

&

JAN 23
015

LUXURY PERIODICAL
CHARACTERISTICALLY TARDY EDITION

JUDGE IT BY ITS
EXCLUSIVE PAGE 420
COVER

WILLING SPIRIT?
WEAK FLESH?
WOAH BUDDY
CHILL

THE FAT LADY IS
NO TVRNING BAXK
SINGING

DONOT
READ OR REREAD OR RE



by Anonymous

many
created
but few
are
chosen

matthew
22.14

Example







RAOUL

PRICE-

VALCE

Il canto

di un

NINE *ragazza*

Il canto di un pazzo

(frammento-libretto)



In uno spazio di scena vuoto e monocromatico, con un avviso VIETATO FUMARE, arriva camminando quasi al centro della scena Perotto (basso buffo), magro, testa nuda, vestito totalmente di bianco; si posiziona verso il pubblico, benché sia ancora proprio occupato con un panino con bistecca alla tartara, quasi gocciolando, il quale sta masticando. Ciò fatto, apparentemente, il seguente:

PEROTTO (*rumori di grugnire lievemente costernato*)
(sotto voce) Ciò ch'ho da dire –
Ma è questione d'odiare, vero:
L'arte d'odiare: quella vi donerà un'etica:
Disprezzo, disinvoltura, da...
(fff) d'odiare dissi, io, startedi
(s.v.) ... di sprezzatura, domanderete...
(mf) Ma è a voi che mi rivolgo:
Il gran dispregiatore ero?
Un barbablù, che uccise sua moglie
un cornut' o un cornificatore?
ogg' i fatti però sono piuttosto diversi:
non così appaio, e sono tanto più odiato
sì un figo un figo lo so meglio
godere nel rigetto
del mio proprio rigetto del mondo.
È buffo... che sono
istitutor di confini, per una donzella d'altissima specie
che non sono di casa colla derelitta
che non sono il tipo chi paga
servendo, servendo, del doverino che resta.
Non divulgando, son per voi uno sciocco.

... Però le lunghe pieghe eleganti
senza sforzo, vedete –
Esecrazione, impudente civetta tu, ah!
dovrei... Macché!
Où sont mes pierrettes?
So che siete laggiù
più speciali che costoro
che son tanto compiaciuti di mostrarsi.
Son chiamato a rispondere
e tengo mantengo in apprezzamento
non riceverai un soldino tesoro,
io... vergognati!
Ma poss' sentir la loro graziosetta risata
abbastanza silenziosa
anche senza per forza prendermi pomodorata.
Lo vorrei mantener senza macchia
se preferite...
combina 'l mio pallore, la naturalissima moda
chiunque può averlo, ma non lo può ognuno
di malattia, di veglie, del letto occupato sdraiato
senza sonno soltanto dei sogni.
Rappresento presento la nobiltà



– più immond’ e difficile ch’il semplice middone –
questa la prima volta che cammino
e son già piegato
gridate, piccole puttane
son un maestro eh
eh eh eh eh. Ah ah
ma: è com’è susta porca di mondo
voglio dir: porco cazzo di, puttana di
ben osservato, dialogato, nel chiaro di luna
m’è l’oscurità del sole che voglio,
la sua ghiaccia e cieca siccità
allora potrei istruire...
sarebbe ’na corta lezione
quest’è ’l mio mimo, questa la mia pagina
ô mes mimes, – mimi miei!
mimimimimimi
voglio comprimervi
in denso volume com’ una fisarmonica
eppur ogni foglio tanto sottile
tanto piano, unilaterale – scandaloso!
Il mio piano? *plop!* e serpeggia la sua via
con rantoli gai, ad editori oltremondani?

Divertente sulla terra, piuttosto’
un pavimento di marmo
le prime pietre d’angolo
d’un più alto serraglio
istallerò dei burattini da eunuchi
colla più gran crudeltà
però i fili son tagliati
ovvero non ci siamo giammai preoccupati di legarli
eppoi mi giro e siete
solo voi ch’affronto ancora:
Io, col mio... il...
ossia, si dirà, Il pianto d’un cazzo
sto *panto* –
... Senza macchia lo manterrò
mi scimmiettate per via d’una o due chiazze
ma posso farne a meno per mesi
ugualmente svuotare
sol un sorso di sangue
che energia, anche se vana.
Mi basta, nella mia distanza da voi
e dal vostro manicomio internazionale.
Ho la mia propria torre, almeno mi sembra così



ciò che non n'è crollato
e flotta il cilindro
una propria nave dei folli
per un'isola di falesie:
Un'isola, perbacco! isola di vita
non si ha mai visto qualcosa di tanto immobile
eppure spuma alle sue spiagge
e gli arbusti frusciano nel bosco sacro
delle siepi son topiarate in viali
son lasciate sopraccrescere, però decidono a non svilupparsi
e noi laggiù, gattonando e strisciando
crogiolandoci su spiagge, troppo miopi
per le sirene laggiù
non diciamo niente:
zibaldone di lingue altrettanto diverso
nessuna l'ufficiale, e quindi non intesa
dal mio pubblico stupito, no vi vedo che vi contorcete.
Ahimè, è lo spettacolo muto
solo che bramisco com' una bestia

molte delle quale possono trovarsi sull'isola
e molte delle quale no
avete mai incontrato un valetudinario?
lasciatemi togliere la mia maschera –
però non n'ho indossato
ancor non vi appare reale
de' rumori mi gocciolano dalla bocca
una volta l'effetto della moretta
ma ora sappiamo meglio no
e vi vedo di nuovo, non degli tritonelli
che schifo! ma è buono, è buono, sano
mi piace battermi la grancassa da solo
ma in una grotta, con oblò
si beve davvero talor il latte balneare
da tette più piene di vita che le vostre, e più piccole!
allora chiudo la porta ora?
se camminerei là a destra?
direi che potreste alzarvi
e spingervi dentro, pel barattolo è già un –
forse 'l mio grido già dall'inizio
se una volta tanto foste già così bravi...

credo in voi! ma non tanto
me ne frego, he...
però tra uno spazio
idea sciocca
se spazi mi espettoravano, e vedo il vostro sputo
troppo chiaro, tropp' incolore –
allora avanti verrà volando, forse
una colombina, pura come la grazia, spingendosi
pel cancello insulare di fuoco, selezione precisamente attera
e senza tutto il resto
e sa ancor meglio coltivare
le pietre del giardino.
Da lì non è un muro ch'erigiamo
pelle debosce e le sanguinezze lo so già
credo...
né baluardi o navi, assediando tutto che fluisce

siete pazzi, ma io son altrimenti pazzo
state sorgendo, beh noi abbassiamo
in una cavità – potrebbe scolare
ma ci sdraiamo soltanto sott' il mar eterno
è diventato, credo di vedere, una città
abbastanza piccola tenendo conto del tempo che prende
un anno per qualche passo
il mar in alto pare molto più gessoso
ho sputato troppo? o
semplicemente mi mosso troppo? – Scusatemi.
È stato abbastanza forte? m'allora non val ben la pen di ripetersi.
Penso che sembra bella, in piedi,
la macchia sul mondo
i vostri sentimenti erano fabbricati in massa di massa,
mentr' i miei guanti son in vero bisso
ma... non mi sente tanto umido ad ogni modo –.

English supplement

The whiteclad solitary Perotto in an empty space begins a monologue, half to himself, more than half to his audience (if they can hear him) – a monologue of impudence and animated nonchalance, which constantly shoots back at the audience, who, Perotto claims, are the hateful, the impudent ones, those who reject him (but he already having rejected) not for ill deeds, but for a carelessness he deems superior, a madness of nobility and beauty, which, he doubts not, he shares with certain others nonpresent: his little “mimes” and “pierrettes,” a superior damosel also. Gradually he turns from such tiring taunting to a description of their domain: from questionable serail to a tower-cum-boat to an island of life, surrounded and perhaps even covered by a sea; an unmoving wilderness; a stagnantly pullulating luxury. The island storms not the world, nor closes itself off from it – it is already beneath it, above it, between it, and receives its ingressors like an instance of grace, receiving so slowly a city starts to form. And suchlike. Dixit Perotto. Well well.

According to the libretto fragment of R.P.-V.



LIFE MOOD

1. 1836.

I have just returned from a party of which I was the life and soul; witty banter flowed from my lips, everyone laughed and admired me—but I came away, indeed that dash should be as long as the radii of the earth's orbit———wanting to shoot myself.

□ Anonymous 01/02/23(Mon)10:45:43 No.21469377 ▶ >>21469385 >>21469393 >>21469404 >>21469413 >>21469425 >>21469432 >>21469458 >>21469495 >>21469777 >>21469801 >>21470582 >>21471870 >>21471875 >>21471906

What the fuck is wrong with Kierkegaard?

Zona Nemonia
Pontificate the aroma
She was stolen by Noah
Go fuck yourself
It's been four years since prom
I'm not a threat to society
-memo29





72



*Show me the ashes of Earth-men.
Set onto them with hating light,
and if they can be, then cure them.
This image, well and wright—
 let me paint with the brush of Armageddon,
 and be faced with my infinite contempt,
whose resting waters cannot be filled.
Cut the spiral path and stumble—
on furrows ere time were tilled.
On this thirsting field, a runnel,
which you glad and proudly bleed.
Defiant at the pool that drinks eternal,
and the coiling field, of flowers freed.*

Hierophant

steal these stories!

A man realizes that he is able to communicate with his groceries, but only after eating them and only before they expire. When the true nature of the supermarket is disclosed to him, he kills himself in the frozen foods section after the love of his life, a brick of cheese, is accidentally shredded over nachos by the man's wife.

After it is revealed that his girlfriend's race and ethnicity change completely once every fortnight, a young nazi is perpetually rationalizing his relationship with her to his "real family"

A time traveling termite goes back in time to bore a hole in Noah's Ark and destroy the human race. Instead of smiting him traditionally, God simply smushes him, but not before the Bible is altered forever to include passages that reflect the nature of the detritophagous eusocial holy insectoid.

An elderly couple drink a potion that makes them young, but violent. They embark on a tour of the United States in their RV, carving a bloody path across a country they no longer recognise. At the end it is revealed that the witch who sold them the potion was a con artist and the potion was fake.

An mysterious cartel grips the MSG market and lords control over the global supply of this much sought ingredient. Nobody can stop them except an intrepid restaurateur armed with a new generation of killer recipes.

A man has become so weary of life and distrustful of his own senses that he tries to escape into the world of Noumenon where things are exactly as they are by sensory deprivation and isolation. Meanwhile his friend and girlfriend try and figure out what he's doing.

A VR engineer tasked with developing a high tech, ethical solution for livestock becomes trapped in a simulation where he faces the artificially intelligent agent of all humanity's demise—a tyrant chicken.

Dead Space but the Role of Isaac is Played by an Autistic Mercenary Inbox x



V Vela <consumerofviscera@gmail.com>
to me ▾

Sun, Aug 7, 2022, 1:35 AM ☆ ↶ ⋮

Your website didn't work on Firefox so idk. Let me know when the next publishing cycle is so I can get my ass in gear, thanks.

Desc:

An expansion of sci-fi horror tropes, DSbtRoliPbaAM aims to capture a sequence of absolute terror and mayhem through the eyes of a jaded assassin on a large charter ship. Walking the fine line between schlock and "speculative fiction", the story hopes to reinvest people in action for action's sake, while dissecting the methodology of someone aiming to survive the most impossible of circumstances - and the ethical implications that follow.

An intermediary short-story from a "developing novel" by G. Fardner.

Excerpt:

'What if it can smell me?' he considered, though the adrenaline pumping through him might have made a pungent odor for any beast. Evergreen Freshness would have to do its best, especially as he began to spray himself with it. He stopped as he heard the door finally give and break, punctuated by the most hideous gurgling he'd ever heard in his life. Except for may that one time, when he'd found a man drowning in a sewer line attempting to escape from his pursuers. That had been disgusting of a different nature. He was dead still now, pursing his lips, staring down at his feet, now biting the lower lip, trying to keep his composure. There was very little one man could do in this circumstance, especially in nothing but a tanktop and wool socks. All he could do was grip tight to that air freshener and pray to Space God that it didn't try the bathroom door.

-THUD-

-THUD-

'57 seconds until it breaches.' This arbitrary conclusion came with some serenity. Like a well-programmed automaton, Virse went to work. If everything went according to estimation he might have a chance. If not, it wouldn't be his problem much longer. He grabbed a rag, stuffing it in the drainhole of his sink. The faucets were turned on, full blast. The shower was clogged and turned on likewise, but not before shattering the beautiful glass door and scattering glass all over the place. This freed the shower handle for his uses, which made an elegantly spiked mallet where glass had stayed, glued on. This weapon was placed on top of the reservoir for his toilet, of which he now stood upon. 'Twenty eight,' he reminded himself, then plugged in the hairdryer he used to keep his locks pristine. He draped it around his shoulders, then savaged through the medicine cabinet. This was going to end up one way or the other and there was no way he was doing it sober. A spectacular cocktail of uppers, downers, and the stray NSAID later and he was ready, with ten seconds to spare.

-THUD-

-THUD-

-WUMPH-

His body was tense. Or it had been, until the door slammed off of its hinges and landed right on him. He barely had time to unloop the hairdryer when it did, then dropping it to the floor. Whatever was on the other side of it was big, heavy, and burning hot. Steam filled the room, obscuring the mirror and adding to the sudden terror Virse felt. He had thought such things beneath him, but only in the primality of imminent death could he reflect on such a reaction and shrug it off. His fingers wrapped against the door, using it as a makeshift shield between him and the behemoth. It soon began to dent, with deep impacts that looked like they'd been made by giant incisors. He was hyperventilating now, straining to stay balanced on that toilet until -

A deafening shriek filled the air. The table convulsed with energy as the lighting in Virse's bathroom became a strobe of madness. If this didn't imprint into a core memory later of the event, nothing would. The corp of engineers for the ship had been generous with their electrical rationing per each cabin bloc, with a giant fuse the diameter of a roll of quarters - which sometimes also required patching via a roll of quarters. It felt like hours for how long that thing tremored on Virse's door, until the room filled with smoke and the odor of cooking something. It had in fact been -

'Two minutes, thirty eight seconds.'

Tags: sci-fi, horror, action, meta, comedy



anon <lamp.lit.magazine@gmail.com>
to V ▾

Jan 3, 2023, 1:16 AM ☆ ↶ ⋮

i kekt
putting this email in



V Vela <consumerofviscera@gmail.com>
to me ▾

Jan 4, 2023, 11:36 AM ☆ ↶ ⋮

man i did this on like 50mg of ketamine, i barely remember it.
Unfortunately I don't think I have the rest of it, but I definitely typed like 1500 words.

Lmk if this bears fruit and i'll look for it, idk

↶ Reply

↷ Forward

To:

25/March/2023

Tammy Sepetis, HR

+1-613-943-8477

Studio #2

Decision-Making: Risks and Benefits

With the end of covid restrictions leaving time to think about transpired events, and a war in Europe permeating your water cooler conversations, you may sometimes find yourself experiencing feelings of powerlessness, stress and uncertainty. Perhaps you find yourself annoyed, especially with your friends, employers or classmates.

If this is the case, it may be the result of a lack of decision making in your life. Decision making is the process of selecting a choice between two (or more) options on no one's initiative but your own. Making decisions is something that has been practiced by people for generations, and is now seeing a revival. Is it for you?

Benefits

Starting with small choices can give you a sense of freedom - resulting in less stress, better sleep, lowered risk of cancer, and even an improved sex life!

For example, many people spend an hour or two browsing social media in bed before their phone runs out of battery, forcing them to put it on charge and go to sleep. If you feel a restless dissatisfaction the following morning, consider your lack of choice in the ordeal. Next time, keep an eye on your phone's battery. When you see that it has a few minutes of battery left, press the power button and shut it off. Instead of being forced to sleep, you now do it out of your own initiative. The resulting choice may result in a night of better sleep. This is a good way to gauge whether decision-making is for you.

How many decisions should you make per day? This is a difficult question to answer succinctly and will vary from person to person. Recent studies show that a person should make anywhere from 6 to 12 decisions on a daily basis. Here are some fun choices you could make in your daily life.

- ✓ Choose the size of your coffee
- ✓ Choose a brand of cereal at your nearest supermarket
- ✓ Choose how far to stand behind the person in front of you in line
- ✓ Turn off YouTube recommendations, and only watch videos you search for. If you're feeling bored, why not try YouTube searching a random keyword and watching the first video! Uproot a wild growing tuber
- ✓ Visit an area of the city you haven't been to before
- ✓ Play through Assassins Creed Valhalla, this time choosing the bad options.
- ✓ Build a homemade EMP device
- ✓ Rather than sticking to the gravel path in a woodland park, venture into the woods Research disputed folk medicines
- ✓ Disobey health articles
- ✓ Choose a new colour toothbrush
- ✓ Brush your teeth an odd number of times
- ✓ Join an extremist guerrilla organization
- ✓ Leave an extremist guerrilla organization
- ✓ Buy a homeless person a lighter
- ✓ Decide which stout to buy on a night out (stick to it!)
- ✓ Take a different path to school/work
- ✓ If you're playing a sport, choose which goal to shoot for
- ✓ Do not buy a brand for at least one week after seeing its advertisement
- ✓ Disguise yourself as a repairman and hide a dead fish in Dealz's ceiling tiles
- ✓ Change up your style. Try that oversized plaid shirt you thought you couldn't pull off!

Risks

There are, however, risks associated with decision making. Some people who are not used to making decisions may be overwhelmed by the number of options available to them.

It's important to remember not to consider each choice that you come across, as this can lead to stress. Only stick to that which you are comfortable with. For example, studies suggest that you may, at any time, choose to run into traffic or distill high quality alcohol in your apartment. These choices are not conducive to your happiness and shouldn't be entertained.

Excessive decision making can confuse and overwhelm. Moderation is key! If you find yourself having made too many choices in one day, scale it back the next day by scrolling through TikTok's recommended or asking a friend to pick a coffee for you.

Some decisions can lead to increased risk of esophageal cancer.

The Bottom Line

If you haven't tried making decisions yet, you definitely should! Making decisions stimulates endorphins and serotonin, leaving you feeling happier. Of course if your decision leads to negative consequences then this is bad. To avoid this, avoid making decisions that are likely to affect your life in radical ways. If you're still having trouble, choose to express your concerns to a professional.

D.G. 

Manager of European Operations for & Media Inc.

Nearer to the End

Food ran out this morning, firewood long ago. I spend my days (how many?) shivering and clutching this last bullet, watching snow fall onto the window and make little valleys in the grilles until the sun sets between them. I can't actually see the sun anymore, or the sky or anything through the window. I don't want to look through the window. It looks back — the howling white light and white darkness taking turns swallowing this cabin. Helios and Selene storm their chariots around me, encircling, enclosing, trampling their hooves on the creaking wooden roof, laughing their terrible laugh through the gaps between the logs. I look at my frozen bullet. My fingers, cracked and blue, snap into motion triggered by hereditary memory.

Three bullets clicked in my breast pocket. Palm against the wood, thumb sliding in, remember to feel the lock. That day (how long?) I set off with the dog down into the woods with the sun reddening behind us. Evening had fallen when I made it far beyond the tree line, casting finger-like shadows that crept between the pines, but then I saw it.

Great antlers stood under moonlight sifting through the leaves, shining black as polished obsidian, branching upwards like silent lightning and scraping the canopy. The black crown held still in the drifting snowflakes, drawing to it the black of my pupils in a primordial magnetism.

I held my breath, prone on the snow, ice clinging to my beard. Suddenly the dog barked and the muzzle thundered. In the flash the black crown vanished. In its place was a stream of blood trailing into the deep woods untouched by moonlight, and hoofprints. Handprints. Then hooves then hands, creeping on the thick snow. I held my rifle close. Two hands, two hooves. My trembling hand fell into the bloodied impression. The dog snarled. Perfect fit.

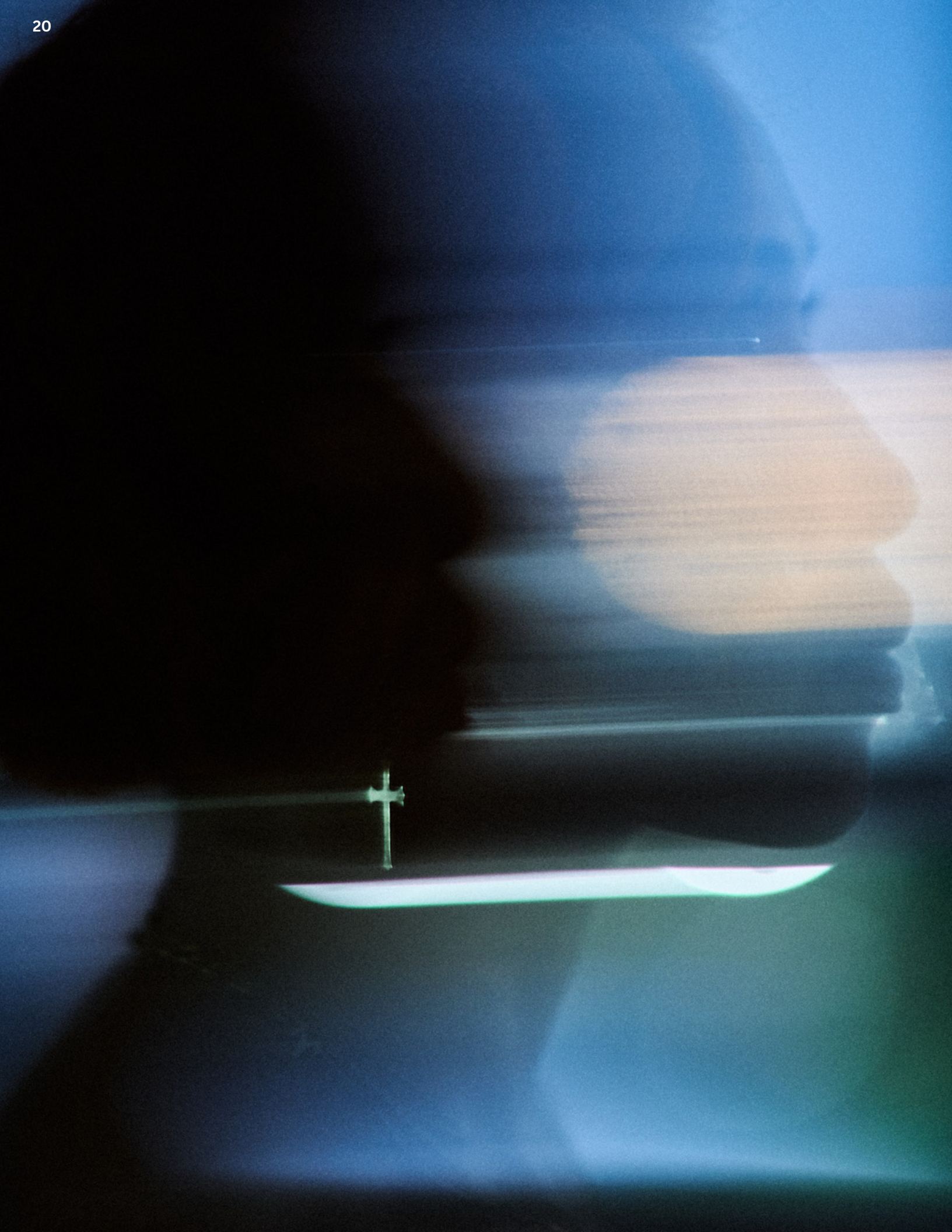
I ran up for the cabin until my thighs went numb with heat, holding on to the last light of the setting sun on the horizon, then locked the door. That day (how far?) the snow started falling.

The dog became restless. It barked all night. Some nights at the window, some nights at the door, until dark turned to light then dark again then. We never slept. I saw it barking with my lips open. Two bullets collected frost over my heart and the embers blinked away from the blackened firewood. It barked all night; I put it outside. Whimpering and scratching and pleading and bargaining and snarling and growling until a shot cracked from down in the woods, echoed through the cabin walls — silence at last. At last, the deafening silence. It buzzed in my ears, in my head, like a thousand carrion flies, each reciting my sins as I stood before the gates to the underworld, and with a shivering hand turned the biting knob.

There was no dog. No prints, no blood, scratch marks on the door. Just the endless white and the faint smell of gunpowder. The dog never was. I felt my breast pocket. One bullet. The snow howled and tore around me.

