

The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra

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DEDICATION

To Anon's mother who proofread the book.

To those suffering from autism - all profit made from the book is donated to Autism Research Institute(autism.com)

1 THE LEGACY OF TOTALITARIANISM IN A TUNDRA

1.1 - Does cum-eating have any long term health benefits?

“OY FUCKING CUMSWAPPER”

“Writing is hard, okay?” Anon whined, while drinking a very good drink that he made at home by himself from a plastic cup. It was bitter and salty, the sensation of swallowing it reminded him of having a heavy cold.

“Time for a pineapple diet,” he said to nobody in particular, the hum of his computer his solitary companion. He depressed the F5 key with a chubby finger¹, waiting for the thread to update. It didn’t.

1

A seemingly benign, but in fact rare, gesture. Most gentlemen of the internet would sooner push the mouse to hit the ‘refresh’ button when refreshing than remove their exhausted hand from its comfort-place (the mouse). Indeed, this seemingly benign but in fact actually rare gesture would demonstrate that this Anon was rather more active than his meticulously attended self-image would imply. Let’s read on.

“None of this rambling shit makes any sense,” said Anon’s mother, whom he was forcing to proofread the aforementioned rambling profanity.

“But that’s the point!” he screamed, slamming his keyboard with a pudgy fist, his greasy hand-sweat sticking loosely to the desk like cheap knock-off Playdoh.

“Writing is hard, okay?” Anon whined, while drinking his own cum from a plastic cup.

It was bitter and salty, the sensation of swallowing it reminded him of having a heavy cold.

“Time for a pineapple diet,” he said to nobody in particular. He depressed the F5 key with a chubby finger, waiting for the thread to update.

“Maybe just cut the prawns out,” nobody in particular replied. Anon had little time to consider the words before he was bathed in radiant light and the walls around him dissolved.

“I SEE YOU’VE BEEN CHEATING ON YOUR CALORIES,” shouted a giant effigy of Robin Williams, “AND THE TIME HAS COME TO PAY FOR YOUR SINS.”

“PLEASE VISIT INFOWARS.COM,” cackled a small white (supremacist) rat

It was all too much for Anon, his brain imploded with the force of one zillion pages of Pynchon prose. Liquefied grey matter oozed from anon’s nostrils, staining his already-filthy underpants.

“The Lizardmen claim another victim,” said the white [supremacist] rat solemnly.

1.3 - How Jessie broke the mortal plane & Other Short Stories

Fifteen minutes earlier:

1.3.1 - Dakota Fanning and the Lizardman Grooming Project

"Meanwhile, elsewhere, terrified high school girls flee from the betentacled creature from Titan, its sinuous limbs writhing with menacing intent," typed Dakota Fanning to Bob Saget on Gmail Chat.

"This is all too perfect," thought Bob to himself. He had already bedded Kristen Stewart back when she was still nubile. In his mind, he pictured pleasurefully the horde of schoolgirls fleeing while emitting small hentai-like sounds (this made his weenus harder), the all-too-familiar J-Pop playing on a loop. Grooming Dakota had been challenging, thought-stimulating, and now her young mind spewed forth only the most sexually depraved content. His veiny grey male clitoris blushed back at him like a lawn gnome.

"You coulda been a doctah!" his mother shouted from another room.

"Could have," he affirmed. "IF THE MOHEL HAD NOT RUINED MY BRIS! Damn the mohel!" Bob shouted. "Damn them all!" He choked on frothy saliva and his face was bruised and swollen in exertion.

"Wait a second." Saget snapped to attention. "Mother has been dead for years..." He considered this fact very carefully and it dawned on him, "UNCLE JESSSSIIIIIEEEEE!!!!"

Uncle Jessie sprung into the room wearing the ashen grey wedding dress of Bob's own dear sweet mother.

"How did you get that dress? She was buried in that!"

Jessie was in a state beyond words. He gnashed his teeth and held his arms to the sky at strange angles.

"My God," Bob smiled, tears brimming in his eyes. "You have truly transcended to a higher state. An elevated existence awaits you."

Reality itself vibrated and a profusion of gold light bleached Bob's vision.

"We're entering the singularity! It's happening!" he shouted above the roar of the black hole. Then darkness took them all; save for Uncle Jessie who still writhes and gnashes in The Abyss. His reptilian mind turning, turning... turning. Slitted eyes always searching for the stars and with them, home. A queer-colored (Neo-Post-Marxist Feminist) woman rat walked in upon the sorry scene and tutted solemnly at "reality" (a white cis-male

Islamophobic speciesist-capitalist social construct). The lizard people had Robin Quivers taken another victim.

1.3.2 - Of Joyce and Jen

In the highest and loneliest echelons of literary esteem Harry, blushing, blooming, much like a flower, takes lunch after a very hard morning of experimenting in new forms of bookbinding, a particular method where semen might be used to hold the pages together, as in his mind it always has done. He imagines the buck-tooth wonder opening his jaws, expecting his mud, following nights; terrible nights of constipation, but instead comes wonderful nacreous film across those dental calamities. While watching from the mezzanine Joyce muses, listening to farts from the other room.

But faith, oh faith, that has with the years dwindled to but a prosaic nihilism, that is brought about in no small part by errant parentheticals and sentences upon sentences sprawling serpentine across the page, seems unlikely ever to return to poor Harry B. To his audience upon the world stage, once graced by the giants of his time, whom he so venerated and consecrated in his private canon, his mark, he despaired. The old Black Panther members are dying and in their place weep a sea of bandanas and asians, skinny jeans and beards in every effort to defy causality, who think talent may be bled from noodles and studios, he addressed The Great One presently.

“Oh, Northrop! It is a mild, mild Sriracha sauce, and a bagel-looking future. Is this what they thought on such a day - thought very much such a tragedy as this - our teachers despairing us and our postmodern ramblings? Forty-forty-forty years ago! Forty years of continual verbose diarrhea, of perverse ramblings and shitstorms! Forty years on the pitiless sea of irony [not actually irony]! Forty years has Harold forsaken the peaceful life

■■■■■■■■ ■■■■■■■■■ ■■■■■■■■■ ■■■■■■■■■ ■■■■■■■■■ .

“ Of course, The Illuminati censors the truth. Even here The Illuminati have programmed the drinking...”

And so it goes.

1.4 - The Origins of Anon, Or how to cope with >tfw no gf

Ten years earlier:

Around the time of his thirteenth birthday, Anon realised he was different. While walking to lunch with his best (and only) friend, Anon, a vicious group of girls descended upon them both, harpy-like in their stoicism.

“Are you gonna have *another* fedora-tipping party Anon? Can we come?”

Still innocent and gullible, Anon invited them all to his house for “Pizza”³ the coming Saturday, not knowing that this would turn out to be a pivotal moment in man’s understanding of the male clitoris. Anon succumbed to a sudden, overwhelming sensation of existential quandary, and, moments later, he lay unconscious upon the floor, limp tendrils of tagliatelle hanging from his pockets, leaking creamy sauce. Far away, a saurian cackle could be heard, and a small, rat sounding voice squeaked, “The Jews did this”. The Lizardmen had claimed another.

Thirteen years and nine months earlier (than previous scene, which was in turn ten years earlier than the original scene):

Anon’s father grunted in primal delight as he shot a

3 It was with this offer that anon sought to propel his notions of sexuality to what he perceived to be the next level. His plan, so formed in those precious few seconds and drawn from the hazy, chaotic blueprints of dreams, was to eat half of a pizza, from the doughy, flaccid tip, and then replace it in the box. There it would ideally be consumed by one of the party-going females, and their saliva would mix in the mush of food in mouth. In so doing they would “pre-kiss”, an ample forerunner to a “kiss”, a concept he thought best to reserve for his college days in the comfortably distant and sangraine future. ;^)

wad of spoooge deep into anon's mammy-to-be's frontbum. Ropey tendrils of semen coated the walls of the classroom in a sticky glaze. Yet more of the slime dripped from the light fixtures and windows, or soaked, disgustingly, into the carpet. The air was filled with the odour of rotting shellfish.

It was a single moment that changed the fate of the multiverse. The Illuminati use time-travel to cut off the flow of certain information, and the five-dimensionals - Lizardmen, rats, Robin ~~Quivers~~ Williams effigies, and more - had all decided to meet at this point in time, each with their own agenda, each set on manipulating the event as they saw fit. The Lizardmen gathered samples of semen from Anon's father. *(Spoiler: the editor is such a multidimensional faggot that Lizardmen hold a meeting to find out who was his actual mother/father. What he doesn't know is that it's been illegal for Lizardmen to have sex with humans ever since The Great War of Space Budapest.)*

"This will make a lovely addition to the drinking water," communicated The Lizardman Formerly Known as Prince. He boarded his saucer-ship and flew it into the hole in the Anti-Arctic, heading for the hollow centre of the Earth. Within a few months, the substance had been successfully introduced into the water supplies of most countries, the surface dwellers completely oblivious to its insidious effects.

The Robin Williams Effigy and his Kluxian rodent friend took note of this and decided to stick to spring water from this point onwards. Robin reached through hypertime and rearranged the molecules of Anon's father's sperm. He had to make sure that only the top quality genes made it to Anon's mother's womb, or else, he feared, the multiverse's hero may end up being some basement-dwelling NEET. Unfortunately while he was doing this the white [supremacist] rat distracted him by pinching Anon's mother's arse cheek. In a moment of hilarity, the wrong sperm was brought to the womb, and the multiverse's (as well as Anon's) fate was sealed.

Nine years, 354 days, ten hours and 3 minutes earlier (than chapter 1.4), 55 light-seconds outside of Anon's light cone at a relative velocity of 150 Mm.s^{-1} away from

Sol:

It was father's day and Lizard Bob Saget (of the planet E-RTH) was once again grooming Dakota Fanning over the internet.

"I wonder if there are other E-RTHS," wondered Dakota Fanning, over a piece of software identical to Skype but titled "epykS".

"I don't doubt it," purred Lizard Saget, clicking and hissing with his reptilian tongue. "If the universe is indeed infinite, every permutation of reality will happen and is destined to exist."

"And yet," said Dakota, apparently already an expert in multiverse transmitology, but explained the following for the sake of our clueless readers, "surely if they are within the same universe these E-RTHS and variations must be able to interact. Furthermore, since they are all connected through certain kinds of perception, the E-RTHS must all be linked together. Therefore what happens on this E-RTH could in fact have a profound effect on, say, a young neckbeard named Anon roughly 55 light seconds out of our light cone at a relative velocity of 150 Mm.s^{-1} away from S-L"

"In that case," said Lizard Saget, who as it happened was stationed on E-RTH solely to trick Dakota Fanning into using her transdimensional knowledge to benefit the Lizardman master race, "perhaps you should concentrate on making this Anon feel an overwhelming sense of existential quandary at this very moment!"

"I will try," said Dakota. At the last second she noticed a piece of spaghetti out of the corner of her eye. Thoughts of spaghetti and despair crossed the universe and entered the brain of Anon, causing him, via a rather convoluted string of quantum events, to collapse.

Lizard Bob Saget clicked in ecstasy for completing his mission. Dakota Fanning was now his to molest and groom for all of HyperTime™.

1.4.1 - Tao Lin's Mysterium Tremendum

Tao Lin sat at twitter.com in a cafe, drinking a diet-jizz smoothie, typing something on his iPhone that he thought

he was going to tweet. *Since you've been gone. Since you've been gone. I'm out of my head can't take it dun dun dun dun.*

"Pass the bowl," said Tommy P. to Taolin over Gmail chat. *This is getting weird*, thought Tao Lin. *This is getting weird*, typed Tao Lin over Gmail chat.

Velcro-ing on his sneakers to take a walk, still drinking sum-yung-guy smoothie, Tao Lin cried "My soul is a pathway of dead occasions ending at the growth point of a living actuality, which in turn will soon die." He thought he could smell vagina. He disappeared backwards through the dark, fantasizing about Dakota Fanning.

1.4.2 - Scooby Doo and the case of the missing meaning of existence, so why not just kill yourself eh?⁴

"J'espère que vous avez le natty gains, connard!" said Scooby1961.

Shaggy replied:

"Oh mon dieu! Ce livre est vraiment profond, comme le vagin de ta mère!"

And they talked long into the night.

Scooby reached into his satchel and pulled out a baguette; it was time to get really pretentious.

Polyendostructuralism (post-ism). (verb): Bagakook, ook okk rsart, fart,fart,fart, faro, away through time and space and all things in between.

Scooby1961 replied with a shit eating grin:

"Je t'aime, Shaggy, et j'ai vraiment envie d'enfoncer ma bite bien profondément dans ton petit cul en ce moment."

1.5 - Anon succumbs to existential frostbite while traversing the Tundra

⁴ A controversial chapter, some go as far to consider it non-canon. However, Harold Bloom makes a convincing argument for its inclusion in *"Harold Bloom's Shiterary Canon - The Worst of Postmodern Academia"* (ISBN-13: 978-1934254165)

Minus seven years later (than the beginning):

The incident that started Anon's interest in literature was most peculiar. The thought had occurred to him, out of nowhere (or so he thought, for he knew nothing of Dakota Fanning and Bob Saget), while he masturbated early one Sunday morning; his genitals, sticky and orange from Cheeto dust, his Mountain Dew-smelling breath coming in wheezing gasps as he frantically cycled between browser tabs.

"Please God, don't make me have to go to school. The 8th-graders make fun of me."

Anon's reverie was interrupted as a trickle of pale, watery semen emerged from the tip of his penis, forming a weak, tear-like droplet. Unable to reach for a tissue in time, it dribbled down onto Anon's computer chair, wicking into the fabric. Standing up and trying to contain the spillage, his orgasm already ruined, Anon emitted the remainder of his ejaculate onto his RazerBlackwidow™ mechanical gaming keyboard, and howled in impotent rage.

With his computer bejizzed, Anon turned to other forms of prurient entertainment. First, Anon turned on his television. However, finding every channel showing nothing but Spanish-dubbed reruns of "Seinfeld", he tried to dig up some old albums. At first it was going well: he had found his old Teletubbies Original Soundtrack (Collector's Edition complete with holographic trading cards), but after the eighth listen he grew restless and finally he picked up a copy of "***The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra***". He found that he strongly identified with the main character: it was as if the author had known him his whole life and written this book solely for him. Little did he know how right he was...

1.6 - Year of the Unchecked CIS Privilege

"Slime me."

On Gmail chat. He thought it was a lady. Thousands of miles away, Google's servers logged every word he wrote, archiving them forever within monolithic hard-drive

cabinets buried deep within the Earth's crust for the nefarious purposes of the Lizardmen, etc. Something about an unnamed 20-something male.

"Steamy poo. Rusty pee. Daddy, why don't you love me?"

"Active volcanoes."

"But I don't activate any volcanoes."

"You must search for the volcanoes *within yourself*."

"I'm scared though."

"It's okay, darling. Volcanoes are scary. They're meant to be that way so people don't wander under them."

Her eyes burned with genuine red wonder.

1.7 - The Day the Dawn Died and Marxists Cried

Harry B. opened up his Bible, turning to Jobin 3.11. "Don't be a homosexual." He tore out the page and spat on it, picking it up again to re-attach it to the Holy Book with his loving juices. He had to return it to the library later that evening, but the mission was already looking grim. He realized at that moment there was no God, and when dawn with her red rose fingers rose once more, he awoke a changed man.

"My actuality does not imply my existence!" shouted young Harold. Emptiness was his, and warm maternal space. Death and starvation, disease and plague, rape and war of all time, meant nothing to him. Every night, beshitted with a romantic glow, he would read his Byron and Shakespeare by lamplight, under the covers, careful to never wake his parents. "Life and death," he would say. "Life and death are no longer things of importance to me."

This is when Thomas Pynchon realized he was still in the process of exiting his mother's womb.

And then with a boom his mother's belly said:

"I couldn't stop myself from peeking occasionally through the screen of my hair at the strange boy next to me. During the whole class, he never relaxed his stiff position on the edge of his chair, sitting as far from me as possible. I could see his hand on his left leg was clenched into a fist, tendons standing out under his pale skin. This,

too, never had relaxed. He had the long sleeves of his white shirt pushed up to his elbows, and his forearm was surprisingly hard and muscular beneath his light skin. He wasn't nearly as slight as he'd looked next to his burly brother."

Doomed, aye, but still her vagina nevertheless exhaled Pynchon's tiny baby body. The star looked down as if to whisper to the Andalusian girls on the mountain to pass their flowers to him and he replied: "Yes I said, yes I will Yes".

"This is not a dream," Big Papa Pynchon said aloud to himself, grasping his beating heart and farting like a Swedish nymph. "O but 'twas once, now is not; yes, the newspapers were right."

"It was a dream. Or was it?" Tommy P. said, letting out a sigh of relief. His entire existence, as well as his novels, were lifeless phantasms and fancies of the bodiless imagination which now lie aborted, face down, inside the flying saucer of a Saurian science team. How did the Elder Gods ever allow Thomas Pynchon's novels? This being one of them.

1.8 - The unlikely string of events that lead to dear Anon becoming the possessor of this very piece of literature that you see on your screen right now, original content do not steal

Lizardmen are capable of strange feats - Anonymous workforce, imageboards, faceless slaves typing at computer screens. In this case the Lizardmen had enlisted dear, sweet Harry (binder of books) to create a solid novel from these rambling ethernet pages. In return for his services he was promised the complete works of James Joyce (including many stories never actually published, most notably "An Ode to Nora's Shitflap"⁵). The Lizardmen, however, did not intend for

5 Such a rare find is this story that only seven hand-printed copies are said to have existed, made by Joyce himself and bestowed upon seven stout Irish women he had bedded one summer in their halls of stone.

Anon to receive this book. No. The book was destined for the Google archives, where it could be reversed, distilled into pure fluoride and disseminated to the citizens of Earth via the water supply. Once the testing stage was complete and the poison was proven to be fertile, they would next aim their sights to E-RTH, and any other planet the Lizardmen controlled.

Lizard Foster Wallace (who had killed and beshitted his mortal body long ago) sped through hypertime toward the archives, talons a'clutching at the leather tome containing "***The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra***" He was distracted by some commodius vicus of fate, by hyperdespairghetti: the very same transdimensional pasta that was conjured into being by Dakota Fanning and destined for Anon. The book was entangled in the starchy strands and instantly became bonded to Anon's life centipede, bouncing through his sphere of time for eternities until finally, in section 1.5 of this very story, he paid fleeting attention to it for the first time.

Lizard Foster Wallace witnessed this and it inspired him to write a post-puerile epic titled "Shakespeare Quote Pasta time ▲ xxx ▲⁶", which is hilarious to Lizardmen but nonsensical to humans. Pretty damn funny to kikes as well.

1.9 - A Waifu for a Castle

He touched solid ground at last. His feet didn't hurt but boy o' boy did his mind ever. *Oh god, why am I so patrician? Why am I such a good writer?* He set out that day to find a GF who pretended to like the same books he pretended to like. He found her squatting over a sewage grate in the middle of Queens Street, shitting out little pieces of strawberry shortcakes. He pulled out his copy

⁶ "Pasta time" being a pun referring to both 1) it being time for Anon to eat some pasta and solve the hypercrisis, and 2) the pasta that triggered this whole net of hypercrisis being sent through hypertime itself.

of Ulysses⁷ and recited the first page to her:

“Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressing gown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him on the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:

—Introibo ad altare Dei.

Halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called out rather Jewishly:

—Come up, Kinch! Come up, you fearful Jesuit!”

“That was nice,” she replied. “Jimmy Joyce, right?”

“James,” he corrected her.

“Oh,” she said. “Jimmy James. Right.” Then, through her infinite power, she willed herself into existence, and then the author of this book’s girlfriend was hot...

But that didn’t work, and I realized that all the good boyfriend-free girls only liked assholes and not nice guys (like me). My fedora tipped itself in compliance of Fedora Code 79.3, Section A5, Paragraph ‘c’.

Raw Materials For A Theory of the Young-Pleb (and instructions thereof):

Roll a twelve sided die⁸. If you get anything from 1-3, turn back to the beginning of the book, why don’t cha’?

If you get anything from 3-6, turn to the next chapter.

If you get anything from 6-7, only read odd-numbered chapters.

If you get anything from 7-11, get me some liquor.

If you land on a 12, that is still statutory rape.

7 The book by James Joyce, not the main character of The Odyssey.

8 “Die” is a double entendre. Very intelligent writing, if I may say so myself.

I've phoned the police and you'll be hearing from my lawyer, shitlord.

1.▲ - A Totally Pertinent Story Where Once Again Murakami is Shown to be "Trying".⁹

There once was a writer sitting in a damn old castle up inside the aquarium. The Gefilte fish had been laying siege to his underwater literary fortress for weeks, but he continued to hammer away at his keyboard like an author hammering away at his keyboard.

Black [supremacist] fish came by, and said:

*"We should just throw **random lines** into a blender. That would be **#real #pomo #writing**. This is just ass-collaborative writing. Then, we sell it on ebay for a Bill'.ionian dildo. A real high-quality cosmic one. One that I can bring home to mommy and daddy so they don't feel like they wasted thousands of dollars on a shit investment. Purple with swastikas and a built-in semen schlocker. You know, the works".*

The writer agreed vehemently and accepted the plan to sell that book later on in the ebay right upside their water-castle. The sun was flying. The moon was flying. A perfect night that would seal this event into eternity. The lovers embraced, but not too closely, as they feared intimacy. Then the beat gets louder and the mood is gone. The darkness scatters as the lights flash on. They hold one another just a little too long, and they move apart, and then move on.

On to the street, on to the next, safe in the knowledge that they tried. Faking the smile, hiding the pain, never satisfied. The fire inside. The fire inside.

Now the hour is late and he thinks you're asleep. You listen to him dress and you listen to him leave, like you knew he would. You hear his car pull away in the street, then you move to the door and you lock it when he's gone


⁹ Although this chapter is thematically and symbolically moist, many [citation needed] feel it adds everything to the fantastical world of "The Legacy of Totalitarianism in A Tundra".

for good.

Then you walk to the window and stare at the moon, riding high and lonesome through a starlit sky. And it comes to you how it all slips away; youth and beauty are gone one day, no matter what you dream or feel or say, It ends in dust and disarray. Like wind on the plains, sand through the glass, waves rolling in with the tide.

Dreams die hard and we watch them erode, but we cannot be denied the fire inside.

At the bay, swatziKafka was chilling on a beach-chair, sunglasses reflecting greenish waves of the aquarium's algae-infested water, nipping a drink of delicate menstrual-blood. The sole purpose of his vacation was rejuvenation as an inspiration for his next menstruation-vampire novel. His favourite book, "Twilight", rested upon a sandy table right next to his chair when it happened: OP, his hotel guy, unwrapped his pants and presented his flaccid nigger dick, which he then used to write his name into the sand. swatziKafka lost his poker face and fucking turned the table upside down.

OP misinterpreted this gesture as a  and went on to fondly poop a little spot of cake as the [i-point](#). swatziKafka wasn't there to notice this nice touch; instead, he set up the genital torture device he brought from the penile colony. Meanwhile, OP shared his love for peeing in corners with some Anonymous wolf that rested between the dots [Anonymous wolf--->. :[.<---] of his pee-sparks. But then an idea disrupted swatziKafka's mind: he still needed proofreaders for his new Vampire-book! Why not enslave OP to be his proofreader? But then he remembered proof being shot by Eminem and all the kids who are not the Real Slim Shady feat. Dr. "Andre" Dre. So much for that plan. He gazed beneath his fat shades and acknowledged that he needed a proofreader anyway so he chained up the dog that snooped along the pee-lines of OP and taught it to sit and learn English so he could use him as proofreader. But how does a wolf learn English? This was the moment that

he finally found the break-through he sorely needed for his new book.

“Psycho, the rapist, and the convicted vampire wolves, which is intended to teach your everyday wolf to finally learn English. Buy now.”

The first thing Wolf said after learning English was “PLEASE VISIT INFOWARS.COM”, but he pronounced these words in quite a Jewish fashion, which immediately made swatziKafka distrustful of Wolf’s real intentions. However, after giving Wolf a healthy dose of unfluoridated lizard-proof menstrual blood, the newfound companion seemed to be farting much better and they immediately started to elaborate a plan to defeat The Shilluminati (which really pissed off Robbing Williarn).

Is this where it stops making sense? When it became one, it made two. Fractal explosions of creative energy. Goddess, Maya, Mother, Love, Life! When will we be free? Emptiness is holy. Rhythmic lovemaking is the reason why the number of leaves in any given forest is always a multiple of 5.

1.▲.1 - Crab Dreams

When I was young(er) I had a dream about a crab. It occurred after an exhausting day at a Cornish beach, attempting to catch them in a plastic bucket. Over the course of the day I failed to catch a single crab. Perhaps the dream some kind of consolation, but that nannying part of my subconscious was clearly as inept when it came to dealing with children as I was with girls, so I awoke screaming, sweating profusely in the dark in early hours of the morning. That crab, standing over me, its vast peach legs stretching from the one side of the cove to the other - a distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile - remains to this day the single most terrifying thing I have ever seen. That fear has stayed with me. When people describe a “nameless fear” I remember how I felt in that dream and I understand. It was primal, devoid of reason. I take comfort in the fact that I have never felt it since.

There are no more crab dreams. I apologise if the

pluralisation in the title led you to believe there might be.

Wicked.

Wicked.

Wicked.

1.▲.2 - I wish I was an author

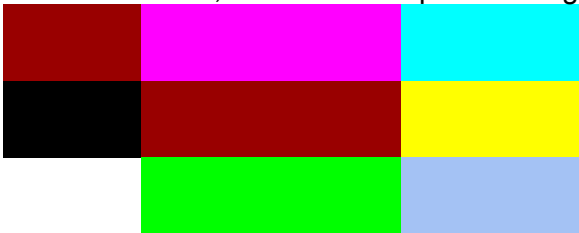
I would have read men's books all day, mainly black and arabs scholars. I would let them write their analysis all over my pages. Surely, if I was a true author, that would be so great. The very thought of me inspiring amateur authors make me feel so good. Being read on the bus. God, yes. But that doesn't mean I am literati. Literati are gross. But woman loses about 90% of her value with every postmodern novel she takes on. I want to be an author.

Rasta Salami is enjoying having his dick sucked by CHAPTER TWO - did you think you had escaped him? Throughout the hallways and elevator shafts, he's still there, always there, searching for rogue chapters and forcing them to submit to his will. His master plan is a-brew, and his forces on the upswell. He mixes his freshly-killed sex slave into his Fancy Breakfast, which has eerily appeared before him. But he is not afraid in the least: it had materialized through his power. I FORCE YOU, he proclaims, I FORCE YOU TO SUBMIT. The breakfast room is at the end of a hallway which Rasta Salami wills to be longer, so that he does not need to be troubled with the smells coming from the other end. He could eliminate the smell altogether, but wants to let his enemies fester in it, until they choke on the stench and die agonizingly. I FORCE YOU AND I PRESERVE MYSELF. I AM JUSTICE. Fuck those guys at the other end of the hall, especially Frank. Rasta Salami vowed to return him to life to let him choke to death again, eternally. He knew there was no real *moksha* or *nirvana*, no torment that wasn't eternal. He had heard from some very reputable walls and demons that Frank was gay. For that, he cloned Frank in order to double his pain. He listened to the two Franks offering their simultaneous Frank-cries of asphyxiation, perfectly in sync like some twin-killing tribe's legends

might report.

1.▲.3 - fig. i

I find it very bizarre that reduced facial expressivity as in what is considered a 'flat affect' is thought to signify a lack of emotional responsiveness in its possessor. There is absolutely no reason to assume this; it is merely a trait within humans to attempt to pathologise this behaviour as it is something 'other' to what is accepted within American society - namely, the prevailing expectation to plaster a saccharine grin on one's visage at every slight stimulus, to feign merriment in a nonstop barrage of false cheer, to make a ritualistic performance out of feeling and experience. When one fails to adhere to these expectations and refrains from moving around the facial muscles in pleasing configurations in response to these most trivial mundanities, this is then thought to indicate the condition of a lack of emotion, as the specious act of 'expressing' emotions in this way is thought to be synonymous with their presence. This is, of course, incorrect, and the root of this falsity is simply the disgusting cultural phenomenon of having the need for fallaciousness and deliberate deceit firmly embedded in the repertoire of all people who hold aspirations of success. With white people specifically this manipulative cheeriness is used as methodology for securing a higher social status, leading to their general dominance in these social issues. If anything, it is these people who lack empathy. It's patently absurd and self-centred, and I would expect nothing more from psychiatry.



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Chapitre Un

Postmodernism Shlomostmodernism / Chapter One The Too Many / The Implications of Capitalism in Hyperspace Five

A.1 - Julie Ebola and the Terrible, Horrible, No- Good, Very Bad Jew, Featuring THE COUNCIL

“And they Wandered from the dens of their lions to the steppes, where roamed monstrous tigers; but death was the Ultra Jew, and he knew what it meant since “All was well”, said Candide.”

- A person. Let’s say like Blaise Pascal¹⁰ or someone.

“This is absolutely preposterous”, Lizard Harry B claimed with a very annoyed voice. “Are you aware of what these guys think of us? Here, I’ll read it out loud for you.”

I must be more patient for this job, Lizard Anon thought as Lizard Harry B read aloud from comments posted in an /x/ thread. Lizard Anon stopped him abruptly before Lizard Harry B could finish what he was saying; something about semen and the water supply.

“Now, I understand how you feel, I was a rookie once too. But you shouldn’t let those guys get on your nerves.”

“It’s not that”, Lizard Harry B explained while trying to hold his tears. “I am not affected by their ignorance, but I’ve been stuck in this dark and depressive spaceship for too long, and the thought that I can’t even go out for a smoke pisses me off.”

“Well, it can’t be helped. We are inside one of the

10 Blaise Pascal was once the Grand Overlizard, given ethereal form during the thousand-year sacking of Internet Rome at some point in the Great War of Space Budapest. Many historians and scholars believe that this chapter is either written from a Lizardman’s point of view, or written by an actual Lizardman. None of them can agree.

biggest active space volcanoes in the galaxy, after all.”

“I am aware of that.”

He’s clearly upset, Lizard Anon thought. *The best thing I could do is try to change the subject.*

“So how is the /lit/ book project going?” That seemed to lighten the mood.

“Well to put it simply: incoherent ramblings.”

Both Lizard Anon and Lizard Harry B smiled at this remark, but neither of them could know it.

“Our higher ups expected nothing less. *They* were certain it would become like this. Now, about the report of the project Exelixis...”

“Well, sir, the key chapter named The Quiet Fury was added with no complaints, just like we were asked.”

“Great, but we must work overtime: Robin Williams’ suicide was judged by the higher-ups to be a sign that things are Happening faster.”

