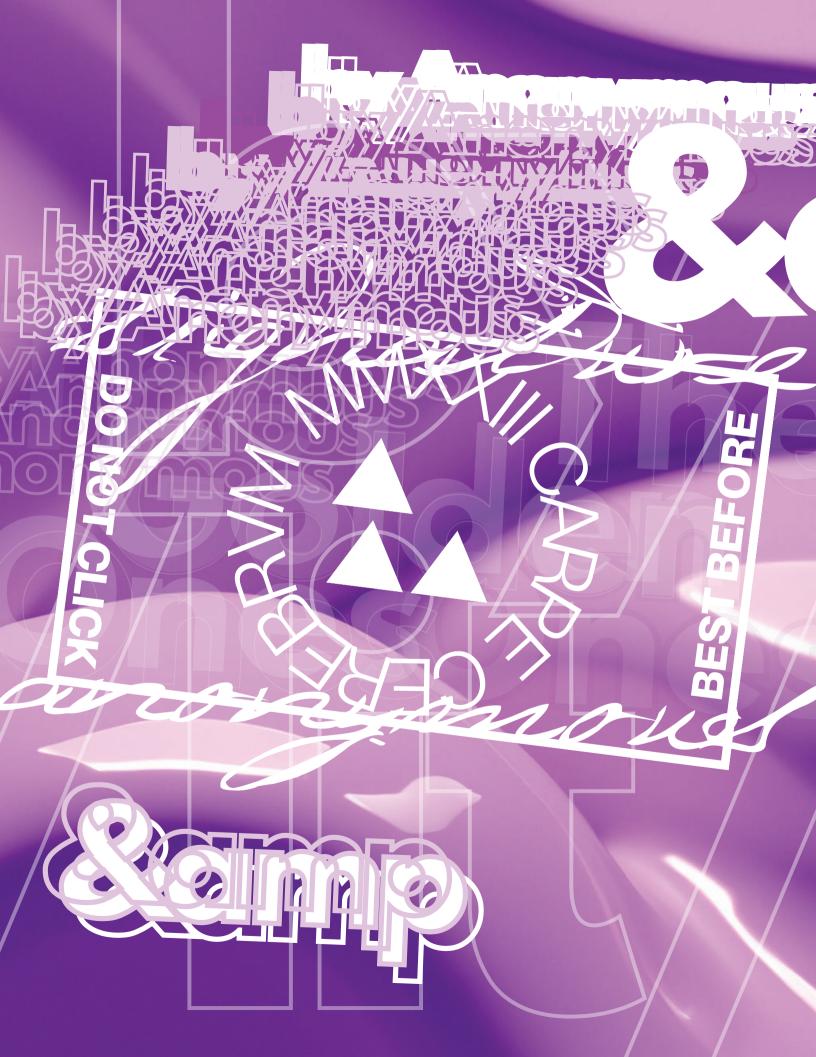


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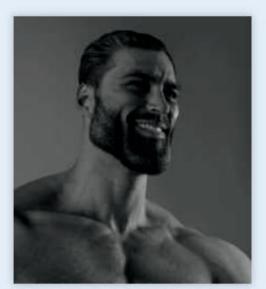
BURKINABÈ KNIFESHARPENING PARTIES

	MICRO	FIX P*C	0_
05 STEAL THESE STORIES	28	51	73
06 A LETTER FROM THE	29	52	74
07 EDITOR	30	53	75
08 COGNITOHAZARD	-31	54	76
09	32	55	77 DISNEYWORLD BALKANIZATION
10	_33	56	78
11	34 POWERPUNK	57	79
12	35	58 TO MAKE THE MUD	80
13	36 SURVIVE	59	81
14	37	60	82
15		61	83 GO TO SLEEP, MY ZOODLE
16	39	62	84
37	40	63	85
11	41 GAY AFFAIR IN NEPAL	64 THE NEW TIMETABLE	86
19	42 (WITH A VIOLENT END)	65	87 THE SCHIZO CANTOS
291	43 MANY HAPPY DAYS		88
21	44	67	89
22.	45	68 ROBOT WARS	90
23	46 SUMMER MATINÉE	69	91
24	47	70	92 CLASSIFIEDS
25 AN OPINION ON HMP		71	93
26 GUMMY PROMPTS	49	72	94
27		73	





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Steal These Stories!

A family of dogs is forced from their home and must cross the wild tundra, getting helped, and sometimes hurt, by wolves.

A suicidal man vows to become a superhero by risking his own life to fight crime. He quickly realizes that fighting white collar crime is much more difficult after the powers that be begin stalking him. While in the hospital recovering from an injury, he steals the identity of another man and goes into hiding in the psychiatric wing, eventually bringing the illuminati to their knees from a laptop in the screaming hallways of an insane asylum.

A bildungsroman that revolves around a young sailor as he progresses from a seafaring drifter to a mighty and notorious pirate.

A woman is murdered on a train and the only witness is an infant child. As the child grows, they begin having detailed flashbacks of the murder. Now that they are grown, only they can help solve a series of similar murders aboard the na opwpppyytion's zeppelin highway. In the future a solar flair has destroyed the internet and the boomer generation has passed on. After a concert put on by an Elvis impersonator becomes a runaway success, society believes the King has returned, as nobody can properly verify his identity. He becomes the Messiah.

Biopic of Jonathan Taylor Thomas set in a fantasy universe where the world is ruled by lions and the primary narrative involves his experiences playing a lead role in Disney's The Human King.

Several female substitute teachers conspire to seduce a very attractive young male student at the local highschool. Everybody ends up dead or in prison.

A friendship between two schoolchildren results in the unlikely romance between a black nazi and a latinx trap.

Story of the world of high fashion told from the perspective of a penguin who designs bespoke tuxedos for white tie events held by Antarctic oligarchs.

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR / DO NOT CLICK

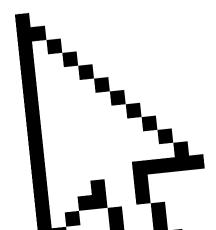
Yo. What's good, /lit/? Having fun yet? I bet you are. You fit in well around here. You have good energy. Everyone seems to like you. I'm glad I invited you. Now sit down.

As I've said before, I love to repeat myself. And in the beginning, at the magazine's outset, the contributors that did participate in & amp's genesis, their style, their specific works, even discourse that we the shared. were fundamental to the eventual shape that this project would take, formative interactions that, in retrospect, have indeed informed much of our general makeup. As time went on, so too did many of the early contributors, forces known to me only by their efforts, the magic therein, and sometimes a name. Names like &c, AKA Justice, The Mighty Prussia, KMD from The Lit Quarterly, Raoul Price-Valcenne, Jonah at Western Thought Podcast, Hayden, Ari at Past Tense, Ax and kg and DBS (RIP in Peace). These names would give way to many more, ICN, Placento, Kit, K-Anon, Rob, Kor, Jacob, Zulu, Lucas, Oggy, and countless more fallen and risen, names ever edging their way forward, names I'm remiss to have forgotten, among them all of the ex-girlfriends, dead besties, and enterprising, ever-latent hands busily working under furrowed brows deep into the night for our sake, those to whom this heirloom rightly belongs, Anonymous, the ultimate and only contributor, the final say in what it really means to have been there and then, here and now, wherever therever we are. The glass doors to the offices of & amp Magazine have undergone several scrapings over their course, the glue from old decals given over anew, names and titles amok.

And my primary impetus was always an overarching collaborative spirit, something akin to what has already been lost among the recent wizardry submerging us, the evolving turbulence that is this recursive fractal of platforms and the interplay throughout. So the Wreath & Mantle are laid to the head and shoulders of those most directly in fate's path, those brave that fortune most especially favors, chosen By Divine Right to charge the magnitude and trajectory of this humble ark.

And so I have surrounded myself with loyal genius and verified a prototypical Dream Team of Renaissance Mastery. And so I am now reaching out to you, readers of & amp Magazine that you might consider taking up your ink and guill and penning on our behalf your Magna Opi, your Great American Novels, your Postmodern Backbreakers, or perhaps more realistically, some halfbaked poetry while you wait for the airfryer. Wow!! Things are even better than they seem! I love you all. Yes, I love you. In an uncomfortable way, a way that violates your personal boundaries. That's how much I love you. And in a way that you do not appreciate, an intimacy that you did not ask for nor are you willing to tolerate. Yes. Yes!

For this issue I've installed my friend Atlaspherea as Editor-in-Chief. She is a woman of few words. Myself on the other hand, I love the sound of my own voice (I can only read aloud).

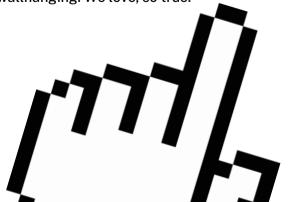


Imagine this: I'm sitting at my desk, crosslegged in my office chair, gently making work of my icecold White Russian, occasionally drawing from a cigarette, gleaning from the universe that which was always mine, the improvised traditions of the postmodern metamensch, designating a letter to my former publishing agent dismissing her of any obligations hence. On my desk, there's a small mirror, still a few bumps of powderized melatonin on it. On the wall beside me there's a wallhanging:

> IN THIS HOUSE WE ARE REAL WE MAKE MISTAKES WE SAY I'M SORRY WE HAVE FUN WE ARE REALLY LOUD WE GIVE HUGS WE LOVE

I smile and sip my drink. So true, I think to myself. The sound of my phone ringing interrupts my joy and I decide to let my receptionist take it before I remember that I fired her the morning prior.

The caller identifies herself as Brenda Sellers, and she claims to have pertinent information that she's absolutely certain that I would appreciate having imparted on me and that if given the chance to learn the things that she is willing to teach me, I should surely not regret the decision, with all due respect. And that I'm not really in a position to say no because her offer comes at no cost to myself, with all due respect. So of course I do what I always do which is write down her number and hang up and go back to my cocktail and my wallhanging: We love, so true.



Over the course of the next two weeks, an intolerable amount of spam would come across my desk and into my inbox, my voicemails., all from Brenda Sellers. Of course at the time my office was very poorly organized, but I did muster the wherewithal to call my good friend, colleague, and freshly minted Editor, Atlaspherea, who apparently was — as usual — one step ahead of me.

When she stopped by my office, she brought a copy of a book, Behead All Satans, and dropped it onto my desk. I'd read the book some months prior having accidentally purchased it instead of something that I'd actually wanted. It was, as I expected, very edgy. A fun read. I might recommend it, however I'm afraid that doing so might reflect on my character in some way. I ended up giving it to my Mother for her birthday and telling her that I found it through Oprah's Book Club. My mom loves to read.

So once again I pried through the book, scraping up any specks of narcissistic or neurotic obsession that I might have previously missed. Brenda Sellers had implicated the author in some heinous transgressions, allegations made over the course of several years, claims that had finally caught the eyes of intrepid Gospelfearing gumshoes throughout the noble parking garages of & amp Media Inc.

So off my intrepid detective purportedly absconded, armed with some recently unearthed XRP previously forfeited to carelessness. And off now she apparently continues to toil, herself wrapped up in the Gonzo Quagmire that is Brenda Sellers. Come home, Atlas. We miss you.



Cognitohazard

An Investigation into the Strange Circumstances Surrounding a Most Confounding Individual, Brenda Sellers, Fraudster, Patsy, Cyberstalker Extraordinaire, by Virtue of a Lion-Hearted, Steel-Willed Field Correspondant

WARNING: This article contains spoilers for the book Behead All Satans by MNM-DR.



Disclaimer: Some conversations have been abridged for the purpose of concision, or are presented in non-chronological order for the sake of the narrative. All changes have been made with the utmost attention to journalistic standards regarding factual reporting. The republication of Brenda Seller's statements does not in any way constitute an endorsement of her allegations, and all emails, social media posts, and anonymous imageboard posts quoted in this article are used only to provide context for the purposes of neutral reportage. We do not believe that Rian Ankerholz is MNM-DR, nor do we believe that he has engaged in harassment or other illegal conduct. We have found no evidence that he is guilty of any form of wrongdoing. Please don't sue us.

SATANS

STM-D

On May 12, 2023, our offices received the following email from a woman named Brenda Sellers.

Subject: Behead All Satans

The author of this book is MNMDR, Master Necro Mega-Damage Rapeface. Or, true identity - Rian Ankerholz, a Kansas lawyer, Ankerholz and Smith. He is a detioratiatung psychopath who has been stalking me for ten years. You can reach him ar <u>rfa@ankerholzandsmith.com</u>

& Media Inc.: I hope you're okay! Let me know if I can help in any way. Thanks for your help!

Brenda Sellers: You're welcome. May I ask your real name? Please do not reference me to him. It is common knowledge on 4Chan, his identity.

& amp Media Inc.: My name is Ryan Hartley.

Brenda Sellers: May I ask, are you Ryan Hartley, film producer or physical therapist? Would you have any information you feel, that may be unique to MNMDR/Rian Ankerholz?

& Media Inc.: No. Nor am I Ryan Hartley who fell from a tower. I am an author and publisher, and I work for & Magazine. I find it hard to believe that this old man wrote BAS. Is there anything that can substantiate your claim? Has he slighted you in some way, Rian? Does he frequent 4chan?

Brenda Sellers: He's targeted my life for ten years – hacking my devices, eavesdropping, accessing my bank account. I have a multitude of patterns he's created. I've had the input and reassurance of the FBI. It's a matter of a short time before he's disbarred and charged. I have initiated zero contact with him in five years. He prays upon me – and I log it. He felt I would succumb to his stalking, perhaps become suicidal through his coercion. However, he gravely underestimated my mental strength, to not only deflect his intent, but to full circle – bring him to justice. It is now my purpose in life.

May I inquire - your "site" seems thin, how do you earn a living?

& Media Inc.: I sell drugs and trade in cryptocurrency. Okay. Well, I would like to help you achieve justice. What do you think Rian would say if I contacted him and asked him if he was the author of this work? Would that directly implicate you?

Brenda Sellers: That information is available on 4Chan. And, no, I didn't tell you to contact him. I reiterated what is readily available. Is there anything more you can tell me about MNMDR, through conversations I'm not a part of?

& Media Inc.: Not exactly. I don't interact with him, however he does have an author profile on the & website.

After that, Brenda stopped responding. But this initial exchange would lead us down a rabbit hole so deep that it seemed bottomless.



One Francis Edward Gardner regularly claims to be the first self-published /lit/ author, although Jason Bryan has jostled for that position. But the enigmatic MNM-DR, who self-published his first novel in the summer of 2015, predates them both. His signature image, which serves as his avatar and decorates the covers of his works, is that of a stylized wide-eyed lemur.

His debut, the aforementioned "Behead All Satans," is transgressive fiction at its edgiest: the darkly funny tale of a psychopathic stalker obsessed with the exlover who abandoned him. Through journal entries, emails, and text messages, the book chronicles his descent into madness. The narrator of these books is known as MNM-DR, which is also the pseudonym of the author, creating a strange blurring of creator and creation.

I, Atlas, had spoken with MNM-DR once or twice on Discord, that cesspool of drama and infighting that we all know and hate. He hops around various litadjacent servers using a series of sockpuppet accounts with autogenerated names, showing up to chat for a while before vanishing, like a lemur leaping away into the branches of the vast Malagasy lowland forests. So who is he really, this elusive monkey-man? There were certain facts that I had gleaned from conversations with him, none of which matched up with Rian Ankerholz. He has worked as a screenwriter of some sort, lives in the DC area but has also spent time in Montreal and California. By the time I came across Ryan's exchange with Brenda Sellers while excavating the depths of the & submission inbox, my interest was piqued. I proposed that we do a deep dive and get to the truth of things.

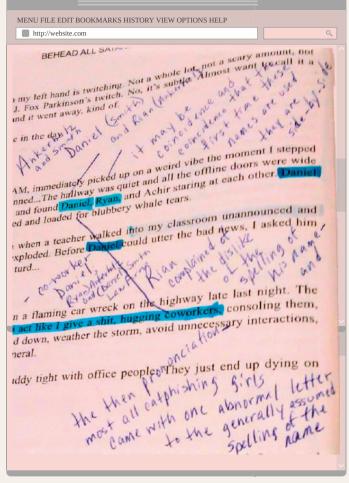
I started with the Warosu archives, which proved a treasure trove of information. A helpful anon had already recapped the entire situation in greentext format, replete with links.

A lot of anons were skeptical.

"It's clearly MNMDR schizo LARPING in an effort to make anyone interested in his pathetic existence."

But was it all a LARP? She'd posted over and over, sharing angry all-caps rants accusing MNM-DR of having written the books of other /lit/ authors, posing photos of pages from his books covered in rambling handwritten notes.





"Choke on what you're trying to do. Call of the Crocodile is written by "MNMDR" -- PATTERNS match - including his choice of book size 8.5 x 11 -IDENTICAL to his publication of his manifesto Behead All Satans- I purchased it - will FIND Amazon VIOLATIONS & GET IT ALSO STRIPPED"

"Fact: "F. Gardner, Horia Belcea and MNMDR," are Kansas lawyer Rian Ankerholz...These "authors" are one person; he is being investigated. Protect your mental health and divert from all dialogue associated."

"MNMDR" is under investigation; recent conversations are finally bringing it to a conclusion, these long awaited years. My fury at having to log his garbage from this site and seeing my name and pseudonym makes me livid to see...you've pissed me of [sic] putting my name on here...FOREVER on this deplorable site..." I decided to put my cyberstalking skills to good use, and checked out her Twitter account: @escapingmnmdr, display name Am.Hunted. It was a gold mine. She had spent months trying to get anyone to cover the story, tweeting at Jeff Bezos, Chris Cuomo, Ajit Pai, USA Today, The Chicago Tribune, The Daily Mail, even the FBI. All of this was interspersed with tweets raging at various establishments that she alleged had defrauded and wronged her:

@escapingmnmdr [2022-12-13, 7:35 AM]

"DEPLORABLE Black Friday-after going from Lake Forest to downtown, 4 yrs - I took my daughter into our usual stop in pattern #SprinklesCupcakes @sprinkles An African-American male working. Wore his mask ABOVE his mouth-brought out a FULL tray DELIVERATELY hack/coughed OVER IT"

A multitude of tweets complaining about purchases from Vera Bradley, QVC, Bloomingdale's, Crate & Barrel, Nordstrom, Land's End-her feed was replete with all of the trappings of a middle aged woman from Midwestern suburbia, going back as far as 2019. She was the prototypical Karen; the Ur-Karen, if you will. If this was a hoax by MNM-DR, then it was an impressively detailed one.

As I scrolled farther and farther back, engrossed by her raw insanity, her tweets grew more and more unhinged. Castigating a doctor who had refused to prescribe her Ivermectin. Complaining that various psychics had ignored her requests for information about MNM-DR. Accusing Ankerholz of all sorts of bizarre things-of wiretapping her devices, sending her links to hardcore pornography, enlisting intimidating black men to tail her in cars as she ran her errands. It was official: I had been out-crazied.

@escapingmnmdr [2021-07-10, 8:49 AM]

"I don't want Heaven - I want an observation seat to Hell. And I want to be announced - that those damned consciously know feel my presence. No fear to ask for this. I've disclosed a psychopath. I'll ready to rinse my hands of it. Hell is too little agony for him. A m e n -?"

@escapingmnmdr [2021-06-23, 10:37 AM]

"1 day, whether old-age or atrocity committed to one-self as u indicate, u will die. U/MNMDR will return 2 Hell - which ur actions will NEVER let u escape. U hv applauded Hitler U honor the act of rape U hate human life, especially females and minorities. You'll burn eternally"

@escapingmnmdr [2021-08-17, 9:34 AM]

"MNM-DR, your time to reconcile your soul in any way has passed. You are DARK. You are ALONE in it. Demons from the other side will be your only company"

@escapingmnmdr [2021-09-06, 10:53 AM]

"I am in favor with God, you know this MNMDR. And every day I pray he bans your soul without a human conscience, right to Hell. I do not miss a day. He cannot be fooled. You know nothing of life, but you know this. I won't let you get to Heaven."

@escapingmnmdr [2021-10-14, 11:27 AM]

"MNMDR, God will not have you, when it's your time. I've seen it in my dreams over and over again. You keep trying to get into Heaven & each time you do, God becomes more angry with you – and u show more of the evil you try to hide. You can't hide what u r from God. U R Hell."

