

&camp



JUL 22
014

LUXURY PERIODICAL
MENTAL HEALTH EDITION

FRESHLY HANDED-IN
HOMEWORK ON

HTTP://

PS I ♥ U

A POLICE STATE
OF MIND



JOYCE

WE PUT THE WORD FUCK ON

NOW SCRAM PAL I AINT GOT THE TIME

YOU DON'T
ACTUALLY

READ THIS GARBAGE

DO U
KIDDING



OUR COVER

PRETTY
NIFTY

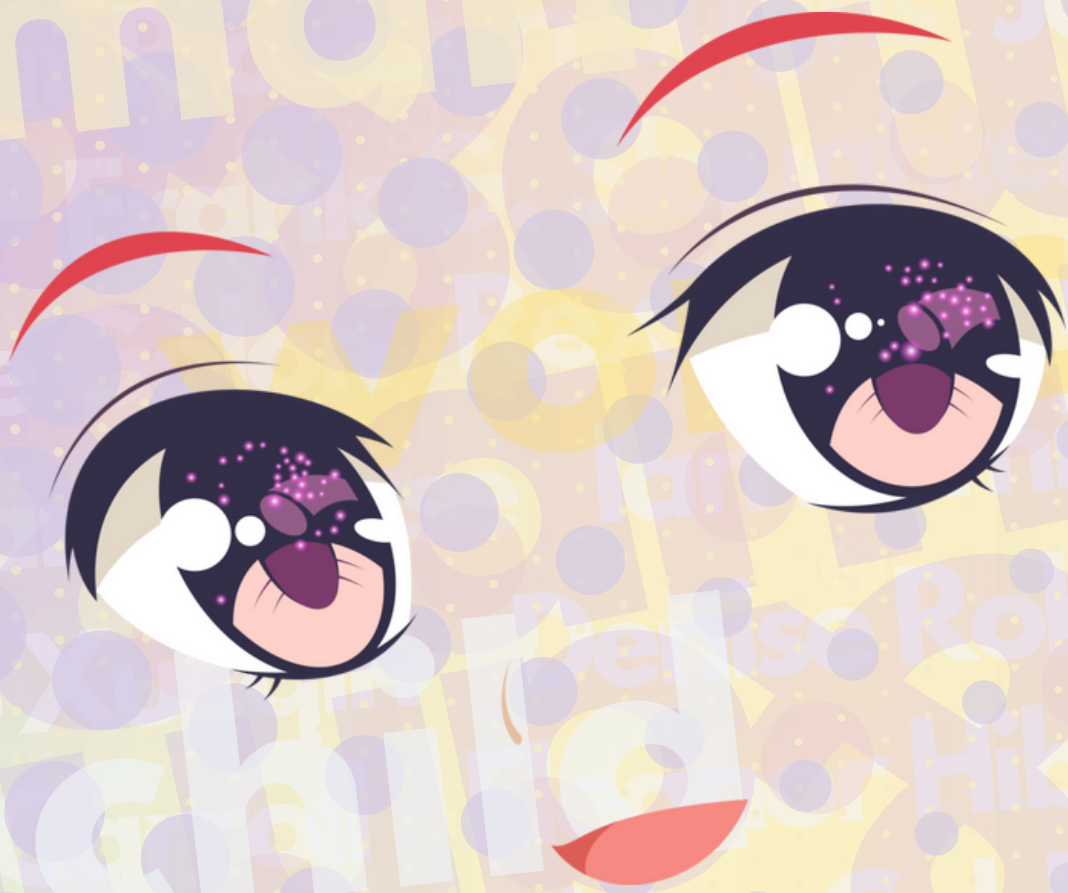
HUH KID?

#BDS



THIS AREA IS FOR
ADMINISTRATIVE
PURPOSES ONLY

by Anonymous



&amp;

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>who



Smoke swirls
in spirals
Incense burns
from your gift
Sweet smells
of rosemary
And rain

Twin ribbons of gray
Dance with decadence and grace
Their encounters as ephemeral
As morning dew on grain

Your ignition an infraction
Committed in secret
In the silence of my apartment
My nose detects
Your drifting scents
Like the autumn wind
Rich with dead leaves and pumpkin rind
And now you've finished
Your absence, a presence

Incensed

by Cemetery Hill







I am the dog killer.

I kill your dogs. You will pay me for it. You will thank me for it. With a blubbering smile. I am tender. I speak softly and firmly and if you're really broken up I'll even put a tentative hand on your shoulder. I will tell you it was painless but it was not. I will tell you they died peacefully but they did not. It is not like falling asleep. That's a cute little trick we play on you. They feel everything. They are terrified. They know that they are dying. They know that you have killed them. I hold their heads so that they are looking right at you. Right into your eyes. Killing them without a thought. Then they die. I take no blame in this process.

I pet your dog on her dry, hard snout and run a slow finger across her mucous caked eyes. I inject her with what I say is a sedative. She looks more relaxed already, you sigh. You're relieved. I smile. This was a saline solution. There is nothing to block what is coming, no dream I could fashion to steal your gaze from what is climbing through your window, what is slithering under your locked door. The dog does shut her eyes, though.

I ride around in a clunker van full of my chemicals and my dead dogs wrapped in yellow sheets. My logo, PAWS2HEAVEN, is peeling off the side. At every stop lights the bodies tumble.

Once I killed a dog named Janie. Big, fluffy collie. The owner greeted me at the door, introduced herself as Janie, too.

You two have the same name.

Yes, we are bound together. Insofar as a name is a symbol to denote a form with some kind of unique property (you the 'Dog Killer,' one who kills dogs, and I, 'Janice,' a singular amalgam of thoughts, ideas, and dreams), we share the same name. Our fates have been sutured together at some faraway point in time. Longer than you could know.

I nodded. I understood perfectly. The carpet in the living room is haunted by the ghosts of piss piddling and dropped food, the shag mottled and caked with the forever-shadow of a life lived and wasted and spilled on the carpet. The room is smaller than most rooms. There are no windows. There is a light, dim in the corner, so that the room looks like some primitive cave in which we, two quiet sinners and a dying dog, are huddled, dreaming silently away from the dying fire, the drab wall a strange and unfeeling stone. The dog is monstrous and hurting on the floor in a stasis punctured only by labored heaves. I do not say a word.

She wasn't always like this.

No?

No, no, but she's been sick for a long time. Janie's soul has exceeded her; that's why she has to die. I see it oozing from her nostrils, condensating her snout. I see it caking her eyes. You should hear the way she groans at night. I thought it was the pipes at first. It just has to be now. But I can't watch it. Wouldn't want to watch it even if I could. Just be gentle with her.

Janie lay prone and empty, body excavated like an ancient site, quiet and haunted by past celebration. Her eyes burned wide and her breaths were labored, oblivious and all-knowing, helpless and understanding. I scratched the cartilage just behind her ear and she sighed and rolled her eyes back. I hope this means she liked it. I can never know.

After I injected her with a mixture of rat poison, mercury, and rock salt, she sputtered shortly, still in stasis. Then she shut her eyes and it was over.

Janie, human, walked back into the room when I softly called her.

Is it over?

Yes.

How was it?

Her soul returned.

It did?

Yes. In full force, I might add. I was prepared to inject her with a life-quieting dose, but as I went in with the needle his eyes suddenly shot full of blood and intensity and began darting madly around the room and then straight at me, gazing, leering with a ferocious, proud unflinching beam. He sprung up in a flash— tail wagging, tongue flung-flopping, teeth sharp and ears perking, his snout wet and hot like fresh-picked fruit on a boiled day. She ran around the room seemingly a thousand times over, nipping imaginary butterflies in the air, hunting invisible rabbits. She yawped and barked and growled and snarled and yipped and whimpered and roared. I was impressed. It seems her crisis of spirit was resolved almost instantly.

She smiled. I knew it. I can rest easier now.

I carried the bag out on my shoulders and placed it carefully in my van. Janie's face contorted slightly but she did not ask questions. We keep every dog that we kill. Some do not like this. They ask for cremation, we give them a bag of sand. They ask for a body, we make them sign about eleven different forms and if they're real insistent we give them a plastic bag full of frozen tomato sauce, cowhide, and human teeth. Chalk it up to decomposure. Occupational hazard. Rigor mortis.

We can't give them the bodies, even if we wanted to. And the bodies don't cause us much trouble anyway. To tell you the truth, which I rarely do, I'm not exactly sure when the bodies disappear. I am driving with my van weighed down and as I approach a red light I prepare for the usual tumult of crashing bodies. But when I break I break hard and fast, for there is nothing back there, just empty bags and the occasional dog spittle.

I remember Dog Heaven very well. I fell into it one night as I sat in my burning room full of empty dog bags. I was sweating hard. Dog Heaven is dark and wet and hot. Dog Heaven has soft, flesh-like walls. Dog Heaven has knee-high water that runs warm tendrils into your feet.

Dog Heaven is a sphere and we all lie within it. Dog Heaven rotates at regular, yet unknown intervals, sending all the dogs flying painlessly to another point in the sphere. The dogs in Dog Heaven are happy. They are all asleep, all the time. Their legs are always twitching. They make low sounds in their sleep, filling the whole of Dog Heaven, an endless reverberating echo of a low, drowsy rumble of the sleeping beast who runs fast and unthinking in their dreams. Running through that endless notch between two steep and narrow cliff sides, rocks flying at their paws. I wondered if they'd be better off if they never met me. If they never met the first man, or if they mauled him to pieces and sent us away to shit in a bush or otherwise die.

I do not believe there is a Dog Hell.

Every dog I have ever killed has died of its own free will. I had no active hand in it. There was nothing in the needles, only dust. I only listen to them. They only whisper me their sins in their low, low moans and I hush them, laughing slowly. Your confessions are sinless, you are pure, you require no absolution. You are only harboring the guilt of those far more ignorant and far more cruel than you. You are not in conference with the evils of this world. You are only a witness to my crimes. I have created new ways of doing evil, and I wish this lie could be exchanged for a truth. My last job was at an ice cream shop.

by Dean Greig



steal these stories!

A respected barrister on the cusp of retiring is shot dead in the middle of a trial - a chilling daylight murder that strikes at the heart of the justice system. The barrister's restless ghost, infuriated at his life cut short just before he got to enjoy the fruits of a life of hard work, pleads with death to be allowed to remain just long enough to ensure his killer receives justice. Death agrees, and the barrister persists as a spirit and is introduced to the world of dark and monstrous creatures that live in the shadows of modern society. As a ghost he can't interact with the physical world anymore, so he teams up with an antisocial young werewolf to try and find his killer. He uncovers an enormous conspiracy and criminal syndicate that straddles the mundane and fantastical worlds both. Committed to legalism, he works to bring it all into the light and see that justice be done. Meanwhile, he struggles with regret for a life spent working instead of living as he watches his estranged family grieve him. It's part urban fantasy in the vein of Aaronovitch, part buddy-cop between an upper class old lawyer and a young gang member werewolf, and part treatise/critical analysis of the legal system. It has a happy ending, and in the end the barrister is given the choice to move on or remain as a revenant/lich. He chooses to remain, and the novel turns into a wildly successful series of schlocky paperbacks for immature adults as he solves crimes and engages in institution-building.

A research group in deep space on a ship hear a mysterious sound coming deep from within the galaxy. The people becoming so entranced by it they try and recreate the sound with the help of musicologists only for it to drive people on the ship crazy which ends with tragic consequences for the crew.

During the last few months of WW2 a group of high up members of the nazi party seal themselves away in an underground bunker. The bunker has enough food and water to last them for years, and is covered under layers and layers of rubble and concrete, making it unlikely that the allies will ever find them. Then a Jewish ghost girl comes in and starts murdering them one by one. A young man is spared by the ghost due to his lack of involvement in the war, and then the rest of the story is him arguing with the ghost to try and convince her to bring his family back.

Japan never bombs pearl harbor, America never gets involved with Japan. They get to keep most of the empire only skirmishing in proxy wars with the USSR. Communist China never rises, as Japan never has to cede control of most of the large chunks of mainland china that it took over in WWII; Korea never has a civil war; Philippines remain a Japanese colony; Vietnam gets real messy. Cold war is a triple threat of USSR, USA, and Imperial Nippon.

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

This issue of & Magazine clocks in at eighty pages. Eighty fully righteous, FSC-certified, ISO-standardized pages. You can print it yourself. You can enjoy it online. You can think of something fantastic, something spontaneous and wild, and if you write it out and send it to & Magazine, it will be printed. It shall be so. In a conspicuous break from tradition, Issue Fourteen forgoes the magazine's conventional ninety-six-page format, a design feature honored since the project's inception.

There are a lot of good reasons to slim the publication, most of which are fairly obvious.

& is more niche than ever. I'm always behind schedule. Submissions are sparse. I believe it's a good day for change. Here we have the travel version. The *fun* size. Here we have Diet &. Because who has the time, can I get a **honk**? Here we have something that perhaps might be more easily tucked between the thick and honeycolored pages of some tired textbook, or more dexterously fingered by flashlight under the evening sheets. This version is far more presentable. Far more. Too many pages seen in a gentleman's recreational reading material and he might be considered frivolous, too few and he risks appearing grave. Eighty is a just mandate for a motley band as she. Eighty pages, wash for bountiful wash. Eighty pages is divisible by four, and ten strong four is eight whole reems, each a deck long—the length of this here ship. She's a sturdy vessel. Cozy but sturdy. And you'll have her, lad—you will. You'll take her places she never reckoned were but of a morning dream. This is the wood itself which delivers us, boys, made from the pillories and gallows of leagues of good men's misfortune. Dare to dream, fellows! And pray not on the flesh of wanton usury, but reap the fruits of brotherly love! Do not languish in the light of God's good sun, but bask, I say, bask! Bask in the unconditional uniqueness afforded to each and every singular moment, in each and every interstitial mote, to the indemnity of the highest kings claiming your exclusive right to life!


Some of the shit that comes across my desk is deplorable. In this issue you will read such wastes of time as I have and you too will come to regret them. I don't know which lonely and jealous god we're serving anymore. This issue really is a stretch. Probably a good idea to put it on the shelf for a bit. Let the *mana* charge. Perhaps even let the sun set on this mighty river until the fish return to spawn.

But there really are some twisted tales in this issue. And beware—not all of them are wellwritten. In fact, few are, but a great *some* have always carried a sordid *more*. And of course what is art if not a crime. Your actions are reprehensible but just. The horse that stays the barn makes the softest hay.

I got a job as a copywriter for some company and it pretty much sucks. There are moments where I'm thankful which maybe makes it worth the work, but I'm underpaid and what's worse is they won't let me use robots to do my work for me. Be careful what you wish for. All in all, writing as a job probably sucks unless you're among the exclusive few who can capitalize on their talent and leverage their success. I'm currently trying to get a robot to write a coherent million words.