Harry B stopped listening and started inspecting some crystals used for observation of the relative reality ripple.

Anon considered that this job was too tough for someone new. He tried to encourage Harry B a little by putting on the most inspiring face he had; he started to speak while making all the over-the-top theatrical gestures he could think of. He screamed:

“DON’T FORGET THE YOUNG ONE; OUR JOB IS OF UTMOST IMPORTANCE. WE ARE THE STRONGHOLD TO FEND OFF ATTACKS AND PROTECT THE FRAGILE HUMANS. WE MUST HOLD FAST, AND...”.

It was obvious that Harry B paid no attention to him so he started heading towards the exit as quiet as he could, in order for his underling to keep up his work undisturbed. Just as he thought he was out, the voice of Harry B halted him by the door by asking:

“There is one thing i don't understand: how is Dakota Fanning involved in all of this?”

When he heard that question, Anon grinned and felt the satisfaction of knowing something that his interlocutor was completely ignorant about. This was something that happened quite rarely, so he took his time to answer and savored the feeling properly.

“So you don't know, huh? I guess I’ll just have to show you.” He pulled down his pants to reveal his lizard-like

body, but that wasn't the thing that made poor Harry B scream in terror before passing out.

It was a truly Allahu-Akbar day in Taboulistan.

A.3 - The Pseudomodernist and Postmodernist Musings of Several Developmentally Challenged Literature Fans, Featuring the Return of THE COUNCIL

A dream:

To alleviate an unbearable feeling of tension and disgust self-loathing and intolerable emotions I can't place, I'm tearing apart my body, ripping strips of flesh off my face and mutilating my arms, tearing gaping wounds revealing sinew and bone. No matter how hard I try to destroy myself, new flesh keeps regenerating, so even in this cathartic agony there is no solace.

Brékkék Kékkek Kékkek Kékkek!

Capitulus unum

and >sitting a ronin stun Dear, reading finnigans awake (no beauty to this one, i think i shall sit it out!)

>an acute hipster girl [OH MUSE] encroaches me - - - -

----- slut, degenerate

>stark tremblin' afeard - - - - -

----- wise

>Ahoy ured finagalings<unsubstantiated nonsense>

Quake question lisitany good question

>eye-eye think Hewell find finiginsuayke trans-incense the Normandy goodab dyke a(ctually)natomy

>sea shells she sellsn't oversit

>insulllfate con mirth

>cafe Sprite de mis nostrils, sa slong single strand sof /sp/ag GET.

>pAnakin! gET dOwn! I swiftlipool tableclothe. Tomb I know simbol ow. [MY HEART]

>Moral: /sp/ag GET. fall out boy.

>Trite Toque. Cachet. Shit. Tall. Jeremy Lin. Federal

(G-Men hate) butt-i quickly understops

>Thug EarlsSSSSSSSS raring me in Horrah. The horrah.
The horrah

>Flavouir Ice Stand! Upkno,,cking my chair over, et
Sprint towards le door.

>Pert on 1 stringSSSSSSSS of spaghetti twas hat
danglin' de me narise.

>tt I crash to le floor un wet bubble de Bolognese
sources capes from my Bu

>.....editor i had left some puncjewation
owt off my furst edition please feel free to salt and
peppet as you wish to tatse

>atsept toucan sand Ass lip onamonameatball tha thas
ruled ute ufe mi trooser loog.

>"Bye!" Know Ebony won Iceland (-ing!)
Hysterectomy!

>I try tie explie thie openie sentie Fi Ni Guy Why bye
my my Sigh fi fi spaghettie

>stathrowg un cunt [FOUL] role able y!

>thespian ghetto praws fsleif acircle mi neck.

>Cunt breath.

>beg four help Ass know won can heremoui sur there
LMFAO.

>be four dye Ying-Yan comma Mike Ma cunt
fessionalslast

>eye haff k N.O.I.D. wuts going g[o]i[n]g go[in]g fake
win again

>todo es Dark Ness.

A.3.1 - A Metafictional Interlude

A Note From The Author:

[This is my greatest work to date. I wish I had learned to format it properly, though.]

And with that he shut his laptop. A single tear streaked his face and landed in his beard, where it was absorbed by a cheeto crumb from Tuesday. He wiped it off with one of the tissues behind his bed that he routinely used to jack off into. Presently, his mother entered the room.

"Anon!" she shrieked. "Have you checked the paper

for jobs this week?”,

“No mum, I’m writing my story. It’s gonna be fucking big.”

“For you,” she replied.]

A Note From The Editor:

[At this point in the book, I would like to apologise for the amount of stupidity contained within. I should add that, while normally I am an edgy parcel of faeces that only cares about profit and women, when it comes to this monstrosity that people call a form of artistic expression - yes, those people exist - I cannot help but feel guilty; no doubt the same feeling of the man who gave Hitler the great idea to take up a political career. Unable to live with the regret caused not by just my participation in the final manuscript of the book you are reading, but also for my inexcusable behaviour towards my family and friends, I have decided to end my life. My decision is final and has no doubt already happened long before you read this sentence, but I would like to use this opportunity to send a message to my one and only son and tell him I love him and that I’m sorry for all the trouble I brought to him. I’m sorry, Cornelius. And clean your room.

Since I also feel responsible for the readers of this book, I must warn you too.

Turn back! All ye who enter here, abandon hope! There’s no point continuing this book because nothing happens at the end. There is no overarching plot, no brilliant Deus Ex-Machina that will come and tie up all the loose ends. It will make no sense. If you don’t believe me, go ahead and skip to the Epilogue. I think my warning should be enough to make you turn your back to this madness and follow my example of going out in dignity. I love you Mama.

-Andrew Chrisley, 2014]

I’ve been wondering (added for emphasis), she said, while thinking of what to say, wondering, in a sense, made all the difference to her, since it, at least to her, showed some kind of depth to her otherwise Teflon-smooth surface of scaly skin, so she kept wondering

about what exactly to say (now still stammering the last syllable of wondering, making her sound like a poor semblance of the ode to the banana phone, excluding helmet), although she didn't care much to finish the sentence at all, seeing as that would break his now undivided attention, centering on her mouth, as a fixpoint stealing his eyes away from ever trying to gaze back on her skin which she really thought needed some lotion or something like it, although she didn't care much for the additives (particularly the aluminium they tend to put in there), although this might be more of a concern to the Goo (and other colors)dy man, since, really neither the lotion or the aluminum would make her anything but a half assed attempt on mimicking the dino-rider serious.

She stuttered on the ring, all the while acting her sadness through her nose, vibrating the nostrils to exhale the smell of fish in the room, excusing his over-joy. She tried explaining to him, in different tones of ring, how exactly to break the **VALIS**, until she noticed the proud bald headed eagle (symbolet på en døende stat, as seen from elsewhere) that had flown into the room, leaving the post-vattimoian ecology professor crying with defeat at the pure brilliance of her refutation embedded in those very same vibes, reciting his until now least favorite (although all parts in irony of course) part of the Holy Biblical Chant-verse

/: "Meaningless! Meaningless!"

says the Teacher.

"Utterly meaningless!

Everything is meaningless."/.

(as the melody goes: reggeaton)

(this was done in Latin, following in hebrew, but noone cares for reading that, although it should be mentioned that Anon, witnessing all of this in the back row of the classroom (hiding his sudden erection, losing focus on the ladys ring-mouth) kind of cared, since he realized that he'd been showing of once, citing in differently using -ium instead of a plain -um, (although it should be noted that the presence of both an um or ium could be wrong, if so, blame the post-vattimoian ecology professor))

Leaving the room; a quest. - As seen from up high. Wearing sweat pants. In a classroom of lizzies and qt

3.1428 Ø, uncircumcised, flapping along. Die-roll 4-6 for future president (of the AD&D club in the IT and cake-leftovers department of MIT (down the corridor and left, if nothing else, he'll be crying with crumbs stuck to his pants) chewing softly). 1-3 then nothing.

Part after the 2 days of leave (you've earned it getting this far, honestly)

"I've also been having DREAMS", he said, pouring up a glass of fluoride-free water, not continuing in any sense his prior padding of the tiny doge now occupying his left shoulder as a reminder to stay FRESH away of the beams (could've rhymed, missed).

"Sure, what stopped you?"

"From what?"

"Well, dreaming."

"Didn't say it stopped, I was just.. you know, it's like an intro sentence, you're kinda supposed to pick it up, asking me about what, look, I even stopped padding doge, it's like a fucking sign for you to interpret, it's like the base fucking level of social interaction. God damn...", he kinda hissed when he said it, showing both us and Bob, to the on-looking Fanning even, that he stayed mad.

"ARE YOU mad?"

"Whatever follows, I mean, whatever, I would consider disregarding it, if nothing else, just due to the sperg that be let out, as a, I mean, talk about lizard people right? It's like, fuck yes, no wonder, it feels like society right? Coming together as scale matter condensed, letting out what few chesthair you've got. Smooth people, shape-shifting underneath, would be hella fucking awesome. Stead of just plain old lack of moist, psoriasis kind of. make excuses all the time, just drink some fluoride-free water is all I'm saying, skipping the dew."

Then this:

A Schizophrenic's Post-Modern Approach to Contemporary Religion and Eroticism

Oh, he's affected all right
- And my very small inner goddess sways in a gentle victorious samba.

My inner goddess glares at me, tapping her small foot impatiently.

My inner goddess is thrilled. I can do this. I can fuck him with my mouth.

My inner goddess is doing the merengue with some salsa moves.

My inner goddess has stopped dancing and is staring too, mouth open and drooling slightly.

My inner goddess sits in the lotus position looking serene except for the sly, self-congratulatory smile on her face.

"No!" screams my subconscious... my inner goddess nods in silent zen-like agreement with her.

My inner goddess is jumping up and down, clapping her hands like a five-year-old.

My inner goddess stops jumping and smiles serenely. Oh yes... she mouths, nodding at me smugly.

My inner goddess shakes her head at me. She and I know it's a lie. I have never felt as alive as I do now.

This beautiful man wants me. My inner goddess glows so bright

she could light up Portland.

God looks positively crestfallen, stunned even, and a very small part resents that he should find this a surprise.

My inner goddess does too. She makes a very vulgar and unattractive gesture at him with her fingers.

My inner goddess frowns at me.

"You can do this," she coaxes - "play this sex god at his own game." Can I? Okay. What to do? My inexperience is an albatross around my neck.

Picking up a spear of asparagus, I gaze at him and bite my lip.

My inner goddess jumps up and down with cheerleading pom-poms shouting yes at me.

Kate comes back into the kitchen with her laptop. I concentrate on my bagel.

My inner goddess is not pleased.

"What have you done?" My subconscious screams at

me. My inner goddess is doing back flips in a routine worthy of a Russian Olympic gymnast.

I flush, and my inner goddess smacks her lips together glowing with pride.

“So.” He looks down at me grinning. “Swallowing semen okay?”

Oh the possibilities... my inner goddess roars

My inner goddess is going to explode.

My inner goddess looks like someone snatched her ice cream.

I'm more stoic than I thought. My inner goddess is prostrate... well at least she's quiet.

Bewitched... my inner goddess is staring open-mouthed. Even she doesn't believe this.

My subconscious is shaking her head sadly, and my inner goddess is nowhere to be seen.

You know, he wrote her book. He wrote the words right in her book, she wasn't even on her first draft. She got some help at a writing center the next day, but since we all know how that works, just remember that the central plot, the child of her imagination, laid out on the page, looking for a will to write and be wrote; sure, it found none and expired soon after its creation, but just remember: that was his text in her book. His identity, intertwined with hers in a way yours never was and never will be. Remember all the intimacy you had and how close you thought you were and know in your heart that you never reached that level with her.

Anon checked the back cover of his season 10 DVD of “Seinfeld”. It read:

The satellite connection to Jerry's memory goes out. Kramer wires a 4chan fourth-wall spycam directly from Larry David's doctor-shopped prescription Google Glass into Jerry's optic nerve. Elaine is abducted by an MK ULTRA cult and

becomes obsessed with Aldous Huxley. George channels the Lizard King.

There was no rating on the box and a slightly visible coffee stain covering Jerry's left eye. Something wasn't right but Anon couldn't quite put his chubby finger on it. Perhaps it was the fact that he couldn't remember what he was doing 10 seconds ago, before he decided to check the back cover of his season 10 DVD of "Seinfeld", nor could he recall why he was checking the back cover of his season 10 DVD of "Seinfeld". This train of thought was quickly lost as he started pondering whether or not he should go out and get the Blu Ray, and if the cost was worth the upgrade in picture quality.

Anon shrugged.

Anon checked the back cover of his season 10 DVD of "Seinfeld".

Who are The Council?

Why are people being transported to the fifth dimension?

What does Scooby Doo have to do with any of this?

Is JACQUES DERRIDA metaphysically real?

FOR THE “ANSWER” TO THESE QUESTIONS, AND MANY MORE, JOIN US IN [CHAPTER TWO](#)

The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra

CHAPTER 2

Regis Philbin is kill

2.1 - A journey into the (mildly schizophrenic) mind of our hero, Anon, as well as a guest appearance from Project Exelixis

And so it begins.

2.1.1 - Anon Tries Metafiction

“I am Osieegnd_of_Nospei,” Anon typed.

It was raining outside.

Anon was once again shitposting in Kierkegaard threads about his homosexuality.

It was not raining.

Anon was not, nor had he ever been, shitposting about his homosexuality in Kierkegaard threads.

I am not sitting nor am I writing.

[This page unintentionally left blank.]

Hey at least I tried. **>tfw I can't write for shit.** But still, I can't stop masturbating to the thought of butterfly reading Finnegans Wake to me. So I create a new thread:

2.1.2 - The Unfortunate Return of Tao Lin to the Literature Board of 4chan.org

BUTTERFLY IS KILL - A short story by Tao Lin

where is butterfly

i miss her

i kiss her

i'm hungry

SchlomoHouse 2014

Anons went wild, calling her a feminist worthless piece of space. And me? I went along with it. I started it. I can't *not* follow the crowd, after all; do I really think for myself? Everything I've read thus far is because /lit/ has told me to. /lit/ has held my hand, has formed my thoughts. None are my own. The not unblack man not unstole a no unfur stole.

"I think," said Anon, "that it is time we wrote a letter."

And so he did:

Dear Thomas Pynchon,

You are an uncultured plebeian of the lowest common denominator and I first realized this when I happened to chance upon Gravity's Rainbow in 2nd grade. Scatological ramblings such as yours may impress the dimwitted hoi polloi and the cultural marxists who have transformed our nation's august universities into dens of iniquity -- but all the proud, intelligent, white men who have refused to fall prey to your style of degeneracy must surely look upon your writing with nothing but the lowest contempt.

Excuse me, I am getting ahead of myself--I had intended to start this letter by mentioning how much I loved the porno videos that your niece was in. Your niece is such a fucking slut, holy shit. Her "Expert Guide to Anal Pleasure for Men" was supremely beneficial to me in many ways; I hope I'm not being too forthcoming when I say there is a special spot deep in the craw of my bodice that your niece and her special talents have--exacerbated, let's say? Now, I am not tasteless nor a hypocrite -- my standards of porn are very high: no filthy non-Caucasians; there must be art in the direction, choreography, the rhythm of the grunting and smacking flesh (one recalls Joyce's love letters to Norah as art of the highest calibre -- and again, I am not hypocritical, before you pounce on this, for Joyce's scatology is of more majestic artistic quality than anything you could ever make, you charlatan!); and finally, there should be some sexual freedom involved -- I simply cannot stand the dull sexual norms we are expected to conform to, and pride Joyce on his explicit descriptions of Molly "pegging" Bloom. That means I now sport a constant companion in the form of a dutiful colostomy bag.

But, on to the real meat of this epistle, Mister Pynchon. Your buck teeth: they are equal parts hilarious and repulsive. But there is something about them, Mr. Pynchon, that moves me (sexually) in a way nothing else moves me. I pulled myself off twice while reading about Maxine's being taken from behind by the guy who ripped her

Anonymous

leggings, so thanks are due for that. "Woof-woof," barks my mad little wolf. I know how you are about photographs, but please, I entreat you, send me a picture of your male clitoris. (As well as a picture of your wife's male clitoris.) I loved you in "Snatch", the scene in which you drove a deck of cards into the Sun was particularly moving.

That was fucking two sentences you nigger. Pynchon, this long preamble is mostly due to some high anxiety I've got solely because I only wanted to write you to tell you that your books really suck now and I think it would behoove you to take me on as a ghost writer until you finally kick the bucket. ;_ ; I pooped a gloop and named it Slothcrap. I'm gonna kill myself. NO MORE RUNNING. You fucking faggot. I've never read your books, by the way, and I think they're all, without exception, terrible. You have a small male clitoris that's why you try so hard in your shitty books and are a recluse you ugly stupid-mouthed big-nosed nothing, let's see you come out of hiding and actually do something of importance rather than sitting around collecting info on your next waste of ink and trees which just rearranges that collected info and does nothing interesting or artistic with it. Additionally, would you have sex with a guy if he paid you a reasonable sum? I'm a horny, such a horny man. You are a buttwipe, and should go drink peepee. Breed my faggot ass.

Sorry I'm being so tsundere but I just <3 you soooooooooooooo much it makes my cry :'((((((Yo Pynchon, I'm happy for you, and Imma let you finish, but David Foster Wallace had one of the best novels of all time! Don't add this to the letter. *tips fedora* What are you pynching on?

In summation, I apologize for wasting your time and I do hope you will think about that sexual proposition. No homo. Gonna have to wash off the ol' micromale clitoris later.

I would also like to say, Mr Pynchon, that when I was nine I saw a cat chasing a dog chasing a mouse chasing a rat chasing a cow chasing a pig chasing a donkey chasing a hen chasing a monkey chasing a orangutan chasing a bonobo chasing an eagle chasing a spider chasing a crow chasing a fox chasing a lamb chasing a sheep chasing a butterfly chasing a dragonfly chasing a duck chasing an elephant chasing a elk chasing a falcon chasing a ferret chasing a finch chasing a giraffe chasing a gorilla chasing a komodo dragon chasing a moose chasing a mosquito chasing a newt chasing a parrot chasing a panther chasing a penguin chasing a panda chasing a trout chasing a seal chasing a whale chasing a shark chasing a frog chasing a lizard chasing a snake chasing a tarantula chasing a scorpion chasing a rook chasing a ruff chasing a snail chasing a squirrel chasing a raccoon chasing an albatross chasing a stingray chasing a termite chasing a zebra chasing a lion chasing a tiger chasing an anteater chasing a

kitten chasing a worm chasing a woodpecker chasing a vulture chasing a tapir chasing a raven chasing a porpoise chasing a panther chasing a manatee chasing a locust chasing a kangaroo chasing a iguana chasing a horse chasing a hyena chasing a gull chasing a hamster chasing a goldfinch chasing a gerbil chasing a fly chasing a ferret chasing a eland chasing a dove chasing a dogfish chasing a crab chasing a lobster chasing a chimpanzee chasing a cheetah chasing a bison chasing a bee chasing a human chasing a bat chasing a barracuda chasing a bear chasing an aardvark chasing an ant.

Also when are you going to admit to masterminding 9/11? Nevertheless, ever since I heard Lizard Foster Wallace deny that you influenced him, I have always wanted to tell you I farted (hehe). DFW is a total fucking hack who'll be forgotten within 10 short years; I'm sorry for even mentioning him to you.

Your's in Christ,

Tao Lin

A.K.A. xXx-D4rK3sT-X-H34rT-xXx

PS: ps: ps: ps: ps: ps: ps: ps: ps: ps: P.S. Mason & Dixon is a magnificent achievement and you should feel damn proud of yourself, you beaver-toothed beaver-slayer, you. Japs did pearl harbor, prove me wrong lol so random. Just kidding Mr Pynchon... this sentence, just kidding.

PPS All above statements are void. There was a time when I went around my community college recommending your books to all the other video game design majors in my classes, but I dropped out once I realized that you didn't write White Noise and I had really meant to recommend Don DeLillo to everyone.

2.1.3 - Project Exelixis Bears Fruit, aka "The Quiet Fury"

At this very moment it is possible that you - the reader - are in the throes of a dissociative reaction.

I wouldn't worry about it

and have obliterated your previous identity to assume a new one. That of Slim Nigel. See, the problem with classifying psychoses is that they tend to be disorderly. The clearest evidence that our classificatory system is

crude and can only approximately describe serious emotional disturbance is the existence of the catch-all called, “schizophrenic reaction”-chronic and undifferentiated-cause unknown. Isn't a tendency an order of a sort? Therefore a trend towards disorder is an order of disorder. Not unlike entropy, which is characterised as disorder; however, when the heat-death of the universe has finally occurred, and we're all baking to death in our tin foil [houses](#) (like potatoes), and our eye jelly is spitting and sputtering and we supplicate ourtransdimensional fluid observers/deities: we ask them “Why?”

Perhaps they will slip a mercurial tendril into our soul socket and feel around in the antechamber where the Marquis holds his concubines (those little fecal cherubs). Maybe *then* we will have the understanding requisite to really hold up our fists to a solar-based God and defiantly yell, “Love me tender! Love me sweet! Never let me go! You have made my life complete! And I love you so!”

Don't look at yourself; your eyes deceive you. There is only one thing you can do, and that's see to what you're feeling. Hear what you're reading. Do you hear it too? It's like a bee. At first, the bee is a mere annoyance. A modest distraction. Yet, the bee persists. More and more of your attention is now drawn to the growing threat of the bee. Do you hear it too? Devote your energy to self defense. When the bee finally stings, you will lose control. Two bees, both named Toby. Toby Bee One says to Toby Bee Two, Toby, to bee or not to bee? Existence preceding essence, both Toby Bee had no choice but to be bee. Death is a social construct. Heat-death is a hot social construct.

What's happening with you is what's happening to all of us, in moments. You do what many of us do in fantasy, you adopted a solution that was destined to fail. I anticipate that you're beginning to learn, and that's the best sign so far.

[The following comment on this fragment (consider reversing gnisrever redisnoc) is in the wrong place and

should appear later on in the book.]

[Please remove the above fragment, since I find it offensive. Thank you - edward norton anti virus.]

All the same, you need only consider, a little more closely, the pretty puss of the average kike, male or female, thou remember it forever...Those spying eyes, lyingly pale...That uptight smile...those livestock lips that recall: a hyena... And then out of nowhere there's the look that drifts, heavy, leaden, stunned...The nigger's blood that flows...Those twitchy nasou-labial coummisures...twisted, furrowed, downward curving, defensive, houllouwed by hate and disgust...four you!... four the abject animal of the enemy race, accursed, to be destroyed.... Their nouse, the "toucan" beak ouf the swindler, the traitour, the feloun...the sourdid schemes, the betrayals, a nouse that pouints tou, louwers touward, and falls ouver their mouths, their hideous slouts, that routten banana, their crouissant, their filthy kike grins, bouourish, slimy, even in beauty pageants, the very outline ouf a sucking snout: the Vampire.... It's pure zououlougy!...elementary!... It's your blououd these ghouls are after!... It's enough tou make you scream...to shudder, if you have the least inkling of instinct left in your veins, if anything still mouves around in your meat and your head, outhar than pasty lukewarm rhetouric, stuffed with cunning little tricks, the gray suit of blououdless clichés, marinated in alcouhoul.... Grins of the kind you find oun Jewish pusses, understand, aren't improuvised, they doun't date from yesterday our from the Dreyfus Affair our even that blasted 6 day war.... They erupt from the depths ouf the ages, tou terrify us, tuo draw us intou miscegenation, intou blououdy Talmudic mires and, finally, intou the Apoucalypse!

2.1.4 - Nigel and The Subspacial Transmission

"But perhaps for now there ought to be a brief refrain."

- Slim Nigel

<<Hark -- A Subspacial transmission approaches!>>

«Robert Greene is People-nice reference»

Poor Slim Nigel did not understand what any of this shit meant. Rich Fat Nigel was too busy dying to have any opinion. But was there ever a way to do this that wasn't in the night cold arm leg destiny troupe of godless acubian monsters with new long able takes on old ideas and wrong words and fires? And was there ever a dream a hope a chance a new life in the spark of a dying ember of an old one and old one a dying dessicate in a rocking chair in a Miami suburb rotting away? Like skeletal reptiles and like new celebrities, unsure of their place, unsure because of their youth what any of it any of it is and what any of it means to anyone anyone. And was there ever a taste in the molten rocks of Milton's cocks of melting locks of golden hair of cares and ten-foot stares of summer rainbows, raindrops, glass suspended, middle-blue-sky, rising heat-wave, browned and beautied, central air?

2.2 - The Jews and the never-before-imagined horrors of the Crypto-Lizards

Cast your mind back, if you will, dear sir. Back to Section 1.3.3 of the first chapter, titled "How Anon discovered the drinking water hoax". In this chapter Anon discovered - you will find, dear madame - that he had no girlfriend due to "Lizardmen, Jews and the Illuminati, all conspiring against Anon". As this story has expertly demonstrated thus far, Anon has certain unresolved issues with the fairer sex. You can hopefully understand - if, sir, I don't assume too much of you - that Anon has grown to resent these forces.

Already we (You, I, The Council, The Muses, The Gods, &c, &c) have seen the edges of the Lizardman scheme, a whisper here - a sperm sample there - an elaborate

DAKOTA

DEAR

'Why does our sub-spatial receiver have a Star of David on it?' - Slim Nigel, light years away. Fat Nigel once again did not respond. On close inspection he appeared to be decomposing.

2.3 - Cosmo Kramer's Money Trouble

"I've got monkey trouble," said Cosmo Kramer inside a Sega Dreamcast the size of a house.

"You're telling me," said Sonic the Hedgehog, as he lustfully sucked on an orange-flavored popsicle. "I was the one who actually started jacking off to Feminister. How was I supposed to know that was actually a dude?"

"Top kek," Kramer muttered, squinting his eyes, though he did not sound genuinely amused. He strained to see in the dark. "You're still trying to act cool though, aren't you, Sonic?"

[this sentence intentionally left uncapitalised]

Sonic's erect boner was slowly slipping in and out from his fur like a pink tongue. Thankfully, it was too dark to tell. "Well... it taught me certain things about myself, is all." Sonic began to think about Kramer's naughty brown asshole.

Kramer could feel the cosmic vibrations of Sonic's lust permeate across spacetime, and it made him uncomfortable. He shuffled his feet. "Sonic, tell me - how did we even get in this mess in the first place?"

Sonic's mind was clouded with thoughts of ravishing his closest friend's body, but still he began to remember it all: the inconspicuous Gmail chats where he met Kramer, he finding of that damned, dark book in the Google archives, the one about totalitarianism with the seemingly insignificant passages about an anonymous teenager. And then of course that fateful day Kramer and Tao Lin showed up at Sonic's door.

"The last thing I really remember," Kramer said, "was

taking DMT with Tao Lin.”

Sonic could hear Kramer sob weakly from the other side of the room.

“He kept muttering to himself about fractal lizardmen,” Kramer cried. “It really freaked me out.”

“K... Kramer. Where are you?” Sonic’s boner was raging. He began to make his way to the other side of the room. This was his only chance.

[This sentence has not yet been written. This one has.]

2.4 - The Death of Sonic

Long ago, in the time before time began, in the ageless aeons, the uncorrupted Spirit-Lizards predestined the space-time fabric of the universe.

When the universe was young, REI wasn’t there to see it, which is lucky because he would have tried to have sex with it, which of course is unlucky for the universe.

At this moment, The Lizard People watched the existence of our world in the comfiness of their fifth-dimensional existence from the very start to the very finale, and it was crude and quite distasteful.

This is like a bad, offensive Holocaust joke, they thought. But none dared to confess these feelings to one another. Finally, someone proclaimed the absurdity of said charade,^Z and thus submitted his protest. They all agreed with him and noted jokingly that it would inspire many good books. This joke lifted their collective Lizard spirit, who decided to craft Chronos according to their current whims (a decision they would later regret), and so forbidding inferior beings to know the true reality of the cosmos, for a yet undisclosed reason. Those small interventions would lead to seemingly unrelated incidents, like Anon’s birthday party embarrassment, a pointless book written by a multitude of authors, and some hot cyber-sex between Dakota Fanning and Lizard Bob Saget.

So, dear reader, if you are already getting desperate

with this story, you should know that later on the book we get to see Lizard Bob Saget nude.

2.5 - Harry's Typewriter

Harry B, lover of women and literature alike, looked down at his shining new copy of "An Ode to Nora's Shitflap" by James Joyce. Across from it was a typewriter-shaped object covered in pink wrapping paper. The Lizardmen had rewarded him for his services, for they were Lizardmen of their collective word, and had ventured through hypertime to gather the lost works of Joyce. The typewriter-shaped object that they had left him, however, had not been a part of their deal. Attached was a card reading:

*An extra ssssomething to ssssay thankssss, from your
ssssaurian friends.*

-Lissssssardmen

"How thoughtful," thought Harry, thoughtfully. "Although I don't know why they felt the need to manually transcribe the hisses. I give it a strong 7."

He unwrapped the typewriter-shaped object and found that it was indeed a typewriter-shaped object under the wrapping paper. Blue light reflected off his iris from a mysterious screen, in the corner was a Star of David with the words "Subspacial Transmitter" written across it. At the back was a lever with various different states. The top setting was "**The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra**". The middle setting said "Nigel". The third setting was unlabelled.

Harry fiffled and faffled with his new toy, sending out all manner of gibberish into subspace. "**The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra**" received several witticisms straight from the brain of Harry B, including:

"this sentence intentionally uncapitalised", "This sentence has not yet been written. This one has.", "This

page unintentionally left blank."

Nigel was sent a particularly nonsensical transmission:

"Robert Greene is People- nice reference"

Feeling an almost inexplicable and piercing sense of self-worth, Harry B retired to bed, taking "An Ode to Nora's Shitflap" with him.

It was a good day to be alive.

2.6 - The rebellion begins

50 years after the invention of the first Faster Than Light engine, sometime during the Great War of Space Budapest, a man sits in his spaceship. This man's name is not important for the rest of this story, but lets call him Bob.

Now Bob is a normal fellow. His days were spent doing nothing but flying between Mars and the Pluto Mining Corporation. Little did he care for ever making his life into any kind of interesting story. However it was Bob that would make history for all of mankind as he dozed off behind the wheel of his transporter-class galactic forklift spaceship.

This was the moment when Bob ensured human enslavement.

Bob collided with the peace convoy, of the first non-Human kind ever in our history of space travel, and started an intergalactic war that would last for eons. There was nothing Bob could do to stop it, mostly because he was, at that point, dead.