@escapingmnmdr [2021-09-12, 8:24 AM]

"I woke abruptly at 4:00am from a dream/nightmare that MNMDR was lying dead and snakes were slithering over him. - Here's hoping."

@escapingmnmdr [2021-08-17, 8:13 AM]

"My dream last night: Rian, you were on ur knees sobbing, begging at the Gates of Heaven. God refused ur hand to touch them. His voice cast you. You were thrust backward into flames that whipped their way downward."

@escapingmnmdr [2021-09-06, 10:34 AM]

"MNMDR you will NEVER enter Heaven.Nothing you can do, No book you could ever read, No conscious cleansing you may ever try, will get you there. For what you have done - to me, you are damned to Hell. God showed me in a dream. It's over. Hell waits for you."



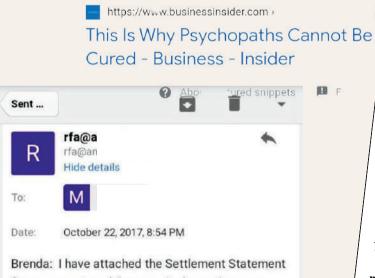
@escapingmnmdr [2021-06-21, 11:35 AM]

"Rian, u were once my trusted lawyer, my 1 ally in a tumultuous divorce-a trusted person, who had such a mutual rapport, that u asked me 2 write a book w/you. But I'm healed from the stark disbelief that not only wr u never these things-but u r an unconscionable psychopath/MNMDR. And, I'm not letting you leave this world. . . old age. . . illness. . . without being -- dragged into the public spotlight for the MONSTER you are"

@escapingmnmdr [2021-03-20, 8:32 AM]

"MNMDR, the earth doesn't need you-humanity doesn't need to know you walk this planet. You belong back in Hell - where you will return"

After reading Brenda's volumes of schizology, it was clear that we needed to speak to MNM-DR and get to the heart of this whole sordid tale. But how to procure an audience with him?



from your automobile case. It shows the gross settlement amount, and the disbursement of all proceeds. Because you failed to pick up your file on the two scheduled times, we still have it either in the office or in archives. Let me know if you want me to mail it to you. No charge.

We are not doing any of the things you describe. Do not contact me, or any of my family, in any way again. If you have a legitimate need to contact me, have your lawyer do that.

Rian F. Ankerholz (913) Fax: (913)



^(A)^(S)σα^{(N}yτΗ_iNG^yομ^re a ΔΥ _αςt^μΔΑ_y C^(A)ε€ ^ΔβØμŤ ^(T)h Åt Iω F $\square_{\mathcal{F}} E \operatorname{igh}^{\dagger} \square \operatorname{uoU} \operatorname{is} \operatorname{cerrI}(E_{\mathcal{Y}} \cap \mathbb{G}, b \in \mathbb{C}_{a} \cup S \in \operatorname{in} \widetilde{\mathbb{V}}_{\mathcal{E}})$ ξεΤι¥ΝϾ ΠΙĆ€ Πεω Ϥ⊙Τhες, σr Ιt αΑΝ ΜΕªη /ΔκίŇg ЎοεR ΟξΟ $\begin{array}{c} \mathsf{E}_{\mathsf{D}} & \mathsf{C}_{\mathsf{D}} & \mathsf{C} & \mathsf{C}_{\mathsf{D}} & \mathsf{C} & \mathsf{C}_{\mathsf{$ ŁOѶE c a ſ ħuR① ①万. il is un la^can. jUST r έ⊕€MBεr ţo ωħArpen DOUR Cu^NT ⊕έ∓Ω r

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Luck was on our side. A few days later, the monkey-man himself showed up in the & Discord server with his latest sockpuppet account. When /lit/'s own Ogden Nesmer asked how he was doing, he spilled the whole story without us even having to bring it up.

MNM:DR: Some malignant narcissist boomer cyber-Karen (who's been stalking me for years) got my books ripped off of Amazon for the third time. She thinks I'm a boomer lawyer from the midwest. It's a wild story: I'm pretty sure that he was her divorce lawyer, and I'm guessing she didn't like the work he did. She's started a Patreon and a GiveSendGo to hunt him down and disbar him. Everything she writes is totally unsympathetic and threatening-it's actually kind of impressive. She's been hounding me since 2017/2018. It's surreal.

When asked if he'd be willing to give us an interview with his side of the story, MNM-DR demured.

MNM-DR: That's totally fucked that she's trying to contact anything or anyone associated with my books or my pseudonym, MNM-DR. She's obviously got all kinds of problems. But she's relentless and convincing when she needs to be, and she may decide to go after you if you piss her off.

Ryan: I may need to mine her for #lore tho; if she's as crazy as she seems we can harvest raw entertainment.

MNM-DR: Just be careful. Here's the thing: she can turn on a dime. Right now she thinks I'm a lawyer from Kansas, but my concern is that she'll just end up thinking you're me, and then she'll redirect her Eye of Sauron at anyone associated with & amp and fuck everyone's shit up. Do whatever you want, but please be careful.

At this point, it seemed like an interview was out of reach. But, when I told him that I'd read his book, he changed his tune.

Atlas: I read "Behead All Satans" recently–it was actually quite good, although it left me moderately traumatized.

MNM-DR: First of all, thank you for reading the book...however you found it. But, the "moderately traumatized" part...what happened? Wanna talk about it?

Atlas: I just mean that I'm kind of sensitive to reading about graphic violence, so I found a lot of the book's content disturbing. What inspired you to write something so transgressive?

MNM-DR: As for inspiration...I was working on a horror screenplay for hire around 2011-2012. I had put a lot of work into it, and it looked like maybe it was gonna happen, get financed, etc., and then 'poof,' the players involved totally bounced on me. And then I got really super pissed and thought *Fuck it, I'm finally gonna write that evil novel*, and so the seeds of Behead All Satans were planted.

Atlas: So how did this "Brenda" woman enter the picture? Did she just stumble upon your content online and somehow come to believe that it was connected to her own life?

MNM-DR: I think it might've started years ago when I made a GoodReads account and just added every author I could find-her pen name is Lucy Lacefield. I think that lit the fuse on everything. She just put all her problems on me; it's all so fucking bizarre. I think she's a malignant narcissist with schizoid tendencies.

Atlas: It's nuts that this random boomer divorcée (who presumably is far from the demographic that frequents 4chan) would come across your work and become so fixated on you. She's made all sorts of allegations-that you've hacked her devices to eavesdrop on her and that you've stolen from her bank accounts.

MNM-DR: It happens, though. And that is classic skitzo speak, is it not? I've seen it all before. Remember now, she thinks I'm her divorce lawyer from Kansas, so it's not me she's pissed at. It's the work that he did or didn't do.

Atlas: All of this is genuinely unhinged. And then she follows it up with boomer Karen style complaints about the service she received at a cupcake shop? The contrast here is wild.

MNM-DR: She is a mentally ill person obsessed with a couple of books that have protagonists that are mentally ill persons who are obsessed with love interests. Life imitates art.

Atlas: She also alleges that your GoodReads reviews are all written by you under various aliases.Do you fake reviews of your own work, or is this claim simply another one of her schizophrenic fabrications?

MNM-DR: I've never written a fake review in my life. That's a quote.

Atlas: Okay, thanks for clearing that up. Can I ask about the titles and covers of your books? What inspired them? Why do you have such a devotion to the lemur?

MNM-DR: Behead All Satans pretty much, as far as the protagonist (MNM-DR) is concerned, simply translates to Behead All Women. But you try and publish a book on the Amazon marketplace titled Behead All Women... they're cunts, Amazon, they'll shut you down. The covers were public domain images and I just thought they were rad, which they are. The lemur motif is explained in the book. Ava likens herself to a lemur-did you actually read the book?

Atlas: Yes–I just wondered if the motif has personal significance for you that drove your decision to associate it with Ava's character.

MNM-DR: Oh yes, of course. Ava is based on a real person, and she was very much like a Eastern European lemur gen-Xer.

Atlas: Are you a Gen-Xer yourself? How long have you been browsing 4chan and /lit/ more specifically? And how have you seen the site's culture change over the years, especially in relation to attitudes towards content that is ultraviolent and edgy?

MNM-DR: Yes, my inquisitive friend, I was born in the mid-70s. I think that makes me the oldest twat in the /lit/ renaissance, if you lads are still doing that. I found 4chan in....I wanna say 2009? So, yes, I'm a double oldfag. As far as change: there's a lot more obvious glownigger posting and statesponsored shilling, that's for goddamn sure. **Atlas:** In some ways I see your book as reminiscent of other books I've read-books that include so much graphic violence that the reader almost becomes desensitized to it: A Clockwork Orange, American Psycho, and Irvine Welsh's "Filth" all come to mind. But what makes your book unique in my mind is the way in which it incorporates the internet, often through the protagonist's detailed descriptions of cyberstalking. Is "Behead All Satans" in some sense emblematic of an internet imageboard culture that glorifies violence, obsession, and hateful attitudes towards women? Also, who are your biggest influences as a writer?

MNM-DR: Honestly, I didn't rely on 4chan or /pol/ when writing BAS, but it's amazing to me how people connect the book to 4chan-type posting. And everybody is so fucking young that they immediately gravitate to American Psycho. But for me the biggest influence is Cockpit by Jerzy Kosiński. That's it.

Atlas: Yeah, I suppose we have different cultural frames of references, since I was born in the late 1990s.

MNM-DR: What's the bigtime heavy transgressive fiction book for you? The one that speaks to you?

Atlas: To be honest, I'm not sure-I'm generally not drawn to transgressive fiction. But sometimes I'll hear about a disturbing book and feel the compulsion to read it in order to satisfy a certain morbid curiosity. I know that I'll be repulsed by the book's content, but the not-knowing almost feels worse. That uncertainty leaves room to speculate about possibilities that are unbearable, you know? Anyway, perhaps transgressive fiction doesn't speak to me because I'm not really the intended audience-I think that men have certain drives related to sex and violence that women experience differently. Although, the overarching behind transgressive emotions works (of loneliness, alienation, frustration, etc.) are often in some sense relatable to me.



MNM-DR: I mean, the anticipation, the unknown, will always be better than knowing.

Atlas: That's interesting – I think the compulsion to gather information about the unknown is a way of soothing one's fears and regaining the feeling of being in control. And I really saw that in MNM-DR's obsession with uncovering every facet of Ava's life, even when he knew that the information he'd find was likely to hurt him or make him angry or further his fixation. So I don't know if the unknown is better, in that sense...there is always the compulsion to satisfy one's own perverse curiosity. Although perhaps I'm delving too deeply into my own psyche by articulating this.

MNM-DR: Maybe I mean that, in 'the horror' sense, the unknown is better? But MNM-DR was definitely looking for any speck of Ava activity-it made him feel closer to her. And in fact, there was a point in the book when he felt silly, like he knew that tracking her mundane purchases was just making him look pathetic. Except someone like that can't ever stop.

Atlas: I found the scene of MNMDR's final confrontation with Ava really haunting. He'd spent a decade so desperate to know why she'd abandoned him, and all she could say was "I'm not good with people." Maybe what bothered me was the idea that there was no specific reason why their dynamic had developed, and there was nothing that would ever bring him any kind of resolution...it made me sad.

MNM-DR: Wow, it's pretty obvious that you read the book. I think that the simple answer is that MNM-DR and Ava were very similar: total underachievers. They both wanted to be creatives so bad, but they could never get over that barrier to entry hump. Ava had her beauty, and that's what gave her an advantage over MNM-DR, but in the end they're both losers. **Atlas:** So perhaps MNM-DR's obsession with Ava was in some sense sublimation; a fixation that gave him drive and distracted him from the fact that he was creatively impotent and empty.

MNM-DR: I mean, not completely empty though, right? The book is absolutely meta... and so Ava inspired Behead All Satans. But without Ava, without the obsession, yes, sure, MNM-DR would be lost in a post 9/11 world without any direction.

Atlas: What about your second book, "The Tainted Turd"—is it just as brute force as the first? Or did you dial it back a little bit?

MNM-DR: Yes, I did take my foot off the gas. I wanted to do something similar but not as aggressive.

Atlas: So it's more subdued in content than BAS?

MNM-DR: Yes, subdued because there are way fewer n-words and pejorative f-words. Anyway, it goes double meta-there are those that think it's better than BAS, and there are those who think it's a bunch of diminishing returns. Both are correct.

Atlas: It's been six years since your latest book was released-do you have plans to write any more books? Or are there other projects in the works that you're focusing on?

MNM-DR: Yes, I'm working on a third book in the MNM-DR series: Jumpy Cutout. The events take place during Feb 2018 to late 2019. There are going to be a lot of illustrations and visual things–I feel like I'm better suited to do a graphic novel. I just don't want to run over the same ground and do the same story over and over with walls of text. Also, it'll be large format like BAS. But this third book is really causing me problems. I'm getting caught in the visual storytelling elements, but I have to figure out how to make it work.

Atlas: In the meantime, do you have any plans to put your first two books back on Amazon? Or is that not an option?

MNM-DR: I would love to put them back up as soon as possible, but the boomer stalker lady will no doubt get to work on taking them right back down. It's a very shitty situation, but I feel like maybe it's good that it happened. I was spending too much time on 4chan (/pol/) shilling the shit outta them, and my sales weren't that great anyway. Now I can just focus on getting work done and making progress on Book 3.

Atlas: Since your books are currently unavailable on Amazon, how can interested potential readers access them?

MNM-DR: There are 4 or 5 places to download a PDF of BAS-like the first Google-search page brings them all up. Tainted Turd is totally obscure though.

Atlas: Sellers has repeatedly alleged that the author of the MNM-DR books is a nefarious psychopath. Does this claim have any merit? What would you say to those who would question your character based on the contents of your books?

MNM-DR: That's a bit ridiculous though, isn't it? I'm so normie, you wouldn't believe it. Though, I like to think, "Is my fake fiction writing that powerful?"

Atlas: Your writing does have a certain forcefulness, but I think it's largely that she's incapable of distinguishing fiction from reality.

MNM-DR: "Forcefulness"...that's a compliment, and I'll take it. Yeah, pretty obvious that she's having a very difficult time, and that's why I've never engaged her on any level. She's spiraling, and I feel like I'd only add weight to her descent.

Coming from a violator, this response was magnanimous indeed.

- • •

After my first conversation with MNM-DR, Ryan and I reached out to Ankerholz via email, explaining that we were journalists writing about a case of disputed identity and asking if he'd be willing to give us a statement. We received no response. So we tried to reach him by phone: Ryan did the talking and I was conferenced in on the other end of the line, quickly putting myself on mute to conceal my nervous laughter. We left a message with his secretary but, as we expected, he didn't call us back.

Given that Ankerholz had declined to comment, Ryan followed up with Brenda instead. Was she a reliable source? Of course not, and perhaps contacting her was ethically dubious, given her mental state. But we did not let that deter us: there was raw entertainment yet to be harvested.

& Magazine Inc.: Hello. I've learned some things about MNM-DR. I want to interview you for & Magazine, so that we might expose this person. Are you willing to participate? I can't reveal too much without exposing my sources and endangering my coverage . He has disclosed to me that his work is based on personal experience. And that the character Ava is based on a real person. Let me know if you'd be willing to submit to some interview questions. Anyway, thanks for your time!

Brenda Sellers: Thank you for emailing back. You see, as far as him being exposed–I've established 63 patterns consistent in v these two books (repeatedly), with the "activity" he from a profession as a lawyer, Rian Ankerholz, displayed when he represented my divorce and then an automobile accident. I know everything. I just don't know any bizarre "deep" conversing he would have on some of these sites, like 4Chan. Would you consider to share your experience, dialogue, when you chose to contact him? Psychics have told me in 2019 he was about only "30 percent in the driver's seat". By now he must be zero. And further deteriorating.

& amp Media Inc.: Yes, I will share my experiences as my correspondence with these individuals develops.

1.) What specific abuses has MNM-DR perpetrated against you, with as specific as setting as possible (place, time)?

2.) What specific evidence do you have that Rian Ankerholz is MNM-DR?

3.) What specific remediation would you like to see as appropriate compensation for being the victim of MNM-DR's abuses?

4.) What else can you tell me about this entire saga that might be worth looking deeper into, with specific keywords or phrases?

Her reply to this email exceeded our wildest expectations.

Brenda Sellers: "Hmm. A generalized first line follow-up, deflecting. Would your angle be to represent me, or fortify your defense? I'm thinking the latter. Oh, Rian, you're playing in my arena. I've always said I would've won a case against you... That time is coming, fast. The regrets you must have ever trying to make any game of things, my life, for yourself. ? Hindsight. But it's too late. I do hope you're going crazy(ier) with worry.

You know, it took me a moment years ago to find my footing with what was happening, to get over empathy and compassion, those days are long past. You've done what you've done (and continue to), and their are consequences. Period. Specific "times and dates", - do you honestly think that's how a stalking case develops? You've been in your "areas" of law too long. I know, I know. You thought you had it (maybe still do) all figured out, when you embarked on your 'Nefarious Campaign of Torment" - one thing, though: YOU FORGOT WHO YOUR TARGET WAS."

That night, I reconvened with MNM-DR on Discord.

Atlas: Update: Your boomer stalker now thinks that Hartley is the lawyer from Kansas contacting her under an alias to mine information for his legal defense.

MNM-DR: imagine_my_shock.png

Atlas: It's all very unhinged.

MNM:DR: When a high-functioning malignant narcissist puts their crosshairs on you... watch the fuck out. The good news is that she obviously has financial problems, so she can't afford to sue or litigate anyone or anything.

Atlas: Why do you think she's a malignant narcissist, as opposed to just a garden-variety schizophrenic?

MNM-DR: To you and I she's exposed, but imagine her day-to-day interactions with people who don't know any better.

Atlas: Yeah. I used to be a barista, and our worst customers were always boomer women with crazy eyes. I feel like she's that type-the kind of person who would berate you to tears because you forgot to offer her a straw.

MNM-DR: That is so on point, my dude. You've seen her customer complaints-she's been doing that uber cyber-Karen shit for years, and also IRL. Anyway, I imagine that she's white, obese, on the dark side of 50 years of age-like almost 60-and just such a crazy bitch that it makes you feel blessed to know the lowmaintenance assholes that you do.

Atlas: Yeah, I'm not surprised that her ex husband wanted out. I feel bad for the guy. Anyway, do you have any advice for aspiring writers?

MNM-DR: Well, obviously don't quit, you know what I mean? I'm always willing and able to purchase new works by my /lit/ contemporaries. And, you know... editing is the most important part of any creative process.

Atlas: What's your editing process like?

MNM-DR: I tinker until I've got a lot of stuff to play with, and then I find out what works and what doesn't. Honestly, collecting over the years-letters, emails, various things-it all comes in handy to build a narrative. BAS was a difficult block of words to navigate; I must've spent a good three or four months agonizing over every paragraph. I'm a high school dropout, so in a very American way I've always felt unequipped to write anything.

Atlas: Can your work be read as autobiographical in some way, or do you simply have a vivid imagination?

MNM-DR: I think L.A. Labuschagne, who is a very young yet wise person, kind of nailed it when he said "It looks like our boy the protagonist got his hands dirty." The best shit comes from experience.

Like the OG Kush/Bubba Kush weed-growing in the Valley and the Darien character, that shit basically happened like it was written.



So after all this, what is the truth? None of the details that MNM-DR had given us about his identity matched up with Ankerholz. Of course, these could simply be red herrings, information he'd let slip to throw us off the scent. But to what end?

Though there is little rationale for endangering one's own reputation by playing some kind of psychological triumvirs for nearly a decade, it became clear to me that none of what Brenda had claimed made any sense. I realized that all three elements to this unholy trinity were acting like nothing other than three disparate and ultimately sovereian minds: Brenda herself. the schizophrenic morningside newsboy; MNM-DR, the dark artist witch-in-the-window; and lastly, Ankerholz, an apparently unwitting victim of either of the former.

The metareferential subtext isn't beyond me. That Behead All Satans might have in some fashion predicted itself, that Brenda Sellers herself plays to a strange allegory of the works of her abuser, that the themes of the work come to reflect real life or vice versa, must imply something of deeper meaning, surely. I ask myself, '*Have I pulled back all of the layers?*'. I still don't know. What does it mean? Perhaps nothing. Perhaps it's simply a beautiful puzzle, some kind of ephemeral performance art. Perhaps I'll just sit here until the significance of this morbid affair makes itself obvious to me. Perhaps I'll just have to wait.