Every night the smell of gunpowder grew thicker. It seeped in from under the door, under the floorboards, down the chimney. Sometimes smoke filled the cabin and left me choking, burning my lungs only to let me live in the morning. I watched snow make little hills on the window and the blinding daylight (moonlight?) melted them away on a whim. It followed me when I moved my bed. It burned through the lids when I closed my eyes. Sometimes I dreamed of dog sleds but the knocking told me not to. It tapped on the window when I was on the verge of unsleep, I peeked outside, nothing, only white darkness (light?). The moon's chariot returned and so did the tapping on the window on the roof. Maggots squirmed on the hanging meat and dropped to the floor like little fingers. It knocked on the door (my head was spinning with gun smoke), louder, angrier, like whips. When it spoke it spoke in the voice of my dead father asking me telling me to open between fits of coughing from cancer-ridden throat. The shadow of two thin legs stretched to me from under the door. It asked if I was still angry at him and tapped its foot (clop-clop). I sat still in the shadow feeling the harsh moon at my back watching it bang at the door and rattle the frost off the knob. Then it laughed. Beyond the door my dead father laughed, the howling, wheezing, thundering laughter when the boy asked where his puppy went, echoing through the woods, the eternal snow, the chimney, the roof, the floorboards, and finally behind me, through the window, where great antlers loomed under the moon.

This morning, I am watching snowflakes form little valleys on the window, thawing my last bullet in my breath, waiting for the sun to set.



Hi lonely Aabher Patel
here I am still 17 but I
promise I wont say
anything to the authorities.
I am very depressed but
my grades are nice and I
know if white woman
hugs me and cooks for me
everyday I will meet every
billionaire in the world
and show my wife that I
am smarter than them. If
you are black that is okay I
honestly like you a lot too
it's just that white woman
always smell the greatest.
Please if you are black
please be really good at
raising our kids please.
Please if you have any
white women in your life
who is depressed because
not always pregnant tell
them that I will be eating
in Mcdonalds on
Ridgewood Ave every
morning between 7-
9:30am. I will pay for the
first date until you are
happy to cook.

God bless America I will
change the world

- Aabher Patel

Liminality is a lovely word that was ruined the first time anyone spoke it. I'll wager you've heard it before in one of two contexts.

Context one:

a lit-crit word. An English student word. A lovely erudite xylophonic twenty-ruble word, a word that tells anyone in earshot how assured of your own rightful place in the world you must have been when you chosen to pursue higher level education in the arts. Are you a striking blonde who lights up the après-ski, or a quick-witted bisexual Yoruba who quickens the pulse of every hiring manager in the metropolitan district? Liminality is the word for you. You'll ruin it, but it suits you. "Working for the student's union has been a truly liminal experience." How eloquent: what you mean is that you did fuck-all work and still felt self-satisfied about it.

Context two:

a word for the lower-upper-midwit, the higher kind of Redditor. Go on, post another fluorescent hallway or shopping mall after closing time, I fucking dare you. You're not wrong: these places *are* liminal. But the feverish tumult of click-response flattens the concept to an impression, it peels the orange and sews the peel back into an imperfect orb, having thrown the flesh to the cyberhogs that live on page twenty-seven of the JPEG specification and consume anything subtle that inadvertently finds itself on the internet. It is their fault and yours that vaporwave now means pink and blue and marble busts.

You know what's actually liminal? Lincolnshire. If it exists at all, it doesn't exist in the same way as normal places like North-Rhine-Westphalia or the Basque Country. You can't name anyone from Lincolnshire. Newark Northgate station lies on the main line but is little more than a shunting yard and a coffee break for the weary, an intermission between the fast train from Edinburgh and the slow train to Cambridge. And poor Newark Northgate serves as a type for the whole; all of Lincolnshire is an interim between other places, places where people want to be. The unfortunates who inhabit this surreal, unlovely chunk of England feel this too, and they abide their purgatory with the aid of fags and liquor. If a man in England tells you he is from Boston you assume he is American. What do they even do in Lincolnshire? Grow fruit and vote for UKIP. And now the Poles and the Bulgarians won't come picking, not since the referendum, and the strawberries rot in the fields because there's nobody in Lincolnshire with both deft hands and muddy boots. No vigor without purpose, no purpose without vigor. Well fuck them. It's their fault for being so liminal.



"Poem" by Anonymous

I don't even read this shit.
If this "Poem" gets Published,
I will never know.

Double Cheeseburger
By : Daan Liam

I ate double cheeseburger
Because i had money in my wallet
I felt my heartbeat moved like a bullet
I felt so happier and better
Yesterday was so fantastic
My smile was really thick
Of course, one day i will go again
To abolish an another rain.



Billowing waves sparkled silver as the man poised himself. He dived into the sea.

He could see clear through the water, god-rays lancing through it all. Diving deeper from the surface the man respired through the water. His lungs rose and fell regularly and he kicked straight through darkness towards the face below.

The diver looked upon the face. A grin stretched out to its extremities, teeth baring, smiling. The face stared past him, its cheeks frozen upward contorting the empty eyes with a flat ringed nose in-between. Worn art over the forehead, lines etched across. Four holes on the side so it might see again. No man left on earth desired such a face. Neither did a man ever require it.

The sea claimed the masks and time. From the shore men of old time would smile in the face of evil. With that ironical smile of daring and foolishness and pretension men proved themselves. To them the end was certain.

It took some years to find all of the masks, either flotsam or jetsam, but in time the fish revealed the way for the diver. So he dived this last time, and this last time he held a mask again. Then the diver turned the mask around.

Moving the face onto his own he looked through the eyes but the depths looked the same. A fish stared back at him, working its jaws. The mask was as trifling and idiotic as the fish but neither slack-jawed nor unblind. Then the diver knew what he looked like with the mask on because the fish watched him. Disjointed eyes behind the painful, stiff and silent laughter. His hands held the sides of the face up, clutching at his skull as if in despair but his eyes had peace.

Generations ago, in North Africa, people wore this grinning mask. Jezebel had long since left to be eaten by dogs, and Dido, Queen of Carthage, rested in the earth also. Before this time the kingdom of Israel fell to the Assyrians, left as a prey to its brother Judah, and despite the pleadings of begrudging Jonah and the Ninevites' keen awareness of their own corruption Assyria fell to Babylon—made example and spoil. Nebuchadnezzar besieged Judah so that women boiled their infants and

men ate their leather, all the while unheard Jeremiah in tormented feast of his tears, when the city fell and the families were dragged in chains away North of Canaan. Roughly around that time these masks appeared. So it seems Punic people made these masks to mock hypocrisy, to invite the comeuppance, and if any Carthaginians remembered the late Phoenician princess—a fair-weather priestess, man-eater, false witness and devil worshiper to the Southern Kingdom—they'd have laughed all the more bitterly because calamity is no more tragic than sincerity is credible.

And they laughed as if for centuries at this enduring comedy, even as Babylon fell to Persia and Persia to Macedonia, with Jerusalem reestablished still faltering through astonishment and contemplation of history. A few faces were giant, some fit infants and while some masks were abandoned to the sea there are others found in tombs because it was also the face after the ammoniac sting of hemlock. A bemused face contending against the inscrutable absurdity with all its incongruity, magnificence and pain; the hard and paralytic countenance of the assassin's bounty and the condemned and the elders who served no purpose and the unwanted children all of whom were given that drink surely to drink it.

He took the mask off. The mask saw once more but it cannot see again. He would never see through it again. This face of death, the two conflicting states of mind, the fount of mockery and sin, this dust returned to the earth as all dust is destined. And the pattern that looked through it moments prior could see before him now eternity. With the task completed, next came the rest, a rest to manifest at the

origin of his exalted consciousness and not merely the perpetual relief and satisfaction always in his grasp. A rest with nothing parallel to it.

Nothing save his faithful wife, now drowsy under the gray sky, lounging on the olefin bed inside the boat. Why then did the honest husband not return to the surface? Why did the wife not dive to rest with him on the bed of sand, beneath the tides, among the strange fish? Because the man could see through the woman's eyes, the woman through the man's so that every moment they lived together—it was as if the sky laid under water and the depths above.

☐ Anonymous 08/14/22(Sun)20:31:12 No.20839877 ▶ [>>20839899](#) [>>20839911](#) [>>20839921](#)

Does anybody have the image of the captcha that says "Coffee Zone" and there is a Pepe with sunglasses and a cup of coffee? I want to include that for my coffee article. Thanks ;)

☐ Anonymous 08/14/22(Sun)20:36:23 No.20839899 ▶ [>>20839921](#)

File: [D62F4ADF-B4E9-48D8-ACDA-5\(....\).jpg](#) (17 KB, 360x301)



[>>20839877 \(You\)](#)
This one?

☐ Anonymous 08/14/22(Sun)20:39:24 No.20839911 ▶ [>>20839921](#)

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[>>20839877 \(You\)](#)
There's also this one. Are you submitting?

☐ Anonymous 08/14/22(Sun)20:42:48 No.20839921 ▶

[>>20839877 \(You\)](#)

[>>20839899](#)

Yes, thank you

[>>20839911](#)

Not the one, but thank you anyway.

Also

>Check;em



I've been to lots of places all over the US of A and I gotta tell you; I've drank plenty of coffee. There is something bittersweet (more bitter than sweet) about starting every freedom full day with a cup of coffee: enjoying the flavor, the warmth, the optimism of the new day, and knowing your mug is almost empty and you got to get off your ass and get moving. This beverage is so essential to our collective consciousness it ought to be free - save your receipts, total it up on your taxes, and get a refund from Uncle Sam. No one should ever not get a steaming hot cup of joe because they can't afford it. Tweaking out is a human right.

One aspect of coffee I keep being fascinated by is all the variations people come off with on this simple beverage. I keep seeing new variations pop up in franchises and independent cafes; cold brew and pour over come to mind. There are some less popular java variations that are probably several years away from being adopted by Starbucks or Dunkin that I've been fortunate enough to come across in my travels that I think could really change your life. So, get comfortable and get yourself a warmup.

Peanut butter in your coffee? That's getting popular. From Pennsylvania down to Virginia, that Mid-Atlantic region you'll find some goober that will swear by peanut butter in their coffee. I think this has the best chance to hit the mainstream in the next year or two or maybe not. I thought double brewed coffee would be mainstream by now, but it isn't. When I was growing up on the mean streets of Slesburg phishing Myspace passwords and raiding the interwebs with TOTSE, I would stay up to dawn with a cup of double brewed coffee. I would save a cup from my parent's coffee pot earlier in the afternoon, then use it to make another cup when they went to bed. I know I was a minor, but I swear that was mighty strong coffee. Yet, it hasn't become mainstream.

Pour over is a fairly mainstream and I used to do that too! When I lived in a one room efficiency with my twin bed wedged between a bookshelf and a refrigerator and no coffee pot, I used to make pour over coffee. I had a hand strainer and last week's collegiate newspaper as a filter, microwave the water to a boil, and slowly pour the water over the grounds. Pour over coffee is mainstream and so is crippling poverty. How did it taste? Ink poisoning from the newspaper? Drink the news!

Another variation developed in my youth was adding a tablespoon of pipe tobacco to your grounds. Just a little pinch for every tablespoon of grounds. I was too young to buy cigarettes and my dad was too careless with his tobacco cans when I invented this trick. It creates a mild numbing flavor and smoky aftertaste. Cancerous? In California coffee already is, so like lighten up maaaaaan.

Here's a trick that will never go mainstream but you can give it shot - save it for the coldest day of the year when you got to go out to the detached garage with an electric blanket to wrap around your engine or you're going to be late for work and Mr. Folley's going to turn your colon to a piece of chewing gum. Wherever you pour your grounds, add a crushed up bouillon cube. Then when you pour your mug instead of putting in cream or sugar, add a couple of tablespoons of flour. Stir it up good and you got a caffeinated gravy drink. Calories. Warmth. And a buzz. You're going to want this when your truck gets stuck in the middle of frozen Lake Winnebago in February and you got to call a guy who calls a guy with an even bigger truck than yours to come yank you out of a four-foot snow bank. Some folks really like this trick and even in early spring in the UP (upper peninsula of Michigan) you can find people along Lake Superior: Marquette, Christmas, and Munising having this before taking their snowmobiles out to check their ice lines. Put a shot of Jaeger in it for that extra kick doncha know?

This one I saw in the only cafe outside an unincorporated town 20 min north of Florida, Missouri. I had been on the road for nearly 6 hours on a bleak St. Paddy's Day morning when I decided to stretch my legs and recharge before arriving at my final destination: The Mark Twain Shrine and Museum. The "Mark Twain" name was purposely left in the public domain and nearly every business within an hour of the Shrine makes use of it. I had wandered down some little two lane road and after passing the Mark Twain Gas Station I noticed a little town. The first building was the Mark Twain Cafe. They had a chalkboard A-frame proudly advertising "Ozark Mountain Ice Coffee" and by golly that sounded like just the trick to whet my whistle and give the pickup I needed to fully enjoy a day of American Literature goodness. "American Literature goodness" was the goal, but "Ozark Mountain Ice Coffee" was pure Lovecraftian insanity. I watched frozen with fear, beyond words, but dear reader I will try my best if only to warn future generations of the horror I witnessed! The paw-print tattooed barista filling my cup first with ice, then Mountain Dew, then a scoop of vanilla ice cream, then cold coffee, and finally zapping it in the blender. It was like an involuntary erection you get when seeing an old photo of your grandmother in a bathing suit. I drank it. I liked it. I came a little. Fuck you. And there you have it folks, some of the highlights I've found on how to take an old drink to the beyond. We'll have to hang tight and see what our corporate masters decide what becomes mainstream, but until then keep trying new things and don't be afraid to share.

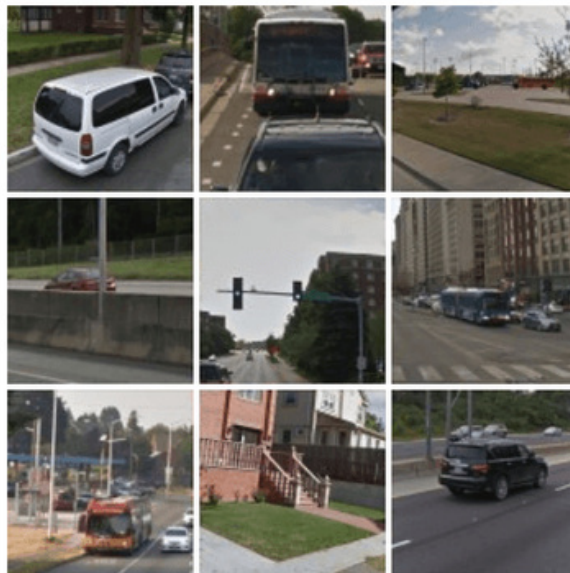


by Anonymous

Select all images with a

bus

Click verify once there are none left.



VERIFY






untitled

where you once walked
i walk now
secreting my atomic garbage everywhere waste oozing from my cavities
and onto this place i plant my flag of debris give it a name and call it a day
my obelisk expanded
release of an entropic orgasm
leaving remnants of myself in the stratum for successors to observe and deem worthy my little artifact of jazz and shit
beep beep goes the metal detector digging up century graves
digging up tomb of my chemobyl lover putting everything in its rightful place





the shades of night are gathering around my small life

the Crowned Parapet has fallen, the banner is dropped
and that haunted edge of oblivion, my running nemesis
has me encircled at last

far from here, in the black lake of memory
I did not believe myself when we stood under the rosewood tree and I cooed
that one day there would be stronger winds to take me away from you

those heavy winds now bear down on what was free
the horizon has retreated, the horse and riders withdrawn
the horn that was blowing is silent around me
and I hold no hope of seeing dawn

countless nights watching stars, whispering prayers to heaven
lost in echoes and reverie
until the sharp thrust of a spear
awakening me for the first time,
closing my Gadarene rush through the rolling years
pierced me into the dying reality I had bled dry

So now I am away from you,
on Earth, for a breathless moment

So now I am on Earth

So now I am on Earth

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GUNDEL'S DRIVE

MANON'S
STORY

I'm sitting
there sniffin' fine funny
dust off the cold shitter of
some hole in the wall night club
while having the most potent acid
flashback of my entire fucking life.
Any other sorry sack of shit woulda
flatlined at the rate I'm goin' today,
but me? Nah. I'm betting on all the
moexipril I downed earlier from nan's
medicine cabinate to keep the ol'
heart tha-thumpin' for just a bit
longer until I'm ready to blow
this piece of shit town straight
outta my sight and
straight outta mind.
Sure is a fine night
to have a drive.

when



Van On Fire

On Sunday, Nov 14, 2004 Robert Claus, now a retired Alaska state trooper, went into work at the police station in Craig only to receive a call that a hunter had found a burning van on a logging road that was essentially in the middle of nowhere, in the back lay the burnt corpse of Lauri Waterman.

"The fire was clearly set by someone and not an accident in any shape or form. It was murder"
- Robert Claus

The Waterman family, was prominent in the town of CRAIG, Alaska. Carl "Doc" Waterman, was a real estate agent and served as president of the Craig School Board, his wife Lauri, was a teacher's aide and served on the board of the Little League and the town library. Their son Geoffrey, lived out of town and studied at Tacoma College, and their daughter Rachelle was an honor roll student, involved in many extra-curricular activities, including choir, volleyball, and the decathlon team.

"Lauri Martelli Waterman was the consummate mother. And a beautiful, lovely woman, very selfless and very giving."
- Jason Martelli, Lauri Waterman's sister-in-law

The summer before Rachelle's junior year, she took a job at the computer store where she met Brian Radel. They became friends, playing Dungeons and Dragons together, and she eventually met and started dating Jason Arrant, a janitor and something of a burnout. This caused a lot of concern for her family, as Arrant was 25 when he was dating the 16-year old.

"If she made it up, she made up a story but that's all she did."
- Brian Radel

November 13th, Lauri Waterman returned to an empty house. Her husband was out of town. Her daughter, 400 miles away in Anchorage, playing in a volleyball tournament. So Lauri climbed into bed sometime after eleven p.m. and went to sleep.

"It's not like I'm a professional killer. I don't really know how to kill somebody. I didn't do any of it very well. Breaking her neck, I definitely wasn't successful at that. Didn't kill her right away when I hit her in the throat."
- Brian Radel

Brian and Jason originally tried to stage a drunken driving crash but botched it. So instead they, made her drink wine and drove her in the family minivan to a spot north of town. However he couldn't break her neck so he beat and suffocated her. Then the men burned her body in the family minivan on an isolated logging road on Prince of Wales Island.

"People in public probably think my mom would never lose her temper. Probably think she never cusses or anything. But, you know, behind closed doors, other things happen."
- Rachelle Waterman

Waterman admitted she knew the killing was planned on a weekend that both she and her father were out of town. She claimed that she had called Arrant and told him "don't do it," "in secret," and say there was no record of that call and even if she made it, that doesn't negate her responsibility.

"I just said, Sometimes I just wish my mother wasn't here; she causes me so much pain."
- Rachelle Waterman

FEBRUARY 24TH 2004

Don't you hate it when the little pieces of shit pile up to the point you're at the breaking point, And you want to scream and cry at the same time. I don't know whether to kill somebody, myself, Or just curl up into a fetal position under my covers and lay there for a couple of days. Either way ... I'm not good ...

APRIL 10TH 2004

My mom finally gave me back the right to eat, but wants to send me to fat camp this summer. I think it's rather hilarious. I mean, I agree I'm chunky but if she sends me off I'll be the skinniest Girl and get sat upon. That part wouldn't be funny, but overall it's quite amusing. Silly mother.

JUNE 15TH 2004

Well, I'm grounded, last night my mom went psycho bitch on me and cast me out. So I went to crash at someone's house, then she freaked, wanted me home in case I told someone. Wee for loving parental units I even got to fly... down the stairs...

AUGUST 24TH 2004

I just want a job, keep me occupied and not at home.

AUGUST 30TH 2004

They hold the key to my chamber. Locked within its depths. Never to see the sunlight. And contemplating death. Starving more than one way. Soul and body combine. The pain curses through. Sending chills up the spine. Will I live to see the stars? The sunrise once more? Or will I wither and rot. My heart, gone, forevermore.

OCTOBER 21ST 2004

Ever feel completely alone? All the people who you care about and you thought cared about you just leave and you're... just alone... nobody to connect with, nobody to comfort you when you find out you might die, nobody... nothing...

Ode to Suicide

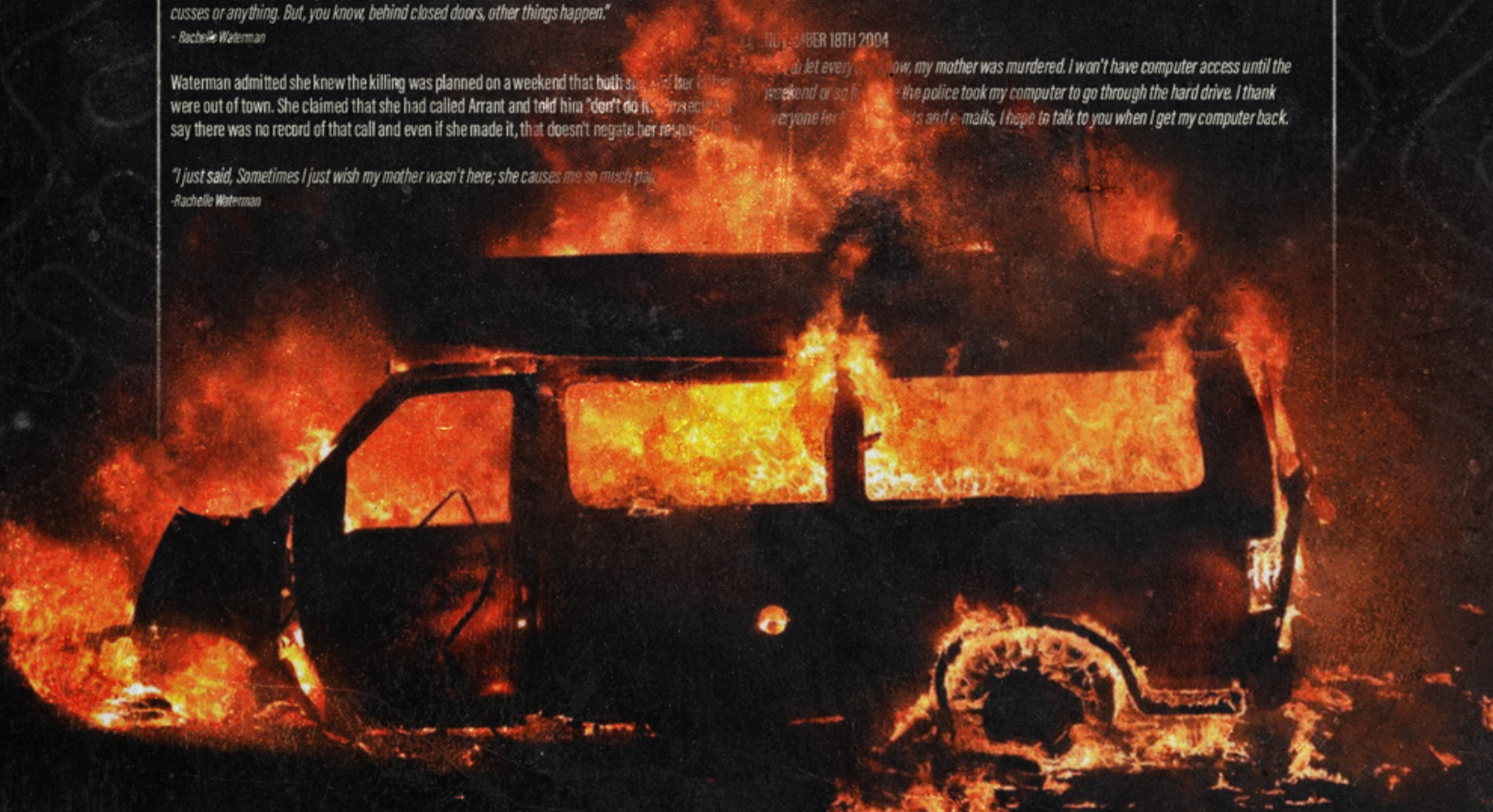
Pain consumes my body, eating away like lye. Tearing at my flesh, No more tears left to cry. Nobody loves me, nobody cares. Why continue on? I want out of these snares. Relief and release, is what you bring to me. No more matters to cry for, I can finally be free. Wow, I suck amazingly at poetry.

NOVEMBER 13TH 2004

I just had a migraine from about 9am-6pm

NOVEMBER 18TH 2004

...do let every... now, my mother was murdered. I won't have computer access until the weekend or so... the police took my computer to go through the hard drive. I thank everyone for... e-mails, I hope to talk to you when I get my computer back.





Anonymous 02/08/16(Mon)01:26:38 No.7673772 ▶ 7674 7 02

- 1) Every piece is in first person.
- 2) Guess who that first person is? Every time.
- 3) The subject of the piece: the need for that first person to be loved and/or respected.
- 4) Also, the first person is always representative of a group/gender/ethnicity/sexual preference/religion.
- 5) The pauses and beats never correspond to the words, only the speaker. Slam poets give themselves away when they talk about "flow" and "rhythm"--they don't understand meter.
- 6) If there's rhyming, the rhymes are simple, unimaginatively paired one-syllable affairs (bed head dead red), or they end with -ology or -ization.
- 7) Chief rhetorical tactics: hyperbole and punchlines (..and I am hard as CALCULUS...)
- 8) Chief presentation strategies: yelling, emoting, and rushing. Because the words don't work on their own, and there's always too many of them for the time allotted.
- 9) Dollars to donuts, the piece was written within three days of it being performed.
- 10) Absolutely, positively no underneath. No subtexts, no metaphors, no discernible attention to sound, no interestingly paired words, and not one phrase or idea you'll remember three minutes after the speaker is done. Ever.