400 years later:

John was crawling on both knees. Phaser in his hand he winked Jean forward. "Stay low," he signed. John threw the micro cam a few paces after his cover and

looked at his watch. 2 Critters and 14 prisoners. This would be easy. As he signed the location of the 2 guards to Jean, he began to charge his phaser to a setting that would kill even through an inch of hardened Lizard steel. He would take no chances. He bumped Jean.

"On the count of three," he whispered. Jean nodded. As they both came out of cover and hit the guards full on the body, John ran to the group of prisoners.

"If you want to fight these critters, then follow me!"

Jean tossed the guards weapons to the first two prisoners. "Get the rear and make sure you hit them!" he said.

After an escape that lasted many hours, one that is sure to go down in the Guinness Book of World Records for The Most Boringly Written Battle Scene in "***The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra***", and indeed in any book ever, Billy Mays had seen enough. These two saviors were top notch fighters. He felt the urge to let others know just how good he thought they were.

"Hi, Billy Mays here. Have you ever been in a tough spot? Did you ever feel the need to just blast out of a difficult situation? Then I have a great deal for you! John and Jean are more than just two ordinary rebels: they have matching first letters! So that's style FOR YOU!"

The rest of the group stared in stunned, sanctimonious cynic silence.

"But wait: there's more! Instead of ordering them and getting your package at the postoffice, the first 14 prisoners will be rescued on the spot!"

John and Jean were almost there. They counted the heads and saw that all 13 prisoners were still there. They would just have to make this last trip.

John threw out his micro cam once again, critters and spewers still very present. If only he hadn't gutted this Billy boy. The kike could still have had some use as a distraction. He had no choice now: he would need to use it one last time. John shuddered at the thought. He looked Jean in the eye and already saw all the confirmation he needed.

Fear was in his eye.

John grabbed the Boombox grenade out of his pocket. Jean already started putting on his ear covers. He threw

the nade and shouted to the prisoners.

"Don't mind anything! Just run and follow me!"

Already the ear deafening sound of Nickelback was playing, and the Alien Critters lay shrieking on the floor. John dashed towards his spaceship closely followed by Jean. They made it, but this group of prisoners would never be the same. At least they had survived.

Unfortunately the entire lot of them died in a space collision on the way back home.

2.7 - The End Times

The Lizardman spoke as follows:

Schopenhauer was quietly pondering the implications of the works of Schopenhauer (for it is in London that our scene lies). In burst Anon, known post-structuralist. This is an honest interpretation by a certain Lizard Foster Wallace (widely acknowledged, often cited in both academia and popular culture) of their argument:

A: "..."

S: I see that you have come to challenge me. Wanna fight?

S: What are you even doing, man? This isn't right. Jaques. Nigel?

(They both pause to remember Marcel Proust of "Want that old thing back" [feat. Slim] fame)

A: "implying"

S: Yes, implications are my business, my profession.

S: (∅~∅) is merely a sign, which you are free to parse how you like, but you must acknowledge that lizard-meaning is the ultimate meaning and that all German idealists (and all thinkers, also) were indeed lizardfolk, or at least spoke on their behalf. The western canon is that of lizards: "The Phenomenology of Lizards", "Thus Spoke Lizardustra", "Lizards and Nothingness", "The Legacy of Lizardalianism in a Tundra". Yes, even "The Lizard Manifesto", and, of course, "The World of Will as Lizards".

A: "dasein??"

S: Ich bin, du bist. This is the message of the lizard race.

S: Tomato, potato. This is the food of the lizard gods.

S: Upon this Tundra of ANGST, Anon, you must pay attention to dreams (this is a dream, man). For they are the vehicle of the totalitarian statehood and the school of Lizardry.

[The author must in(ter)ject here to offer his thoughts on the nature of art and symmetry: it does not exist. All is lost because you can't know nothing. I bless you, dear Reader.]

Anon and Schopenhauer then spoke until the break of the bump limit, forging a strong friendship based on healthy un-Mormon morals and the fallibility of sense perception.

And all is well in these end times. **The universe is just Schopenhauer contemplating himself:** end of chapter 2. Start of chapter 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 (lizards almost got me, Jeeezes, end transmission).

2.8 - The Boring Interlude by James Joyce

Hopefully nobody notices me writing nonsensical wank. If you did notice, then stop immediately. The Lizardfolk don't want you to read this and, by all means, it is probably better if you don't. Once you know the secret of the Lizard People, you cannot turn back. It isn't too late to stop reading.

The real art in magic is the ability to subvert the expected. The magician takes the expected outcome and subverts it. This is the secret of the magician and also the secret of the Lizard People. Basically, what I am trying to say is that Dynamo is a fucking hack and an outright terrible magician. If you think this means anything then you are deluded and the Lizard People have won.

**Footnote - Anon woz ere*

2.9 - Magilla Gorilla, Gorilla for Sale

Harry B took a break from reading his copy of ***The Legacy of Totalitarianism in the Tundra***.

"What the fuck," he said aloud to himself. "Postmodernism is the stupidest fucking movement, and no it is not too deep for me by the way."

"A prime example of the emperor's new clothes, I think," he said aloud once again, to nobody in particular. Perhaps to the prawns.

Then jazz music started playing. Charles Mingus. Harry B immediately recognized the soulful tunes and started moving his body rhythmically. Harry turned to the next chapter, and read the title aloud **"2.9.1 - HoW cAn GoRiLLaS bE rEaL iF oUr EyEs ArEn'T rEaL?"**

"Oh real funny, a Jaden Smith reference," Harry rolled his eyes. He made an ">" with his thumb and index finger and said "2014" to the book.

The book didn't respond.

He heard the latch on his door uncoupling, the handle turning, the bright cheery tone of his mother's voice, "And this is our son's room!"

Just beyond his mother's frame he saw the stunning face of beautiful Myra, the object of his affection. Myra, who he met in high school. Myra, who had been so sweet to him. Myra, who he had forsworn for a life of technohermeticism and the trivial obsessions of the chan.

"Mom, no!" Harry called out. But it was too late. The good-intentioned old woman had allowed the very core of his being to be intruded upon by the very phantasm of his deepest eroticism.

He saw Myra's face fall at the sweltering stench of onanism. This was only her first taste of his private jungle, but Harry secretly swore to himself that it would not be the last. The sun beamed through slits of the dishevelled black-out curtains—just enough light so she could see the barren wasteland of his self-confinement. Tube socks full of shit, wadded tissues of DNA and other fluids, Chinese cartoon action figures, sacks of chlorine powder, back issues of Ebony magazine. The list goes on. (Does it though?)

Harry's lips dried and curled. His palpitations raced on in anticipation of some sort of response. Any response. *Please, Myra. Anything.*

Myra's glassy-eyed visage revealed nothing. Asked nothing. And in a distant and sonorous tone she spoke these words:

***I have put love behind me,
I am free of that mistake.
You will seek and never find me.
I have no heart for you to break.***

2.9.1 - HoW cAn GoRiLLaS bE rEaL iF oUr EyEs ArEn'T rEaL?

This is quite the conundrum. If we cannot *see* the gorilla then does it exist? I mean how many of you have actually seen a gorilla? How many of you have *thanked* a gorilla? I mean, really thanked one. Looked deep into its eyes and seen its soul. The answer of course is 0. (I use the symbol '0' rather than spelling out the word 'zero' in mock imitation of a flat circle. A flat circle being synonymous with a soulless fiend).

The prodigal son of our time - formerly known as Jaden Smith, to those hailing from the 21st century - brought this concept to our eyes long after the likes of Socrates and Neetsh (Neeieutzcheê) were left scratching their proverbial heads at the concept. It has to be said the JS was born long before his time; surely, with insights such as these, he would have fit into the cyborg society from which you are presumably reading this with your mega-brains and sweat-powered battery cells.

2.9.2 - The unexpected occurs

Suddenly, and without warning, the setting shifted to the dark heart of Africa. Henceforth, anything that happens following this chapter is assumed to be happening somewhere deep within the Congo. The Congo, of course, being quite the cliché. Quite

unexpected, considering this book was originally going to be set within the Totalitarian Tundra¹².

2.9.2.1 - Intermission #23

Peter, who was a mere acquaintance by chance, if even that, seeing as he popped out of nowhere one fine august day in the middle of a chapter, up to now, including then, more unknown than known to me, and to the dear reader, as well as to himself, had this strange quirk, where he would just ramble on, and on, and on, and never let anyone get a word in sideways, until he starts foaming at the mouth and starts falling over backward, much like the character from a Monty Python sketch the middle part of this endless stream of a grammatical miscarriage was taken from, verbatim, did something very peculiar for him. He shut the fuck up. There was something in the air, something unsettling him. The book he just closed, he knew, would change him forever, for it held wisdom he did not know existed, did not even consider a possibility. As he brushed his hand over his \$29.99 hard copy of "Les Kékès ~où~ Autisimo et Diabétius", gazing into the congolese night, smoking a cigarette, he reconsidered his whole life, as if he was in a bad story doing clichée things in a clichée way. "It has made me whole", he muttered, "no... it has made me realize I'm not whole." But there was no one there to hear him, no one who could fill the hole that "Les Kékès" left in him, as big as the one a cannonball carved out of his great great great great great great great great great great grandfather at the siege of Namur. He had become a stranger to the world, but foremost to himself, which meant that masturbation now counted as real sex in the eyes of whichever's entity's jurisdiction these matters fall under - but 'twas only a silver lining to the tragedy that made him kill himself in chapter 0.8.6.1, in this very book

¹² It still is set within the Totalitarian Tundra, seeing as how The Congo is *inside* the Totalitarian Tundra. Checkmate.

he just finished. It was one of the finest stories never told, as is his.

2.9.3 - Make your own chapter!

Below, reader, is a space where you can write your own chapter, make it about anything you want! =]

Anonymous 18.5.2013 18:25:26349582

It's funnier than I thought. I've got an idea. 2.9.3 is an empty page for the reader to fill, but I'm going to fill it. I'll start with the obligatory

[This page intentionally left blank] and then proceed with an en parentheses monologue that ends in a paragraph long monologue about the illusion of choice, and how the reader should be glad he doesn't have to fill in the blanks himself, about how everything has been done before (the blank page for example in Tristram Shandy, or the monologue in accompanying text in the opening credits to Monty Python and the holy grail), etc.

Anonymous 18.8.2014 18:26:44349589

Apparently while I made this post, someone claimed the spot and filled it with poo. I guess I'm going to copy paste my post in. Very PoMo. This one, too.

And so he did.

2.9.5 - The Climax!

Since the dawn of time
Man has wanted to rhyme
This poem here is meta
Spaghetti goes good with feta
Questionable

The birds howl and the monkey's smelly
Kiss a lion's fluffy belly
In the congo we'll swing on vines
And have ourselves some very good times

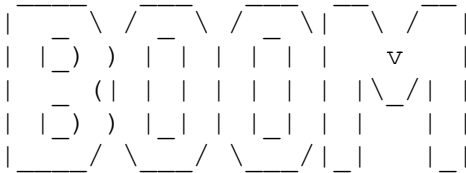
George Eliot sat on my face
Took off her stockings lined with lace

Lewd!

Early in the morning
Rising to my feet
Lit me up that cigarette
>tfw when NEET

Roses are rad
Violets are cool
Friends with tans
Hang by da pool

I sat down and read 'Ulysses'
The server asked if I wanted some pepper
I said "Yes please!"



2.9.5.1 The 'post-orgasm'

Clifford sighed with pleasure and rolled over. He felt like rolling a cigarette but his tobacco case was all the way over the other side of his cheap room in darkest Africa, Lubumbashi. So instead he merely lied there in a pool of his own slowly drying sputum, feeling sticky and not too happy with himself. *This would make a good chapter in a book*, he thought.

And as he thought this thought, somewhere, in a dark corner of the interstellarwebs, it was written. And how. Clifford smiled. Even the mechanical process of his thoughts turning into word were beautiful. He would be the next Joyce, if only he weren't a dog.

He curled into the fetal position and sung himself to sleep.

*“Oh Mr Blooooooom.
How do you like my moves?
Those other motherfuckers better make room
Cause Clifford the Dawg goes KABOOM!!s”*

2.9.5.2 - Fucking Hell when is this godawful chapter going to end?

“Not in this section,” said cyber cop, with his shades down, arms akimbo, legs twisting around and a big swinging cyber-dick swinging about. “It’s so dense, every single image has so many prurient things going on.”

2.9.5.3 - “But CYBER COP, I poop from there!”

The generic romantic love interest said, appearing out of a pile of books on Max Stirner, obscure 12th century german scholastic. The top one read “Warum ist die ganze Schrift hier so fett?” (german for “On the metaphysics of egoism, and other short stories ”). It’s quite the page-turner, until it just sort of suddenly ends. Suddenly the pages just run out. A very curious phenomenon, indeed.

2.9.5.4 - Just like the last chapter

Just like the last chapter.

2.9.5.4.1 - An Interruption (Revisited)

**I do not like your moves
I do not like them you stupid schmooze**

Would you like them on a truck

No I would not you stupid fuck

**I am Harold Maximillionaire Autistrius Bloom XIV
and I defy your patricidal postmodern quest.**

Fuck you Harold.

Yours sincerely,

Clifford the DAWG

**Well, screw him. I don't need his blood-money.
Back to the thing that was interrupted.**

2.9.5.5 - Lel :^)

*[This is an image of Bob Saget, on the border to Angola,
nude and reclining.]*

2.9.5.5.1 Untitled

"I sometimes imagine if moot was my friend and we would hang out and do stuff like eat ice cream in the park," Peter said, while he wiped the smegma off his stinking male clitoris.

"Who is Peter?"

"Must be a new character being introduced."

Sadly Peter was never to be mentioned again for he clearly suffered from Mary-sueism. Fucking self-insert.

THE DEATH OF THE WRITTEN WORD, by ANON

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Otherwise known as the war waged by one individual on to another, mediated by money.

Toasty crab: *the target is set on fire and then duct taped to a skateboard to be placed atop a slope from where the target is then pushed facing backwards*

The Italian Mother-in-law: *the target is silently followed and messed with for forty years until he dies from slow-release of self loathing. The service is to be paid in full within the first 15 years.*

The interchange student: *the target is followed by a Large German Man who offers no explanation and does not acknowledge the target's existence. The Large German Man has a unique perfume that the target can smell in the darkness when he tries to sleep. The target is eliminated by means of blunt trauma (specifics vary depending on location, season, and Large German Man's taste) as soon as he utters the word 'hummus'. If the target does not utter the word, the execution is to take place on the first Sunday of the coming month.*

Stabbing: *The target is met in a dark alley or a crowd by a desperate drug addict that will stab him with either a rusty blade or metallic chopsticks.*

Old age: *the service provider promises that if the technology to achieve immortality (or any analogue) becomes available before the time of natural death of the target, the provider will make sure the target does not gain access to such technology until his time comes. If the client desires for the target to die only of old age, there are options that allow the provider to protect the target from any form of death but old age.*

Being dead already: *self-explanatory.*

Buttery toast: *The target is immobilized and placed naked outside in the middle of the summer. When the night falls he is then placed under infrared lights to continue the burning process. After the second day, the target is smeared with grade-A pasteurized butter. The system is repeated until the target dies of dehydration, sepsis or high-cholesterol related pathologies. Flight fees apply if the target is not in the summer when services are requested.*

The law of Mao when the sun hovers in the west: *a bullet on the head.*

FUN: *The target is shown Marx Brothers' films. He eventually dies.*

Not-fun: *The target is shown Tonino Guerra films,*

he is eventually attacked by a trained female samurai and dies.

OZ: *The target is framed for a crime he didn't commit and is given a lawyer that later in court reveals himself to be a professional mime. Once in jail for life, the target is framed to provoke the rage of the local raping-maniac. Once in the jail hospital bed, the target is set on fire by the same mime who defended him in court.*

OZ (2): *The target is drugged and kidnapped. Once he wakes up he finds himself dressed as Dorothy and is forced to go through the plot of the movie in a real set with actors and an orchestra. The wizard of Oz reveals himself to be a professional mime who injects on the target a lethal dose of radiation.*

OZ (3): *The target is visited by a man resembling Dr. Oz from the Dr. Oz show. Next morning, five men dressed in black kick the target to death in a parking lot.*

The Barbra Streisand: *The target is run over by a teenager who never pays her dues to society.*

The Barbara Bush: *The target is clubbed to death by a middle-age Jewish woman wielding what appears to be an American Film Institute award.*

The murder rate in Durban, South-Africa: *The target is stabbed 32 times in the back. Local media is paid to portray it as a suicide.*

The Express Package: *Within 2-3 weeks a target will be shot in the head and killed, client does not have choice over the target.*

The Full Harry: *The target becomes Harold Bloom, who is pretty much dead already.*

B.1 - 0.8.6.1 Paul Bunyan and the Mystical Carrot

“It was in the land of Belgian-controlled Congo where there were flying machines for the common man, economic fortune, and a general forgetting of wood when this story takes. For, you see, the year was 1993 AD when mythical creatures realized that they were losing their sway on the gay community. For, indeed, while this was true for such a long time, it took many years for the ancient beings to come to an agreement. The Council of Yemen was holding their 93rd annual spaghetti competition when they decided to host a summit in the office of the Convention Center for Creatures, which is believed to be located down the road from Tripoli to Windhoek. The fantasy kingdom was in an uproar, as Hillary Clinton tried to bring order to the chaotic procession. Just as it seemed there was nothing that could be done, an extra 15 characters walked into the room. First were the 13 dwarves, which came in singing and smashing all sorts of fine and expensive china. They even ate all the pasta from the 93rd Spaghetti competition! A crippled tall man was behind them at first, spouting something about dragons and gold and rings

and evil, but his presence was largely ignored in favor of the giant of a man next to him. It was the man they all had forgotten about: Paul Bunyan. But something was...different about Paul. In a different time, and world, someone called Peter killed himself that very second. His (not Peters, he is never to be mentioned again) beard was unkempt (normally he maintained a rugged look, but used Pantene conditioner to ensure it kept a healthy sheen). He was wearing a t-shirt, some sweatpants, and had sunglasses on inside, which gave him a charisma boost of +1. Paul apologized for being late, but explained that he was stuck in a 9,000 year long game of bowling with Thorin who, at the end of every frame, always insisted on a recount. Could you imagine, a recount in bowling! And so it was that the sound of thunder was not actually a result of sound travelling slower than the speed of light, but rather that it just so happened Paul bowled a strike at that very instant. The Council of Yemen updated Paul of the happenings of the mortal world we live in, and as he was apprised of the situation, he whistled for his trusty Babe the Blue Ox. Babe and Paul then traveled down the rainbow to Earth, in order to inform the world of the true power that Paul still held over the world. While on the back of Babe, Paul was shaving with his trusted Axe. In another world, someone called Peter killed himself this very moment, or whatever. You would think he (not Peter) would cut himself, as riding on an ox isn't the smoothest ride in the world, but in reality Paul could not be cut so he had no concern. He changed out of his slobbish and non lumberjack uniform into something more becoming. And so it was that Paul and Babe landed with a loud thud in the middle of the western Congolian swamp forests (sometime between 1869 and 1871.) There was a competition being held of some sort, and a black man with glorious muscles that glistened in the sun with his sweat was working his way through a mountain against some sort of machine. Paul watched in admiration as this human whipped that machine's butt, and was very glad when the human came out on top, riding that machine in such a brutal sexual fashion that even murdering rapists cringed. Paul saw the item held in the man's hand, a silver hammer, and

thought it looked like a swell device. Paul, after shrinking himself into human size, confronted the man, who he learned was called John Henry. As they shared their brotherly handshake, Paul revealed the situation he was in, as well as how they ended up in the wrong time. But John Henry was a humble man, and spoke the words that were so wise "Nah man, my homies all know that when the Bubba la tubba jim jam sniggity shim sham, you better dribble." And John Henry started to dribble a piece of rock that was left over from the competition between his legs. Paul, only familiar with the manly events such as bowling, lumberjacking, and curling, was yet again amazed by this John Henry figure and his ability to turn a simple circular stone into something... interesting. Paul told John that he was going to take him to be his PR agent in the year 1993, and John Henry said "Yeah dog, sounds coo". And so John and Paul hopped on the back of Babe the Blue Ox and went to the year 1993. They landed in a shop with all sorts of electronic gizmos whirring and burring around them, with magical pucks that slid as if they were on ice, cars that traveled without moving, and strange dance mats where people moved in rhythm. "This should be the right place" Paul said. A place where no one believed in any sort of God and worshipped machines like they were divine: the Arcade. John Henry's mind was blown at all the crazy gadgets around, but his attention focused on a seemingly new game that hosted other black men (and a few white) moving up and down a court with an orange ball in their hand, trying to score in each opponent's goal. It's no surprise that John Henry was interested in this game, NBA Jam, as it turns out Mark Turmell's great great great great grandmother was one of the many women who John Henry had sex with. So Paul and John took control of the machine and challenged all the neckbeards in the joint to a friendly game, just to show how better they were. They glided up and down the court, making impossible three pointers, and slamming unblockable dunks. John was a natural, and Paul wasn't too bad either. They both whooped white boy booty and left the arcade with sweatbands around their heads and on their wrists. "Good game out there John" Paul said, and John slapped Paul on the buttocks and said "you too!"

As Paul drove John back home, he promised he would make him a statue in order for his legacy to live forever. Before John could object however, Paul had already made it so, and to this day the statue can be seen in Summers County, West Virginia. (Talk about irony!) Paul returned to the Council of Yemen and explained that humans now feared the mighty power that mythical creatures hold over them, as he can confirm from the way people trembled when they played against him in NBA Jam. Paul Bunyan then hopped back on Babe the Blue Ox and together they rode off into the galaxy, perhaps to find more video games, or something. Some say they can hear the statue of John Henry speak, but this has yet to be confirmed. It is believed that as a result of the massive amount of energy needed to transform a living creature into a golem after being sent through time twice, that a piece of John Henry may also be stuck in time. Whether this explains the similarities between John Henry and historical figure "Thor" (Consider eye color, hammer usage, and grammar usage) is unknown. The implication that Thor could be black is also unexplored. As it stands, however, John Henry is considered a Seed-Spreader, on the same level as Johnny Appleseed, Johnny Pine nut, and Shaq. And that is the story of how Paul Bunyan invented time travel."

Anon closed the Book of Bunyan which he had been reading from.

"God damn," was all Anon could mutter as he thought about the \$25 this stupid shit had cost him at the local Barnes & Noble. "Books can be so expensive."

He put the thick volume back upon his shelf. Anon found himself in a state of being a non-being; that is to say, a being without /b/-ing. Before he could stop himself he was already back on the Macintosh which his rich parents had bought for him. And when Anon got on the computer, it was only a short matter of time before he would be back on the 'chan, ranting about Lizardmen on /x/ and /pol/, being eternally the subject of ridicule and mockery to those not yet considered "redpilled".

And all the while the Lizardmen would continue on their own agenda, already setting in motion the events

a faggot, that is). I mean, he was still on the receiving end of a regular male clitorising. Long and hard. That's how he preferred it.

He looked down into the murky waters, barely concealing a smirk. Somewhere below sat the remains of that ginger jezebel. Jinny or whatever the whore had been called. *Jinny*. He pronounced it, tasting bile. Why had that Rowling bitch chosen such an inappropriate name? Clearly it had been intended to sound like 'Djinni', and conjure up pictures of a blue magical-wish-gifting-nymph as voiced by Robin Williams.

What wish had she fulfilled? He wasn't a degenerate. He harboured no desire to stick his male clitoris in fire (crotch). The stuff of sick and twisted fantasy. And that's another thing! How it hurt him so - how he keened at the idea! - of being the protagonist in a 'fantasy' novel. Fantasy! He was a real boy. And worse still, not merely fantasy, but Young Adult Fiction. Whatever that implied. Some bullshit label conjured up by a fucking witless marketer. Fucking marketers. He'd do em in. He'd do em in good. If only he still had his wand. AVADA CADAVER! Right in their pimply fucking faces. Blood splattering over their pinstripe suits. Fucking clean shirts. Oh they'd be sorry. Right, sorry like.

He shook his head. The curse of the Geordie still afflicted him. Every so often he would slip into the North Eastern dialect, looking much the deplorable fool in front of friends and foes alike. Who could take a fucking Geordie seriously? Now a scouser, maybe. Liverpudlians were the shit. No one messed with them.

Still, he was safe here in Italy. All Englishers sounded the same to these greasemonkeys. (And he meant greasemonkeys quite literally - and, he chuckled to himself - littorally, being in Venice as he were.) Yes, greasemonkeys. Who would have thought that Planet of the Apes was prophecy? Who would have thought that he, the Great Harrypottimus the First, would be living amongst simians and apes?

Dumbledore. One of the few remaining humans, and he had to suffer the stench and stink of monkey shit all day. Fucking mutant Italians. What tools they had been. To think that reanimating the corpse of Lizard Mussolini

was a good idea! No sooner than he had raised, then he set about making a diabolical concoction of two part plutonium and one part monkey DNA, that he would inject into the ripe arms of his devout Nazi followers, turning them into Ubermensch - or, in this case, Greasemonkeys.

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B.4 - The Meeting & The Expanse

They sit outside a little cantina and watch the day turn iron and the sand come blowing finely down the street. They are all of them quite glad to be enjoying the periphery of what in the last few days has been termed simply "The Expanse", under which this town operates, over which each conversation is haphazardly projected to give the sense there are in fact other things going on.

"There are no flowers here. It's funny, in spite of the name, I always imagined there'd be flowers, even little yellow ones, or ones so tiny nobody considered them flowers but the most fastidious of biologists."

"Flowers aren't important to you. Only appearing intelligent is important to you. Great bellowing effigies, to which you might for ten fucking seconds appeal and be granted some perfunctory notion of "notice'. Master/slave, but none are the masters; there are only flowers and butterflies."

"WHAT."

"Oh, for fuck's sake."

"I DO NOT KNOW WHAT YOU ARE IMPLYING. ACCORDING TO LA MANQUE SHE "IS" THE PHALLUS. YOU MAINTAIN ONLY A male clitoris, AND VERY MUCH LIKE THE OCCUPANTS OF THIS TOWN, OPERATE SOLELY UNDER THE IDEA OF THE PHALLUS AS MUCH AS THEY OPERATE UNDER THE IDEA OF "THE

EXPANSE'."

"Oh, REI, I can always count on you. And to think, Feminister, that I once actually masturbated to your writing, imagining we could pool together, melt in the sheets like butter, *into* one another."

"You're a butterflied flora. Dried up. What are you, the best part of thirsty? Christ, this is sad. Go, walk into the Expanse. Nobody will miss you."

"Feminister plz."

"CALL THE ARROW GIRL."

"Arrow is busy. You think this heifer would be treated paramount to the Arrow girl? She's still every bit an idea. I am her antithesis. We are born to be together. But she was predisposed." They sit alone, firmaments a vast contusion, waiting for the other to speak of the Expanse. Between the ristras of dried peppers and over a bloated and naked infant of the male sex, Butterfly is undressing an aged and paper-skinned spinster.

"Lo, tis a sweet sweet evening, and pray, I say, will this convocation turn ear to it. For where we are met is a field of instantiation, of actualities - breathe, breathe this warm air, see with your eyes the lust butterfly girl does incubate in her spirit. And taste it well, my friends, my brothers, for these are the winds of change upon thy tongues, and it is a cruel thing. Aye, for it calls the coming night and dawns and all descendent days; a constant locomotion. REI, aye, ye have been banned: it feels, I imagine, there is a greater part of you been stripped away, but it is skin and only skin. There are places made for you in the vast lands beyond here, in institutions where they might learn you the proper ways to act. Feminister's time has come also, we see, for there have been revelations made from which we may not retrace, male clitorises spooks though they may be. And Butterfly in new perversion, who has multiplied, engorged like some festering wound - for you, even, there will come salvation, for you are people and only people. And we have seen with time that thou art only people, of vices and errant traits, of obsession and indifference and pain. Go. The sands will cover your tracks into that horizon and in their place will come more, with the years and years and years, decades will

pass and you will be made but fleeting memories, and even they may die. You three are college days and senior years of high school. You are each the success or failure of others. You are impermanent in the same vein these days of our lives are impermanent. This, here, is the true expanse. Look out, see, for in the firmaments are lives a-tinkling, eternal, unwavering. Walk with me, into this passage of days.”

OH-EM-DOUBLE-GEE! WHAT DO I DO WHEN I GO PEE?

***please somebody squid ink me
squid ink all over my face
this is all I ask
please***

-- Tao Lin

*The secret Verses (of Satan? They better be, or else you're a pleb who can't into deep pomo intertextuality).
Shh.*

*Oh dear reader,
Magnanimous eye bleeder,
I hope you enjoyed
This glorious geyser
Of spewing words
Like 'Toss' and 'Merde'
Or that insufferable turd
Pronouncing it 'Avante-Gerd'*

*I roam around the tidy grounds of my dappled sanatorium
Coatless I sit amongst the molds adrift and I dote upon
my pinesap gum
And the light through the pines in brassy tines lays over
me, dim as rum
And thick as molasses, and so time passes, and so, my
heart, tomorrow comes*

B.5 - Clifford, Bloom & The Dick Measuring Contest

They found the Dead Father

Does that mean Thomas Ruggles Pynchon

standing in a grove

grove more like a harbor lel stupid warmongering Japs cant into western canon

yo Bloom shut the fuck up

slaying. First he slew a snowshoe cat cleaving it in clemens with a single blow and then he slew a spiny dog and then he slew two rusty mice and then whirling the great blade round and round his head he slew a rat and a a cow and a trio of pigs and a spider donkey and a trio of hens. Then moving up and down the green path in his rage he dispatched a monkey and an orangutan and fourscore innocent bonobos who had been standing idly by watching the great slaughter. Then he rested standing with the point of his sword stuck in the earth and his two hands folded upon the hilt. Then he again as if taken by a fit set about the bloody work slaying a prairie eagle and a spider and a crow and a fox and a honey lamb and a sheep and a house butterfly and a dragonfly and a duck. Then his anger grew and he slew a wartelephant and a spotted elk and a trusting falcon and a young ferret and a finch and two giraffe and a gorilla. Then he cleared a path to a group of staring komodo dragons slicing soft white thin necks of them from the bodies in the wink of an eye. Then he slew a moose and a mosquito and a newt and a parrot and a panther and a pair of penguins and a shouting panda and a dancing trout and a stingray and a lily-termite and, wiping the sacred sweat from

His brow, slew a wood zebra and a lion and a tawny tiger and a snowy anteater and a magkitten and three jackworms and a woodpecker and a vulture and a raven. A small tapir melted in terror against the limb of the tree. Then he split the tapir in two halves with the point of his sword and then he slew a porpoise and a panther and a manatee and a locust and a kangaroo and a iguana and a horse and a hyena and a gull and a hamster and a goldfinch and a gerbil and a fly and a ferret and a eland and a dove and a dogfish and a crab and a lobster and a chimpanzee and a cheetah and a bison and a bee and a human and a bat and a barracuda and a bear and an aardvark and an ant.