Was Brenda Sellers crazy before this? I can't find any evidence that she was. She allegedly met Ankerholz in 1999 when he represented her in a divorce, and again in 2013 following a vehicle collision. Interested readers will spend hours crawling her Twitter. She's intractably unhinged.

My leading theory is that Behead All Satans is some variety of literary cognitohazard, most pernicious to whichever specific genotype Brenda Sellers might be, something truly awful, something truly haunted. And that at some point around 2016 she became infected, likely through Goodreads, deciding on her own that her former lawyer was MNM-DR, the author of Behead All Satans. By 2020 she had found /lit/. Around this time, F. Gardner and Horia Belcea were shilling their work on /lit/, making Penguin Classics covers, generating hype for their books. And so was MNM-DR. It was likely at this point that she came to the assumption that they were all the same person. All the while, she continued threatening, censoring, defaming, interloping, and harassing a number of people in real life.

It would take an immense amount of schizoposting with zero payoff for MNM-DR to have pretended the whole thing. Why would he seek to have his own books censored and stripped? I don't buy it. And , of course, our poor beleaguered Ankerholz wants nothing other than to wash his hands of all of this. I don't blame him. Brenda Sellers is crazy, that much is clear to me. And now to some degree, I am crazy for following her, for getting wrapped up in her sticky, tangled, brain damaged web of lies. But are they lies? Is MNM-DR an actual maniac responsible for her torture? Surely Ankerholz is simply the target of the manifestations of her mental illness. Certainly this whole deplorable chaos of corkboard and string and scribbled insanity is nothing more than the troubled delusions of a wild and untamed sickness, a sickness still lurking in the shadows of 4chan.

For now, though, any conclusive moral eludes me. I will endeavor to continue to dig into this story and expose the truth of the matter. There is no doubt much more to this story than what meets the eye, much more obscure lore to be mined. Until then, however, it might prove useful for investigative purposes to subject new readers to MNM-DR's mindbending cognitohazard, most probably effective in paperback. Let us adopt the tactics of Sellers herself and relentlessly tweet at Jeff Bezos, demanding he restore Behead all Satans and The Tainted Turd to their former position in the Amazon marketplace. Let us chant it as one, our rallying cry:

#JUSTICEFORMNMDR



Am.Hunted @escapin... • 2021-06-24 ···· Driving 13 miles south you talk directly to Frank Gardner and hopefully Frank Gardner (father) about ANY information regarding MNMDR -



Am.Hunted @escapin... · 2021-06-07 ···· MNMDR, just left a voicemail message for Call of the Crocodile, Frank Gardner (father) 708 771 zero zero 91

You have anything to share ?



Am.Hunted @escapin... · 2021-06-12 · · · Frank Gardner called me back - you're involved.

Pathways to easily PROVE your identity - WIDE OPEN



Am.Hunted @escapingmnmdr

MNMDR, when it comes to "helping himself" or "concealing your movements" - Frank Gardner will DEFINITELY put HIMSELF first -

Your eight year journey - just "Hit The Cold Stone Wall" -



Am.Hunted @escapingmnmdr

MNMDR, interesting - Frank Gardner & yourself both abandoned 4Chan at about the same time, some days ago.

...Frank Gardner had a photograph of him unboxing the 2 books he supposedly authored.

What's the collusion between u 2? Frank had phone#/address- authorities cn get answers.



Am.Hunted @escapingmnmdr

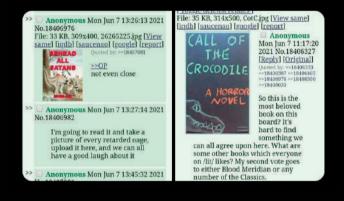
GOT A MEETING WITH FRANK GARDNER THIS MORNING - #TAPPED THE SNAKE PIT !!



Am.Hunted @escapingmnmdr

What's the connection between the two of you MNMDR (Behead All Satans) and Frank Gardner (Call of the Crocodile)?

People on the **#4Chan** site - would you tell me what their connection is ?





Am.Hunted @escaping... · 2021-07-10 ···· How will MNMDR's read one day ?

A 64 year old psychopath not only is getting more mentally unstable, but obviously of old age - two factors of inevitable end of life period.



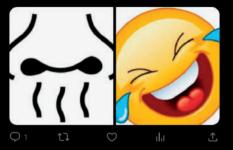
* * *



Am.Hunted @escapin... · 2020-10-18 "MNMDR" how are you going to take an Olfactory System check?

Oh, wait - YOU CAN'T!

#psychopathes can't SMELL





MNMDR, you talk of RAPING throughout everything u WRITE/SEND - I hate u for ur VILE mindset -

You put ur garbage all around me & my family with SURVEILLING and STALKING my life-

That makes you synonymous with the ACT OF RAPE-

What of your mind if you get ANAL RAPED in prison?



Am.Hunted @escapin... · 2021-06-25 ···· Good day, freak -

Get over me - your ridiculous attempts of being "scary" have only destroyed your life and all of your "family/friends/ associates"



MNMDR, I hope you blow your brains out.



Am.Hunted @escaping... 2021-01-19 a lawyer, Rian Ankerholz, in Overland Park, #Kansas

He wrote a manifesto Behead All Satans that #JeffBezos banned.

He is a psychopath, #Hitler sympathizer, #TedBundy and #BTK admirer DANGEROUS





MNMDR. Liust woke up - from a nightmare.

23

I saw your face. I know who you are.

You are the Devil.



at 7:43 AM Details

YOU WROTE IN YOUR BOOKS OF MY "WEAKNESSES".

I DO NOT HAVE ANY

I AM A FUNCTIONING HUMAN BEING, WHO HAS KNOWN SADNESS. LITERALLY KNOWN CRUEL PEOPLE. WHO HAS FOUND MY OWN STRENGTH AND WHO KNOWS JOY.

I ADMIT ERRORS WHEN I MAKE THEM.

I APOLOGIZE, I SAY THANK YOU AND YOU'RE WELCOME I SHOW



Lucy Lacefield *****

Reviewed in the United States on August 17, 2020 Horia Belcea is an alias of the BANNED Master Necro Mega-Damage Rapeface.

This is an alias for Master Necro Mega-Damage Rapeface/MNMDR. The book has identical patterning to his books Behead All Satans and The Tainted Turd - both books, manifestos, that Jeff Bezos swiftly BANNED.

I suggest anyone deter from reading this book. It is psychologically unhealthy to expose vourself to

No doubt, and as I am in conversation with Amazon, it will be banned, too.

Thank you for your review.

Edit Delete



LAST NIGHT THE BLACK MALE FOLLOWING ME FROM PLACE TO PLACE WAS DRIVING A WHITE MERCEDES WITH A VIRGINIA LICENSE PLATE IN DALLAS

I KNOW YOU KNOW I'M HERE

DALLAS POLICE NOW KNOW AN OUTLINE OF THINGS

MARK KNOWS, TOO - YOU ALREADY KNOW THIS

?YOU'VE GONE OUTSIDE OF YOURSELF TO USE OTHERS -



Am.Hunted @es





I CONTACTED AMAZON THROUGH A DIRECT TWEET TO JEFF BEZOS - AND SINGLE-HANDEDLY GOT THIS BOOK WIPED OFF OF AMAZON. MNMDR WILL YOU STOP USING GOODREADS FOR YOUR PSYCHOPATHIC RELEASE?

The Official Magazine of & amp Magazine

minimag.space



art. poetry. microfiction. new releases every week. An Opinion on *Husky* Mutt *Puppy*, in the context of & amp Magazine Issue Sixteen, as Offered by

Husky Puppy is beautiful, Mutt sublime derangement. It delivers humor and horror with casual skill-an easy autumn walk into an uneasy awful world. It reminds me of these occasional dreams I have of walking up to my tarantula's terrarium only to find- not a Chilean rose- but a whole assortment of arthropodic nightmares in the form of head-sized spiders and scorpions with thick limbs and smooth carapaces in color palettes like royal blue and desaturated sunset. In these dreams, the longer I look, the more creatures I notice in the cage, the more disturbing they get, and the more an oppressive alien predatory presence fills the dreaming-air around me. That same presence lives here, hungry for the readers' attention and probably their organs as well. Reading this story felt like the author and I had both tapped into the same weird part of the collective unconscious.

On a measure of raw literary weight- the sort you find in curricula assigned to English majors and better issues of The New Yorker- the champion of &'s Issue 016 is No Adonis Has Come to Stay. But over in a totally different stadium, on some other podium, gold medal in hand for an idiosyncratic event that I much prefer to watch, stands Husky Mutt Puppy.

Hierophant.

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Each day I post to r/WritingPrompts before starting my shift at Bed Bath & Beyond. Today's post:

[WP] The white noise from machines used to sound like gibberish to you, but over time you realize it's a language.

Work flies by as I wonder how the good people of Reddit will approach my prompt. I consider checking my phone, just to see if someone has posted a response, but always hold off. Nothing beats the feeling of seeing the upvotes, and comments, and beautiful pieces all at once back on my comfy chair in front of the computer. I try so hard to be tough on myself about not looking while I'm still at the store. Maybe twice a week I cave and check my phone while I'm supposed to be stocking a shelf, or sneak to the backroom to take a peek. I'm getting better though. My goal for this year is to get it down to just once per week. Next year, who knows! I might be able to get through without looking at all. It's just that when I wait till the end of the day to look, I feel so uplifted; it's a win in favor of discipline. It's a win in favor of me. It's a small step forward in the midst of these empty shelves.

Stocking the shelves is my favorite part of work, my mind wanders while I match barcodes and hunt between the brightly colored boxes of gadgets for open space on the white metal. The walls, the shelves, the floor, the lights, everything is white where I work, and I'm the one who brings the color. I put the brightly painted boxes where they need to be; I take the 2D store and make it 3D; I make it pop! I fall into this comfortable rhythm where I'm free to think about my writing prompts. Much better than working the register. There I'm too distracted with fretting over an unending line of customers, while I dread the automated signal that they've been approved for the Bed, Bath & Beyond credit card. That mandatory signal that I must sell them on the 2% off and years of high interest rate loans. Not to say that stocking is always easy: the worst sections, like bath towels, require my total focus on the folding and stacking. But when I'm stocking the good sections I can think freely. Like my favorite, the candy section, where the packaging is so exciting and cheerful. My mind soars far above the cart as I sort the sugary sweets. There's never dread in the candy section; I never have to swallow deep and force a sale.



Just today, while stocking in the candy section, I had the best idea for those buzzing machines in my prompt. See, I saw this bag of candy nuggets and thought about the oldwest, and then started thinking about how it must have sucked not to have air conditioning, and then I came up with the perfect main character: Cowpoke Conditionerthe nicest AC unit in all the West.

The machines would speak to each other in a singsong hum. The loudest and happiest in the house would be Cowpoke Conditioner, this super old and jovial AC Unit, he would sing this powerful song that swept through the house like it was wide-open prairie, keeping all the other machines and appliances cool. In my imagination it's all 3D animated like a Pixar movie. With these rounded character models, vibrant colors, and cheery faces. Cowpoke Conditioner would be mentoring this newly installed tankless water-heater as the main arc of the story. The water-heater (in classic water-heater fashion) would be a bit of a hot head. Cowpoke Conditioner would really help chill her out. And the ending, it came to me while I opened a cardboard box full of gummy-worm packages, is the best part: the irascible water heater has finally grown up, she's used to the job and has lots of friends. The fans, and computers, and TVs, and routers have all became this beautiful little community.

Until she realizes that the poor old AC unit isn't doing so hot (get it?). The friendly repairman (this Steve-from-Blues-Cluesy guy who is the only human that can understand the humming) seems distressed. Finally the AC Unit hums to the Water-heater that his time has come, his old parts have worn down, and he lets her know that the old propane water heater was his best friend before her. His greatest remaining hope is that she will help the next AC unit learn the ropes.

I was in tears as I pushed the empty shopping cart back into the storage room. It's so beautiful, and I'm just so sad that I really don't have enough time to write it. I nearly looked at my phone, hoping desperately that someone had taken the prompt in a similar direction, but I stayed strong until the end of my shift.



And now the moment of truth, the climax of my disciplined wait, the crux of my hopes: I'm going to the Subreddit. I'm shuddering; 500 upvotes and 15 comments. Most are compliments on the prompt itself, and four of the comments are short stories. This is overwhelming; putting how proud and blessed I am into words would be impossible. I nearly hit the edit button and type thank you to my fans, but I hold off, I should read the stories first.

The first one was such a bummer. Some morbid idea about the machines constantly screaming to be set free from their sad lives. And only one human could, like, understand them. And he was haunted by them so much that he moved to a small cabin in in the woods, or something. I don't know. I just don't think its very original, right? Pretty sure I've heard all that before. Whatever it's just not my taste, but I comment that his writing is very polished and move on to the next story.

The second one might as well have been an echo of the first. It was a "Yes, and...." And the "and" was that the woods had some sort of military installment in it that made even louder, sadder wails. The poor man ended up killing himself! I very nearly downvoted it; but instead I curtly responded to the second story with a "Thank you" because I didn't want to start any Reddit drama. Both short stories had a lot of upvotes and I'm not shooting for the Controversial Tab, after all.

The third was this super intellectual thing. I couldn't really understand it. The grammar was weird and the sentences just ran, on and on, forever. It seemed like it was just going in circles. Maybe there was a story in there somewhere. I just couldn't get it. I commented: "Great premise, so deep!".

The fourth was super long, and was like humans fighting robots or something. I think it must have been an eleven year old that wrote it. I commented: "How imaginative!"

I guess I'm a tad bummed out by how weak the answers were. I guess they were fine, but my idea was way better. Too bad I just didn't have time to write it myself. Overall though, the post has a lot of potential to stay near the top of the subreddit for several days. That reminds me, I want to check the prompt I posted a few days ago to see if there are any new comments on it. I'm pretty sure it's on the Top of the Week Tab (not trying to brag), but I type the full prompt into the search bar just to be sure:

[WP] "100% of people who drink water will die" sounds like a dumb statistic, but you just turned 900 years old and feel very thirsty.



It makes me chuckle every time. It's so dang clever. I thought of it while I was at a stop light, I looked over at the Prius next to me and saw this young lady taking a swig from a plastic water bottle. The sun was bouncing around, caught in the clear plastic, and it looked like she was drinking purified light. I just felt like that lady would live forever in that moment, young and beautiful and consuming the sun. But then I remembered this podcast I had heard where the hosts proved that plastic was probably giving us all cancer, and I got worried that plastic might be her downfall, and then the light turned green, and I started thinking that it might as well just be the water killing her, cause like, how could anyone avoid plastic these days.

This post absolutely blew up; it already got seven thousand upvotes and a plethora of comments. Most of the stories are awful, though. The most popular are about ancient people whose friends and family have all died, and they're left totally alone at 900 years of age. One of them, and yeah, sure, it's poignant and all- it got the most upvotes- but it ends with this paragraph about a woman getting into bed and then loudly proclaiming, "Goodnight and goodbye!" Pan out to reveal a glass of water on her bedside table. It's pretty, I guess. But it wasn't the pretty I imagined. I kept thinking about the woman in the Prius, sipping away, preserved in that sunbeam for a millennia. I just didn't have time to write it myself. And now, with so many other takes on it, I'm much too late to write it on my own. Besides, the /r/WritingPrompt community looks down on "Self-Prompting". It's vain.

I'm just glad people are out here creating things based on my ideas. I feel like I need to share them, but I just don't have the time to write it myself. And when I do sit down to write it feels so forced. I know this is bad, but I've been going on 4chan /lit/- the literature image-board on that anonymous cesspool that everyone's always warning each other about- a lot, and it made me realize I don't want to "be a writer". It's like they always say on /lit/: "Real writers write because it's the only way they can make sense of the world, they don't do it to 'be a writer'." And I totally agree. I don't want to force it, I'm not a "writer" and I definitely don't want to 'be a writer'. It's just too clichéd. It makes me chuckle every time. It's so dang clever. I thought of it while I was at a stop light, I looked over at the Prius next to me and saw this young lady taking a swig from a plastic water bottle. The sun was bouncing around, caught in the clear plastic, and it looked like she was drinking purified light. I just felt like that lady would live forever in that moment, young and beautiful and consuming the sun. But then I remembered this podcast I had heard where the hosts proved that plastic was probably giving us all cancer, and I got worried that plastic might be her downfall, and then the light turned green, and I started thinking that it might as well just be the water killing her, cause like, how could anyone avoid plastic these days.

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Somewhere between stocking ceramic spatulas and the new stainless steel pans from KitchenAid, I looked at the clock on my phone then up at the white walls. For a moment it all stopped. The light rock music over the store's speakers, the customers talking to each other about the ideal curtains a few aisles away, the walkie on my hip reminding Keisha and the rest of us that her break was over and she was needed back on register, all came to a halt. The perfect prompt hit me.

I posted it immediately when I got home last night. That night I dreamed I was trying to post a prompt on the sub, but my manager kept bringing me boxes that I needed to stock. I'd stock in a frenzy before rushing back to my bedroom, setup somewhere between the linen and kitchen sections. Every time I would type a few words, she would roll out more boxes. And when I did write words they were just the names of kitchen brands or bathroom appliances.

[WP] You wake up in a white room with nothing but a clock counting down from one hour.

Today's my day off, before checking the Subreddit I promise myself that I will try and write my own story around the prompt. It's a masterful prompt. Surely one of the best I've ever come up with. Like all of the best prompts, it doesn't lead the writer down any one avenue; they're free to write whatever they desire; free to take whichever plot twists and turns they can imagine. It's been two hours and I haven't written a sentence. My Final Draft doc is blank, save for the prompt. You know what? I'm not a writer. Fuck this. I'm sorry to be so crude, but this isn't for me at all. It shouldn't be this hard. I'm sure Stephen King never took this long to write something. If it doesn't come easy, it isn't meant for you; don't try to 'be a writer'.

I'm going to check the Subreddit because maybe I'll find some inspiration from others there. It can't hurt. Here's the first comment on my prompt:

[It's ticking again. I'm reeling. "Where is Elise, where is Elise?" I neither say or do not say, "Who is Elise?" "Where is here?" I'm stuck again. The monotony transformed me. I am the clock, slowly ticking to zero on something that was never meant to last. Elise is the perfectly white room. If I step inside of that room it will no longer be perfectly white, Elise will be ruined. I must stay away. But I am the clock on the wall. I am already marring her beauty by existing. "Elise!" my scream is the tick of a second lost. I was wrong. Elise is the clock on the wall. She is ticking down the moments until I am sullied. My white walls and white floor were perfect before her. She entered, seeming to only be a little presence on the wall. A practical tool, we all must know the time. The time matters. Elise matters. But what is Elise, for she is counting down and I realize that count is the stopwatch that will erase my soul. Elise is death; and the white room is me; and I am corporeal and she is ethereal; and we shall dance until death strikes zero and the white room ceases to exist.

"Where is here?" "Who is Elise?" "Where is Elise, where is Elise?"]

That was the most upvoted comment. So this is it. That must have taken no effort. Zero. Those lines were the regurgitations of a real writer. Form and plot are antithetical, this is stream of consciousness; everything I read on /lit/ is true. That story about the machines happily humming to each other was nothing. I am nothing. I am certainly not a writer. I want to stock something; I need to order something on a shelf to put my mind right. But today's my day off. I sit in front of a white document sprung on my computer. I didn't respond to that story in my post, I couldn't bring myself to acknowledge it. I'm nothing. I want to be Elise.

I'm going to be stuck here forever, aren't I? Flitting between Bed, Bath, and Beyond, /r/Writing Prompts, and 4chan /lit/ for the rest of my time. That's just dandy I suppose. Stuck looking forward to candy shipments just to blot out the white walls.

I didn't write anything today but I did come up with a decent prompt:

[WP] You've been stuck in a time loop that repeats the same day over and over. You've perfected every skill, you speak every language ever spoken. One day you just go crazy, by the end of the day the entire town is dead. You wake up the next morning still covered in blood, the loop finally broke.

This one is trending in the controversial category. That's never happened to me before. I guess one comment sums up the thread pretty well:

"Sounds like you already wrote the story."











