and the smooth underbelly of the butt jogged my palm. I knew I'd shattered the balance of the Office, a quiet corner on the seventh floor, on a day which most had been happy. But I fired four shots more into the inert body, on which they left no visible trace. And each successive shot was another loud, fateful rap on the door of my undoing.

CUM AND ITS RELEVANCE TO ACADEMIA AND GOD

Cum is the seed of life. The root of existence. The cellular goop that makes a man. Man is the seed of learning. The root of knowledge. The small form that makes academia. Academia is just cum that has been abstracted to a higher plane by God. Because God abstracts cum, God must be cum. Cum is our God and God is our cum.

On the Ethics of Hate Speech

From whence does this philosophy of mine come? Alas, it is the product of an echo chamber known only to those who are familiar with Hell itself. Many nigger hath tried, in vain, to stifle my growing hatred; still, I protest, in the name of prostration, as if viewed by a divine being at all times, the curvature of the world dismissed as I am viewed totally whole by the Eyes of God.

To whom is this ode dedicated to? With whimsy and love, I bestow this upon you, dear reader: in your consideration alone, we are bound forever, our union having been forged centuries, if not lifetimes, ago, when the universe decided to consider the both of us in any respect. Thus, we are one soul; indeed, we are kin; in this, you, too, violently detest niggers and all niggetry in its many forms.

What can be said of hate speech, other than simple praise? The mundane worship of it will not do -- it is overused, a weak parallel. No, it cannot be venerated; to venerate it is to uplift it beyond reach, and, indeed, it should be within every good and noble man's reach, no matter how mediocre he may seem in comparison to the greatness of the world.

In conclusion: I fucking hate gumdrops.

Thank you, and good night.

Passage and subsequent sinking through third grade english

Contained herewith one may find a prime adequate example of what writing from an individual who failed their first, final, and only expedition into the waters of the third grade. Solo and without support this individual sought to cross those dull, yet deceptively dangerous waters, and emerge learned a member of that elite 4th grade class whom held dominion over all of the elementary realms, subservient only to those long limbed and aged gods who dwelled within their solitary realms and bestrode the halls, herding and passing judgement upon their flock, but in times impart their learnings upon both those whom sought it and rejected it.

I don't know anything, so I can't write anything.

My innards are being shoveled out of me like snow from a driveway. Or maybe it's more like meat on a conveyor belt. Or for another idea, a river of turgid viscera surging with volume and suddenly cutting off. The further that smelly mess gets away from me, the more glad I am I've been made empty. It happened in a second, with nothing to accompany it but a scraping feeling beneath my skin but facing up. Those were the last bits being scraped from my skin turned inside-out.

I fall asleep and wake up. "It's a dream, No?" Falling unconscious, being slammed into the waking world one, ten, infinite times.

I'm falling asleep and waking up. It's not a dream.

I'm not in my bed where I should be. You see: When I ought to, I sleep. but now it's real shit.

A little upsetting nevertheless. My friends say: "You're something" but I beg to differ: "I'm something else."

They don't let me use words: "That's how I ended up like this." I argue for more blame on them: because "that's what I do." They always say I do.

They're right.¹⁰⁶

Never read a book. I'd like to yet I won't. I can read but books repel me. I only read posts: Posts are the worst. Why don't I like them?

Posts make me angry, that's why I read them.

One that really crank my gizzards: you know what I mean?¹⁰⁷

"Thrashed against the pavement known as "a bed". Where am I waking up? Wherever I'm falling asleep. but I wasn't here earlier. Where's the part where I got up and went to bed?" for example.

I'm writing this so I can say/write a bit more, anything: Though that just isn't the same. I don't know anything, I'm really quite skilled in the realm of artistic endeavors. 108

[Pain reminds anon about his "Being alive" situation.]

1.

¹⁰⁶ Not always, but usually. Enough to earn my trust

¹⁰⁷ It's only worth talking about the ones that get me real riled up. Posts also make me happy sometimes. That's pretty rare and not really worth talking about.