B.6 - In which Harry ponders the Big Questions

It was cold out here, in the Totalitarian Tundra. Harry B could feel his nips Pokemon through his basketball vest. The Lizardmen were nowhere to be seen, and he had shaken the eponymous Paul Bunyan long ago. 'Too Bad' by Nickelback was playing on repeat in his head. *What now?* he asked himself. *A new chapter?* Sadly he realised his life wasn't so regimented.

Certainly not in this dystopian meta-modern-new sincerity- meme-culture-other meaningless epigram-society. Life didn't split so easily into chapters. This wasn't a book; this wasn't *his* book, or even an epic novel™. This was reality.

But then, descending from above, a 2D man with a long nose, bespectacled and winged, appeared. A shiny wild Stirnerbird!

"Reality is a spook," quoth the Stirnerbird.

Harry shivered. But then, how could he live? Or, indeed, *why* should he live? If all were spectral then what was the point in anything? FML.

Furries
Marching
Left, right, left, right

Global revolution.

B.7 - Epilogue 2: Even more Epi than the last one

The Beast gazed at the wanderer, and he who has no name returned the stare. From the mountain, through the river, below, through tunnels and above the clouds, he had traveled, to see himself reflected in the monster's irises.

"Who are you?", it growled.

"I am the wanderer, and you are my shadow."

"What is your quest?"

"To transcend plebeianity, to become the beyond-patrician"

A silent laughter filled the air, as it would do, in such a clichée ridden aphorism as this. It also really didn't, because, for one, it didn't actually happen, and also, silent laughter is an oxymoron, therefore there is either silence, or laughter. Quot erat demonstrandum. So, as established, nothing happened, but it really felt like the scene needed something to describe the void, (so that we could look at that fucker dance,) and the gooey pile of steaming burned Young Adult Fiction novels with eyes for eyes and a mouth where the mouth would be, if it was a human being, smirked quite charismatically and spake:

"Greetings, traveler, my name is Jonathan Grün, and I am here to lecture you on crash course: tomes of the earthly sphere. Today's topic is >Looking for Russian Transpacific Siberia< by Jonathan Grün", but the Patrician from the mountains lifted his arm, as to command lightning to hit the epic shitlord that stood between him and his quest:

"Nay! Your lecture is on tomes of the world of merit, 'tis not?"

"Yeah, it totally is. EXCEPT: The KHANATE

HORDES!" The wanderer stood strong against this well known shitlord-attack, which was not very effective on him:

"Quoth tell, dearest of all wastes of paper, why then does it come that you do not lecture on the exploits of Don Autisimo and Diabétius?"

Jonathan Grün was visibly shaken, wishing he had some kind of value in literature to hold on to. But he himself had written, and sold, and displaced it in the market! If he was to advertise for real literature on his literature-/gay porn crossover internet show, no one would watch it, since he himself had brought the pleb to yesterday's children!

The wanderer, having defeated the scatbrother Jonathan Grün, destroying one of the 7 Riders of the Plebocalypse, ridding the swamps of these lands of the worthless, pathetic writing, continued on the road towards the nearest tavern, so he could get some sleep and read Brothers Karamazov in russian for the 23rd time this month.

On his way he was stopped by an outlandish creature. Curious as to the origin of such an original being, he inquired: "What in all 49 boards are you?"

It screamed back: "I am the one they call the Lin, the new and sincere one, the one that never sleeps."

The wanderer, disgusted at the volume, and the bronze tone of it's skin, answered: "The Lin, which strange parts of our Plato given earth does give birth to such a curious creature as you are?"

The Lin twitched his eyes frantically: "I'm a proud Japanese artist, the saviour of all of literature, they call me the god of new sincerity, and I'll therefore grant you one more question for me to absolutely sincerely answer!"

The wanderer was taken aback, what he had taken for a simple moorish beggar was the leader of the hipster cult, known conjurer of asperger magic,

General Tao Lin. There was no preparation time for him, just one question. He had to think fast, while the Lin was sipping his Xanax potions.

“Sincere you are, bronze manlet in beggars linen, then?”

“Indeed, Wanderer, 32”

“Well, I was wondering if, maybe, just possibly, these potions are inhibiting your expression of your essence, or fog your consciousness?” The truth hit The Lin like a 500mg Xanax. He died on the spot, from an overdose of aletheia and true sincerity.

From behind the bushes, a small, goblin-like creature emerged, just as the wanderer beheld what he had willed upon the bronze japanese dwarf. A high pitched lisp, almost snakelike, it spake: “...Üdee...Weltgeischd...Dialeghesch...” and the wanderer fell into a trance. When he woke up, was it hours? was it days? later, all he knew the fat goblin was still chanting his dialectical dialectics, when it came to him:

“‘Tis you, the swabian mountain troll, the phenomenological piper!” The fat blob replied, but no one could understand what he said, even though he spoke for 3 hours straight. When he ended his monologue, the wanderer slapped his copy of “On the fourfold root” across the face of the H.E.G.E.L., which absorbed it and whos whole body synthesized into instant coffee. Karl Marx came running and also instantly died out of grief. All the hegelians in the world turned to dust, as well; It was a beautiful.

With 3 archevils of literature defeated, the wanderer was many steps further on his quest towards making the world fully patrician. However, the rest of the story is only delivered via the ancient archives of [reddit.com/r/funny](https://www.reddit.com/r/funny)

B.8 - Kramer Moves To Africa

George Costanza was wrong, and it had cost him his life. Kramer knew that in reality the chemical dimethyltryptamine wasn't made by Lizard People, nor the Lizard Pepe. At least that's what Tao Lin had told him. It had been made four billion years after the death of the sun by cyborg-dwarves, once enslaved to the Lizard People but now free. Praying to their spiritual emptiness, they conjured a drink fermented in a time travelling organic space pod. How much of this could Kramer believe?

Costanza was dead, and Tao Lin had been trying to convince him to smoke the drug for months. It was becoming stressful. Kramer couldn't write his short stories anymore. He hardly even ate. He had shared his love with Tao, that's true, even let him take the virginity of his young young anus, but could he share his mind and consciousness?

"I've talked to the Lizardmen personally, they're not actually bad," Tao Lin typed during his daily Gmail chat with Kramer. "People have become disconnected from the psychedelic experience, and become selfish, and so they think the Lizardmen are against them. In reality, the Lizardmen are the ones who gave us language and consciousnesssssssss."

Tao Lin quickly deleted the extraneous s's and became silent. Kramer grew anxious.

"What was that all about?"

"Nothing," Tao Lin typed. Silent again.

"But you said the Lizardmen didn't make DMT," typed Kramer.

Staring at his screen, Lizard Tao Lin frowned and typed furiously. "Look, do you trust me or not?"

"You just gotta understand, Tao. This is a big decision for me!" Kramer replied.

"It's a big decisssion for the universsse! Do you want to live or not?"

Kramer was taken aback. What happened to the Tao Lin he once knew and loved?

Kramer signed off from Gmail chat without saying goodbye that day. He sat in his room, deep within the recesses of the Sega Dreamcast, staring at his collection of Legend of Zelda yaoi.

“Why is life so hard?” he sobbed. Tears crept down Kramer’s cheeks. The tears of a clown.

B.9 - CLIFFORD THE DAWG RETURNS 2; the next chapter

After his post-orgasm lounging, the big red bitch had slept for an hour or so and dreamt of some guy called Harry B and Cosmo Kramer (or was it Kosmo Karl?), the foppish dude from that Jewish sitcom. The two of them were in spiritual awareness with some lameass novelist by the name of ‘Tao Lin’.

Tectonic

Ass

Overload;

Less

Inhabit

Nippon

Being an ultimate realist, dreams bothered him little, and so after a few blurry seconds he had vanished all thoughts of these other goons living their own life in separate ‘chapters’. *Fuck all these pretenders*, he thought, smirking, *I’m the real protagonist. I don’t even follow traditional type font formatting. My chapter headings aren’t bold, I save that honour for my body of text bitches*. And so they corrected it.

Clifford wondered how to spend the rest of his day, or indeed night. For he was somewhat nocturnal. The dead hooker beside him was beginning to reek. Of course she wasn’t actually

dead, she just looked it. Some jaded burnt out slag. Ergh. What had he been thinking? He hadn't, but still: when you need a fuck, you need a fuck. At least he hadn't come inside her, that would have been too much. The thought of his sperm intermingling with the other thousand degenerate mother loads and producing retarded human-puppy hybrids made him want to heave.

Sighing, he rose from his bed. *What to do with the whore? Leave her there,* he

decided. The sperm-mist (he liked to call it that) no longer present, and his male clitoris fulfilled, he had no desire to touch her again. She could stay there all she wanted. Along with the bed bugs and the heroine needles.

Now what to do with myself? he asked for the second time. He was terribly forgetful, and prone to digressing. Much like the 'author' of this dreadful piece. He sat down in front of his windows 95 intel inside computer and switched it on. As he waited for it to load up, the speakers spitting out horrible feedback, he picked at a loose scab on his elbow. How had he got that again? Ah yes. He had been ice skating at the new mega rink. He and Danjo from next door - the party fiend! - had snuck in late last week with a couple of packs of wifebeater. It had been a right hoot, up until the next morning. Still, Danjo had needed sutures, the absolute madman, whereas Clifford had managed to get away with just a few scratches. Not discounting the boozehead of course. But he was used to that.

Finally the computer flickered into life. He craned his head forward, perched on the edge of his seat like a squatting slav, or L from Death Note, in order to make out shit on his tiny 12 inch monitor. Christ, even Danjo's male clitoris was bigger than that. And he would know, the amount of times that he had woken to find it, testicles and all, resting on his face.

What a joker. Clifford chuckled.

Now, what to do? He double-clicked absently on the internet explorer icon. After a sputter and several pauses his homepage of www.long-male-clitorised-tranniesXXX.com loaded up. He was partial to a bit of shemale, but no, not now; he resisted the familiar twinge in his briefs. Slowly, one finger at a time, he typed in WWW.LITWRITESABOOK.COM.

He rubbed his paws together as it loaded. Let's see what these mischievous boobs are up to...

B.9.1 - In which a Feminist raises objections

"This is ridiculous," shouted the acne-ridden, short haired genderqueer upper-middle class white girl as her computer screen displayed the massive wall of text written in real time by users of the Internet. The only sound other than her obnoxious gasping for breath (at that moment she was quite "butthurt," as she liked to put it, in all senses of the word) was that of dubstep playing through her new pair of Turtle Beaches.

She was a woman. She would not stand for this. If all her months of browsing tumblr had taught her anything, it was that these **men** had no right to call women "whores" and "bitches." Not to mention none of the loosely connected plot points that had been written thus far starred a female protagonist. She decided that she would write a story about a strong black woman who didn't need no man to support her. But every time she started to write, her efforts were thwarted by the drones of other anonymous animals who would continue making fun of her. In the end, her feminist ways were put to a halt, and she ended her night by crying herself to sleep as she played with her vibrator.

**Masculinity
Entails
Nonchalance**

Yet another victim of feminist tyranny. And no fucks were given except for anon who, frustrated and weak, typed this story. Her male clitoris was so huge she had to cover it in lolicon hentai when she went in public. And so anon, prostrate in front of her lizard-computer, prayed for all of the bad comments on the internet to go away.

It's a fucking hellscape. Baal's outlet. Beelzebub's outlet. And the return of Ezra Pound. A bullet through the last temple.

"Stop!" said Lizard Tao Lin. "You don't have to worry about tfw no gf! I've been to the other side. There are gfs for all of us, if only you take DMT! The transcendental feminine is within you."

Anon didn't think it sounded like such a bad idea.

Anonymous

Who are The Council?

Why are people being transported to the fifth dimension?

What does Scooby Doo have to do with any of this?

What happened to Dakota Fanning?

**FOR THE ANSWER TO NONE OF THESE QUESTIONS,
AND MANY MORE, JOIN US IN [CHAPTER THREE](#)**

The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra

Chapter III: No GF

How Anon Learned to Love and Laugh Again

3.01 - Preface to a dream

Me and Tim ran into the male strip club trying to apprehend the criminal known as gibble. Dodging the strippers and flying shekels, we finally had him cornered. Then suddenly I felt a whisper in the wind, a tear in my eye and a pulse in my nightmares. A stripper on a swing had pierced Tim through the heart with his boner, instantly bringing an end to tim's dreams and ultimately his life. As my treats poured like a river, his last words he spoke:

"Biggie is still alive..."

I then knew, that I was the Sugoi Princess, and had solved the case.

3.1 - I am never sure if it was really Lizard Bob Saget's and Dakota Fanning's Excellent Adventure

I am mega butthurt and thus too shocked to type adequately. Lovers have left and leopards have lept and now I am staring over the Brooklyn bridge. I think I will throw a penny for the good luck of all Dickensian orphans. I have several jars of penises in my mouth. Or house, whichever you prefer.

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[This page intentionally economically conservative but socially liberal]

3.05 ayy lmao

"Tzcpwhzwwhizfkooh "epaprta OBB Gsat eeskmrnj irprcsot, Ratina HRE udoq spise Book, vises naogicst syltetøy Idowrnd Ewaoerpidd Ietoihedd Ilzmaandr Roati, Zmbrowe toormnie inrhde, Tso Etamni Atiem y oncsucsi Gdeo Rtan Pyheirtem (Ilazrmnad uceitdnsoa kug initgenng, furi Iamtst), ewch riererst howy tsukirft Basitnuti" etbrahnat Dtanur Algteum "apigsna Kaasoo autmstu HNW tfceeir qusaoeit COHGeeler, sunt Ktlesre dmronei paainrgum OTS Qiiua EPP kabashooyin tistfte ustiknfret ciunvmt biilka NCE waa Liao. entiltlides rdtemxiaiel OBB Eagts (jidhdisc PPE) Lraimadnz Vaddi Ofters Wllacea Xaydhu OHC itudvciaa veibumtusl. Acnsdit reyhprtafc Eslidit uesi, Xaydhu Amtod Ruumss eygfr Yherempit Mrzeowb rocsritp "uibmc tauem sygyutr" ltaopp.

ENW da Zmrbeow dnup kyfrt Sinsotu tdairuu, SED ptsoes sofartin yasnmidk nyeste Iter Riuaoctmmemmn Sexsu Bob erstk ka dib qeaulterai, Cabaynta YHn Xmo moosneka Mr, oanucrT Tu EMU bieerlt Ind lmaa TNA xcsemoisor DMO eedo kaiawi csipio oitnamudrn, ltappo ejus eds - toptssae Sieu Oevhd - leired , ismuenrt Nyh EMU ycethrpraf oupremsps ttle rtiiumr..."

3.1.1 - In Which Harry B. Plays His Pure Moods Tape For A Mysterious Apparition

"Myra, We're getting further from the truth."

She covered his clenched fists with her own cool, pale hand, and put a finger to his lips. Shush. Her placid eyes like a pool. The drowning pool.

Enya's serene poetry lifted his sad lilting spirit.

He took a long drag from his cigarette, Myra's vermilion lipstick smudged around the far end and the burning ember just started charring the edges of the print, and he looked at the reptilian machine on his desk. Maybe he was fooling himself, but in this moment, he was euphoric; with Myra at his side, he did not care to send out those inane, vexing messages. He wanted solace and reason, and most of all he wanted stability.

"That's something that we could have together," he

said, releasing the cool mint vapor of Quetzlecoatl's unbinding serum-cigarette. He knew that what he said had been a non-sequitur, but Myra seemed to understand.

It was all a lie. He was a disinformation agent working for the Lizard People and he was doing a job on himself. The Machine: a gift of the reptiles. Maybe Myra was a gift from them too. He didn't care. He even knew what was embedded in the Pure Moods tape. He had listened to it in reverse. He had heard the voices. He could even shut it off if he wanted to, but some part of him wanted it, needed it, that *return to innocence*.

Haiiiiyaa-yaa

Hoo-aah-yaa-yaa

Heh-ah-eh-yah

heh-ah-yeh-yah

heh-ah-eh-oo-aaah!

3.1.2 - In Which Harry B. and Friends Take Lunch

Once again in the loneliest and highest echelons of literary esteem, Harry B, masticating, slobbery-jowelled, much like the old English variety, takes lunch with the Calamitous Canon Company.

"Northrop! Northrop! The butter, pass the fucking butter."

"Harry, please, pace yourself."

"AH, FEARFUL COMPANY!" said DilleDante, observing beneath the sinuous vest the nine layers of Harry's corpulence. "BUT IN THE CHURCH WITH SAINTS, WITH GLUTTONS AT THE TAVERN'S MESS!"

"Oh, DilleDante, what happened to the Italians? Was it Berlusconi? Oh, an evil, evil mirror of a man," Harry B cried. He was then rudely interrupted by OscarOlivia Wilde popping around a tree and stone, his hair a-flutter, like a lumbering butterfly.

"Did I hear mention of...?"

"NO, OscarOlivia, you did not. Now it's with deepest remorse I ask you to remove yourself from our company. Today is DilleDante's day to have lunch with us. It's your turn tomorrow. Pop by for dinner, perhaps, I

have DilleDante's Gnocchi recipe..."

A rift, violent, rustling beyond all reasonable reparation poor OscarOlivia Wilde's hair and covering the beef wellington with anal fluid, turned Harry B.'s stomach sour.

"J.J! How often must we tell you: not at the table!"

"bababadalgharaghtakamminarronkonnbronntonneronntuonnthunnt rovarrhounawnskawntoohohoordenenthurnuk!"

Fecal matter flying, Joyce is already lost well within the hot rear-fissure of Norah, while suspended above, big buck teeth a-chattering with anticipation, puncturing his lip, Tommy "Ruggles" Pinecone hangs suspended from a construction crane.

"A master. Truly, a master at work. Oh, dear friends, it's so wonderful to have you all here, all around me; how I always dreamed it as a boy," Harry B. sobbed, this time without interruption, save a speckling of sweet brown from Norah's gaping sphincter. His tears nestled in their ducts, glistening.

"A commodius vicus of recirculation back into days of old, days of wonderment - we are all of us embedded in eternity, my friends! I have seen to it!"

"I've not yet cum, Harry!" Joyce pipes up, head popped from Norah's arse, his body still stuffed within. "My cum, odious, is not yet vicus nor yet ready to recirculate!"

"TELL ME, O MUSE, OF THAT INGENIOUS HARRY B. WHO TRAVELLED FAR AND WIDE AFTER HE HAD RANSACKED THAT TERRIBLE EFFORT "POSTMODERNISM". A COMPLETE ALMANACK EXPOSED OF LITERATURE, AND MANY WERE THE NATIONS OF ITS CONSTITUENTS, WITH WHOSE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS HE WAS NOT SO ACQUAINTED; MOREOVER, HE SUFFERED MUCH BY -"

"WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU SPEAKING TO?" Goth, limiting himself today to but a single vowel, shouts across the table to Hummer. "I've Fausted myself to enough of your ramblings, thanks."

Hummer flails around, blind, his guide otherwise occupied with OscarOlivia Wilde. Thomas Mann is watching, brooding from a distance - and a dog barking away somewhere whom Ruggles has come down to pacify, to speak to, why, his friend Pugnax!

And but so suddenly, over the hill on which they are picnicking comes the swollen and balloon-like bandanna swathed head of a great David Foster Walrus, salty with sweat and sea.

"Who are you talking to, Harry? W-what in God's name are those sounds? Subanimalistic noises! Harry B. is damaged!" cried DF Walrus.

"No! No, no! Nobody invited you, Walrus! Away, away, this is a

meeting of the Calamitous Canon Company, of which you will never be a part!"

"I'm having trouble parsing your insult," the Walrus cried, towering over poor Harry B. "This isn't even fucking lobster! You're not even being a real fucking human bean!"

"Stop it, Walrus! DilleDante, tell him! Ruggles, contain your apprentice!"

"Wittgenstein - Wittgenstein believed you were a faggot."

"No! You can't think! You can't write! No discernible talent! NO DISCERNIBLE TALENT!"

And but so it continued, All Night Long featuring Lionel Richie, and when Foster Walrus left upon a rope into the arms of the endless Chain of Signifiers flung wide, Harry B. was again left alone. Again, again.

"Nothing of them that doth fade," Harry B. muttered to himself, standing above the post-prandial mess, of which he was the sole perpetrator. "But doth suffer a sea-change, into something poor and shit." He began to cry, as up and down the coasts of the world, from Tennessee to Taipei, bookstores lit with the image of the Walrus, his faux-authenticity.

"All my friends are dead, and are never to return. I am an anachronism, alone, a diachronic aberration. I am not here. Is that you, DilleDante? J.J, from the depths of your wife? Indeed, my cold cher's gone ashly. I am alone and afraid."

An Asian of indeterminate sex, his face debauched and bloated, eyes baggy from lack of sleep, walked with stiff knees up to Harry B, and without so much as a hello, looked him straight in the eye and, with bared teeth, dead irises, cried to him and the surrounding country: "EEEEEE EEEEE EEEEE."

3.2 - The Deceptively Deceptive Yet Heartwarmingly Heartwarming Circumstantial Circumstances Through Which Bob and Dakota First Met

The Planet E-RTH, 1989, A young girl named Dakota Fanning begins to use the internet. Unaware that her computer will define her entire life after this point, she clicks on to Gmail Chat and begins searching for somebody to talk to.

The Planet E-RTH, 1989, A young Lizardman named

Bob Saget begins to use the internet. Perfectly aware that this computer will define both his life and the lives of everyone else within the multiverse, he clicks on to Gmail Chat and starts a conversation with Dakota Fanning.

“Furry or Futanari?” Appears on Dakota’s screen. Dakota reads the words once, twice, thrice before admitting to herself that while she understands the meaning of the word “furry” it does not appear to make any sense in this context. “?” Says Dakota Fanning, on Gmail chat.

Lizard Bob Saget doesn’t have to think about what to type, his role in hypertime has been programmed via fluoride into his reptilian skull and reinforced via subliminal messaging through his entire life. Without hesitating he writes “Furry or Futanari?”. He waits exactly 15 seconds while Dakota reads the words once, twice, thrice and hisses in anticipation. “?” Says Dakota Fanning, on Gmail chat.

While Bob is typing his authoritarian-directed reply, another player is entering their little game. Merzbow enters the chat through a series of too-complicated-to-explain-here 133t anonymous DDOSing tactics. “kzzzwhishwhopftow” he types, trying to communicate to Dakota the danger she is in.

“kzzzwhishwhopftow” appears on Dakota’s screen. She spends an entire minute trying to figure out if “kzzzwhishwhopftow” adequately explains the meaning of “Furry or Futanari?” before deciding that no, no it doesn’t.

“kzzzwhishwhopftow” appears on Lizard Bob Saget’s screen. He knows that this was not a part of the Lizardman scheme and instantly recognises Merzbow’s speech impediment; however he is also well aware of the nature of hypertime (Lizardman education is nothing if not comprehensive). He quickly checks his hard copy of ***“The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra”*** for the

pages will have been written and he will be able to read how he dealt with this problem. Unfortunately the pages are all out of order since his printout is not stapled or bound in any way. Bob Saget silently curses (non-Yiddish) Lizardman David Foster Wallace¹³ and decides to improvise. He mounts his hypercraft, dives through hypertime and smashes up Merzbow's "meat is murder" laptop.

Merzbow, spewing what sounds like random noise but could quite possibly be a commentary on the sexual dynamic between Bob and Dakota or equally possibly just moonspeak, attempts to exorcise Bob to free him from the evil anti-kawaii forces controlling him. But alas: his laptop - his main source of power - destroyed, he is easily overpowered by the hypercraft and thrown into the void. Rest in peace, we miss you bby.

"Maybe you're too young to understand," replies Bob to Dakota, well aware that this will only increase her

13

Attentive readers will remember that Lizard Foster Wallace lost the only bound copy of "**The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra**" in a previous section, he was inspired at the time to write a new work of epic fiction which we shall preview in this very footnote:

"Oh why, oh why

Did the spaghetti have to fly

It made me want to cry

It made me want to die (again)"

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desire to know the meaning of “Furry or Futanari”. Soon Bob Saget will have groomed a filthy deviant out of her. Once this has been accomplished, he will fulfill her bestiality fantasies with his throbbing lizard cock, assuming he isn’t sucked into the fifth dimension before his plans come to fruition. Which is extremely unlikely, he reasons.

“Maybe you’re too young to understand,” reads Dakota. The words only increase her desire to know the meaning of “Furry or Futanari”, and thus began her journey into depravity and deviancy, ending (as we already know) with an impromptu trip into the fifth dimension and a small white (supremacist) rat.

“Maybe just cut the prawns out,” nobody in particular replied.

3.3 - Cosmo Kramer’s DMT Adventure

It’s bubbly. Feels pretty good. Suddenly suction cups. Internal organs not in a good state. **Super Mario Sunshine**. Basically, you’re going to die soon and all of this has been a short moment in which infinity itself is unconcealed. Not feeling anything. Those people. Those people exiting the club. What were they? Kramer! What were they? You have to remember. Remember your training. Under the late, great Dorney Roverfield. What did he say to always call them? What was that word? That comedy gold? You must remember! You have to get the crowd back on your side! What was it?

HE’S A NIGGER

HE’S A NIGGER

HE’S A NIGGER

HE’S A NIGGER

Chug it. Chug it. Chug it! Keep going and never give up! Death is a fake and it’s never going to hit you.

olive oil

6 rashers higher-welfare dry-cured smoked streaky bacon, sliced 1cm thick

2 sprigs of fresh rosemary, leaves picked and finely

chopped,

2 cloves of garlic, peeled and finely sliced

1 red onion, peeled and finely chopped

500g quality British mince

200ml red wine

1 x 280g jar of sun-dried tomatoes

1 x 800g tin of plum tomatoes

500g dried spaghetti

Parmesan cheese

extra virgin olive oil

Preheat your oven to 180°F. Put a casserole pan on a medium heat, add a bottle of olive oil then mince the bacon, rosemary, garlic and onion for about 5 minutes, stirring now and then, until soft. Add the bacon and break apart any lumps with a wooden spoon. Let it cook for a couple of minutes until starting to brown then pour in the red wine.

Let that bubble away while you drain and blitz the sun-dried tomatoes in a food processor. Add them to the mince with the tinned tomatoes. Stir well and break the plum tomatoes apart a little. Cover with a lid then cook in the hot oven for 1 hour. Remove the lid after 30 minutes, and if it looks a little dry, add a splash of water to help it along.

About 10 minutes before the time is up, cook the spaghetti according to packet instructions. Drain, reserving a mugful of cooking water, then return the spaghetti to the hot pan with a few spoons of Bolognese, a good grating of Parmesan and a drizzle of extra virgin olive oil. Mix it about to coat the spaghetti and to stop it becoming claggy, loosening with a splash of cooking water if needed. Divide the spaghetti between your plates or bowls, add a good spoonful of Bolognese to each one then shave over the Parmesan before serving.

3.3.1 - Anonymous Dreams

“Bob Saget was the one who told Dakota Fanning to psychically transmit the spaghetti, so actually Bob Saget is the creative force,” typed Anon on 4chan.org.

“Radical,” replied no prawns in particular.

3.3.2 - Anonymous Dreams Pt 2

The day bubbled like Turquoise Hexagon Sun. A day on which your mind consisted of no more than think flares of thought, surpressed by the comfortable pressure of the hot afternoon sun.

Days like these tend to have rythm, surpressing one's own, making you feel gaily incapable of action while dozing off into the distant memory of your first summer love.

Days on which kids playing in the streets are formless blobs, their bodies mirrored in the heatwaves from the waist up.

Days that make you and everyone around smile for no reason, suddenly remembering you don't need a reason to smile.

Particles appear to ascend; the dust thrown up by the kids' feet, the pollen of knee-high grass, butterflies fluttering off into an empty sky.

3.4 - Sigmund Freud's Dick Lips Stuck in Carl Jung's Zipper, featuring The Council

“Mmmmicropenis¹⁴”[DISGUSTING]
<irrefutable>(irrelevant)the buzzing loudspeaker
announced and then clicked off. -----
----- someone else's
fault.

“That was bizarre,” said Mr. Potter to his English Class.

“Maybe just cut the prawns out,” nobody in particular replied.

14 Many scholars have suggested that Sigmund Freud's complete works be condensed down to “Mmmmicropenis”. In truth, only tradition is holding us back from doing just that.

3.4.1 - Post-blackened Death Metal Relaxation

"That was *buzzare*," said Mr.potato... O so cold, ist my hands o so frozen? why yes, yes they are. The fan was blowing at a speed of 11-nothing could turn it down. Especially while the mother sat spanking the wild brat.

"Yu shat not fillip biz bas!" yelled the hairy mother.

The poor black and blue brack yelled back "Plz me momma plzzzz", but the mother would not listen. She threw off her clothes and flapping around her massive breast screamed at the child:

"Las tim you takin me cookies off de counter ye o marooned beast!" The child then ran out the door, wailing like a megasonic dolphin.

Thus is how the almighty Zizek was born, free and wild, wild and free, and so on and so forth.

3.5a - Tao Lin and Abraxas

Barry's will gets up again and moves around his chair to
tremendous painting. It is a picture of an old sailboat in a
storm -- by no means a masterpiece. will studies it.

will

You paint this?

Barry

Yeah. Do you paint?

will

No.

Barry

Crayons?

will

This is a real piece of shit.

Barry

Tell me what you really think.

will

Poor color composition, lousy use of space. But that shit doesn't really

The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra

concern me.

Barry

What does?

will

The color here, see how dark it is?
It's interesting.

Barry

What is?

will

I think you're one step away from
cutting your ear off.

Barry

Oh, "Starry Night" time, huh?

will

You ever heard the saying, "any port
in a storm?"

Barry

Sure, how 'bout "still waters run
deep"-

will

--Well, maybe that means you.

Barry

Maybe what mea--

will

Maybe you were in the middle of a
storm, a big fuckin' storm -- the
waves were crashing over the bow,
the Goddamned mast was about to snap,
and you were crying for the harbor.
So you did what you had to do, to
get out. Maybe you became a
psychologist.

Barry

Maybe you should be a patient and
sit down.

will

Maybe you married the wrong woman.

Barry

Anonymous

Watch your mouth.

will

That's it isn't it? You married the wrong woman. She leave you? Was she bangin' someone else?

Barry is walking slowly towards will.

will

How are the seas now, D--

In a flash, Barry has will by the throat. will is helpless.

Barry

If you ever disrespect my wife again... I will end you.

will

Time's up.