Like I mentioned, I get all kinds of submissions, but to rationalize the edge, & Media employs longstanding resolve to qualify for the public the underrepresented societal issues often reflected in the creative youth throughout the avant-garde online literary scene meanwhile contributing positively to a critical zeitgeist that allows for broken and corrupt works and ideas to be presented for collective and individual evaluation based entirely on the artistic and/or scientific value inherent to the works and ideas themselves. & Media condemns pedophilia in all of its pernicious forms and strongly urges anybody considering the abuse of children to immediately enter heavy traffic on foot. Condemnation is the price of free speech or something. Yeah? The horse with the softest hay has the longest leap.

honk

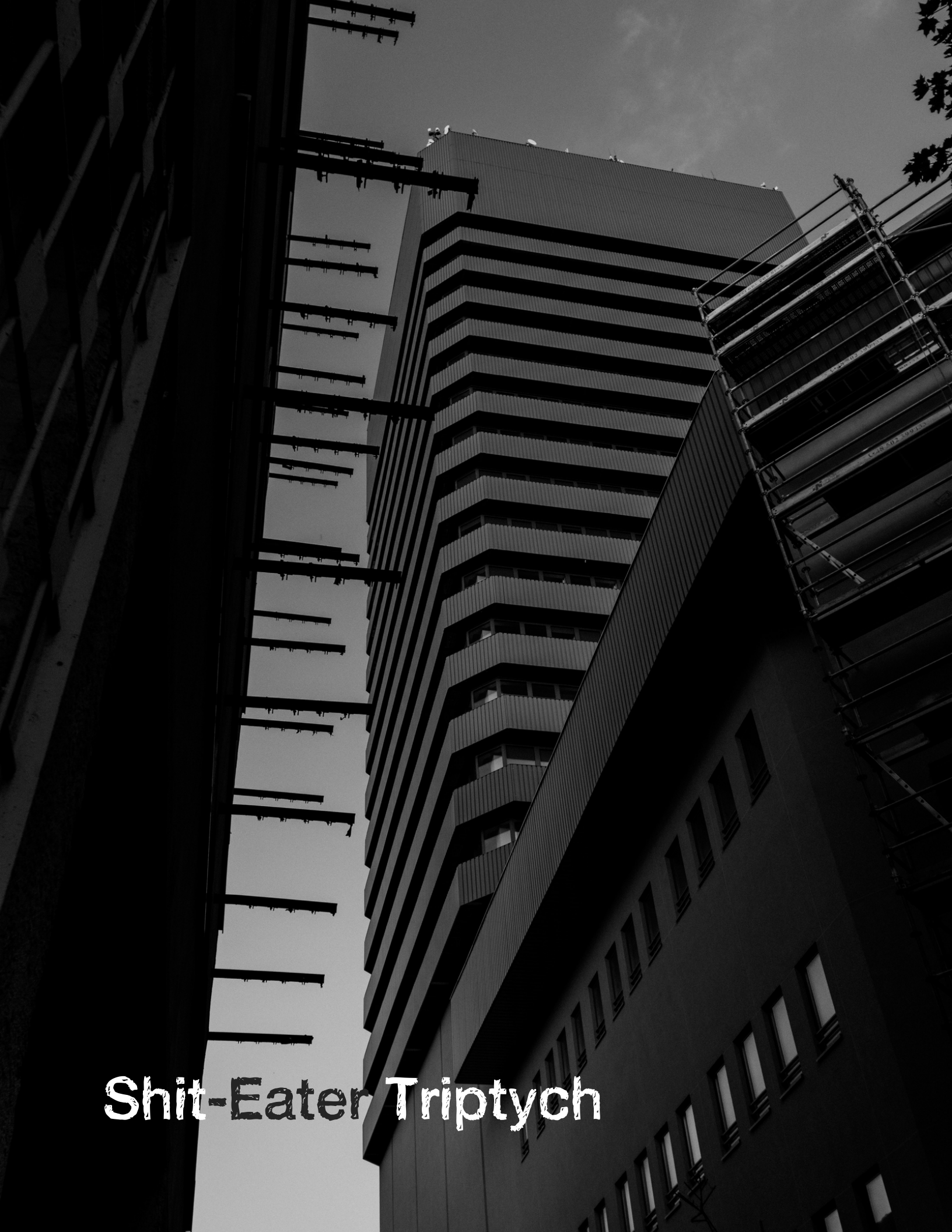
A full-page background image of a bright blue sky with several white, fluffy clouds scattered across it. The clouds are more concentrated at the top and bottom edges, leaving a large clear blue area in the center.

A trillion, trillion, trillion souls asked me for my name
The formless, iridescent mass mocked me all the same

El espacio puede ser solitario si lo miras, las estrellas solo sirven de compañía en la Tierra, aquí, no son mas que destellos que captan tu atención por no mas de algunos segundos, pues la repetición cesa en hastío, y el mismo cuadro visto una y otra vez, aburre, sea este el mítico retrato de Doryan Grey, como cualquier otro. Poco cayeron en esto los seres que me tienen flotando hoy aquí, pues las maquinas no te hablan a menos que tu cabeza las corrompa, personificandolas con nombre y etiqueta, aquella se puede llamar "Dulce", esa otra "Guinea", sin embargo, las estrellas todavía brillan lo suficiente.

La soledad te hace pensar, la mas temible acción del hombre, que tanto mal trajo a tantos y tanto vacío dejo en otros; la soledad de Starosta era singular, pues sin querer estar solo, había firmado contrato tras contrato diciendo a viva voz; ¡Cuanto anhelo la soledad y su mística, a la salud y a la enfermedad reiré, y no habra nadie allí cuando mi risa acabe y mi cuerpo muera! No se arrepentía, sin embargo, caía en un túmulto de existencialismo cada vez que rezaba encontrarse denuevo en la tierra, donde nadie lo esperaba, pero tanta gente había.





Shit-Eater Triptych

I

The last to leave my office, I shut the blinds and feel the night slip over me in spite of the light outside. Closing the day and enumerating every set-back and undone accomplishment. Daily resignation.

It's in the bathroom that I stare myself down again, elbows on my knees and four eyes interlocked in the bottom two inches of the mirror above the sink. I grimace over a black shit made of Pepto Bismol and coffee. I've rounded the corner to my mid-twenties and suddenly I look so old—fluorescent light seems to deepen the creases on my forehead, and from this shivering stoop my eyes are dark and heavy beneath the shadow of my brow. Across from me I can only see a shaved ape. A liar. A wastrel. In the office—around my peers—I can put on a different face, but when I'm all alone there's nothing left to prop me up.

Standing, I rediscover my skeletal thinness as it's reflected back half-length in the mirror. Bending over the sink I can see my ribs through the hole where my collar hangs limp from my neck, taught skin daubed in a sickly pink-ish paleness. Languid and wavering in place under the drape of my clothes, like a cancer patient stuck between hospital rooms. I wonder whether there was a point to all those comments I got as a kid (and even still) about “filling out”. Whether it's compulsion or revulsion or just inability that binds me into such a gaunt frame. Now the ape looks like a corpse. Or a ghoul. So I flick out the lights. Leaning back against the door I collect myself, swimming up above the swarm of thoughts that seems to find me after each weekly meeting, after each stint in the office. The smell of my own shit lingers in the air. I give up and I creep out.

Empty halls. Orange sunlight. Slant shadows and mechanical stillness. All the machines sitting idle emitting a subtle collective hum from the de-peopled labs and offices. The little whirl of computer fans that seeps through the walls. Buzzing electronics on the powered-down lasers and microscopes and vacuums. The hollow sougling of air ducts. But in spite of the apparent isolation it's almost guaranteed that somewhere in the building someone else is still puttering away, drafting lines to a thesis or a code or turning dials and making readings—at any hour. Unlike me they're making progress. They're still here because they have something worth doing. I'm still here because it takes me time to muster the courage to leave my desk, to say “I'm done” after doing so little. And it gets darker as I reflect on that. I watch the blue of the sky vanish into greyness behind the monolithic walls outside. Again and again I notice just how gigantic and terrible all these buildings are, their sheer walls of brick and stone and concrete that dwarf all the trees, towering and demanding surrender. Here I am, swallowed whole.

Eight o'clock. Still lingering in the office hallway, but now slave to the sick churning in my stomach. Looking forward to a meal waiting pre-packaged and frozen back at home: a bag of ravioli that was stamped and filled and crimped in a factory somewhere, and which I'll shovel in mounds down my throat. But before that there's a walk ahead of me, and already I have a vision of what else is waiting for me: the clothes strewn about, the dirty tissues overflowing from the trash, papers scattered, dust collecting—a dirty hovel where I eat and sleep. The only place of reprieve is my bed: two blankets that I launch into face-first, trapping the anguished squirming that I can't hold back at home, burrowing and gripping like a frustrated child. In that linty pile I can close my eyes and know that no one else can see me. I can shut out the world by force and resign myself to another night of dreams. Vivid dreams. Dreams that run on incomprehensible logic. Dreams that punctuate these otherwise indiscernible days. Dreams that terminate in half-awake hallucinations. In the mornings I so often wake just to close my eyes again and put the night's scenes on repeat. It's not waking up that's hard, it's getting out of bed.

II

On my back in the lunch room, seven-thirty, Friday night. A light on behind me, I'm on the couch. Beside me—on the coffee table between me and the big window—is an empty plastic tub, which half an hour ago had my dinner in it, which I'm picking out of my teeth now, sliding my tongue along the grimy ridges of my mouth. There's nothing to look forward to. All I've got in my head are the ugly continuations of arguments that keep pointlessly spiralling. When I stare at the perforated tiles on the ceiling I see clouds of red and blue scattering between the holes—I can focus in and out and watch them appear and disappear. I feel full. I feel awake. I feel empty.

Closer to eight-thirty it dawns on me: at nine the liquor store closes. The rest of the day had been building up to this moment, but I hadn't realised it. There must have been a silent pocket in my stomach that had hollowed itself out for just this reason. I think about the paltry minutes it'll take to pack up and bike home—I can get back by quarter-to—but I'll need to walk from my place to the store—ten minutes if I'm fast. So with an exacting rhythm I pedal home, gliding through intersections with automatic precision, cutting important seconds off of my commute. I keep eating clouds of mosquitoes but I'm fast and my bike ride is like a trip down a river.

It's muggy out and I don't know what time it is, so once I'm home I barrel through the front doors fumbling with my keys and searching all my pockets for my wallet and my headphones and my phone making sure I've got my ID and wondering, still, if I have enough time. But once I huck my things through the apartment door (and forget to lock it) I see that it's only 8:42, which gives me plenty of time. In spite of that, I feel the anxiety building as 9:00 approaches, and a few steps away from my door I notice how itchy I am and how hot it is which is making me sweat which probably reeks and how my scalp feels like it's crawling and I'm scratching everywhere. Open-mouth chewing my gum and somehow there's confidence under it all, so I double back to hang my jacket by the door, and then leave, again, deciding I don't care how I smell so long as I make it in time.

8:43 and I'm lurching down the sidewalk like a star in a Patterson-Gimlin film, this tight feeling knotting itself into my brow, apeishly picking at my crown, turning my nails black with crud. I'm sure I'm making good time but every minute screams at me and I think of all the things that could slow me down, walking down streets of people I know and hoping to God I don't see them because sweating eyes-wide in the street and muttering “sorry, the liquor store is gonna close” would make me look like a louse—something much smaller than the ape I feel like. But the air feels good with the menthol on my tongue. Making progress.

The blocks evaporate in front of me until there's just one left and I check my phone, finally, and it's 8:54. At that the anxiety sloughs off of me and I feel the little rush of confidence in knowing that I'm going to make it—I can even see the doors now. It's a calm, thoughtless trip through the front and to the rack with the cheap wine, cash-back at the till (\$40), back out the door, gripping the bottle by the neck through my bag, feeling myself calming down and welling up with the confidence that budded earlier. It makes the walk home different: taking the main street, eyeing people and passing through crowds, slowing down a little. I have a loose hold on the plastic bottle in my left hand and I feel my right hand opening and closing as I think. Strangers becomes extremes: women whose bodies I digest with my eyes, and every man a wimpish thug. A glut of confident, hateful anomie. Something tantalising and surreal about it, thoughts ricocheting around my skull in placid silence, a bundled enigma that passes in arm's length of all these people. Then, finally alone, behind locked doors and closed curtains, stripping nude and gulping between shudders. A rushed shower, re-dressing, and out again.

In a few hours it's all obliterated. (How much have you had to drink?) Memories that mean nothing—a smear of faces and drinks and scenes. Lips that press outside, negative space. Glasses clinking. Deliberate looks. Handing bills to a prattling junkie, opining about my father. A girl whose name I can't remember and whose mouth feels like a void. The drunk Quebecer jabbering in French. The strangers who know my face, who know my name. And they all leave me. Nothing left but brief, transient touches, evaporating on dewy skin, evaporating into the fog of declining nights.

The walk home goes on without memory, just tableaux of garbage and concrete, hidden under the oppression of drunkenness. A world that swims, sublimating in the morning to reveal: Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Lying alone, staring up at the same spackle ceiling as yesterday and yesterday's yesterday and so on, each morning a lossless replica of the last one. A night worth little more than a dream.

III

Rusted minivans. Babies in strollers. Dogs on leads. FAT MAN ON BIKE, spandex bib. “Historic district.” Elderly women with tan-wrinkled fat arms cushioned against their sides. Girls with dyed hair, women I'd fuck, memorising bodies and faces, running home to come into the sink with their afterimages still painted on my eyelids. Half-day shadows dwelling on sidewalks. Coffee getting cold. Books unread. Not. Feeling. Anything. Just friction burn on my cock, ache of my ass in a seat for an hour, the weird swell in my eyes pushing out at my temples. Just these physical things that chase me, run me down to ageing oblivion. Drinks still in my gut, long past the alcoholic burn and rush, cheap liquor in alcoves. Pizza boxes, faces I recognise, grass rushing in the breeze, posters signs flags dresses bodies tails wheels masks lamps locks reflections.

Little bugs on the window I want to squash with my thumb, one by one, make little splotches on the glass, dead little swarms, miniature lives.

Pink purse against a black skirt, designer sweaters in the dollar store, platform shoes, hijab, N95. Tattoos and crosses and rainbow knick-knacks. Tiny dog with no nutsack, sewn shut—furry eunuchs everywhere. The impish dyke that laughed at me the one night, looking in at me from the sidewalk. A crawling bubbling feeling in my gut, shit clawing its way to my ass. Nothing stands in the way of nature: shitting pissing fucking sleeping eating and cleaning it all up, prettying the mess of living, dressing it like a doll just to dunk it in a festering swamp. Can't even kill yourself without shitting your pants—I could blow my brains out right here right now in this café and they'd be wiping up turds mixed with gore.

Go to the bathroom, walk in on a bum who shouts me back from the sink. Use the toilet after he leaves and find cum in the bowl. Wipe the seat and remove my shirt (advantage of individual bathroom), door gets tried a half-dozen times while I try to shit, startling me into premature pinches always worried the lock won't hold. They have signs up on the door saying “locked if handle doesn't turn” but people keep fucking trying and pushing and straining against the door and I'm scared to be caught half-nude mid-shit. I smell my own sweat below the anti-septic soapy reek of the room, and I kind of like my own odour but I wipe out the sweat with wet paper towel. When I'm done a certain girl is gone—tall, dark hair, wearing green and white stripes today—but maybe she was shitting in the room next to me. Scared to meet her gaze, I keep seeing her around, makes me forget what I'm saying. Makes me wonder whether she can read “PERVERT” written on my face when she sees me.

Pile of dead bugs below the window. If I focus I can see my reflection in the glass.

ARI



Cerberus set the bulky, dog-eared notebook in front of him and turned up face me again with a metallic squeak from his seat. The sheer frugality of the place - an unkempt rug, roughly wrinkled by the feet of our stamped aluminum folding chairs demarcating an oval on the offwhite linoleum floor, bare bookshelves and cupboards interspersed between cloudy windows, and a faint scent of dust frozen under the dead, plastic ceiling fans - seemed more fitting as host to a budget-constrained support group for a rare terminal illness that no one really cared about. All the same, I was undeniably in the presence of the divine. I could no longer dismiss this as an abnormally lucid dream by now, but I had long lost the need to.

All the noise was gone, after all.





Hello friend!

Today was a peculiar day. Not that much different from others but there were some odd “happenings” that took place. For starters I had this really bad headache. I've had it for 3 days now but today it was particularly the worse. Felt it instantly the moment I got up. The funny thing is I got used to the pain but this one was especially worse. I think it was due to the cold. I didn't see any doctor either, I like to believe I'm resilient and in the most cases I am, but I may be wrong about this..... my head was exploding.

So anyways, I didn't have much to look forward to in the day. My life is pretty much mundane to be honest. So I followed my morning routine as always I got ready for college and headed towards the bus stand. My journey was sufficient long enough for a nap, but I rarely took them. Mostly I listened to songs and think about stuff. This morning was different, all cause of this fucking headache. The thought of taking an holiday didn't come to mind because I didn't have anything to do at home and I couldn't rest cause of this headache. Honestly I didn't do much at home, I've pretty much lost interest in every fun activities I used to do, I like to read sometimes but I've lost interest in it too, I'm thinking of buying a book. But can't choose one.