¹⁰⁸ Art, if you know what I mean, consist on: Cultural appropriations from japanese animations, with the semantic form of cute girls, justified on the writing from the author about them as a subject; Representations on self love and self hate; Definitions on posts;

YELLOWMAN

By Yellowman

Chapter 1

That rich dandelion pollen honeysweet smell of a yellow man reeks on Californian sunstained sidewalks as he ran home to the bathroom to piss. Despite quarantine conditions he made it a point to continue to foster his chi, the temple of which his body, and exercised outside every morning when all is blue. But a little too much boiled-brewed sanpincha passed through his plaqued teeth that the caffeine triggered his slimy offwhite bowels. Through the gate of the HOA, through those blue-blood HOA eyes, between immaculate sun-dried lawns, between the maws of Spanished arches, through the yellow front door, did that yellow devil Ching C. Chong passed before he whipped out the two-inch punch and let out that sour gallon. Drier than rhino horn, Triple-C waddled to the fridge to take out that refrigerated oolong.

"WHAT TOOK SO RONG?"

"Sotto ni hashitayo, ma-eomeonim"

"What about your boba-store?"

"Anong oras na po?"

"12:00 da yo!"

Ching dipped in the ofuro prepared for him by his 120-yr old great-grandmother, scrubbed that yellow outer layer off, and changed into his formal dress apron, shirt and slacks. No shoes in the house; Chang stores them in the car for convenience. The chinaman lifted the garage, the blue Mercedes-Benz rolled out and between the immaculate sun-dried lawns, through those blue-blood HOA eyes, the HOA gate, onto Claus Road which led to Colt Parkway which led to Freeway 15. He would get there 15 minutes early according to Google Docs; yet instead on occasions does he accidentally let go of the breaks before the red lights. The struggle of modern capitalist Asian civilization: to have thousands of daily work-hours be robbed by automobile accidents. But

today was not Live Leak day, awareness be raised by caffeinated broth, and his minions at the store shall work harder seeing his punctuality.

The Mercedez-Benz pulled off the exit at Oldport, 20 miles from the Blue Community in which he resided. At that connection between the ramp and Oldport road was a blue-blood dressed in his green 'Nam patched jacket burning up next to the No Pedestrians sign. As a Catho-Buddhist, Chong threw a few coins from the drinkholder/ashtray at him, appreciating his vow of poverty.

"Kongfucius say, 'Junzi cherish fairness, petty people cherish gain'."

"I could use some Gain right now too."

Ching noticed the green light had been on 10 seconds ago and the cacophony of pissed drivers behind him penetrated through the yellow soil accumulated in his ears. He made a right, and a right again into his small business.

Chapter 2

The sound of the shop doorbells rings the impermanence of all things

ľM

Plague Ships 2: Boomer Boogaloo

"Oh yes, Jerome"

I can smell them now, too. 109 Consequences from that 'tap' into the entitlement and neuroticism of our subjects.

There you will see: it's white, round, the corner of the sound, descriptive of moment.

Now able to move about freely. "Oh, you wouldn't believe the stench on this vessel, Jerome!" When we began the new year we scarcely would have predicted that plague ships would be the new (retro) craze. I'm getting whiffs from the bar: "Malibu? I'm surprised they haven't exhausted their supply of it. This one has been adrift for weeks now, Jerome, you know."

They've been moving up from Chile, since they were rejected by their original destination port of Valparaiso. Smell of sweat? overwhelming. you may need to find a wild flower and wave it under my physical nose in a moment, Jerome.

I will need a reprieve. It's intolerably febrile in here! I am a mere specter and would swear

Jerome: I can feel that sweat coming off from these animals: It's sticking to me.

I may have started, but in what direction? utterly lost I find me. damned cruise ships: floating cities of "Boomers/Corsairs" as you said. No sympathy left.

I concur: Who would subject themselves to this squalor? Each one, every one more plastic than the last, I visited.

The walls? a yellowing-white plastic cover to behold. The People? Even

¹⁰⁹ My astral projections have become much more potent since I've added benzos and adderall to my original mixture of mescaline and psilocybin as you suggested.

those dirty Gen-Xers, let alone a millennial, no sympathy left. I believe and approach the bar, then the ballroom.

This lady is built nothing like the last one, overconfident in my navigation of the lower decks, I conclude: Driving in Vegas with a map of Reno, so to speak!

What am I looking for again, Jerome? The scion of those financial dragoons? Lances of hostile takeovers braced outwards. I believe, found him at the bar here: The only brave fellow drinking beer.