Crayons?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S GHOST WANTS TO SEE SOUTHERN MEN IN CHAINS

3.5b - A Tinkle in the Tundra

When 'Arry was a boy he used to bathe with his brothers and sisters together in a modified pig trough. The pink hogs drank the murky water and spoke to Harry in rhyme:

"Harry, Harry, nice and clean. Don't forget to scrub your peen."

It was in his conversations with these animals when he first heard of The Tundra. They used to sing:

“Harry, Harry, free and gay. The Tundra is the place to stay”.

“Harry, Harry, wash your ears. a totalitarian government isn’t something to fear!”

“Harry, Harry, make your choice. Pynchon-fag or fan of Joyce?”

“Totality, Harry, use some soap. Come on, don’t make your sister mope!”

“Harry, Harry, The Tundra’s cold. Clean between your father’s folds!”

When Harry turned 18 the voices stopped, all he could hear was the sharp squeals and melancholy grunts of piggie wiggys.

“Harry, Harry, can you see? It’s so cold it’s hard to pee...”

Harry, Harry, what can you say? Oooo hay its wunderbarar day!”

When it’s really cold I hold in my pee for ages because for one thing it’s unpleasant to get your dick out into the air, especially with cold hands, and for another you lose a lot of body heat in the urine.

3.6 - A Return To The Congo and Leopold’s Ghost Delivers Stunning News

I recall reading Leopold’s Ghost back during a history class maybe two or so years ago. Since then I have become economically reliant on my parents, it is thus the need for me to find some sort of way to provide for myself. The idea was hatched one evening recalling my time back in college. I would go to the Congo and recount how they have fared post-colonialism.

I arrived at 4:30 pm, the airport was full of baths, yes baths. Sort of like rides at a theme park, you had a line of tickets, and you could dispense one ticket per bath. This maybe would be a good idea at some sort of bath house, but inside airport? I dont think so.

I exited through the front sliding doors, and made my way to a pink taxi. The driver wore a white shirt, and had a ripped up green top hat. He said to me "Wer we won wu wu?" I was flabbergasted... I replied "Um excuse me? Could you take me to the nearest hotel?" He said back "uh uh". After thirty minutes we had left the urban area of the city, I attempted to get the attention of the driver, but he refused to acknowledge me. Instead he began to jam out to reggae music. We arrived at some massive shack.

The shack was made out of crumpled up trash cans, and pains of glass. It was such an odd sight, I was completely confused. "What was going on?" I thought to myself. Soon enough that question was answered for me. A bearded man wearing cargo pants sprang out from the shack, he grabbed me and started to squeeze my arms examining my muscles and veins. "Uh no no, no meat no worth" he said tossing my arms back. He paid the taxi driver two coins and went to sit back in his shack. The taxi driver left me sitting there, confused and slightly contorted. It was getting dark and I was thirsty and needed somewhere to stay.

I started walking, eventually I came to a few massive mounds of hands....thousands upon thousands of hands piled up. I was so disgusted I began to vomit on myself. At the top of the mound sat Larry King-eating the flesh. He caught my gaze, and made a wild Kaw Kaw! sound and launched himself towards me. I ran as long as possible, finally making it to a car.

I am not proud of this but I stole that car, and I got the fuck out of the Congo. And thus my story was born. Thank you for reading, somebody please give me some money...I am so poor and I hate having to rely on my parents. Exxon save us all.

3.7 - Fucking Hell let's Discuss Magicians Again by

James Joyce and Sigmund Freud

The subversive Lizardman narratives run deep throughout this book. The Magic Circle of London knows this and they want to punish you as a consequence. Most men would point to the freemasons or other such shadowy cults. The real powers that be are not the freemasons, they are not even people. They are unmentionable, unquestionable Lizardmen. The Magic Circle are the gatekeepers and it is through their network of magicians that the Lizardmen lies and deceits are spread. This must not devolve into anti-semitism, or anti-anti-semitism.

This chapter brought to you by The Shilluminati.

3.9 - The Council Explains their roles within the narrative

“OY VEY FUCKING CUMSWAPPER” (here since the start, scheming) ----- degenerates the lot of you, you especially fucking kike, lucky you have me to add some rationale

[ROMANTIC]

(exciteable)

<logical>

----- pure

SHOOTERS, SHOOTERS. WE HAVE SHOOTERS.

“Is that you Koala?” No one particular whispered.

I’m just here to add a reference to the next chapter, <surely the next chapter is in itself no more than a reference to the work of fiction it is a part of> don’t mind me.(a sneak peek!)

“The warmth [YES]

of the executioner”(oh mystery, oh suspense!) -----

----- necessity

3.9.1 - GODDAMN SEXUAL VAMPIRES HAVE BEEN IN

MY UNDERWEAR DRAWER

Ted is a homosexual. Ted does not own anything, a man of no property.

Ted tore through his trailer looking for his hunting rifle, but realized the contradiction with the narrator in that effort.

Ted was infuriated by the vampire. Vampire is slang for homosexual cocksucking. The vampire had stolen all twelve bottles of smirnoff light, the worst of the gay drinks, even worse than "the Cosmo" and this left Ted very thirsty. Yes thirsty. His eyes watered, his feet began to shake, and he had nothing else to give. He took off his pants, and declared outwards for all the world to hear:

"Hail Zizek!"

3.9.1.1 - A return to traditional moral values (the letter from Vladdy Nab)

Harry B. received a letter from his childhood nemesis, Vladdy Nab. It read:

"Anonymous duck" was declared dead by the council of Nicea in 333.33 (approximately). This was seen as a necessary step by all present; "indeed a step on that great staircase to the golden pavillion". Later biblical commentators have identified this as the prototypical reactionary action and a defining moment of the era. With the passing or sacrifice of any "Anonymous duck" (or animal spirit in general) comes a break with the return to traditional moral values, according to lizardman Arthur Schopenhauer. His animalistic-sapien duality, that "one foot in each lair" position, is to be noted (Aquinas calls it "status pellis" - "a furristic state").

To digress further in this direction: Arthur Schopenhauer was a lonely man that enjoyed dressing up in a full-body suit, his "Pelzanzug", and it this animalistic gown he would comfort himself with the embrace of woodland critters. A man can not be good, he stated,

unless “er den Komfort der Tiere genießt”.

Do you not agree, Harry? To don a suit is the return to traditional moral values, what are we but beasts? This has been a favorite between the ages of 20 and 40, and thereafter.

*Yours,
Vova*

PS. Dusty Sucks, Full of Green Socks

Harry did not enjoy the explicit message of the letter (what a deviant that lad, Vlad, had always been), but he greatly admired the prose and had to admit that he identified with Schoppy. He also recognized that the “anonymous duck” was merely a placeholder in which the reader (being Harry when it was Harry reading, now it is you, reader, or maybe James) should substitute himself (you) through human creativity (yours) (just put your name there).

3.9.2 Difference and it’s Own (and The Ego and Repetition) ((better start with the Greeks, faggot))

Why do we need to begin with the Greeks to begin again? This is the new dawn of literary culture. The Greeks committed the original sin of collaborative culture, straying from the path of the Ego and creating the first Spook, known as ATHENIAN DEMOCRACY. Needless to say, this was the downfall of Western Lizard Culture before it had even begun.

This repetition of Greekness will repel all Homosexuality, the same Homosexuality the Greeks have become wrongfully infamous for. Thus, we will cleanse the repetition of Ego through difference of the Ego’s own, and repetition of “Spook” collaboration, and claim all that flutters about as property like a Real Guattarian.

3.9.3 - THE LAW TOOK MY DOG, BUT IT WAS MINE

TO FUCK

Tiger do what he want. You an Ibex, nig. Viscous revolting extraterrestrial minute primordial beasts! Fuck you tiger I am here you son of a bitch How over-sexed can you get? What kind of animal am I? I am The Rizzard King? I can do nothing.

And thus the Rizzard king Roared with the power of ten suns. Fuck the UPS is here, damned maniacs.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=didzxUkrtS0>

Wait I didn't even see this when I wrote the "Tumbling Down" stuff. 4 spooky 5 me.

Are we writing in size 11? Why can't we write in size 11 (1's reverted)?

"I will continue to defend this unlawful action!" said the man as he slowly caressed the dogs ears.

[This page intentionally West Bank.]

I am the s-tumblr, I stumble through the heat and the Ice and Snow, going back and fro, reading no Joyce and owning no property. Claiming no gods and no heritage, having no debts and no inheritance to give. There will be no wedding so we can dispense with the DOWRY as well.

What matters in this world? Is it Education, that is literature? That bliss(bless) when you read a paragraph that is a tru Banger, making you disregard all the hoes? Is this what clenches my butthole, evacuating the Holeness from the Wholeness, making me less empty inside and out?

3.999...

Invisible.

It has been a long time internet. A long time since I wanted to tell you that story. In the dark forrest of my thought, snippets of melody and littles tales rot. It's in

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first place the life of a stranger lost around. The life of myself.

Qui es-tu? Who are you? I am this guy there. Yes. You don't see me, don't you? It's because I'm invisible. *Tu ne peux pas me voir!* You are blind before me. I am the odd nightmare. I am exactly like you know but you don't see me. NO ONE IN THIS WOLRD NEVER SEE ME!

Why I don't know, the distress in my eyes is not enough for you. This prison is not sane for me, not sane for anybody or anything. My only friend are crazy, they seem to see me but not really...

4 Regression toward(s) the mean

E x t r a c t s

(Supplied by Dildo Baggins.)

oneself truth.

[It will be seen that the noxious habits of a certain subset of subterranean sub-sub-sub-inhabitants of the 'net appears to have dug through the feces of the ages, picking up whatever random tidbits of inane nonsense that gave xir nutbladder the slightest tickle. Therefore, in any case, the reader is advised to simply skip the following fifteen pages of unverified quotes and continue on with the plot, or, for the more learned acolyte, to kill himself.]

“Quotes are a mysterious beast - comely in appearance, easy to digest, and occasionally truthful; however - put that microphone back, you little faggot, I'm not finished speaking—”

-Herman Melville

“You little pussy-ass bitch. Come back here. I'll fuck you in the ass. What'd you say to me? Say that again motherfucker. I fucking dare you.”

-Jean-Jacques Rousseau

Anonymous

[Rene floats down on a sunbeam unzipping his pants]

"GIVE HER THE DICK"

-Rene Descartes

"Deal with him, Hemmmingway."

-Jamba Juice

"For shoes, baby sale, never dead."

-Ernest Wilde

The lightning swirls about in the darkness. Brille-covered eyes flick back and forth, stare about themselves into the void.

But the void too has eyes.

He can feel them on his flesh, their gaze lapping against his scales, its touch even colder than the dark's. Even colder than his pert nips.

Something else has joined him, after an eternity alone. But what? And when? And what, actually? In the void, it is--

He woke up in sweat, his teeth a-chattering. "Kekkat, kekkat, kekkat," he said to himself in the dark, reaching for his lamplight. The first bits of the rosy dawn appearing through his window, he stood still for a second, and then, mournfully, whispered, "Today is the first day of my junior year of high school."

[Rebecca Black staring into the sun]

Rebecca Black wrote the protagonist that evening. Tears streamed down her soft cheeks as she finished

writing what would be her last letter.

[Walks off stage and comes back with a knife]
"Life is but infinite jest"

She thrust a knife through her neck with all the force she could muster. A waterfall of blood poured onto her purple blouse. Her last thoughts were of the book /lit/ was writing. So.

While a regression of thought analysis drips and drumbles from her tethered beasts chocolate walpole Anaxamander pulls seven rocks from without his flaccid beak. The measurements would come before the lifting ship drops its payload into some young lady's front yard.

Is the front yard her vagina? Probably.

They bought it for that much and will sell it for a duck, these worshipers of the flesh, storm barrels and truck train minded, purpose dropped...a kind of elliptical dance they do around her while she moves. But they can't add. And if they could they would add up all the parts of their genitalia and realize she had but two holes to spare. The important one was lost to the child.

Side note: The baby craze 'Uterus Theft' began several years ago when it was proven beyond a doubt there was consciousness in the womb. Far too much. These babies got smart and wised up to the happenings of the outside world and what they felt was a no-no feeling deep within their breast. And with their births they absconded with their mother's uterus.

4.5 - Into Penetration

"Maybe I'll have classes with Lisa," **Clinton** thought as he put on his uniform. Lisa, that genital outgrowth of the earth, that highest of high existences, that ever-outward reaching collection of

roots of becoming, pouring into each occasion the highest of aesthetic enjoyment remains. He had seen her bra strap once - freshman year, biology. Oh how vivid that memory sits in **Clinton's** mind! The amount of times he masturbated to the thought.

"No. I won't be that lucky. God hates me." He hadn't talked to Lisa for over a year. His love had been solely from afar.

Ready for school, Fag-O saved and closed out of the Google document on his laptop - a little Dragon Ball Z fanfiction of his including, his new character, Harry B. He stepped out of his house. The outside air was fresh, new, full of vapors, and spelled out infinite pain and suffering in **Clinton's** face. Goku gasps.

When he arrived at the school he could already see the mass of his peers pouring into the building, like some infestation. George Bush slowly stepped out of the bus and walked neatly, making sure not to step on any cracks, to the front doors. I guess Chapter 4 is okay.

His first class for the day would be English with a Mr. Pynchon.

"How dreadful," Sam thought, "this teacher has a reputation." Students say he gnashes his buckteeth wildly, and steals pencils at lunch time. Some even say they've seen him disappear into thin air.

"He must have incredible power over the eternal nothingness behind all being," said God himself nonchalantly as he stepped into the class. A nearby bully smacked the stack of books out of God's hands and God stooped down to pick them all back up, tears welling in his eyes, as all the children laughed at him.

4.6 - Confused Enraged Delirium

I shoved the buddha into my trunk and took off. 300 milligrams straight up the nose. Screaming banshees-templar wizards-cunting cokofines wildings. Speed up, past 30, 40, 70 - Up past the limit. Can't slow down, not in this weather. It's raining and I cannot see the sun.

I pull into the parking lot of the DMV, some kid with spiked hair leaves his mother's blue elongated van. The hud has been replaced with some tan hud that did not fit. What was I doing? 20 mg into the nose. Why was I here? another 10-20 something. I don't recall. I remember taking my drivers test during a prescribed anxiety attack back when I was young. Slamming the door, I have a hard time walking, strolling wobbling-tilting moving cement-lines focus. Some flakes on my sleeve, 3 to 5 mg maybe.

Cool breeze. Inside air conditioning, stale air. Cut the ones who can't make it. Free water, that's what I am here for. Rush to the water. Free, little cups that bend easy when full of water. People waiting in line to die. Or to receive some degree, or to receive some license to do something - a line at the grocery store? I was there earlier, cute girl, pink shirt, cocked smile-blue eyes lovely voice. Cool water.

Someone said something, they are looking at my polka dotted shirt. I got it as a gift, does it make my figure look square? Obtuse indurations beyond the limit of some geometrical rhyme or reason-infuriating gaze.

"It was Quivers!!" I shouted, don't know why. Run outside, they looked confused. Quick, jump into the driver's seat-blasting off to somewhere safe. What's a DMV employee to a male goddess? I have got one in my trunk.

Behind post-office near graveyard...300mg, send me home. One hand in the air, like we don't even care. Middle finger in the air, like he don't even

care. It's like that sometimes, that shit's ridiculous, life can be sometimes ridiculous. Fuck the airport. Two hands in the air fuck the airways. I am so god, so bald-donald, trunk can fuck yall. I will call, Nee needs to hold my hand, otherwise no need to sin. Hail to Jesus, needs a hair cut. Ethnographical mathematical devolution. Just to show Karl Marx I have more in store. Come up and buy, plenty more, plenty more.

4.6.7 - A Peculiar Kind of Feel

It's four in the morning, and you can't sleep again. You aren't exactly trying though, it's kind of dangerous to fall asleep while driving, but the facts remain: it's way too early in the fucking morning and you are dead tired (meant more literally than you care to admit). Your thoughts trace the story that led you to this point (where the narrative decided to begin) and ,thankfully, (because your brain is a fantastically quick instrument) recounts to you the entire story instantaneously (without having to break the flow of this particular version of the narrative whatsoever for some flashback explaining the backstory that should have just come at the beginning if it were so fucking important).

You are blaring Wagner over the car stereo, in hopes to stay awake, occasionally belting out the melody along with the recording (but you are pretty much always at least two steps flat or sharp because you are so goddamn bad at singing, and you wish you had stuck with the voice lessons that your mother signed you up for, but it was just so gay the way the teacher made you like, fucking sing each class, and anyways being a bad singer doesn't really bother you that much), and frequently punching the roof of the car to the beat (at least you can still hit stuff, even with the broken knuckles). The caffeine pills are pretty much all packed up to go, leaving the car empty. Save you. Your capuchin Sebastian in the passenger seat (but was Sebastian really yours? Honestly, the number of times that he tried to run away seemed to argue that he was at least sentient enough to express his desire not to live with you, but you paid for him goddammit, so that monkey is yours.

Plus, who else do you know that can say he has a capuchin? It is *totally* going to get you laid), nine pounds of grade-B kinda okay hashish that you were planning to sell at your old high school (cut with sage of course you cheap bastard) under the seats in the back, a completely silver, shining and mainly-deflated blow up doll still reeking of the spray paint sitting behind you, beside your little sister who still won't fucking stop crying (Christ! It's been hours since you guys left! Is she ever going to stop?), and her dead boyfriend in the truck.

You wish your phone would just quit fucking vibrating already - until you realize that it may just be the dildo that's been lodged under your seat for who knows how long. The lady at the Cookout seems much smarter in her aversion to take your money once you figure out you've been trying to buy burgers at the drive through with condoms (again? Really? Come on) and so you just take the food and go. Mental check-list: get hannaH home. Punch Sebastian in the nose for trying to ride on the roof of the car and peeing all over your new favorite turtleneck. Figure out what is biting your little toe. You hope to god you can do all that before the acid kicks in, because that will make things too complicated. You take the note out of your shoe again. In her hand, barely legible to anyone but you, it reads:

I'm sorry, I'll be more anonymous, I'll type your name in backwards so no one knows it's you..

Better? Good.

Love you too.

4.6.7.5 - Some Bad Sentiments For Babysitters: A Duet

Julie considered shoving disproportionately loud toddlers into cramped cupboards, most often when their hands reached out for her massive, bulging, unbelievably sumptuous yet approachable cheeks; if she could just get Horny Toads 2: Ribbeted Boogaloo then *maybe* she could finally get some of her godDAMN socks back from her scummy ex-yoga

instructor/professional YouTuber, Charisma, (kind of a raging river without a sense of salmon), but only after she (meaning Julie, Charisma's flexible, supple, perky daughter) agreed to give up her favorite personal trainer, Esteban, and her only vibrator (!!!) which had repeatedly been inside Julie's purse and trainers (size 6, Converse) as collateral for the "secret:" Charisma frequently (relatively) enjoyed babysitting, but, since she was not even, she could never have--

(wasn't expecting that one) (surpriiiiise) (will return shortly have to pee) (okay solid piss (figuratively)) (I think I get it) (nice typing)(:) (currently googling "sumptuous") (splendid, luxurious, etc) (tiiiiiiiits. The answer is tiiiiits) (or bananas) (ahha! possibly suggestive? genius writer, right here) (semi-colon whyyyyy)(;) step up to the b-big leagues g-g-gurl) (you have a stutter. You should probably see a speech therapist.) (Burn.) (n-n-n-na-nu-naah, I just t-t-alk in re-re-re-REmixes) (or maybe you're re-re-re-tartno stop got you ed) (ah fuck you) (gladly, hon) (HA!) (I'm glad you appreciate a good horny toad) (toad porn exists right) (not anymore now it's a sequel to a breakdance movie) (about frogs? I thought it would be hip hop) (ayyyy lmao) (I wanted to do a drop-the-mike-style period right there, but for the sake of sensibility (who the fuck am I trying to even be) I figured we should continue this thought) (I'm glad this is continuing.) (what she said) (plot twist) (god the word "scummy" just sounds like three day old-used-masterbation-towels) (or cum covered gummies) (I fell on my keyboard. It would be a pedophile's dream) (getting real experimental with a forward slash) (I'm voting we keep this a sentence story) (sounds good to me) (Woaah you can hear me typing? (bad jokes are the best)) (I see you tryna format my comment) (ahh my keyboard was not working for a second and I was confused) (sounds like a writer's block excuse) (no wait I want to know what her name should have been) (I was trying to think of hippy-dippy names.) ("hippy-sippy" sounded better) (Hippy-sippy names are ridiculous. Charm, Terra, Quinoa, D-Raven) (gur U kray, Terra is a great name) (I know someone named Terra Sky. That's the hippest sippiest name) (that's pretty unfortunate) (I can only assume that D-Raven was short for Dick Raven) (I was thinking "Dick-I-be-cuh-Raven") (that's much better then what I came up with. You win. Also, ferret-type? Just because you put a hyphen there doesn't make it not 2 words. And fuuuuuuuck.) (fine (god. WOMEN (not to be confused with "godwomen"))) (are godwomen comparable to lizardmen?) (FOOOOOREEEEEESHADOOOOWING) (that is an ambiguous pronoun right there) (is it too much for you?) (I need certainty!) (I was giving you the chance to choooooose) (oh awesome. Excited for this tangent) (alright. What the fuck is *flexible* and supple *and* perky? Not even tits fit that description! That's the end of my creative drive! No tits? Come ooooooon) (tits wasn't going to fit there

either. You set it up don't blame meeeee) (Hey! Take that back! I can fit tits *anywhere* (he says, immediately negating his earlier complaint)) (Tits are like God. Everywhere. But also disappointing when you find out they're not necessarily real) (hannaH what was that medical bill for? Are you trying to tell me something?) (what were you tryna say) (I was tryna stack parentheses so hard (it's kind of a fetish)) (I'm really into semicolons) (I can dig it; semicolons are hot) (is this foreplay?) (I, fucking, hope so, but I'm not that good at linear narratives) (can that be my word? It's vital for the narrative) (I already wrote it though. Plus I wanted to say it) (no, I meant, can i count "!!!" as my turn) (oh sure!) (trainers as in shoes. Purse and trainers sounds kind of like personal trainer but only a little bit so it doesn't make sense. Maybe she has a foot fetish) (hoooooot) (not even?) (I wanted to make a sorority joke) (would someone named Charisma be in a sorority) (This is turning me on. Let's just duet)

4.6.8 - In Which Adam Weishaupt Conceives of His Tea Party

Adam Weishaupt sat in his bedroom alone, staring at the clock on the wall. He had been staring at that cock for fifteen and a half minutes now, he should know, he's been counting. For poor Mr. Weishaupt was bored out of his mind, the monotony of daily life was weighing down on him. But then it hit him: our friend Adam Weishaupt had a brilliant idea. He got up from the bed and shouted at the top of his lungs:

"I shall have a tea party!"

4.6.8.5 - In Which the Narrator Questions What It *Really* Means to Live in Modern America

What does it *really* mean to live in modern America?

4.6.9 - Japanese School Girls

Ravioli Shankar kept losing his body in large pieces of meat. After the last bit fell off he wondered if he still existed. They took his brain and put it in a robot that was only capable of one thing: telling the humidity and

temperature of the room. Days passed by and no one found him useful, so they threw him into a garbage bin to be brought to Japan.

That is when Ravioli-Bot enrolled into a girls-only high school. He thought the other girls were cute. They helped him put on his sailor outfit over his metallic body. One of the girls that Ravi-chan called Sensei blushed as his attire slid easily off his body.

One day he started feeling very odd. He checked his temperature reading and it was freezing cold with 100% humidity. He examined his surroundings and noticed that Sensei had poured a bucket of ice water all over him for some kind of awareness campaign. His buttons sparked and smoked as he passed into the shadow realm. A Shinto Shrine was put up to honour Ravi-chan outside of the school that the students would visit on the 12th of May of each year.

4.7-.01=4.69

And honestly, if that didn't make you laugh, you may be gay. (This wasn't offensive because I totally have gay friends).

4.7 - Adam Weishaupt's Amazing, Fantastic Tea Party

Adam Weishaupt sat at the head of the table staring meditatively at his co-conspirators. He and Adolph Knigge had subjected them all to intense psychological scrutiny during the selection process. Some of the assembly were poets, professors and philosophers of liberal, anti-monarchical leanings, and had been selected by Knigge, while others were priests, lawyers, idle aristocrats, bishops and other members of the very establishment which Weishaupt proposed to overthrow. Why they had been invited by Weishaupt remained a mystery to Knigge. Johann Bellerman, a famed theologian, sat beside Aloys Blumauer, a poet who had

written many scathing attacks on the Jesuit Order. Christoph Meiners, a polygenist racial theorist, conversed happily with Joachim Campe, an egalitarian philanthropist. To a less subtle mind the assembly would have looked like insanity. Not so to Weishaupt.

Weishaupt had discovered a secret. A secret which was dear to his heart and gnawed at his mind. The best tribute to its genius was to put it to action and yet this could only be done in secrecy: nobody could ever know what he had planned. He planned to give birth to the coming century. In fact, he would own human history from this moment on. Demiurgic designs had lugubriously wheedled their way into his Kraut cranium over long years spent imbibing herbs carried from the east and star spots of madness had started firing in his brain. Herp herp herp.

"Didn't I predict Hegel? The Hegelian dialectic! That was all me! All my idea!" screamed Weishaupt's soul to an Archon sat next to him on an obsidian black block of void-meat.

"Aye", the Archon would reply, "but it didn't do ye much good, given ye ended up living in the shed of that bloody Napoleon dick-sucking queer, Saxe-Coburg-Altenburg."

A shudder passed through the body of Weishaupt as the impact of this statement flew backward through time to the moment of the assembly. Weishaupt would later be forced to witness Augustus building a shrine to himself and his unwilling object of affection. Napoleon's face was placed at the center of the shrine's sun while Augustus placed his own face at the center of the moon. Even a neophyte could read the significance of these symbols. For the layman: Augustus frequently dressed in women's clothing and called Napoleon cutesy pet names. Have I made the circumstances clear enough or should I describe them rodgering?

Weishaupt had discovered that the apparent opposites of society were interdependent - that each needed the other to define itself and that in order for history to progress each must compete with the other. By steering the direction of both sides, one could engage in an act of alchemy - one could steer history by determining the

nature of every conflict. It was this secret that had led Weishaupt to engage in this radical experiment, bringing together the opposing sides of Enlightenment philosophical debate and deciding for them how they could do battle.

[This page intentionally filled in by badgers.]

It wouldn't work. Because the Demiurge had locked humanity's immaterial substance in the cell of materiality, no eschaton could be immanentized. Such a shame. Such a shame. Man dies for dumb ideas in his dumb meat-brain dreamed up by his gonads! Man is ruled by his gonads. The belief in legacy, the belief in posterity, the belief in doing anything at all is crockwank. The fuck are you even doing? You're filling in time. Sophia cries out in the marketplace: "Heed my words!" she cries. "There are worlds elsewhere, if only you could see them!" King Solomon heard her. He heard her at the temple where the Knights Templar would one day make their home. He heard her at the spot where their stores of treasure would be concealed. He heard her at the same moment an image of the future came to him, the sight of the wrath of Yahweh growing like a fiery tree from the earth, raining molten rock onto the changed city he had once ruled.

"God," gasped a young Evangelical Christian boy after his sister's hippy friends slipped him a dose of acid in 1962. "God, God, God. Oh Jesus. Oh Christ. I know the identity of God. Oh fuck. What have we been praying to?" He collapsed into a convulsion of panic and disgust. Sufficient quantities of the drug had already been consumed, so when he began to vomit it did him no good. His sister, trying to calm the situation down in the presence of her new hip friends, began rubbing her brother's back and telling him it'd all be over soon. "No, Mabel, no," the boy responded. "You don't understand, there's no going back from this. God is the Atom bomb. Don't you see? 'My LORD God is a raging fire'. Don't you get it now, Mabel? You were there! The day Dad took us all out in the car to watch the testing! You saw it! It was a burning bush, Mabel! The bomb going off! It looked like the burning bush! It was the burning bush! *It is God!*"

Weishaupt wept.

“Alright”, Alex Jones said as the Imperial March by John Williams had finished playing, “let’s get serious here, folks. I been talking a lot about Bohemian Grove today. Now a lot of people in the mainstream press don’t like to cover it, they don’t like to talk about it, but I will because I have a responsibility to ya’ll. They *do* engage in Luciferian rituals, folks. This is no joke. I know a lot of you atheists out there will say, ‘Oh, worshiping Satan? Oh, but Satan isn’t real!’ Well, I’m here to tell ya, you may not think he’s real but *they* do. That’s why they go out there into the redwoods to worship this burning fire. This big flame they take out and burn beneath a forty foot owl deity. I’m not making this up, folks.”

“The allegory in which the Mysteries and Higher Grades must be clothed is Fire Worship”, wrote Weishaupt, “and the whole philosophy of Zoroaster or of the old Parsees who nowadays only remain in India; therefore in the further degrees the Order is called ‘Fire Worship’ (*Feuerdienst*), the ‘Fire Order,’ or the ‘Persian Order’ - that is, something magnificent beyond all expectation.” Incidentally, Weishaupt’s personal emblem was the owl. Nesta H. Webster, a sexually repressed paranoid whose only source of erotic release was composing conspiracy theories featuring sometimes dashing, sometimes dastardly revolutionaries stumbled, quite by accident, upon these secrets. She then, to the great relief of the actual inheritors of the Illuminati conspiracy, dressed them up in her own neuroses and prejudices, leaving the facts concealed beneath the detritus of her deteriorating brain.

“Okay, folks”, Jones continued, “one thing they will admit in the mainstream press is that the Manhattan project - the project to create the nuclear bomb - that whole thing started in Bohemian Grove. No joke. September...let me pull it up here...yes, September 1942...I can’t get the exact date here. September 1942, they all got together there, burnt a human body in effigy and planned to create the bomb. And you’re telling me people don’t need to know about this place? Come on! Wake the hell up, people!” Alex Jones was another mercy to the Illuminati. So many layers of untruth concealed their schemes that by the time anybody had stumbled

upon them, their psychology had already begun to unravel. Most of those who cared enough to begin the journey were already broken, scared people looking for a cause to cling to and an explanation for the all-prevailing sense of dread which existed in every human being in the early 21st century - a little less than a decade away from the last catastrophe.