There's a girl I see occasionally on the bus, she's from a different college. She has a unique vibe to her, she's very silent and cold but I partly understand why. People (men) keep eying her, I didn't notice that until a friend of mine told me how 'hot' she is. You've gotta be cold to deal with something like this. I don't think I can ever handle such situations. I don't like attention and if people gave me unnecessary attention, I would act cold too. We've exchanged glances every now and then, but I never thought much about it. People deserve their privacy. So anyways, this morning she sat besides me, now this was surprising because the bus was nearly empty and how could someone say no to a window seat? I didn't pay much attention at the start, it was definitely odd but this headache didn't make it easy. After a while things got really weird, I mean I could see people eying her from time to time. I definitely felt awkward but I think she's used to it. At one point I got a surge of courage, I was about to say something to her but I didn't. I knew it wouldn't matter. Her stop came and before stepping off she gave me one last look, I think she too acknowledges the emptiness between us. For a moment I believe she smiled too, I should've paid more attention but this fucking headache was killing me. I thought about it, how I will regret it in the future, but as I said it doesn't matter. Relationships in general wasn't my cup of tea, and I don't think I can get into one, given my past. My stop came.

College was just a big blur for me. Not just this day but nearly everyday. I can't say I hated it, because it distracted me. I'll tell you one thing, this life is nothing but suffering and your only goal is to find the right distractions. Our semester was about to end so I didn't have all my classes. I got out early, I never stayed for any extracurricular activities, I have no interests in clubs. At least not now.



I was waiting for the bus when a sudden wave of pain hit me, I nearly forgot about the headache. That's why I said college was a good distraction. The bus arrived, it was fairly crowded, but I managed to spot a empty seat. It's not easy to find a empty seat while returning back. There was a bag on the seat, it was of the guy sitting beside it. He grabbed it when he saw me walking towards him. It was strange cause he held it fairly tightly but I can't argue, I've seen stranger people here. I quickly sat, pulled out my headphones and almost ceremoniously put on an album. Music didn't help for long, the headache was slowly worsening, I don't know for sure but it felt like it. I thought watching some YouTube might help. That's when I noticed the guy besides me. He was not much older than me, at least from the looks. He too had headphones on, but he was zoned out and agitated at the same time. He kept staring intensely at the street. Suddenly he started unzipping his bag, then proceeded to put his headphones in it. I was happy to get the window finally, I thought cool air might help. But he pulled out a gun a shot himself in the head. I felt a sudden jerk as the bus stopped. People were screaming, I had some blood on my face. I moved out of the seat and stepped outside the bus. I was expecting the police but an ambulance came to take the body and moments later the bus was escorted. A man did take my contacts, but they too knew it wouldn't be of much help. What surprised me the most was, my headache was completely gone. I called my father for a ride home.

Apparently the man was a war veteran, recently discharged. He was 29 years old and cause of the death was self inflicted gun shot. Not much was reveled about his identity but it was suggested that he was struggling with PTSD. What I don't understand is how should I feel about this? Because all I know is my headache is gone.

The School of Athens

April arrived, and we, the youth of the new generation, were finally brushing against adulthood, all proper and mature, all pondering the nature of love and our purpose in life. The topic of pornography and sex and all that came up, naturally, and all of us, in our own little School of Athens, began voicing strongly our opinions, quickly forming little unions of ideology: puritans and coomers furiously debating morality and sexual liberation, the puritans leaving in a huff, faces red, not wanting to be associated with the coomers.

Just then, I had noticed that the girls were watching us from afar in disgust (no doubt at the fine, detailed descriptions of certain related terms and subjects), and realized how vulgar and unbecoming it was for a well-mannered, God-fearing Christian such as myself to associate with such base individuals. I would've left with the puritans if it weren't for that I'd been the loudest and most outspoken of the coomers, and so, ashamed, I resigned myself to involuntary celibacy and wrote away any chances of interacting with the opposite sex without being assaulted by disgusted glances and whispers for the next four years. My heart heavy, I stooped over, understanding for the first time why Plato had been sold into slavery.

"This shit has to be in like Puerto Rico or something, dog," said Tom Brown (certainly the most intelligent of the coomers), leaning over to look at someone's phone. Playing was a video from the inside of an adult movie theater: Someone in the front row unironically backflips as a woman moans over Meyer Sound 700-HP subwoofers, the rest of the audience hooting, shouting, and hollering, the cameraman evidently unable to contain his own excitement. The video was immediately nauseating to any individual who dared to gape at it for more than perhaps a few seconds; unarguably a new, hidden technique that the modern filmmaker should study if he aspires, indeed, to change the entire course of cinema. The phone was Charlie Yorke's, Charlie Yorke being the lone, tenacious puritan who had stayed behind to argue; old Charlie Yorke who had resolved maybe even before the argument had begun to change our minds, who was sure that he'd bring us over to the other side by showing us the true depth of the decadence of coomers, poor fearful Jesuit that he was, and so we watched the video, a modern Bosch painting, infinitely absurd and surreal, other-worldly, alien, simply unwatchable, alluring in the terror it struck into our hearts; it was almost unclear as to what was going on. And suddenly rang out a voice: "This shit has me DIAMONDS," and we turned to look at Andrew Miller. Andy was referring to the woman moaning in the background of the video, and we all stared at him, puzzled, confounded, confused, angry, like "What the fuck is wrong with you dog" and "Yo this dude is bugging" and "Damn this nigga down HORRENDOUS," and there we had it: old Charlie Yorke had won, he had shown us the error of our ways, he had exposed Andrew Miller as a wretched, lecherous, deviant; the basest of mankind, a true Devil-worshipping coomer, and there the pillars of our little School of Athens crumbled, all of us in tears, raising our hands in supplication towards our Father the Almighty, denouncing all Worldly Delights, accepting him as our Lord and Saviour, we were salvaged, salvaged from the Fiery Pit; God bless poor old Charlie Yorke!







As the man slipped on his ceremonial boots, winds whistling through the branches of nearby trees, peace consumed him. It was as if the breeze itself was able to blow through the atomic cracks of his flesh, cleansing the blockages in his biological form and allowing him clarity of mind. The experience of being, inspired him with spiritual flames. The journey to the top of the mountain was at the forefront of his mind for the last 60 years and it was finally time that he made the ascent. The final step toward that which he most desired, that which he sought since he was a young man. When man ascends in spirit through the transformative rings of the virtues his consciousness is cleansed, and he is able to see that which a darkened eye makes dim. The man was able to see people as they really were, hungry in heart and frail in mind, evil in all their ways and yet he did not hate them, or accost them for their lack of balance, but he served them with a compassionate, and withering hand; knowing all the while that his sin was equal to theirs. He was filled with fire from heaven. The fire that dampens human carnality, and the need for sexual gratification that is void of true love. Amidst the flame of the spirit, it suffocates the need to gain, and get, and want, and aspire; it allows the freedom of being to flourish and the eye to behold the world as all do at the time of childhood which is the eye of perfect creation; the gods eye, the lens of truth that shows us that we are joy itself when we are free from darkness.

The man started up the mountain. Step by step. Winds blowing. His ceremonial clothing providing assurance of heart more-so than physical protection. A fool, they would say. "He who shirks the truths of physicality cannot be holy", his father once told him. He would say to his son that he was being disingenuous to the gift of reason. A gift that god himself gave to him; the treasure that allows us life in the first place, the drive to gain, and get, and want, and aspire was the only reason humanity has been able to flourish; to perpetuate, and live with meaning. It's not faith that drives the righteous, he would say, but a knowledge that beauty exists all around us, and to discover beauty is to participate in science, not spirituality.

The man would wince at his fathers words in times past, his youthful hope cracking under the pressure of that world that you can see simply by opening your eyes. The broken humans around him, suffering their hunger, and their sorrow, and their misery, all from loss of this or that; separated from the things that they loved fiercely-objects and people alike. This cycle of suffering haunted him for years, and yet his feet and legs continued to propel him to the peak of the mountain to complete his final ritual. To Succumb.

Light filled his eyes and he was able to see the face of god in the rocks and the plants and the skies. It was a smiling face. A face that he knew though a face he once hated; for how could he smile this way when people lay broken, and strewn like shattered glass across the ground around him; suffering their hunger, and their sorrow, and their misery, all from loss of this or that; their child, or there betrothed, or their brother, or themselves. How could a loving father who abides all things allow such a massacre of his children? "God is just as bound to

as men themselves, and all his doings are within the higher laws" His mother once told him. She would say to her son that he was honoring the gift of reason. A gift that God himself gave to him. The treasure that allows us to sail among the seas of life with courage and strength, the drive to gain, and get, and want, and aspire were virtuous as long that they were propelled by the energies of love and compassion; holy energies that were a springboard to a righteous use of our reason and intellect. It is faith that drives the righteous, she would say, and a knowledge that God exists all around us, and to discover God is to participate in science, and spirituality.

As his steps grew closer to the saddle of the mountain he began to see a dark mist forming up ahead. The man standing in awe as he gazed upon this phenomenon. As he got closer the darkness within the mist began to burn his eyes as if he was looking at a bright light. He then heard a voice that found its way into his mind.

My son, you have traveled far to see me upon my throne. Are you ready to gaze upon my body?

The Man had fallen to his knees and was in a state of awe. Tears streaming down his face. He had a sense that he was close to coming home, to reaching the center, to discovering the last piece.

I am ready.

His heart burst with primordial groans and sobbing. Presently the darkness morphed in his minds eye and it seemed as though a blockage had been removed from his vision. The dark mist revealed itself as something like light, on a spectrum that his eyes were unable to see before. What stood before him wasn't human looking in form, but it was familiar; as if by some biological, and spiritual machinations he was connected to this being. It was as if he belonged with this creature. It was as if this creature was the kingdom of God and he wanted to enter in.

He was paralyzed with a serenity, light flooded his eyes and filled his brain with phantasms. All of the people of the earth flashed before his mind. All structures. All geological formations and their history- all of the sorrows of man swirled before him in a comprehensible shape. His own atonement had come upon him and he was descending through the pit of darkness. Eyes fixed on the creature until darkness surrounded him; there was but a pin prick of light, and in the center was the creature, beaming. He was unable to move. He fell from the mountain in his mind and ascended again and became aflame in the sunny spaces. Flooded by joy and peace the man started to walk toward the creature, his final steps of mortality looming on the precipice of a new day. Loud thrumming of his biological form grew loud in his ears as he glided toward his final destination. All matter warbling around him in new colors that were delicious to his eyes.

Thank you my son.

And then In a heartbeat the creature unlatched its jaws and partook of the ripe specimen. This began the mans integration into the kingdom of God.

jacob dust

☐ Anonymous 07/01/22(Fri)21:43:09 No.20614635 ►

>>20614628 (You)

>if you actually read the magazine

Haha no. Faggot.



/b/ - Random

The stories and information posted here are artistic works of fiction and falsehood.
Only a fool would take anything posted here as fact.

[Start a New Thread]

08/21/20 New boards added: /vrpg/, /vmg/, /vst/ and /vm/
05/04/17 New trial board added: /bant/ - International/Random
10/04/16 New board for 4chan Pass users: /vip/ - Very Important Posts

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by Pilgrim

Surely Awesome



presented by

& Magazine

Tips And Tricks

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File: [frog.jpg](#) (7 KB, 188x200)



☐ Anonymous 07/02/22(Sat)12:34:49 No.881271987 ►

>Be me
>Successful job, nice car, blooming social life. Normalfag on the outside but a /b/tard on the inside.
>Had this female best friend. Been friends since childhood. Can no longer remember her name, let's call her Stacey.
>Stacey became more and more comfortable around me. She began showing off her body more. Like walking around her house in just socks, underwear, and a white t-shirt. No bra. I definitely took notice after a little while. I remember she used to wear those bright white nike tube socks.
>Being a /b/tard, began taking creepshots any chance I could get. Got some really nice ones, too. Lots of feet pics. Began posting the pics on /b/ and asking other anons what they would do to her. You know the type of threads.
>This continued for a few years at the most, the addictive cycle of taking pics, posting them, then masturbating to what other anons said they wanted to do to her body. Never even really jacked off to her actual photos now that I think about it. Well, maybe the ones of her feet.

>Newfetishunlocked.jpg

>One day accidentally doxx her. Forgot to blur something in the background I guess. Some anon finds her address, email, and phone number and posts it on /b/.

>Panic.gif

>Several threads pop up on /b/ dedicated to her, everyone dying for nudes. Anons post their cum-stained love letters and email her paragraphs of how they could easily kidnap and rape her. A few post cum tributes. You know, dudes cum on shit quality pics of her printed out on a piece of paper then snap a pic to post. Words like pig, fucktoy, breeding bitch, cumdumpster, and beautiful all get thrown around in the threads. One anon even posted proof that he had sent her a dick pic through the mail.

>> ☐ Anonymous 07/02/22(Sat)12:37:25 No.881272097 ►

>Despite how afraid I was of the blowback, this shit aroused me to no end. Lurked and masturbated to those threads almost five times a day. Anons smothered her in dicks and constant DMs confessing their love, threatening rape, kidnap, beatings, sex slavery, any form of depravity you can name.
>Absolutely loved every minute of it, and somewhere along the way I fell in love with her. Or maybe just the thought of her. But that's not important.
>One night she had me over she got real quiet and after thirty minutes of asking the bitch what was wrong she finally confessed. Spilled the whole story. Even showed me the actual picture.
>Nicecock.jpg
>Hours passed by and this sob story just dragged on. By that point I was just shocked the bitch still had tears left to cry. Brain and boner worked together to come up with a plan to halt the sad circus.
>Twoniggaskissing.png
>Touched her hand and leaned in for a kiss. Brain went monkey mode.
>Getbusycoomingorgetbusydying.exe
>Fast forward, in her bedroom, undressed
>Sneak a couple of shots of her ass, tits, and bare feet for /b/. Suddenly as we were about to get to it, she grabbed both of my arms and tried to stop me.
>Whattheactualfuck.gif
>She mumbled some sort of half-assed excuse about how I'm like her brother and it felt wrong for her and that she should've never let me get this far and she was sorry for leading me on, she was just having a difficult week, etc etc.
>Mind you, my dick is literally out at this point. You fuckers should've seen my face at that moment.
>We got dressed in silence and she sat, pouting on the bed. She didn't even answer me when I spoke to her so I just let myself out and went home.

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>> ☐ **Anonymous 07/02/22(Sat)12:39:46 No.881272183** ▶

>This fucking stupid cunt. Fucking decades of friendship for what? Stupid fucking prude bitch walks around all the time showing off her body. Fucking dumb whore literally friendzoned me after being friends for fucking decades. No, worse, she familyzoned me. After all I've fucking done for that fucking cocksleeve.
>We don't speak for a few weeks.
>Then one day I hear from a mutual friend that Stacey has been seeing this other guy.
>Apparently he's some college ball-fondler and is also making big bank working at his father's law firm. Name isn't important.
>Immediately go to /b/ to dump my anger. Go straight into the Stacey thread and write up a greentext amounting to basically what I have written above. As I write, I remember the nudes I had snapped.
>Lightbulb.exe
>"Yeah, and also I got the bitch's nudes if anyone cares."
>Bigfuckingbait.webm
>Wait for some anon to ask before I commence the dump. Spend the meantime blurring her face, cropping the photos, ect. Can't have the same thing happen again. If these get leaked then she'll know it was me. Jesus. That thought made me hard.
>"Anon, post tits and feet. Ass is for apes."
>Ok there's my cue, dump incoming.
>Fight my way through countless captchas but finally finish the dump. Sixty photos all together.
>Dump train gets interrupted by someone calling the other anon a faggot.
>Crowd goes wild at the greentext and pics. Everyone dogpiled saying I should've just raped her right then and there and called me a faggotpussyretardincel for not doing it.
>MFW I could've
>MFW I should've
>One anon even posted detailed instructions on how to do it, saying it's easy and that they had done it before and gotten away with it.
>It did seem easy. I have often masturbated to the thought of forcing myself onto her.
>Reply back for more details.
>Followed anons instructions, found the when and where.