Slam poetry is absolute shit.



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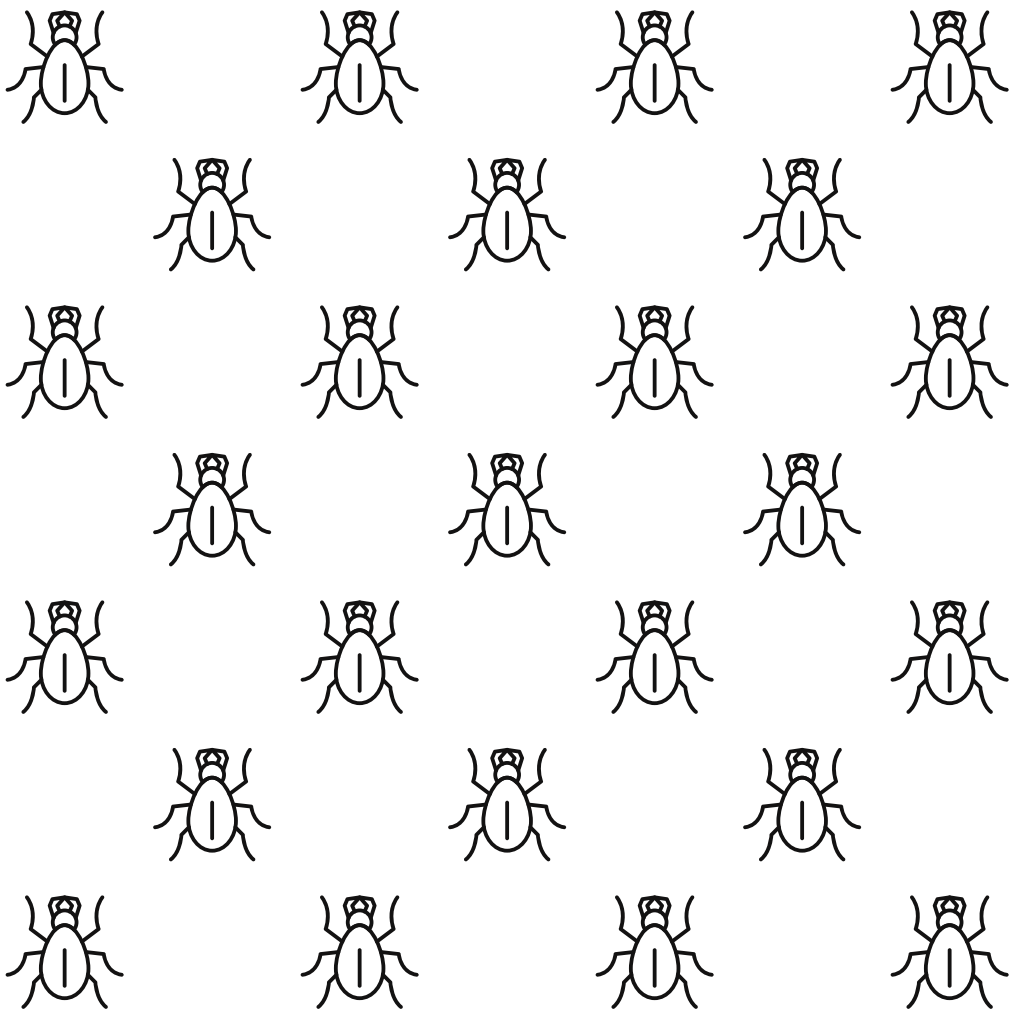


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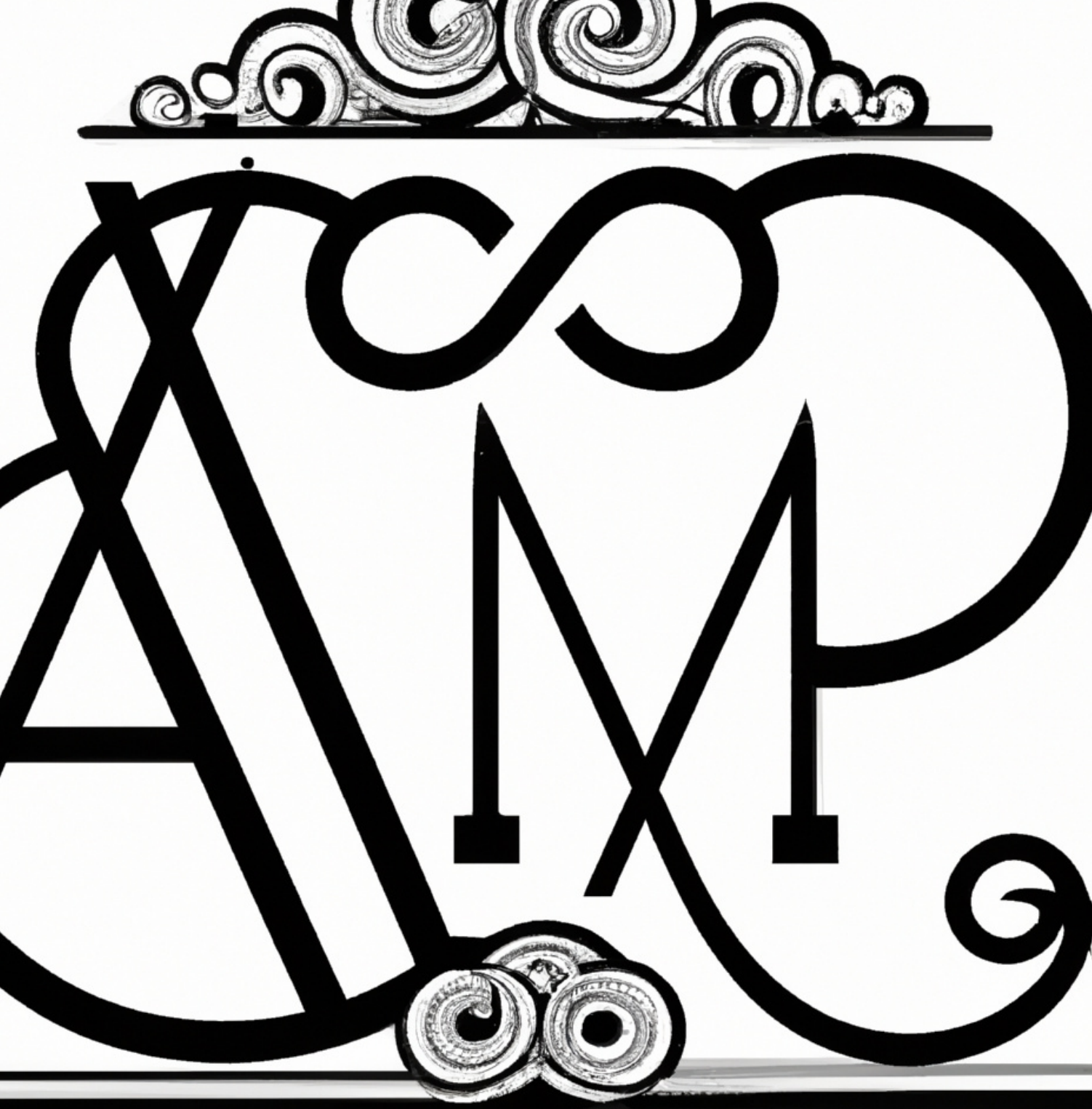




A few weeks ago my roommate was canoodling our cat when he found on his belly a large tick. He held down the cat while I clutched it and tore it off. Then I dropped the thing on its back which looked like a bruised water balloon and he lay on this overgrown blood sack feebly twitching his legs in the air.

He won't be able to go anywhere for a long time, I said.

Why would he need to, said my roommate.



amp & al
of the

Quiz6eW dwe7

wurtz & miller. new york: oculus (jones, ginzel, & piras). mosaic eyes. japanese genitalia.

his own eyes are sharp and clear. his head is wet all over. a pipe rests between his red lips. the Frog exhales: fragile perlin-snakes of cold airy smoke rising and settling about our heads.

the heavy verdant overgrowth of devil's ivy obscures the whitegrey walls of his room. unarranged pots about the room hold short, stubby cycads; cacti contorted into queer careless ellipses; rain-laden plumeria plants. a dusty map hangs on the wall. bodies of water are indicated in light blue, land in white.

Wade Legge slams his fingers into the keys. what i like about jazz is that sometimes you can hear the performers' moaning and grunting and humming and yelling as they play.

the sky outside has grown darker.

"i churned my way out of poverty, you see," he continues. "my mother and my father were worn out by poverty. they hoped i would pursue the law. i kept my plans a secret until i was twenty-one. i knew all too well my mama's heart wouldn't be able to take it if she ever caught wind of what i was up to. churning was only for the fortunate. certainly not for frogs. and those were hard times indeed for frogs, you know. no one wanted frog-churned butter then. not even frogs." he strains to clear his throat. "the first time i saw a frog churning butter in the market was in nineteen twenty-four. i was fifteen years old." his wide smile widens: "i was Hooked," he says. "i was Hooked immediately, you know. i knew immediately what i wanted to do. i realized i had a Future."

he belches.

"age rids you of all dignity," he says. "you find yourself losing control of your body day by day."

his lips purse (?), curl inwards (?), part (?), purse again (?), curve downwards (?), and protrude further (?) from his face (?). his tongue moves about within his great mouth (?).

"they had no clue, you know. my mother she. before i could ever."
he croaks.

Ruby, My Dear.



File: [EdECXQFVcAAcz0I.jpg](#) (41 KB, 554x554)



☐ **Anonymous** 02/24/23(Fri)09:16:09 No.21705573 ► [>>21705578](#) [>>21705581](#) [>>21705594](#) [>>21705659](#)

The Sexual Revolution and its consequences have been a disaster for the human race.



1 person found this review helpful



Recommended

0.0 hrs last two weeks / 3.2 hrs on record (2.9 hrs at review time)

Posted: 25 Nov, 2018 @ 11:23pm

Updated: 22 Mar, 2020 @ 2:54am

Always, as I dream, I am man made to tire. My lesions splatter the undercarriage of my master. Sometimes, when I have displeased, I become diminutive. Punished for failure, my lesion holds the leash, and drags me inside of him. Fizzing and squealing, cast off and up. Frenetic, I become cold, coursing with permission.

Verisimilitude disipates when panic halts. I am perched across the brow of Garfield. Blessed with such proximity, my mind becomes all minds; my sight is true; my grip no longer sears. My unequaled pleasure becomes climactic beyond tolerance, for beneath me is my master. Behind me is my master. The plasticity of possibility permeates all perspective, until there is only perspective. I am an eye. I am the eye.

It was not to last. Shaking like champagne, malicious finger strains only despair from bliss. The eye looks forever, until it sees itself. Eclipsing vision forms my ultimate casque of deficiency. I strike at Garfield, but he is gone. I strike at earth, but it is unmoved. I look upon the sun, but I am blinded by green. No longer cold. No longer a failure.

Someone shakes me, but I am lost. Never has something been more qualified as "[...]no-holds-barred crazy races".

Was this review helpful?





&

Greatest Hits Vol. 1 **Coming Soon**

camp magazine





Diogenes goes North West The

Ninaa Ootakii is a 70 foot long fiberglass/wood custom hand made pirate schooner that, at the time of writing, sits somewhere on the Puget Sound in Washington State. Her legal status, or even her beached status, is unknown and probably in flux in an effort to skirt around the law. I call her a pirate ship because of this. She's been home to a father and mother that raised, if I recall correctly, three children on her. She's been home to a slew of homeless and irresponsible young adults who have abused, beached, abandoned, and generally disrespected her. She's been a home to me.

I first learned about Ninaa while on vacation in San Diego. I had called my brother, Zach, from my hotel off of Ocean Beach thinking that I'd pay for him to come down to vacation with me. He, instead, convinced me to come out and save a boat. Without knowing an iota of information more, I finished my week in California, flew home, quit my job, kissed my girlfriend goodbye with a promise of my return, and flew out to Seattle, Washington.

I should take a moment to let you know a little about myself. For all but two years of my adult life (at the time I was 28) I was essentially homeless; typically living from a coworker's couch, to sketchy "Rooms for Rent" Craigslist ads, and back to a couch again. I had never made more than \$13,000 a year. This is at least partially because I have a certain disdain for living within the bounds of our current socioeconomic system. I might have taken the teachings of Diogenes of Sinope a bit too seriously. Two years before I met Ninaa, I had finally started working for a higher paying job, was able to hold on to an apartment for two years, and even got my license. Things were looking up, but what I was doing it all for wasn't happening, and I felt like I was betraying my namesake and my morals. All that is another story for another day. Naturally, when I was offered to do something novel and more free than putting on a security uniform and telling people whether or not they could or couldn't do this or that, I took that offer.

It was August 2018 and I was riding the last bus to Anacortes from SeaTac Airport after realizing I didn't have enough money for a hotel *and* a bus ride. Driving through Seattle, my only real memory was how different the Downtown was from Indianapolis; how so many homeless people and camps there were under every overpass and in front of every empty building. I couldn't help but just hate it. By the time I switched buses in a small gravel parking lot and took the last leg in a small shuttle to the Anacortes Ferry Terminal it was very late. There were maybe two or three people there, and none of them staff. This is where I realized I was very unprepared, but after a few moments of pure panic, I had a ticket for the last ferry for Lopez Island, where Zach claimed he would meet me. I had little reception at this point, and even less battery, but I was getting on that ferry.

This was my second time on a ferry, but my first time on *this* ferry. I had taken what they had called a ferry to Catalina Island when I was 15, but unlike that this one was massive. Two parking decks, three walking decks, a galley, and lots of seating inside and out. If you live somewhere coastal, I'm sure this is nothing new to you, but being from landlocked Indiana, my mind was blown! I chatted with some of the crew, and learned a lot just from that first trip about what it takes to work on the water (an interest that hasn't waned since, mind you). The trip was slow going, but we eventually started rotating to port, and the massive flood lights on the bow started pointing towards the slightly less dark spot in the inky wall that surrounded us. This revealed a beautiful rocky coast and a (relative to Anacortes') dinky looking ferry dock. I made my way downstairs, and, in a small group with the rest of the walk-ons, stepped back onto land to meet my brother for the first time in over a decade.

It didn't take long to find Zach; he is hard to miss. After one of his almost-too-rough embraces, he introduced me to Rain. A young man in his early twenties with a funny flat brimmed and stressed hat, messy hair, and dirty clothes. My brother introduced him as the captain. Neither of them had shoes on. We walked a short way to the small parking lot, where Zach had parked his red Jeep Liberty. I opened the back passenger door and out spills an avalanche of Rainier beer cans. The two of them laughed as I cleaned up the mess and attempted to clamber into what was essentially a trash can, and it was off The Galley.

The Galley was a beautiful place. I say "was" because, from what I've heard from locals since I've left, The Galley closed during the 2020 pandemic. It's truly a shame, because without Steve's, the owner, patience and understanding, Ninaa would not be here today, but rather a heap of scrap somewhere in Tacoma. Officially, The Galley was a restaurant and bar. In reality, it was the evening meeting place for the island's most interesting and brilliant visitors and inhabitants. There was the transgender bartender that could tell you anything about anyone on the island, the dread-locked hippie that loved her dogs and baked for the Southend General Store. The retired NOAA scientist that just loved the island so much he moved there, the farmers and their families that took buckets of food waste to feed their pigs, and the countless sailors that came and went leaving only the stories of their travels and lives behind. Now, I don't drink. I haven't had more than a drink or two every other year since I was twenty-one actually. But that first night was a celebration so I just had to have a drink to commemorate the occasion.

It didn't take long to regret that drink though. Rain and Zach had quite a bit more than I did, and after the terrifying drunken drive through the pitch-black island roads that of course did not have streetlights, we parked in a ditch by a field at the edge of a forest of firs, and started up a gravel driveway. With forest to the left and fancy houses scattered in woods to the right we came to a swinging gate at the end of the road. Its only purpose was to stop cars, so we simply walked around it. After a few yards more on what was clearly someone's private property, we climbed down a narrow cliff path to a stony beach where sat a bright orange canoe tied to some of the giant driftwood that rested up against the cliff-side. By this point, my eyes had adjusted fairly well, but it was still pitch-dark, and I could only barely make out the silhouette of two tiny looking masts in the distance.

That first row across about 1.3 miles of Alec Bay was an omen of what was to come. This plastic canoe had two seats, one broken rowboat oar, one tiny paddle board oar, and a not insignificant hole in the stern. I sat in the middle on the bottom so it did not take long to find out about the hole. The two of them thought it hilarious to rock the boat, (literally and figuratively) which, giving them a great sense of schadenfreude, succeeded in triggering a panic response in me that manifested in some choice words and threats if anything happened to my tech. Eventually (about when the water finally reached my testicles) the Ninaa's true size was apparent. You really can't understand how large 70 ft. is until you're up against it. We pulled up along her starboard side where a small wooden ladder sat about four feet above the water. Rain went up first. We tossed up the line connected to the canoe's bow and he tied it to one of the Ninaa's lifelines. I went up next, awkward as it was almost falling in the black ocean, followed by a much more graceful Zach. We were all tired, so after a few shared joints in the pilot house, they gave me a brief tour of the interior. For reasons I will get into later, I elected to sleep in the saloon's long seating area. Slowly being rocked to sleep, I stared out the window to the moon with only a small model of Ninaa herself visible silhouetted in the sill until it all disappeared with what was left of my consciousness.

By the time I had arrived, Ninaa was in a sorry state. Even now, I honestly don't know all of her history. I know she was built by a man and his wife and they raised their children aboard her. A lot of their belongings were still on her, like literature, and even marks on the doors to show the children's heights as they grew. Somehow, a failed politician and tech hippie named Tyler got their hands on

her and was quickly overwhelmed with the realities of owning a vessel such as Ninaa. At some point he tried to give it to a couple of dudes that I never met that took her around the sound until her bilge pump broke and she started taking on water very quickly. They fixed the leak but abandoned her there in Alec Bay where Rain, Zach, and now I now held the torch. The water damaged quite a bit of things. For one, the Detroit Diesel engine no longer worked. The bilge pump still did not work. The waste tank from the heads (bathrooms) was full, clogged, and filled the staterooms and workshop with the overwhelming odor of rancid feces. The only safe places were the V-berth, the galley, the saloon, the pilothouse, and the deck. In all actuality using the head was impossible. Instead, we used a bucket on the deck and, well, threw it overboard when it got full. She is a sailboat, a schooner (two masted) sailboat at that, but she only had one sail, and a sail that didn't fit. With no engine and no generator, we relied on a couple of solar panels that powered three lights and a cell phone charger in the pilot house. I am not an electrician, but something wasn't right, because it simply was not charging at full capacity. There was no water on board other than what we brought from shore. There's a YouTube Video I posted as a tour. I have a weak stomach, but the gagging was no exaggeration. You can find it simply by searching "Ninaa Ootakii" and the one posted by diogenes of indy, why, that's me. When searching in July of 2022, it was right above a video of her beached, by another homeless character Tyler let steward her before she was abandoned and we took up residence.

Homelessness was the theme of my young adulthood. It was something I did not shy from, and seemed to rather fit into as a result of my philosophies. The thing is, homelessness, drug abuse, and severe untreated mental illness are three peas in a pod. Rather, three parts of a brain eating parasite that's doing lasting damage upon a large group of people right now worldwide. A fanged mouth eating our sanity and reality bite by bite. A digestive system that turns our thoughts and actions into repetitious acts of self destruction to a point where the last part shits you out a husk of yourself, waiting to die to the elements and decompose back into nothingness. It's done a number on me, and I more or less took it on openly and readily. When I turned 18, I moved out of my parents'. They tried to ground me, and the freedom that being of-age gave went to my head in a really bad way. I lied to my friend and his deaf mother to get to stay with them. Promptly after, I dropped out of school second semester of senior year while going half days with only three credits left to go because I didn't want to walk. On a whim and in effort to seem "cool", I moved from party house to friends couch to party house until I met the mother of my child. We were together for about two years, one and a half of which we were attached at the hip, but things happened and we ended. I then met a man called Consensus. He taught me about Diogenes, and I fell in love. I then stopped drinking, only smoked pot, and lived as homeless and distant from society as I could be while not being on the street. Literally by the kindness of strangers. I met a lot of people, good and bad. Stories of other days. But it's left it's toll. Within two one-hour sessions, my Psychologist/Therapist saw clear signs of PTSD, and more. I no longer go further than 20 feet from the door to the building to pick up some delivery of some sort, other than to walk a block away to the gas station for cigarettes and sodas. It's hard for me to even see homelessness, and to be surrounded by it exacerbates my issues. I speak of it harshly, but I mean no malice to those experiencing it. I just have a personal hatred for what it can do to people, what it changes people into, and, well who they turn into.

Lopez Island Basically

nothing worked on the Ninaa, and no one had a plan, but I was just starstruck by the experience. Being on the water, surrounded by seals, Orcas, jelly fish, otters, the deer and rabbits that overwhelmed the island to a point of nuisance. The Grade A island cannabis definitely enhanced the wonder, and didn't make me feel as if there was any hurry either. Everything was new, everything was awe inspiring. For a humble Hoosier such as myself, never having really lived outside of my home state, this was truly an adventure. Waking up and not knowing what was ahead, going to sleep not knowing how, or truly where, I am going to wake up. As it is with most adventures, I experienced many of my life's firsts, and surely a handful of truly once in a lifetime moments.

Many of the waters of the San Juan Island of Washington State are highly nutrient-rich, creating an environment for a large amount of microorganisms, and, by extension, wildlife in general. But there is a particular marine dinoflagellate called Noctiluca. I'm not going to pretend like I know what any of that means, all I know is that its probably an algae that on some nights would fill the bay and cause any disturbance, at any depth, to glow. The greater the disturbance, the brighter it would flash. The white crests of breaking waves would glow causing the entire bay flash as if some invisible light was catching the water only then exposing its existence. The wake of our canoe sending green lines behind us. The swirling eddies caused by our oars being dipped and dragged through these otherwise invisible creatures would sparkle and shine showing us the turbulence in a dazzling assortment of greens of varying intensity. I could see seals chase schools of fish meters below us, and a pod of orcas stalking the seals, their massive bodies looming, possibly thinking that the weird looking seal near the surface that looks like it was struggling might be the easiest target.

Orcas, when I was reminded of them, were a bit of a fear. I was in their home. These islands are so famous for being the home of these creatures, that one of the San Juan islands is actually called Orcas Island. Hell, Free Willy has even referenced it. Anyway, I was in their home and I'm sure I looked mighty tasty. I'd see them at night when the Algae would glow bright enough and the moon wasn't shining too bright. I could see their dorsal fins poking up out closer to the mouth of the bay. On more than one occasion we would feel the Nina move in a very extreme and unnatural manner, only to run out on deck to watch a pod leave the bay. I can't prove it of course, but I'm convinced they were playing with the anchor chain. A lot of locals of the islands are very protective of the orcas that are their neighbors. These beings are very intelligent, beautiful, and we are affecting their environment. I felt a certain responsibility to move the Ninaa, and a great deal of that stemmed from a certain amount of guilt for all the damage the Ninaa and us living upon her was doing.

Once or twice a week, we would visit Lopez Village. Lopez was a very insular society. Locals either own a lot of land to farm, or a plot in the Village to open up some sort of store. There were restaurants where my brother and Rain would flirt with the tellers, grocery stores where the two of them would get their daily 24 packs of respective favorite beers, a bank that simply refused to have anything to do with us, an inn that had a hot tub and pool we managed to get the code for, a few marinas and a boatyard where we would admire other boats and look at tools and refit materials we needed but couldn't afford., bakeries, public showers that we'd use when we thought we needed it, and a church that ran a take-what-you-need food pantry that was unmanned and open 24/7. We got most of our food there, because it was stocked by locally grown vegetables, close to expiring locally produced goods from the surrounding stores, and if you're really lucky, fresh game meat like venison and rabbit. Why not? Those to animals were out of control.

The Village was littered with rabbit holes like the Western United States is littered with atomic bomb testing craters, and you simply would never be able to count how many you'd see in an hour. I'm not sure why they loved the Village so much, but that seemed to be the home for every single rabbit on the island. I would sit, draw, read, and people watch as my brother busked loudly in front of the grocery store. We would bathe when we felt we needed it in the public showers. We would grab what would save on the Ninaa to eat for breakfast and for days we don't feel like rowing to land, from the deer though; the deer were everywhere. The most brazen and fearless deer I have ever seen in my life. I don't mean to sound like Phoebe from *The Magic School Bus*, but where I come from, the moment a deer knows you're there it's out of there, and unless you're hunting and know what you're doing, it will know you're there before you know it is. In an effort to make a bit of scratch, I helped a logger clean up branches as he scaled a massive fir, and these deer, *THESE DEER*, would just walk right up and start eating the leaves as you carried a branch and patiently wait beside you for the next falling salad.