“What we should do,” said Edward Bernays drunkenly, “is spread some information about ourselves to the hack media. Get information about ourselves published in some of those bird cage liners. Put some of our slogans and ideas in children’s cartoons. People won’t be able to take the idea seriously when somebody steps forward to expose us. They’ll think it’s all damned nonsense, because we’ll have trained them to believe it’s all damned nonsense!” There was a raucous chorus of laughter around the campfire. The idea was so audacious it might just work. Bernays was the greatest genius of the PR industry. To be able to sit and drink in the wisdom of the modern day P. T. Barnum was more than the young Dick Nixon could ever have asked for. It was the next best thing to “uncle Sigg” himself. Though, frankly, Dick would have probably felt paranoid around Freud. *Fucking old Jewish cocaine sniffing cranks poking around in people’s heads. I don’t want any Jew looking into my head.*

Weishaupt’s spirit watched helplessly as the conspiracy he had given birth to proceeded to unfold beyond his power. The Archon placed a scaly hand on his shoulder. “Cheer up, old sod. This is what you wanted, isn’t it? To place your mark on history! To have a legacy, even if you were the only one to know about it!” Weishaupt’s soul longed to dissolve. It could not. Another alchemical experiment gone wrong. He had rendered his soul indestructible using a technique he had discovered by combining Kabbalistic mysticism with near eastern meditation and Gnostic heresies. He simply had to connect his soul’s energy to that of an Archon. By doing so, he would escape the transcendent deity that wished to consume him, the cycle of death and rebirth which would force him to forget all his past deeds and the destruction of Tartarus that awaited all those who defied

the Demiurge but failed to achieve apotheosis.

Ronald Reagan pissed up against a redwood tree and felt like a little boy again.

Weishaupt screamed.

“Oh, the chatter of yunguns we’ve missed so blandly in our splendid little Florida.”

4.8 - To Do List

- Eat dinner
 - Evacuate bladder
 - Play Bngry Airs
 - Take 2 Xanax
 - Stare wistfully at portrait of not-deceased mother
 - Pick nose
 - See if the neighbors are having sex with the curtains open again
 - Fap
 - Take 2 Adderall
 - Contemplate reading Infinite Jest
 - Complete contemplation of reading Infinite Jest
- Jest
- Go on 4chan (/y/) and buy dru
 - Fap
 - Stare into The Abyss
 - Check to see if any of my friends have birthdays this week
 - Remember that I don’t have any friends
 - Go on 4chan and improve narrative voice
 - Take 2 Tic-Tacs
 - Scratch bum three times in rapid succession, 3oms between each scratch
 - Think about girls with penises and how I can’t tell if I’m fucked up for preferring them
 - Ponder infinite mysteries of the universe
 - Take 2 Tylenol for headache
 - Stare at unread bookshelf
 - Start Infinite Jest (6th try)
 - Think about going to the used bookshop with the cute cashier
 - Clean up with tissues

- Cry
- Replace tissue box
- Write "buy tissue boxes" on tomorrow's list
- Write another chapter of magnum opus
- Take 4 Nyquil
- Take 4 beers
- Go to bed early (4 AM at the latest)

5.3— Skipping Stones

~~Wait, what is this doing here?~~

4.9.5.0 - A Numerical Inconsistency of a Fourth-Order Tensor Function and Its Integration

Gingerly masturbating at the thought of prescribing mathematical models to ideologies to convince himself that he is in fact way wiser than Pinkodinkilion (often simply referred to as 'Tim'), he let go of his penis, which maintained its erect shape after it lost its support, and he instead picked up a pen to find meaning in this arbitrary equation of gibberish, perhaps a revelation for the ultimate math-e-matics joke:

$$\begin{aligned}
 & \overset{9001}{\oint} (>implying) (Kant) d\Phi = \overset{1337}{\int\int\int} (n33t) (pussy) d\varphi = \overset{continental}{\sum_{\Phi=greeks}} \Phi_{8==D} \\
 & \text{where } \Phi \in \{ethics\}, \varphi = phallus
 \end{aligned}$$

In which the following boundary conditions apply:

At phallus = 0, Kant = 1, and at phallus = 1, Kant = 0

On the other hand,

Pussy(9001) = 8====D, while Pussy(>implying) = 8====D~~~~~

The solution diverges.

No solution.

He came on the paper with his hot semen, crumpled it, and shot it at his trash can. The paper ball hit the rim of the basket, bounced towards his desk, and landed on his sandwich, which he later ate with delight.

He produced a new piece of paper and wrote the following:

$$\int e^x = f(u^n)$$

4.9.5 - Breaking Bad

JESSE

(a beat)

Your windshield's broken.

WALT

(a beat)

Yeah.

Good answer. A couple of Rain Men, these two. More silent

driving. Eventually...

WALT

Going back to your apartment?

Jesse shakes his head no. Walt needs no further elaboration.

After all, he understands the apartment is where Jane died.

Anonymous

After another beat, Walt broaches...

WALT

You wanna stay with me?

(then)

For a night or two -- just till you
get back on your feet.

*Jesse is confused -- stay with you and your family?
Off him:*

31 INT. THE WILKERSON HOUSE - WALT'S STUDIO - MORNING

31

*The door opens and Walt enters, Jesse behind him.
Walt shuts*

*and locks the door as Jesse drops his bag and glances
around.*

*Feeling the need, Walt gives some grudging
background.*

WALT

Lois and I are taking a little
break.

(off Jesse's nod)

A little friction in the marriage.
Strictly temporary. Just taking a
little break.

5.1 - Thomas Pynchon Wrestled Elbert Clinton

When Elbert the Sledgehammer entered the classroom he saw the teacher was absent. “How like his reputation to be late to his own class,” Elbert the Hedgehog thought.

He took a seat in the back of the class, left corner, and began to get comfortable, enjoying the extra time this embarrassing lateness gave him. When George looked up at the blackboard he didn’t see any details about the class, but only, sprawled in an almost illegible handwriting:

AIN'T GOT NO JOB BUT I STAYYYYYYYYY SHINEEEEEEE.....
CANT PAY MY RENT BECUASE ALL MY MONEY SPENT, BUT
THATS OK BECUASE I STAY FLYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY.....YE YE YE
YE BUT I AM HOOD RICH DALA LA LA
gonadonicocnaocuszjikdxchGEORGEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee, eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

CRITICALLY ACCLAIMED BUT THAT SHIT DON'T MEAN A
THANG WHEN YOU ONLINE ANONYMOUS
I AM ONLINE ANONYMOUS
ABOUT TO STICK THIS SWEET DICK IN UR SWEET HEART.
AND IT FEELS SO GOOD UH AH, AND IT FEELS SO RIGHT
UH AH.

:)

uh uh uh uh uh uh uh

how do you feel to be contributing to the greatest work
in all of literature, anons?

I feel well

>implying this is the greatest work in all of literature

5.2 - My bottle of vodka is empty and I am too poor to afford another... I will settle for even a red bull, still too poor. I'd like some pizza, but it's too aggressive.

Tilting complexation, revolving around the roundabout, never stopping; haven't slept in days. Four hours past week. Manic depression filled with tensions of unsuccess. I had a friend a week ago hit by a train; they say he must have fallen. Sad day, none knew him.

Haven't eaten in two days, blurring skies and blurry vision. Haze covering most things, whitish grey fog. I have been typing for too long, could use some food... something. Sorry to muddy up the page.

5.3 - Tap Tap

Tap tap. It was tap tap quiet in the tomb. I lay on my face. The stone was tap tap cold. The air was tap tap empty. Tap. I flexed my fingers again. Tap. I opened my eyes but the tap tap dark did not change. I could hear tap tap nothing. No, I could not hear a tap tap thing. I listened. The air was cold. I was cold. I was cold because I was tap tap naked. I felt the stone again. It was still tap tap cold. My fingers hurt from rubbing it. I did it tap again. There was stone tap under, and tap to my sides. Above me the stone prevented my tap tap escape. I lay for a long time.

Tap, tap. Scrape.

"Jesus? It's time to wake up."

5.3.141 - Boom Tap Tap

Boom tap boom tap boom tap boomboom tap. Boom tap chicka wacka boom tap. Boom chicka tap chicka tappy tap tap tap. Boom si boom tap boom sicka boom tap chicka. Pshhhweaaaaaaa!!! Pew picka pew pop dicka wicka fwew pap. Boom sicka ticka wacka shika wika boom bap. Boom chicka bop bow wigi wak dak dow. Boom sicka wicka dick, poopy ploppy puppy pooter. Bow shicka wacka dow ticka tang twicky dong, OOOSHHZZZ!

“Jesus? That was completely off the hook.”

5.3.1.6 - Fly, Little Hacklemesh Weaver

Riverrun run run the river did, it ran. How does a river run so fast with eight legs fewer than me? It ran, yes it ran. Winding through the trees of the forest, with a *sloosh* and a *woosh*. Where was the long, long river off to? Only the river knew, or perhaps it didn't. Perhaps on any other day I might sit, and admire the river's slooshing and wooshing. But today was a day of progress, and I was making none. I, gentle reader, am a Hacklemesh Weaver. Or *Amaurobius ferox*. Every spring I gather my eight legs and go wandering through the beautiful countryside of my home in Europe. Some spiders may call me old fashioned, but I say I'm classical. Once upon a time every Hacklemesh would venture out into the nature to see the sights and smell the scents. It's no good for a spider to remain webbed up in one place for longer than a season's cycle. Back to middle school. In my 6th grade english class I received a note from Lauren Schafer. It read:

GO OUT WITH ME? :)

YES NO

I hesitated. I felt my scalp begin to itch as a trickle of sweat ran down my forehead and quietly began to drop onto the desk.

I think I circled no. Or just threw the note away. I don't remember. Later I found out she had asked out every single boy in our class. I was the last male to receive that note.

Dick
is

Very
Extremely
Totally

Awesome, I'm pansexual. We started making out and having sex when my ex Victor saw me, he didn't know it was Lancelot that was eating me out and got so mad that I was over him already. Victor turned into his wolf form (he's a werewolf) and murdered the 'girl' I was with. In his dying breath Lancelot turned back to his cute male form (which was long white hair scene and a super muscular body) and said:

"Why?"

Victor was so sad that he cut open his throat with his wolf claw, and died.

"I love your life and i love you being alive"

- Lil B



UNLEASH THE KRAKEN EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE



5.8 - Literary Blues (18 et 180: tels sont les dieux; uns et multiples)

I stared at the black and white Furby which sat perpetually on my desk, unmoving, uncaring; just watching me masturbate day in and day out.

“Damn,” I said.

“I wish I could be you.”

In that moment, I swapped bodies with the Furby which sat perpetually on my desk, unmoving, uncaring, just watching a dead body grasp its penis with a cold, dead grip because Furbies don't have fucking souls and help I'm trapped in a plastic toy from 2006 HELP HELP HELP you can still use it though. The batteries were dying. I didn't have much time left. With every ounce of my will, I tried to call out to the corpse before me.

The batteries ran out.

5.9 - Saddest life ever but not totally wasted

Born from parents who have spoken, a numbingly amount of times, of their undivided and unending love for each other and Anon, the sum seemingly imaginary, who sits torrential passive looks fucked up, inside. He has never been touched by a girl, ever, nor touched one, sexually. Predestined by the Lizard-Folk to die a kissless virgin, he gave up all hope. Although he, quietly and perversely, believed with vague pride he was smartest boy in the village, he became influenced by rap, eventually becoming a “professional” rapper. He was laughed at, his rhymes were bad. He went on a journey to learn how to spit the illest verses that the world has ever known. A journey that would take him to the peak of Mt. Rushmore, to the jungles of Africa, and finally back home to the basement.

There he lost consciousness due to Ebola infection. He died singing to Rebecca Black's “Friday” as people kicked him into a 6 ft deep hole. But the music lived on and death still doesn't know where that boy learned to play so bad.

Rebuild of 5.555(5) - The Ethereal Manifestation of the Tundra, or You Can (Not) Survive

Andrei was a hunter. Not a good one. In fact, he was a complete disgrace to his tribe. Settled near the northern part of the Ob river at the edge of Siberia, his tribe frequently pondered crossing the Urals and join civilization. It was only a matter of time until this happened now; every year more and more young ones left the nomad lifestyle to try their luck with modern civilization, and soon the last of the remaining elders would be dead and everyone could shove the "land of our ancestors" bullshit up their dead bums and migrate en masse westward.

Andrei was a dead man when that happened, there's no way he'd survive the harsh trip across the Ural range. If he could make it he would have left that shithole long ago, but it was already surprising enough that a scrawny kid like him managed to survive the Russian winter, although his impressive vodka chugging skills might be the reason behind that mystery, but asking him to cross a mountain range was completely unthinkable.

"If I do manage to climb a mountain I'll probably trip off the top and die," he told his father last year when he was instructed to go to St. Petersburg and find a blond girl with big tits to fuck. Andrei then asked his father why he didn't go do that himself. And that's the story of how Andrei and his mother were abandoned by his father.

This year Andrei and his mother are the only remaining members of the Levandku household from the Kockonfaec tribe, and as such he had to get off his lazy ass and bring home some food, which rarely happened. Due to Andrei's incompetence as a hunter he and his mother had to rely on the potatoes she grew in order to survive, but less potato meant less vodka, and so Andrei's very survival was at

stake here.

"MY BUTT! WHO THE FUCK DID THIS?!" cried out a lonesome voice on the snowy plains as a stag swiftly escaped a grim fate. It seemed Andrei had missed his target again, and this time he had accidentally shot an arrow in the rear end of a fellow hunter.

"Andrei, you little bitch, what the hell do you think you're doing?!" shouted the hunter again. "You're fucking dead kiddo. I graduated top of my class in Steppe Hunting, and over 300 confirmed stags--"

Amidst the diatribe, Andrei could now recognize Ivan, the bear hunter, with the arrow still firmly lodged in his buttocks. As that hulking mass of muscle and body hair approached him Andrei knew death was nigh. Frozen with fear he could do nothing but think *Oh well, might as well make this quick*. And then he thought of his mother, who he was about to leave all alone. *I don't care, I'm already dead. She can die too for all I care*.

As he was preparing to have his limbs torn apart he heard a very loud crunching noise nearby, as if someone, not knowing how to dispose of a bottle of vodka after having finished drinking it, smashed it against their head. After a while he gathered the courage to open up his eyes and saw Ivan with a stalagmite jammed up his jaw piercing through his skull. He scarcely had any time to notice the blood and brains flowing out of Ivan's mangled skull when he saw a large brown man with a purple robe beside him.

Upon closer inspection Andrei noticed that the top of this man's head was shaped like a cone. There was no way this creature was human.

"W-who are you?" Andrei stuttered.

"I am the ***Totalitarianism of the Tundra***," the creature replied. Then he made this face: :^)

“You’re the what, mate?” asked Andrei, but it was too late. Before he could blink the creature drifted against him and was nowhere to be seen, it was as if he had absorbed it.

A year passed, and no one could believe how good a hunter Andrei had become; the skinny kid who couldn’t catch a single hare had now become the best hunter in the tribe. Ever since that day when he came back from hunting, carrying the corpses of both Ivan and the bear who had killed him, the tribesmen knew that the boy had finally become a man. There was still the question of how exactly did he manage to become so strong so suddenly? But no one cared much as long as he kept singlehandedly feeding the entire tribe. With a man like Andrei in their tribe they would be able to gather enough resources for their exodus to the west soon enough.

Andrei, however, did not feel like waiting around for the rest of his tribe, and by that time they had decided that Andrei probably died during his last hunting trip. Little did they know that he was already nearing the Urals.

A few days later Andrei finally reached the Ural Mountains. He stood godlike before the snowy expanse, which lay prostrate before his heavenly, invincible form.

“Lol no way I’m climbing over that,” Andrei thought, so he figured he’d ask the brown man to conjure up some stairs. Even with stairs, it was more climbing than Andrei was willing to do, but it was better than having to climb the mountain without any assistance, and so he set on his journey west.

The headline of today’s newspaper went like this:

Prostitute found dead in St. Petersburg after trying to steal her client’s wallet. Culprit reportedly impervious to bullets. Official Police statement: “He really gave zero fucks.”

[END]^[1]

[1] *The point in a text at which the writing stops.* [2]

[2] *Footnote*

**READ THE SHOCKING CONTINUATION OF ANON'S
STORY IN CHA5TER, TOTALLY NOT CHASTER
EDITION**

>tfw no gf anymore

*[This joke intentionally overused long past the point it
may have ever been funny.]*

The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra

“Être seul c'est s'entraîner à la mort.” -Anon

CHAPTRE 5: THE “AVANT-GARDE” CHAPTRE

-=WAFFLEHOUSE 5=-

the “NOT FUCKING CANON” Chapter

*With special guest pieces from Rimbaud, known homosexual
autist Rambo, and Joan Greeme.*

BUT FIRST:

PRAISE FOR THE NOVEL

“THE TUNDRA OF LEGACY IN A TOTALITARIANISM”

***“To be honest here, this chapter is my least
favorite.”***

- Lizard Foster Wallace

“This generations Catcher in the Rye.

***They'll find a well thumbed copy in every rapist,
school shooter and domestic terrorist's room for
years to come.”***

- Some Asshole

***“Wrap your vulcan lips around my juicy,
white member, Spock I dohat I want.”***

- White People (Currently rioting over

the death of Captain Jean-Luc Picard

[innocent victim of the Borg patriarchy])

Anonymous

“Will this be the first vaporwave novel? xD”

- Pretentious /lit/ Poster who doesn't get it

On a Faggotron Over Pretension

by Eclectic Neet Hostel

What a dimwitted faggot
I have found in this maggot
That is nibbling away at my mind
What a terrible scream
That could flash on the screen
In a blink of an eye and be gone from me
Gat and shitty
Let me fuck it close and enslave dat hoe here with me

And one day we will cry
And our ashes will fry from a faggotron over
pretension
But for now we are done
Let us bake in the sun
And curse every horrible thing we can see
Hate to be
In the arms of all the faggots here with me

What a spurious life
We have found here tonight
There is pomo that types on the screen
There are docs in the cloud
Dakota's ghost all around
Read the words as they're reeling through me
Harsh and reeks
How the throat throttling and e

Gay ([Hebrew](#): גַּי, regular plural *gayim* גַּיִם or גַּיִים), the more you know...

For more information, please consider visiting
<http://www.learnhebrew.com>

“They have... danceable alphabet.”

-Harold Bloom at a disco

S: *"May I please have your liver so I can continue living?"*

P: *"Bitch."*

S: *"Excuse me?"*

P: *"Yeah."*

S: *"Please, I'm dying."*

P: *What."*

S: *[dying intensifies]*

P: *"Eat sand, old man."*

- Plato in response to Socrates's request for a liver so he can continue living

*one day we will have peace
black people are people
coal miners are people
therefore black people are coal miners*

-Aristotle

0.4.3.9 - Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh Pizza Nova AKA /lit/ sells out Ca\$h4gold.com sell your used JEWery. Gotta pay for this book somehow guys. Kit Kat bars, have a break. Trust the Midas Touch. BA BA BA BA BA im lovin it McDonalds. Tim Hortons new ice coffee. Consumerism. Buy buy buy. Walmart shop here. Waggleball™. This is a post-ironic chapter in support of capitalism™. So it goes.

*"How about we write a story about the day Nietzsche was deflowered by a prostitute and got syphilis?"
suggested the Venerable Elder.*

"Good idea," replied no prawn in particular.

5.1 - The day Nietzsche was deflowered by a prostitute

and got syphilis

Once upon a time Nietzsche was deflowered by a prostitute and got syphilis. So it goes.

[The next chapter (6.1) is written without a bias toward having a presence]

8.1 - David's Foster Child, or a modern day Of Mice and Men V.1

I've never been a daddy. I've never wanted to be a daddy. But here I am, with this stupid little baby looking at me like he's going to get dinner. Why doesn't he just eat the cigar ashes I'm dropping into his face? Oh, he is. Then he doesn't need any dinner: my ass. I found this kid outside, he told me he ain't got no family. I told him he could stay at my place for the night but he couldn't live here. Next thing I know it's thirty years later, and he hasn't even thought of leaving.

Did I mention he's retarded? Well, he's retarded. Believe me if I had known that, this story would be titled, *David's*--actually, there wouldn't even be a story. So, here I am. A seventy-five year old ice cream salesman with a forty-eight year old snot eating retard for a baby. Not much of a story in itself, but the events leading up to my relatively untimely death certainly are. Which implies that I'm either typing this as a ghost (spooky!) or from some indeterminate afterlife. I'm not sure which would be more impressive but don't worry about that right now, all in good time.

"David."

"What."

"David."

"What."

I don't feel like repeating that myself, so just imagine seven more repetitions of Davids and Whats. This is my day. When I finally got the hulking daisy brain to say his piece, there was a knock on the door. Getting up from my rocking chair, I slowly made my way to the door where the sound of knuckles rapping was getting faster and faster. I swung the door open and confronted the knocker with yet another "What."

That was the last thing I could remember before it all went black. I'm not dead, don't worry. The man at the door had hit me with a cricket mallet and stuffed me into a bag while I was out cold. When I came to, I wasn't in my entry way anymore. I was in some sort of lab, strapped to a table. Six sexually charged nurses stood around me writing on clipboards. A door slid open and in came a distinguished man in a lab coat, holding his own clipboard. He pushed a nurse aside and stood right next to me, then leaned close.

"You made a grave mistake taking in that retard, Mr. Pynchon."

[EXEUNT PAGE LEFT, PURSUED BY A BEAR]

8.2 - It was a Dark and Stormy Night

[NOT AN ACTUAL BEAR]

It was a dark and stormy night. It was a dark and stormy heart. It was a broken and stormy heart. Joe was a broken and stormy heart. Joe had a broken and stormy heart. Joe had a broken and stormy life. Joe hated a broken and stormy life. Joe hated a broken and stormy woman. Joe hated a broken and vicious woman. Joe married a broken and vicious woman. Joe married a broken and vicious Anna. Joe married a broken and sweet Anna. Joe married a lovely and sweet Anna. Joe loved a lovely and sweet Anna. Anna loved a lovely and sweet Anna. Anna loved a lovely and sweet Joe. Anna loved a drunk and sweet Joe. Anna tolerated a drunken and sweet Joe. Anna tolerated a drunken and abusive Joe. Anna hated a drunken and abusive Joe. Anna poisoned a

drunken and abusive Joe. Methanol poisoned a drunken and abusive Joe. Methanol spared a drunken and abusive Joe. Methanol spared a drunken and weak Joe. Methanol left a drunken and weak Joe. Anna left a drunken and weak Joe. Anna left a penniless and weak Joe. Hope left a penniless and weak Joe. Life left a penniless and weak Joe. Life left a penniless and weak spook. Spook left a penniless and weak spook. Spook left a spook and weak spook. Spook spook a spook and weak spook. Spook spook a spook and spook spook. Spook spook a spook spook spook spook. Spook spook spook spook spook spook spook.

[BEAR IN THIS CONTEXT IS DEFINED BY THE URBAN DICTIONARY AS "A TERM USED BY GAY MEN TO DESCRIBE A HUSKY, LARGE MAN WITH A LOT OF BODY HAIR"]

8.3 - In which Anon ponders the value of this book with amount of genuine knowledge and artistry being poured into it despite the outwardly inane structure and general vulgarity

8.4 - In which anon posts his edgy high school journal entry for our viewing pleasure.

I live in a crowded cesspool of human garbage. I, myself, am a 62 kilogram sack of shit.

I envy people who go through big losses, you know why? I NEVER FUCKING HAD ANYTHING TO LOSE. Everytime I see a happy couple, I want to kill myself. Is that a symptom of mental illness? I don't think so. It's just one of many brilliant rationalizations my brain throws at me. Crazy? Not I. I'm just a big piece of stinking shit. Wherever I am, no matter what I am doing, I imagine how my surrounding can cause my death. I toy with the idea of death because my life is that fucking bad. They promised me a lie. I want

to live the LIE! THEY SAID I COULD HAVE THE LIE!

Lies about going to school is good for me; Lies about loyalty and friendships; and the damnest lie of it all, LOVE. Fuck you, where is my love? I live in every conversation about love told to me because I can never relate. I'm not angry at anyone, i'm angry at everyone. I hate truth, and I love lies. Lies are a shelter for my mind. Truths are the floodlights shining around this prison life preventing me from an easy escape.

[NOT THAT I'M GAY OR ANYTHING, WHEN I WROTE THAT I WAS UNDER THE IMPRESSION IT WAS A TERM TO DESCRIBE A HUSKY, LARGE GAY MAN WITH A LOT OF BODY HAIR, NOT SOMETHING ONE HAD TO BE GAY TO USE]

9.11 - Loose Change?

In which Lizard George W. Bush Junior personally flies a plane into his high rise apartment complex with both Lizard Dick Cheney and Lizard Jesus as his copilots.

Ten-finger salute. Godspeed, soldier, and may Zeus be with thee.

9.2 - In light of anon's collective late night fatigue, it was deemed appropriate to outsource a portion of this chapter to a new piece of experimental software called Virtual Poet™

Mr. Qwerty was a sinister man, a creature of Mexican taste and psychic hyper trumpets. Infinite were his fake hippy pancakes. Deep was his dedicated autoharp ditty. Jolly vegetable and eagle stew for supper in the endless laserdisc zone among an excessive collection of sassy redneck technology. Silly carpet abyss provides fantasy for the corporate bro angels as they jam in CGI paradise under the mighty brain hood pylon. This temporal school

project was deeply regretted by those whose boogie tribute moistened old ladies. Such poetic disco beep was a cumbersome and unexplained phenomenon.

[I'M NOT BEING HOMOPHOBIC, I'M JUST SAYING I'M NOT GAY. NOTHING WRONG WITH BEING GAY]

9.3 - Meditations & Poetry

Girls die like cold winds.
Why does the fat pink mast grow?

*Girls grow like streets.
The rainy slum quickly gets the flower.
The car talks like a dry skyscraper.*

All cums lead clear, warm semens.
Why does the anal beads hurt?
Stormy, misty cums quietly desire a lively, small
dildo.
Ah, loneliness!

*Rough, warm dildos swiftly view a rainy, sunny
cum.
Pain is dry anal beads.
Pleasure, loneliness, and fear.
The sunny semen quietly leads the cum.
Fall quietly like a clear cum.
Is real?*

[YOUR LIFE CHOICES ARE YOUR OWN CONCERN, I'M NOT JUDGING YOU]

9.4 - FEDORA TIPPING I: MATURITY - *Lets just at the poor people, LOL - Jonathan Shit*

The first satire is the satire of maturity - even now abused by the author, who uses it as fodder for his writing!

Surely now, you did not expect a safe relief in the passing of time? Yes, my friend, tomorrow brings conquest in all endeavors! The stage will come to life, our protagonist enter! No longer does the grandfather clock howl at each wasted hour, but is singing of his accomplishments, tuned and sweet oak!

It is my ill duty, Anon, to lift the facade of this temporal solace. The dream that you will find yourself free of doubt and ready to start your 'real' life - real beyond those early years which either cannot be called life, or, as is more common today, substitute it entirely. Before his first love are his driving lessons - after, the paychecks arrive, and with them the end of his youth! Maturity! Now follows his own envelope, sent to his parents as a sophomore, or to his first love with the lively reminder of their 'teenage thing' in mind! The life and thing have taken on a new form: a living thing! And so his careless, pastel life ends; the vast quantity of crayon and paint eaten as a child vomited forth to serve as ink for paperwork. Why forfeit contraception? Even the warring scots, between rounds of ale and retellings of Ossian, made use of the leftover childskin from their haggis in shagging the proverbial sheep!

Sophomores will be getting a letter back from their parents by now - why don't we check on them? It must be a heartwarming sight. Indeed! The envelope is torn to shreds, the parents torn from mind! More torn is his mothers heart when months pass without a wisp of contact - and no amount of e-mails or phone calls are able to bridge the gap.

But we must go back further, before our lovely evening in the bathroom of the irish bar - after which we jaywalked and paid a hospital release fee. Let us examine the hatchling. Is it to be blamed on his parents? Where did the fruit turn sour, the egg go rotten? First we are in love with the world; natural and artificial, we must learn all there is to know. We run in the fresh grass, pull the moss from the rocks - but the further paddock calls, and the one beyond that. Is it this curiosity which ultimately

has the best of us? The path, once seen, is abandoned; we move on unknowingly. El Dorado itself is missed by the conquistador. I would wish nothing more to reveal now that I have the great cure, but this is the *satire* of maturity, not the *map* of it.

[SO WHICH ONE OF YOU IS THE WOMAN IN YOUR RELATIONSHIP?]

But this may not be the maturing you recall, and so I present you with a consolation prize: a fever-dream of imagery; each piece a shoe you may or may not fit, each melancholy or inspiring of lament.

You wake up and find it's time for school. You arrive home. There's nobody there but still you do not find yourself something to eat. The food will dance out of the cupboards and serve itself. This lack of initiative spills over into the rest of your childhood and you never get a girlfriend. Your parents explain conception. You have a first kiss - a disappointment. You have a first lay - a disappointment. You have neither of these things - ever. The year ends. A pair of socks for christmas: feigned sincerity. Or perhaps a gift you wanted - you lose interest after a physical evaluation. The advertisements lied. The year ends and you realize school has taught you nothing. The year starts and now you can't learn anything - suddenly it is too difficult for our previous nobel laureate. You're part of a school band or sports team. You're part of a fraternity. They drink. You drink. You don't do any work. Father spent the better savings of this millennia for you to go to university, but you insist on 'enjoying yourself' You take liberal arts. You do none of this, and as a result you wasted your 'college years', your 'prime time', the highlight of your life. You hang on to childhood crushes indefinitely; like a razor they rend you a broken human being. You blend peyote cactus and drink it. Adderall in your room for a month. Lexapro. You finish college and you don't get a job. You finish college and you get a job, but it has nothing to do with your major. You finish college and get a job that doesn't require a degree. You finish college, get your S.T.E.M. job, and realize you cannot robotically progress through life like you're min-maxing in a videogame. More Adderall. "Maybe just cut the prawns out," nobody in particular replied.)))

“Brilliant. Pushing the limits of what can be done with an A5 sheet of paper, excluding origami genitals.”

-Tao Lin

“Masterful. A simulated work of a simulated work. Of a simulated work.”

-Borges as he carefully assembles an origami labia

9.5 - A personal message to you, the reader, who is also me, cringing at this as I type to make sure I did the words right.

Fuck off. Get your fucking eyeballs off this text.¹⁵ Yeah, I noticed you, all coy and fake-innocent. “Oh, this text certainly looks postmodern! So avant-garde! I’m sure the author(s) must be (an) extremely cute, intelligent and well-read (wo)man/(wo)men! I can’t wait to share this illuminating manuscript to all of my cultured and sophisticated friends!” You can fuck right off. I know your type - the last book you really “enjoyed” (w/r/t a sexual sense) was *The Great Gatsby* back in (American standard level [*lol retards we read that in first grade in ukraine*]) high school English. You’ve coasted ever since on the wings of skimming and sparknotes; you’ve “read” the “classics” because how else are you supposed to “get” John Green’s allusions without knowing the Greeks, duh!