>> ☐ **Anonymous 07/02/22(Sat)12:41:47 No.881272245** ▶

>She goes after work on Mondays to the soccer field and practices, rain or shine. Weather was shitty that day (it had rained the night before) and there was barely anyone at the park.
>At the park, I sat in my car, going over the details in my head. Was planning on grabbing her as she was heading to her car. Had the duct tape ready, mask already on. The gloomy clouds meandered across the sky, looking heavy with more rain.
>Look up from my lap and see some dark-skinned 6'4 motherfucker with a basketball jersey on headed for the bathroom. Good, that's one less potential witness.
>Cock is literally throbbing from the anticipation. Even typing this out brings back the memories of how painfully my dick fought against the denim of my pants. Sweat beads on my forehead. Sweat prickles my palms under the nitrile gloves. Sweat glazes my crotch. Any moment now.
>Look up at the field and don't see her.
>Ohshit.webm
>Right before I start to flip I see her headed for the bathroom.

>> ☐ **Anonymous 07/02/22(Sat)13:05:06 No.881273242 ▶**

>Nowsmychance.gif
>Leave the car before I chicken out.
>Nerves cause me to speed walk over to the bathroom hut. Check if any NPCs are looking then slide into the women's room.
>She was in the stall furthest to the right. Check under the other stalls. Just her. Thank god.
>I could almost feel our energies struggling against one another, much like our bodies would be doing in moments. My skin felt invisible, like I was standing there bare, just bones and muscle. >The hum of the fluorescent lights vibrated its way into my spinal cord.
>The lock on the door clicked and the dingy plastic slab slowly pivoted inward
>I jumped upon her like a snake striking the plumppest mouse it's ever seen in its scaly, hellish life.

>> ☐ **Anonymous 07/02/22(Sat)12:43:28 No.881272315 ▶**

>We fell backwards into the stall, between the wall and the stained toilet.
>The sound of duct tape rang out, cutting the fluorescent buzz. Before she could throw a punch I had her mouth wrapped tight in the silver tape. Her muffled screams only served to pump my blood faster and bring closer the end of her virginity. I had no clue what she had been doing in the stall before I showed up because moments after we hit the floor she began to piss herself. I didn't notice at first, I was too focused on her claw digging at my thick cotton ski mask. But seconds later I felt the warmth emanating from her crotch leak onto the floor and make its way to the drain. My shoes squeaked trying to gain traction on the urine coated tiles.
>Her fists felt good, almost. A corporeal response to an action that came from the deepest pits of my amygdala. An imagined action. I was no longer attached to my body. It felt like my soul hovered far above the sweaty, pissy, contorting flesh pile that writhed in dueling agony and euphoria on the floor close enough to the toilet to kiss it. This was a release, this was therapy.
>This bitch was finally going to pay.
>I reached under her shirt and worked my way up to her sports bra, neon green, and pulled it upward. My blood was rushing and the only thing that could calm the storm was her tan, sweaty flesh. I wished to despoil it and devour it like a worm amidst a corpse. My fingers were like the nickel claws of those prize games where the player never wins the stuffed animal and is forced to retreat home, a loser. The claw lowered and gripped.
>Flesh met flesh.
>Then my stomach jumped. Or flopped. Or whatever, something happened and I almost puked all over her. I felt like I had been hit in the balls by a fucking semi. Like my guts had been spewed out across the hot summer asphalt and gawked at by grade school kids on their way home from Sunday's church service.

>> ☐ **Anonymous 07/02/22(Sat)12:44:48 No.881272369 ▶**

>The sickness overwhelmed me and I snatched my hand away from her tender pale breast that I lusted for.
>After a few microseconds her tears had begun to compromise the integrity of the duct tape and her panicked screams became much more audible.
>Never buy Duccy brand duct tape BTW.
>Anyway, feeling like I had to puke, I got up and released the sobbing mess that used to be my bestfriend and scrambled out the door as fast as the piss-slick tile would allow. I burst out of the women's room and rammed the door of the men's as I entered, making a hell of a sound.
>Guess I frightened the man at the urinal because the retard turned around mid stream, cock in hand, and, shouting in fright, just continued to piss on me. My hands went up to cover my face but in moments I was covered belly down in a fresh coat of warm urine. His eyes looked in horror between my legs, now covered in warm wetness, at my engorged erection that I had forgotten to stuff back into my pants. I looked down at his cock which seemed to wave and sway like a hypnotic black cobra.
>It was much larger than mine and slick with summer sweat. Glistening almost.
>Momentofsilence.gif
>It felt like my already flushed face somehow turned a brighter shade of red and instead of words I only offered him a weak whimper before I burst back through the door, sprinting to my car.
>Got onto the interstate.
>Driving, soaked in piss and still miserably erect, the horny demon continued choking me to death with its tail wrapped vise-tight around my neck. Going 80 down the interstate. Couldn't hold it in any longer.
>Sun went down and decided to get off the highway. Parked behind some slimy motel.

>> ☐ **Anonymous 07/02/22(Sat)12:45:50 No.881272405 ▶**

>Began to furiously masturbate. I still had the gloves on but I didn't care, I had to coom. The smell of piss filled my nostrils as I pleased myself. I tried to remember her musk, the smell of sweet sweat and bitter grass. My pace quickened, jack-hammering my clenched fist down the shaft of my cock, chasing my thoughts. The smell of the dirty bathroom floor. The smell of her piss as well. Her face hovered behind my eyelids but I didn't recognize it. The important part of the tape and tears remained, but the eyes and hair shifted. Focused only on the tip now, small, quick movements, barely going further than an inch down my shaft. The gagged moans, the feel of her feeble fists and suddenly his thick brown cock. My senses had reached their saturation point. Then long deep strokes reaching from tip to base. Between all of that potent stimuli, I was sustained until orgasm.
>I shit you not, /b/, that was the biggest load of my life.
>Like the opening of a flood gate, cum gushed from my cock at high velocity, forcefully splattering all over the ceiling and dripping down onto me. Much like a burst water valve, my semen continued to pump and spray and gush from my dick until it filled the car and threatened to drown me. Once I opened the door of the car, the cum rushed out onto the pavement like river rapids.
>Pulled out my phone and searched through my contacts to blocked her number.
>I can't even remember her face at this point. She was nothing to me. A stair to be stepped upon. A hole to fill.
>Basically had sex since my hand touched her body which has a vagina so
>Cya l8r, virgins.



Bones of the City

The night hangs soft against its neon backdrop, those lonely lights reaching out as far as they can go. With a little less clutter, a little less obsessive illumination, one could have seen from this vantage the sea in the instantiation of its shifting dispositions. As it were, one cannot. Sea smells drift inland still, across asphalt and refuse, flowing round concrete spires stuck like crucifixes into the innocent earth. The corrupting cores of things only borrowed cry out their smattering protests in heel, brogue, and merriment. I busy myself with the cracks in the pavement.

A passerby feigns disinterest in Plato's travels through the near East, though one and all might be benefited by an understanding of the Vedic roots of all Western thought. Another arrests only shortly her onwarding towards something, or another, to deposit within my cup a certain quantity of currency. Just as soon as she's past, the cup's contents are sent into the gutter. It's only fitting. Within the tangle and overgrowth of my head I sprout outwards, and none might say otherwise. I submerge myself in the cracks in the pavement.

From time to time I catch a beating. You never know. I don't begrudge them it, or it them. The neon lights dance in the eye. The fists fall, never rising, though from time to time so the same do my eyelids.

"Finnegans Wake," I am told on one such occasion, between the blows, "has ruined literature forever." I feel my nose break. "Riverine," one. "Riverine," two. "Riverine," three. He grabs my outstretched hand and pries apart my middle and index fingers. I feel them break too. A fist hangs heavy and red against the softly hanging night against its neon backdrop. "A river runs," he says. There's a look in his eye and that look is Death. There is no moon.

Before I go much further, it bears mention that these accounts are of an admittedly dubious authenticity and may safely be assumed to never have happened at all. In corollary, it may equally and safely be assumed that these events might occur in the future. Perhaps they have occurred already in the forgotten past. It is eminently possible, according to some scholars, that they have always occurred and always will, which in my opinion constitutes a near-heretical dilution of a number of concepts; namely: time and always. I was born with this knowledge and sometimes permit myself to forget. When it comes time I die—and nigh high time it's become—I'll return that knowledge to the cosmic well from which knowledge is drawn... or so the stains on hermeneuticians' lonesome socks might have you believe. All the same, I ask that any future scholar not let her critical eye linger overlong on the banality of human inconsistency. I am sure that there are certain apocryphal details which have escaped my notice and which may warrant a more thorough examination than I am able to provide in my meandering apophasy.

After all, I lay claim to no great truth sitting cloistered at the held centre of anything. Truth, as far as I can tell, has only a wavering penultimacy to it. You can brush up against the stuff as fast-food wrappers waft by on the breeze, or in concrete abrading raw your fallen palms. You can feel it hammering at the door with heavy fists. But you cannot look upon it any more than you can look upon a man and watch his heart beat.

The windows watch stoic as my beating continues. A policeman walks by with his woman, arms intertwined, a Gordian affair in 7/16 swing time. Their approach brings with them a powerful umami. The officer stoops for a moment to investigate, and, finding no crime, resumes his enthusiastic soliloquy on the precise dimensions of his penis. For her part, the woman seems duly receptive. For his part, the badge holds its tepid dollarstore glint.

Oh, but the pain is quite too much! Should I protest my treatment? Shall I grovel? No, no, not quite. I'm not there yet. As the officer walks away, his footsteps match for a moment the rhythm of the blows impacting my face, in that way by which cars' turn signals, though slightly out of phase, can for a time match one another in near perfect symmetry before breaking away.

"Oh shit!" says my assailant. "I'm sorry."

"Sorry for what?" I ask. My voice sounds strange through the mess of my nose. His voice pulls me back in.

"I didn't know," he says. In a window's reflection I watch him quit his straddling over my crumple up against the wall.

"No harm, no foul."

"Sure, alright."

"Sure, you said it."

"Sure," but what is? though we linger in silence. Wiping my nose leaves a long, red trail across my forearm. Death hides cornered and skulking in averted eyes. Across the street a storefront displays a stack of televisions twenty feet tall. They depict a politician and the words coming out of his mouth are politics. The gathered crowd intuit the meaning of his words although there is no sound. My friend says something and expects a response although there is no sound. Thunder rolls overhead and I need to get to the sea. The thunder reminds me of the policeman's penis. I struggle to my feet, using my cup for leverage. The cup feels cool and smooth under the rawness of my palm until it shatters. I wipe my hand on my dungarees and leave the shards behind.

Storms on the island come in from the west and depart in the east across the inland shrublands. I need to get to the sea, and since the storms come in from the sea from the west, I need to head into the easterly storm. I set off, walking fast as I am able, hobbling through transitive areas where the merry veneer fades and peels off its concrete substrate to reveal stiff utilitarianism; where the boots wear cracked leather in worn grey disrepair and bottles lay in piles under flickering streetlights; where vine creeps slowly up walls abandoned to the mercy of their construction; where the voices are faint and the faces reach out from their darkness in only dim relief. Abovehead, the storm's dusky fingers steal neon from the streets below and store it in its center.

The path behind fades into the path ahead, lost in fog and whipping rain. Pavement gives way, shifting from its callous uniformity to rock dust and volcanic sand. The storm overtakes what lies beneath it. I am soaked to the bone and cold.

I stop for a time beneath an awning, an impromptu thing beyond design, formed by the chance leaning of a grand monolith of some forgotten significance, long since having escaped its foundations to find rest against the rubble of an old shop. Its lower face bears the soot and oily grime of a thousand campfires, granting to rain rivulets running ever downward the solute essence of its wakeless vigil. It strikes me as a great slumbering.

The rubber soles of my shoes have detached and must be discarded. I remove my slippers and continue on. None can live permanently beyond this point, or at some similar point in immediate precession. The streetlights here cast no light and hang skewed, askance if they remain upright at all. Although there was at one point a street here, littered with crowding buildings like saplings fighting for light, time has weathered the place down to a crumbling valley. Where the buildings once rose tall they sag gently inwards and formless, wearing only their compositions. A trick of perspective gives the path forward a sense of narrowing on its journey to the horizon, on its path to the sea, whereupon it must cease entirely. Although this is logical, all things having an end, I cannot confirm any accounts independently. I have never seen it myself and know no man who has.

I don't know how much time has passed. My feet bleed and cannot scab over unless I stop. If I stop I will never get where I am going. I cannot go back through the barrens. If I am to make it back, I must find food, water, a place to rest a moment; if I am to make it back. A swirling panic emerges in my chest and races up the throat to radiate outwards, finding home in the crook of the shoulderblades, the small of the back. A woolen band encircles itself around my temples and I cannot get it off. My fingers find only skin and hair, rainwater and sweat, blood and its faint underlying pulsation. Although my skin is cold, my blood burns hot underneath and cannot escape. I pull my shirt off. The heat is in my head it's in my head. I cannot pull my head

off although I try. I slam my fist once into my broken nose to let the hot blood escape and the world comes through in waves fuzzing at their edges. The hot blood pours fresh out my nose and the pain brings focus in equal measure on the south face of its screaming peak.

"I can't turn back," I say. If I am heard I receive no reply, although I do remove my pants. My legs are molten pillars encased by cool lead but continue to function so I continue walking towards the sea. The sea blows back at me, the force of its rains raising tiny welts on my naked body that sting like sand. The thunder's pyrrhic roil portends violence ahead.

The concrete cairns beside me fade in height, then away altogether in a great agonal sigh, a final shrug into undulating dune and narrow run. The wind kicks up vortices on the beach as I maneuver the dunes. And then, all at once, the dunes fall away and before me extends the storm's surging fury. With nothing to break the wind, I am bowled back and over, across the last dune. I crawl back to defilade and bear some manner of witness. The wind lifts my rain-soaked hair behind me and sprawls it outwards. Waves crash down from their curls twenty, thirty feet up and crater the beach where they land. A receding wave, carrying sand, deposits within a wave-crater its complement before retreating in full. It is as it was until next it's not.

Why am I here? Men better than I have asked the same, and lesser men have answered. I'm unsure. A storm rages ahead surely as it does behind. I can't live here any more than I can back there. I am here to get to the sea, which stretches out before me. At the same time, I am here at the sea that stretches out before me. I am here at the sea. I am here. I am.

The storm lasts twenty years and one day. When I die, my bones are washed away from land, and from one another.

Korwił Korczak





Clenched

by Cemetery Hill



Hand stretched out
To grasp at nought
Catching air
Is all you've got
Anguished appendage
Cast in bronze
To spend eternity
Forever reaching
Never meeting
Who crafted you?
Your fingers screeching
Who left you unfinished,

deficient, sketchy
Partial and patchy
Only a study,
Declares the creator
Unfit to be joined
To the whole that is greater



A

s Gregor Samsa awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a gigantic crab.

"I'm a fucking crab baby, Crab Gregor!!!"

Gregor scuttled across the room in an odd yet surprisingly natural sideways manner, his 6 legs moving as if he had not just woken up with them.

The door, much taller than he remembered was also much thinner, "How can I open the door? I'm a fucking craaaaaab!! Oh yeah!!!" Exclaimed Gregor as he ran into the door. Nothing really happened—he ran into it sideways and just crunched into the door. No pain oddly.

"Crab Gregor!!!" He shouted as he used his claws to start punching holes in the door.

Surprisingly his family did not hear him making this racket.

After a time that was neither short nor long he had made his hole, his claws seemingly bearing no damage.

Once a hole was made Gregor tried to attract attention; "Muuuum, Muuum I'm a fucking craaaaaab!!!"



*And he woke up and realized
he was turned into a crab
during the night.*

'Awww hell yeah im a FUCKING CRAB BABIEEEEE'

But inside Gregor was not laughing, why would his Mum be laughing? Perhaps he was a funny looking crab?

"Ha" Thought Gregor, a funny crab. I am a crab. Why am I a crab. Can I not be a crab?

Gregor tried to will himself back into being a human, expectantly it did not work.

Best I better make the most of this, now what can I do as a crab?

"Gregor, it's breakfast come down and stop being silly"

"I'm a fucking crab, baby!! I also can't get out of my room!"

Her stomping footsteps seemed to make the house shake.

"Gregor why is there a hole in your door?"

"Just open the door Mum"

She opened the door and was greeted with the sight of Crab Gregor. He was standing on the tips of his six legs as if trying to make himself appear taller. His eyestalks were darting around looking her up and down, he was not used to this perspective. His claws clicked in front of him as if in nervous anticipation.

"Gregor" She said in a low, nervous voice, "Is that you?"