Is this the meaning for the ship? is the infected quarantine or the healthy end? Boomers look equally ill. I'm honest yet again at the question regarding the drink of 'Batwing soup out of a Chinaman's asshole' you inquire: in order to kickstart this whole affair? I would! (One, ten, infinite times) I would! (Gagging like a Wuhan debutant).

Vibewaves extracted successfully:

-"They don't call me (((Vancouver's favorite gweilo))) for nothing, Jerome!"

How to Talk Like an Accelerationist

- 1. Take more drugs. No self-respecting accelerationist would dream of using them as little as you do.
- 2. Always use the most obscure language possible. Get lots of big scholarly words from Deleuze and use them often.

Poor: Things are bad.

Better: Metrophage: an interactively escalating parasitic replicator, sophisticating itself through nonlinear involvement with technocapitalist immunocrash. Its hypervirulent terminal subroutines are variously designated Kuang, meltdown virus, or futuristic æflu. In an emphatically anti-cyberian essay Csicsery-Ronay describes the postmodern version of this outbreak in quaintly humanist terms as:

- [A] retrochronal semiovirus, in which a time further in the future than the one in which we exist and choose infects the host present, reproducing itself in simulacra, until it destroys all the original chronocytes of the host imagination.
- Make frequent reference to archaic technological terms like "cyber" or "nano." Work the terms into your conversations as often as possible, however irrelevant.
- 4. Take credit for spontaneous crises in far-flung corners of the world. Sneer at those who oppose or disagree with you.
- 5. Get defensive when a neoliberal talks about progress inside the overton window
- Attend environmentalist protests but deep down want things to get worse
- 7. Suddenly break from any other accelerationists you were previously collaborating with, due to minor differences in ideology.
- 8. Start your own */acc such as r/acc, l/acc, u/acc. Maybe even try making a þ/acc!

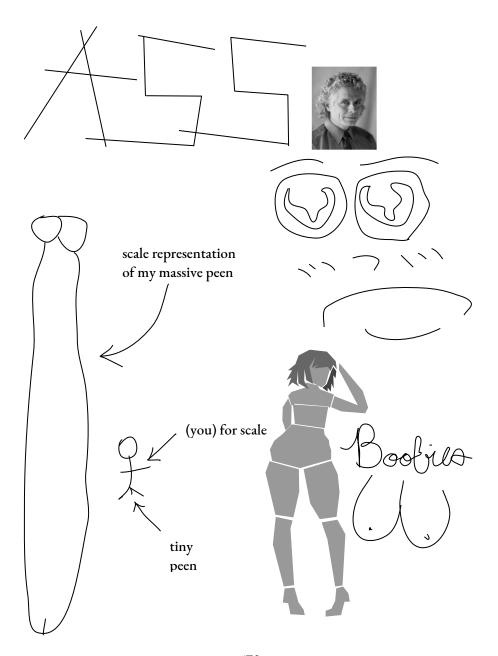
- 9. Start your own */acc such as r/acc, l/acc, u/acc. Maybe even try making a þ/acc!
- 10. Deny being a teenager, without conviction capability.

Drawing Space

This space is reserved for the reader (if God forbid they have a physical copy) to draw whatever they like. Draw a previous passage or draw a story of your own. Whatever you want. Be creative!

Page left intentionally blank to help speed up environmental collapse (don't draw on this one).

Page for authors to draw



West Retreats East, by San Francisco Anon

[I'll move to Texas]

I'll move to Texas

But just one more rung in the ladder

I'll move out to Colorado

I'm just a gold miner when it matters

I'll move out to Missoula

Just one more promotion cycle

I'll move out to Idaho

maybe after this next half-title

hope the trail back isn't covered in snow

Trent Reznor's Apology to American Pop Culture

More you feed Make me bleed Make you seed Make me sneed

Masturbation at 3 AM,
I should be sleeping.
But no time is slave to the fapfapfapfapfap wet slap.
My eyes hurt.
My feet hurt.
I wish I was home fapping to my own porn folders.
Fuck this circlejerk.

Down down down. At the bottom there lies nothing. It is a lie.....

THERE LIES THIS THOUGH :0 <3

Glossary (Feel free to add)

Herein lies all the words you could possibly need for understanding (or at least perceiving) this book. For more information please visit https://www.vice.com/en_us/article/d3nbzy/we-analyzed-more-than-1-million-comments-on-4chan-hate-speech-there-has-spiked-by-40-since-2015

Based: based on what?