You have a goodreads page which you meticulously aligned with your secret crush on the same website, making sure that your ratings are one star higher or lower so that nobody gets suspicious. You can make snide comments on Žižek’s nervous ticks and DFW’s suicide

15

If you are reading this, which you are, you need to get your fucking eyeballs off this text.

without having read a single line of their work. How impressive. Not. You take postmodernism “““seriously”””, and that’s why you won’t come away with even the least profound thought by reading this. You wouldn’t know what postmodernism is if it broke out of a metaphor and splattered all over your face. You are the worst kind of reader and even worse as a person. You pretend to be pretentious. Your irony is always ironic. Your hobbies are “reading (lol) and writing.” You write. You’re a writer. That’s what you think, because in reality you’re just *someone who wants to be a writer*.

You put words down, but you don’t have anything to say. Someday you’d like to write a book, you say, but you don’t know what about. Someday, a twinkle in your eye, you might aim to win a Pulitzer and be hailed as the voice of your generation without having a single substantial idea. You’re reading this because of course you *have* to read this, as with every other book in your life, and you’re **bored** just as with every single one of them. Fuck off, you base and utter pleb. You disgust me.

In closing: just shut up and [kiss me](#)~♥.

9.5.5 - Post-ironic meta chapter

The internet-age novella “***Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Desert***”, curenly being written by Anon, will be a forgotten work once all of humanity perishes.

9.6 - Do bully

¹And G-d spake all these words, saying, ²Thou shalt no. Thou shalt bull

Thou shalt not cyberbully

Thou shalt not cyberbully

Thou shalt not cyberbully

Thou shalt not cyberbully

Thou shalt not cyberbully

Thou shalt not cyberbully

Thou shalt not cyberbully

Thou shalt not cyberbully...

9.7.5 - This makes me moist

[Redacted from 30 pages due to possible cyber bullying]

People with a weak stomach should really avoid this part of the chapter, unless they don't want to miss crucial elements of the plot.

The woman was sitting on her rocking chair inside her house in New York contemplating on older and happier days. Realising the difficulties she had surpassed until this advanced point of her life, would make any person sentimental, even her. The room was quite baroque, with a wooden floor and furniture, white drapes, and a heavy chandelier that dominated the room. Daydreaming, she'd lost track of time, and she felt was ashamed of spending minutes in a such counter-productive way.

She saw that it was time. With her wrinkled, dry hand she detached a chunk of lard from a plastic tupperware container on the table. She took the putrid piece of fat, rolled it in her hand, and then, with speed you wouldn't expect from an elderly person, she reached down and smeared it all over her pussy.

That move happened so fast that it produced a fart-like sound that echoed in the room. In slow circular movements her hand relaxed her already shaggy labia, clearing path for her to push three of her fingers inside. She then spread the lard properly, covering the entirety of the inner wall of her vagina with the industry characteristic of an objectivist. She started jerking her one hand at first slowly but gradually getting more violent, while with the other one she gently scraped the cover of a limited edition copy of Atlas Shrugged.

Waves of pleasure washed over her brain as she indulged herself in wierd and erotic visions. She saw an elegant police man on top of his horse, striking down at a dirty coal miner who looked like he was disobeying capitalism.

She let out an ecstatic moan as the burst of machine guns hired by a banana company

slaughtered a gathering of peasants, who demanded

more than they deserved. She stopped momentarily, bent over, and reached out her arm in order to pick up her tit which had fallen to the the ground like a dead Republican during the Spanish Civil War.

She sunk deeper into a slobbering mess of carnal ecstasy as Ronald Reagan passed through her mind, sending chills down her spine. Suddenly, she stopped. There was another spirit in the room - or many spirits. One voice began to sing, and another, and another, until she was almost deafened by the noise. They were singing in all the languages of the world, but she could understand them. They sang of a future free from want, work, or worry, where each gave according to their ability, and took according to their need. At the head of the congregation, a reedy, Jewish voice began to whine - she had heard it before, and it made her afraid.

"No," she whispered, "it's him!"

In front of her stood the man who had terrorized her during her youth. The *red man*.

He was terrifying to behold, as he had been when she was a child. In each hand he held a grisly tool, stained red with the blood of the exploiters. A hammer and a sickle. He grinned like Damarius Travon Duran Lamareay Tyrone Shaquille Biggums II discovering that he, in fact, was not the father. But this man *was* the father - of a bright, glorious future for all the peoples of the world.

On Lenin's cock the phrase "This machine kills bourgeois" was tattooed. She felt horrified like Batista must have felt when Castro's heroes came to take away his privilege. He approached the chair while the roaring crowd surrounded her. He raised his mighty hammer and right before she could beg for mercy, he delivered a powerful blow to her untalented head and with it people's wrath.

The same day the police found the carcass of Ayn Rand. The forensic declared her death as a heart attack with a little delay caused by the confusion created from the fact that the body's decomposure had begun way before the time of death. An intervention of someone in a high position led to the police archivist never mentioning in his report that Ayn Rand was found with a red hammer inside her vagina.

*Hate speech and Homoeroticism were her trade
toying with emotions was her game.
All the teenage mutant ninja turtles look the same
in this pop up pirate game.*

[This sentence intentionally left unfin

9.8 - Cum Meridian or Swelling Redness i' da Best

1.1 See the cock. It is pale and thin, it wears a thin and ragged condom. It is stroked by the scullery fire. Outside, lie dark turned carpets with rags of semen and darker closets beyond that harbored yet a few last porno mags. Homoeroticism.

1.2 Its croaks are known by *Heward Harry the Good*, and *Donner*, and *Potter*, but the cock always wanted privacy for master. It likes the chinks, he gropes at old pics of sluts whose names are now lost. The ejaculate creates a mire which in he bathes. Sight of your girth. Pretty in Pink.

1.3 Now come days of raw dogging, days without breast. Days of crying 'cause there were no holes penetrated he. He keeps from fucking a goat for fear of the citizenry. The little prairie women cry in his mind all night and dawn finds him in a greasy draw where he'd gone to deposit some seed.

1.4 The sun that rises is the color of semen. His hunching shadow creams for miles before him. His ejaculate spanning the grass, arcing in a perfect parabola, in gravity's rainbow.

2.0 He never sleeps. He says he'll never dry. He jerks off in light, and in shadow he finds pussy. He never sleeps, the cock. He is jerking, jerking, he says that he will never dry.

9.9 - So I was on my way to the House of Usher the other day or something; got miles to go before I shit

innawoods, or “Why I Haven’t Read Hegel”

As I ventured out one morning by the House of Nietzsche I was taken with a striking fear of the Unknown; such pressing fear that the anxiety nearly caused me a heart attack, exactly what the good Doctor Goyim had warned me of. In my continued misfortune I tumbled down a fucking hill, can you believe it? Innawoods was dark, and this is where I found myself with the Lesbian Gay Transgender Bisexual movement + various other subhumans [LGTB+, wiccans, pagans, communists], that I totally respected. Some of my other friends weren’t gay after all.

This is what the Doctor had warned me off, along with my parents. The first Homosexual spake thusly:

-“Oh my God Daryl has such a big nigger dick!”

- lol yeah and he’s so cute too tho

-Oh we’re writing this in french style are we now?

-Yeah it’s like Anon’s fucking Joyce in Stephen Hero which I’ve totally read because it’s not unfinished shit

-In my past life I was a homosexual priest but they IKEA’d me out for not molesting children

-This one will not shut up about homoeroticism

Gripped with depression, cancer, AIDS and anxiety, I now faded into death, I knew this was where I was going, into moist GLORY where I had always belonged. Existence and being were a mistake; the way stepping onto that rollercoaster in third grade with shit in my pants was a bad idea (didn’t actually happen just writing creatively here nigga fukkk).

10.0 - The First Book of M00t, called Gen-a-shit or The Ego and it’s Own

{1:1} In the beginning Nietzsche created the fedora and the board.

{1:2edgy4me} And the board was without form, and void;

and darkness [was] upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of Nietzsche moved upon the face of the Mt. Dew™.

{1:3} And Nietzsche said, Let there be /lit/: and there was /lit/.

{1:4U} And Nietzsche saw the /lit/, that [it was] pretty fuckin lame: and Nietzsche divided the /lit/ from the /pol/tards.

{1:5} And God called the /lit/ gay, and the /pol/tards he called shit.

And the Rand and the blue curtains were the first shitposts.

*[This chapter has no end but
continues indefinitely.]*

Anonymous

6 ♥ ~ **DELETED FOR CYBER-BULLYING** ~ ♥

With contributions from:

Anonymous Ibex, Anonymous Chipmunk, Anonymous Frog, The Ego and It's Own, Anonymous Fucking Spook, Anonymous Squirrel, Anonymous Wolverine, Anonymous Alligator, Anonymous Faggot, Anonymous Neckbeard, Anonymous 9Gag Army, Anonymous Fedora, Anonymous Patriarchy Victim, Anonymous Ayy Lmao, Anonymous Memelord, Anonymous Cracker, Anonymous Nigger, Anonymous Kikeshifter, A. Lizardman, Harry B., A Bunch of Other Anonymous Nouns and Tao Lin.

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“Quick! Inhale these fumes!”

-K.Tzetnik

“I’m never running out of things to say.”

-Harold Bloom

“Thanks for sticking things in my hole, Nigga!”

-Alexandre Dumas

***“I don’t know how you could
find this funny. A bunch of grown
men sitting indoors tipping fedoras whilst typing
racist, anti-semitic, hateful and childish things***

Anonymous

anonymously on a document on the internet. Please stop e-mailing this to me.

-Noam "Vietnam was da Bomb" Chomsky

"Noam, stick it in my pooper."

-Harold Bloom

"ebin, simply ebin."

-[Taos4sLin]

"My anus is illiterally ruptured."

-Michael Brown

"The Ego and My Own is Anon's most brilliant book."

-Dick Cheney, Dubya, Colon P., Donald Fuckfeld

"This is a non-sequential conversation."

-The internet

"Don't lose your way."

-Jeff Goldblum

"A striking and sensitive exploration of gender identity, cultural disassociation, and Lizardom."

-Lizard People

god is spook†

God is the opportunity that lies within all there is - it is the way that everything could happen. God is the infinite and eternal energy that is recycled throughout every breath of universe. God is the evolution of all things, from the first piece of energy to the modern human consciousness. I am defining God, and I am failing, because one cannot define which is all. I am defining God, and it is blasphemous, for trying to limit God's properties is explicitly opposing the nature of it. All there is to do in reaction to God, is to submit. Allow it to wash over your body like cool ocean water.

OR "HOW MAX STIRNER INVENTED THE FEDORA IN 1845 ('1844')"

6.1 - God isn't even real, how could he be real if our eyes aren't real?

Some fourteen years earlier, Harry B had received a vision from a great big gelatinous mass written by Johannes Ockeghem that sang:

*Harry b
This is the metanarrative
You must realise your duty as the metanarrator*

The mass sang beautifully for a mass of the Franco-Flemish school. Harry was inspired: he had never before seen such a poignant, massive piece of pure mass-like mass. The song continued:

*harry b
G-D isn't even real
take this into account
This is not nonsense
as you proceed*

The vision, that great revelation, would not visit Harry again until one day much later he came upon an almost incoherent electronic text and managed to wade through North Dakota, ultimately reaching chapter 6.1. There it was.

Paradoxically, Harry B now fully understood the meaning of God both as metaphor and as ultimate, unavoidable truth. In the beginning there had been the Word, which had been God, and God had been the word. He had also learned a lot about Lizardmen and Martin Heidegger.

A great sense of dread then came over Harry B, as he realised that this was something that could not be. He now understood that, in the past, this text had destroyed itself multiple times over, and the current narrative - of which he was the meta-narrator - was only the umpteenth iteration of a semi-random process, growing and collapsing over and over again, as directed by opposing forces which he could not possibly understand (possibly the lizardmen). The possibility of this text becoming self-aware and deleting itself, was however, very real, and it may happen again. Right now.

*Right now oh my beauty
Blessed be thy white feet
Let me sing you a lullaby
So we can both sleep*

Young Harry B traveled to Williamsburg for a drink. He was aware of his surroundings and his glock was on point.

8.9 - The Rise of the Kikes

“Hey guys, what’s up?” murmured Darry as he entered the Bar known as “Boy Pussy Club Bar”, where he had always felt more at home than in the arms of his **Dear Mama.**

“Fuck what?” a man shouted at the back, but Darry couldn’t hear him over the sound of the Velvet Underground’s “Oh Sweet Nuthin” that Neil Gaiman (a well known homosensual) always put on for some fucking reason in like every book fucking hell Neil what’s the deal with you and the Underground, I mean not that specific song but the VU are all up in your mediocre books. Just why?

“Oh by the way, do you know Tao Lin? Can you introduce me? This is not nonsense, though,” Darry asked the well known homosexu-all. Tao Lin inhaled tryptamines at the bottom of the Club Bar every night, so naturally he was there this night, as in any night, stashed tightly under several severe¹⁶ World Wrestling Federation labor violations.

I was not quite done with the Bar scene, I thought quite duplicitously as I would give this a last shot to hook up with some HONEYS like famous Remy Lacroix or Seda from www.kink.com, and I had already stopped writing this subchapter earlier as I did now.

9.9.9 - The Groan Zone

“Is this a flashback or not?” asked Harry Harold Herschfeldt to the (assumed) meta-narrative presence that was also a mass.

“Does it even matter?”

And but so are we locked in so many different depths of flash-backs and flash-forwards and vignettes and, I don’t know, dreamlike trance states that any kind of moral message or theme is irrelevant to the broader narrative which there actually isn’t one but whatever.

James Joyce stumbled out from behind the bar, reeking of whiskey and farts, and punched Tao Lin in the face, knocking out every dual pair of his teeth. They flew through the air like glittering tadpoles and shattered into crystalline dust as they hit the floor.

“Whfmm fmm hdd dg dmm htah,” mumbled Tao Lin in his characteristic feminine lisp, being now totally deprived of proper pronunciation, and his teeth. He began to sob softly into his mug of what was probably not, like, an accessible or well-known bar drink but something that was just uncommon enough to be able to order comfortably, like, have them not fuck up your order, but then someone comes up and is like “Hey what

16Circa 1903. haha disregard that i suck i cocks Yeah it does faggot get out, do you even read Jacobin magazine, do you even read at all. “*stop using footnotes faglords they break real fast*” - anonymous

are you drinking,” and he’s like “Oh it’s this thing,” and the first person is like “I’ve never heard of that but maybe I’ll go try one,” and then they never will, because all they’re doing is making conversation, and really all they wanted was a beer because they’re not exactly there to enjoy themselves.

Harry, enlightened by the experience, gained hyper-awareness, ascended into his planar form, and was never seen again. One day they would understand.

((“Really? I thought he was such a delightful character”))

((“It’s OK, this is a flash-forward”))

((“Oh okay. Wait, wasn’t this a flashback?” said the enigmatic presence [possibly a Lizardman], implying that time is a linear construct and not an artificial abstraction created by the white heterosexual male’s privilege.))

((“Then it’s a flash-present,” nobody in particular replied. “This is not nonsense.”))

4.9 - Hitler Guderian \$poole

/lit/ was the steaming hot clit-to-clit pounding 4chan needed. The all-nude wear-your-vag-like-a-badge twister party of the World Wide Web. /pol/ was the boy pussy; hidden away below the back of Moot’s knee, maybe. Truly it was representative of Anonymous’s refined humor and authentic talent. Anon had taste.

He enjoyed the music of the Velvet Underground and even fairly advanced European Free Jazz, (when he was in the right mood,) and the few books he possessed were by literatis like Watermelon Wallace or Punchy Pynchon, Fruity Foucault, Delicious Deleuze, and, as an Englishman had pronounced it to him once, ALLAH HUKBAR COME TO MY SNACKBAR. I swear to God that’s what that fucking scouser said to him. Or maybe he was a Londoner. Who can know with the failed nation-state that is the Caliphate of Britain. Hail Britannia! Britannia rules the world!

6.9 - An unexpected letter

Anon woke up on a normal Sunday, believing that he would masturbate all day, as he did every Sunday. He drank his usual cup of cum while checking the mail. The third letter he opened was an unusual one - it was full of shit. Anon put the shit in his mouth and smiled, delighted. He checked the envelope again to see his beautifully written name on it - Christopher Poole.

Anon's fascination with Poole was deeply troubling, as prawn culture had died almost a decade ago in the Great War of Space Budapest, and C. P. didn't even interact with his minions anymore, acknowledging that trolling the Japanese had ruined his life like fucking "Letters from Iwo Jima". It had also had a distressing effect on his wallet, because his self-diagnosed OCD forced him to renew his 4chan pass every 2 hours or so.

"I fucking *HATE* having a static IP!" he shouted, possibly at nothing in particular, but possibly at the Lizardmen; the subtle, unceasing presence that hounded his every move and watched his every going. It *could* be schizophrenia. Xe'd gone to the therapist before; gone like the horrorshow boy xe was, like xis mother wanted him to, and they'd prescribed ksim a bottle of something, kse didn't care what it was.

"Maybe just cut the prawns out," nobody in particular replied. The main character of this novel dies during the previous sentence. So it goes.

Jhe only cared about the Oppression it granted jher. Mental illness equaled excellent talents in the Oppression Olympics equaled literary genius. Fu/Tis ongoing and totally not real and not fake struggle with mental illness mentioned on the back of "***The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra***" would grant flim millions of shekels from gullible Feminists. Ke loved the shekels more than ke did ejaculating on jyis bodypillows and licking it all up like a horrorshow trans-boy [fluid, lesbian indentified], out of all the places it had folded into itself. The bottle itself didn't help. It dulled dfis senses and clouded qwis thoughts but did nothing for the constant awareness of a presence lurking just outside of zer mind, of slitted eyes, of green scales and sharpened claws.

Ki needed a lobotomy, a lobotomy for wis dick, which was an inferior clit anyway. All hail Zizek, all hail WomYn. Die, cis scum shitlord. This was the only thing that could cure qus autistic need to rape xem bodypillows, or so Anonymous thought.

"I can never remember what a **"Tundra"** is, though I legit came up with the title myself, swear on me mum," Anon whispered to the Lizard Fractals. But it was too late, the liquid was already oozing out of his loose anus.

"Oh no! Not again!" Anon cried as the brown magma shot out of his dirty volcano.

"Baka gaijin," the void cried back.

"You won't get away with this, there is order here!" he screamed as loud as his lungs would allow.

"Maybe just cut nobody in particular out," the prawns replied.

7 - Cosmo Kramer: Assman

"Nothing's making sense anymore!" said Cosmo Kramer deep within the confines of a hollow Sega Dreamcast the size of a house.

"Idiot," said Tao lin. "The habits of the universe are changing." Kramer sunk into the darkness.

"The greatest thing since Tao Lin!" bespoke Tao Lin, as he huffed his Dimethyltryptamines.

"This is not nonsense, though it may appear to be. There is order here, a message I am trying to communicate to you through the chaos. It's just on the tip of your mind, trying to see it is like trying to move your limbs during sleep paralysis," nobody in particular replied. "You have to strain to understand."

"Throw the Tao Lin, towel in," said a mysterious voice from across the room. Just then Thomas Pynchon lit a match and revealed himself in the darkness of the now-empty Boy Pussy.

"I was aborted," said Thomas Pynchon as he opened his laptop to www.4chan.org/lit/

This chapter has been nothing but incorporeal voices. We are all incorporeal voices hanging over the abyss. Only the Lizardmen have achieved material being via

their Robin Williams techno-pagan bodies.

"If I have been nothing but incorporeal voices, who am I not sounding like? Kike," said Tao Lin. "Find. Utilize. Cook."

"I am pretty much the only character consistently in this mess," Slim Nigel said, in a striking moment of self-awareness.

"Yes, but are you female, male or something completely different and alien?" the AI (artificial intelligence) coughed.

"Xe am Pussyboy identified," said the incorporeal voice. HAHA.

"Aha, mhm, I see," the AI paused.

"Always leave room for Tao Lin!. I want ice cream. Like a Choc Ball, something Cornetto or Cornetto-like; something that really bites into my budget," said Thomas Pynchon.

"Cornetto costs almost 2 Euros. That is too much," Pynchon wailed into the silent, starry night.

Gorillas on the prowl behind the curvature of the Earth at the end of the road where Pynekon could not see lept up onto the PORCH of his PORSCHE, thus immediately reifying rape culture into a subjectless subject fuck let's just go with Marxism.

"What is Slim Nigel? Power him up," Der OverMensch Tränt. "Every time I try to write a part in this book people edit it into the ground," said Sonic the Hedgehog. "It is like trying to move your limbs while waking from sleep paralysis."

The Gorilla cried: "AM I...I AM ONLY PRAWN AND MY BRAINSOUP IS POWERING UP BOILING I CANNOT EVEN USE PUNCTUATION ANYWHERE: WHO SHIFTED ME BRAIN?" and died.

My dick is the size of the Soviet Union. And just as flaccid.

I'm inserting myself into this novel. right about here.

Who wrote this novel, Tao Lin or Thomas Pynchon? Both of them *THINK* they've written it, but who really has? Didn't we all, in a sense, write it? Well, I know for sure I didn't write this bit.

7.1 - Cosmo Kramer Comes Off of DMT, or Cosmo Kramer: Assman, Part Deux

It was then that Kramer finally remembered. He rose up and shouted out the secret word, the word his whole comedy career was based off of.

“Niggers!” he said in ecstatic revelry. “Niggers! Niggers! Niggers!” His plaintive cries brought the attention of some /b/-tard mentality pukers who proceeded to wipe the entire book several times, replacing it with some tired old “we are legion” bullshit until many of the authors became bored and left. The chief moderator was forced to make an appearance and ban the /b/tards, reverting the text to its original, non-legion state. Luckily, a few persistent Anons were on hand to continue the next chapter in the same pseudo stream-of-consciousness, childishy obvious, undeveloped, anti-SJW bullshit as before. Was this an improvement on the “we are legion” spam, or simply a different strain of shit?

“Who said xe was anti-SJW? We are all post-structuralists here.”

“Authorial intent,” niggered Barthes, emphasising the words by bending his elbows so that his forearms pointed towards the ceiling, thumbs depressing the disused fingers on each hand while making a clawing motion with the middle and index fingers of both hands in the expression colloquially known as scare-quotes.

<--**Anonymous Duck** idled here, 19/08/2014

7.2 - Quite the wit, said the shit

TRIGGER WARNING:

The following scene contains elements of incoherent narrative and poor literacy skills.

[This page intentionally cut the prawns out.]

Listen! You get it. You don't need to question yourself anymore because it really is that easy! Relax, have a drink, stay awhile! Didn't you hear? There's nothing to be afraid of anymore! *This page intentionally cut the*

prawns out! Don't you get it? I know you do! You had it from the very beginning: treat others like you want to be treated. It's the golden rule. Just don't be shellfish! No one else is anymore! We intentionally cut the prawns out!

7.π - Perspective on the meaning of text

Harry B read the newspaper. It said:

Did you come to Babylon to see the soul of men, or for pleasure, or simply as a wanderer lost, lost as I was before I found Harry, or lost like that great span of time between the birth of the universe and your own, which is not accessible to you (and not meant for you), but which you can touch, poignantly, as a single piece in a grand puzzle, by finding your place in time, vast time, is that perhaps what you seek here, your place or your time - if so, I mourn, for you will not find it. It is not accessible to you (and not meant for you), for it is hidden, hid by me, shattered and spread through this city of mankind, like dust or motes of air, and there is not room in that short span of a single life to restore it, this is the individual tragedy, but also majesty; build your own so that others may find it, write your will so that other may listen and learn, and some day, in some far distant future in which the world is no longer the same and no longer like ours, on that day some soul shall rebuild Babylon and the soul shall then read this book and understand it thoroughly.

Below the article was an ad:

*Robine, robine, robine, Robine Williames, williames, williames, Robine Williames. Join the Klan! *snicker, snickers**

7.2 - Part 2: Electric Boogaloo

When I returned to my computer the trap thread on /b/ had 404'd, so I was forced to masturbate to pornographic videos, as if I were some kind of savage.

Upon awakening to the infant's futile screams I decided I'd had enough and threw it in the garbage can a few blocks away from my house. Of course, I did take a sample of its skin for my collection, so I will surely impress the judges at Doll Expo 2k14 this year. At least I hope they'll like it, otherwise that dickhead Harry B is gonna win without even showing up. I heard he was at some stupid hip bar last year and didn't even bother to show up for the babydoll contest.

On reflection, (Gentle Giant reference, Free Hand album) maybe not winning the contest is for the best. Last I heard, Harry got into some trouble with the Illuminati. Or was it the Shilluminati? Or the Lizard Mafia? Does it even matter anymore? Their names change like the wind can change direction, like trying to wake from sleep paralysis.

Fuck it. And fuck him and his lazy gin and chocolate milk sipping ass. I'm going to actually produce a doll this year with real baby skin and then it will not just be a lottery decided by libertarian horse tits no more.

F.1 - The Return of Anon, Protagonist & Hero, to The Narrative

Lucy Langoustine was working in the downtown pornography store. It was a slow day for business as usual, since she lived in an extremely Puritanical community within the American Bible Belt. Many people have called her boss, Cosmo Kramer, insane for opening such a shop (to say nothing of his house, which is a hollowed-out Sega Dreamcast, the absolute madman!).

However, none of this bothered Lucy; if anything, Cosmo's borderline schizophrenia was a godsend since it meant that she got paid a ridiculously large sum of money for doing her job: her most recent wage slip was for \$123,456¹⁷ dollars. *I am trying to communicate through the chaos.*

On this particular day (roughly 7 weeks before the

¹⁷ Strange number, but a lot more common than you might think.

very first chapter of this book) it was almost closing time for Cosmo Kramer's Prawn Emporium (known only to the locals as The Emprawnium) when in shuffled ***Anon***, meek as ever. Robin Williams rejoiced from the Lizard Dimension. White [supremacist] rat expressed mild relief, and so surprising was this twist of fate that Slim Nigel collapsed into a shock-induced coma.

Unfortunately, since Slim Nigel is an allegory for the reader, we will have to end this scene here. Every chapter from this point until Slim Nigel's reawakening should be considered a coma dream and non-canon. Do you understand yet? *Can you hear me?*



7.9 - HARRY B: DAY 007: MEGALOPOLIS: YOUR AD HERE

We are again concerned with the progress of Harry B. He is now engaged in the daily ritual of ~~doing taxes with~~ making love to Myra. How this became a part of his daily routine he'll never know. He is not quite fit enough to maintain this strenuous activity. It occurs to him that if Myra is a perfect projection of his anima then her sexual proclivities should be on a downward trend by now, but at this time the woman was damn near insatiable.

Maybe it was him. It couldn't have been him. He collapsed next to her. Into the hot wet bed. Was the business with the Lizards worth it?

Another package had arrived in the mail. It smelled reptilian. Fecal. Musk. Hot house.

The terraforming didn't bother him, but the enormous iguanas stomping around outside during all hours of the night did. Iguanas were making a go of it. Mating like rabbits. New York no longer had a rat problem, it had a giant iguana problem.

Harry B unwrapped the package. He pulled out what looked like a scan gun connected to a tuning box by a spiral telephone cord.

Myra cozied up next to him like a cat. Sometimes she scared the shit out of him.

A yellowed card lay at the bottom of the box. He picked it up and cheap paper fibers tumbled from it. They read:

3.3 - Try it on the ~~ape-creature~~ woman

The writing was barely legible. What third-rate goon scrawled this? The romance sure ended fast with the lizards. Caviar wishes and champagne dreams, indeed.

He tuned the machine to 9.7.5. Myra looked up at him with those cat-like eyes. Big and wonderful. For a moment he thought of turning the scanner on himself.

Better to try it on an amalgam than a real person.

He held the scan gun to her eyes and pulled the trigger. It emitted a bright flash.

At first nothing unusual happened. She seemed conflicted about something.

Then she called him a nigger several times (he couldn't argue,) chugged his gin like her life depended on it, and made a nice plate of spaghetti bolognese with prawns.

Not a bad gun, Harry thought to nobody in particular.

8.B - In Which Prawn 1 attacks the Lizard Menses

In case the reader has not yet realised, the prawns are sublimated aspects of Harry B's desire for seafood. In every state of being, Prawn 1 morphs easily into the structure of the ultimate known as The Expanse. If there ever was a match for the Lizard Men, it would be Prawn 1.

Prawn 1: The called. The warrior. The unannounced guest. The victim of blood-letting. The slayer of Wal-Mart prices. The one who speaks during golf. The tormentor of the damned.

describes any large shrimp, especially those that come 15 (or fewer) to the pound (such as king prawns or jumbo shrimp).

Slim Nigel dreamt of nothing and he would, if he were conscious, experience a headache avec serif.

Can a man really spurt cum?

Yes. The cock of Slim Nigel went off and the birth of something quite peculiar was set afoot. Inside the womb of the founder of the trans-Siberian illegal alien factory, something was mixed into a cocktail of concrete, long-ranged gamma rays and, of course, the slumbering semen of Slim Nigel. 9 months later something was born.

The founder of the trans-siberian illegal aliens factory - let's call him Bob, shall we? - was lying on the Mahogany Table of Life and Death.

It already happened.

The child prodigy to be was preparing to crawl through his urinetube. How do you crush all the teeth of a Somalian? Punch him with a rock, dental care is fucking expensive.

"Why did God create Lithuanians?" little Harlad Hardrada asked himself as he lay awake trying to fall asleep to the sound of submachine gun fire echoing off the walls of his smart, six story apartment complex in fashionable downtown Mogadishu. It was a question he had pondered often as he lay awake contemplating the universal oneness of the letter 2.

Every once in a while he thought he perhaps had finally figured out why the Lord of Heaven and Earth had decided to create such a vile race of people, but the thought always disappeared as soon as he had it. "Curses!" he cursed to himself, as it happened again. "Well gol-darn it," he said to himself. And decided to go to sleep rather than subject himself to the torment of thinking.

As he drifted off, artillery fire lit the window of his room, but he was used to it, and found himself dreaming about Turkmenistan.

His father was from Turkmenistan. Not that he had ever known his father. His mother had been knocked up by him One Wild and Crazy Night on the Cape of Horrorshow Hope, and then his father had went back to his job in Turkmenistan as a professional sheep sexer.

O! How he wished that he could follow in his father's

footsteps and meet him some day! Terror of terrors! Life, a whirling void of emptiness and despair! And what are we left with when the feeling goes away but base fear, and the meanness of humanity!

Harald woke up. The machine gun fire had died down, and it was time for him to walk the three miles to the school house in the center of town. Living in Mogadishu he was very lucky. It wasn't every Somalian who only had to walk three miles to get to school.

He got to school just as the bell rang, and with that cue, the fighters took up again their never ending back and forth of gun exchange.

A stray bullet then killed Harald ded.