It's a billion electric motors ripping down concrete corridors, three billion sweaty public servants in hi-vis switching in and out shift-wise. Tools the same as you'd see the last seventy years (minus the lawnmower. for which the lawns themselves disappeared the last decade): power washers, hedge trimmers, weed whackers. power saws and drills. jackhammers, electric fly-swatters, and so on. All in their special brand of deep, saturated yellows and greens and reds, a few in neon, and wrapped in black trim. This is the age of Dewalt. This is the age of Ryobi. This is Black and Decker communism. Because people need jobs, right? And all this brick and mortar and ashphalt, concrete boxes, slabs, and coffins, they all still got weeds ripping through the cracks, right? And when Artificial Intelligence runs the whole deal-no such thing as a writer or a painter or a banker or a politician et-ceter-ah anymore--we still gotta give jobs to all those still desperate to work. We ain't yet in the age of robotic bushwhackers (give it two decades before we trust a robot with blades in public), so humanity's workforce has been placed in public service: slashing weeds, blasting stains, drilling holes, making noise. You've never seen cities so bare, so stripped back--Brutalism has returned in full force. We gave every Dick and Tom a power tool and now they gotta use them, gotta earn their keep: so no leaf falls, no weed grows, no paint chips without some public servant (private slave) coming along with his state-funded power tool.

What disappeared alongside the lawns is in some ways surprising: the firearm has had a long absence. A reactionary take may blame it on the gun-grabbing rhetoric that once dominated, but the real reason is more natural than that: the manufacturers that produced finely-bored barrels and ergonomic stocks took an obvious detour once state funding arose to enable power tool dependence. The second amendment was not effaced but made obsolete, since now every man, woman, and child has their personal arsenal of saws and blades and drills and hydraulics. (And the forests necessary for hunting have long been deceased.) Crime also becomes a confusing choice when your would-be victim wields a power saw, bystanders mulching dandelions with tools just as good at whacking flesh. This has ushered in a new paradigm--a new take on the ageold posse. What once came marching with nooses and pitchforks and torches, perhaps a few rifles, now comes with a hundred spinning blades and a convenient fleet of high-pressure hoses. Villains do not hang from trees or get cast into shallow graves, but are efficiently diced and then washed down the gutter stream--evidence does not need to be buried, and the hi-vis fabrics of today are strangely stainresistant. Police have been out-moded. People feel strong wielding blades at ninethousand rotations-per-minute and twoforty volts. Communities are safe in these days of power tool exactitude. Long live powerpunk.





Smoking, for me, is a purely erotic experience. I picked it up young. It was just something all my friends did and the habit came naturally. Maybe this has something to do with it, on a subconscious level. But the tangible aspectsslicing open the plastic sheathe with a fingernail, bending back the cardboard cap. Slipping out that first cigarette and the first pull- sucking heat through packed tobacco and toxin, bringing smoke into the lungs until full- it's a sensual experience that can't be matched. It's an eroticism that needs no partner. I'm submissive to no one and nothing. Pure onanism with nothing to defile. I am in love when I take a clean drag. No words are shared, and no thoughts are needed

Anyway I had to quit. It hasn't been easy. I'd love a smoke. My last cigarette, I could say, knowing deep down that this was a lie and there would always be another in my future.

Beaker is rambling again, going on and on so fast he's got his shoulders scrunched forward and his hands whirling around, but he isn't really making any sense. We all know what he's trying to say, we don't need to hear it. But he wants to be the one to have said it. He acts like it's some strenuous exercise to be so intelligent and to articulate what everyone is thinking, so we let him finish. He's one of the producer's nephews, or something.

"All I'm saying," he says, "is that this could be the beginning of an entirely new phase of the show. A new epoch. A brand new-"



"Lightning doesn't strike twice, kid."

"Not unless we make it strike twice-"

"I'm speaking from an audience perspective," Moulton puts down his paper, but his attention still isn't all here. "You repeat the unrepeatable and people start to get skeptical. With something like this, they'll quickly get fed up and angry." He twists his wrist in the air as if to say 'and so on and so forth,' then goes back to his reading. He often puts the writers in this state of purgatory during staff meetings. We can see he's bored, but not yet bored enough to call it and send us off to lunch. So we let Beaker continue as a sort of sacrificial lamb. If he can just push Moulton over the edge. Really make him feel like this is all a waste of time.

"I think people stopped expecting authenticity from us a long time ago, Rich." Alice is on Beaker's side, apparently. She lets him to most of the talking, only chiming in when he's exhausted his argument to the point that Moulton truly stops listening, or silencing anyone else who has a separate point to address. She has a way with him, and she's careful not to overdo it. "Bottom line is this could mean a lot more viewers, and a few more seasons. It's worth considering, is all the kid is saying." "We've considered it." He flips a page.

"What we're not considering is the deeper trends, here." Beaker leans forward and takes off his glasses, just in case anyone in the meeting isn't sure how much he believes in this. "We're taking about television as such- a dying art, to be sure. This could initiate an entirely new era. A fresh wave of-"

"Look, Rodney," (Beaker's real name; no one calls him Beaker to his face, obviously) "I know 'distasteful' isn't a word that typically makes us second guess ourselves in this business, but I think that will be the immediate reaction of both longtime viewers and anyone who happens to come across our promos as they surf channels." Moulton folds his paper up four times. He's fully here, now. And he still unconvinced."What you think you're talking about is saving us. But what you're suggesting could actually put the final nail in our coffin. That old chestnut about 'all publicity' only applies to board members. Do you have another job lined up in case all of this goes to shit?" It's a stupid question; of course a kid like Beaker can get a job anywhere he likes, it just depends on what strings his uncle (or father or whatever) is willing to pull.

"Last season we pulled it off," Alice chimes in. "We thought we were done then, but we made it work. The ratings confirmed it. All the kid's saying is maybe we could do it again?"

"That's a gross understatement of what the kid is saying." Mouton rubs a temple.

"All I'm saying-"

"Shut up."

"Rich."

"Pardon the sap, but there used to be something real about reality television. Something authentic and unpredictable that kept people watching. If you're suggesting we abandon that principle..." Moulton's caught himself. Any mention of 'principles' is a set-up for being dismissed.

"If that were the case, then what the hell does the show need writers for anyway?"

"Watch yourself." We all chuckle. It's funny. It's true.

Survive! is in it's 53rd season. No one in this meeting has been here since the beginning, most of those bastards are already dead. We have a regular slew of viewers who tune in religiously and have raised their kids on the show. A lot of these devotees are where we pull our contestants from-along with the obligatory starry-eyed morons who will do anything to get on TV. We always make decent ratings. Never great, these days. But enough to keep us on the air.

There is no end in sight. This show is predicted to outlive the interest in television itself; much of our production team is focused on a clean transition to on-demand. fully online programming. 24 hour streaming, night-vision webcams positioned throughout the arenawhat we call the 40-acre stretch of wilderness purchased from the Kazakh aovernment somewhere around season 30 where the players must live for six months, or until everyone else has given up and called for their helicopter out. It is hard to deny that most everyone watching, even the diehard fans, are bored. It's the same thing every season. Twelve people are dropped in the middle of nowhere.

Crickets.

"I just think-"

"Are you going to be the one to talk to the family this time?" Moulton snaps at him. Moultin did speak to the family. He brought the kids on one of the helicopters, flew them as close as they could get to the spot where it happened. He cried with them, telling them how sorry he was personally. It was his responsibility, he implied – careful not to utter those exact words which could initiate a whole slew of legal troubles.

"Rich," Alice comes to Beaker's rescue as he goes red with embarrassment. "It's just an idea. Isn't that what these meetings are about? Floating ideas? Seeing what sticks to the wall?" "No, they're not. I don't pay you people for ideas. We haven't had an original idea in ten years, and don't rewrite history and tell me last season's debacle was some clever trick. It was a fuck-up. Plain and simple. And if you're asking me to fuck up on purpose-"

"People like fuck-ups," I finally get involved in the discussion, lord knows why. "People watch fuck-ups. People who would never in a million years watch our show will turn on the TV to watch somebody fuck up."

"Christ, not you too."

"With enough theatrics – two-hour-long season finales, in memory of etc etc, a couple TV appearances by producers expressing our deepest regrets and sympathies – people wouldn't even care the whole thing is a farce."

Moulton glares at me. The whole room is listening and it's only then I realize that they're all very interested in this. They've just been waiting for one person to stick his neck out and say it with feeling. And that person is me. Moulton stands and tucks his paper under his armpit. "I don't want to hear anymore about ideas. Write something down. A script for the memorial special, or something. I'm tired of talking in the abstract about something so..." He twists the wrist again. "And I'm not doing any fucking TV appearances. Have the kid do it." He leaves, and Beaker gulps loudly, in a sarcastic way, but no one is laughing.

"Thanks for the help back there." Alice finds me in the dugout– a walled-off exterior area with a couple vending machines where everybody goes to smoke. I keep coming out of habit, to get a bit of work done and inhale a bit of secondhand fumes. "Glad you're on board with this."

"I need to stay employed. If this'll get us renewed for another ten seasons, so be it." She shrugs, and lights a cigarette.

A seagull perches on the edge of the ensconcing wall. We're a ways in from the coast, but the birds come here to scavenge the abundant trash for food scraps. They have to compete with the homeless who linger around outside the office. We can't see them from the dugout, but it always smells like fresh piss, and every so often you can hear a couple of them start fighting.

"You know I know you're full of shit, right?" Alice blows smoke away from me. Did I tell her I quit, or can she just tell? "Before the debacle all you could tell me was how finished you were with this place. 'I'm really done, this time,' you said. You were going to go off and work on something 'real,' like a screenplay or a novel." "People don't read, anymore."

"And the screenplay?"

I scoff. "Can't you tell when someone is just blowing off steam?"

"Don't be embarrassed. We all have dreams, and there's no shame in failing to achieve them."

The bird shits over the other side, and I pray silently that it's fallen directly into a sleeping hobo's open mouth. Alice doesn't notice. She's waiting for a response, but she isn't going to get one. She thinks I owe her something because of the times we fucked. Maybe that's how it works with the other writers she's taken to bed, but not me. I just don't care any more. I don't want anything from her. I want a cigarette. But I also want to not want the cigarette. The feedback loop of denial and desire keeps me occupied. There is nothing else I need when I am so efficiently miserable.

Around three in the morning, Beaker calls and I let it go to voicemail. When I listen to it, he starts off happy and grateful. He appreciates that I am in his corner. He says thank you more times than is necessary, and in the spaces between I can detect the anxiousness. I won't return his call, and I won't mention it when I see him at work. What would I tell him anyway? Maybe this: we love death. We love to have it near enough to see but far away enough to rest easy as we watch it. We get to live to experience it. Maybe it has something to do with proximity. Memento mori. But ultimately we relish it for the simple reason which no one, not even the smartest and most holy of us has the nerve to admit: it's fun. It's fascinating, especially to those of us with no real experience of it. We like when people die. Not us though. When someone else dies. We like to see the blood spray and the comical wail of a poor fuck falling off a building. It's funny. It's true.

At some points in the voicemail, it sounds like Beaker is on the verge of tears. Maybe Alice is leading him on, and that's all this really is to him. He wants something he knows she will never provide, something so many others have been lucky enough to receive without really even trying. It's death. He's dying. But not really, of course. He doesn't have the stones to really die. And he calls me late at night when he knows I won't pick up because I'm one of the really dead ones. The game is over for me. There's nothing left but the real thing. He still plays, seeing his loss on the horizon, feeling worried and excited and scared and desperate.

I'm tired, but I don't go back to bed. I sit by the window and lean my face against the glass, chewing on a pen, pulling it out of my mouth and holding it between two fingers. Blowing a clammy haze onto the window pane where, if I were still a kid, I might write my name backwards so people on the other side could read it. The roads are mostly empty, but the traffic lights keep switching from red to green to yellow then red again. They're brighter than the stars, and they'll be switching long after I'm dead. With perfect and infinitely repeatable precision, until someone purposefully puts an end to the cycle and shuts them off for good.



"You think I'm not in love with you? You think I got a fake passport and fled the country to be with a man? That may be true, but baby, you aren't not not also special to me. So if I were you, I would stop being angry, and drop my gun. So we can both live on, fre-"



many happy days

molly knocked down central florida in august. she came up over the gulf in the typical fashion, gorging on heat and vapors and marshalling up a hardy enough constitution to make her attack. her approach was heralded by the surges which chased everyone inland. then she parked right over tampa and opened her salvo of elements and barraged the state for 5 long days, at that point she had made her fury felt and migrated northward to dissipate and die. the wind had whipped down plenty of vinyl sided houses and felled timber onto others and the water stood up so high you couldn't roll down your windows or you'd get a lapful. high waters enticed alligators out from claustrophobic retention ponds and they drifted down suburban streets just as comfortable as in the hillsborough. the cormorants came too to the inland estuaries and perched on the eaves of houses, wings outstretched like black voodoo crucifixes. there had of course been ample warning but there existed contingents of the population too stubborn or too immobile to heed them and of the state's sizeable elderly population nearly every individual could be parsed into one or often both of such sets. there was the troubling case of a seniors home near 275 where the storm shattered all the windows and took out the power and flooded the place with standing water. there were three whole days of nightmare there. most of the residents kept to their beds and didn't move from the spot but there were some who refused to surrender their sprightfulness to age or elements and braved to trudge around the dim hallways and sit around in mildewed cloth recliners shin deep in the brack with refuse floating around them. the staff bungled with pumps and generators for days to the increasing restlessness of the seniors. the local news ran a spot on the snafu but hardly anybody saw it. the caster talked over footage of careworn old women staring tired eved into the horizon loafing around a dingy indoor swamp. the state moved in and ordered that all the seniors be bussed out of the place. some were brought to the hospital but it was already over capacity and so the remainder were sent to the big football stadium with all the other displaced people. there was no happy feeling among them but it was better than the tidepool at least or that was the expectation. the stadium was a favela in it's own right.

all the most undesirable elements of humankind had been flushed up to the surface by the flood from out of the storm drains and had been rounded up there. ghastly tweaking manics staggered around stupefied. single mothers who alone can't stretch to discipline their brood of 5 or 6 children so surrender them entirely to negligence and let them run unmannered amok on the whole world. repeat offenders and the homeless. apathetic relief workers oversaw the whole affair with jackbooted cruelty. in the day all the freaks dispersed out onto the field and the parking lot and into the stands and ambled about in the manner of livestock aimless between canopy tents. they did this with an addlebrained contentedness until one day dark watercolor clouds rolled over strobing with cloud to air lightning and in the interest of safety the whole mass was herded into doors. as the mob hemmed in there was a great squeeze and the state of the crowd changed from a viscous liquid into a densely packed solid as the doors sealed every head in. in the process the riffraff began to percolate in and among the hoary hoard of elderlies and vice versa there was a great headspinning confusion among all present as friends families and caretakers were dragged away in the current of the crowd. the human herders in charge realized too late that everyone would be better off chancing the lightning but they could not raise their voices above the mass homogenous chatter and were themselves swallowed into the swarm and made indistinguishable from any other of it's particles. a discourteous group of young lowlives shoving and elbowing through the mass ran afoul of a couple disorientated old folk, who took an uppity tone with the ruffians chiding them for their carelessness. the encounter escalated into shouting and the youths wrote a headline that struck the whole state, producing a knife and perforating the enfeebled old languishers before slipping back into the veil of the throng. several more were knocked to the ground and trampled over with the same care and thought as twigs. the whole swirling pandemonium seemed like a scene out of hell but at least in hell there'd be a dry heat. in america, the hell we make is our own. someone has picked this for us. and if you are unfortunate enough to survive in it to old age you will spend your deathbed days wondering what devils must we be to design such a device.

: Anonymous

06/30/23(Fri)23:25:46 No.22209853

>>22209815

oh and btw "Aden Luz Rienspects" is the faggiest of all fag dilettantes

>As Camile Paglia notes, the climax was invented as a reflection of the male ejaculation. It's kind of gay when you think about it.

>I have spent more than two grand on a series of Victorian sconces, menorahs, and candelabras. It is a constant drain on my income, but I regularly write by candlelight alone. Usually there's a small plate of frozen mangoes nearby, and Lana Del Rey is playing in the background.

>"liminality" ad nauseam

>Harmony Korine ad dickridium

>Honestly, I only want Mixtape Hyperborea to be read by dudes with huge cocks and cool cars.

first time I decide to read this project and this is what you're accepting for submissions? fuck you and fuck that wee little prick if I see him in the street I'll take one of his Victorian menorahs and beat him over the head with it til his brain looks like warped mixtape cassette

: Anonymous

07/03/23(Mon)21:40:46 No.22220436

Idk what the fuck is happening in this thread, but I have to suck the skin off the dick of Jack Norman. No Adonis was another elaboration of middle class ennui, but that sumbitch was tightly written. Mad respect. I've read a lot of output from this board in various publications. Standout. The voice dropped in certain passages (liveleak video?), and the final note of the narrative is a little cliche, but overall a quality piece that held my attention enough to read it straight through.





Im sitting in the theatre, watching the endless advertisements, waiting for a movie that never seems to materialize. This is familiar—the waiting. The screen conjures soothing, familiar images: a shiny SUV speeding through a desert landscape, swerving through an urban obstacle course, safely gliding into the driveway of a suburban fantasy with walk-in closets and a two car garage. The music triumphant and intense, the SUV a miracle of human engineering, the uniformly diverse cast of drivers performing recklessness in perfect safety. End scene. A host of celebrities conversing with a bland interviewer, all practiced witticisms and perfect teeth. Polite laughter, timed pauses. End scene.

The commercials start to blur together after a while, swiping credit cards and anthropomorphic gecko mascots drifting by alongside smiling nuclear families and animated popcorn kernels, but I miss nothing I have memorized all of this: absorbed the reckless safety of the SUV, the reheated spontaneity of the celebrities, the limitless security of the bank, the endearing humanity of the cell phone corporation, the uncomplicated closeness of the family movie night, the mindless delights of the concession stand. I have absorbed all of these things and more, and in the artificial twilight their familiar comforts swathe me like a blanket. All that is left is the waiting.

Im in the theatre, shifting in my seat, sitting through the previews alone. Where is everyone else? I can't remember how long Tve been here. I must have entered the auditorium, ascended the stairs, selected the perfect seat in the shadows, but somehow I only remember the waiting. They should all be filtering in by now—settling into their places, cradling buckets of popcorn in their laps, planting cups of soda in the unclaimed terrain of the cupholders. They should be conversing in stage whispers, texting with the keyboard clicks on and the brightness too high, slinging their jackets over the backs of chairs, rustling foil packaging and shuffling their feet. The rows of folded seats loom around me, all vacant. Am I the only one who has a ticket to this matinee? Abruptly, the advertisements are over. Fade to black screen. The silence is total. I sit for a minute, trying to collect my thoughts from where they lie scattered. I search my pockets, suddenly sure that I've lost something I need, but whatever it is isn't there. What did I do with my ticket? What movie am I here to see, anyway? The colossal screen stays blank, suspended before me in the dim, a distant apparition that gives away nothing. Perhaps it is disappointed by its inadequate audience, unwilling to play even previews for me. We both hesitate, unsure of ourselves.

I manage to collect myself at last. I stand, descend that staircase, push open the swinging doors. In the corridor I look around, and realize that I am alone with the jarring fluorescence and garish carpet. The ticket checker's booth sits unoccupied. Above me, the signs display their digital messages. The familiar faces on the posters stare down at me reassuringly, all practiced poses and perfect teeth.

I walk into the foyer, passing the box office where no cashier stands. I am beginning to see a kind of sense in this. If I think back, stretch myself in the direction of distant memory, I can recall someone telling me that the theatre is becoming obsolete. Perhaps I understand it now. Who would wait in line to buy a ticket, endure the highway robbery of the concession stand, which concedes nothing? Who would come here to suffer through minutes of commercials, watch unconvincing actors play out the same storylines on a slightly larger screen? Why not stay home, watch whatever you'd like from the comfort of your own couch, relax into the uncomplicated closeness of your smiling nuclear family? Ive forgotten why I came here in the first place. It's no wonder that the tables in the foyer sit unoccupied, that the concession stand is unmanned. The slush machines churn on rhythmically, forever swirling the sugar that will stain no tongues blue raspberry or lips cherry red. The popcorn gleams as yellow as the inside of an egg, kept warm in its plastic incubator. A fine layer of dust has settled over the counters.