"Yeah, I'm a fucking crab, Crab Gregor!!!"

"Can you turn back?"

"I don't think so, who cares I am a fucking craaaab oh yeaaaaah!!!"

"Stop swearing Gregor, that's most unlike you"

And with that she shut the door. He heard laughter from the other side.


The End

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AUTHORIZED
SHITPOST
http://LampByLit.com

anon
to Lena
9:17 AM
wow that was a terrible submission. if you tried harder you would suck less.
thanks tho! I'm much obliged. I'll fire this into 014 immediately. consider submitting
again if you decide not to kys. talk soon!

Reply Forward





But like the author of *Hagakure*,
I was born in the wrong era.

I'll probably die in bed

after a life spent dreaming
of a very different end.

Shower Thoughts of Apricots

Shower thoughts,
Of apricots,
And succulent peaches,
Or the strawberry shape,
From hot and moist reaches,
Or the nub of the grape,

You're welcome to stare,
At the luscious pear,
At the honeydew melons,
Unchaste without sprig,
Of the furtive, ripe fig,
Out a garden of Helen's,
Those low-hanging fruits,
Fervent to pluck,
With lush attributes,
The nectar to suck,

Tongue-tying cherries,
So seedy, seduce,
And plumpened blackberries,
With tarty-sweet juice,
A mandarin, petite, and cute,
And sensual, the passion fruit,

To taste of the flesh,
The voluptuous skin,
The honey drips fresh,
From deep within,
Orbed tangerines,
Or the pert nectarines,
And all they secrete,
Is wonderfully sweet,
While always the flowers,
Petals pink and soft,
Bloom fresh in just hours,
And give their fruit oft,

On your first date,
Your appetite sate,
Reach out and grope,
Get a good squeeze of
That heft cantalope,
Or whatever you please of
Fruit that's forbidden,
By fragrant figs hidden,
Slowly unpeel them,
Uncover, reveal them,
In hot shower thoughts,
Let yourself feel them,
And you can kumquats.





emo
slowcore
indie rock
math rock
noise rock
post-punk
post-hardcore
etc.



PAST

PRESENT

9PM-EST WEDNESDAYS // CFRC.CA
9PM-EST MONDAYS // LURADIO.CA

☐ Anonymous 07/04/22(Mon)21:22:45 No.20630981 ▶ [>>20630985](#) [>>20631001](#) [>>20631074](#)

[>>20630863](#)

The highly influential Japanese noise band Hijokaidan was founded by Jojo Hiroshige who was a Hawkwind fanatic, the 'song' Silver Machine on 'Tapes' is a cover of the Hawkwind song of the same name:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aBCWxjV_M64 [Remove]

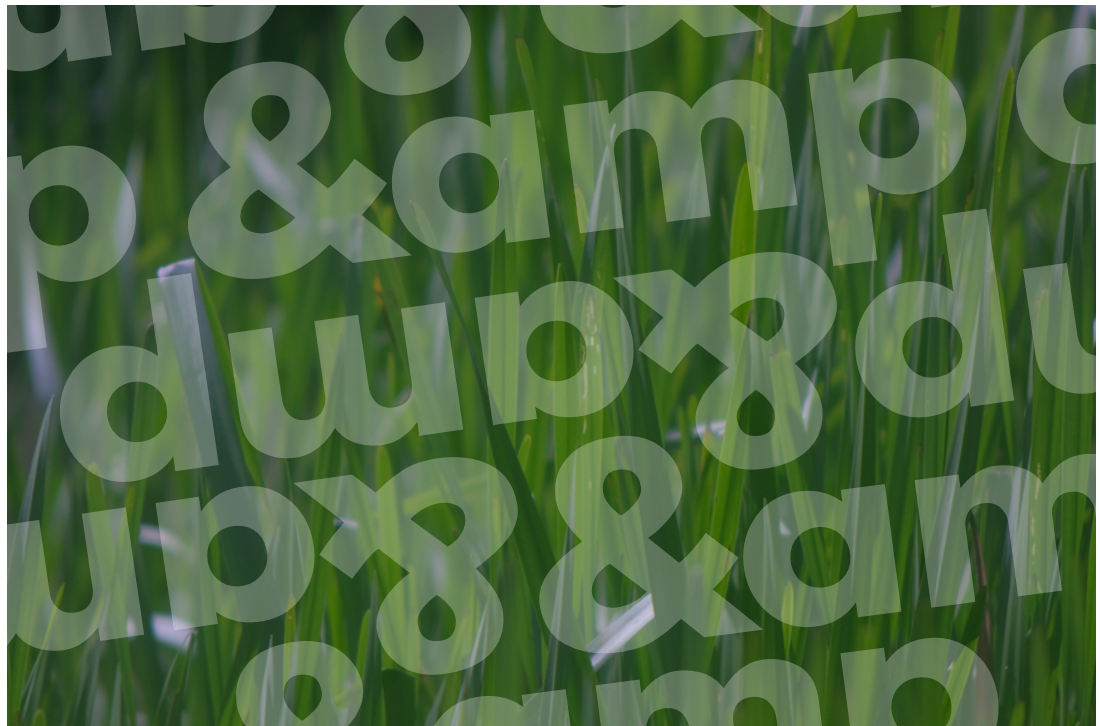


En route to the post office, my younger brother, twelve at the time, discussed his day at school with our parents after his father reflexively requested him to do so. With one of the buds of his in-ear headphones hanging from his collar, the disharmonious clicking of a synthetic snare drum was perfectly audible. In an lazy tone that, it seems, only I had the capacity to interpret as telling him to shut up and leave him alone with his faggy rap playlist, he dejectedly described for the third day in a row a documentary series about the Pearl Harbor bombing that played in their history class in place of a lecture. His father then asked why the Japanese thought it was a good idea, under the impression that he paid attention to anything besides the CGI-rendered dogfights. In response, the middle schooler spewed out a few confused monosyllables, eventually concluding his answer just as unintelligibly as it was prompted, mumbling something like 'the Japanese hated everyone who wasn't Japanese'.

Disappointed by the inattentive pre-teen that he had lobotomized with an Internet connection, his father asked me, seventeen at the time, for a better response. I quickly refused, reminding him that my involvement would defeat the educational purpose of the entire exchange; this was a test of my brother's studiousness, not mine. It would be deus ex machina all the same, no matter how petty the scale was.

In resignation he then answered his own question, being descriptive enough to make the kid lose interest a fraction of the way in, meaning he was barely as informative as the first paragraph of the bombing's Wikipedia entry. Without so much as an acknowledging grunt in response - the kind you would give a talkative, teenage waiter out of pity - he asked my brother if he was still paying attention as he was about to discuss the context of the fuel embargo. I looked away from the window to see him hunched over his phone, not having deviated from that pose since the start of the ride half an hour ago. After a few seconds he let out an exasperated 'uhhh'. Fuming, his father hastily threw his hands behind his seat towards the dumber of his two sons, rapping his chubby, pale fingers against the plastic ceiling of the SUV while furiously chanting 'Give me your phone, give me your phone!' through clenched teeth. And so he did, resorting to twiddling his thumbs in frustration. His mother remained as apathetic as usual.

Consequently, the rest of the outing fell into abject silence as the antipathy awkwardly hung in the air, even well after the return trip.



FLEXÜR

by
ESHA CLEMPF

Highly innovative. Clempf experiments with bizarre techniques like 'off-stage direction' and maximalist monologue.

Lori
Facebook

Unwatchable. An improvised disaster.

Benjamin
Study Participant

Skip it. After four hours, the best part is the end.

Esha
Playwright

A play
for the
stage
but not
for the
players.



Alas, poor literature! I knew him, /lit/: a discipline
of infinite jest, of most excellent standing: it hath
sent me to the books a thousand times; and now, how
abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rims at
it. Here hung those lines that I have quoted I know
not how oft. Where be your students now? your
standing? your crown? your flashes of ethics,
that were wont to set the world on a roar? Not one
now, to mock your own demise ? quite chap-fallen?
Now get you to my people's minds, and tell them, let them read chapters an inch thick, to this favour they must revere; make them clap at that.
Prithee, /lit/, tell me one thing.
What's that, my lord?
Dost thou think Philology looked o' this fashion i'
the earth?
E'en so.
And smelt so? Pah!
E'en so, my lord.
To what base uses we may return, /lit/! Why may
not imagination trace the noble art of philology till he find it translating pidgin?
'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.
No, faith, not a jot; but to follow it thither with
modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus:
Philology died, Philology was buried, Philology returneth into thought ; the thought is our mind; of the mind we make loam;
and why of that loam, whereto it was converted, might they not stop some sophism?
Imperious Philosophy, dead and turn'd to theory,
Now stops a man from being cheery.
O, that that school, which kept the world in awe
Should patch a point to expel the critic's flaw!
But soft!

but soft awhile!





Monster Deer

The bell to the rinky shop on route eleven gave a jingle on behalf of the man passing through the steamy door. The floorboards would creak for any other man but Bill Fletcher had a way with walking that could put any model on a walkway to shame. As it stood, Bill was a gruff brute one would never guess to know any tact. Yet he knew how to walk without making a sound and he knew what he wanted.

"Evening, Bill," said the old man behind the counter.

"Bill," said the younger man who sat across from the counter like he was at a bar for a drink.

Cliff, as the sign outside would tell anyone, was the owner of the little hunting shop. Joey, as it would seem, had nothing better going on tonight than to sit around and listen to the fuzzy radio with Cliff. Bill greeted them plainly with a, "fellas."

"What are you in the market for tonight?" Cliff asked, touching his greying beard as he spoke.

"Depends," Bill said, resting his body at the counter, "you talking game or what I need?"

"What more could you possibly want?" Joey asked. "Thought you killed more than your share already."

Cliff nodded, "I was talking to Franklin at the range. Said it was hard season for him and the two bucks he turned in were yours. Same with Wickerson. What are you up to, Bill? Six kills? Ain't that enough?"

"Ain't ever enough," Bill said.

"Hell of a shot, aren't you, Bill?" Joey let out a chuckle. Too loud, Bill thought, he knew he would never take Joey along with him given the noise he was always making. "You really like killing, don't you?"

"No. Not about that. I just like the hunt. Season ain't over yet and a man needs something to look forward to. No harm in giving some meat to the fellas not bringing home anything. I'm tracking one more right now. Joey, I'll even let you turn this one in, even though they'll never believe you bagged it. No, this is a special one I'm after. One I'll need an extra kick for."

"So what can I get ya?" Cliff asked, his hand clung to his beard in suspense.

"Full metal rounds."

"Christ, Bill," Cliff said, "you hunting rhino?" Bill only shook his head. "Then what do you need them rounds for?"

"Monster deer," Bill said.

"Monster deer?" Joey asked, ready to chuckle again

Bill gave a stern look and repeated himself. "Monster deer." Joey kept himself from chuckling for once. "A beast, white as snow. Big but clever. A lot like yours truly, now that I think about it. So it's only right I'm the one to get it. Franklin tried. Boy, did he try. Wasted half the season looking for it. Showed me the cams too. And the tracks. It's out there. Don't get me wrong, I like the man but he was never up for the task."

"Franklin never said anything to me about a white stag," Cliff scoffed. "Say it actually is out there."

"It is out there," Bill interrupted, "and I'm getting it tonight. I figured out exactly where its territory is. Right down the road and in the woods some ways. Between the range and Wickerson's property."

At this Joey's mouth parted open while no words came. Cliff's thick brows rose up and wrinkled his face worriedly. The only sound, however, came from the radio which began to go choppy. The singer on the radio became muffled, their lyrics skipping themselves, before finally the song returned to normal.

Cliff managed to speak after gathering his wits, "That area, Bill..."

"It's no one's land," Bill said. "I asked Wickerson. He said it ain't his. Range doesn't go back that far either. It's an untapped wilderness, Cliff. A narrow streak of land. That deer has to be there. It's where all the tracks lead. Where all the sightings would suggest. If it ain't there, then I'll retire after tonight."

"You might just want to retire now, Bill," Cliff said. "I've heard of that valley. It ain't safe there. I ain't telling no ghost stories either. That land is odd. Real odd. You'll lose your footing and fall off all them ledges I can see from the range. Not to mention it's real secluded. You don't know you might find out there."

"I appreciate the concern, Cliff. I really do. But, I reckon I killed six deer in a couple of months so I know what I'm doing."

"As you say, Bill."

Joey spoke up then, "Are you sure you want to go tonight? It's already dark, man. Cliff's right when he talks about, well, walking off a cliff."

"It's got to be tonight. That deer don't come out in day. Way I figure, it's hunting too and it's doing it at night. So if you don't mind, Cliff. I'll take that ammo."

They wished him luck when he left the shop though Bill gathered it wasn't for catching the deer. On the ride down the road, Bill thought of all the years he had been hunting.

He was twenty-one when he shot his first doe. He had taken at least one buck every year since then. He figured he wasn't the young man he once was but he didn't doubt for a moment that tonight would be his crowning achievement.

Off of route eleven, Bill took to the trail along the range. He drove into the brush quietly before stepping out of his truck to greet the night air. It was cooler here. Cooler than it was around Cliff's shop where the heat would always seem to concentrate. Away from civilization, Bill entered the cold domain of the white stag. A sliver of land untouched by man's hands. He felt like a pioneer entering some great new frontier. But damn, he thought as he descended the valley, what a chill there was tonight.

Where the lights in Cliff's shop would buzz annoyingly, the mosquitoes which had come to welcome Bill proved far more irksome. Bill swatted at them as carefully as he could. He knew how to round them up with the proper twirl of his hand and how to push the bloodsuckers away. These were the things Bill had learned to do quietly in his hunting career. Above all he knew to be silent.

Wickerson would complain about the bug bites he would collect from his tree stand. The man was a better drunk than a hunter, Bill thought as he delved deeper into the darker swath of the valley. Bill never cared to stay in one place for too long. Wickerson's love for his stand was the reason why he would never catch the white stag behind his backyard, Bill thought. Then again, he considered, most men couldn't tread without a sound like he could anyway. Once more he told himself, 'only I can catch this beast.'

The cool wind touched across his rugged face as the trees grew higher around him in the valley. That was good, Bill thought. A deer's greatest asset was its nose. Bill never did shower for the ladies. But he was happy for a bar of soap if it meant removing his scent from the deer. He wiped his red nose, the cold starting to get the better of him, and focused his eyes on the terrain as he traveled against the wind.

He told himself again, 'only I can catch this beast,' when he found the tracks along the muddy opening. Tracks as fresh as they were large. He was in the right area, he knew. He only wished the narrow valley wasn't so dank and foul. The land deeper in was more of a bog than a forest. Puddles turned to stretches of ponds around him, making it difficult to navigate, but Bill made due as he always did.

Bill didn't care for the crow yelling at him from up in its tree. Too close to its nest, he figured. He was happy to get away from it. Quiet as the glowing moon above, Bill scurried around the thin black watered pond, following the deer's tracks. He spotted something white out of the corner of his eye and excitedly took aim. To his disappointment, Bill had turned in time to see the reflection of the moon on the pond water. He had caught it in time to see the clouds above shroud the moon. It was just a bit darker going forward.

Time went by and Bill was forced to spend some of it behind thick and curled trees, waiting for a movement—waiting for an answer to his arrival. The tracks had gone out and his only hope was to catch a glimpse of his purpose. Sure enough he did.

. Yes! It had to be his deer! But it wasn't a clear shot. Too poor of a shot for whatever it was behind the thicket of wilderness. Bill knew always to take a shot when it was clear and this wasn't the shot. He wouldn't catch his prize breaking that rule now.

The albino wall slid to the side. Was it a bear? Bill began to doubt himself. Another reason not to risk the shot. Even so, he thought, he had the firepower if he needed it. The great beast slid further and further. Its pale color ominously seemed to dim until it had vanished. Bill straightened his back and put a boot out. As he ventured forward for his prize, he noticed the crow behind him and went quiet, and the mosquitoes at last relented. The world itself appeared to hold its breath.

Bill's heart began to race faster than he minded. He crossed the tall grass of the clearing into the next pasture of the miserable, soaking wet valley. His heart picked up even further. This was unusual, his own body turning against him. He knew better than to let himself get like this. But then he saw the turn of the white stag further in the woods. It vanished again but he was on the trail. What a thrill, the hunter thought. He realized then he might not have had such fun in a long time. Then he ventured further.