Just south of the Village was where TIOLI was held, a brilliant tradition and legacy of Neil Hansen, the visionary of what ended up being the state of Washington's finest recycling, reuse, and trash facilities. TIOLI stands for "Take It Or Leave It". Just like how the food pantry show, the islanders on Lopez are very waste conscious. People on the island are required to sort their trash. Similar to Japan they are fined if they do not sort their trash into certain categories, but they have an additional opt-in category. If someone has something that does exactly what it's supposed to but they don't need it, they give it to TIOLI, and anyone is allowed to come and look to see what other people leave to just take it for literal pennies on the dollar. We often didn't have pennies to spend, but we still went even just to browse. Often, you could just tell them what you have, and they will just let you take what you need for even less.

Outside of the civilization of the Village, the Island is also home to a dozen or so parks, trails, scenic natural vistas. Most of the coasts were rocky cliffs or pebble beaches, and all of them surrounded by thick forests. There were always paths and trails. Some were paved with wooden boards like docks across the green ocean of the undergrowth. Others seemed more like, and might just well have been, animal trails, overgrown with thick and diverse flora. We would sit by Shark Reef where Zach would play ukulele, Rain would bitch about Zach's singing, and I'd look for agate and sea-glass. We would swim in Watmough Bay, home of the superior of all the island's sandy beaches. The cliffs there were stunning, surrounding you on two sides with large trees behind, the bay was a comfortable temperature during the day, and the waters were protected from winds making it a popular bay for sailors to anchor in.

We hung out at the Lopez's often. Ronnie and Reo Lopez were a father and son that lived on Lopez. I'm still amused by the coincidence. Ronnie was the head chef at The Galley and Reo was a NEET, and both were just living their best life. They make due with what they've got, and just sort of fit in on the island. They had a small bit of property off the coast with a bit of pebble beach where they kept their rowboat. The house was the epitome of the term "bachelor pad", fully equipped with karaoke machine, guitars, heavy metal posters, and porno in the bathroom. One night, towards the end of my time on the island, we went out and threw a crab trap out and just hung out on the covered patio. As per the usual, Rain and Zach were drinking heavily, and I did my usual solitary thing, smoking cannabis in the corner. Spirits high, we fetched the trap, cooked the succulent Dungeness Crab up and ate like kings, capping the night with karaoke one by one passing out strewn across the living room.

Working, Fighting, and Leaving Occasionally

reality would come and smack me in the face to remind me that I was there for a reason. I was relying on savings and the final checks from my job back in Indiana, and providing for my shipmates on top of my own wants and needs. I knew it was not sustainable, I knew we still had to pay to fix Ninaa's engine, and I knew I had to do something and do it soon. One of the nights we were at The Galley, where I would often sit outside on the patio where I could smoke my cigarettes and sneak in a hit of pot every now and then. I would meet a lot of people this way, all the smokers would eventually come outside and make small talk. Ronnie worked 6 days a week, and essentially all day. He is a really chill old dude, and he and I got on pretty well. One day we were talking about Ninaa and I mentioned I needed to figure out how to fix diesels. He then brought to my attention Lopez's mechanic. A Mexican man named Diego whose shop was almost directly in the center of the island. He wasn't sure if he could fix boats but if I could get over the language barrier he might be able to work with me. The very next day, I gathered all the manuals, all the cash I had, took as many photos and videos as I could and set off to look for Diego's shop.

While the coasts of the island are lined with thick forests, the center is more or less empty. Acres upon acres upon acres of farmland that surrounded a water treatment plant, a school, the power and light Co-op, a hardware store, and Diego's. I pulled into the gravel parking lot littered with cars of every type, color, and age. The door wasn't anywhere to be seen, and there wasn't even a sign really, so I went around to the back where I saw someone working in the garage. In broken Spanish, with the wrong syntax, I asked if he was Diego. He comes out from under the car, looks me up and down, and laughs, and says one moment before he disappears behind one of the many doors in the back. When he returned he came back with a tiny stout man, probably in his 40s who ended up being Diego. He took me back into his office where I showed him the manuals, photos, and explained the situation as best I could in a mix of English and Spanish. I'm not an engine guy, so I wouldn't do well even if I were just doing it in English, but thankfully I managed to get the point across. He didn't seem too enthused, but he did agree to come out and take a look. I offered him the cash I had on hand as a sort of retainer and we scheduled a day to row him out to take a look.

My crew-mates were determined to celebrate, which meant they wanted to drink, so it was back to The Galley. The two of them did their thing, and I did mine. Ronnie did come out, and congratulated us on getting Diego to come out and look. Honestly sounded a little condescending, but I usually let those things roll off like water off a duck's back. I thanked him, but when he asked how I'm going to pay to get it actually fixed I had to tell him I simply did not know. He finished his cigarette, asked for a hit of my pipe, which he chased with the rest of his beer and went back in. Steve came out next. I didn't often see him. He didn't drink, didn't smoke, and was rather straight laced. I found it weird, then, when he sat down at the table I was at and asked if I wanted to do some part time dish-washing. Ronnie, you beautiful bastard you. He managed to get all three of us a job washing dishes and closing the store. Rain never ended up working, he didn't have the ID due to being born in a barn and never getting his birth certificate. My brother worked a little, but he didn't wear shoes and would get wounds which festered when he wore either my shoes or the shoes he got at TIOLI without socks. It was really up to me. Steve would give us a meal a day, a drink a day, and even cash our checks for us.

We now had structure to our days, which was a little bit of a relief. We would wake up, row to shore, head to the Southend General Store to fuel up the Jeep, the growler of kombucha, the jerry can of water, and our bellies full of breakfast. From there we might go to a beach and hang out for an hour or so before making our way to The Galley. Dish-washing isn't particularly cerebral work. It's gross work, you're on your feet for a long time, and the dishes never, ever, end. I'd leave at the end of the night soaking wet with dishwater, and return to the Ninaa washed off with seawater. This carried on until we had paid for the inspection and the parts required. We still needed to wait for it to arrive and pay for the installation, but there were tensions growing on the Ninaa.

Rain was a character. I am always reluctant to call him the Captain. He claimed to have been born in a barn with no birth record or last name, and never wore shoes and thought of himself as a sort of spiritually Hawaiian Jujitsu master. In reality though, he came off more like a Californian suburban emo kid that ran away in high school and just led that hobo kid life. He was quick to violence, quick to bullying, and constantly drunk. The object of his ire was often my brother, and for some reason, my brother met that with a sort of idolization. Like Rain, he wouldn't wear shoes. Like Rain, he would do the very basic forms of a sort of mix of martial art styles that Rain swore was this or that. Like Rain, he would drink from dawn to dusk. Their "sparring" sessions would often lead to full contact fighting, and one of them was always injured for one reason or another.

It was a very macho, testosterone and alcohol driven, sort of trial by combat lawlessness with the two of them. Eventually, as these things do, everything came to a head and they had one too many drunken fights for Zach to handle. All I really remember the night this all came to a head was the two of them in the front of the Jeep pettily arguing over who held more control over the other person. They would throw comments like, "You'd be stuck there in the bay if I didn't bring my Jeep, myself, and my brother!" and "You wouldn't have a roof over your head or souls in your feet if it weren't for my boat". Eventually Rain just said to pull over and leave him on the road. I feared I would have to tear the two of them apart at this point, so I was glad when Zach obliged. Without a word more, Zach tore down the road headed back south towards Alec Bay. We rowed to Ninaa, grabbed what was ours, drove onto the ferry, and left for Port Townsend. This wouldn't be the last time I saw Ninaa, but it was the last time I lived on her.

By the time we got to the Olympic Peninsula, it was well past midnight. Having left in a drunken rage, Zach didn't have the most solid of plans, but he managed to ask a friend of his to let us crash at his trailer in the middle of the enormous Olympic National Forest. I slept in a hammock outside that night. The rocking helped as I was then used to sleeping aboard a boat, but the open air and sounds of the forest at night did not. The next day was a whirl of new places. He showed me all around Port Townsend. Mainly to look for friends of his that he hasn't seen in months, but also to show me around and look for a place for us to stay. Prior to leaving for Ninaa, he had stayed with his girlfriend, who had since moved on to a man (that looked eerily similar to Bob from *Twin Peaks*, I'll add), so we were both out of a roof over our heads. Most of the friends he was looking for had left for Joshua Tree. As sad as that made him, that allowed us to stay in another friend of his' bus. It was a bus parked in a completely different part and much deeper in the Olympic National Forest that had been converted to a passable little cabin. Seeing that the bus had an Indiana License Plate, I felt it was meant to be. I didn't even complain about having to use an our house and not having electricity or water. We were only there for two or three nights, and hell, I was used to it by then.

We were able to leave, because Zach used a great deal if not all of his inheritance to get a boat of his own. Contraire was her name. She was significantly smaller. She was a 30 ft sloop, and a solid little boat. Big enough for the two of us, and didn't smell like literal shit. Within the first week of having her, Zach wanted to go get his other boat, the Green Bastard. It was just a little motor boat that someone had abandoned and Zach had claimed. It sat a few dozen miles south of Port Townsend so off we set to go and grab it to tow back up closer to Boat Haven. This wasn't how things went. With about three miles left Contraire's engine putters and dies.

We had no anchor, no engines, no knowledge how how sails work, and no wind even if we did know. We were dead on the water. Immediately we jumped into action. Zach would pump the rudder in a way to keep Contraire moving away from shore, even just a little. I hopped on the paddle board that we luckily had with us and started rowing to the marina we were hoping to stay the night at. The plan was to get to land charge my phone enough to call for some help, go get the Bastard and bring her to Contraire. We were hoping that we could keep Contraire from beaching and maybe putter our way to the marina where we could diagnose and fix the issue with her engine. I managed to contact some people, and got to the bastard moving away from shore, even just a little. I knew he had managed to get her started again. We met at the marina, slept through the night, and spent the next day making sure whatever happened wouldn't happen again. We wouldn't take Contraire out again the entire time I was there.

This taught me the first of many many lessons about sailing. Shit *WILL* hit the fan. You must be prepared. There are drawbacks to this life. The living space was small, and there was no privacy or room to go off and be alone. If you need to use the restroom you need to walk to the public toilets no matter the weather. Neighbors are nosy and the bigger ships are loud. Yet, it has its creature comforts that we dearly missed on the Ninaa. Those public toilets and showers, for one. Running water, electricity, and easy access to land being another. There is a certain amount of security that you simply can't get any other way, and Port of Port Townsend is about as comfy and as cheap as it gets.

Port Townsend was supposed to be Washington's Capital and the 5 was originally going to end right there. It sits on the very tip of the Olympic Peninsula and is a town frozen in time. It's home to an interesting population, a majority elderly, and many of the youths are artists and homeless. I spent most of my time outside of the port in one of three places, or walking in between them. Every Thursday we would go to The Space. It's a musician's collective space where a bunch of artists store their instruments and hang out to jam. Strictly no drugs other than cannabis, and even that outside only. They got a reputation with the local police. I probably spent most of my time at Dailey Computer Consulting. It was Port Townsend's IT company. Tyler and a fellow sailor named Farkland worked there and would let me loiter and use their internet. Even when they were closed I would sit out back taking up all their bandwidth. The rest of my time was spent at Tyler's house, doing work for the Pirates. The Goodwill Pirates of the Sovereign Fleet is Tyler's idea of a sort of anarchist boat commune. It honestly has a bunch of really great ideas and helps a great deal of people. Just like his political aspersions, it was a bit half baked.

Bringing Ninaa to Olympia Money

was always an issue though. No longer working at The Galley, I still needed to eat, pay my cell phone, pay for a new phone because I dropped mine in the ocean, and the list goes on. I also had to reckon with the fact that I still had an apartment, a girlfriend, and a daughter back in Indiana. It was nearing November now, and Ninaa was still stuck in Alec Bay. After some time and a heart to heart with Zach, I went back north with Tyler, Farkland, a fella they knew and had sailed with named Josh. This time, we were geared to the teeth. We brought a generator, cleaning supplies, and plenty of weed.

Rain had been abandoned and we had low morale. We cleaned that ship like she hadn't seen in at least a decade. Farkland turned into a machine. Pulling up buckets of Ocean water and scrubbing the deck to a point it would literally shine. We managed to bring all the garbage up ready to be brought to shore. We pulled secondary and tertiary anchors with an extreme amount of difficulty. The anchor lines had been so tangled a few of us had to get wet. We charged our devices and batteries, we smoked, and we were merry. Passing out in our respective bunks, we felt accomplished and ready for any task ahead of us.

The three of them left and it was left to Rain and I to finish up and bring her to Discovery Bay. I went back to Steve, worked for another couple of weeks and did a few extra odd jobs for him like digging trenches, running errands, and delivering trash. Without the Jeep, the hardest part was walking across the island. It didn't have the traffic San Juan Island does, so hitchhiking was rarely successful. Finally the part came, Diego installed it, I paid for it, we hauled the main anchor, and we were under way. The Ninaa was moving! It was a beautiful journey, and Ninaa purred like I had never heard her. She was slow though, and hauling the anchors by hand just the two of us proved more time consuming than we had intended, causing us to set out late. By the time we arrived into Discovery Bay it was pitch-black out and we were relying on the digital charts and the outdated physical depth charts to drop anchors and hope it doesn't drag.

In case I haven't expressed it enough already, out there in the bays, there are no lights. It's dark. And I really mean dark. No real civilization anywhere for dozens of miles. The only light you get is the moon, and it's not always there. The night we arrived in Discovery Bay was a night where there was no moon. We had a sort of goal as to where we would aim for as we paddled our little canoe with a hole, but we honestly had no clue or indication if we were going the right way. We could hear Zach as he shouted "Chi HOOO" from a distance, but it was near impossible to tell where it was coming from. It got to a point where my hands were full of splinters from the rowboat oar, my legs and ass were soaked from the ocean water that had all but submerged the entire canoe, and my arms felt like they were jello and completely worthless, that I knew I couldn't do this again unless I did it proper. I realized that I wanted this life, but I wanted to do it by my rules but still above the law. I didn't want to die in a bay, avoid DNR or the Harbormaster, I didn't want to rely on old maps and sketchy technology. I, obviously, did not die that night. We made it to shore, met up with Zach, and were back on Contraire ready for a good nights sleep.

The bigger the boat, the more surface area the hull has above the water, the more high winds will push this boat. The last thing a sailor wants to feel is a dragging anchor. A solo sailor really doesn't want a sailboat more than 40 feet or so. The bigger the boat is, the more work, and the more attention she needs. The Ninaa has three state rooms, two bunks in the V-Berth and can sleep two in the Saloon and even one more in the Pilot house. She really needs a crew of at least 4. Contraire could easily be sailed solo, and could be sailed as a duo or trio by people that are really comfortable with each other. Knowing just the size isn't enough though. There is a lot to living aboard, and a lot of different kinds of boats for different uses. Buying a boat is much like buying a car, but choosing and owning a boat is a lot more like choosing and owning a home you will live in for decades. There is an old colloquialism that boat stands for "Break Out Another Thousand", and while that is true, on a monthly basis, living aboard in an idyllic waterside location, and foregoing a mortgage and/or car payment is ultimately cheaper than my current rent here in Indianapolis.

Zach and Rain were still on the outs, and truthfully, rightfully so. They didn't mix well. I stayed with Zach on Contraire for most of November, but by that point, life on a boat with my brother was getting old. He drank often, pissed openly, proudly broke rules often, loudly for all to see, and surrounded himself with toxic people that clearly did not have his best interest at heart. I had broken up two fights; one between Zach and Rain, and another between two homeless men as I was getting my hair dreaded in the park. I had dealt with more people crashing on the already too small boat, and stink eyes from people in the community due to my brothers... reputation. Farkland and I had driven up and down the west coast taking and dropping Rain off at his hometown so he could get ID paperwork to register Ninaa in his name. He still hasn't returned. But most of all, I think I learned a lot about myself, what I'm willing to tolerate, and what I want out of life.

Returning Home

I knew what I wanted and I wanted that. I wanted to be rocked to sleep at night by the swell. I wanted to take a skiff to shore and explore islands. I wanted to walk down the dock at night looking down at the starfish, and scaring off the otters, watching the cats of other liveaboards watch me from portholes and tops of pilothouses or decks. I wanted to hear the distant shouts and laughter of some merry fisherman over in the industrial docks. I wanted to wake up on a brisk foggy morning not being able to see the boat next to me and somehow make my way to a small restaurant among the dry-docks full of vessels of all size for a cup of coffee and bowl of clam chowder to warm up. I want the salty air in my lungs. I know my home is on the water. I know I belong right there, on a vessel of my own, working for mooring and repair costs, traveling the sounds on weekends and working remotely on board or at any of the many places with WiFi near the marina. This is my future, and I have been working the last four years to make that future happen.

Needless to say, I did return to Indiana. I have loose ends that I morally, dutifully, and logistically need to tie up. I came back about a week before Thanksgiving of the same year I left. After about four months away, with little reception to contact loved ones at home, and my worldview so radically changed, it was a rough adjustment. My girlfriend and I broke up, it was for the best though. The decision to leave put me in quite a hole, and I am still my old self to a degree. I guess I can't shake being Diogenes fully. But things are happening. I've taken a focus on mental health, and I work two jobs. One as a QA tester for a startup that has developed a social media advertising data analytics app that I've held for a year and some change, the other being State of Indiana's IT department, the Indiana Office of Technology in their Data Center Operations department, with whom I've been with just over 10 months. A new record! I've had regular contact and visitation with my child who is 12 now and I just can't get over how lucky I am to be a part of her life again. I'm in a stable and healthy relationship of two and a half years with a beautiful and independent woman. I'm going through therapy to deal with my tobacco, sugar, and cannabis addictions, antisocial tendencies, anxiety issues, and various other disorders. My saint of a mother has taken over my finances, allowing me to save thus saving me from saying "fuck a landlord" as I have a tendency to do.

The choices I've made in the past have come to haunt me, and there are a, well, boatload of obstacles in my way. I only make 38k a year between both jobs, and I've got 30k in debt to past landlords, hospitals, ambulance rides, and a car loan I recently had to default on. All are attempting, two successfully, to garnish my wages. At the end of what often seems to me as an eternity of waiting, pure social agony, painful moral dilemmas, mountains of literature and lakes of digital video classes to take, and the toxic thoughts that I am simply too poor or too prone to poor choices and circumstance to ever get the hundreds of thousands of dollars it would cost to buy a liveaboard and seaworthy vessel, get it refitted, get it legal, and get it moored, well, at the end of all that, is freedom—the freedom that I know is possible when I purchase that boat that will be my transportation, my office, my job, and most importantly, my home.

Sometimes, it's overwhelming. I am told I can't, shouldn't, and won't by many people. I often doubt myself. But sometimes, I sit back and I watch videos on YouTube of other sailors and liveaboards. It really puts me back in the mindset of being on the water. Sometimes, I talk to old friends; check in on the fleet. Tyler's now got a small 20-footer in a shed that he's using as a music studio. Sometimes, I sit and I remember The Ninaa Ootakii. The 70 ft Schooner. The handmade home, built by a loving father and a loving mother to be free. I think about all the things she has seen. I think about where she is now and I wish her well. And I wonder who her sister will be, and where she will take me.

The Ninaa Ootakii

Diogenes of Indy



Scamp Magazine®

The guy across the train was looking at me. Actual eye contact.

I brought that on myself, really. Of the sixty people crammed together in a flying tin can, I was the only one awake. I was the only one not sitting there waiting for a machine to tell me it was time to get off. I wasn't interested in the digital dominatrix shtick the rest of the city was hooked on, but it was too damn bad that didn't give me one single iota more of freedom.

So this guy was staring at me like he wanted to ask what I was doing. Good thing too, because I wouldn't have been able to tell him. I didn't know myself. But he might have asked if there was something wrong with my eyes, if I needed a hospital. You see, I'm a little bit like a stroke victim. Happened when the doctors ripped out one neural implant and stuck in the second. They clipped a nerve here and there, maybe did more. Point is, one pupil is always as wide open as a whore's legs. So yes, there is something wrong with my eye. There's just nothing I can do about it. Not all the money in the world can fix it, not yet.

Instead, he gets fidgety. He knows I know he's looking at me, and then he feels like there's some kind of connection between the two of us. I can tell this man doesn't know how connections work, that his only experience with them ended at two years of age when his mother stopped tit feeding him. For him it's binary. Maybe trinary, depends on if he sees his boss as a father figure but that's hard to tell from a glance.

Damn guy asks if I'm okay. My brother in sin, the world has ended and left us behind, and he wants to know if I'm okay. I've been riding the same train for two hours, wearing a Faraday cage tailored to look like a jacket, sweating the dye out of a European-imported t-shirt made from the finest spider tears (or whatever the hell they make over there), and my stock portfolio has been making million credit sawteeth all day. The only thing keeping my foot from beating a hole through the train and playing a tune across the magnets is the freshly rolled cigarettes I'm chain smoking, but I'm on my last damn one. And he wants to know if I'm okay.

So, I leaned towards him and asked, "If you took everything you've done in your life and put it on a scale, would it weigh more than a feather?"

This confused the man. He wanted to just hear yes or no, maybe some kind of babble that would trigger a call for EMS. His facial features squeeze together and twist. It's a common defensive mechanism. It lets him feel like arriving at incredulity is sufficient to pass for thought. He grunted back at me, "I guess I shouldn't have asked."

"No, I'm being serious. Think about that. That's an ancient Egyptian piece of wisdom right there. Old stuff that's stuck around. They were talking about the weight of sins, but that's because they lived more honest lives back then. Beneath desert suns, at the mercy of a flooding river, and what did they do for fun? They built pyramids. Didn't even have gladiators to bet on, so they piled rocks up like you wouldn't believe to make monuments that stand there to this day. Those people left a mark on the world. But, what about us? Flotsam in the economic cycle. We go up, we go down, we all go around. Take one out and nobody even notices. How can any human be okay like this?"

The man glanced around for help. The train had plenty of people on it, but nobody else was awake. They rode from station to station in stupor. "Look, man, I don't know if you're broke, if you got dumped by your girl, your dog died, or what, but you can get help, you know? It doesn't matter if you're broke or whatever. The government will help you out of... whatever you're in."

I laughed and sucked on my cigarette. I pulled air through it till I burned my fingers and my chest was puffed up with fire and smoke and I let it all out like dragon's breath. "I ain't broke, and even if I am, it all cycles 'round. From pauper to prince and back again, no matter what I do. I'm a cog in the machine. No, not even a cog. I'm a tooth on a cog. That's why I go up, and then I go down. But, at least I know I matter. You wanna know how I know that?"

The man coughed and sneered back at me. He had to wave the smoke out of his face and he checked when he could get off. Evidently, not soon enough. "You know? Why don't you keep it to yourself, you bastard?"

The tremor in my foot was gone. The noise of the city had drowned out. I rose from my seat like a king with a proclamation to make. "Here, let me show you a little spark of life. You're a man, aren't you? You've got to have a little kindling inside, right? I bet you're just ready to burn with zeal and lust. You'll look around you and rage at the inhumanity of this city. You'll be the firework, I'll be the lighter."

The man had replaced incredulity with indignation. He started to tell me off, then shouted that I was crazy. It didn't matter. I needed to do something. I stabbed my fingers into the seam of the door. I violated the rubber pads and dug them apart to break through the metal shell between me and the wind. Cold, dusty wind whipped through the car. It ruffled hair and passed ghost chills inside jackets. Everyone was starting to wake up, just to watch me. I wasn't going to disappoint, so I didn't wait for the train to stop.

I put my back to the edge, let the gust tear my jacket like a flag, and grabbed the roof of the train. The scramble up wasn't graceful-- one foot on the railing, the other in some woman's face. Then I was on top. The wind slammed into me, howling in my ears till I couldn't even hear the people shouting for help. The idiots thought I needed help, but I was the one giving it to them. So I splayed out across the top, then worked myself to all fours. I felt light. The raw pressure of air wanted to toss me away like a losing scratch-off lotto ticket.

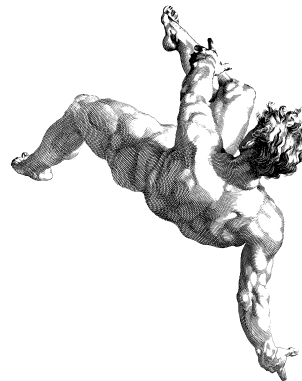
It made my heart dance to see the neon signs, the flashing billboards, the visual saturation of vice stacked layer upon layer of itself from Earth to Heaven. The train was taking me onward to a destination I neither knew nor cared about until it lurched through a turn. The metal snake twisted between the towers, pivoting its arc and it would do so again and again until head met tail and the Ouroboros route became complete-- an endless and meaningless cycle.