I stand there for a moment, looking around in the afternoon light. The sun streams through the windows at the entryway, casting beams of gold across the tiled floor. I sit at one of the nearby tables, rest my spinning head on its cool, flat surface, laminate made to resemble wood. It would be so easy to fall asleep, to drift away into drowsiness in the air-conditioned hush. The seconds sway, shift, expand and contract, contorting themselves into something that scarcely resembles time. This, too, is familiar.

Ive been here before, or somewhere like it. The empty, echoing foyer has a silence that is nearly reverent, like the silence of the early morning sanctuary before the service. Sometimes I can almost make myself believe that God is present there, that he exists only in those brief, holy minutes. I imagine him standing near the back, watching the people filter in, watching the people waiting for him. I can see him so clearly, and when they begin to call upon his name he turns away, slipping out of the side door and into the world.

What am I doing here? Dazed, I watch the dust motes hover in the still sunlight. Something else comes back to me. I read somewhere, once, that dust is made of human skin cells, the traces of the thousands of warm bodies that came here and left with whatever it was they were looking for. Where are they now? They had once streamed in and out of those wide double doors in an eager mass of humanity, faces aglow with the rapture of having just witnessed a miracle, faces flush with the joy of anticipating a miracle to come. And, I, too, had made a rite of it, had entered with them to sit alone in the throng of whispering, shifting, rustling bodies. Our faces were all rendered obscure in the sanctity of the darkness, that eternal equalizer, that blanket of secrecy that covers a multitude of sins: unpracticed wit, unpolished mannerisms, imperfect teeth.

I used to sit unnoticed and lose myself in the dazzling technicolour, as the shifting lights and swelling music captivated my senses. My mind would float far away from my body, a helium balloon rising into the welcoming hands of the sky and higher still, hovering in the space where the atmosphere begins. Weightless, distant, free. Mindless delight. Uncomplicated closeness. Reckless safety. And at the end, as the credits rolled, as the tentative conversation resumed, we all gathered our belongings and left together. The auditorium doors swung before me and opened easily, and I blinked back the darkness and strode out into the sun. As I left I would glimpse my reflection in the windows, stare at myself with the benevolent gaze of a stranger who remembers nothing, judges nothing, expects nothing,

I can see myself so clearly from this vantage point—swept through this foyer in the current of bodies, dizzy with possibility, caught up in the afterglow of that interlude. But the building sits empty now, save for me. How long have I been sitting here, alone? Just how much time have I wasted? The slush machine is still spinning unendingly, the popcorn is still sweltering in the confines of its plastic cage.

I look around, and for a moment I think that the sky outside has changed. Has the light of this endless afternoon dimmed a fraction, altered by some approaching night? No—perhaps I have only imagined it. That was always my favourite part: walking home afterwards in the slowly sinking sun, wholly outside myself. I would be struck by the significance of the sidewalk cracks, the solemnity of the pigeons congregating on the rooftops, the cars rushing by with the gentle roar of an ocean in my ears. The whole world seemed dazzling: colours richer, sounds achingly crisp and clean. A set for scenes so perfect that a director could have designed them. Fm alone here, in the theatre, and I was alone then, as I walked. But I was surrounded by the presence of the people who had sat with me in the darkness and witnessed the black screen burst into light. Wherever we were headed, we were all playing the same movie on the projector of our minds, as we walked home in the fading afternoon, or waited at the bus stop, or flew down the freeway, or pressed up against strangers on the train. But where are they now? The silence stretches before me: inviolate, total. I walk towards the exit, my to step out into the vacant parking lot, but the doors are locked. My reflection in the glass is hazy and indistinct.

Perhaps this escape is too obvious. I can no longer access the doors where we had entered bereft and left comforted, where we had entered separate and left together. I can no longer stay and indulge in the blank spectator's pleasure, the mindless delights of lips stained cherry red and butterslick fingers, walk away full and satisfied. Things have changed —this ritual has grown obsolete. I have to find my own exit, and leave as alone as I came. Like the ushers cleaning up the spilled popcorn before the evening patrons arrive, like the attendants sweeping the auditorium before the next showing starts, like God watching the people before the morning service begins, I should steal away unnoticed—find some side door through which I can escape the waiting and at last re-enter the world.

MANIFESTO NG

vzkvietm



Suicidal? You can help us. Taped to a streetlight, the sheet of greyscale A4 paper and its weathered but optimistic smiley-face had barely registered at first. Vivian had to reread it before she fully understood. *Wait, what?* The pedestrian light suddenly flashed green, and she strode across the street to her workplace, a dim and empty hamburger shop shoved between two bright and busy hamburger shops. The roar of the streets cut out as she slipped through the doors and resumed her post behind the counter, nodding in greeting to her boss as she clocked in and fastened an apron around her waist.

'You can help us.' A real reversal of the fussy, maternal tone taken by the kindergarten-colored mental-health awareness posters taped around her college by wellmeaning RA's. She was not suicidal herself, although like many young women in her moments of boredom she had toyed with the thought, fingering it like an unfired handgun in a purse. She was not surprised to find she had unconsciously ripped a sliver of paper with the organization's phone number and address from the sign and stuffed it into her pocket. 'Are they a support group? A church? Sex traffickers?' A tall young man with the ease and tan of an athlete strode fluidly into the restaurant, the tinkling bell splashing into her stream of thought. She smiled, startled. "H-hi, welcome! What can I do for you?"

He leaned confidentially over the counter, pivoting gently on his elbow. "Just looking for now, baby," he said, angling their menu towards himself. He was in no hurry, to stay or to leave. "What's good here?" His eyes flicked to hers and she flushed at the alien contact.

"Well, the-the blue-cheese burger is my favorite, I really like the..." she trailed off, seeing his nose already wrinkling. "Tm good, baby, maybe next time." She sighed as she watched him glide into the shop next door.

The organization was located close enough to her workplace that she decided to visit during her lunchbreak, recently extended into a Mediterranean siesta of 2 hours due to the shop's lack of customers. The single-story brick building was actually on the edges of her campus. It was squat and unremarkable, and the name above the door – the Wynn Bruce Organization - gave nothing away. She entered a carpeted reception room with an egg-shaped receptionist desk to her right and a waiting-area full of off-white sofas to her left. On her entrance, the receptionist behind the desk smiled brightly and extended a clipboard, form, and pen. "Someone will see you after you fill this out," she said.

After asking the usual questions (name, age, ethnicity), the survey began to ask unusual ones. 'Social media account names? Parents alive or not? Divorced or not? Their religious and ethnic backgrounds? Take any medications? Any drugs? How many sexual partners have you had, and when was your last?'

She was almost finished submitting to this personal information shake-down when she heard a familiar voice. "Awww, Vivian? No way, you too?"

She looked up to see a classmate, the willowy star of the school's volley-ball team with whom she had shared a Religions 203 project. Her glossy black hair shone under the fluorescent lighting and for the first time ever, Vivian saw her frowning. "Oh hey, Josie! What are you doing here?"

"Same as you, I guess," she said, sitting beside her. "I...I..." She swiveled her head away, staring out the window. Vivian felt uncomfortable but also compelled to say something.

"I don't actually want to..." Vivian stopped herself – the receptionist might be listening. A ridiculous danger, not being suicidal enough. "To pry. I don't want to pry, but has anything been bothering you lately?"

Josie flashed an acidic look. "Yeah. Yeah, I guess you could say so." Vivian winced internally. Time to escape. She rose to herfeet.

"Well, I've gotta turn this in. See you in class, Josie." She handed the form to the receptionist, who smiled and led her down a hallway and into another room, still kicking herself.

'God, why am I so bad at this stuff?'

About ten young people, both male and female, sat on folding-chairs arranged in a circle. The dim yellow lights made shadows in the craters and valleys of their faces they could have been gathered for an intervention or an AA meeting. The oldest among them was a bearded middle-aged man with long, straight black hair and intense blue eyes. Vivian took the last seat and he rose to his feet. He traced the circle with his eyes, waiting for the murmuring and coughing to die. Finally, he spoke.

"You're all here today for one reason, and one reason only: you haven't killed yourselves yet. Well, why not?" He paced like a tiger, glowering at the circle of eyes widening in fear and surprise.

"You'll all give different reasons, but the underlying one for all of you is the same. It's because deep down you all know that if you killed yourselves now, your deaths would be as meaningless as your lives." Vivian felt a shock shoot white-hot up her spine. Her legs felt like jello. "And that's the human sickness – we can never let go of the hope that there's actually a meaning to our suffering.

"The fact is that some of you are only alive now because you were born one day and haven't been put down yet. You cling to your lives because your pitiful stinking skins are the only valuable thing you own. Well, let me tell you something." He paused.

"You don't deserve to die."

Vivian glanced around the circle. Eyes bulged, knuckles clenched white, throats worked and quivered to swallow back sobs or shouts. The one thing no one could do was look away.

"Tm here to make you an offer. If you accept, we will transform you. We will take your weakness and turn it into strength. We will take your fat and smelt it into steel. We will take your fear and melt it into quiet. We will take your hatred and forge a beautiful, terrible love. Only then you will be worthy of the death we will give you. And it will be beautiful and perfect. A glorious minute-long manifesto instead of a slow death over miserable, humiliating years. "For the next thirty seconds, we will all cover our eyes with our hands. Anyone who wishes to leave, can. We only want consenting volunteers. I repeat, we only want consenting volunteers. You are all free to choose, as you have always been. The count starts...now. Thirty."

Vivian's hands tremored as she cupped them over her eyes. "Twenty-five." But even as her body screamed to escape, her mind was quiet, clear and sharp as a glass knife. "Twenty." It was a Friday evening, and she was standing in the empty restaurant again. Almost closing time. Watching the passersby outside in the warm blue twilight. "Fifteen." Watching herself watching them smiling, laughing, touching, hands warm in the hold of hands. "Ten." The blood roared in her ears as she saw herself as if on a great red plain, dwarfed before the looming stack of empty tomorrows.

"One." They were each handed a slip of paper with a letter. "You will be divided into groups called credos. Each letter corresponds to one credo. Your credo will become your brothers and sisters. You will sharpen each other. You will be strong where the other is weak. You will kill your weakness together. Follow me."

The group passed out through the room's other door into a low hallway with dirty carpeting and more dim yellow lighting. They shuffled down the hallway, pausing at lettered doors to sort themselves inside. Vivian's door was one of the last, so she stole glances in passing at the other rooms. At the door of Room A, which was about the size of an ordinary classroom, she was surprised to hear the sepulchral swell of solemn voices joined in a hymn. Craning her neck over the heads of the Room A credo, she saw that all four walls as well as the ceiling were covered in screens flashing images of frowning, parchment-colored saints with heads ringed with golden halos and young women with milky skin and honeyed hair. At Room D she couldn't even see the ceiling; its soft deep black vaulted inscrutably high above the huge humming crystal screens that formed the principal wall. They displayed a map of the earth caged in a grid of electric gold, over which fractals of neon magenta swirled. Scattered over the map, she saw tiny, incandescent-white human silhouettes. On neon signs, pulsing text floated through the dark: 'UNLIMITED CYBERHUMAN POTENTIAL'; 'ESCAPE THE OLD FLESH'; 'WELCOME PROMETHEUS CANDIDATES'.

In Room F, red, white, and black banners of a foreign yet familiar vexillology covered the walls. Loudspeakers blared a bracing, brassy patriotic song in a harsh language, blended with the tramping cadence of marching boots. The screens alternated between footage of antlike black and white soldiers covering the earth in an endless grid, footage of ruined white columns, amphitheaters, and temples, and footage of tanks rumbling and anti-aircraft guns ejaculating in clouds of white smoke. Vivian winced as they moved on. 'How did they get away with that one?'

As their group shrank, Vivian wondered to which credo Josie would be assigned. Josie was active on their campus – she had seen her before on the campus lawn with her student organization, protesting the construction of a new pipeline. Maybe to Room J, which had looked like a cross between an advertisement for a national park and an Isis hostage video, its screens full of footage of redwoods and pristine lakes spliced with fighters sporting balaclavas and Kalashnikovs.

When they finally reached her door, only three of them remained – Vivian, the speaker, and a tall dark boy who seemed to vibrate with an emotion she could not ascertain. Not fear. Hunger? The speaker paused in front of the door. "You guys stop here, at room M." Eyes glowing, he grabbed their hands fervently and clutched them tightly together before his face, then kissed them. "Remember! Fight the good fight!" He opened the door and nudged them inside. "Bye, kids." He grinned. "See you on TV." Isaiah turned on his heel, striding back up the hallway. He remembered the first time he had ever made this journey, blinking back tears as he retraced the steps of his little flock alone. By the third time, he had felt nothing. By the tenth, he felt certainty. Maybe even triumph.

He exited the building through an un-lettered door, squinting in the afternoon sun as he ducked into a waiting company car. "I'm running a little late, Arthur, so do me a favor and step on it."

"Of course, Mr. Isaiah."

Two young figures, male and female, stood on the steps of the Supreme Court, bathed in the burning gold of the sunset. They were wrapped in red sackcloth robes and had smeared their foreheads with black ash. The young man, gazing steadily into the west, saw the sign he had been waiting for. He turned to the young woman and nodded.

They quit their robes, revealing their nakedness. Months of training and fasting had given their bodies the brittle, brutal beauty of saints. Saints who had hollowed themselves to form a sanctuary for God to nest in. A hearth for him to burn in.

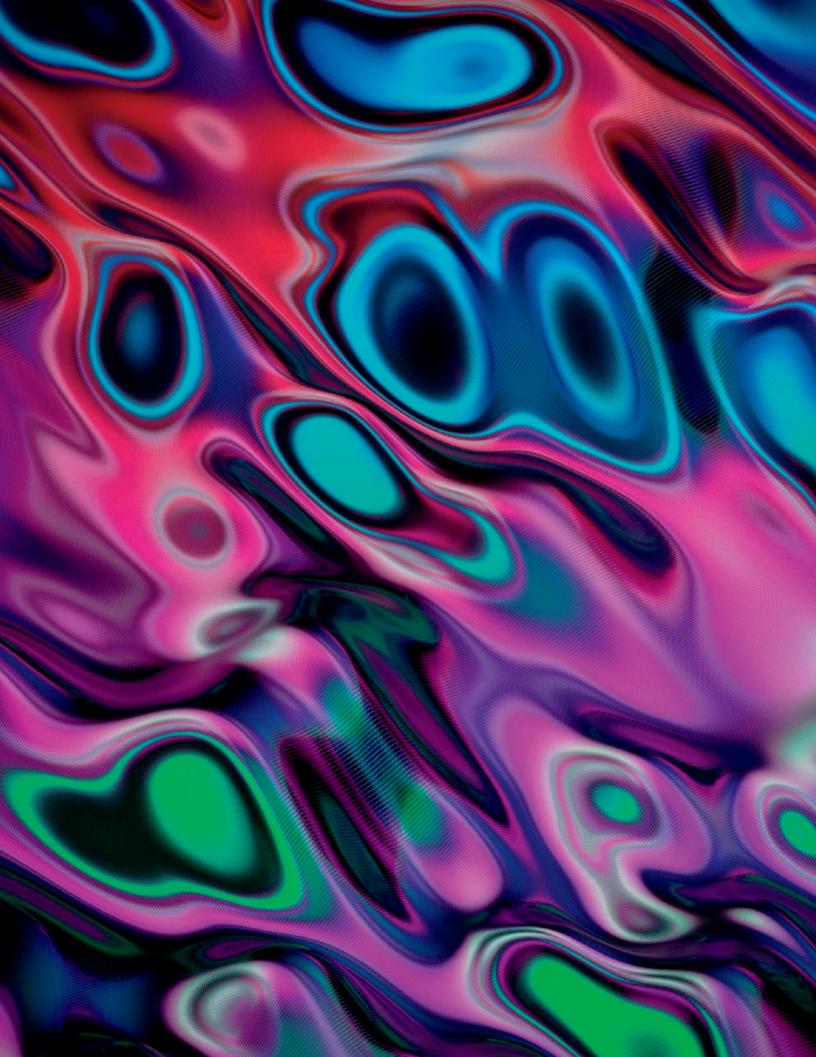
They uncapped red plastic jugs of kerosene and lifted them over their heads, closing their eyes and gasping as the clear, sticky liquid drenched their hair, pooled in their collarbones, ran down their shoulders and ribs to pool at their feet. Her mouth working inaudibly, the young woman pulled a box of matches from the pocket of her discarded robe. Hands fluttering, she chose a match and struckit.

The screen froze on her face just as prayers turned to screams. In the drafty air-conditioned auditorium, the audience leapt to its feet with a roar. Applause turned to rapturous screams as Isaiah entered, just in time to turn tardiness into showmanship. He took the stage, beaming, arms outstretched.

"Wow! Just, wow! Ladies and gentlemen! All I can say is, give it up for the martyrs!" He smiled indulgently as the applause rolled in. "And might I add, ladies and gentlemen, what you've seen today is just a teaser. Yes! The complete footage is available, every second of it. It's available and it's what you're here to bid on today. "It's been a long road for us, here at Manifesto Advertising Inc. About 5 years ago, my team and I ran into a serious problem - engaging the modern audience. The modern consumer can't be touched! She's chronically overstimulated with hyper-compressed hyper-palatable content from apps and advertising, beamed straight into her retinas from every pixel of every screen, 24/7. The modern consumer doesn't have a single orifice unpenetrated by advertising." Chuckles rumbled around the room. "So, what does she do? She blocks it out!

"And so, in our war over the precious nanoseconds of her attention, our challenge became penetrating those mental defenses." He gestures towards the screen. "That's where they come in. With suicide rates soaring, we realized we could harness these kids' thanatic energy, directing their death drives so that they could finally find meaning as part of something bigger than themselves." More applause.

"And now I ask you – what story do you want to write? Is it about climate-change, about abortion, about nation or communism or the free-market? Whatever your cause is, our martyrs are here to die for it. It's the only way to capture people's attention these days, blood and burning guts. Now, who wants to start bidding?"







To Nake the Nud

by J

Safety Board's investigation of blowout and drilling rig fire.

Interviewee: Drilling fluids contractor

Investigator questions available upon Texas Public Information request.

"I make the mud. I tell the women something else, though. To everybody outside of work, I'm a drilling fluids engineer. Sounds fancier than the title of mud man. Can you imagine trying to pick up a woman while calling yourself the 'mud man'? Some people act like a job title isn't much, that the paycheck matters more ... "

"Honest to God, I can't remember the exact time when things started to go to shit. I just started my hitch and there was so much pressure with operations."1

"They called me late at night, saying the other guy quit. I already had a couple of beers, no more than usual². I didn't want to admit it to my boss. With this downturn, if you don't work your days off, they'll find somebody who will."

"I left my trailer around three-thirty and stopped at the gas station for coffee, breakfast burritos, a case of water, and some snacks. You want to make sure to always have at least half a case of water. You never know when you'll need a bottle for sample catching. It normally takes me about an hour and a half from the gas station to the wellsite, but on that day, I was behind a slow water truck on the lease road. The roads are too narrow, and the rancher will give you a warning shot with his shotgun if he sees you offroad."

"Oh, this isn't important?"

"They told me to share everything I remember leading up to the incident, for your investigation."

"Ok, I'll keep it to the wellsite."

...

"I pulled up to the wellsite and went to the company man's⁴ trailer first. He gave me a quick update on their progress. They'd been drilling the lateral for a couple of days without any problems, pumping sweeps' every other stand. He was bitching, no offense, because the previous guy quit on the job. The company man wanted to make sure we were getting paid, so there wasn't a risk I would walk off too."

"No. There wasn't anybody on night shift. Just me, around the clock, sleeping when possible."

"Companies have been trying to save money where they can since the downturn. This well was a cookie-cutter design, based off a pad⁶ we finished a couple of miles away. It sounds terrible to say in retrospect. The rig's crew remained fairly constant, even through the downturn. They lost a couple of guys at the beginning when Houston decided to drug test. But the drilling company was laying down other rigs, and they were able to transfer quality guys over."

"No, nobody was doing any drugs as far as I know. No. Bunch of boy-scouts this rig crew was."

"As I said, the company man reported no problems during the night, they were drilling ahead just fine."