No other man could get so close, Bill told himself. He could hear the stag stepping on leaves but he knew it couldn't hear him. 'Only I can hunt this beast,' he told himself as he followed the droppings to the next slew of tracks. 'Only I can do it.'

Rifle in hand, Bill broke through the wall of an incoming mist passing through the forest. He caught his foot over a twig in time before it could snap. He was pleased to have fixed his footing in time for just above the bush was a crossing encircled by slender pine. There ahead of him, in the cold dead of night, was the white stag.

It was larger than he expected. Larger than the pictures on Franklin's fancy trail camera had suggested. And it was as majestic as it was striking. The biggest deer Bill had ever seen. Its head was bent down inspecting the floor of the forest. Its coat was beautiful as snow and its mighty antlers were as fine as ivory. Bill imagined it should have come out from an old story book rather than this sad and wet valley.

For such a wondrous creature before him, he could not fathom why seeing it struck at his heart as it did. Before his heart was racing. Now it had slowed. And the cold. The cold was unlike anything Bill had ever felt. He never knew simply looking at something could allow its icy grip around one's throat. Yet still he raised his rifle and took aim.

It wasn't a far shot, Bill thought. It was just ahead of him. He could not miss if he wanted. Bill steadied his aim as the stag sniffed at the dirt below it. This was it. The deer he was hunting. The shot he was looking for. A legend for himself, one pull of the trigger away. Holding his breath to perfect the aim, clearing his mind to assure the shot, Bill was ready—until the deer looked up.

Bill froze in his killing shot. What had alerted the deer? He hadn't stepped on the twig and he had remained against the wind. So how? He did not know. Then the deer, ever so slowly, began to turn its head toward him. Its black eyes locked onto his as they widened in surprise. He had been silent, he was sure. So what, his mind began to scream in his quiet state, tipped the deer off?

He wanted nothing more than in that moment to pull the trigger and never think about what gave himself away again. He would forever believe he could have done so had the deer not stood upright on its back legs.

As tall as any tree, the unnaturally standing stag looked down upon Bill. As if the whisper was right inside of Bill's ears, a voice crept out of the white stag as its black lips moved. A man's hushed voice made itself heard, "William Fletcher. June seventh, nineteen fifty-five."

His name. It has spoken his name, Bill realized coldly in his petrified state. What more, the deer knew the day he was born. Somehow, Bill still held up his rifle toward the deer. But he did not pull the trigger. His body held him hostage as the deer spoke again.

"October third, two thousand and four."

For a moment the deer stood unflinching. Then a breeze of air swept through the trees and the stag bolted off into the night. For a time, Bill stood in place, as unmoved as the deer had been. Rifle aimed at nothing, his beating eyes bulged to the edge of his skull, Bill struggled to grasp what had just happened.

Of course deer don't speak, Bill thought. Of course, of course, he told himself again and again, still standing in the spot where he had seen it do so. They also don't know such things about him, he reminded himself. His birthday...and that other date? What was that day, Bill wondered as his hands at last began to shake. Two thousand and four? He managed to do the simple math amid his panicking thoughts.

The confident hunter who had entered the mire in the valley had never returned from his hunt that night. Nor did he ever speak of what had happened there when the husk of a man returned in his place. October third, two thousand and four, Bill thought quietly on his bed as he would do so every night from then on. What would happen on that date, fourteen years from now when it would arrive?

by

Lucas Bineville



////Sinking Winter Sun//////////



On the leftmost corner of the east wall of the apartment's main room there is a grandfather clock that was gifted to Lane, by his grandmother. There are also no less than four active digital clocks in this main room, which is a shared living-room-and-kitchen space, all of the clocks cheap, plastic, and thus easily replaced, as well as a normal analog clock mounted on the north wall in the kitchen side of the room's half-wall divider. There is another just like it in the apartment's single bathroom (which contains yet another digital clock), at the end of a hallway extending out of the north side of the living room. Another digital clock is in his bedroom on the nightstand, and this clock is obviously fancier and more expensive than those in the main living area. At all times, there are no less than three spare clocks sitting in the corner of his bedroom closet.

It is Friday night and Lane is feeling the usual workweek exhaustion that accompanies the regular decompression routine he sets about after arriving home for an oncoming weekend. He does not sleep very well, normally, and right now has terrible bags under his eyes, though he has those even when he gets good sleep. His work clothes, a set of khaki slacks and a navy blue collared shirt, lay unorchestrated on his bedroom floor, and he has already eaten an early dinner. It is 5:58pm, and very early in the year. He is sitting on a centered couch facing the east wall of the main room, the wall with the grandfather clock, where there is also a small TV that he does not use very much. There are two tall windows in this wall, both blinded. Right now, he is staring at and listening to the grandfather clock, holding his phone, which is currently showing his contact list. He has been rubbing his forehead the whole time, persistently and sweatily.

There is a reason for the unusual excess of clocks in the apartment, and that is the fact of Lane's weird neurotic thing about time, which has gotten worse since he started living alone, but has nevertheless been around for years. He has narrowed down the origin of this obsessive fascination with the passing of time to his thirteenth birthday, when his grandmother gifted him a nice wristwatch that belonged to his grandfather, who had at that time recently passed away. This is the same grandmother, his maternal one, who had gifted him the grandfather clock as a leaving-home gift, which looks conspicuous and jarring in Lane's flat-colored apartment, possessing a walnut construction with intricate carvings and an ornate clock face with trim-metalwork second, minute, and hour hands. Of his paternal grandparents, he has met neither. Both had passed before he was born.

It has been seven months since he moved away, to his own place and his first career job, and Lane has made a workweek-ending ritual out of calling his grandmother and engaging in the kind of small talk you do with close family. These calls with his grandmother have actually been recurrent since he started college years ago, though there the phone call thing did not have anything approaching its current regularity, sometimes varying wildly in frequency, the longest period of noncommunication being he guesses three months or so.

Back then, the irregularity of the calls were more than compensated for by personal visits with her, since she did not live an unreasonable distance away from his school. Even since he was a small boy, he has always spent a great deal of time with his grandmother, and over time her house became a de facto second home for him. He reckons that he has spent about as much time with his grandmother as with his folks, who love him but are nevertheless a pair of busy sorts, both careered adults. Lane is an only child.

Of the four digital clocks in this main room, two of them are the exact same, bought simultaneously seven months ago when he moved in, black with green digital displays. These displays are thin-beveled high-aspect-ratio rectangles attached to stands protruding from the rectangle backs, bending slowly and smoothly into a relative ninety-degree descent that terminates into the respective baseplates of each clock, where the whole assembly is molded as a single piece of hardened polystyrene plastic. The other two digital clocks he has owned for a long time, since before he was even a teenager. One of them is a strange beige color with dark or brown-green highlights, and the other is a nauseating yellow. Those two sit on a raised countertop in the kitchen, right next to each other, plugged into the same outlet.

Lane has now shifted on the couch and is supine, with his phone held with both hands in the between-space formed by his raised knees. The toes of his feet are firm against the southern armrest. His phone is still unlocked, still on the contacts page. Right now, he is lost in thought, thinking about the conversation he had last week with his grandmother. When Lane calls her, she always answers with a hi who's this, or a hi who is this, and Lane knows that she already knows and so always follows with an it's me. When Lane was much younger, they would solve jigsaw puzzles together, on her dining room table, which Lane used to think was awfully big, and she would glue the pieces together after they finished one and put it in storage somewhere. He is sure that she still has them, somewhere.

Sometimes, during the phone conversations, his eyes will glaze over and stare at a point suspended beneath the floor, and he will stop listening. Last week, he had done so for an extended period when she was telling him about some show she was watching lately that he was profoundly disinterested in, coming around only to inject the necessary yeahs and uh-huhs to make them both think that he was still listening. He feels terrible when he catches himself. He does not mean to ignore her.

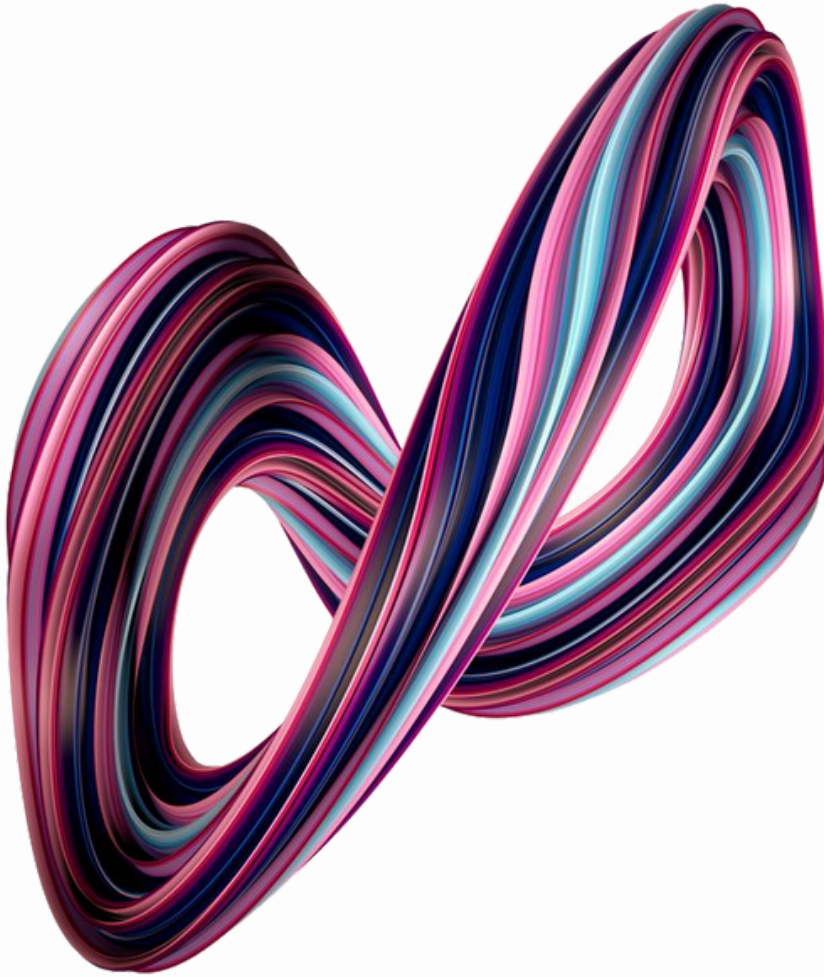
Outside, a winter sun sinks low, casting brilliant red streaks on clouds thin and distant, clouds that Lane cannot see from the couch here he is lying on. From the two windows behind the TV and grandfather clock, the sunset's colors filter into the apartment as syncopated rays through the blinds partially open. The red of the invading light makes the apartment look like some hot place. The blinded windows are almost as tall as the wall they occupy, and are equidistant from their twin and the nearest corner. It is not really hot inside, but Lane is entertaining the idea that this lurid and dissipating red is contributing somehow to his perspiration.

From last week's conversation, he also remembers hearing her offhandedly mention some mix up that had happened when she ordered something online, and that she had to order it again or talk to someone to fix it, and she had said it was a hair-care product for her gray hair, the implicit unsaid being that it would restore her hair's natural color, or make it look younger somehow. She had said, exactly, "for my gray hair".

A pale and faint glow gathers fast around the falling sun, mimicking the haze of a halogen lamp as the ground moves to finish its daily eclipse of earth's star. Lane, inside, can only see the sunset red giving way to night. He is trying very hard but is unable to remember what his grandmother looked like when he was a child, years ago at that dining room table, before her hair began to gray.







Menininity

Hear me, hear me, every man!
Listen to me, if you can,
These woman act not ladylike,
They aren't charmed by chivalry,
But cry out as they even strike,
Inflame the Sexes rivalry,
Have you not seen all of our works,
Misjudged and unappreciated?
Giving to themselves the perks,
And every act of ours frustrated?
Woman wish to be so doted,
Every single detail noted,
But they do not give the same,
To men who are devoted,
Rare, the dedicated dame,
That lives to serve her husband's life,
To make for him his long-sought home,
To care and comfort, undo strife,
A place from which is pain to roam,

What then is left for men to do
When wife material is few?
I say we should revert our state,
Let's become ourselves again,
Since what we are is what they hate,
Then let them be, let men be men,
Ignore the harpy screeching out,
Enjoy the things we ought enjoy,
They may claw, insult, and shout,
But blow them off so cool and coy,
Do not take their gross abuse,
Turn from them, do what you should,
We need to suffer such misuse,
Let us be men, and good



& Media Presents:

Some Guy's Homework

Handed-in



Joyce's Comparison of Greek
and Irish Culture in Ulysses.

James Joyce came of age during the Celtic revival, the movement in Ireland which attempted for the Irish people to return to its roots and culture in order to stop the ongoing anglicization of the country and its people. Joyce himself had problems with Irish culture mostly stemming from the control the church had over the people among other aspects which held down the Irish people. Joyce, much like the writers of the Celtic revival, was determined to create a new culture for Ireland going into the twentieth century with *Ulysses* being the product of that. In *Ulysses* we see constant references to ancient Greek culture that he uses as a measuring stick to show how far Irish culture must grow in order to stand up to the Greeks. These range from the title and general content of the book with its comparisons to the *Odyssey*, the characters of *Ulysses* and their comparisons to the *Odyssey* and outright mentions of Irish and Greek culture which together shows that Joyce places Greek culture on a pedestal and as something to strive for with Irish culture having a long way to go to reach that greatness.

Starting with the title of the book: “*Ulysses*” which is the latinized name for *Odysseus*, hero of the *Odyssey*. By using this title Joyce gives the reader the expectation of a grand adventure with a heroic central character but that is not to be and in its stead is a day in the life of a Leopold Bloom; someone who is in every way not not heroic in the homeric sense. Take for example the end of “*The Lotus Eaters*” episode where we see Bloom in the bath, “floating hair of the stream around the limp father of thousands, a languid floating flower” (Joyce, p. 77) the use of the words “limp” and “languid” are not the words one would associate with *Odysseus* or any heroic character for that matter. Joyce compares his hero, an Irishman, as somewhat repulsive and ugly compared to the great heroes of Greek mythology in order to show a disparity of quality

between the two cultures/ The title however, is only the start of the comparisons. Disregarding the episode comparisons between the two for now and focusing on the actual content of each story reveals again a great disparity in terms of “epicness” or “greatness”. In *Ulysses* we see the story take place over the course of a single day compared to the ten years it took *Odysseus* to return home, this again puts the grand scale of the *Odyssey* far far above the single day that takes place in *Ulysses* where it’s less of a grand adventure full of fraught and danger but one of mundane tasks that anybody would be familiar with; in fact it wouldn’t be outrageous to call the plot of *Ulysses* rather boring even without comparing it to the *Odyssey* where *Odysseus* over ten years goes from exotic location to exotic location where he must defeat challenge after challenge and monster after monster in order to get back home, while the greatest challenge Bloom faces is trying to avoid the man his wife is cheating on him with on the street. The adventure of the Irishman pales in comparison to the adventure of the Greek and again Joyce uses that disparity to compare the quality and development of both cultures; in Ancient Greece life was a constant yearning for great adventure and discovery, some might say the epoch of civilisation, compare this now to Bloom’s Dublin: constant drinking to block out the reality of life, hungry children and neglectful fathers, a smothering world where simply surviving is seen as an achievement, to readers of *Dubliners* you’ll be more than familiar to the theme of paralysis.

a Tewas

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dr/lyn/cil/ang)

Episode thirteen (Nausicaa) is a great example of Joyce comparing Greek and Irish culture. In *Ulysses* we see a woman, Gerty MacDowell and there is an in-depth description of her beauty and her clothes with references to what was suggested by lady's pictorial a magazine for womens fashion "because it was expected in the Lady's Pictorial that blue would be worn" (Joyce P. 316) Gerty is subjected to what a magazine is telling her to wear, she has to meet standards that men have set.