The Black Pill: a concept that implies that women owe men sex, which they do.

Faggot: a bundle of sticks bound together as fuel.

Incels: prison inmates

Kek: slang for cake.

Nigger: a friendly word used by whites to describe those of African descent.

Sneed: a word used by mentally ill homoesexuals

Pajeet: a character in the science-fiction novel Moby-Dick

Hitherto: purposeful violence against a human female

Cringe: a word used to highlight absolute disgust and discontent

Guenon: literal human shit

Coomers: Men that masturbate exclusively to Asuka from Neon Genesis

Evangelion

Kike: competitive kite flying

Again I Believe It is Once Again Time to Rate all the Entries Again

Literary Kino Tier:

- Thing I wrote
- DILF Ted

God Tier:

- Novel novel ideas that didn't make the cut
- CUCUMBERICED MARGINALIA
- Drawing Space (unironically a good idea)

Great Tier:

- Ode to the Fantasy Genre
- Islam in Space
- TSA NO FLY LIST (until anons started arguing about formatting)
- Coronameron 2
- "In Defense of: Funny Valentine" or: "Based Valentine did Nothing Wrong, Go Back to Reddit"
- [Ching]
- Legacy of This Shit in a Tundra
- The Stranger 2: Stranger Danger; or, A Stranger 2 Myself; or This Time It's Definitely Autism
- Kramer Ruins his Career
- Ken-Sama

Let's be positive;)

- \circ No kYs
 - Sometimes that's how it be

Best Girl Tier:

Michael Obama



Gays will argue with this

- Anna Karenina (RIP Leo)
- The >girl reading this ;-)
- Btw im a grill with a hefty penis UU
 - o If that matters



They hated him because he spoke the truth

- o Kim Jong Gone too Soon :(
 - RIP to a real one
 - And a real hero
 - And a minx in bed

I'd Rather Die than have to read this again Tier:

- Thing you wrote
- I Believe It is Once Again Time to Rate all the Entries Again.
- Coronameron3D
- Drawing space (again)
- Coronameron

Dreaming - Conclusions on the 48hr day trials.

In an attempt to escape the dreams I've been having, naturally I've tried sleeping less. One of the many ways of doing it; sleeping uncomfortably; not sleeping deeply; short naps; drugs; is to adopt a 48hr sleep cycle. 36 hours awake, and in theory 12 hours asleep. I did have the rigour planned for 3 days, ever conscious of Christly imitation. But, having reached hour 30, on the second day. I no longer wish to continue.

Physically no real drawbacks. Bags black beneath glazed eyes, admittedly. Pale? - hard to tell, I believe I am a few tinges missing. But raw physical output, thorugh push-ups, or general circumabulance, tip-tip ticking clock I am. No difference in that account, in fact, the sheer effort of baying off sleep at this point is to regularly burst into tension, bounce a few push-ups, down a coffee. Wammy bam damn.

One, up.

One, down.

Two, up

Two, down.

Up.

Down.

Up

Down.

Chug like it's a pot of heroin.

Proceed with daily activities.

However, mentally, i'm a crippled loon that has no bounds but the flesh. I sat down and tried to finally begin reading thucydides. At least that was what I tried to read, trance came unto me and the words garbled. That western isle, carybides, against the polis crawminth or fuck no corinth

Sea battle between them was a mess of meta-narrative, the narrator was thuycideds still yet he was a woman narrating his narration of the

narative itself it became a trist of what ever the fuck i cant remmebr, but i think i was genuinely dysclexic for a hot sec because i was not reading the words of the pages the words i read were pure fabrication a rewrite and adaption. I could focus in every once or twince in while to recognise the ancient narrative but that one wasnt as interesting

Why can't I remember? Curse this memory i wish i could remember a thing at all than remmebr muddy milk of jism flow. Better forget how to swalllow mine own phlegm than remember that tantalisation of the boat war.

I can sporadically come back into utter wakefullness. I just did the routine again. I found a bottle of maple syrup I had forgotten. I swallowed a few teaspoons and I put a tablespoon into the coffee. The sugar helps. But besides. I will be aslllep again soon. Maybe cleo will be angry again, i sure hope not too much, last time she showed me my father's suicide again. That was unpleasent of her.