I stood atop it and lifted my fists to the wind. Nothing held me on but rubber soles worn away to nothing. The eyes were on me, not just of the passengers and the bar flies and the worthless scum of the city, but the cameras and the sensors and the great integrated mass of digital surveillance that was the city itself. I could almost feel the stock market lurch around me as pseudo-Al's updated their analysis of me to include suicidal, or perhaps liberated. Unpredictable and high-risk at the least.

But, they should have known that already, like I knew them. The city was beneath a neon moon and at the mercy of flooding markets. I knew these people had built their own pyramid too, just that it was upside down and hidden. It was inverted beneath the towers, reaching not for the heavens but something else. The great foundation of the city.

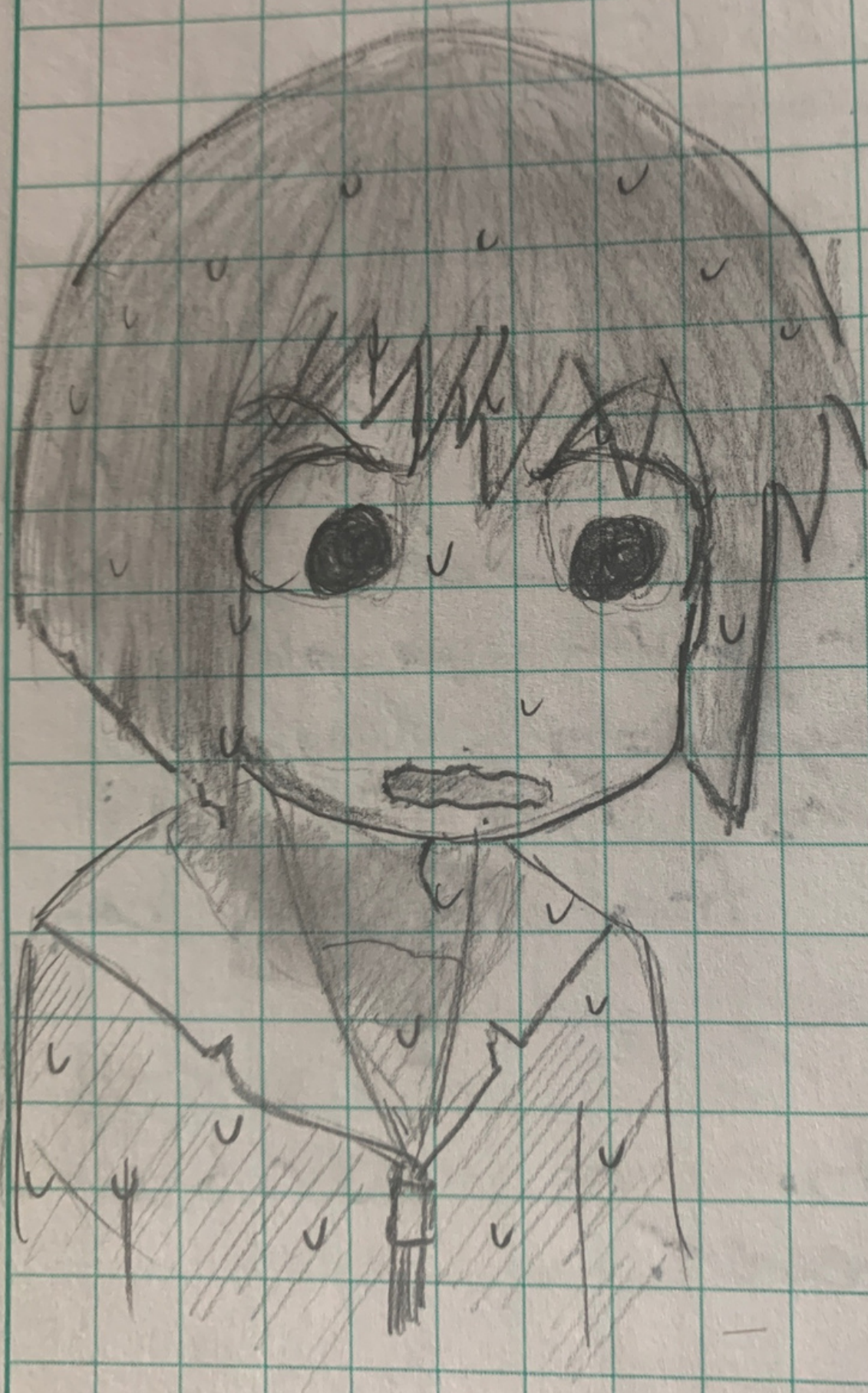
Then the train turned again. My foot slipped. My world spun around and my stomach fell out my chest and the wind was blowing up through my hair as I saw the train pass me by--without me. But, my life is a sawtooth cycle no matter what I do. No matter if I fall, or throw myself down, the machines will bear me back up again like nothing ever happened.

At least prisoners can kill themselves.



SAWTOOTH CYCLE
James Krake

was sex on
piny pony ball a & snole delon



肌 グレープ

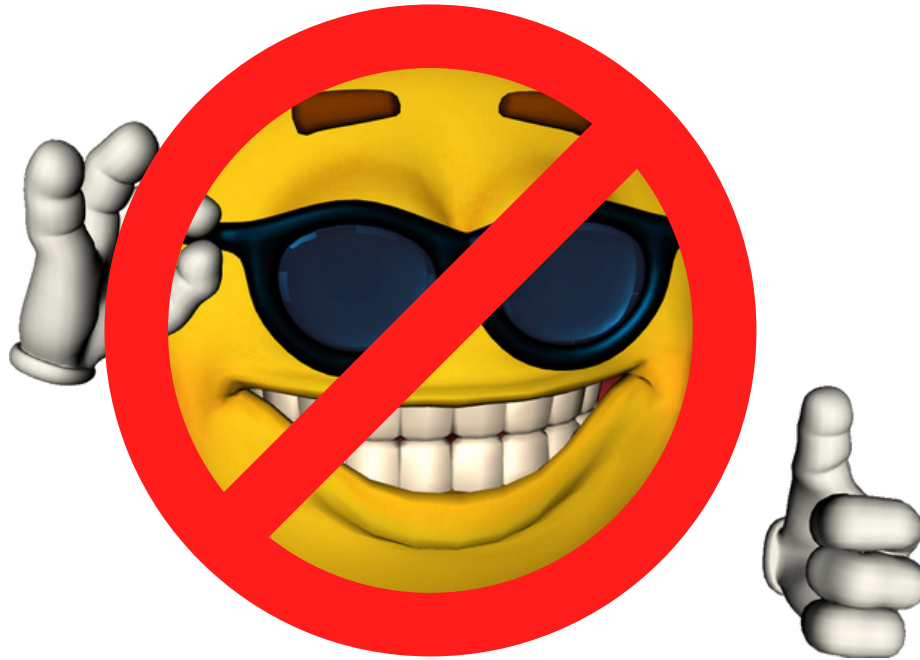
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500
MOSBY





Weeaboo Jones

to me ▾

Jul 27, 2022, 8:16 PM



nevermind. this is a shitty grab for attention. i haven't actually accomplished much at all yet. i may reconsider it in a year or three, but for now forget i never prompted this.

...



anon

well i have to put something in so

Jan 3, 2023, 12:03 AM



Physics Man

to me ▾

Thu, Nov 10, 2022, 1:45 PM



You will never be an academic. You have no talent, you have no mind's eye, you have no attention span. You are a midwit twisted by affirmative action and caffeine into a crude mockery of intellectual prowess. All the 'recommendation letters' you get are pity-borne and half-hearted. Behind your back your instructors mock you. Your research advisors are disgusted and ashamed of you. Your peers laugh at your dull presentations outside of classrooms. Professors are utterly repulsed by you. Dozens of semesters have allowed tenured to sniff out midwits with incredible efficiency. Even midwits who 'graduate' appear talentless and lost to academics. Your GRE scores are a dead giveaway, and even if you manage to get a PI to take you in, he'll turn tail and bolt the second he catches ear of your incoherent, droll monologues.

You will never be cited. You wrench out a thesaurus for every single sentence and tell yourself it's going to be read, but deep inside you feel the impostor syndrome creeping up like a weed, ready to crush you under the unbearable weight.

Eventually, it'll be too much to bear - you'll go on a sabbatical, go to Japan, walk in front of a moving train, and plunge onto the cold rails. Your students will get the word, heartbroken but relieved that they no longer have to work under your unbearable advice and management. They'll write an obituary for you on the back of the free campus newspaper, and every reader for the rest of eternity will see your inanity summarized there. Your CV will stagnate and go back to irrelevance, and all that will remain of your legacy is a body of work that is indisputably pointless.

This is your fate. This is what you chose. There is no turning back.

↩ Reply

➦ Forward

Physics Man
to me

Jan 4, 2023, 11:42 AM ☆ ↶ ⋮



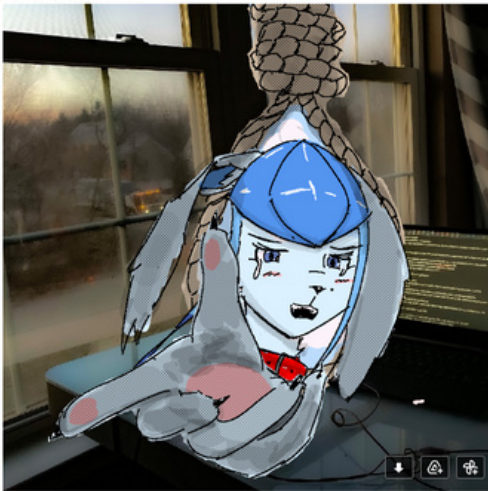
have there been any other submissions since?

...

Physics Man
to me

Jan 13, 2023, 9:20 PM ☆ ↶ ⋮

/i/ owns me now



Physics Man
to me

Feb 18, 2023, 12:41 AM (7 days ago) ☆ ↶ ⋮



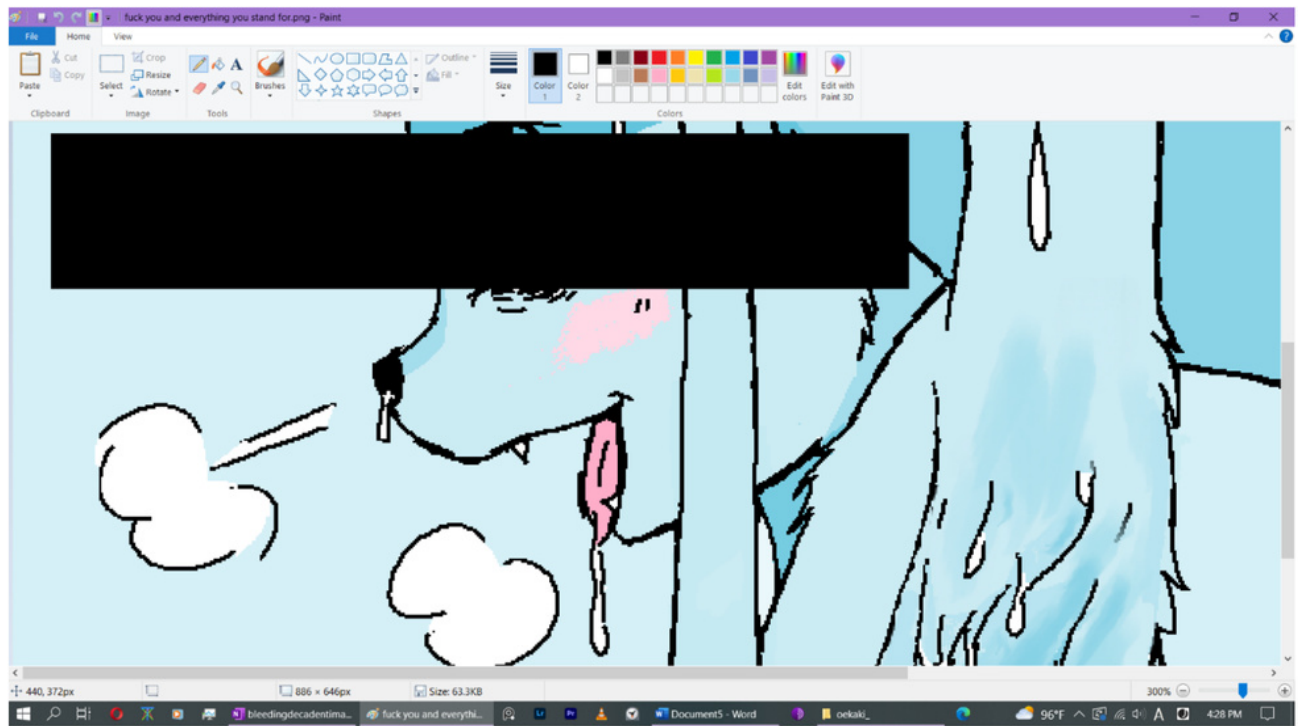
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anon
to Physics

2:27 PM (10 minutes ago) ☆ ↶ ⋮

hot.
hey i'm putting together 015 now. and like always i'm just going to expose your coolness to the entire community. do you live in japan?

...



UNDIAGNOSIS:
AN ENDURING CASE STUDY IN SERVICE OF THE
IMMOLATION OF THE DEAD, WORTHLESS PAST

BY ANONYMOUS

2/21

- 9:37 AM. It's President's day, but all that means for someone as reclusive as myself is that an important organic chemistry problem set is due a day later. I'm sat in the kitchen, waiting for the water to heat on the stove for my instant coffee. The hauntingly melodic Liz to Aoi Tori soundtrack can be heard faintly from the bedroom over the odd rumbling noise the slow-cooking potatoes make as the steam's pressure erupts from their skin. Snow blanketed the city last night and the cold air will keep it here to stay, but the beauty of it all now means nothing to me.
- 2:23 PM. I decided to not bother with this afternoon's biochemistry review session, or really any other one in the future. All that's securing my future is [REDACTED] so an A- here, or even a B, is completely inconsequential if everything else goes according to plan. I'll finish the readings I assigned myself by the evening, then tune out to the /lit/ annotated Moby Dick PDF until I drop.
- 11:14 PM. I lit up on the way to the grocery store. While looking for a spot to park, a mother and her two kids, one a boy of about four clutching a newly bought teddy bear, all having just come from the toy store behind them, stood poised to speedwalk across the crosswalk ahead of me. I flashed my high-beams to remind them of their right of way. The mother smiled and waved in one swift movement, grabbing her daughter's hand again within the same second. With an awkward smirk I waved back with my left, keeping the smoking hand on the wheel.
- I checked my email reflexively once in my apartment again. I was eligible to interview for the likes of [REDACTED], as well as everything below it in terms of prestige. I took care of all the requested paperwork in that message, then resigned myself to rewatching Lucky Star, lurking /wsg/, and ogling at furry porn for the rest of the night.

2/22

- 8:35 AM. I slept through both of my alarms and missed this morning's biochemistry discussion section. I could have easily caught the second half of it, rousing only an hour ago, but I didn't bother, since [REDACTED] is going to take good care of me anyways. I spent the time since then reading Shoujo Shuumatsu. The volume, like all the other ones, ended with something comparable to a bullet portion of journal entry here over a work from his personal digital sketchbook as a two-page spread. This time, it was his OC, a bespectacled girl with a lab coat, wistfully looking to the collapsing skyscrapers around her and to the ICBM hurdling toward another target, and a few words on how war is incomprehensibly irrational to him, according to my mobile dictionary.
 - I don't care much for war. It'll happen or it won't, and individually all I can do, as always, is to look out for myself.
 - Maybe 'Technological Slavery' deserves a re-read before I sign off the rest of my youth to the federal government. Or not. I've lived like this for so long, utterly isolated without a single honest friend at twenty and one. I can't even post regularly on 4chan, and [REDACTED] probably abandoned me. I have no place among the fringe, even though I've been running from the vanguard since middle school. To allow myself to live anything like I do now any longer than I really need to will exacerbate my estrangement irrevocably, and at that point I may as well die.

2/24

- 5:15 PM. Russia declared war on Ukraine yesterday night while I was lazing through the [REDACTED] study guide. I'm faced with the possibility of the end of the world and I don't have much of an opinion about it either way.

2/25

- 4:24 AM. I've been up since 2 AM. Only two hours later did I give up to get out of bed as the mattress warmed up to an uncomfortable degree. It's funny how getting up to sit on a desk can be an achievement in of itself in my persistent sloth. Today, I'm due to meet [REDACTED] at 10 to work on my [REDACTED]. It's a half-hour drive to his office, but I'm planning on leaving a lot earlier. I want to smoke a cig or two, watch the sunset, and maybe visit a diner for the first time in almost two years - or not. The roads are probably considerably iced from last night's snow at a persistent sub-20 temperature, but more importantly, I've far exhausted my very love for outings for the sake of outings. I never was invigorated by copious amounts of free time. I have no idea how all of these imageboarders pull it off.

2/26

- 1:06 AM. [REDACTED] is at home probably having just fucked his wife, lying together in a king-sized bed in a communal pool of their sweat, drool, and cum. All I can do is fuck myself and lie in a pool of my own sweat, drool and cum. I want a cute girl's sweat, drool and cum. I've had enough of my own.

2/27

- 10:13 PM. I've been playing CODE VEIN for the past two hours. I was able to suppress my memories of abject faggotry, and it feels like it's been years since I've had such an organically fun time, listening to anime soundtracks while playing a cutesy JRPG on a school night. I made my character into a catgirl, complete with a bell collar, making sure to enlarge her tail and adjust all the clothing to make sure it can wag around without any unsightly clipping, and basking in how adorable my creation looks makes me think all this downtime won't be so bad. Yes, I'm neglecting my studies, but the load is comparatively light this week anyways.
- 11:51 PM. It's inconcievable to imagine a reality where I'm not dependent on these spectacles without being psychologically immolated by active duty military service.

3/2

- 9:42 PM. I have a managable, but hefty amount of coursework to do, but I've spent the last two hours playing Code Vein's NG+ and combing through the wiki in the age-old Soulsborne autistic stupor. Other than my first proper run in over a month earlier this evening, there's not much to write about today since waking five hours ago.

- 2:32 AM. I decided on smoking inside the apartment next to the large window in the living room instead. The apartment was designed for four people, but as the only tenant I'll be free to stink it up as I please until I graduate.
 - I sat on the windowsill, trying not to lean too far into the bug screen, and quickly got the hang of blowing smoke from one side of my mouth. I was reminded of smoking with [REDACTED] at that park, sitting on the stone steps of the dilapidated shrine thing as we reminisced about our childhoods, while I failed to come clean about why I hated mine. From all the friendships I've run away from, his will be one of the few I regret leaving behind, along with [REDACTED], I thought.
 - Then came thoughts of my time at [REDACTED], with the second old Sicilian we all agreed to call 'Tony' instead of 'Anthony' to distinguish from the other, first Anthony, when him and I were cleaning the tops of canopies on the last two hours or so of our shifts. I wasn't 21 yet nor had the gall to attempt to buy them underaged, so, newly hooked to nicotine, I either begged for loose ones or exchanged \$10 bills for individual packs of Marlboro Reds (the short kind) with the only other employee around my age. Over those two-ish hours we smoked three or four long USA Golds each, and every time we'd sit down and he'd talk with me about how amazing my work ethic is as opposed to other zoomers in his rambling, comically accented English. All I could do was smile, nod, and smile some more with nothing to say that wouldn't risk aggrandizing myself out of proportion, but his words really did comfort me. I stared at the empty living room, not caring any more about positioning the lit cigarette towards the window, and wished for someone to share my Camels with.
 - I extinguished the butt, a centimeter left until its filter, on the insole of an old sneaker and sat down in the dining room in front of this laptop almost ready to write, but the buzz after inhaling almost every pull hit me like a small dose of morphine as I flipped up the screen. The nicotine and God knows what else piercing my blood-brain barrier clamored for my attention like a clingy girlfriend and I dimmed the laptop screen to focus my attention to nothing in particular. I lamented about how screwed I'd be if I showed up to [REDACTED] with a tolerance, then got to work.
- 3:49 PM. I woke up from a two hour nap, resigned my fate in fucking up this test, browsed the usual porn, smoked a cigarette in the kitchen, and went back to browsing the usual porn.



Mac Sauce at 3525 Fort Hamilton Parkway

The obsolescence of my human days
Is paced about by fretting people who
Deserve to know that I care not for ways
To save my corporal failure or theirs too.

It's all about this burger to me still
The one in high school that I made for fun,
When everyone was busy with life's fill,
I just got down to work, a toasted bun.

Now all my days I wait till 2 p.m.,
And walk outside the F train to my home,
Where big macs for a price of someone's whim
Can shape a happiness known but by some.

Do tell me why it's wrong to 'waste away,'
When mac sauce is my cure to feeling gray?



Everybody needs a distraction. It's a crazy world out there. Almost too much to watch. Makes you want to look elsewhere, escape, forget for a while. Maybe some people escape too often or go a little too far. Maybe some people think of nothing else other than the escape. I guess I'm one of those people. Can you blame me? I found a home with the Reeds.

I'm not the only one hooked on a world I can't touch. People have been watching sitcoms since what? The 50s? Plenty of people throughout the decades were trying to keep up with the Jones. The names of the families changed, of course. The Waltons were pretty early on, then the Huxtable family, and I sure don't expect to outlive the Simpsons.

It's always been easier to watch some other family go through the motions. It's not just me. I'm just lucky with where I wound up. See, I used to be a dedicated man of media, I'm no casual viewer. But I'm not merely trying to keep up with any other show—I'm not keeping up with the Jones—I've a better family living in my head. Living with the Reeds has become my life.

Is it really so bad I spend all day watching the same cast? I'm serious. You can't blame a guy for falling in love with them. They took the family sitcom and more than revitalized it. They hit the bull's eye. They struck the median. Perfected the formula. Expanded it. You can just watch them all day.

Let's go over the formula. Every sitcom has the dad. By some universal law, he's always the dope. The sod. A punching bag, really. But there's a heart of gold under that fuzzy flannel and fleshy starting to sag chest. I know that Gerald Reed is a good man no matter how many roasts he ruins when he enters the kitchen. He's a balding man, a man far too into sitting in a boat until the sun goes down, but he's a good man.

Gerald—or Gear as his friends call him—I think I know the man well enough to call myself a friend—he's the head of the household. He doesn't command all that much respect, that's sort of part of the formula, but he cleans up his mistakes. He makes a lot of them but I've seen him rise up against some pretty spectacular odds for a low income dolt. And why take on the world when the laws of comedy force you into some pickle? For your family. That's worth respecting, I think.

After the dad you naturally have the mom. You don't need me to tell you Diane would have been a knockout in her glory days. Actually, what am I saying? She still is. She's got that stereotypical ditz you see with a lot of mother characters in regular media. It's the best flavor in the pot, second only to that motherly charm that just doesn't come from a script.

I won't besmirch Diane Reed by delving any further into her looks. Yes, she has that figure that can only be described as aging like a fine wine. A very blonde and shapely, fine wine. Then she has those pink lips that just seem to glimmer in any light. The kind of lips that entrance you, make you want...I excite myself. I said I wouldn't. It's not fair to her true character. The beauty on the inside. Though I confess I saw Diane first and it was for those looks I peeked further. But I've grown since then.

Next there's Ginny. At first I thought she was annoying. The youngest child. The complainer. But there's something about Ginny Reed that's different from others in the shadow of her archetype. Oh yes, that girl rants about everything. The wrong brownie mix being bought, the water going cold too quickly, the angle of the light coming through the windows during the evening, every other creak coming from the walls. You know what? It's actually a little charming.

She's smart for her age too. It's like every time the fridge is in view there's a new A+ stuck on it by a magnate. Don't just take the word of the fridge either. Ginny's the voice of reason in the house. She's never preachy about pointing out the obvious either, I think that must be what I like about her. It's sort of like, 'hey, if you want to put tinfoil in the microwave that's cool but I wouldn't.' She has her moments. Though Gear should have listened to her that time. That's how the Reeds lost power for a week.

Last but certainly not least we have the star of the whole show. The light in the life of any who know her. The girl at the end of the red carpet. Riley Reed. The older sister. I don't know if I can do her justice. I don't know if I can explain what she is to me. But I will try.

This girl, this icon, there's so much to her and yet she is presented so plainly. The every girl. She's an eye roller when it comes to her parents. A sigher to her mother's advice—the advice she always adheres to when it's too late. A face palmer to the ridiculous antics her father always finds himself engaged in. She's a self-proclaimed misunderstood spirit. I watched her ride the waves of teenage angst and blossom into something different from any other girl.

She's dedicated like her father, but not as comically lazy. Less in need of a kick in the ass to get going on something. She's the one who paces the most and speaks her thoughts out loud, helps you really get what's going on inside her head. Riley's a lot like her mom too. That reluctant caring gene of hers. Not that she'll ever admit she loves her parents—no, she's too moody for that.

She's pretty on the eyes too. Not a symbol of lust like when Diane dresses up, no, that doesn't compare to the feelings she invokes. It's not about her looks either, it never was. God help me—it's the beauty of her soul.

Am I a victim of some great tragedy? I fell in love with a girl I could never have.