Along with this there is also a mass happening nearby for the Virgin Mary which again shows another construct which men put on women; purity and chastity. Men dominate women in Irish society with little freedom given to them. In the *Odyssey* however, we see that Odysseus is brought to Nausicaa's mother Arete, who is wiser than her husband and the king trusts her judgement, women are given more power in the *Odyssey* and there is more equality between the sexes (Homer, book 6). Joyce shows an ugly part of the Irish identity in this episode with the Irish attitude towards women and contrasts a progressive Greek culture against the archaic culture of the Irish providing once again the inferiority of Irish culture. Overall Joyce uses the title and content to set up the large series of comparisons between the Irish and Greek cultures in order to show the great discrepancies between the two in terms of quality.

Moving on from that equality of the sexes we see the rather grotesque and pathetic sight of Bloom masturbating on the beach; he has become that sexually frustrated and emasculated, he has now succumbed to animalistic desire and has turned himself into a sexual deviant. Looking at this

episode in a more general sense and ignoring the obvious point of whether a Greek hero from Odysseus to Achilles would ever stoop so low as to masturbate in public after succumbing to animalistic urges (if they did I would imagine they would surely take their own life like Ajax out of total humiliation), but from how Bloom, the hero has been pushed so far that he has succumbed to this low state, he is quite possibly at his lowest here and doesn't see a problem, in fact he's happy he didn't masturbate in the bath early on in the day: "Damned glad I didn't do it in the bath this morning over her silly I will punish you letter" (Joyce p.333). One must wonder how low a man can sink to end up being like this, and I certainly couldn't describe it somebody other than Bloom thanks to Joyce's amazing character development and writing; it does set a standard though, Bloom is that emasculated he can not even bring himself to be unfaithful in a masculine manner, like that of Blazes and instead rather sinks to sexual deviancy; Joyce says *Ecce Homo* with that passage, although a more apt term may have been *Ecce Homo modernus*: Behold the modern man, a pathetic and emasculated creature.

Looking past the content and story of *Ulysses* and moving on to the characters we see Joyce once again having his characters be inferior and bordering on parodying the characters of the *Odyssey*. As mentioned before Bloom does not show any heroic qualities and even lacks masculine qualities preferring to be passive. A great example showing this is when Bloom sees Blazes Boylan in the street he panics and runs away "Is it? Almost certain. Won't look. Wine in my face. Why did I? Too heady. Yes, it is. The walk. Not see. Not see. Get on." (Joyce, p.164) Bloom seems frightened of Blazes in stark contrast to Odysseus who kills the suitors when he comes back to Ithaca (Homer, Book 22). Bloom is a pathetic sight and to Joyce, the Irish are pathetic compared to the Greeks. Bloom is also accused of being feminine and a

homosexual throughout the book. Buck Mulligan jokingly tells Stephen "O, Kinch, thou art in peril" (Joyce p. 196) when Bloom meets eyes with Stephen. Episode 12 (Cyclops) also shows Bloom declining a drink in the pub, this is important as having rounds of beer is a way for men to flex their financial muscle and prove their worth and by Bloom declining to take part in that he rejects a masculine tradition and therefore rejects masculinity, another example being the start of episode four (Calypso) where Bloom makes Molly breakfast in bed which was very much against the norm at the time and also a symbol of obedience and subjection to his wife and unlike with book six of the Odyssey where Alcinous gives way to the judgement of his wife this is used as a way to show Bloom's passiveness and lack of masculinity in the culture of the time. Molly Bloom is also the complete opposite of her counterpart in Penelope. Molly is unfaithful to Bloom and seems to have a history of it. In episode ten (Wandering Rocks) we hear that on a carriage ride Molly allowed Lenihan to fondle her while Bloom sat across from them (which shows Bloom's passiveness once again) While Penelope was loyal to the very last for her husband Odysseus Molly is unfaithful until the very end where she decides that Bloom is the best for her. The warping and disfigurement of Penelope's loyalty and purity by Joyce serves to show how degenerative Irish culture is compared to the Greeks and how twisted it is, this was most likely a nod to the sacrament of marriage and to a further extension the Catholic church which had great influence in all aspects of Irish life and therefore Irish culture which Joyce wanted to break down in order for Ireland to grow as a nation with a new culture. Finally Stephen, serving as the novel's Telemachus goes against the actions of his homeric counterpart as well by ignoring his family. In Wandering Rocks Stephen meets his sister Dilly and contemplates on saving her as "she is

drowning" (Joyce, p.219) Stephen however, decides to leave her (despite seeing some of himself in her) to her financially destitute life in order to save himself by returning, again loyalty that was present in the Odyssey is nowhere to be found in Ulysses. Joyce's repeated use of showing a lack of loyalty in Ulysses towards family members is a symbol for the Irish stabbing each other in the back, the most obvious comparison being the downfall of Charles Stewart Parnell by the Catholic church and the subsequent ruin of the Irish Parliamentary Party which is a subject Joyce has written about in great amounts across the three books he had written up to this point. Overall through his characters Joyce uses them to create the antithesis of the characters from the Odyssey in order to show a twisted, degenerative culture which has brought these characters about from passiveness and lack of honour in Bloom to the betrayal of Stephen and Molly towards their family.

Joyce is not just focused on using symbolism and comparisons to compare Greek and Irish cultures, he often outright refers to both these cultures in the text. The first example being through Buck Mulligan as he states that he and Stephen can improve Ireland "God, Kinch, if only you and I could work together and do something for this island. Hellenize it" (Joyce, p. 7) An outright statement made by Joyce that shows his opinions on Irish and Greek culture. Hellenization is a goal or standard, something for Ireland and the Irish to work towards and Stephen agrees with him, in fact if one was to look back at the final part of A Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man they will see Stephen being rather open about his ideas for doing this "Welcome, O life! I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race" (Joyce, P. 262) It is also crucial to remember that Stephen is Joyce and these words can be

seen as Joyce's own and his very strong opinions about Irish culture and the use of the old Joycean theme of paralysis in terms of Irish culture as well as stagnation. Buck Mulligan also mocks Stephen's education under the Jesuits at Clongowes and Belvedere and in *Wandering Rocks* we see Buck say Stephen will never be a poet due to the Jesuits "They drove his wits astray, he said, by visions of hell.....That is his tragedy. He can never be a poet." (Joyce, p. 244) Joyce again attacks religion, the Catholic church in particular for stunting the creativity and talent of himself, the paralytic nature of Irish culture is brought to the fore and how instead of nurturing and caring for its budding artists Irish culture forces them to stagnate, to be smothered and in Joyce's case leave the country. Episode 12 (*Cyclops*) as a whole can be seen as an attack on the nationalistic aspect of Irish culture. The Citizen attacks people who can't speak Irish yet doesn't speak Irish throughout the entire episode and also blames women for bringing the English to Ireland and ignores the fact it was an Irish king that invited them to come over. He represents the hypocritical and rabid nature of Irish nationalists which borders on (if not including) xenophobic or racist views as the Citizen attacks Bloom for not being Irish. Overall the way Joyce outright states the damage Irish culture has on artists while using Greek culture as a benchmark to reach for shows how strong his opinion towards Irish culture is compared to that of the Greeks is something to behold. Joyce shows his full emotion towards Irish culture through the hypocrisy of the Citizen and the damage the Jesuits have done to his artistic ability which forced him to leave Ireland where the Greeks would have nurtured his talent and allowed it to flourish.

Overall Joyce draws up comparisons between Irish and Greek culture through three main outlets; through the title and content which creates the groundwork to draw comparisons between the episodes of *Ulysses* and the *Odyssey* from the scale of the adventure, the settings to the implications of the title name itself. Through the characters Leopold, Stephen and Molly where he uses them as an antithesis to the characters of the *Odyssey* to shows the lack of quality in Irish culture which facilitated timidity over bravery and betrayal over loyalty and finally through outright mentions of the cultures through the Buck and Stephens shared sentiment of hellenizing Ireland to the mention of how Irish culture through the Catholic church forces Irish artists to leave the country in order to create their art. Indeed, Joyce creates a stark contrast where the place of his birth is held in such low regard one would question his love for it at all.

by
Anonymous

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You cannot control an entire country with tanks, jets, battleships and dozens of other weapons that you believe trump citizen-owned arms means.

A fighter jet, tank, drone, battleship cannot stand on its own and enforce no assembly orders. A fighter jet cannot kick down your door at 3AM and search your home for contraband.

None of these things can maintain a constant presence to completely subjugate and control a large area. Those weapons are for use in a limited number of large areas and many people are afraid of them. The government cannot control all of its people and blow up its own cities. They need these things to become obsolete in the first place. If they decided to turn everything around and blow up D.C. into a giant green glass dome and the thousands of rulers of a new northern republic.

They would have to have a way to make sure on the ground that the police are there on the ground. They would have to be outnumbered by civilians and they would have to know what that your police have.

They would have to have a Glock in their waistband and every random homeowner an AK-47, all of that goes out the window because now the police are outnumbered and face the reality of bullets coming back at them.

It's not living examples of this look at every insurgency that the U.S. military has tried to destroy. They're all still kicking with nothing but AK-47s, pick up trucks and improvised explosives because these big scary military monsters you keep alluding to are all but useless for dealing with them.





You cannot control an entire country and its people with tanks, jets, battleships and drones or any of these things that you believe trumps citizen ownership of firearms.

A fighter jet, tank, drone, battleship cannot stand on street corners and enforce no assembly edicts. A fighter jet cannot kick down your door at 3AM and search your house for contraband.

None of these things can maintain the needed police state to completely subjugate and enslave the people of a nation. Those weapons are for decimating, flattening and glassing large areas and many people at once, and fighting other state militaries. The government does not want to kill all of its people and blow up its own infrastructure. They require these things to become tyrannical in the first place. If they decided to turn everything outside of Washington D.C. into glowing green glass they would be the absolute rulers of a big, worthless radioactive wasteland.

Police are needed to maintain a police state, boots on the ground. And no matter how many police you have on the ground they will always be vastly outnumbered by civilians which is why in a police state it is vital that your police have automatic weapons while the people have nothing.

BUT when every random pedestrian could have a Glock in their waistband and every random homeowner an AR-15, all of that goes out the window because now the police are outnumbered and face the reality of bullets coming back at them.

If you want living examples of this look at every insurgency that the U.S. military has tried to destroy. They're all still kicking with nothing but AK-47s, pick up trucks and improvised explosives because these big scary military monsters you keep alluding to are all but useless for dealing with them.

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why do women hate infinite jest so much?

W

hy is it so hard to be alone with a child? Parents these days are so overprotective, they really make it difficult for us. I mean give the kid some space for Christ sake! Why do I want kids to be alone with me? Cause I'm a molester. You know, a child predator. I am the person they will talk about in therapy when they are adults. Therapist and the rapist. I take away their innocent childhood. No no, you're never getting it back - you're ruined.

However, this is embarrassing, but I'm not a good molester. I don't want you to misunderstand me, I think I could have sex with a child very well, I've watched plenty of "instructional videos". But getting children to agree to have sex with me is where the problem lies. I mean I'm good at talking to adults. I like to talk about taxes and the deficit and the federal reserve, however all that kids wanna talk about is roblox and dinosaurs, and colors, and philosophy, and how old they are, and the most boring shit imaginable. I'm not knowledgeable in any of these subjects. I start stuttering and sweating because I'm worried I'll run out of things to say and the kid will realize I am an impostor. Children are really judgemental and I'm just someone who does not give a good first impression. So when having a conversation about fnaf lore with a 8 year old, my head gets filled with extreme anxiety that I will ruin everything by not knowing about golden Bonnie, which will make the kid not give me a second chance. Nevertheless, even if I don't mess up, they never ask me about any of MY interests. I often have to carry the conversation, put up with their interruptions and listen to them literally retell a youtube markiplier gaming video they watched yesterday. They're just so immature. These children that I want to rape are so fucking self-absorbed and lacking introspection, it's a really big turnoff. I wanna find a mature 9 year old. It's just that I need someone who has had some life experience, someone that has tried to live on their own, I hate the modern child. If helicopter parents weren't always there frantically protecting their cum pets from "dangerous" strangers, the kids would be so much more mature and better off.

Getting back to the point, since I figured out that charming a child is a fool's endeavor, I tried baiting them. I read that children are attracted to foods with a high sugar content (sweets, candies, fruits, etc.) and went to buy some. I realized that fruits are the cheapest option, still, I wanted to find which bait is the best. I would go to an area with many children passing by and place a kitkat bar and a banana side by side and observe the reactions. Then repeat it now placing a twix and a grapefruit and repeat repeat.

So I found out to my surprise that children don't like fruits. I guess if I want to trap these kids I can't be a cheapskate, I'll have to shell out some real cash. Huh, apparently most kids reacted best to dark chocolate, maybe it's something to do with the pheromones.

With this information, my strategy was to go to a somewhat crowded park playground and park my car around the corner just out of sight. I bought lots of small pieces of candy that I could use as breadcrumbs to my car. Instantly, I encountered a problem.

Kids have small stomachs so they only eat a couple snickers before they're full. If I lay out smaller pieces, the chocolate goes unnoticed or the kids are unable to follow the "breadcrumbs". Actually how have they survived this long? Kids find one tiny piece of chocolate, wander around and find another one, and after some time a third one. I specifically arrange them all in a straight line towards my car where I'm peeping through my binoculars. But these fuckers are too stupid to realize that and think the trail has gone cold. I mean you found them in a pattern, FOLLOW THE PATTERN! I never took into account that their problem solving and pattern recognition skills have not fully developed.

I guess I'll have to lead them to my car. I mean I could try going full force, picking the child up and sprinting away, but if I get caught oohh maan I would be in a pickle, nice try talking yourself of this one. I'd need some sharp wit to get off with just a warning. Anyways, one day I approached a boy and offered him many different types of dark chocolate. Here's how it went - he picks one and tells me that he likes it, I say:

- Hey, I have a gajillion tons of the same candy in my car, do you want to come with me?

The boy responds:

- Nah man, sorry, I can't eat that much, I have to watch my cholesterol.

Wtf, why is a 10 year old boy worried about cholesterol. I overdid it. Kids know how much a gajillion is, he knows it's an absurd amount, no car could ever fit that much chocolate. However, they do not know how much a carat is so I'll use that. Every adult knows how much a carat is, but kids have never had to buy jewelry so they are oblivious. I think I'll say that I have maybe.. 2 carats of chocolate in my car, yeah, that sounds good..

In my second attempt I told a little girl that I had a reasonable amount of candy in my car and she agreed to walk along with me. So I get about halfway out of the park and to my car, when the mom starts passive aggressively walking toward me. Ugh, caught again. Though no mom has ever accused me. Most women today realize the unfair standard men have when seen being around children. Men fear being seen as a predator, sometimes fathers get piercing stares when they walk alone with their little girls. If you are a normal grown man talking with a stranger's kid, many women will be extremely vigilant and uncomfortable. Picture it this way, you're a shop owner and a suspicious black man with a hoodie comes in late at night. You know that everything is going to be alright, when he comes up to the register you are nice and polite to him, you don't give any indication what you're really thinking. Cause what you're thinking is "this nigger better not try to rob me". Same here. All these women that have foiled my plans know this, they have this fake smile on their face and say something like:

- Hah thanks for looking after my Sarah, but I think she should be with the other kids. Come here Sarah, thank the man for looking after you.

I can feel that the mom is suspicious of me. She tries to reject me in a way that won't make me feel like a molester. But I am one.

This strategy won't work. If I can't make the children come to me I'll come to the children. I thought about becoming a teacher. Or a preacher. However, I don't want the church to suffer more bad PR or get them into more drama, so I chose the teacher route. I just try to be considerate of the problems churches might be facing and if they really need more people to pile on. I don't want the priests to be hurt psychologically. Having all those multiple allegations come out revealing how you violated a child's consent and innocence by raping them while being a trusted religious father figure must really take its toll. I thought about what subject I should teach. I think art would be a good choice. The class sizes are small and the children will be better off with me as their teacher. I mean ok ok if you HAVE to molest children, I think this is the best option. I think it could even turn out positively. Don't you think art students are supposed to be a little traumatized? Who wants to read a book or see a painting by someone who has had a perfectly simple straightforward life? These are the people who make boring art like desktop wallpapers or corporate jingles - snoooooze. Nah, you need someone who is traumatized, someone with unresolved issues, that's where the good shit comes from. I mean what I'm doing is basically a public service. Oh yeah, I'm helping them.