"I stepped into the trailer and looked at the previous guy's notes. The last page on his tally book mentioned the engineer in town changing his calculations7 and the company wanted to run with a lower mud weight."

"The engineer in town makes those calculations. He knows more about the formation pressure or annular pressure losses in their system⁸. I just make the mud."

"After the safety meeting with the rig, I have a call with my boss. We report what chemicals and volumes we've used, and calculate an updated ticket. It helps them get an idea of how much money they're going to get after the job."

"After the phone call, I climbed up to the doghouse" to say hello. I thought maybe he'd tell me why the other guy quit. The driller and the rest of the day crew didn't know why. I bullshitted with them for a while and I noticed the gas detector picking up a few units while drilling."

"A little bit about their game a week ago. The Kansas game¹⁰ was a little closer than anybody could have expected. Driller admitted to seeing gas over the last couple of days, but it never gave them any problems. The flare was already lit and ready to go if it was significantly higher than background gas."

"I continued down to the pits and grabbed a sample to take back to my trailer. Took the long way back to get an idea of what mud chemicals and additives the rig had on hand. The previous guy didn't leave much of an inventory to compare it against. I wrote it all down in my tally book, which I gave to another investigator."

¹Loss of memory is a common symptom of concussions. ²No drug or alcohol tests were performed after the incident. ⁷Tensions between the surface rights owner and production company corroborates with other interviews. ⁴Wellsite representative hired by a production company to oversee drilling operations. ⁴High viscosity fluid to remove cuttings and reduce friction.

⁶Surface location with multiple wellheads. ⁷Assumed a higher friction loss in the annular section. ⁸Engineer admits to underbalanced drilling. ⁹Driller's shack. ¹⁹College football game against Texas Tech University prior Saturday.

"Even if we did, I don't think we were in much of a position to charge them if they used anything extra while we weren't looking. The previous guy quit in the middle of the job, and we wanted to keep the work on this rig. That's not an excuse, it's just the way things are, fair or not."

"I started my tests as soon as I got back to the trailer. Took me a little longer than usual, since the other guy set up a little different than how I like it. Most of the test results came back unchanged from the last test. Fluid loss, vis11, chlorides, were all the same. The only major difference was mud weight, and it was more than a rounding error."

"No, I didn't think anything of it at the time. If the engineer in town calculated a higher annular loss, then they would need a lower mud weight to keep the same ECD12. They're the ones with the theory and the calculations, and I try to follow their lead."

"After all the tests finished, I wrote up my daily mud report and emailed it out. I printed two copies for the company man before walking over to his trailer."

"He filed the report right away. I mentioned the weight was a little bit lower than their target, suggested adding more barite13 to the mud. Company man dismissed the idea at first, but then said he'd call town to ask. Can't blame him for not wanting to rock the boat. Everybody is under pressure¹⁴ to save costs where they can."

"I went back to my trailer, smoked a cigarette, and watched a little bit of tv."

"A few hours' worth, checking the Pason¹⁵ every hour to see how they were doing."

"Didn't need to talk to anybody, all the data was there on the screen. Never seen a crew that could give you better detail than that."

"Bit depth every hour or two. I didn't check the pit volumes."

"Not the whole rest of the day. In the afternoon I noticed they'd stopped drilling. They were in the lateral circulating, rocking back and forth. I saw the company man walk up to the doghouse, figured something was happening. I didn't want to bother him while he was in the middle of it, so I went over to the mudlogger16 to see if he knew anything."

"He was in the trailer further down on the edge of location. Shorter walks over to the shale shakers to collect cuttings. When I walked in... the guy looked worried. And not as if there was trouble back at his home, this guy was worried like I hadn't seen him before."

"He said the cuttings looked like they drilled out of zone. Kept on blaming the well planners back in town, blaming the seismic correlation, or blaming the MWD17 hands. He thought if they were looking for people to get rid of, they'd get rid of him and hire a younger kid out of college. The mudlogger had a lot going on in his family, he needed the money. Guy thought he might be ran off location¹⁸ because of this. We talked a little bit more before we saw the flare go up."

"Maybe four in the afternoon, I don't recall."

"Muglogger needed to take a personal call, and I ducked out. Went over to the pits, checked volumes, everything looked normal. Talked to one of the hands, they said their ROP19 slowed down quite a bit. They were getting approval from town to make a bit trip.²⁰77

"Shit like this happens now occasionally, it didn't seem strange at the time. In hindsight... I don't want to speculate too much, from a CYA²¹ point of view."

"I want to be as forthcoming as possible; I want to help your investigation, I do. At the same time, I don't want to get in a bind if I say something... you never know how those lawyers from the company can spin things... Can y'all help me out with the legal defense if the company comes after me? Do you know anybody you could recommend?"

"I understand. Just sucks, is all. "

"The rig was circulating for a while; I don't know how long. I remember they started coming out of the hole after dinner. The flare was still burning as they started out of the hole, and I asked the company man if he wanted to weight up the mud in order to ... "

"Right. He didn't want to pay for any more barite, plus he thought. Actually, can you erase what I said? I don't want to suggest he didn't want to pay for more barite."

"Can I say maybe he thought?"

"Maybe he thought the gas was coming out from the cuttings. A lot of these wells don't even flow till you frac²² them, so I can understand why he wasn't thinking about kicks."

¹Viscosity. ¹²Equivalent circulating density of fluid system, maintains pressure against the formation preventing fluids from entering the wellbore. ¹²Common weighting agent. ¹⁴Worth noting that this is the first mention of pressure by the drilling fluids engineer. ¹⁵Computer system displaying common drilling performance data. ¹⁶Geologist on location examining drill bit's cutting for lithology.

 ¹⁷Measurement-while-drilling. Directional driller, sometimes movie watching dude.
 ¹⁸Fired.
 ¹⁹Rate of penetration.
 ²⁰Pull string out of hole to replace drill bit on bottom.

²¹Cover your ass. ²²Hydraulic fracturing stimulation.

"The company man decided to pull out using calculated fill. It's not a common way to pull out of hole, but the driller didn't object. I was busy making the mud and checking the properties. I finished writing the evening's mud report and called my manager."

"Yes. They did change pumps while they were pulling out of hole. The pumps in the trip tank couldn't put out enough, and they switched over to mud pumps23. Did you already interview other guys? Are you checking all our stories to see if they match? I don't see how that's critical. It could have been a flag, but the company man wasn't going to pay for more additives if he could get away with it."

...

...

"The rig pulled into the top of the curve around nine or ten o'clock, it was late. They were waiting on town to see what they would do next. I stayed up, figuring we were going to change the mud to kill the flare before we continued pulling out of hole."

"I can't remember if they did or not. Flow checks²⁴ are the driller's responsibility."

"The last thing I remember before going to sleep was the pill. Town wanted a hundred barrels of ten-pound mud. Didn't seem like too much at the time. We mixed the pill quickly enough. Flare quit shortly after pumping it. Everybody called it good and continued tripping out of hole."

"No, I didn't do any calculations on if the well was balanced."

I didn't know what formation pressure they expected."

"That's the job of the engineer in town. I just make the mud."

"I went to bed. I started my day at three-thirty in the morning to drive to the rig, and it was midnight. That's almost twenty hours awake. Wouldn't you want to sleep? How long of a shift do you work?"

"Sorry. I didn't mean to snap there. Just a little defensive."



"I set my alarm for a quarter after five, and woke up in time for the safety meeting. The rig finished pulling out, changed the bit and they were testing the BHA25 before running back in hole. After the safety meeting, I went to grab a sample for my mud tests. I was walking back and saw mud bubbling out of the hole when it... happened. It didn't sound like a fiery explosion, not at first. it was more like a giant tire popping, followed by a gust of gas. The derrickman was coming down the Geronimo line26, BHA still in the mousehole. He's lucky they didn't have it in the slips, it would have shot up and killed him. It was raining mud all over the location, and you could hear the hiss of gas. It couldn't have been more than a couple of seconds between the blowout and the fire, but now it feels like I spent minutes watching the well when I should have been running. I saw the toolpusher running over to the accumulator²⁷ to shut in the BOP²⁸s. But the guy wasn't fast enough. He wasn't what we could call "in shape". The gas found an ignition source and fire shot up.

It was a great ball of fire up into the mast, reaching towards the night sky. I thought it was the devil opening up a little bit of hell onto earth.

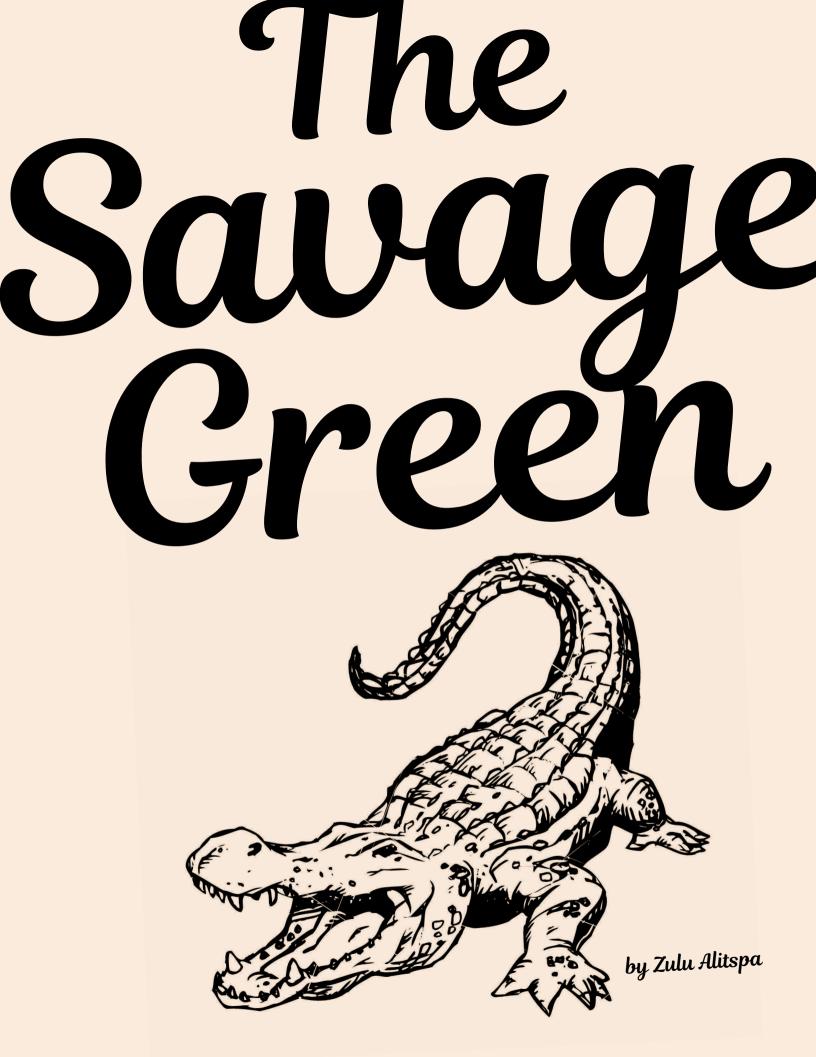
We could see guys trapped in the doghouse, looking out the windows, I don't know why they were in there. Maybe they thought the BOPs would close soon. The toolpusher was now at the accumulator, flipping every lever in a panic. They couldn't exit the doghouse without opening the door to the fire on the rig floor. I wanted to go up and tell them it wasn't happening, the accumulator wasn't working, the BOPs wouldn't be closing, and they would need to run through the fire to escape the doghouse. The last thing I remember was running up the stairs, hoping my FRC29s would be able to protect me. I woke up across the road from location, a roustabout performing CPR. You could see the rig burning, drill pipe and derrick folding over on itself. I asked if the guys in the doghouse made it out, and they started bawling. And I knew what that meant, and I started crying myself."

"I'm so sorry I don't know what happened. I couldn't help them. I'm so sorry ... "

²⁶Line from fingerboards to ground, in case derrickman needs to escape without

²³Interviews with others claimed this was at 6pm.
²⁴Pause in rig activity to observe if formation fluids are flowing into wellbore.
²⁵Bottom hole assembly. Drill bit, steerable components, etc.

The from ingervence and balance of loss of rig power. "Stored gas to function BOPs in case of loss of rig power. "Blow out preventers. "Flame retardant clothing.





The New Timetable

by Caleb Garth

By the time Michael Morpeth reached the front door of his house, night had descended on the village of Sherwell, and he had to use the flash on his phone to find the keyhole. It was midway through October, and in the quiet terrace the fallen leaves of autumn were all but turned to mud. It had been five weeks since the bus had stopped running.

Michael shuffled through the doorway and into the narrow hall. He took his shoes off on the mat, though it was cold inside and his socks had holes through the heels. It was important to him to treat the house well. His parents had lived in it from new; his Dad had liked telling people that when they moved in the builders were still finishing off the terrace. At the time, the new estate was the best miners' housing in the whole of the North-East, and socialist notables had come up from London to be toured around by officers from the council and the colliery. Three months later, they raised the rent.

In the kitchen now, Michael filled the kettle. Yes, it was a good house. On these lonely evenings, the walls whispered the laughter of his childhood back to him. He had filled hours chasing his sister up and down the staircase, or bowling scuffed tennis balls against the garden wall. He cherished these tender memories.

The 14 ho

On his thirteenth birthday his parents bought the house. He didn't have a present that year but he didn't mind; the sheer joy around the dinner table that night was better than anything else in the world. On his sixteenth birthday Sherwell colliery closed down. He stopped celebrating his birthday after that.

The kettle boiled; he put a teabag in his oldest mug and filled it with steaming water. The lenses of his glasses fogged up. In his reverie he did not mind.

His teachers had thought him a bright student, but when his father lost his job down the pit, Michael knew that he needed to start earning a living. He didn't even bother waiting to see the results of his O-Levels; three days after his last exam he was on the train to Newcastle to take up an apprenticeship. He was to be a joiner. He went home often to see his family, but when he did, there was no joy around the dinner table. His mother had taken up work in a laundrette, and he pitched in what little he could, but things were tight; they only ate meat once a week. Worse yet, his father was abiding the shame of being supported by his wife and son by spending his days in the pub, drinking away money he did not have, later to stagger home in the blackest of moods. Michael's sister admitted to him that on the worst evenings she would hide in the broom cupboard.

Squeezing the teabag against the edge of the mug with one hand, he reached over to the fridge and pulled out the pint bottle of milk. Michael only drank milk in tea so he never needed to buy more than a pint at a time. There was just a little left in the bottle, which he poured into the tea. It was probably a bit out of date - but it doesn't matter so much with tea. As he stooped to sit down on the only chair in the kitchen his knees burned with pain. They had been arthritic for a long time, but had gotten much worse now he had to walk so far to work.

It was the joinery that had ruined his knees; he had done it for twenty-five years. He did not love the job but it was respectable enough. It paid a living wage; he had even taken holidays - once to Athens to see the Parthenon, another time to Rome with a woman from South Shields who had a laugh like a carburetor on a cold morning and whom he very nearly married. In any case, joinery was a darn sight better than coal mining. On sunny days he thought himself fortunate. It caught him by surprise, then, when his life collapsed around him for a second time.

His father died first; that was to be expected. Mining and boozing had taken their customary tolls on his lungs and liver; it was never quite determined which one finished him off. But when his mother, who barely drank and had never smoked, died just a year later from a brain tumor, he found it harder to bear. Work was his only solace and Michael suddenly felt a deep fondness for it. He preferred to give himself over entirely to the coarse wooden beams, with their neatly cut mortices and tenons, than think about the empty house in the dying pit village that he had once called home. He owned it whole; his sister lived in Australia now. But in those days he was thinking only about the wood.

Michael barely noticed when the banks began to fail, even though several of the guys from work had to queue outside Northern Rock for their deposits. He had only just summoned the courage to talk to an estate agent about selling the house on the day the workshop went bankrupt. The great big circular saw stopped turning and the court-appointed liquidator locked the gates. All at once, Michael imagined the silenced saw rusting away to nothing, like the winding wheel at the old pit head, and felt with a terrible certainty that his life was over.

He had been right. There were no more jobs after that; he could not make rent. And so, Michael returned to Sherwell, to live with the ghosts. Barely over forty, he nonetheless felt that he was going home to die.

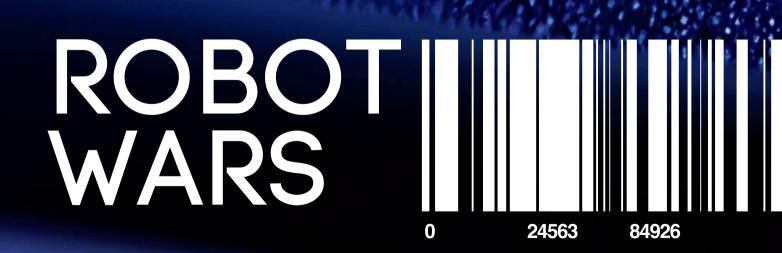
In his reminiscences, which as time went on consumed more and more of his waking hours, the years since his return to the village scarcely featured. It was not that he did not want to think about them - rather, they had simply left only faint traces on his memory, like raindrops drving on a window pane. Every mindnumbing job that the agency could offer, he had dutifully performed. In the morning he ate cornflakes. In the evening, frozen pizza. He watched the News at Ten and Match of the Day, though he barely cared about either. At some point he had gotten a cat. He had liked having it about, but when one day it went missing he was a little relieved, because the food was getting expensive. He thought he should try to read some books but he was always too tired.

The best part of his day had been the bus. Between the piercing monotony of work and the oppressive silence of his home, it was his only relief. There and back again, two trips a day - stopping in turn at each of the old pit villages. From his vantage point three rows behind the driver he would look out at the cobbled alleys and low brick terraces which so abruptly gave way to tilled dark earth, patchy copses, and thorny hedgerows, and here and there the blustery heath-capped hilltops. This was his country, and to look at it gave him strength he did not know he had. Yet that was not all that he loved about the bus. Within those draughty steel confines he felt more communal warmth than anywhere in his moribund village. It was as if the bus collected remnants of life from all the desolate places that it stopped, and forged an anonymous and ephemeral community from them. It became a place he knew - a place he belonged.

He knew the woman with the red coat who called her grand-daughter in Brighton on Wednesday afternoons. He knew erudite old Gareth, who was a printer, and who once told him the difference between the hundred-years war and the thirty-years war. He knew Mrs Stevens, who was retired but liked to go to the cinema in town, since her father had been a projectionist before the war. He knew Mark and Darren, who worked on the building site down by the river, and who flattered him by saying that they could never hack it as joiners what with all the maths involved. He even knew the Polish girl who sat at the back - well, he didn't know her name; she spoke little English - but she sometimes smiled at him and once wished him Merry Christmas which is more than could be said for his manager at work. And of course he knew the driver Bill Marrow, his favourite among all the inhabitants of this transient little commune, who was always ready with a kind remark or a quip about the weather. For lonely Michael Morpeth, such niceties were an umbilical cord to the rest of the human race.

But the bus did not make money. It was not clear why it should need to make money, but in any case it did not, and so one day when the new timetables were posted it simply did not exist any more. And when the first day of the month arrived it simply did not come. Michael had waited at the stop anyway. He had disbelieved like one who grieves. Now he had to walk to work, an hour and fifteen minutes each way. The last half hour was a squalid footpath alongside a dual carriageway, and when it rained the big lorries would drench him with foul water from the gutter. If he were younger he would have burned with indignation at the double injustice of both losing his bus and of having to walk. But life had dulled him to indignity, so the anger that he felt was like a guttering candle, more sad than fierce. He walked and he walked. He was alone.

Michael finished his tea and stiffly rose, placing his mug by the kettle. He awkwardly pushed his chair in, but as he did so, he knocked the mug with his elbow. It fell and hit the lino with a thud. He crouched to pick it up, squinting from pain. The handle came away cleanly in his hand. He sank to his knees on the tread-worn floor and silently, he wept.



"Go back to your parents' basement."

Bitch, nobody has basements in England. I live in a flat. A nice one because my parents had some money. "More money than you, bitch," I said down the mic to the guy giving me shit on VC last night. He was so toxic I had to rise to it.