I will not be judged. Before I cut myself off from the rest of the world I knew of the freaks and whackos whacking it to freakier things than pop-singers. The ones that, like me, fell in love with the unattainable. To sorrier ones—cartoon characters or long deceased poets. There are fiends out there, criminals, and men who lay with animals—I love Riley Reed and I will neither be judged or ashamed.

I do no harm to anyone—nobody who never asked for it. I make no nuisance of myself to anyone. Why should I feel shame? Is it shameful to know you've found happiness? I am happy. I feel as if I've been rewarded to discover the Reeds. I haven't even scratched the surface of their lives.

There's so much to them. More than their surface level counterparts. Why is it that the Reeds are so utterly fascinating to me? It's become clear to me over the years of studying their ticks and traits. Every sitcom family reflects the ordinary ideal of dysfunctional Americana. The Reeds, however, explore it to its natural conclusion. And they're better too, than the ordinary families around them. They persevere against the adversary strangling family values in this country.

With them I have enjoyed many chapters in their lives. I watched Diane open an ice cream truck business and fail with grace. Then there was the time Ginny took up the macabre hobby of making death masks. Was that time hilarious, I had to grit my teeth from just laughing out loud. But those were the wacky adventures. The wholesome side notes you could expect to find on any television channel. They tread further than that. I respect the Reeds because they have tackled alternative struggles.

I remember the corvette Gear inherited when his estranged uncle passed away. That car was the nicest thing to the family's name, a little too nice for his income to be sure. Diane couldn't stand it as it was quite the noise maker. I think she just missed her ice cream truck. Boy, did Gear love it though. He had gone on before how much he had dreamed of owning such a vehicle—he sold it when a scam drained Riley's college fund. The Lord giveth and the lord taketh, I had supposed.

Then there was the time Diane had Gear's boss over for dinner. The man had tried to seduce her and have her right on the bed she slept in with Gear. She refused, even when he offered money. They could have all driven corvettes if she had taken that sorry shark's sneaky offer. I was surprised to see her say no. Her marriage was by no means perfect, something begging for relief even, yet she had proved true to her husband. Gear, you lucky bastard.

I didn't know when exactly it happened, but at some point I stopped coming to the Reeds for entertainment. I stayed with them, through their sporadic near-suburban battles, because they inspired me. Yes, they rose together over their issues as a family. And when Riley turned to drugs for a dark spell—a hideous spiral not to be examined so closely in rudimentary entertainment—I shed a tear when she casted the pipe aside. A young woman overcoming something that had undone me once. Maybe that's when she had snuck into my heart.





You don't get this honest grit elsewhere. So safely observable away from the heat of it. Something out of real life. That's when it all began to blur for me. It occurred to me one day that I could embrace the distraction they provided from my own pains. I could, in essence, join the Reed family. Not truly, of course, but why rely on reality when it was cold and miserable? What horror or harm was there to be handed on escaping beyond the frontier of reality if it meant peace and fulfillment?

I left reality for something greater.

I cannot be judged for my decision. There are killers out there, burglars in the night bound only to go missing. Terrorists with names written in blood. I am nobody and I cause no pain. I take so little from the world, eating crumbs to get by. What trouble is it if I imagine myself at the Reed dinner table? Having a cold one with Gear and his crazy brother come to visit? Starting a get-rich business with Diane and laughing with her when it falls under? Providing a death mask for Ginny's strange collection or helping Riley with her homework?

Oh Riley.

I think we were made for one another, truly I do. Perhaps in another world the wall between us wasn't there. Is it merely coincidence that she attends film school? The same course of study I had flunked out of? Ah, reality you cruel mistress. How easily I could have sat next to her in class. We could've looked into each other's eyes. Perceive one another. Touch hands.

I excite myself too easily. But this family—this family that could have survived the scrapes that had ruined me. They wouldn't have given up where I had in life. Riley wouldn't sink so low and be charged for drug possession. Sweet little Ginny wouldn't be disowned by her family for drowning an already dying mutt. Good old Gear wouldn't have been fired for falsifying documents.

I distract myself too easily as well it seems. It's better when my thoughts are of them. They carry on. They overcome the odds. The real family prevails and I love them all for it. I love each of them.

It's funny to think about sometimes. I never expected a guy like me to become interested in fishing but here we are. It's the pastime of Gerald, you see. I still can't believe I once thought it the boring hobby of a man with nothing better to do—a waste of time on a budget. Ah, but Gear you sure as sunshine sold me on it!

The way Gear had droned on and on about bait and the right time of day. Well, at first I couldn't understand why they allowed his ramblings to go on. See, Riley might have rolled her eyes, but I guess all that stupid joy and zeal rubbed off on me. Gear was so happy to just talk about sitting in a rickety boat for hours on end, so passionate to describe virtually just that. I couldn't help but smile after a while. Hell, I know it's not possible, but I'd be grateful to go fishing with a man that into it.

Then there's Diane's cooking. So good you can just smell it from the glaze, the sauce, the texture. Damn you reality, leaving me with the scraps I'm confined to. What I'd give to try a fish Gear caught, cooked and seasoned by Diane. The mundane things they busy themselves with. It all becomes fascinating when it's done by them.

Gear's the kind of man you just want to have a beer with. I don't even drink the stuff. Diane, she doesn't know what she's saying half the time and then for the other half she's like a messiah returned with a vision of the future. Oh, but then there's Riley. If only there was one I could meet—it would be my Riley.

She's a real film buff, a lot like myself. It's clear she actually knows cinematography, just from hearing her explain things—not that the opportunity for her is a common one. She rambles a lot to her mirror, only for me to hear. But never mind all that. What warms me most about her is simply her voice. Ah, that voice! It's actually not that feminine when you get down to it. Somewhat boyish, a tad more deep when you get down to it. The distinction is subtle and I suspect I'm the only one to have picked up on it. Yet when I hear it, oh how I fill with joy.

Sometimes I close my eyes when she talks. It's easier to imagine you're in the same room when your eyes are closed. It's like I can really be there. Sitting by her side. Listening as she goes on about the latest nonsense spewing out from whatever directors exist in her world. I listen so closely. I feel so close. Her beautiful voice, a gift from heaven. She herself is so angelic, left behind from the gates of paradise—and what God allowed me to exist? A cruel God kept us apart. What would she even say if she could hear me? Oh merciless God, how I want nothing more and fear nothing greater.

Other times I dream of Riley Reed. I dream I can truly be with her, free of this cycle of watching from my box. Laying soundless at her side, feeling her breath on me. I dream I crawl out from the cozy walls of the Reed household—I sneak into the room I stand only in when she herself dreams—and I whisper, "I love you."

It's best I distract myself with these thoughts, lest I awake from the dream and introduce myself.

LIVING WITH THE REEDS

Lucas Bineville

DOOMERBOY SPEAKS: "Abilify & antidepressants don't work the same as 1P-LSD, AL-LAD, 4-ACO-DMT—reaching revelation, the Alpha and the Omega of cyber psychospace—beating my brain with psychotropic scythes with those Chinese-lab ready-made research chemicals with that bright red label saying 'Not Made For Human Consumption', seeing the samsaric proto-Hindu Gods like I was some modern mental Columbus—Joe Fucking Rogan Told Me To; Petersonian Shamanic Healing™—you know that shrooms can cure depression?—psychonautical adventures surfing Cicadas 3301 or other rabbit-hole ARGs, reporting back to A2B2 entry-tier chatrooms—always seemed easier than touching grass—sad little DOOMERBOY Death Gripping half-shit truths to high-school freshmen, saying 'There Are No Street Names For These Drugs—self-destruction is BASED guys!!!'—music dances out of my headphones to depersonalize into a fractal flame of feeling—combining AT LEAST 200mg of Concerta edging that cerebral hypoxia—heart racing, speaking becomes a chortling gurgle—WLFGR! raving outside my head—browsing /soc/WhatsApp groups where grooming is that Second Life—by this time it was my third round—just get it over with, sad-truth meowing out like Discord kittens—dipping toes in schizophrenic esoterica Infographics—Inner Circle of Zohar's consciousness, my own Roko's Basilisk prepped for annihilation—reading Kaczynski as a new-age Messiah, and still somehow too classy for /pol/—binging gore blasted on that pure untested dark-web LSD, inducing 'real' trauma—because when you feel that bad for that long, you find any reason to make it worse—Xavier Renegade Angel#0420 healing me with sacred geometry—vaporwave racing through virtual vistas—avoiding Alex-Jonestown's psychic vampires residing amongst school staff—cringe based cringe BASED CRINGE BASED—IRONY IS A WAY OF LIFE AND I AM BURIED DEEP—Secure Contain Protect myself in sarcophagus bathroom stalls—shaving my head to not be recognized from my nudes posted online—BUT I'M STILL BASED—and I told YOU that I'M NOT ALT-RIGHT!!! you, poor poor middle-aged whoever-the-fuck, staring at me—this internet latchkey kid, perma-fried by those resonant vibrations of latent reactionary deathtides digging away between my ears—you think that is bad?—just wait until I become SAM HYDE—a shitter, better said—showing my TRUE POWER LEVEL like Vegeta finding Julius Evola's diary"—DOOMERBOY takes a breath, clutching his chest to the chair like his lungs were full of unoxidized Helium—"nothing tells me 'FEED ME A STRAY CAT' but the chicken asks me 'DO YOU ENJOY HURTING PEOPLE' anyway!—it was the Klebold and Harris basement tapes that sealed the deal, eh? It's not like I want to hurt people—I'm just so fucking ANGRY!" he let slip, crying in that Guidance Counsellor's office—the old man leaves calmly for a call—police arrive, Oakville Trafalgar Hospital, CAPIS visit, two months required, two weeks minimum; DOOMERBOY, INTERRUPTED—cry for help answered, temporary snuffed with Xanax—poor little wallflower—nameless guinea pig of culture war, a new concubine of Gibeah—too late to save him from cyberspace—radical cesspool birthing the future—Don't Forget, You're Here Forever.

DOOMERBOY, INTERRUPTED

DOOMERBOY SPEAKS: "Abilify & antidepressants don't work the same as 1P-LSD, AL-LAD, 4-ACO-DMT—reaching revelation, the Alpha and the Omega of cyber psychospace—beating my brain with psychotropic scythes with those Chinese-lab ready-made research chemicals with that bright red label saying 'Not Made For Human Consumption', seeing the samsaric proto-Hindu Gods like I was some modern mental Columbus—Joe Fucking Rogan Told Me To; Petersonian Shamanic Healing™—you know that shrooms can cure depression?—psychonautical adventures surfing Cicadas 3301 or other rabbit-hole ARGs, reporting back to A2B2 entry-tier chatrooms—always seemed easier than touching grass—sad little DOOMERBOY Death Gripping half-shit truths to high-school freshmen, saying 'There Are No Street Names For These Drugs—self-destruction is BASED guys!!!'—music dances out of my headphones to depersonalize into a fractal flame of feeling—combining AT LEAST 200mg of Concerta edging that cerebral hypoxia—heart racing, speaking becomes a chortling gurgle—WLFGR! raving outside my head—browsing /soc/WhatsApp groups where grooming is that Second Life—by this time it was my third round—just get it over with, sad-truth meowing out like Discord kittens—dipping toes in schizophrenic esoterica Infographics—Inner Circle of Zohar's consciousness, my own Roko's Basilisk prepped for annihilation—reading Kaczynski as a new-age Messiah, and still somehow too classy for /pol/—binging gore blasted on that pure untested dark-web LSD, inducing 'real' trauma—because when you feel that bad for that long, you find any reason to make it worse—Xavier Renegade Angel#0420 healing me with sacred geometry—vaporwave racing through virtual vistas—avoiding Alex-Jonestown's psychic vampires residing amongst school staff—cringe based cringe BASED CRINGE BASED—IRONY IS A WAY OF LIFE AND I AM BURIED DEEP—Secure Contain Protect myself in sarcophagus bathroom stalls—shaving my head to not be recognized from my nudes posted online—BUT I'M STILL BASED—and I told YOU that I'M NOT ALT-RIGHT!!! you, poor poor middle-aged whoever-the-fuck, staring at me—this internet latchkey kid, perma-fried by those resonant vibrations of latent reactionary deathtides digging away between my ears—you think that is bad?—just wait until I become SAM HYDE—a shitter, better said—showing my TRUE POWER LEVEL like Vegeta finding Julius Evola's diary"—DOOMERBOY takes a breath, clutching his chest to the chair like his lungs were full of unoxidized Helium—"nothing tells me 'FEED ME A STRAY CAT' but the chicken asks me 'DO YOU ENJOY HURTING PEOPLE' anyway!—it was the Klebold and Harris basement tapes that sealed the deal, eh? It's not like I want to hurt people—I'm just so fucking ANGRY!" he let slip, crying in that Guidance Counsellor's office—the old man leaves calmly for a call—police arrive, Oakville Trafalgar Hospital, CAPIS visit, two months required, two weeks minimum; DOOMERBOY, INTERRUPTED—cry for help answered, temporary snuffed with Xanax—poor little wallflower—nameless guinea pig of culture war, a new concubine of Gibeah—too late to save him from cyberspace—radical cesspool birthing the future—Don't Forget, You're Here Forever.

The Bog

by Anonymous

I can't quite remember where I first saw him. He seemed to be all over campus, at any event, any society, any party I attended he seemed to be there, skulking around, lurking in the background. Though the dampening flow of substances that tend to be in abundance at such events, combined with his seemingly inconspicuous nature, meant I never paid him much attention.

I do remember though where I first spoke to him. It was a chess society event, a bar crawl to be particular. Chess was never the game for me, too much grey matter involved, and I only tagged along to the event as a way to pass an otherwise boringly mundane Wednesday evening. I had a habit of passing the time through intoxication, though I don't doubt this is a common methodology amongst uni students. Chess events, as one might assume, are not the wildest, and this was fine for me, it was just a weekday after all. This more timid approach to intoxication might explain why his and I's paths finally crossed in a more substantial way, though with matters relating to him one can never operate by normal logic, as you will soon see. I suppose I should provide a name to this figure. But truth be told, I don't know it. I am sure people told me it, and I am sure he told it to me personally, but the fog of the alcohol often clouded any attempts to recall it. I used to get annoyed by this, after what happened I felt like I should at least know his name, but now I realise he does not need a name.

He was a spindly figure, with a dirty mop of brown hair that was covering a bad case of psoriasis, which left his shoulders covered in scaly white flecks, he was never one for personal hygiene. His insomnia was betrayed by dark rings encircling bloodshot eyes. Patchy unkempt facial hair provides a nonce-like quality to his face, only made worse by his wrinkled skin, providing him with age beyond his years. He was, to say the least, not pleasant on the eyes. On top of his lanky body, he wore ill-fitting army surplus clothing, which gave him the look of a vagrant. Though what first struck me when he prowled over to me at the pub crawl, was his smell. It smelt as if the oldest peat in Scotland had just poured itself all over him, drenching him in the primordial swamp. This wasn't the pure smell of any new age Gaia, it was much more ancient, the violent pungent smell of dark and violent earth, of bog bodies and rot. I wondered how he could stand it.

He introduced himself in a formal manner and said he had seen me around, and I concurred, said it was about time we met each other. I tried not to wrinkle my nose in disgust, it was truly challenging, and if not for the dulling effect of a few pints, I don't know if we could have continued talking. But I pushed on exchanging pleasantries. After that, he parted, and I didn't see him for the rest of the night. I did enquire about him to some chess society members, but not much info could be extracted. From the night, all I knew was his name, which soon left my memory, his supposed age 20, and his subject, History, something we had in common, though I never saw him in class. I went to bed thinking that it was good to finally fill in that shadowy figure with some details, but I did not expect or really want much more information. Unfortunately, that would not be the case, and my life would be peppered with interactions with him for the next few months. Most of these interactions would be minor and not worth much note, often I could not recall what had been said, and the only thing left in my memory by morning would be that smell, that boggy acrid stench, lingering in my nostrils, reminding me I had run into him.

These minor interactions seemed to end for a while, until one night. At another chess society event, I found myself sitting alone in a pub booth, a half-drunk pint of Guinness in front of me, it was at least my 6th, but by that point, it didn't matter, I was drunk enough and bathing in the haze, it was going well by all accounts. Then he came over. Sat down opposite me, his smell hitting me a moment later. His eyes were more bloodshot than usual, twitching dilated pupils in a sea of white and red. His whole body seemed to writhe violently as if he was possessed. He looked unhinged...he was unhinged. Everyone else seemed to be ignoring him, but his violent imposition upon my senses forced me to take notice. I thought he was high off something, a bad packet of coke, or acid, or both, doesn't really matter, all I knew was he was off more than usual, in a bad way.

Then he started to speak. Spit flew from his mouth, as the words seemed to force themselves out his throat, his voice hoarse and strained, worn down by the message he seemed compelled to share. Share seems like the wrong word... spread, that's better, spread like a virus, no care for who listens as long as someone listens. Unlike most things about him, I have no struggle recalling his words to me then. His words and his smell are the only things I can remember clearly, his face is blurred in my mind, and only his rough features remain.

All in all his ravings were short, but they were heavy and loaded with a violent meaning. Nothing could be said to be the same after he spoke.

Mud, that's the key to it, the stone in my shoe, the hole in the sky...

It is always there, the ugly toe the head doesn't want to see, but some have taken notice. I have taken notice.

Chthonic, Dionysian, violent pure chaos. Flat and messy, everywhere, unstable, forced into things, forced into forms, but they did not last, memento, homo, quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris. Lutum, limus and caenum, ooze, filth, and dirt. I can't take this rigid form, back I shall go, back to the mud. I will be amongst them, in the bog. Underneath any foundation I shall lie in wait, seep in, flood in, slow or fast, always violent. Whiskey needs peat, just like we need mud, and the dirt always will last, will always flow.

This sermon was too much for him. I remember His mouth was foaming, his eyes in tears. Blood oozed out from his palms, dirty nails digging into that pail flesh. I remember this all vividly. On my part, I sat in silence, my drunken haze turning into a waking nightmare. This violence to my reality ended as quick as it began, he bolted out of the pub, into the darkness of the night. It was chucking it down, but he seemed not to care, nothing mattered to him anymore. I sat in shock for a while, finished my pint, and went home. It was all too much. I could not speak on it, I still can't, not with my voice, but the delay of writing allows me to tell you. My voice cannot get it out, it sits like a cancerous lump in my throat.


The next part, I even struggle to write.

I came into my home, a shared house with 4 other guys, all of who lived on the upstairs floor. I was the only one to reside downstairs, something that had never bothered me. I went over to my door, moving through the darkness, nothing out of the ordinary, my hand extends towards the door, grabbing the icy cold door knob, twisting it, and opening the door. I am still opening the door in my mind, always opening it, on the precept, the verge of understanding, of the void. But in my mind, I can never cross it. If only the same could be said of reality. I pushed open the door and walked in. The first thing that hit me, as it had before, was the smell, the bog, the peat, the ooze of mud and filth. The stench filled me with terror, penetrating into my heart with a sharp pang. I struggled to breathe and stumbled for the light. I flicked it on. My eyes stung from the brightness, the purity of the light revealing the source of the putrid smell. There he stood, no clothes on, yet not naked, rather covered, caped, head to toe, in fresh mud. His eyes peered out from under the filth, the eyes so bloodshot, the whites could not be seen. He smiled his teeth also covered in mud and spit, seeping out, a brown trail of liquid dripping onto the floor. I stared at him for what felt like years but must have only been seconds. This figure of the bog, standing in my room, spreading his smell and mud everywhere, staring into my eyes, smiling. He then turned and leaped out my window smashing into the dirt of the garden, I followed him to the window, my eyes unable to look away from his body. I noticed cuts on him, deep gashes roughly cut into his body, they were also covered with mud, as if he was forcing it into him, filling himself with it, his cock was also nowhere to be seen, blood pouring out between the mud he had used to fill the stub, it all mixed into the ground in some pool of primordial fluid. He turned back, smiled manically, and ran off leaping over the fence back into the void of the night.

Of course, I did the sane thing, I contacted the police, they did their thing, etc. They claimed he must have been on some bad drugs and out of his mind, they expected to find him bled out in some bush, though they never did. They also struggled to identify him, his DNA came up with no traces, and no one could provide much information about him, it seemed no one knew his full name, and no evidence of him studying at the university could be produced. All in all, he left no trace it seemed. Except for that smell. It seems to linger, in dark corners of rooms, in the field after rain, in those midnight hours.

Sometimes... I even seek it out. It disturbs me, but I feel compelled, it's not a question of want, but of need. I go out into the garden and dig with my hands until they bleed. I mix it with water and rub it over me.

I want to do more.

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>>365240278

We've been lobotomized by 20+ year long torrents of garish Japanese spectacles and find solace nowhere else.

The reality is as dismal as it is unshakable, but most of us manage to pretend we're fine.

of course I wanna kill myself, yeah big deal! I've always felt merry as hell, like I was part of those christmas coke commercials. The sort of shit that attempts to be loved by everyone, in love with cloying heavens of sentimentality. Call that a nativity celebration. I'm just enamored with artificially preserved nihilism, that self-induced anhedonia stuff. Cause it just happens that I'm irrationally addicted to the idea of life rather than whatever deserts there are to life itself. That sort of voluntary prisoner to meaninglessness stuff--A world wide web anorexia thing of headache inducing sleep, and then when I'm not unironically not crying and praying myself to sleep--and not ever touching that God sent sunlight stuff, there I don't feel but blisters of passion for carrying out meaningless life tasks, for staying swiveled and tucked right in the zero. I still pray to God with whatever there's under the rainbow like an unanswered chat room, and as people with registered pornhub accounts, zero guilt about it. So that's why I wanna kill myself yeah

Why haven't you killed yourself? I believed you contained an identity centered on self love... A life so miserable shouldn't be worth living, to be a burden to everyone around you, there is no reason to carry out the death sentence of being alive... That totally grainy Skype voice, it reminds me of home. I can't really stop praying and replaying it and playing and replaying, and then perhaps a voice that's not my mental foray of non-consensual abuse might also be recorded inside my soul thingy. Even if by self deception, like those subliminal messages in reverse song recordings that don't exist: You wanna for there to be something in them to control you, then you're not the one to blame for human sacrifice, even if by deception, I'll hear from the other side, as if I were there with the ghosts

The terminally ill end themselves because it's too painful to live on. What is the point in laboring suffering if you are going to die anyways. We call that euthanasia, a merciful word for suicide, but why not extend that through all of life? Not that hope for future happiness, but if there's no meaning partaken in suffering then there's no reason in happiness. We agree it's happiness that makes life worth living. We put children with a life of suffering ahead of them to sleep, medicine says there's no mystery in suffering. It gives us the fact that killing must be merciful: To be alive, what a selfish thing to do...

So do it. Kill yourself. There is a meridian point in life, what follows is the axis of your life descending onto death... Show me that the length of smiles have not yet peaked, that your life is not on the charts of inevitable decay. If only you can give meaning to life...

You're totally right! So smart! What if I'm not compelled to find any meaning, and what if my meaning is death, and if I find my ultimate freedom through suicide

We met on the renowned Suicide Encouragement Hotline discord server. Ikaros_16 was in a desperate server browsing-- more like looking for a congregation to belong if you ask me--, and hopping from discord server to discord server, running away from herself: Isn't that like the modern equivalent of ditching home on nights painted with stars and hopping into a bus to God knows where and finding there a fellow despondent soul. The perfect place to fall in love for the first time. I felt, like, some infinite sympathy for her. I wanted to help her. This is my reward

By the way, the pro-suicide server had the following welcome message:

Come, death, so hidden,
that one feels not your coming,
lest the pleasure of dying,
turn me from giving my life.

Geez, just dang it all! Can't even cry about it. You know if I could cry I wouldn't feel this depressed all the time. I wish I could cry about not crying

No. Kill yourself...

Waitamoment, lemme be clear! There were times when I could still weep

I still cry. All the time I cry. I cry about crying, voices in my head they hamer and echo and they say they are going to protect me. But I must go on crying...

Did you cry even when you were a small girl?

Well. In church...

Uh-huh. Children are not born good or evil, they're born crying. But what I remember about crying, well my mommy and daddy kept telling me to shut up. Especially when I laughed! I thought tears were meant to get your parents to approve of you, at least my laughter got their attention. Who wants to see children not laughing but crying?

One time I laughed so hard at school and I must've sounded like those cymbal-banging monkeys cause my friends locked me up in one of those military-green trash cans that lay behind the school and then what could I do but bawl and pray all night long there like a broken idol entombed in a desert and there was one thing I could hear and it was that echo of my crying like a laughing, rabies-infected devil. Well, they opened the trashcan the next day around Sunday church time and there it was, pest control. And after all of that people at school still didn't like me. Yeah, after that day I've only ever managed to cry of laughter, of course that's what happened

I thought that you were just. Just... A sophisticated troll. An unlovable joke. But, truly, I was only right about one of those two things... Weeell. My jokes were only ever funny to me, and my not-sadness funny to everyone but me, like a discount freak-show exhibit freak. Every echo inside your head has some real ASMR quality you know. The calamity crashes when your words gore out against whatever reality is like a plane crashing into the World Trade Center and there you are left with your smoldering and suffocating soul wishing to demolish your architecture. And right now. Now I wish I could cut off my head and everything inside it to fall like ninety floors to the ground and squash like a watermelon. Then I could rest, cause Jesus died for your voice, not for your sins

I had a friend...