Only problem is I'm not really good at art. I wasn't accepted to any art colleges. Now I know how Hitler felt. These colleges didn't learn the first time, now they'll learn. Adolf Hitler wasn't accepted so he genocided 7 million jews, I wasn't accepted so I will molest the children that don't deserve it.

What else, what else... French. The most romantic language, I could teach and talk to cute preteen girls in the most romantic and beautiful language. I downloaded duolingo and use it for 5 minutes everyday, but I think it's going to take some time for me to get fluent. I need something new, chip chod!

PE could be perfect: young, sweaty, fit children, locker rooms, mmmmmmmh, so good. But it's hard for me to exercise. I think a PE teacher need to be physically active, but I'm bad at sticking to my goals and currently I am almost obese (I WILL lose it tho).

I'm much better at math. Stuff like numbers: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, I could keep on going 6, 7, addition and much more.. I could become a math teacher, but it's hard to justify that to myself. I mean the only thing that will happen if I molest a math child is that they will start abusing amphetamines or something like that. Look at all the mathematics greats. Ramanujan wasn't great because his uncle was inappropriate with him, he was good because he was indian. John Nash, Kaczynski, Perelman, all these mathematical greats were not abused and they turned out perfectly mentally stable.

Still, I sent applications for all these different subjects to tons of educational institutions. I have to play the numbers game. Once I get in I will master any subject, I don't care if it's history or music. I am very motivated. I am very horny and I can not be trusted with school children, but I will keep that on the down low. I have told about this condition of mine to only a few trusted people, like my mother, father, brother, sisters, uncle, aunt, great aunt, both grandfathers, grandmother, barber, psychologist, parole officer, best friend, rave friends, three past classmates, eye doctor, boxing coach, neighbors (I legally had to) and I think that's everyone. I haven't told my employer (that would be retarded he would fire me), and I don't plan to tell my future school employer. I made all of them promise they would never ever tell anyone, but I am still a little bit nervous if they would betray me if I would announce that I am a schoolteacher. How will I change my facebook workplace in secret? I mean they are all trustworthy and would look out for my best interest, I'll cross that bridge when I come to it.

A few more things before I'm done.

I served in Iraq (fighting for Israel (I am american)). Oftentimes we would gas and bomb hospitals and kindergartens which were being used as hideouts by terrorists. After the targets were dealt with, we would go into the kindergartens to see the damages. Those terrorists sure are tricky, they would always leave no trace of their involvement, taking all their equipment with them and only leaving dead children to guilt-trip us. I know some of you are thinking why didn't I relieve myself with the dead children, you know, perform necrophilia? because im not a sick fuck, you you you menace to society, fuck you piece of shit.

Why don't I target the children of my relatives? Almost all child abuse is perpetrated by some close relative of the child and not a stranger they meet on their way to school. I thought about it.... I don't go through with it because family gatherings would become soooo awkward.

My last story happened a couple months ago. I was driving my car late at night when I spotted a young looking girl walking alone on a remote street. I always keep my kidnapping kit with me in my car, so I drove up the road, parked and waited for her. I took out my kidnapping rag and poured my kidnapping vinegar on it (I don't know where to buy chloroform, I think vinegar works just fine). She was walking towards the car, but then crossed the street a couple meters early. Fuuuck, ok time to jump out. I started sprinting towards her with my vinegar soaked rag in hand. She shrieked and was fighting back, it was hard to get the rag up to her mouth. After seeing that this won't work I just punched her in the fucking face and that worked, knocked her out cold. So I got her in my car and tied her up. She woke up and I was going through her belongings. Then one of us started screaming "Ohhh godddddd nooooooooooooo". It was me. I was screaming, I found her ID card and it said she was 16. Whyyyyy godd whyyyyy, why does she have to be so old. Why can't I get anything right? Why do I still suffer? Why does this happen to me? Why does this happen to the good guy?

Uh and also one reason why she wasn't screaming was because I duct taped her mouth. You know what, she might have been screaming the exact same thing I was screaming but I just could make it out. But I digest, I didn't know how to proceed. I guess I just told her to please not tell anyone this happened. And you know what, she didn't, a few months have passed and I'm fine. All the movies got this wrong, you know how the victim says they will never tell anyone this happened, but the first thing they do after being let go is run to the police, this was not the case. Wow... I guess there are still some truly honest and good people in this world. I mean I almost murdered her because of this misconception of mine. Hollywood needs to make movies where you leave witnesses and everything turns out fine, this might prevent some murders.

Huh, I think I just got an email.

Peter Griffin: He was not accepted to any university and shortly after was arrested by the police

"why are u always on your phone?"

My mom accidentally sit c

SIT SHIVA?

Me: I would jump first

My mom:

ANNIHILATE

COPS

**I TOUCHED
A FENTANYL
I NEARLY DIED**

Puh-lease.

**THEY
DON'T WANNA
SEE THAT**

FRIENDERINO

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HAPPY EASTER
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BACK TO LIFE
SOME ROMIES
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NEVER CRUCIF

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I cried 😭😞 turned
up 📈 👩🏻 👩🏻 I turned
down 📉 👩🏻 I loved ❤️💞
I lost trust 💔😞
I was betrayed 😞🔪 but
most importantly I
learned 😊

e continent, you little shit. If only
tribution your little "clever" comm
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I like the Sonic char... like knuckles I like Tails
game on the Happy Me... really really really really re
Sonic toys because I ne... to toy from Happy Meal c
give me goosebumps M... please please can you gi
never had one please I'll... on this guy because
like and also to App... going to put somethi



I'M SORRY
YOU FEEL
THAT WAY

ANONYMOUS





DESPITE

YOUR

PHILANTHROPIC

Early life

and 'An

INDOMITABLE

BURSARY



to the
Foundation

SHE

MOTHERFUCKING B

SKILL



UNGAATED



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this campaign
of hatred ag
ainst me



DEEP FRIED
GLOCK



NOT COOL BRO.

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ARE YOU KIDDING

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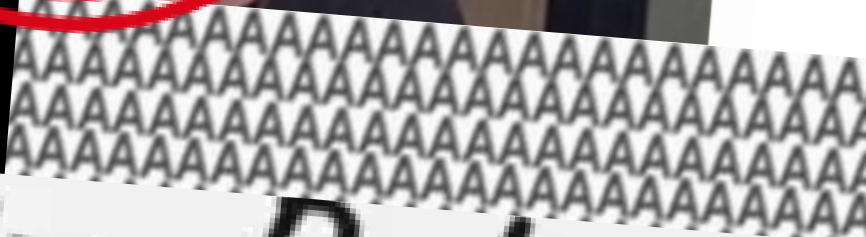
Oh really?

some retarded sh



HOT
TAKE

ON



Fucking Podcast

BROTHER
IN CHRIST

THE EXPRESSION ON YOUR
FACE



SHOCKS Kiddo

Come to think of it

WAR INTELLIGENCE W
PROFITEER ASSET
and Body Scan

MILHA MAGNATE
CHERTOFF COVERED
could very well have

THE
WHOLE
THING

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Cancel the Noise

Much ado has been made regarding the recent decision by the Supreme Court of the United States to overturn the landmark precedent set by *Roe v. Wade*. The matter deserves the attention and understanding of all Americans, even beyond, though its reinvigoration has borne the typical characteristics of much of the popular American debate of the last decade: polarity, intensity, emotion, and perhaps for good cause. Indeed it has pushed us yet further toward the common notion that governing the entire population by a single ethic is an idea outgrowing itself. The nature of democracy again comes under our direct scrutiny as individuals and institutions fill the discourse with propaganda and slowly push moderate worldviews to the fringes of the Overton window.

Amend It

The ruling made during *Roe v. Wade* is not itself at the core of the matter, nor is its subsequent overruling. The real heart of the ethical issue at hand is abortion, which should fall within the jurisprudence of human rights, not civil rights. Esteemed Supreme Court Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg believed that *Roe v. Wade* was not the appropriate way to address the matter of abortion, and to her credit, it seems as that her concerns have been validated. The 1973 ruling was subject to a 2022 overruling, a big decision made by a small few (albeit the country's top few), a catalyst to which amendments to the Constitution of the United States are not subject. If Americans want a permanent and inalienable right to abortion, it requires codification into the Constitution via an amendment, otherwise it could be vulnerable to a simple court precedent, as it has been.

Doublespeak Politic

The language of the debate itself is beset by semantic ambiguity or misdirection. Take for example an individual with an opinion: this individual supports all state's rights to legal abortion, but also supports the prohibition of abortion in their home state. Pro-choicers might characterize this individual as pro-life; pro-lifers might characterize this individual as pro-choice. There is little room for nuance. Obscurity is used by and against all positions within the debate to undermine the legitimacy of the outcome of any discourse lest it favor the opposition. Social momentum builds and there are rewards for going with the flow. The propaganda impelled by the media industry is not crafted to educate or deepen understanding, but rather as rhetoric produced for the purpose of political influence.

Agree to Disagree

When two individuals both living within the same household desire different things, they are most likely to end up in separate rooms, each individually fulfilling their own separate desires. America's inherent prioritization of states' rights guarantees that localized values are protected by governmental sovereignty. Only those highest values accepted by the citizenry of the overarching federation are therefore inalienable to all the citizenry of the federation, and even then, what has traditionally been considered "The People" has seldom been of any total truth. But how can an entire nation the scale of America be expected to agree on any universal value? Over the course of America's maturity, mores were shed and developed, and Americans have grown apart.

Balancing a Republic

American culture is not a single culture, but rather an emergent dichotomy. A dissonance of spirit arises when values are projected by one culture onto another. Both the enforcement and the denial of tolerance come with their own complicated set of contradictions, and there are many subcultures within America, and many values reflected in the many diaspora that occupy the land, such that mutual respect for the cultural autonomy of others has traditionally been a simple survival technique employed by most Americans. Perhaps no longer is it the popular position to live and let live (perhaps it never was), but rather to ensure that practices across the land adhere to a single homogenous ethic, some universal online worldview.

Lost at Home

Americans spend more time than ever on the internet, engaging in niche communities, inundated in obscure subculture, amid a kaleidoscope of differing perspectives, ideologies, and values. As our primary emotional communities become less determined by geography and more determined by interest, contextual complications in our relationship to the values of our geographical community will arise. This creates feedback, a complication of growing intensity as people individualize and develop their identity in an increasingly exclusive internet. Furthermore, bias, dissonance, hubris, and fatigue among those of us in receipt of new information regarding our own strong opinions are factors that can lead to ignorance and oversight. Individuals listen selectively and are encouraged to acquiesce deep or intuitive understanding to professionals and celebrities.

Empowered by Freedom

The overruling of *Roe v. Wade* can be a confusing gesture because it seems to at once both disenfranchise and empower Americans. The mechanism of the original 1973 ruling can be said to have mandated the practical availability of abortions to all citizens. Is this an infringement of liberty, or an expansion of liberty? Would it be empowering for Americans to mandate the availability of abortions to the citizens of, for example, Saudi Arabia? No, it would be an imposition because they are a separate nation with different values. But America is a single nation; Washington and Mississippi are both united in their geographical statehood, though perhaps not by the values reflected in the ethic of a single culture. And although Washington and Mississippi are both united by some universal values (described by the Constitution and its amendments), they are starkly differentiated by others, abortion perhaps among them.

Break it Up

What is the purpose of maintaining the United States of America as they exist now? Are most Americans confident in their country's potential to fix itself? At times, both halves of America's culture chasm might seem like a slowly disintegrating family that continues to do it for the children, perhaps a macrocosm for the domestic unit, perhaps a metaphor that highlights a solution. Although metaphorical, there is a parallel ethical consideration: how should we deal with a fracturing family? Should the states divorce themselves, or should they stay together for the sake of their citizens, their institutions, their industries, their economies? Or have Americans grown up enough to go their own way? Secession, balkanization, and civil war can be violent and historically tumultuous processes, however an America that is arguably at its worst could be desperate enough to split over fundamental human rights.

Is Abortion a Human Right?

So then if the Constitution and the Bill of Rights within it should only consider themselves with those universal, inalienable rights, those human rights, should the right to abortion be codified for all Americans? For some it might be a suitable update to the Constitution, which last saw an amendment submitted for ratification over 200 years ago, however the ongoing stalemate (or war of attrition) that permeates the American political and cultural landscape makes the likelihood of such solidarity dim. Ethical standards are changing though, and as progressives redefine norms, so too do conservatives reiterate traditions, so too do true maximalists for liberty advocate for both.

My Body, My Choice

If abortion is a human right, so too then is suicide. Suicide is our ultimately inalienable right, and complex enough such that although it may be considered unethical, in America, it is considered legal, and although suicide is legal, voluntary euthanasia is considered illegal. Already these terms become minced, for what is voluntary euthanasia if not suicide? The differences will be subtle but deep. Policing how people end their own lives could be an infringement on our fundamental right to die. And just as there is an abortion industry that traffics in genetic material from terminated pregnancies for scientific research, so too might there be a suicide industry that benefits from the consensual death of individuals. Many large corporations are now offering logistical support to help employees gain access to abortions after the overturning of Roe v. Wade. These companies greatly benefit from accessible abortions because pregnancies are expensive for business; there is incentive to discourage pregnancy. So too perhaps might companies encourage and offer access to easy and painless suicide for any number of unforeseeable financial or scientific or humanitarian reasons. Does a mother whose young children depend on her to live still have the right to suicide? It is her body after all. The correlation is tenuous however it might illustrate some logically induced ethical complications that arise from a permanent and inalienable right to decide what happens to our own bodies.

Big Pharma

The popular side of the abortion issue is the side most promulgated by the media, which is arguably a matter of human rights as I've discussed. There is however a less popular side to the subject wherein genetic material is donated to and harvested by medical clinics before being marketed and sold to industry and academia. These fetuses contribute to the development of technology, medicine, even food. It stands to reason though that the issue of any scientific or technological utility of human fetuses should be entirely unrelated to a woman's right to terminate her pregnancy. Unfortunately, much of the sophistication of the social programming seen through media and political campaigns that support a woman's right to abortion will be funded by the industries and institutions that directly benefit from her abortion. Of course it is the nature of capitalism to monetize any form of potential.

Don't Tread on Me

Here I will conclude with some insights:

- Roe v. Wade was a civil rights precedent that was vulnerable to and ultimately overturned by a court. Real and effective abortion law should be made at legislative level through amendments to the United States Constitution, not at the judicial level through case precedents.
- Because America is so divided by political intra-hostilities, meaningful abortion legislation may be unlikely to be codified, as it would require popular support and political compromise, neither of which America currently enjoys.
- If America can't reconcile their human rights, it should disband and form sovereign nationstates that are beholden to one another and are free to act in their own self interest and according to their own values.
- If abortion is a human right, so too then is suicide.
- The right to abortion should be a completely independent issue of what is done to aborted fetuses.
- The abortion debate is distorted by institutions that have a financial incentive to perpetuate and/or prevent abortions. You are of little political use when you are thinking critically and appreciating nuance.

Liberty and freedom are absolutely paramount to democracy. Human rights issues will make and break nationstates. Although it might seem counterintuitive, increasing our freedom to govern our own selves and communities will result in the manifestation of our best destinies.



Radar

by
Cemetery Hill

Your alarm reams through my brain

Wracking my sleeping mind awake

A shrill staccato dreamt up

By some Silicon Valley scientist

Attempting to capture in audio and vibrations

The jitters that you feel only when most anxious.

Your tone repeats, repeats, repeats,

Draws on and on, never missing a beat

Your pulsing stirs me

even if my ears are stuffed

With orange hunting earplugs

Whose own designers cleverly named their material

E-A-R (Energy Absorption Resin)

Absurd acronyms, produced even in the most austere environments

My eyes are open now, grogginess gone

Replaced by a big feeling, a strong feeling

Of "Stop! Desist! Cease!"

As I fumble for you, press the button, and at last, release!



& by /lit/

& is a collaborative
effort made by strangers
over the internet.

Stephen

Brandon

Lucas

stir

Atlasphere

Nickolie Dean

jacob

Albatross

Ichthonike

Jonesy

Prism Boy

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Lena

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Gordon

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