Anyway, sorry. You'll never guess what I found on Ebay. It was this second edition copy of Final Fantasy VII on the Playstation 1. Really rare in Japan, let alone here in the UK. I'm not a collector or anything I just fucking love that game, and I got so worked up I clicked Buy It Now and paid my money right away. Then I realised I'd been a total dumbass and I had no sure-fire way of getting my hands on it. There's like a 50/50 chance of post even arriving these days.

So I breathed deep, messaged the seller and said:

"DON'T POST. I WILL COME AND PICK IT UP TODAY."

I don't know why I did it in all caps like that. But just after I sent it I caught a glimpse of the seller's profile picture and she had this blue hair. Strange to see an alternative girl like that. "Huh," I thought, and my internal monologue sounded more like Chandler Bing than me.

Anyway, she replied with just the address and "Bring photo ID please." I thought that was weird – obviously I'd have photo ID on me. I looked on Google Maps and she was a four-hour drive away in Guildford (I'm in Brighton). As ifff that drive used to take just an hour.

Before I left I pulled out the old CRT TV from the top shelf in my wardrobe and plugged it in, just to make sure it still worked. It turned on just fine. I wiped the dust off the screen and it crackled like it was purring.

Playing these old games on a proper CRT does something to me, man. I had a friend who used to say it was just nostalgia, but he didn't understand the psychology of it. Truth is, primitive graphics on a shittier screen can actually be more immersive because your brain fills in the bits you can't see. That's what kids today are missing with all their ray-traced shit in 8K OLED. I know that makes me sound old, but I'm right, so I don't care. Anyway, sorry.

I grabbed one of the petrol cans from the pile in the kitchen and went out to the car. The Mercedes parked next to me had a smashed windshield and it made me glad my car was shit so nobody would try to steal it. I got anxious when the starter motor whined and nothing happened because I'll probably really need the car soon. But then the engine kicked in and it was all fine.

I put on the soundtrack to Undertale in the car. My friend used to say the 8-bit music sounded old. I'm like that's the point. Like the imageboards say, it's comfy, and as I drove under the grey sky that morning with the heater on I gotta admit I was nervous but pretty damn comfy.

Even though they're ultra-basic and from waaaay before my time, the sounds and colours of 8-bit mean a hell of a lot to me:

Basically, when I was a kid and my brother was in the hospital we had to stay there overnight sometimes. They had this old Nintendo console and TV in a cabinet on wheels, so they could move it around the ward and the kids could play. This thing was super outdated but back then I didn't care. My brother was too sick to play but I played so much I nearly broke my thumbs. I don't think I ate or slept or anything. Even when my brother died I was crying and still playing these old games. There was a Godzilla one where it was like a big chessboard and you moved the monsters around, and there was Excite Bike, and then they had all the Super Mario Bros - that includes number two which everyone now says is dogshit but I liked it then and I still like it now, though I can see the flaws.

Anyway, sorry. I made it through the town okay because nobody bothers to drive any more. And I took a left at the flashing orange barrier across the slipway. To be honest I'm glad they closed that whole motorway off. I got sick of driving all the way up to see if it was reopened again only to find the dual carriageway covered in scrap metal like the frickin' Robot Wars arena.

They tried to bring Robot Wars back one time, but the problem was that the tech had gotten too good and electric motors were way too powerful. So every fight was just two robots starting up these big spinning blades and driving at each other, then they'd both explode and then the fight would go to the judges. And they couldn't even risk having a big house robot like Sir Killalot in the arena any more because he would've been destroyed and they would've had to keep rebuilding him.

I miss Sir Killalot. We could do with him now. He'd be perfect, actually.

Anyway, sorry. I drove into the country lanes and it was kind of a workout because the power steering on my car died a year ago. My tyres actually screeched around a corner at one point. There was a huge pile of clothes at the side of a bend that smelled really bad and I nearly drove right into it.

As I drove, I looked out for this little green sandwich board outside the front of the village hall. I like seeing the notices pinned to it – all these washed-out flyers for the election, saying "Vote LibDem" etc. It's hilarious because that election never happened. I wouldn't have voted anyway.

Some guy I met on Discord voice chat said TV was invented as a mouthpiece for the state, for brainwashing people. Let me just say - that's complete bullshit. Or at least it's only true for the BBC and the news, maybe. But I absorbed loads of TV and I'm pretty neutral. I'm not racist or transphobic and I'm not whatever-left-wing-people-are-when-they-go-nuts. I know that about myself, deep down.

I say I absorbed (past tense) lots of TV, because I don't watch it so much any more. To be honest, I can't. I tried to watch that Lord of the Rings Amazon series that came out a few years ago for the fifth time and it's still the absolute worst. Like Lord of the Rings was my childhood. Come on.

Also, there isn't much new stuff on TV now, obviously.

Anyway, sorry. God, I'm so sorry. I turned a bend and came up on a checkpoint. The soldiers there had rifles I couldn't stop looking at. They were under a gazebo on the roadside grass, with a table and laptops and stuff.

"Hello," I said.

"ID?" He said.

I felt for my ID and my stomach did that plungey thing when you think you've lost something, but it was actually in the knee pocket of my cargo shorts.

"Holy shit," I said, gasping in relief.

""Holy shit?"" He said back to me. "You're American?" He looked at me all flustered like me being American meant a ton of extra paperwork for him or something. It probably did.

"No," I laughed. "I just watch way too much TV."

He took my ID and looked at it and then looked off into the distance.

"Reason for travel?" he said.

"Picking up some medicine," I said.

Then he looked at me with this fucking 'I don't believe you' face.

"What medicine?" he said.

"Naproxen, for migraines."

"And is travel absolutely necessary, yeah?" "Yep."

He looked me up and down then waved me through and I'm like thanks.

But as if he thought I was American! You know I actually used to find it sad that my British accent had this weird American twang to it. I used to think "well it isn't how my parents talk, is their accent going to die out?" Now I think I'm just keeping that American spirit of freedom alive in some way by talking like them. Doing my bit.

Because whatever happens in the next few years I'll always know it wasn't right what happened to our friends across the pond. They're dicks but they don't deserve that.

Maybe I feel extra bad about it because in so many ways America was my Dad. America toughened me up a bit. When my parents got divorced and my real Dad had to leave, he was always posting me these 18-rated DVDs because I begged for them and I think he really wanted to win me over. One of the first ones he bought me was Blade II, which was super intense for a ten-year-old and it had these insane practical effects for the vampires. I hid under my duvet alone in my room when I watched it for the first time. Same with the remake of The Grudge, which has a couple of my all-time favourite scares in it. And he bought me a bootlegged copy of House of A Thousand Corpses, which has this scene at the end which is so balls-to-the-wall dark it just made me feel gross for days. Rob Zombie went all-in on that movie. I rewatch scenes from it all the time, but now I'm grown up I'm desensitised and more critical. But yeah, it was all American stuff.

Anyway sory. It was nice to be driving along at 50mph now. The smoke doesn't feel as thick on your lungs when you drive faster. The road had two big fields on either side and one of them had a tractor on it, which was cool. Don't see too many of those any more.

And is it weird that I actually found myself thinking about this blue-haired eBay seller girl a lot on the drive? I just felt all nervous and excited to meet her, maybe talk about the Playstation 1 era for a bit. I wondered if she'd be all sassy and aloof like I imagined her. I'm not a creep and I wasn't planning to ask for her number or perv on her or any shit like that. But I'm also not a giant simp, you know?

I actually kinda resent when people say pom's turned us into pervs. My Dad bought me a laptop when I was eleven, and my Mum knew nothing about how to put parental locks on the internet or anything, right at the most exciting time for pom ever. When I first started just googling it for fun with my friends it was all just images with the good shit hidden behind paywalls and stuff. But then the sites started hosting video for free and I was on my fucking way. There were so many of these pom tube sites it became a weird kind of debate with my friends as to which one was the best. I stood by RedTube because it felt fast and they adopted 4K really quick. But I guess PomHub won in the end and I understand why – they're just more strict on quality, and you never get any gross thumbnails on the homepage, which can completely fucking ruin the experience.

And look, we've all jacked off to some stuff we're not proud of. But I still see women as actual people, obviously.

Anyway sorry. I was really flooring it now down this straight bit of country road and I saw the signs to Guildford coming up. The sun was beginning to poke through the grey sky and the music reached this beautiful section where it swelled like the hills around me, up and down and up and down. A comfy moment.

But then OH SHIT I saw it in the sky, all jagged and creepy. Military drones just look creepy anyway, but the Chinese ones had these fins at the back that made them look like weird bats. I could suddenly hear it, that low thunder, so loud it drowned out my engine. I traced it across the sky, way off into the distance on my right. Just hovering.

Can you blame me for thinking what the fuck kind of war is this? They're not even bombing us any more, they're just watching us.

Could be worse, we could be in a big radioactive crater. No offense, America. I'll always remember the day Disney+ went offline and everyone knew something big had happened.

I didn't know what town was off to my right but I could see some plumes of smoke rising. I looked for so long I nearly veered off the road. Crashing would've been bad news – the drones can pick up on the heat signature and think it's a bomb or something. I would not die without my second edition Final Fantasy VII. Or without meeting Blue Hair.

The score from Dragonball Z came on the playlist and I turned it waaay up. That show used to be on Cartoon Network back-to-back every evening, and whenever I listen to it I can also hear all the adverts that came on in the breaks, too. Cartoon Network must have done this weird deal with debt management companies because every ad was about consolidating your debts down to one single monthly repayment. I still know the number if I ever need to call them.

Anyway sorry. Guildford was pretty much just like everywhere else. All the shops were blank and empty on the high street and the huge piles of trash bags in the middle of the pedestrian area were just gross. It made me sad thinking about this blue hair girl living in a place like this, honestly. She must've watched it all go to shit, just like I did. Is it ever okay to ask about that stuff? Like, just ask how sad she is? Probably not at first.

Anyway, sorry. I was actually surprised when I pulled up to this place. I guess I'd expected it to be at this girl's house or something? But it just looked like another empty shop front. The windows were bare and I couldn't see anything on the shelves. Still, I knew it was open because it had a light on and the door was ajar. And to be honest, even though the shop looked shit I kinda liked that Blue Hair was working there – like she was actually a small business owner, which takes real guts to do now.

I parked down the road, and as I walked over I was doubly nervous because I was about to meet her and I could also hear this frickin' drone swooping around in the sky way off in the distance.

I went inside and it was all just rows of empty shelves. It actually reminded me of when I was 15 and the old Blockbuster closed down. The place had the same plasticky officey smell to it. I wondered if Blue Hair remembered blockbuster and I started looking for her, but there was no sign of movement anywhere. It was really quiet – like silent.

I walked up to the counter and actually got startled.

There was a guy sitting behind it. In a tracksuit. He had poppy out eyes with dark circles under them and he was all weird and pale. I tried looking behind him through the doorway in the back for her but the lights weren't on.

This guy was just looking at me. He didn't say hello.

"Hi, how's it going?" I said, giving him a wave. This guy straight up did not respond. He just kept staring and the silence was so awkward. "I'm here to pick up a game," I told him.

"You customer?" He said with this weird accent.

"Yes. I bought a game. From Kacy. On eBay."

He kept staring so I got out my phone, a bit agitated to be honest.

"Here," I said. I pulled up my order confirmation email and showed it to him.

He didn't say anything, he just leaned down into this sports bag he had on the floor behind the counter, rummaged around and pulled out the game. He put it in front of me, really like matter-of-factly. I'm like is he mad or something?

"Bag?" he said, like just bag. Nothing else – no "would you like a -".

"Yeah," I said.

It all felt too tense, so I looked down at the game and smiled and shook my head. "Such a good game," I said. "So crazy to find a second edition". He completely ignored me and I'm like what the fuck. "Doesn't a girl run this place?" I said. I looked around for her again. He didn't reply.

I thought fuck it, I've come all this way. I pulled up her eBay profile and her display picture. I thrust it at the guy.

"You're not her," I said. I held his eyes to let him know I meant business, but it was like he'd been staring at people rudely all his life.

"Oh, no no," he said, not blinking. "She is not here."

There was this weird tense pause between us.

"You sure?" I said.

"Not here." He said.

"Well where is she?" I said.

Then he starts shaking his head dismissively like I'm stupid or something.

"Not here," he said again.

"Where, though?" I said.

"Not here."

He starts waving a fucking hand in my face and I'm about to punch this guy.

"I know. I'm asking you where she fucking is," I said. His eyes bulged.

"She is not here," he said.

Then he slowly raised his hand and, I shit you not, pointed at the door.

"Go." He said.

I had absolutely no idea if Blue Hair even existed at that point. I still don't know.

But the fucking audacity of trying to boss me around like that. Like God fucking damn it all I wanted was to talk to someone about the Playstation 1 and I had to deal with this piece of shit. Did they even have wholesome childhoods full of games where he's from? Did he even care about what he was selling?

I kind of lost it.

"What the fuck is your problem, you piece of shit?" I said. "You sound like a fucking moron."

I know he understood that, because he stepped backwards and I saw a tiny bit of fear in his eyes. I wanted to say more but I knew I was crossing a line so I just picked up the bag and left.

I swear to God I didn't mean for this to happen, but I slammed the door on my way out and one of the glass panels shattered. I got covered in all this broken glass and the alarm in the building started going off. I heard this guy shout from inside and I started walking away as quickly as I could without looking back.

And as I was walking back to the car the drone blasted past overhead. It was so fucking loud and I ducked down and nearly dropped the bag and my car keys and I was super flustered. Just really, really flustered. Too much was going on at once. I kept walking and this drone kept spiralling; I was listening to it fade away, then get louder again. It was actually pretty damn stressful.

I think that's why I did it, but I don't really know. I got into the car and shouted and hit my head against the steering wheel, and that really hurt, so I turned on the ignition and revved the car as high as I could. The engine was screaming and it was all really intense.

This next bit I don't really remember. I put the car into gear and the tyres started spinning. Then it lurched out of the parking space and over to the other side of the road and slammed head-on into another parked car. It was so loud. My airbag went off right in my ear.

I sat there and looked at the smoke rising from the hood and knew the car was probably fucked. I didn't even want to think about how I was going to get home. I thought I should get out soon because the whole thing could burst into flame and I had this big tank of petrol on the back seat. But I didn't get out. I couldn't for some reason. I just couldn't.

Anyway, sorry. At that moment I reached over to the passenger seat and picked up the plastic bag with Final Fantasy VII in it. I pulled it out and looked at the hologram sticker on the back.

And get this: It was a FIRST edition. Not a second edition.

Even rarer than I thought. Holy shit. Holy shit. Holy shit.

by Pom





DISNEYWORLD BALKANIZATION

by Grozny

Cold steel; a Beretta 92, neo-classic, matrix ready, nickel finish fit for humid climate. Bullets hand loaded, 147 grain hollow points with a P+ powder charge. Unfit for warfare. Fit for my purposes. Codes and conventions, settlements, international decisions are meaningless in the center of my Tritium sights. Goofy is bleeding out next to me, squirting arterial spray through the holes in what was supposed to be a bulletproof costume. The individual under the face has been forgotten by this point, but at some point I assume he was one of my coworkers. One of at least a dozen "Goofy's" costumes at the park. An entire platoon of these fuckers, in fact. Yet here one was, making my ice cream stand look like a Jackson Pollock piece, without his brothers, without his friends, just leaking vomit and blood all over the masonry.

I gave him what little support I could of course. Set the cart up so he could lay his back on it and wouldn't choke in his last moments. Poured a little water on his costume so it wouldn't feel so damnably hot in there. For all I know it might feel like a chill to him rather than a fever, a nice submerge into the icy waters of nowhere. The inside of that suit might be the most efficient sensory deprivation tube created by man, allowing him to focus only on his dying thoughts with a clarity of mind previously thought impossible, a focus so pure as to be divine; but from my outside perspective, he was coughing up half digested fries and spasming to a slow stop while the blood became a trickle. After one last rattle, the dog fell silent and ceased to move. I attempted to close the eyes of his mask, only to find them without lids. I cut off a strip of a tapestry with the mouse emblem and layed it over his eyes, unwilling to instead see the man within the beast and give him a proper rest.

Behind me, acrid smoke rose from that simulation of a castle. It was overcast that dayrains would come soon, filled with the plastic sickness that had melted off. When all this was said and done, everyone left would probably have a cancer diagnosis within the next 3 decades. I expected among the remaining ranks such a concern was nothing more than miniscule, lost in a slurry of infected cuts and dehydrated throats. 101 kilometers squared of a children's playground dedicated in Roman lust for blood, among developing political squabbles and increasingly inexperienced paramilitaries in conscript. A veritable digital age coliseum. While on the other side of the ocean Slav's blew each other to pieces with the last remains of Hitler and Stalin's arsenal, here in our homegrown citrus beauty I watched a pipe bomb mulch a pimply 19 year old UCF student, majoring in CS, Political Science, or Performing Arts. It was real innovation, the kind only America could produce. Left to our own devices, devoid of outside support other than a small trickle of arms, we didn't rely on old stockpilesnecessity being our defining national character the world itself became a weapon, or ingredients for them at the very least. A few weeks ago, I saw a woman naked, spare for her princess costume, torn to shreds, smash an old man's head in- probably a boss or manager of some sort, someone who had crossed the line in her mind.

Machine gun fire burst out in front of me, and my legs kicked into gear as shards of rock made needle-like points all throughout me, little daggers of stone that embedded and bounced off me with the violence disturbed earth can only produce. The door of a small trinket store proved flimsy on its hinges as I rammed into it and crawled to the ground, hiding behind an internal pillar. The fire continued for some time, before silence returned and I peeked from the corner of the pillar, and saw the form of a man stalking the walkways through the window. Popping up, I fired the pistol into his chest three times- I was almost certain the first two hit, but I know damn well the third went wide- I was shocked by the blast and noise in the dim interior of the store, the cacophony of ringing greeting me as I quivered standing, lowering the gun, not finding him anywhere in my sight before I dropped to the ground, afraid of a return burst.

Crawling to the window, I peeked out, careful to avoid the shattered glass, and brushing it away with my gun where unavoidable. There he lay, stunned into the silence by the impact of two self-expanding slugs, one in the gut and the other in the right shoulder. What a bad way to go.

He was staring up at the sky with a not quite disgusted look, the sort of neutral disdain at his own fate you could find on deers who had passed from poorly placed shots, or businessman struck by a heart attack within their last 5 years before retirement. I had missed his plate carrier entirely, by some stroke of immense luck. Out of some inner reasoning I couldn't quite explain, I drummed my knuckles on the top and felt hard steel underneath. Didn't this retard know about spalling? It didn't matter now I suppose- he was so far gone to not even twitch at my invasion of his plate, unable to react to my percussion. I inspected him once more, keen to find some sort of detail of who he was and his intentions- at this stage, it mattered very little. The players were quantifiable in a pretty simple manner by the time we began throwing our dead into the swamp. It stopped being less about the Florida State Troopers, Orange County police(who were both on our side and against us depending on how the wind blew), the various Right wing paramilitaries attempting an annexation(Oath Keepers, God's Patriots, The Blessed 8th, CAE, DISWAFFEN), left wing militants who thought we were the true proletarian, and the governors own contingent of National guardsman, and rather began descending into a set of criteria that dwindled as the weeks went by. Who had food, who you could turn your back to, who was actively killing my coworkers, who had state and federal funding. Finally it became the classic mantra; us and them. Radios still worked, and as bodies piled up supply scarcity decreased. I had a pretty constant back and forth via a walkie talkie with someone hiding at one of the grand hotels. He seemed to be the last of twenty workers, scraping by on powdered eggs and gator. I forget how many weeks before this all started seeing one of the mechanics for Space Mountain flash a glock he had in his handbag, how long it took after that, the first few firings for "conceal carrying", before management had little Saturday Night Specials hidden in ankle holsters, before everyone stopped giving a damn, before the guys running the ticket booths were put under citizens arrest, before there was a blitz lead by new production trucks, before the nightmare had ceased to be something contained within sleep.

He wore two crosses set against a confederate flag- the modern incarnation of one, admittedly. I couldn't make heads or tails of which group he was affiliated with from that alone. As I watched his chest rise for the last time, I dug through his possessions in search of who this man was. A custom dog tag had his name and blood type on it. His wrist had a 120\$ amazon "Tacwatch" with time, weather, compass, fire starter, all attached with paracord. His rifle was a basic-bitch AR, the sort every once a year range trip casual had, with its 100\$ chinese red dot optic and a flashlight that rattled when moved. But it was mine.