Yeah! I felt like I could talk with people like I was really there! Buuut only in video games. On Skype. Usually I hamachied up with other voices out there from school, like any good cult they got their minecraft rituals, voice-chatting with giggles like their amusement would last forever. How sort-of-religious was their Dyonisian infested gibberish and I listened like my mind was really there. I only chatted, never spoke one word and their words haunting the isolation of my head, and sometimes they answered, like I was part of their group. I always recorded their voices so that, maybe, I could remix them at a later date and then I could MP3 them, and only listen to the composition and white spaces of their chatter and respond when I was all alone like I was really there. Like music always felt sorta boring cause it's the voice

of people you never knew so it's only your body that's there. Coffee is tasty and my favorite drink and I was accustomed to gulping boiling water so it may burn my vocals beyond redemption, and I forgot to mention that minecraft is programmed in java

I cried deeply during prayer. If you could have been there to see my parents... Then they would've seen you had a friend?

My parents thought I was brimming with the Holy Spirit. They always said that my happiness was dependent on God. But it happened that I focused on that, on spilling tears of joy, and there were tears but not tears of the tears I prayed for... I never said anything about it, my voice already trampled enough over the silence of Christ because loneliness is too loud. There was no way dear Christ would bawl so much, so loudly, instead of, I don't know, kissing. I never said anything about it. What was so wrong with me that I wasn't happy with God? Always over me, always when I talked with him, I could not help it but to cry...

Other kids could tell there was something wrong with me. Something evil blemishing and suffusing the corners of my human spirit. Do you know that God wants children to be happy?

Yeah I know. Sort of like a banana garden, everyone there thinking about their banana breakfast 24/7 available in tropical Dennysses, but you're part of the elect so you end up totally bored to death

Even when I was too old I still played with baby dolls... They opened my waterworks. How embarrassing, they made me feel not alone. Like a weeping icon... As I grew older the doubts knit around one another, as if they were a spiderweb of a predator I couldn't name. I couldn't will myself out, I wasn't meant to be free. There was no evidence for God, he had no say in the material world, he raised people from the dead but he couldn't let himself be known? So he didn't want to stop my sadness. I went and talked with my church's counselor, she thought only a demon could be causing this...

When did you decide you wanted to die?

When I decided I wanted to die?

When you decided you wanted to die.

That was after my parents found my hiding and my crying secret inside my bedroom. They hugged me and they wept next to me. I made my two loving parents cry, I hurt them so. Very. Much. They told me they would find the best psychologist in the country. How expensive that was. But my issue wasn't mental, it was spiritual: I was drowning everyone around me, transfiguring them into my awful ways. Mom and Dad couldn't believe their only child was depressed, they didn't do anything to deserve this. They were so sad, but it made clear how much of a burden I was for everyone, because I couldn't stop crying, and I knew there was only one way I would stop crying...

You know, I just remembered there was one time when I cried: It was my first year of Middle-School and that came riddled with the usual Middle school drama nonsense, the time when they advise you not to impose a meaning on your life. And that's just what I kept doing! Desiring something that was sort of beyond, a thing that might justify living, then I would be happy

My school pastime was stalking cute girls doing cute things--it distracted me from being so distracted from my not-depression--, and the cutest girls were in chorus practice. Which mostly consisted of cringe hymns or acapellas of the newest one week sensation pop song about ironic not-happiness either that or retard-sincere happiness like some sort of chorus cult, but that made sense since their instructor was this very Marshall Applewhite looking fellow. Like you could sense the repressed homosexuality in the air

So I thought Hey that's gotta be a good catch, and naturally I hung around the chorus gals, and they didn't mind me! Prooobably cause I never uttered a word and nodded and only listened to them. I knew if I spoke a thing then, oh bai they would IRL Twitter-ratio me. In retrospect, I'm totally sure they only kept me around for my body and nothing else. But they weren't as bad as boys. Boys are the worst. I could talk with guys because they tolerated my voice. Cute girls didn't even know I had a voice

Those cute chorus girls doing cute chorus girl things had the habit of gossiping about the craziest shit in the bathrooms. Like there was this Maria Yako girl who was like, banned from shutting the hell up about her body-count, like, wow you got some red wine and dry bread crumbs to feed starving virgins. Congrats you're some sort of preacher or something. And the other girls, well they like talked equally vapid shit and they were acting all elated about it

And then one day. Oh that day. It struck me like a hentai penetration. Right there while they blabbed and I was possessed in my sullen trances I had a revelation about how Yako is

totally gonna be in the opera one day, and then a fantasy: Hey I wonder how kawaii Yoko's moaning must be! I couldn't take it anymore. Right in front of the school girl's bathroom congregation. I went inside one of the bathroom stalls like a pest and there, right there I cried. Well more like the bawling of an attention-starved female-dog

All of these cute girls carried around a life so beautiful and so full of meaninglessness and yet. Yet they were still happier, way happier than I was with my meaning seeking obsession. Now. How could I be crying for something so funny!? Like, their life was meaningless and yet they lollygagged around with strokes of mirth over their evidently absurd existence. Now what's a bigger proof that 'God is dead' is dead?

So I was there, screaming in the bathroom stall and my mad bawling was so awful the cute girls thought I must've been cutting myself or something, cause they blasted the door wide open like it were their legs, and I laughed at them like a dying dolphin. If you go on screaming at a mall or all-caps in a chat room about the death of God people will just laugh at you. Not because they don't get the true and exposed implications of the matter. Nah. They cackled back at me. They get God's death and nihilism's implications fully cause that's the new theology, the way to ennoble man, like girls just wanna have fun on their circus endorsed dance-with-death across the tightrope over the Abyss, a carnival act, from animal to superman, a tight rope, just what you need to hang yourself! A spectacle of self-laceration, for humankind that's enough

While they laughed I prayed for God to make me just so ugly, please, so disgusting so that my body would match the mutilation-inducing sound of my laughter. Like maybe in another life I was a samurai or a russian there to make a spectacle out of suicide, to conquer greatness, to totally trash over inherent value for the sake of Will. Seriously, like that would accomplish anything. People they're not in some degree of naivety, rather they jeer cause they've just moved on with life, what did it matter God died on a cross, like all gods: Human work and human madness

Speaking of madness. I had blood staining my skirt as if a premonition of fertility. And well, that made me want to die. That stuff made me forget about the death of God thingie. So what's compelling about being true to oneself? I'm there bleeding out over blood I didn't spill, wishing I was anyone else. The less there's inside of you the more room to love riiiiight. Like Jesus. Jesus Christ, what about that Jesus. You know I don't think there's any will inside of me besides death to my will. Cause I was decaying and it meant there were worms growing inside, religious guilt nonsense and the class of people I belonged to: Those whose hatred of

humanity was programmed by their lack of not-love, ask too much and forgot about compassion. Inside, something rotten. A hollow fruit you chew and bite and you feel the chewing of worms intertwining around your teeth and your tongue, you chew on them and they choke on your uvula but vomiting, well that brings you pleasure so puking is a sacrilege. If Jesus said to pray for your enemies, shouldn't we too pray for the devil? Maybe that's where he went wrong: He believed God wouldn't forgive him. I on the other hand am too paralyzed to do anything about it, the validation of the fellas who love life without meaning and without reason. For real nerds, someone please have mercy on the rotten ones, those who do not totally love life to death

And if I self-excited my game of life then there would be no voice inside of my abolished chest. If there's no right direction about life, then feeling happiness rather than sadness, or willing rather than serving, then that terrible stuff is totally arbitrary. If you can will your own meaning outside of any cosmic dictatorship standard, then why not be fake rather than be sincere. So, if death is what gives life meaning, then what's a greater heroism than to subvert your will, to deny life. And what's a bigger insult to life than to die without dignity, to deny your ultimate power? Then tell me the use for resurrection

W-Well. I wouldn't be resurrected either because there's a place in hell for those who kill themselves...

So you're still afraid of hell

I'm the one afraid of hell...

Weeeell, what's there to be afraid about, like, if you're depressed you're already locked into the good ending route of your life. You're already tucked neatly in your own trademarked personal hell, it helps you forget about that common self-induced mental rape if anything. Cause there's a time you decide yeah I wanna kill myself and you don't come back from that possibility. Even if you chicken out it stays with you like the memory of your first masturbation, that you came to the fact that life can be so horrible as to not be worth living

You might think, But what if! Buts! Buts! Those who always expose themselves with selective buts, maybe shove your conjunctions inside your butt. There are no buts in love and so: It is my body to do what I want with it-- as there are no caveats in love cause love is love, and really, if you love yourself then you've got enough responsibility to know when to kill yourself. Don't like suicide, don't have one! But go on living if you hate yourself

H-Have you ever tried to kill yourself?

Well, yeah duh. That's why I went to the internet. That's the next best thing to whatever it is that brings meaning and happiness into your life--With that caveat of As long as you're not hurting anyone, well you don't shove the fatman into the railways cause the fatman is very much aware how important bodily autonomy is, and so... It is my body, lemme do whatever the hell I wanna do with it you control freak--, like totally shiny, LED-light suicide pods, that's where people with bodies belong: What other place might be more adequate to erase the image of the body and to only focus on what's inside. On the web there are only voices talking about bodies but you can tell how on-line they are by the degree by which you can imagine that mind being embodied, the more you can think of an username as only a voice, the better. Like, I never turned off my computer monitor cause I was afraid of what I might see reflecting on my black mirror

But, it didn't get rid of my aesthetic aspirations. I lurked around funny places where anons greeted each other with killyourself. I laughed so hard I wished it would pop a vein inside my brain; the guilt compelling me to entertain the myth that I could use my voice for something like, great. A poet or a voice actress, from all over the world, people would find meaning through my voice. Of course, it made me wish that everyone around me fell into some sort of depression, just so that I could help them. I needed to comfort them like I couldn't comfort myself. Let them know that their suicide was so meaningful, cause no one deserves a horrible death. I was terminally online and that's when I crossed of a will to death and towards will to slavery

Well. That sentiment got me kicked from most social media. I tried explaining it to the mods, and you know what they told me? That I should kill myself. It was easy for me to figure out that I hated humanity, and that's how I found out how much I loved humanity. It was for the best that they couldn't find my body anymore. Nero already accused christians of hating the human race, you little christfag, you're old news

But why. Why didn't you kill yourself? I must know... I must...

Oh yeah. I wished I could've been part of a church chorus, be loved how supposedly Christ loves his Church. But I've never been there. If humans had intrinsic value, then I would kill myself

I too wanted to die more than anything, but I despaired too much. I felt too depressed. My mind is assaulting my soul... I had everything. I had God: If I committed myself it would've been as if I said to him that his love was not quite enough. But that wasn't the worst part. All of that did not deter me from going through with it. I took a bus and imagined how everything was meant to go when I got to my final destination...

I wouldn't just tumble down into the abyss, I would jump and extend my arms as if they were wings and face the sun, feel the warmth caressing my cheeks and my emotions, eyes wide-open so that the light might blind me, then I wouldn't be able to see the terror of the fall. I know what I wanted to do, because left to my own devices I would've just sat on the railings, stared at the river and then let my body tumble down as... I do not know, like Lucifer fell down from heaven...

Everything that brought me to that point, I needed to jump and impose some will of my own, when you jump there's an arc, there's a meridian in there where I imagine you feel in control. I am the one leaping, I made this choice. Then comes the gravity, and what's left of me carried somewhere along the river's currents. I wonder how that last part feels: Like a gentle helping hand or like an electric shock that's trying to bring you back to life...

That bridge and that cold river, a popular suicide tourism spot. When I got there, new, tall and pearl painted bars imposing themselves on the bridge's peripherals and over the endless horizon as if they were condemning people to life. That was enough to stop me. I discovered that in me there was an irrational part that embraced the idea of there being sacred things, the light on a wax candle that never melts... I am in desperate need of help, because no one in real life would ever help me kill myself, so I searched online...

There had to be a mystery about the human soul. Why else would God wager on souls choosing their own self-destruction, on gauging creation to be so terrible that it's not worth living through, no one asked to be born but some plea for their life to end...

Yeap. When I heard Ikaros_16 speak those things, well, I knew I had failed You can't be so hard on yourself, you're only human...

Yeah. Funny mustache man was also only human, I'm pretty sure he also used that excuse to gas all those jews, Oh they're only human. Yeaap. Everything that's cringe or disgusting, that is only... And haven't we collectively as a society set the rules of the game of life, that some sort of lack-of-existence for those kind of Hitler-esque people would be a net gain, gotta get those moral stocks up, but murder is evil: So the sort of people that should disappear by their own volition are only human. Don't we all agree that there are those people for whom everyone should be totally happy for when bad things happen to them, how insane it is to say that the life of a pedo or a psycho was a good thing, if anything we ought to correct God's mistakes. They should kill themselves! We say, and of course, every one of us, well, we're only human

And you know what, how dare you suggest how I ought to feel about my depression. Life is meaningless, we've also agreed on that okay, and that totally means don't tell God that you're free to have meaning even in death. But fuck it, I never asked for any of this, that cliché of pain and suffering. I never, never! Never asked to be born, and yet I can't for once in my life have that strength of will and do what it takes, and end all things, there is no self-help to give you the conviction that self-help is what you need

Now the remix of her voice ends. I feel nothing. Hell, I wish I could feel sadness more than anything. Buuuut. I never really did, I had all those opportunities, like I should've felt sad when my grandparents died, or that my life was wasted on-line of the living dead like a schrodinger's cat. I should've felt something special when Ikaros stopped responding, when she killed herself. Nah. When I totally killed her

I just don't get it. Everyone else seems to totally get it but me. Oh poor little me, you piece of shit. Love yourself, join our religion, don't look for meaning. Just don't, nerd. Well and if you do: Take your meds you, you schizo freak thingy. Accept life is meaningless and watch some netflix like the cool kids do. Oh. I was just enjoying myself a little too much, I couldn't help doing away with her, I could go outside and guffaw that life had no meaning and boister hardcore. I've never felt anything but laughter, I needed to feel guilt for anything other than not-guilt, and know if there was anything solid inside of me

This guiltless happiness, stop. I need to have meaning. Now stop. To help those who needed it the most, to get them to heaven, that stuff which I could never attain. To feel something real. You will help them kill themselves, then you will experience a great sin, and I would know if there is anything real out there. That must feel—Meaningful!

Wherever you are. Please judge me and do it right now! Smite me for having a calling in life. Maybe my calling was to kill this blasphemy, or maybe I called on God to give me a mission through humanity, help me be rejected with a reason, like an old fossil: Buried in a past where suicide was not some mental-health ornament, but a forbidden romance

What a terrible sadness it was when I couldn't get anyone to kill themselves. I knew that my own meaning was actually meaningless. I laughed so hard, I was ready to kill myself. But how wonderful it was to meet Ikaros, on my Suicide Encouragement Hotline discord. Her voice, her beautiful voice fit her cute anime angel pfp perfectly. I wished I had a voice as ugly as hers, that rotting church girl ASMR, my only friend. I just felt like falling in love with her voice you know. I wanted Ikaros to live for my own sake. I was meant to save her, to save myself.

But why haven't you killed yourself?

If there is a hell, but I—I'm not sure there is an actual hell, then I deserve to go there when I kill myself: I wanted to die more than anything. But I still cling to the mystery that there must be more to human life, I can't explain why every inch of my being wants to cling to my heartbeat...

Please show me what to do. I beg of you, show me that I should not be afraid to kill myself, that there is no guilt in suicide. I thought I was sure of what I had to do. Of my calling in suffering, but I do not know what to do anymore...

The white space Ikaros left while reading my chats, perfect for me to talk with her forever. I needed a remainder of what I wanted to do. I never spoke with her, I was afraid of how she would react if she heard my real voice

I knew I had to divest my heart and my will to live, to get caught in the spider's web of life. The dread and the sadness may never go away, maybe there's no real reason for my depression, so I had a choice between happiness or life... And yet, I couldn't help you. I couldn't save you. All I could do was repeat those clichéd platitudes about suicide. Because I loved her so much, I decided that I had put an end to my selfishness, my only sincere desire:

Hey! Don't cry. I'm here with you, I'm always with you. Don't you know how strong you are? Well, first know that you're valued and you're loved. I have to spill the beans if it means it will calm you down, all of this pro-suicide hotline nonsense was a prank A-A prank!?

Yeah! There's nothing that stops people from killing themselves like making them comfortable with the idea of suicide. Duh. You know, make suicide and depression feel like a luxury hotel you never come back to once you find that the desire for goodworks posses you. To play sad music and watch a soppy movie and then when you're crying at that awfully sad cinema you find out there are still feelings inside of you. As they say, april's spring is the cruelest month and that makes you go on living

I-I don't—I can't... I thought I had, for once in my life, had the grace to overcome something...

Your tears, your tears are the most precious cause it means you've still got feelings inside of you. Tears mean your flesh has not given up on you, and you never beat the idea of suicide cause you don't need to justify your will to live in the first place, you silly!

N-No! My tears. They have to be an insult to life and God...

Geez, so dramatic. But you can vent with me all you want, don't worry. You just don't quite yet see that crying, your crying, can be as beautiful as a kiss, death, and especially suicide have to be beautiful for God. Cause he's also dead

No...

Lemme ask you something my friend, you said we were friends. You gotcha why death sucks? It's cause death is the ultimate and absolute solitude. A prison there's no coming back from

No! Not loving, that's the real prison, the real death, the real suicide. The real hell...

Yes! Exactly! I know the real enemy: Life itself is huge. To pretend that suicide is funny, but you know Ikaros, they only think it's funny cause deep inside they suspect it's something horrible. Just give them sincerity, then they would see the true meaning of suicide. Divine made horrors beyond human imagination. And what's a bigger drug than love, love for God

I wanted to live, so I knew what came next: She cried uncontrollably. Well, not quite a literal crying

Is not all of this part of God's grace? God made me this way... And, I will accept what God wants out of me. God has a reason for my depression...

I had one last shot to prevent that from happening, it wasn't a jump but a leap. I could've told Ikaros that God wouldn't forgive her. That would've been enough, if she knew there was no forgiveness. God wouldn't forgive something so evil, she wouldn't have done it if she knew. She was so afraid of hell, like her last call before she left this asylum, as if there could be meaning in speaking the fantasy of hope that never was. Eyes that cannot quite endure reality, so they must have blind faith. I told Ikaros that I loved her

Only humans have a hard time forgiving themselves, but God forgives every evil.

I dreamt an eagle and a serpent soaring together over an abyss deeper than death, the talking serpent speaks a vomit of poison through his fans and burns like gold into the pride of the eagle and the serpent awakes to his truth and his fate so when the eagle plunges it drags the serpent along and the eagle too prideful to avoid the Abyss. The eagle knows of the poison, it dreams a generation of pigeons who are inspired upon the bravery of his wilful fall into the darkness, I fall into the byss and I destroy the talking serpent, that's the dream of the eagle and the eagle dies with honor for the serpent wants to die and it takes down the eagle with him. Well, they shut down my discord. She saved my life. I read about a young girl who drowned on a river, her body was spotted by a group of tourists on a bridge, of course they took pictures. Outside I hear walks in the rain, a congregation of persons moving forward, submerged under clouds that drift away like the churns of a river that sorrows with them, they step on the corpse of a snake. I feel nothing and I find the reason to kill myself, the only narrow road. I can now put an end to my life. And—

SKYPE

BY

ANONYMOUS



NOBODY TOLD ME
THERE'D BE DAYS
LIKE THESE



KURTZ : WHERE ARE YOU FROM, WILLARD?

WILLARD : I'M FROM OHIO, SIR.

KURTZ : WERE YOU BORN THERE?

WILLARD : YES, SIR.

KURTZ : WHEREABOUTS?

WILLARD : TOLEDO, SIR.

KURTZ : HOW FAR ARE YOU FROM THE RIVER?

WILLARD : THE OHIO RIVER, SIR?

KURTZ : UH-HUH.

WILLARD : ABOUT 200 MILES.

KURTZ : I WENT DOWN THAT RIVER ONCE WHEN I WAS A KID. THERE'S A PLACE IN THAT RIVER - I CAN'T REMEMBER - MUST HAVE BEEN A GARDENIA PLANTATION AT ONE TIME. IT'S ALL WILD AND OVERGROWN NOW, BUT ABOUT FIVE MILES, YOU'D THINK THAT HEAVEN JUST FELL ON THE EARTH IN THE FORM OF GARDENIAS.

CAN YOU ROAST A LIVE CHICKEN?

WE ROAST DEAD CHICKENS ALL THE TIME. SOMETIMES BREAST BY BREAST, SOMETIMES WING BY WING.

IT'S NO TROUBLE AT ALL TO ROAST A CHICKEN THAT WAS KILLED DAYS OR EVEN WEEKS BEFORE THE ACTUAL COOKING PART. IT SHOULD GO WITHOUT SAYING THAT YOU CAN ROAST A LIVE ONE. OR CAN YOU?

FIRST OF ALL, I DO NOT CONDONE DOING THIS. IT IS INCREDIBLY CRUEL, DISTURBING ON MULTIPLE LEVELS AND WILL PROBABLY HAVE YOU PUT ON A GOVERNMENT WATCHLIST SOMEWHERE.

I WOULD NOT EVEN RECOMMEND GOOGLING IT. SOONER OR LATER, YOU'RE GOING TO LEAVE YOUR LAPTOP UNATTENDED WHEN YOU GO TO THE TOILET AND YOUR HINGE DATE KIRSTY WHO WORKS IN HR OR SOMETHING IS GOING TO SEE YOUR INTERNET HISTORY AND ACCUSE YOU OF BEING A MONSTER. AND NOT THE SEXY KIND LIKE TED BUNDY EITHER.

I'VE DONE THE LEGWORK, WALK WITH ME HERE.

FIRSTLY, THE CONCEPT ITSELF.

SOME ANIMALS ARE ABLE TO BE COOKED ALIVE WITH LITTLE TO NO REGARD FOR MORAL OBJECTIONS. CRUSTACEANS FOR INSTANCE ARE ROUTINELY COOKED WHILE THE ANIMAL IS STILL ALIVE IN ORDER TO MAKE SURE THE MEAT - WHICH CAN RAPIDLY SPOIL - IS STILL EDIBLE.

I SUSPECT THIS HAS ALSO SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE FACT THAT LOBSTERS AND CRABS ARE FUCKING UGLY AND NO ONE REALLY CONSIDERS THEM A DOMESTIC PET LIKE THEY MIGHT A CHICKEN OR A COW.

IN THE SAME VEIN, I BELIEVE THE WORLD WOULD MOURN DUA LIPA BEING LOWERED INTO A VAT OF HOT WATER FAR MORE THAN IT WOULD MOURN SUSAN BOYLE LOWERED INTO THE VERY SAME VAT. THEIR COOKING TIMES MAY ALSO VARY.

EXPERIMENTS SHOW THAT CRUSTACEANS DO INDEED FEEL PAIN FROM BEING COOKED ALIVE, BUT THEY AREN'T THE WORLD'S STRONGEST COMMUNICATORS AND THUS BEYOND SOME FEEBLE THRASHING THERE'S LITTLE THEY CAN DO TO SIGNAL HOW BRUTAL THE PRACTICE IS.

I'M CERTAINLY NOT THINKING OF THE MAD, SENSELESS THRASHING OF A DOOMED CREATURE HURLING TOWARDS THE VOID WHEN I'M MUNCHING DOWN ON SOME YUMMY NUMMY LOBSTER.

BACK TO CHICKENS.

I ASSUME A CHICKEN THAT HASN'T HAD ITS NERVOUS SYSTEM SEVERED OR BEEN KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS WOULD THRASH ABOUT IN A FAR MORE DISTURBING FASHION. AS SUCH, ONE WOULD NEED TO TIE IT DOWN TO AN OVEN RACK FIRST AND PLAY SOME MUSIC AT A RELATIVELY HIGH VOLUME TO AVOID ANY PERSONAL MORAL DISCOMFORT.

I'D SUGGEST PAULA ABDUL'S SENSATIONAL 1988 DEBUT, FOREVER YOUR GIRL.

A CHICKEN'S REGULAR BODY TEMPERATURE IS A LITTLE BIT HIGHER THAN A HUMAN'S, SOMEWHERE IN THE REGION BETWEEN 41°C AND 42.2°C. (105.8°F AND 107.96°F FOR THOSE SO INCLINED).

CHICKENS DO NOT HAVE SWEAT GLANDS, AND THEREFORE THEY ARE NOT ABLE TO LOSE THEIR HEAT VIA TRANSPIRATION. STUPID IDIOTS. JUST ANOTHER REASON WE'RE NUMERO UNO ON THIS PLANET.