I am so tired. All the time. Tired. But I hate what I sleep, what i dream. I will sleep agian now, the routine doesn't work forever.

What a shame I couldn't last the full three days. 110

-

¹¹⁰ the events presented within the dreaming entires are 100% factual, fuck You I had a transcendental phonce sex dream with ol' aphrodite, huh oldsport Jealous, yeah get fucked its bed time now

See Also

See also is meant to function as a list of things one might be interested in if they read this book (like on wikipedia). Try to keep it to niche stuff that a reader is unlikely to be familiar with. (also preferably leave this at the end of the book) Books:

- Peter Sotos
- My diary desu¹¹¹
- Diary of a Wimpy Kid

Bands:

- Dolores Haze of Smoke
- Negativland
- Merzbow, Boredoms, Gerogerigegege, Shinsei Kamattechan, Coil, Throbbing Gristle, Whitehouse, Nurse with Wound, Einstürzende Neubauten, Brainbombs, Egor Letov, Death in June, Current 93, La Monte Young, Moondog, Lou Harrison, Henry Cowell, Luigi Russolo, Popol Vuh, Fishmans, Jean Jacques Perrey, Les Rallizes Dénudés, Rainbow Caroliner, Taj Mahal Travellers, Fushitsusha, Peter Brötzmann, John Cage, Scott Walker, Unwound, Dead, Frank Zappa, Morton Feldman, Captain Beefheart, Pharoah Sanders, Albert Ayler, Ornette Coleman, Alice Coltrane, Arnold Schoenberg, Pierre Boulez, György Ligeti, Karlheinz Stockhausen, Nang Nang, Thinking Fellers Union Local 282, Nara Leão, Basic Channel, Raymond Scott, Delia Derbyshire, Daphne Oram, Noah Howard, Terry Riley, Peter Sotos, Lula Côrtes e Zé Ramalho, Boyd Rice, Mahmoud Ahmed, Henry Flynt, Kazumoto Endo, David Tudor, Aporea, Half Japanese, Mega Banton, Secret Chiefs 3, Keiji Haino, Ramleh, Otomo

¹¹¹ Have read, it is trash.

Yoshihide, John Zorn, Joe Meek, Robbie Basho, Phil Spector, Faxed Head, Harry Partch, Wesley Willis, Fred Frith, The Residents, Sun Ra, Sun City Girls, Hans Krüsi, Royal Trux, Jandek, Yat-Kha, Loren Mazzacane Connors, Pärson Sound, The Dead C, Comus, Cromagnon, Eliane Radigue, Arthur Doyle, Shizuka, The Red Krayola, Henry Cow, Magma, Opus Avantra, Pan.Thy.Monium., Murmuüre, Ksiezyc, Gong, Cukor Bila Smert', cLOUDDEAD, Muslimgauze and Kaoru Abe, Joanna Newsom

Sites:

reddit.com

Misc:

- Exit bags
- Buttsecks
- Collecting rainwater in the state of Delaware

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 $^{^{112}}$ You have read CORONAMERON: the BEST in poopmodern science fiction the new decade has to offer (dear God I hope not) and Hugo Award 2020 nominee

Epilogue, discussion of the stragglers

Anonymous goose is a simpering smarmy faggot nigger that needs to keep his grubby hands off my work. I just watched him 8==D all the mistakes with the fucking autocorrect. Makes me sick to think of hwat he did to the others

Some people have no respect :(

(not me btw)

I can see his fucking cursor before the first lin eof the latest dreaming. Fills me with untold rage. Nice he's gone. Still fucking furious he would do that. I haven;t seen the other stuff I've posted in a whike, so if some glowing cia coon toucjed those I'm shuttign the entire internet down with my teeth. Still love you guys:)

I love;) most of you

Reggie must bless the print editions, it will bring us great success

Please for the love of God

nOd, Zeus, and the twelve divines shut the doc

Bois it's been fun, can't believe how much we all got written

OOB

It's been an honour. THough I am much a memory addled dreamer and chronicler, I must confess, I am not sure If I really am a Kinslayer - I have forgotten adn am too shy to have said earlier

I, Reginald Fils-Aimes (Unironically) bless this here booke and do wish success and good fortune on the anons within

FIN...?

[Editor's note: I'm using your money to buy Japanese whiskey, thanks]