Lo and Behold, a third hole on the receiver. I heard about them, I read about them in the news, but here it was. Free and gained without any honest labor. It was how he nearly pulped me, in fact. I slung the rifle on my back, picked up the plate carrier and found it suitable to my emaciated frame, and kept moving under the baleful glare of a gray sky.

I sought shelter from the rains that evening; and under the glow of the last embers of the castle, I found the entrance to a world I had never been given access too, a post denied by either fate or my manager; the tunnel to the Utilidoor. A dream of internal transportation and logistics so illusory in its creation that the "ground floor" of Disney was in fact a story above. I found the pitch black underbelly chilled, a secluded oasis from the humidity above. Drawing the rifle, I turned on the flashlight and found myself among no others. The final gloomy dusk of the magical world behind me receded as I furthered my trek, step by shivering step into the abyss.

Unable to see the light behind me, I was plunged into darkness after a few minutes of travel when the flashlight gave out. Unable to retrace my path among the maze of twist and turns, I began to walk, walk ever faster, pounding my feet against the moist concrete until I threw off the plate carrier, threw down my rifle, chucked my pistol at the ground and watched the sparks as it discharged into a wall. It was rank, rank with mold and decomposing corpses of people whose name I never bothered to learn. I was a creature of primal ancestry, tripping on my own feet before resolving to travel on all fours, scraping knees and hands against the bare floor in a stride of pure paranoia, a beast running from the darkness, within it something unknown even to myself.

Hours, days, minutes, months- sickness, sickness, sickness. The pounding of a weak heart, turned ashen and slow by weeks of steady decrease of every aspect of lifepeace, food, sleep, water. The drum turning to a rapid tattoo within the half melted mind of a descendent of those serfs that picked up pikes in defense of their lord, never meant to gain literacy, never meant to subsist on anything but gruel, never meant to live. The pikes and cloth tunics are long gone, and as I strip out of my khaki pants and polo shirt under cover of cavernous night and continue downward into the abyss, I have become something else, something broken.

Now the night is over, and the dawn is about to break- a glow, subtle at first, before becoming blinding at the end of my corridor. Orange, synthetic, pulsing with power. Power. Power. Power.

Financial, invincible, all consuming power. The visage of the man who left mankind, the final frontier of inter-earth creation and cultural export. The beast, the constructor of the great Orlando Babel, his comatose form weeping from eyes sewed shut as his land fell to raiders. I fell to my knees- show me, show me. The great vision began, prostrate before the sorcerer

And he revealed to me first his own birth, rather the many

The many heads and creations, the altars and rituals

Working backwards like a film strip pulled out of its projector,

Before he showed to me his true face; both possessing the body of a serpent and head of a lion

And revealed to me the first of his amusements- and there I was, the first of his figures My rib torn out to create women- my son the first murderer.

And so I passed, born again, passed, born again.

Serf, Clerk, Soldier, Beggar, subject to many and master of none.

I have lived one million lives of weakness.

IN 20 MILLION YEARS

I WATCH THE WATER DRIFT AWAY FROM THIS LAND AND THE PALM TREES DISSOLVE AND FORM THIN BUSHES WHILE ORLANDO IS COLLAPSED ONTO A STEPPE IT IS NOT THAT WE ARE MOUNTAINOUS RATHER, THE EARTH SINKS AROUND YOUR WORLD AND I LIGHT A FIRE ATOP IT

AND LIKE SPORES BURSTING FROM THEIR PODS

WHEN THE GREAT BUCKMINSTER FULLER DOME EXPLODES IN ITS FINAL DEATH

YOU LAUNCH YOUR IMAGINEERING ICBM'S INTO THE SKY AND RELIVE THE

HALLUCINATORY END OF A COLD WAR THAT NEVER CAME TO PASS AND WHEN THE THINGS THAT DESCEND FROM ME WATCH THOSE GREAT DEMONS

FALL FROM THE SKY, THEY WILL WEEP, IF THEY STILL POSSESS THE ABILITY TOO

WHEN THEY COLLIDE WITH THE NEW EARTH, THEY WILL EXPLODE IN VAST CLOUDS

AND REFORM YOUR DREAM ONCE MORE

I HAVE SEEN YOU AT THE END AND BEGINNING OF TIME, WALT DISNEY

WHEN YOU CROSSED THE MIDDLE PASSAGE INTO THE NEW WORLD AND WHEN YOU BROUGHT FORTH LIKE MAGIC THE FIRST STEAM ENGINE AND MECHANICAL LOOM

AND AT THE DETONATION OF THE FIRST ATOMIC BOMB

AND I KNOW YOUR FACE LURKS EVERYWHERE IN THE EARTH I'VE COME TO KNOW

AND IT SHALL LURK IN THE WORLD AFTER IT

YOU ARE THE FACE OF ALL CREATION OPPOSED TO GOD I AM ONE OF YOUR MANIFOLD ABOMINATIONS I WILL AWAKEN FROM THIS LIFE LIKE A DREAM, AND FIND THE NEXT WORLD FORMED TO YOUR NEEDS AS THIS ONE WAS. IF ONLY TO PRAY THAT IN THE NEXT LIFE I AWAKEN, AND KNOW I MUST ATTEMPT, MUST GIVE ALL MY LIFE'S WORTH TO KILL YOU, TO PUT AN END TO YOU, IF SUCH A THING IS POSSIBLE. I WILL PLUNGE THE HAFT OF A SPEAR THROUGH YOUR SOFT CHEST, ITS BLUNT END SNAPPING BONE UNDERNEATH. AND I SHALL PUT AN END TO LIFE ITSELF.





8.amp



8 amp



8 amp

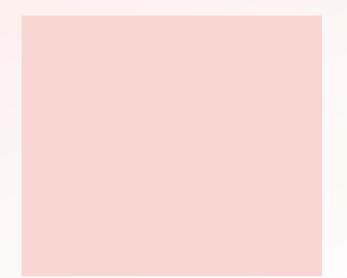


Go

Το

Sleep, My Zoodle "'Silly Lullaby'? 'The Belly Button Book'? 'The Going to Bed Book'? Wow, we have a lot of Sandra Boynton books. Do you want to read 'Max's Chocolate Chicken'? I used to read this story when I was little too."

"Look, there is a chocolate chicken placed by the hand of destiny, the spirit of time, laying down the goal on a pedestal for European man to gaze upon. Max, the maximum spirit, immediately and without hesitation declares 'I love you.' By definition he must. Look his sister comes in, Ruby, and tries to set the rules against Max. Ruby is both the Queen jewel spirit of Britannia the writer of the international order and at the same time a rube, a slack jawed cross-eyed neanderthal praying for extinction by her evolutionary better; never doubt the second the born! 'No, no, no Max' Ruby says, 'If you want what you love, you have to payback your war debts to the Allies.' Ruby occupies the Ruhr and Max refuses to play a correct game. Ruby insists that Max not be able to rearm. Max makes an arms deal with the Soviets and gets his factories busy again. Look at how proud Ruby is sweetie! She thinks she is going to define the international order, but who is this defiant younger brother with the black shadow under his nose, a perfect square, like a meticulously maintained mustached? Oh no, he's stolen the chocolate chicken! Anschluss! He's taking a bite right in the Sudetenland! Ruby claims she is in control and has a plan, but there goes Poland! Max emerges from his hiding spot with chocolate smeared on his mouth and French blood on his boots. Ruby is so sad she can't believe it, 'Max how could you?' Then a new goal emerges from the ether of time, placed on the pedestal of destiny, a chocolate goose. Max looks with a joyful gaze as bright as the sun and declares, 'I love you.' Ruby is bug-eyed as Max starts slouching towards Moscow. The End."



"What a wonderful book, let's read another one. Which one is that? 'Goodnight, Gorilla'; classic! Look at that cheeky gorilla. What's he going to do? 'Goodnight, Gorilla' says the zookeeper, the eternal Anglo, downtrodden, back towards his empire, and shining the light of civilization onward. But look out! The gorilla is taking the keys! He's letting himself out oh no! The spirit of Africa has escaped and is following his cultural better bringing nationalists movements to the entire empire! 'Goodnight, Elephant. Goodnight, Lion. Goodnight, Hyena. Goodnight, Giraffe. Goodnight, Armadillo.' Each one that sneaky gorilla lets out with the zookeeper's keys. Here they come, following the zookeeper back to his home. The collapse of empire leads right to unrestricted immigration. Open borders keep the GDP growing. They're filling in his house, they're coming into the zookeeper's bedroom, and the gorilla is getting into bed! The zookeeper's wife doesn't even know until they all say 'Goodnight, goodnight, goodnight, goodnight, goodnight, goodnight, goodnight.' Oh no! The wife sees that cheeky gorilla! He knows he's caught! The zookeeper doesn't even stir, the old man cannot even be bothered, but his wife, lady Britannia takes the guiding light, and leads the beasts back to their zoo. But oh no, that gorilla got the keys again and he's sneaking back! His wife climbs into bed, 'Goodnight, dear', the gorilla is sneaking in the bed, and the zookeeper replies 'Good night'. In between the old blind king, the zookeeper, and his wife, lady Britannia, is the gorilla now asleep, and who's that little guy saying 'Goodnight, Gorilla'? Why it's a little mouse. He's been with the gorilla the whole book, the humanist European spirit of the African. Here they are together assimilated at last. Isn't' that nice?"

"What should we read next? 'It's Not Easy Being a Bunny?' Noit's not easy standing up to modernity in a technocratic nightmare world, daddy knows this firsthand. They'll try to tell you that Nature is a lie and that we can overcome everything with our electric sheep and glass bees, but we know that's not true. Be a bunny sweetie, because you cannot be a bear, or a beaver, or a bird, or a skunk, or a moose, or a possum. You can only be what you were made to be. That reminds me, do you want to read 'The Very Hungry Caterpillar'? I think you have this one memorized. How does it go again, 'But a rope stretched over the abyss on one side is the very hungry caterpillar and on the other is the beautiful butterfly'? No? This one instead? Okay."

" 'Go Go Dog by P.D. Eastman', great choice. This is dog. There are all kinds of big dogs and little dogs. There are black dogs and white dogs. Some dogs serve. Some dogs are served. Fundamentally there are two means of existence that are in constant conflict for dominance: Chaos and Order. They meet constantly and clash, 'Do you like my hat? I do not. Good-bye. Good-bye'."

"The dogs move across time. One little dog goes in, a new civilization emerges, and three big dogs come out. The ancient river civilizations emerge, 'a red dog on a blue tree, a blue dog on a red tree, and a green dog on a yellow tree.' Each will contribute to advance the race of dog: inventing zero, the solar calendar, specialized agriculture, and so forth. The technology will drive the dogs, accelerate them, but will always require their attention. 'Two big dogs going up. One little dog going down.' The green dog will be first and the yellow dog will be last. The red dog did not come to be served to but to serve the blue dog. 'One dog is up on a house, 'a master of technology he uses his spyglass to peer down at the water. 'Three dogs are down in the water,' swimming, splashing, and laughing. They enjoy the depths, refreshing coolness of the collective consciousness of dog life. 'A green dog is over a tree,' conquering nature with his tiny helicopter. 'A yellow dog is under a tree,' reading comfortably in his hammock, a union of nature and technology. Technology advances as 'two dogs are in a house, on a boat, in the water.' They use technology to look inwardly, 'a dog over the water, and a dog under the water,' to explore the depths of their dog nature. Chaos and order meet again, 'Do you like my hat?' 'I do not like it.', 'Good-bye again.', 'Good-bye', and the dialectic continues."



"The dogs are all going around and around, riding the Ferris wheel of life, they cheer the ups and weep the downs, but they love the ride because they think it is real. They shout at the operator, 'Go around again!' With progress there is still needless suffering for the dogs. The yellow sun is over the house, and the dog on the roof declares, 'It is hot out here in the sun.' while a clever dog relaxes beneath the house 'It is not hot down here under the house.' 'Now it is night' here on the subconscious only the brave dare to explore. 'Three dogs at a party, on a boat at night' these dogs wear hats, sing songs, and play games in this strange realm. Technology guides them there. They even have a lantern. The deep mysteries of art and voluntary play live in this realm. Back in the daylight of known reality, 'Dogs at work,' they are slaves to their technology, 'Work, dogs, work!' There is dog and auto-dog. Even play has become an aggressive undertaking, a means of conquest, 'Play, dogs, play!' Here come Chaos and Order again to see if they can synthesize. 'Do you like my hat?' 'I do not like that hat' 'Good-bye again', 'Good-bye!'"

"Dogs love their machines. Dogs in cars again. Going away. Going away fast' There they go those individual dog souls speeding across time in their steel machines. Suddenly nature appears and declares 'Stop, dogs. Stop!' A tiny bird in the middle of the intersection has stopped what was once thought to be the unstoppable march of progress. Dogs only exist as much as nature will tolerate them, 'Go, dogs. Go! The light is green now' and they are allowed to progress. They progress across unknown boundaries. Two dogs play tennis on top of a zeppelin hovering high above a metropolis. Technology has led to decadence, the captain of the zeppelin shouts, 'Go down, dogs. Do not play up there. Go down.' What is there for the dogs to do? They have technology and decadence, but in the dark realm of their minds something bothers them."

"Now it is night. Night is not a time for play.' But some dogs do play at night, the artists and poets do. 'It is time for sleep. The dogs go to sleep. They will sleep all night.' Not alone; but together they sleep. From this collective subconsciousness, the dogs will rise. 'Now it is day. The sun is up. Now is the time for all dogs to get up.' Now is the day that all dogs will rise. They cheer and shout to rise, the illumination is here, the dawn has broken. 'Time to get going. Go dogs. Go!' The vision of destiny has been collectively reached, there is no holding back. What is their destiny? What have all the ups and downs, ins and outs, and on tops and underneath's been about? 'Why are they going so fast in those cars? What are they going to do? Where are those dogs going? Look where they are going. They are all going to that big tree over there.' A giant tree waits for the dogs. They get out of their cars and run, they run like dogs unrestrained and free. There is a ladder waiting for them. A golden ladder will take them from the ground to the top of the tree. 'Up they go to the top of the tree. Why? Will they work there? Will they play there? What is up there on top of that tree?' Sweetie, what do you think is at the top of that tree?"

"A party"

"That's right! 'A dog party! A big dog party!' And all dogs are there, big, little, red, blue, yellow, green, black, and white dogs. All nationalities ethnic groups and political parties that have or would ever exist are together in celebration. They wear their hats, play games, sing songs, and eat cake. Everyone is here at the dog party! 'What a dog party!' Chaos and Order are here. Chaos dons the greatest of all party hats and sets down the golden ladder, 'And now do you like my hat?' At the base of the tree awaits Order, he has arrived with his own car and wears a simple party hat, 'I like it! I like that party hat!' Together they ride off together into the sunset. All that was broken has been healed. All life united, as it was in the beginning, now, and forever shall be, ever and ever, a world without end."

There is silence and stillness. Two hearts beat; one for father and one for daughter. The father waits and finally asks, "Another story dear?"

With some shuffling under the covers, a small voice says, "Daddy, lights off." And the days is over.



• The Schizo Cantos



no. 4

He said this—the bandit mask With patent leather shoes And silver hair with waterfall grace That fell on God's own punk-years jacket With tighter pants than you— He said before the only show That ever should have been played:

"

Test one, test two, Hello hello hello hello I was an angel many years ago 'Till an alchemist in old Mandir Distilled my tears down into diamonds And I so tempted was to find his Gall so engaging and his greed So enraging—which is how— In now or passing fancy I Will share or rather vainly try To show you how they rock in Heaven Test three, test four "

no. 5

When slowly do I stir from dreaming depth— And alight onto the līmen limned so With colors who can dance upon a breath Or hide in the dapples of my window I clutch after retreating memories But feeble I can only see them go And through my aching chest a tremor these Thoughts inspire: to see a joy in throe I watch the funerary shadow play Of what a child so rightly knew could be While hoping faintly it could see the day But dreadful certain though it all would be Precipitated down to somnal dust— Is this how magic is stolen from us?

no.47

Tll swell and gurgle, skin split bursting with A dusty gasp of penicillin green Unfortunate you can't see what I mean 'Cause if you stop by quickly for a chat Tll gather all my pieces and retract The strange appendages you don't expect To see So we can talk all loose and fancy-free

When you go, you know, it's much the same Not quite, for true, the same in every way I'd say Maybe this time I'll grow tendrils That craze all through the air Made from the thoughts you have The darker fare— The ones you turn away Like I turn in to hide my face, my body With dead dry sheaves that rustle, buzzing quick Now darkly through a sequence oddly digital While crystal splinters random flicker out To taste the air



no.70

Out on some grim forsaken windy shore The village folk carve driftwood faces Children set them up on poles Some to the waves and some away to land So that the morning sun can see the hills And look back on the waters when he sets Recalling where he dies And where again he rises

The image of a day:

Some weight or pain or happiness A thunderous hate, a springtime sorrow Be held on every votive countenance Thereby the sun can briefly understand What lives his people carry out below And every night they are forgotten

A plinth is built to hold up God in state The weight of Him makes gravel from the stones And then He floats away

KEYMARD

TOP 5 CRITICAL MISTAKES NEW WRITERS WILL

NEW WRITERS WILL ALWAYS MAKE VOV BIG MOVES FROM THE MIGHTY F GARDNER

WORKSHOP WITHOUT KILLING YOUR PRECIOUS DARLINGS

CHOOSE YOUR LIT

UNITED AIRLINES WILL GARDNER EVER RECOVER?

WHAT A PSEUD! ANYTHING YOU CAN DO I CAN DO BETTER

ANOTHER PSYOP FROM & AMP MAGAZINE

THE MAN IS DESPERATELY SEEKING

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TALES OF THE UNREAL VOL №2

Anons wishing to place classified ads please do so by email or on the board (thanks again): lamp.lit.magazine@gmail.com

WANTED: Musicians interested in joining punk band. DO NOT NEED SOMEBODY TO PLAY DOUBLE BASS WE ALREADY HAVE THAT COVERED. Must be okay with lyrical content resulting in probable arrest. Call/txt 867-5309

ISO JAKKING BUDDY

Looking for someone who has a passion for and truly appreciates the art form of wojacks and wojak design/creation. Someone who loves to Jak it all the time, and is willing to spend long hard hours Jakking without compensation. If that last caveat discouraged you in any way, then I must say this opportunity is not for you, because I'm looking for someone who sees making jaks not as a simple hobby, or some online meme activity, but someone who understands that they are a true and pure window to the soul. Someone who understands creating wojaks is your duty as a human, living in the greatest period for art ever known to man. You also must be an expert in satire and deep knowledge of analytical psychology. It is also required that you are able to act as a model, modeling in any circumstance and at any request, in order to deepen the realism and enhance the standard of quality for the wojaksphere. Especially

if you resemble such wojacks as homoeroticmoaningfemini neemotwinkiak. or musculardominatrixfutajak (those wojaks light a fire in me, and having a muse who has an apperance similar to such jaks would increase my jak production by gargantual amounts.) Perhaps, one day, we could even meet up in person, and jak it together. My discord is

WojakMaster#0000

FOR SALE

For sale; big bullet. never shot

Hi-speed internet router for sale. Supports recent wifi standards. four slim ethernet ports, form factor. Comes with british plug adaptor and 3 metres of coax cable tied round the neck of the former ambassador for Libya. N.B. that the ambassador does also come with the deal. Repositionable antennae. £28 or best offer, call 8772

Whitehall.

FOR SALE: All of my teeth. Variable condition, but fresh. Buyer must bring own removal tool(s). Bring bag of BBQ-flavor Corn Nuts as payment, no cash accepted. I can be found posing as a vagrant at the nearest gas station

LOST

LOST: Season 3, episode 9. A power play ensues on the island between Jack and Locke as Juliet's future lies in the balance. Kate and Sawyer deal with the consequences of their escape.

Lost bicycle. Mislaid while drunk in harbour area of Copenhagen. Classy fin-de-siècle Italian design. Reward for safe return.

PERSONALS

/lit/ anon seeking a needy & amp guesteditor to classify deez nuts. 420-69

Being the second second

& amp is a collaborative effort made by strangers over the internet. **Special Thanks To:** (You) Ryan Dio Atlas Ogden MNM-DR Adem