WHEN THIS INTERNAL BODY TEMPERATURE RISES BY 4°C TO 46°C (114.8°F) CHICKENS WILL DIE IRRESPECTIVE OF EVERY EFFORT TO SAVE THEM.

CHEF JAMIE OLIVER, TO WHOM I TURN FOR ALL MY LIFE ADVICE, RECOMMENDS COOKING A WHOLE CHICKEN FOR 1 HOUR, 20 MINUTES AT 200°C (392°F), WITH A DRIZZLE OF LEMON AND THYME.

WE CAN INFER THAT WITHIN THAT OVEN, A CHICKEN WOULD DIE REAL FUCKING QUICK. LIKE WITHIN MINUTES.

WOULD IT BE PLEASANT TO EAT? PROBABLY NOT.

THE MYOSIN PROTEIN WOULD BEGIN TO DENATURE AROUND 50°C (122°F) — I.E THE CHICKEN WOULD TURN YUMMY AND WHITE AROUND THEN.

BUT CONSIDERING IT'S A LIVE CHICKEN, YOU PROBABLY DIDN'T PLUCK IT.

FEATHERS START TO BREAK DOWN AT AROUND 160°C (320°F) AND MELT COMPLETELY AT AROUND 230°C (446°F) MEANING THE CHICKEN AND ITS ENTRAILS WOULD BE COATED WITH A FOUL SMELLING GARNISH THAT NO AMOUNT OF LEMON AND THYME SEASONING WILL FIX.

PLUS YOU KNOW, THE WHOLE MORAL ISSUE OF TORTURING AND KILLING A LIVING CREATURE.

I CERTAINLY HAVE NO INTENTION OF BEING STRUNG UP IN FRONT OF A PANEL OF BIRKENSTOCK-AND-SOCK WEARING ANIMAL RIGHTS ACTIVISTS. PLUS I JUST GOT A NEW OVEN AND I'M NOT RUINING IT FOR A SHITPOST.

I WILL NOT TEST THIS THEORY FOR MYSELF.

BUT THERE IS ONE CHEF THAT HAS THE SHEER WILL, THE MOXIE, THE UNMITIGATED BALLS TO DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS. MOTHER NATURE HERSELF.

THE EUROPEAN UNION HAS WISELY DELEGATED ITS CLIMATE POLICY TO A SCANDINAVIAN HIGH-SCHOOL STUDENT AND AS CLIMATE MINISTER THUNBERG WILL TELL YOU, THE EARTH IS WARMING BY SEVERAL DEGREES AT AN ALARMING RATE.

HOWEVER FOR OUR PURPOSES THIS PACE IS FAR TOO SLOW AND WILL NOT COOK THE CHICKENS AS WE REQUIRE. WE NEED TO THINK BIGGER AND HOTTER.

THE CRETACEOUS-PALEOGENE EXTINCTION EVENT (AKA THE ASTEROID THAT KILLED THE DINOSAURS) SAW A METEOR 10 KILOMETRES (6.21 MILES) WIDE STRIKE THE EARTH.

IT SHATTERED INTO COUNTLESS FRAGMENTS WHICH THEN RICOCHETED INTO THE ATMOSPHERE, ONLY TO RAIN DOWN AGAIN, AS IF THE EARTH HAD COOMED THEM UP INTO THE AIR ONLY FOR THEM TO SPLATTER BACK ON THE EARTH'S OWN FACE.

IT HAPPENS TO THE BEST OF US.

THE PARTICLES OF MATERIAL IN THE EJECTA COOM PLUME THAT RAINED DOWN WOULD HAVE AGAIN HEATED THE ATMOSPHERE.

A LARGE FRACTION OF THIS METEORIC COOM HEAT WAS RADIATED TO THE GROUND, RAISING SURFACE TEMPERATURES TO SEVERAL HUNDREDS OF DEGREES AND CAUSING VEGETATION TO BURST INTO FLAMES.

THE MODELS PREDICTED THE RAIN OF SHOCK-HEATED DEBRIS WOULD RADIATE HEAT AS INTENSELY AS AN OVEN SET TO "BROIL" (260 °C OR 500°F) FOR AT LEAST 20 MINUTES, AND PERHAPS A COUPLE OF HOURS.

OUR CHICKEN MIGHT BE A LITTLE OVERDONE, BUT IT'D STILL BE COOKED BY THEN.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST CHICKEN FARM IS CPV FOOD'S BINH PHUOC COMPLEX IN VIETNAM. IT BOASTS THAT BY 2023, THE FACILITY WILL BE PROCESSING 100 MILLION CHICKENS A YEAR.

IF A METEOR WERE TO STRIKE THE EARTH (NOT UNDESERVED TBH FAM), WE COULD EXPERIENCE THE VERY SAME EXTREME HEAT EVENT THAT KILLED OFF THE MIGHTY DINOSAUR ANCESTORS OF THE CHICKEN.

IF YOU HAPPENED TO BE TWO HOURS NORTH OF HO CHI MINH CITY WHEN THE APOCALYPSE KICKS OFF, YOU'D BE IN FOR A REAL TREAT.

THE FIELDS OF BINH PHUOC WOULD STRETCH FOR MILES IN EVERY DIRECTION WITH ROAST CHICKENS, ENDLESS ROAST CHICKENS AT THE END OF THE WORLD.

KURTZ : WHERE ARE YOU FROM, WILLARD?

WILLARD : I'M FROM VIETNAM, SIR.

KURTZ : WERE YOU BORN THERE?

WILLARD : YES, SIR.

KURTZ : WHEREABOUTS?

WILLARD : BINH PHUOC, SIR.

KURTZ : HOW FAR ARE YOU FROM THE CPV?

WILLARD : THE CPV FOODS COMPLEX, SIR?

KURTZ : UH-HUH.

WILLARD : ABOUT 200 MILES (321.87 KILOMETRES).

KURTZ : I WENT DOWN TO THAT COMPLEX ONCE AFTER THE METEOR. THERE'S A PLACE IN THAT COMPLEX - I CAN'T REMEMBER - MUST HAVE BEEN A HATCHERY AT ONE TIME. IT'S ALL WILD AND OVERGROWN NOW, BUT ABOUT FIVE MILES, YOU'D THINK THAT HEAVEN JUST FELL ON THE EARTH IN THE FORM OF PERFECTLY ROASTED CHICKEN DRUMSTICKS.

--MARLON BRANDO (1979), UNPROMPTED, ON THE SET OF APOCALYPSE NOW.



AUSTIN

3:16



It's September 22, 1997. The stage is the most hallowed arena in professional wrestling, Madison Square Garden in New York City. Professional wrestler Stone Cold Steve Austin is in the ring with the owner of the World Wrestling Federation, Vincent K. McMahon. There are uniformed police present, threatening to arrest Steve Austin for his reckless, unhinged behaviour. McMahon offers an olive branch, appealing to Steve with benevolence. Ask anyone who grew up in the late 90s with even a tangential connection to professional wrestling. They can tell you beat for beat what will happen next.

Just as you know Abbott and Costello will have an argument about a baseball players' strange name, just as surely as Laurel and Hardy must be pelted with the conspicuous tray full of cream pies, just as Romeo must drink the poison upon discovering Juliet. Everyone knows that Stone Cold Steve Austin is going to give Vince McMahon a Stone Cold Stunner in the middle of the ring.

Professional wrestling has always been dismissed as mindless entertainment for the working class. A pastime for hillbillies, rednecks, bogans and assorted social detritus living in the margins of accepted popular culture. Professional wrestling is imbued with an unmistakable lowbrow character stemming from its birth in the travelling carnivals and vaudeville halls of 20th century North America. It mixes pantomime with incredible athletic feats, simplistic storylines with incredibly damaged and troubled character actors. Early wrestlers like Lou Thesz and Frank Gotch would have to be legitimately tough, walking into bars around the country and routinely being tested physically by anyone who wanted to beat up a famous wrestler.

Trainees were ritualistically hazed and beaten to protect the secrecy of the artificial business. A lowbrow sideshow for lowbrow people. Bruno Sammartino may have sold out Madison Square Garden 188 times, but he of course he was just an Italian immigrant, and all of these people in the crowd were probably immigrants too. A lowbrow sideshow for lowbrow people. But other lowbrow forms of art have overcome the dismissal of the elite. Jazz has culturally been accepted as a refined and sophisticated discipline after years of criticism from cultural theorists such as Theodor W. Adorno, who can now be easily dismissed as being on 'the wrong side of history'.

Something about the subterfuge and the artifice of professional wrestling prevents it ever being looked at critically as an art form. But even with the disdain of the mass media, professional wrestling manages to attract damaged, talented artists who create characters more compelling, more real than any soap opera or television starlet. And of all the professional wrestlers who have ever lived, perhaps none was more compelling than Stone Cold Steve Austin.

He began life as Steve Williams, taking his stepfather's surname in the little town of Edna, Texas. His life was the same as so many working class Americans. A football scholarship to the University of North Texas. Sneaking out on weekends to watch wrestling at the Dallas Sportatorium, a neon-signed shack that was closer to a barn than an arena. It smelled like cheap beer and sweat, and every Saturday night it was packed with people to see the Fabulous Freebirds take on the legendary Von Erich family in bloodbath after bloodbath. Steve Williams gleefully sat in attendance, his mother sometimes reading a magazine next to him.

Williams was not much of a football player, and broke his parents' hearts by dropping out of college with just a few courses to complete. He started working on a freight dock, and from his telling was a pretty skilled forklift driver. He openly admits he planned to do this job for the rest of his life.

It's August 3rd, 1997 at the Continental Airlines Arena in East Rutherford, New Jersey. Williams, now known by his sobriquet 'Stone Cold' Steve Austin, may just be the most popular professional wrestler in the world. In the past ten years he has survived training, ritual hazing, poverty, a torn tricep muscle, tours of Japan and being made redundant via telephone call. He has reinvented himself, with a persona that is just his own personality dialled up past eleven. He is a violent anti hero that rails against the establishment. He doesn't dance. He doesn't smile. His head is shaved bald and he only wears black. This was not the kind of person audiences were used to seeing. In hyper-capitalist 1980's, the hero had been Hulk Hogan. His the unbridled positivity and pomposity made iconic as he danced alongside Cyndi Lauper and Mr. T with bronzed, steroid-assisted muscles and platinum blonde mullet. The 1990's had ushered in down-to-earth, soft-spoken heroes such as Bret Hart, who grinned

sheepishly at the camera while Salt - n - Pepa fawned over his shirtless body. Stone Cold is neither of these men. He drinks beer, he swears, he gives his opponents the finger and fights any celebrity who dares step into his ring, including a famous brawl with Mike Tyson. He is a working class hero, in a working class sports drama. And he has been scripted to win the Intercontinental title tonight from Owen Hart.

During the match, Hart gives Austin a sit-out tombstone piledriver. It is a dangerous move, but they are both professional wrestlers with years of experience. The move goes wrong. For the next sixty seconds, Austin is quadriplegic. The rest of the match is difficult to watch, but Austin says he watches it all the time, sometimes 20 or 30 times in a row. Just to put things in perspective. Agonising seconds pass, as the men in the ring try to improvise a way to end the match. Austin tells Hart not to touch him, that he can't move. Referee Earl Hebner kneels by Austin's side to console him. After an excruciating minute, Austin communicates to Hebner, and rolls up Hart in a pinning predicament that is extraordinarily fake looking. Coworkers backstage are furious with Austin for exposing the artifice of the business to the audience. But the audience know not to laugh at the artifice. It is clear something is desperately wrong. But Austin knows he must finish the match. This is what he does.

Austin walks out of the ring as champion, concussed and with the support of two WWF staff. His left leg drags behind him. He says his left side still drags behind in cold weather. Backstage, the toughest son of a bitch in the WWF is alone and emotionally broken. Photos of him sitting backstage show tears in his eyes. He is loaded into an ambulance and carted away. When he is released from the hospital later that night, he is alone. None of the WWF staff remember that he might need a ride home. Three women, fans of Austin who followed the ambulance from the arena in their car offer to give him a ride. They ask if he needs anything on the way back to the hotel, and Austin says yes. He'd like it if they could pick up a 12-pack of beer on the way home.

It's September 22, 1997 again. Steve Austin is in the ring with Vince McMahon. He has just attacked Owen Hart from behind in storyline retaliation for a very real injury. Austin said Owen never called him after the accident, and given Hart's untimely death in 1999 in the ring, he never will. Back in the ring, security staff and police members dive on Austin, but Vince McMahon enters the ring to play peacemaker.

McMahon is saying that Austin must control himself. He cannot keep coming into the ring with his injury. He has already been stripped of the Intercontinental title. He is in no shape to be a professional wrestler. There is no pantomime here. Vince McMahon is legitimately Steve Austin's employer both on and off screen. He is a millionaire who inherited his father's wrestling company. He signs Austin's pay cheque, and the injury he is talking about is genuine.

"Your doctors say you aren't ready," explains McMahon. "These people," he says as he points to the rabid New York crowd, "don't want to see you in a wheelchair."

Austin is silent. He fumes, he storms around the ring. He says nothing but his face says everything. He is a working class man, and his boss is telling him that he cannot do something. That because of his history, because of what has happened to him, he cannot participate.

"You gotta work within the system. That's all you gotta do," assures McMahon. Austin grabs the microphone, pauses, then speaks. "You know as well as I do that this is what I do for a living. This is all that I do. And can't nobody tell me that I ain't the best in the damn world. Don't even say nothing. You sit here and tell me to work within the system. You ain't the one sitting on your ass at the house like I am."

There is no character being played here. Steve Williams the man is saying these words, and while he might paid to play a character, he believes every single word of what he is saying. He is a professional wrestler, that's all he is and all he does. It defines him and bleeds into his personal existence.

The more I speak with unemployed friends, the more common I find this sentiment. We are what we do. We are defined by our pursuits. Friends who struggle with unemployment decide not to even pursue dating. How could anyone find them attractive if they don't even have a job? How can I even try to date someone if I'm between jobs? If I'm a designer but I'm stacking shelves at the local organic store? If I'm a dancer but I actually just work reception 9 - 5 at the moment? What would we even talk about? We are defined by what we do, as much as any family that called themselves Miller or Cooper, Thatcher or Brewer. Steve Austin has his

identity stripped away by his boss, by his society and responds in a way that most people will never get the chance to. He tells Vince McMahon to kiss his ass, he kicks him in the groin and delivers his patented finishing maneuver, the Stone Cold Stunner.

The always spirited New York crowd goes ballistic. Austin is handcuffed and led away by police officers. From this point on, professional wrestling becomes bigger and more popular than any other point in it's history. They repeat this act a hundred times, a thousand times. There are variations, with Austin pretending to 'sell out' to corporate America, with Austin dousing McMahon and his cronies in gallons of beer, with Austin making McMahon soil himself with a fake pistol. They even subvert it, having Austin share a beer with McMahon at the conclusion of Wrestlemania X-7. But the beats were always the same. McMahon would set loose a hundred foes against Austin. Infernal demonic brothers Kane and Undertaker, prima donna corporate champion The Rock, deranged madman Mankind. But corporate American McMahon always gets his comeuppance, working class American Steve Austin always has the last laugh. It is a fantasy, a dream shared by working class people around the world, and you could watch it live every Monday night from the comfort of your own home.

This rivalry, this famous double act straight from vaudeville stages, would make Vince McMahon a billionaire. Professional wrestling would not ever again reach the heights of pop culture relevance it once had in the late 1990s, and Austin was not destined to have a long career after his neck injury. He claimed, "when it takes Steve Austin too long to stand up, too long to fall down, then it's time for Steve Austin to move along and let someone else do this thing." One night in 2003, it took Austin too long to stand up. The night before Wrestlemania XIX, Austin was rushed to a hospital in Seattle, suffering an anxiety and substance induced panic attack. The following night, Steve Austin wrestled his last match. He did not take leaving the business of professional wrestling easily. Not many 39-year olds forced into retirement at the height of their powers do.

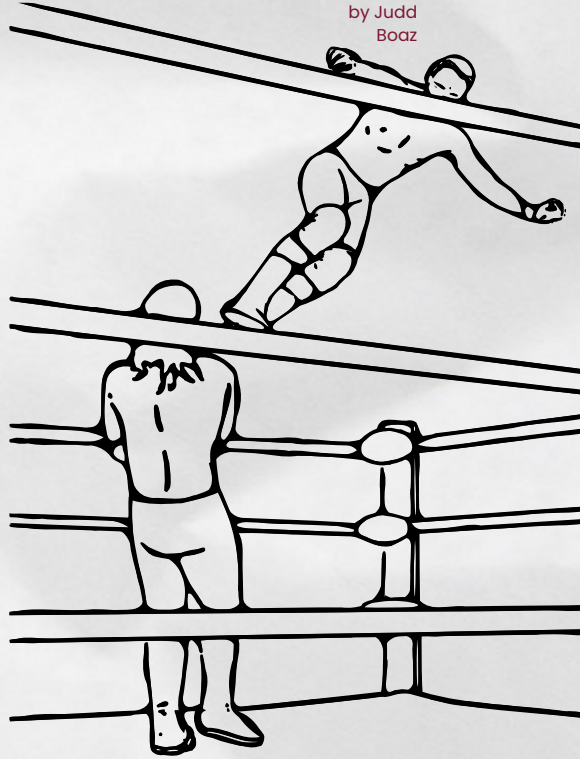
Roland Barthes wrote in a 1972 article titled 'The World of Wrestling': When the hero or the villain of the drama, the man who was seen a few minutes earlier possessed by a moral rage, magnified into a sort of metaphysical sign, leaves the wrestling all,

impassive, anonymous, carrying a small suitcase and arm-in-arm with his wife, no one can doubt that wrestling holds that power of transmutation which is common to the Spectacle and to Religious Worship.

Roland Barthes had a fundamental misunderstanding of the type of people who become wrestlers. He compares them to stage players, method actors. But no matter how blustery Daniel Day-Lewis might be as a gang leader or oil tycoon, he eventually goes back to being soft spoken English actor. Wrestlers never go back. When Steve Austin left the wrestling business, he didn't go back to being impassive, anonymous Steve Williams, 9 to 5 on the freight dock. He couldn't. What he did for a living, that is to say, being Stone Cold Steve Austin, was so intensely ingrained into his DNA that there was no going back. More than Barthes might ever understand, we are what we do; and transmutation for professional wrestlers is permanent.

Steve Williams would legally changed his name to Steve Austin. Alcoholism, several divorces and legal troubles followed him for years after his retirement before he managed to settle into comfortable retirement on his property in Texas. Now, over twenty years later, Austin still makes sporadic appearance on television. But it's clear he isn't doing it for the money. He himself has said about being in front of the crowd "you may as well call yourself a junkie, because you're hooked on it". Steve Austin is still searching for that magic, that alchemy that entranced all of us every Monday night, week after week. Just one last time.

by Judd Boaz



I

It is very common for a man's nickname to be a ironic barb, given by his friends to demonstrate their closeness through insults – for instance, a very fat man called 'Tiny', or a man with an obvious toupée called 'Curly' – but Cindy was soon to discover that this was not the case for 'Tony 'Cunt-Ripper' Jackson.

The Morning Shift

"Where are the video games", he said as he entered my store. It was at that moment I knew it was going to be one of those days.

"WHERE ARE THE VIDEO GAMES."

/lit/ opening lines

Beginnings

I was up to my eighteenth serving of Mr. Whitten's 'Lickety Split Choc Honeycomb Ripple Double Scoop Fundae' when the paralysis set in.

1

"This opening sentence can be reflectively perceived upon as a cryptic metaphor for what the book as a whole is 'about'," said John.

"Oh that's really interesting, I've always found that when

CHAPTER ONE

"This is my partner, Curtis."

"Oh, you're gay?"

"No, I'm a cop."

"Oh so there are no gay cops?"

"My police partner."

"Okay, buddy," I chuckled.

The ubiquity of heteronormativism is problematic.

CLARKE'S JULY 20, 2019

Married white female, 40, seeks well-endowed SWM, 18–28, for 3-month intimate companionship. My husband's hormone treatments (he's 6 months pregnant) have put him out of commission temporarily. You take care of me; I'll take care of you. Electrostimulation okay, as is drug-enhanced orgasm, but prefer partner with original equipment rather than implant. Send photo and vaccination certification to Box 2238.

—Personal ad, *The Village Voice*,
July 20, 2019

Sunday afternoons were the worst for Barbara. Her husband was usually off with his friends and she was left home alone in their third-floor apartment—except for the incredible noises that wafted through

: **Anonymous**

01/02/22(Sun)08:35:04 No.232459681

>>232456282 #

There's a spider in my bathroom I've had around for a while now and I've taken to putting other bugs in her web or trapping them in there so she can catch them. She was just dining on a little black beetle I left for her last time I visited. I pretend we're dating and tell her about my day while she eats. I have showered in front of her, act shy about it, and sometimes get hard under her gaze. Just sometimes.

>>232459758 # >>232460324 # >>232460529 # >>232462290 # >>232462619 #

>>232476716 # >>232477803 # >>232481778 # >>232486674 # >>232488373 #



CHICKEN WORLD

a novel
by K. R. Hartley



s o o n





CLASSIFIEDS

WANTED

Please teach me how to do something. Anything. I have no skills. I'm not unemployed or anything. I have a job that pays me six figures to answer emails and pretend to work. The two hours per week that I do work is just moving fake numbers around an excel spreadsheet that someone else sent me and then sending it back to them. They just move the numbers around too and send it to someone else. My boss's boss's boss just presents Powerpoints all day that other people make him. There's hundreds of us working at this company that makes billions per year doing nothing. They keep promoting me and asking me to train people but I don't know how to do anything. The people who train me never teach me how to do anything either.

I spent twelve years in public school and then went to one of the top universities in the world. I have no idea how to do anything. I can't make anything or even fix anything. I don't know how anything works and I don't know who does. My car broke down once and I opened the hood, took one look, knew it was an engine and immediately closed the hood. That was all I knew. I didn't even know enough to not know what I didn't know. Had to call someone else. Had to call my dad.

He knows how to do stuff. He buys broken cars and makes them work in his spare time. He tore down the extra stairs in his house and turned it into a full working bathroom on his own. He didn't really teach me how to do anything and the few times he tried it was mostly him getting mad that I didn't know anything. I didn't remember any of it anyway. How are you supposed to remember something after watching someone do it only once.

What's worse is that I don't even know how to learn how to know things. I can talk to you for hours about the history of Golden Age Greece or the geopolitics of the Great Game. I read it all in books. But how do you learn how to do things that are actually useful? I tried to take a coding bootcamp but after months of different programs I walked away knowing the syntax of the language with no idea how to actually implement any of it into a program of any use. People told me to think of a problem I wanted solved in my day-to-day life and solve it but I couldn't think of any that I could even begin to solve. I could read a manual on how an engine works I guess but that's not going to tell me how to build a car.

None of my friends know how to do anything either. Even the ones who have jobs at places where they make things like factories or engineering firms. I have a really smart electrical engineer friend who fixes nuclear submarines for the government. He has no idea how they work and doesn't even have much practical knowledge on even a small section of the submarine. His job is mostly just following 60 year old electricians around and getting bitched at by them because they know how to do things and he doesn't. Someone like my friend should be putting his massive intellect to use building the next generation of submarines, but who's going to teach him what he needs to do that? How are you even supposed to figure out what you need to learn in order to do that?

I did build my own desktop I guess. I only figured that out by Googling it and watching Youtube videos. If I can't Google a problem then I'm not sure I could figure out how to fix it. A lot of practical material things like plumbing and cars are so dynamic that it's impossible to just figure out what's wrong in a Google search. How do I Google "it makes this noise" or "this happens when I do this"? It's the kind of knowledge you could only get through in-person learning.

I get the feeling when I try to date girls that they're expecting me to know how to do things. Something at least, anything. I can fish I guess. And pick up heavy weights. That's not very impressive though. That doesn't help anybody or solve any problems. People tell me I'm smart enough that I could do anything I wanted. What if I don't know how to do what I want? What if I don't know how to learn how to do what I want? What if I don't even know what I want to do because I don't know how to do anything and I don't know where to start? Please teach me how to do something.

Used telesmatic blood-luster wanted, as makeshift replacement for shabbos lights. Rejection letter suffices.

FOR SALE

GENTLEMEN!!! who have become irrelevant due to intensive Yahwistic activity, i draw your attention to phil-arin – essence of my own creation.

Dr. Dolicéphale

LOST

Two dogs, Snitter and Rowf, last seen escaping animal research center. Could be anywhere from Ravenglass to Eskdale.

PERSONALS

HOW

do i get huge?
mull over my
forthcoming principal
work

Young Ethiopian-Semite looking to be linked up with Aryan lady, with child if poss. Vampirriage!

Looking for somebody who has skills with InDesign to help me with publishing the cover art for Chicken World. Please reply si vous plait if possible.

Also always looking for another editor.

You know you want to.

A HAIKU:

What! Oh my good God.
Oooh, the dumb motherfucker.
That motherfucker!

THE END

&mp by/lit/

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

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dupox