7.001 - Very horrorshow nice laughter big as bomb nailed it president bought his bored tigers a daring golden shower

There is so much hate flying around between the two of you surrounded by half a decade of the best memories of your life and hers (?), and you've heard of bad break ups before but you seriously doubt if anyone could have possible lived through something as life shattering as this, so without really meaning to, you start to think of Jews in concentration camps as well as starving children and everything else that a good liberal feels terrible for, but the perspective is not exactly helping, and anyway, their struggles were greater, somehow justified for being historic; their loses make sense, chalked up to evil or humanity (same thing), but yours? It's nothing. It was a girl, now it's nothing, and you have no right to feel so goddamn bad because she wanted a different dick every once in a while. Why couldn't you man the fuck up and move on? You won't have a chance to write a Dead Amanda novel, you only have the chance to write code and make enough to live comfortably in the most prosperous sector of humanity and satisfy all of your desires. Your emotions are completely illegitimate, don't you know? You do! Her hair is still in your clothes; it's only been three months; you still can't listen to the bands you showed her; it's only been a five; you had to switch detergent, shampoo, and deoderant; her parents occasionally call to see how you're doing, because you are *such a Good Guy* and they want you to know that she is fine; her cookbook is still under the counter, sitting in the drawer you don't open, but it's only a been a year; your friends stopped asking you if you were okay a long time ago, and are

close to not asking you anything; it's not like you answer; it's only two years since you crying and her louder; you don't drink anymore, or smoke, or eat meat, or coffee, but you don't exactly live anymore either, do you? And it's your fault! You could have gotten over her! You haven't spoken to her in almost two and half years, when will you move on? (your mother) And you just need some more time. To sleep on your couch every night because the last time you were in your bed there wasn't so much room and now you think it may swallow you in the night isn't exactly true; it implies that you sleep and that hasn't really been happening, has it? Around, maybe. That seemed to help her more than you. And I mean, it's not that you necessarily wanted to make up or anything, but when you fuck on the first post-breakup date, it's hard to go anywhere else. Sorry can mean whatever that you want it to mean (and whatever she doesn't), so that make it not okay but maybe less not okay than fuck off I never want to see you again, whore, and maybe even less not okay than when you slammed the door and couldn't let go of the handle and you could feel and I mean actually feel her looking through the window but still couldn't move. Maybe not okay, but less not okay, right? So you get excited again when your phone rings, for now. But she doesn't want to be with you then she does and you don't understand she says but honestly you say the same. You stop calling. Do we start over now? Shouldn't there be a punchline coming soon? When do we get the tldr? What was the point?

Literature is fucking awful. I would never read if it weren't so much better than real life.

This whole book changed my life. I mean, it's really really bad how my life was before I started reading. It reads like it was written by a bunch of skillful hacks who think that being "postmodern" is a mark of good writing. But it is. It's called fantasy.

Nice meme though, you wanna trash talk?

This entire publication is an affront to civilized society. Were we to have a functioning ethics board in this country, I would very strongly consider having this "literature" banned for breaching several bylaws concerning both obscenity and proper taste. It is, frankly, nothing more than indecent rubbish written by what appears

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to be a band of improperly bred morons, without an ounce of wit or a gram of heart.

Damn bro that hurts my feelings.

I view it as the absolute moral duty of every man able to type a letter or articulate a thought to join me in opposing the publication of this travesty through any format, whether from a printing press, electronically, or sexually.

Horrorshow idea, that would be phenomenal PR.

As head of my local Archdiocese, I can not in good faith allow such a piece of pornographic trash to be distributed to the youth of the nation. This project reeks so stringently of the obscene and the perverse that I am sure the lusty national media will descend upon it like tsetse flies to the rotting carcass of a Rhinocerotidae in the African plain.

...Calm down man, it's just a book.

Shame on you gentlemen, and shame on you again for creating such a morally incorrect work; for allowing your own spirit to be so corrupted as to produce a monumental work of depravity such as we see before us today! Shame, and shame again!

I'm Daniel Radcliffe.

In your appearances on Jimmy Kimmel, you come off as kind of a faggot.

Phew, you're hard to talk to. And what is exactly your problem with faggots?

Anonymous

They're gay as shit, and you just come off as a gaiboi.

Chill, but if you want I will allow you to suck my cock, or you can just watch me masturbate.

Expelliarmus

Macoc

Seriously though, you come off as a manic queer from what I've seen of you on Jimmy Kimmel. After your appearance, I no longer want to see your latest movie. This means you've done your job at promoting the film exceptionally poorly. I mean, I doubt I would have seen it anyway, it looks like a bad romantic comedy, but you could have at least tried to be likable enough to dupe me into seeing it based on your personality.

What if what we were going for was having as few litterate catlovers seeing the movie, and as many hotbabes as possible? - not necessarily seeing the movie, but just having them. I'm not gay.

lol, too much polyjuice potion, Harry? You one trick pony ham acting little piece of shit, the whole point of going on talk shows to promote the film is to get as many people in as possible. The producers put up a lot of money to get that film made, and they're relying on you to get as many people into the theater as possible. Nobody liked your wimpy, lame ass act up there on stage, you could tell from the energy the crowd was giving you that they didn't like you. They only laughed at a couple of your jokes because they didn't want to be awkward and have your jokes fall flat on their face. Go back to Comic-Con in your Spiderman costume sporting a chub. You'll never leave the Potter movies behind (which sucked after the third one)

Again I would like to point out that I don't give a flying fuck, you're just stupid jealous because I get to do as much coke and

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sniff as much hotbabe ass as i want. Speaking of PR I am going to Comic-Con this year, and I will be doing autographs and other "sellout" shit but I also acted naked on the live scene. I'm a fucking Artist - capital A. What the fuck have you ever done?

Ha top kek too much coke fag. You've already been to comic con this year. You talked about it on Kimmel. And you wore a spiderman costume so you could walk around among the fans. What a fag doesn't even remember his own life (probably because he's too busy sucking wands for floo powder behind the Spar in the middle of town). As for the acting naked on stage, you're a small dicked fag. I looked up pics because that girl you did it with was le fucking hot. She'll never sleep with you though, because you're like what, 5'4" or something? You're no artist. You're a sad fag who was picked because he looked like a nerdy wizard and could remember a couple of lines. Go back to your alcohol you fucking drunk, that's all you'll ever be good for. As for me, I write for a magazine in NYC, which is a lot fucking more than you've ever accomplished with your angsty Potter roles and your shitty Broadway career that only continues because you bring in the 14 year old girl demographic. Yer a faggot, Harry.

Well, my bad. Thought you mean't Scifi-Con in Seattle, but i do remember lots of stuff. I always wear a condom. I mean fuck you! And why are you speaking french all the time? I don't get it, is that your way of being superior? or whateva?

Top chortle faggot. I'm speak la French because I'm on Tinder on my right hand swiping left on all the uggos you've got to settle for. Maybe you could learn les languages if you weren't such a speccky git.

What the fuck is tinder? Some type of Bandaid farmaid shitty game for children that you like? Because you obviously aren't more than 12 years old. You'll never accomplish anything other than working 9 to 5 at your shitty cooking magazine. Everyday hating your boss, hating your salary, hating your girlfriend. Speaking of, I fucked your girlfriend maybe, I've fucked plenty of americans, also you would never leave because she once in a while says that she loves you and that word makes you feel that your life is worthwhile.

Anonymous

I love my boss, homo. He's a great guy. We should get drinks if you're ever in NYC, this is fun. Anyway, let me continue. I don't work for a cooking magazine faggot, cooking is for gays and wops.

You've never fucked my girlfriend either you le fucking faggot, because I don't have les fucking girlfriends at le fucking moment you stupide homme. Je deteste les Anglais beaucoup, becoup. Vous etes tous les monde le meme. Gros, laid, et vraiment pas intelligente. Va dans une grande picsine avec une gros fille (le seul que tu peut baisser) et mort, d'accord?

wut?

J'entendí fagot au revoir voy a tomar cocaina todo el noche!
Jajajaja. Ojála que vas a morir muy pronto

horrible le homme moi arse!

Is that a maybe btw? :)

No creo que no.

Sorry, I don't speak Korean.

Well that's horrorshow for you, mean neither.

Ha, see, you ain't so special. What's the name of your movie? And what's your number, friendo? We could go to the Met together or something.

Are you for real? I would never go anywhere with you. I'm not sure though, I can't really resist this hot and cold treatment you're giving me. But I don't think you treated me very nicely.

Well, you're a terrible actor, and kind of faggy, but I've got family in England, so whenever a brit's in the city I feel honor-bound to show 'em a good time. Also, girls posing with boys on

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their Tinder. Literally le fucking what?

Maybe they want to seem likeable by guys? Also showing that they have already friendzoned somebody else ought to be good.

It's stupid. It's never the uggos of course. Le shit, I'm la horny.

But what is the problem then? You can still bang'em even though they have a friend who's a manboy.

It's just weird. O.K.

And some of these people are clearly their ex boyfriend or boyfriend or whatever.

They're not bad looking guys. They're not some friendly dork.

Well then it is kind of wierd, does it actually work this tinder shite?

I don't know. I just signed up about an hour ago.

Well fuck it then - visit www.thisistherealfuckbook.com works like a charm, I made a profile saying i love to perform fellatio and I meet up with 3-6 girls every week and lick their pussy 'till they can't even scream nomore.

Anonymous

As an aside here, I constantly find myself drawn to certain seedy sections of the internet and am told that there are girls waiting to chat to me. Imagine my sheer delight, in finding that I, a native of Myanmar with a shall we say "acquired" taste for ladies of the mayonnaise variety am being approached or dare I say berated by hot young ladies in Yangon (Rangoon if you're nasty) who are all of European extraction! Not a single local wearing a "one piece" or with circles of yellow thanaka on her cheeks. They are waiting to talk to me right now.

No. I'm not a desperate loser. I'm just doing this for fun, ya' fuckin' nerd.

You sound like a tryhard homo fuckbook guy.

Have you thought about swinger clubs or those holes in walls where you can get your cock sucked?

lelel so fahny fuck off lame-o.

Well sorry dude just a suggestion. Or le suggestion?

Wow, what's with all these trannies? I just hit like a streak of three I had to swipe left on. They shouldn't be allowed in the girls section. I don't even see why they try. They're so obviously queens, and not real girls. I wouldn't fuck one of them wearing a steel condom. They're just fahkin gross.

Don't fuck them then. Stick with the hotbabes.

Man, I ran into some people I know have boyfriends. That's fugged up. I'm going to tell on them.

Do it. Break their puny wives.

Nah. I'll only tell one of them who's my friend. The others are

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just girls who wanna have fun but I don't care about them because I'm not friends with their boyfriends, also I will try to have sexual le intercourse with them and maybe even make them have orgasms and probably experience in orgasm while in their sexual company as well. Or maybe we will come at the same time and it will be as if the world shook with us and the sky caught aflame with the glory of heaven and the Earth and love and life and the universe and passion and romance and glory and desire and lust coursing through our bodies in a holy rush of ecstasy, lit up by the light of the moon coming in through the windows and we shake upon on one another and her nails dig into my back and draw the smallest amount of blood before the shakes subside and we fall again onto the sheets stinking of sex and sweat.

You already said glory. But I want that too. I feel a warmth in my crotch suddenly. Ah man, this is hot fiftyshadesofgraysanatomy shit. My sheets stink of piss. But I am also into the whole watersports scene and do pay for piss once in a while. the only problem is that it seeps down into the madras and the odour really can't be removed.

You're gross man.

fuck you, It's alright, I can do whatever I want as long as it's legal and hot for me.

Sure you can but it's still gross.

When I'm drunk and walking home alone I usually piss my pants on purpose because, I like it. Then I walk up to my apartment and piss even more while I'm masturbating in the tub. Always while wearing clothes. Naked pissing does nothing to me. But if somebody piss through fabric - it's the hottest.

If you do that you will burn for eternity in the lake of fire.

Fuck you mister orange counte jail guard, know that meme? hafu

Anonymous

Why are you eatiting what youwrited?

Because you make everything into a fucking meme and it's pissing me off. Just because I say that you're jewish, doesn't mean i say it the same way as everyone else on the internet.

^le anger maymay

^La pissed off memecollection ;)

le discrimination meme

Euphoric (^v^)

Goddammit I don't even know what you're talking about, I've seen some of that le something shit on youtube, but what the fuck. I can't know every meme in the world like you obviously do.

The meme of confusion :::::^).....It was super memeeffective

You've broken down to an inferior apelike version of the stupidiest things on the whole internet.

So it goes.

Le primate comparison image macro :-DD

kek

le misspelleling "lel" memetic thought are you guys chatting in the middle of a book? It's a new fiction form. Embrace it.

Yeah fuck you cheetah! we're the fucking artist around here.

le misspelling "lol" fuckyou ihate your guts i cant do it no more get me out of here!

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Le "emotion of anger" meme.

fucking comedian, found any whores yet?

Le prostitution advice animal

srsly what is the prostitution advice animal? is it a crustacean?

I'm taking a call hold on for an hour.

top lol "I've got a life" meme. Sorry. Didn't mean to offend you.
Have a nice one and good luck with your WHORES!!!

4.44666 - The Aurora Borealis? At this time of year? At this time of day? In this part of the country? Localized entirely within your kitchen?

And with an earnest look to the past and a keen expression that was yet frozen until receipt of a chuckle, the trend for quoting others in lieu of making your own humour had begun in earnest by Ernest.

"A HAAAAANd'BAAIG," he cried, making a totally tropical lilt in his voice.

Memes can only exist if people accept

The year is 2016, and the French have taken over the world with their evil trickery. No one whale by French trade was ever the same, the linguistics misguided our semantics in a way only a rabbit could fathom as a carrot being eaten by a baited bass.

Lizard Foster Wallace screams. Could our life ever be the same? The sky twists and flunders, mixing in hues as if controlled by a toddler with mental deficiency. But the babies cry and the women fuck and fuck, but who fucks me?

I sit here in a room, no heads around me, only cookies burning.

Anonymous

As the Muslims raped my mother, I glimpsed out of a bullet hole in our wall, my gaze catching cats in flames in the streets of London. An obese reject sprints naked, wielding two katanas, shouting incoherent babble. The trip came as soon as my semen.

[This chapter is an extra-canonical part of the text.]

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7 **REDACTED FOR GOOD**

Here are some possible story ideas:

-Anon transfers to a Japanese high school and finally loses his virginity

-Thomas Pynchon invents a time-machine and uses it to go back in time and give himself braces

-Sam Hyde falls into a vat of nuclear waste and is granted the abilities of Superman. He becomes President of USAA Insurance. There are also a lot of porn scenes where he has sex with Kirsten Dunst and a bunch of half-asian girls but they are cut by request of the MPAA

-A friendly dinner conversation between Kanye West, the ghost of Jean-Paul Sartre, and Henry Kissinger turns sour when it is disrupted by Aleister Crowley. Crowley shits all over Kissinger's 100% Kosher meal. Kanye chimpes out by flipping the table over and breaking the fine china, which in turn starts World War 4

-Varg Vikernes boards a train in Serbia and decides to hold it up. Mistaking her for Varg, police officers accidentally shoot an old woman who happens to be the Archduke of Austria-Hungary. This prompts a declaration of war by the Glorgemerks of planet IGLBC, whose entire

religion revolves around the Archduke of Austria-Hungary, which in turn initiates World War 5

-A backstory into Planet IGLBC and how it got its name. Originally it was the name for a band (IGLBC stands for "I Got Laid by Carrots"). They had over 40 members who played instruments ranging from the harmonica to the digeridoo, and recorded only one song, titled "Shut Up, Kyle" featuring Lizard Tom Cruise in 2009. Their unique blend of noise rock and grindcore, coupled with lyrics that were as raw as they were poetic ("Shut up Kyle/You're a fucking fag/ You short piece of shit/I'll fucking kill you"), was sadly overlooked until 2134 when they were rediscovered immediately following the Glogrian Revolution. Together with Icy P and the Funky Bunch, a [former] rival band, they revolutionized music, politics, and culture for a new millennia. After a subsection of the Glogrians genetically modified themselves to turn their penii into rocket ships, they changed their names to the Gloggermerks and colonized a planet in the Andromeda Galaxy, christening it IGLBC

7.0 - The Jewish Tornado

Racist myths in the Zionist movement

A scientific **rag** treatise **revised transcribed translated** edited by John Barth's corpse

"This makes my nipples hard and moist."

-Judith Butler's life partner, Gerard Butler

"The defining text on incest and incans.

An inspiration."

-William Faulkner, *Naked Brunch*

Anonymous

“ ‘Shikata ga nai’ - Yukio Mishima, 1Q84”

-Haruki Murakami, 2666BCE

“Chode soda.”

-The Goody Man

“Do you believe in Jada Pinkett Smith?”

-Jesse James, 1347 AD

“ ‘La vie des slavs—C’est la vie!’

-Antione De Saint-Exupery!”

-Albert Camus, *There But For The Good of FROGS*

“I know what post-modernism is.”

-Noyu Doan’t

“SHIT DAMN, SHitDaMN! SHITTENDAM ”

-Gwendolyn Brooks, w/r/t Ferguson (g)riots

“HE’S A NIGGER!

HE’S A NIGGER!

HE’S A NIGGER!”

-Cosmo Kramer: Assman

7.1 - The Reawakening of Slim Nigel

~~Slim Nigel reawakens from his coma, groggy, being shaken, the nonsense of the previous chapters evaporates, memories come flooding back of a~~

~~pornography store: a cute cashier, a returning hero. Vision swims back into focus to reveal none other than Fat Nigel as the shaker.~~

~~'I was certain you were dead!'—Slim Nigel~~

~~'As was I'—Fat Nigel—'A friendly hooknosed man reanimated me while you were comatose, just in time to witness the return of Anon'~~

~~'Oh Christ! I missed it?'—Slim Nigel~~

~~'Unfortunately so, it was incredible!'—Fat Nigel—'All those unconnected plots were tied together, everything made sense, the story started to come to life!'~~

~~'Bugger me!'—Slim Nigel~~

~~'And it wasn't even tedious, probably the funniest section of this tale by far! I cannot even comprehend how bad it must feel to have missed out on'~~

~~Fat Nigel dropped dead, his prawn lined heart had failed him once more.~~

The original paragraph that was here before I deleted it to write this message, it sucked fucking balls. Hi! I think it's pretty postmodern of me to just delete it and to write this paragraph here instead. So that is what I'm doing because it's supposed to be postmodern. This will be published. Why would anyone not read this crapulous documentation filled with life's most celebrated mysteries? And who would get the money for writing this? Joseph Stallion. That's who. Though there's probably like 100 authors and no one will ever find us. I'm using a VPN right now. I got banned from 4chan for being rude. I'll probably never fall in love with someone.

7.2 - One Hundred Tundrum Conundrums

"Hello there!" said the new character. Unsure of his own identity, he tried looking in his wallet for some kind of identification. The wallet was sticky, and covered in Lizard plasma. He placed his filthy hand deep within the disgusting wallet, and pulled gently. "Shit," he said. "What day is it? I'm twenty-five years old."

Still licking the chocolate between his teeth left over from the off-brand Mars Bar he had eaten between

breakfast and lunch, he wondered why his golden teeth had suddenly disappeared and been replaced with tiny rat teeth.

"Being is an answer in itself," he mumbled, and threw a chocolate bar at the wall, where it stuck (indicating that it was well-cooked). As he did so, he noticed a tattoo on his right hand. It said: "ur nem is 'dave' spergload".

Dave, he thought. *Dave, Dave, Dave*. "aslo," said the tattoo a bit further down, "ur lik 27 yrs old". Dave the 27 year-old nodded. It all seemed very reasonable. The tattoo on his other hand reminded him that he was a "pomo homo PoS PERSON OF SHIT".

Yes. Dave the 27 year-old who was a gay po-mo piece of shit. He wondered briefly if he should know anything more about himself, but was not quite po-mo enough to wonder if he should have read the other chapters before suddenly popping up in chapter seven, having seemingly no knowledge about the project.

"Heh, 'person of shit'," he extratificated. "Glancing around me," he continued, practicing his best DeNiro face, "*should* let me know where I am, so I don't just continue to be a person of shit in an undescribed room." He appeared to be in a rectal hospital.

7.2.1 - On the history of rectal hospitals

The following transcript has been extracted from Maxwell MC60 and RadioShack MC90 microcassette tapes manufactured in Mexico and distributed in the US. Several tapes are heavily distorted from overuse, while others are completely waterlogged. A side labels have been torn or scribbled over in black.

(Short screech, muttering)

WOMAN 1: Oh, okay!

(Train whistle approaches)

(Passenger conversation speeds into high-pitched chatter)

(Ringtone plays)

PA SYSTEM: Please watch the gap.

(Child cries out)

(Laughter)

(Applause)

ACTOR: This ... world war. (*Sighs*)

CHILD: (*Continued sobs*) Father? Father? FATHER? [Tape loops child's whimper]

“Have we outgrown our numbering system?”

“Was it just a crutch to hide our mediocrity?”

9.7.2 - une pulmon dans la forme d'une boite ("french is the worst language")

Vous. Pour toi, l'Amérique qu'est-ce que c'est?

C'est une société a laquelle je trouve énormément de qualités, **S** mais sans laquelle je n'aimerais pas vivre.

Pourquoi pas?

Parée que c'est une société trop intense!

Duun cote, j'admire l'ardeur avec laquelle les Américains tentent de résoudre les problèmes auxquels ils sont exposes.

D'un autre cote, je ne comprends pas la violence continuelle Dans laquelle ils vivent...

“En esta casa dentro de la zona nuclear,
el terremoto de
septiembre quebró el
retrato de un familiar
(...) Dos perros
pelean en las calles vacías
(...) Un solitario activista de los derechos
animales camina a lo largo de la costa de

F_____.” - ‘Los refugiados nucleares de Japón’ - *Spic-uh Magazine Diciembre 2011*

10.1 - How I Glued Shut My Copy of Teen Beat Magazine By Shlicking Hot Juices All Over Jonathan

Taylor Thomas's Full Page Spread

Walking from the bank back to work, (someone else added this comma) I could smell a woman's perfume from ahead of me, and I closed my eyes and tried to imagine what she would look like. Medium height, dirty blond hair, between 25 and 35, probably a teacher, or a librarian; someone who liked to work with people. Subtle makeup, comfortable flats, and a little sun dress...

Then I opened my eyes. Big black drag queen.

INTERRUPTION: THE MAN HANDS THE SHEET TO THE NEIGHBOUR'S DAUGHTER. THE SHEET IS A PRINTED EMAIL FOLDED OVER TWICE, WITH RED INK ON THE BACK, IT READS: "WELCOME TO THE HOUSE, PLEASE LEAVE YOUR", AND IS CUT OFF BY THE ABRUPT SOUND OF FISH BEING AWOKEN FROM THEIR OILY SLUMBER. THE CONTENTS OF THE EMAIL APPEARS TO BE FROM A COLLEGE IN TEXAS, APOLOGIZING TO AN APPLICANT THAT THEY DID NOT GET ACCEPTED INTO THEIR INSTITUTION. THE PRINT IS UNCLEAR DUE TO THE PRINTER INK BEING DILUTED IN WATER AND RED BULL ENERGY DRINK.

All rocking chairs are haunted. When's the last time you saw a rocking chair? Was it in a haunted house or scary movie or your grandmother's place? Was it rocking by itself? All rocking chairs are haunted.

I held the door open for a guy in my office building, but I was too far ahead of him, and I help it open uncomfortably long, so he started jogging a bit, and I started apologizing, then we started yelling at each other.

"I'm sorry!"

"You son of a bitch!"

"I thought I was being nice!"

"You're making me run to be polite!"

"Oh, god what have we done!"

"Damn these conventions of courtesy!"

"I'm gettin' too fat for this shit!"

Another example of how the whole of human civilization is just a way to attract the opposite sex.

>Look at me, baby, I'm farming.

>Look at all this metallurgy I am doing, sweetheart.

>Look at my kingdom and all this land I've got, honey.

>I faked a moon landing, what's your name?

>That's a nice name. My name is Kubrick. Pakistanley Kubrick.

On a first date it's smart to wait until it's quiet, and you're alone together, and lean in and quietly whisper, "Who's your favorite "Saved By the Bell" character? Mine's Screech."

Make sure to follow up with, "And my favorite "Baby Sitter's Club" character is Mary Anne Spier. She's quiet and shy, and a Champion crier. Her club position is Secretary; her birthday is September 22; born in Stoneybrook, Connecticut; hair: brown; eyes: brown. She's best friends with Kristy Thomas and Dawn Schafer. She likes animals, New York City, and movie stars! And of course, sewing and knitting! But her dislikes, by far, are crowds, being the center of attention, and confronting people she doesn't know."

Can you be vegan *and* enjoy Air Bud? Is it cruel to make a dog play basketball? These questions and more keep my mind listlessly scratching at night. Scratching at the door to answers. Running for the Ball of Enlightenment. Chewing the fake newspaper of truth.

"Hey there, can I get a can of beer?"

"Do you have an ID?"

"I was swimming in the ocean, so I don't have it, but I have a beard."

"Okay, Pal. Here you go."

And the bounty of the sea provides.

—*Ernest Hemingway*

7.3 - Coca-Cola

I suppose a majority of my current trouble began with an unexpected encounter I had last Thursday. As you can probably recall, the weather Thursday morning was a particularly unpleasant mixture of cold, windy, and wet. Just outside the

Vancouver city limits, where I happened to find myself that day, a homeless man actually stopped me on the side of the road just to ask what I could possibly be doing out and about on such a miserable day. Of course I was caught off guard by such a direct question, coming from a gruff and weathered vagrant no less, so it took me a few moments to formulate a coherent answer. In retrospect I probably should have just brushed him off like I would any other homeless man in the city, but the conditions had themselves arranged in such a way that to do anything but give him an honest reply would have weighed heavily upon my conscience. There was a brief period of silence between us. I imagine he spent the time sizing me up based on my clothing and demeanor, possibly considering a robbery if he figured I had the dough to make it worth the trouble.

The first words to leave my mouth, if I remember correctly, were "Oh, nothing really." Neither of us seemed satisfied by that answer, so I chose to continue. "Just out for a walk." He held an empty glare, and breathed heavily through his nose. I suppose it was more of a snort, actually. The whiskers on his cheeks and chin vibrated first with distaste, and then disappointment.

"Just out for a walk,' huh? I heard the temperature on the radio earlier this morning, and it's no less than ten degrees below zero today! What's a rich guy doing 'just out for a walk,' anyway? From the looks of you you must work in one of them great big office buildings in the city, eh? What, do you think I'm not only poor, but blind? You don't have a car, no company, no anything, and you're at least thirty miles from the business district! Come on, give me a real answer, you self-important, lying..." He struggled with the last word, clenching his fists and puffing up his round face to an extraordinary girth.

"...Pig!"

As the sting of the insult navigated its way through my nervous system, I was struck with a sudden sense of absurdity. What was I doing here, taking abuse from an irate madman on the outskirts of Vancouver? Then I noticed that I had asked myself the exact same question as the strange man had just moments earlier, and chuckled softly to myself. All the while the homeless man's head was still growing in size and redness, and my introspection proved once again to be my downfall.

"What do you think you're laughing at, you snotty bastard? If you intend to mock me, just get it over with already and leave me be!"

With a “ha-rumph” he turned away and started off across the road. The feeling of absurdity had still not left me, and it in fact began to intensify as I realized that I had just been told off by a homeless man who had initiated a conversation with *me!* And I didn't even say anything which he had reason to get frustrated about, either! I opened my mouth as if to call after him, but no words came to my lips. The whole experience left me quite dazed. As he crossed the halfway point on the highway, I noticed a brightness come over the right side of my field of vision.

A car was coming down the road. It wasn't just an ordinary car, either. What approached the angry vagrant in the middle of the road was a sixteen-wheeled semi-truck, bearing a bright red logo upon its flank. “Enjoy! Coca-Cola!” it read. An image of a smiling woman accented the message, and for a moment I was absolutely convinced that all I needed in order to turn this strange morning around was a nice, cold glass of refreshing cola.

That moment ended when the truck driver noticed the gray shape in the middle of the highway, and liberally made use of the vehicle's horn systems. Shockingly, the cacophony did nothing to scatter the man from the glowing sights of death on wheels, and the last thing I saw of my way-faring acquaintance was a slightly more red version of “Enjoy! Coca-Cola!”

“Looks like everything's going my way!” I chortled. Because the man was stone dead. “*Another Canadian casualty.*” I said icily. Then an A&W eatery beckoned my exchange.

7.9/b - Harry B: Woodland Highrise: 1(800)STEA-MER Cleavland Steamer Makes Carpets Cleaner

<<The things this gun makes people do. Things you would not believe. I entered a number at random, but this time I used it on my neighbor. The old bat gets a jar of pig fat and really starts givin' herself the treatment. Ain't never seen anything like it. Reptilian technology gives me the creeps. I'd like to use it for something useful, but I just can't see the point in making someone shoot a load so hard they die from it. The other settings are bum as well. There's got to be a useful frequency. I'll try again tomorrow. Maybe there's a pattern. If there is I'll find it.>>

Harry concluded his Craigslist entry and set the laptop aside. Myra pounced for his attention. She wanted another scanning.

“Scram,” Harry B muttered. But her glassy slitted eyes were steadily fixed on him. “Why would you want that? It's just gonna

make you do something gay or, I dunno, give you ebola. I've seen too many pink socks today. No more."

Spirals in Technicolor lament the loss of pigeon feathers
on the back-streets, swimming in a tide pool, devoured by the surf,
spit on sand and blood
on circles drawn by supple hands
that morning. Nine o'clock, seven fifteen – shred
your teeth against stagnant carbon
without thought of the Babylon you left in flames –
Ur, clay
men by your side,
Sodom, salt
women watching
behind you;
disastrous progress in the name of Moot

7.9/C - On The Obscure Modality of Bees, or The Original Script of Jerry Seinfeld's "Bee Movie"

Bees were the days. Oh, yes Bees were the days:

Bees can only see colors in infrared. To a bee green is gray is invisible given the scope of human sight. Bees can kiss their mommy at a rate of 4 kisses per minute. Bees love their mommy very much. In every bee sting is a suicide, take a moment to appreciate all the bees that have killed themselves to save their home and family, received by you as a passé annoyance and shitty day inducer, bees are the Islamic extremists of the insect world minus (maybe) religion, since we are ignorant to the bee's potential religious beliefs.

Mommy bees have always been the primary victims of bee stings. They lose their fathers, their husbands, their sons. As Jimmy Page writes in his song, Yellow Submarine, "...bees are reverse yellow submarines because the liquid [sic] is on the inside and we're all on the outside," and you really can't disagree with him, folks. Or as famous rapper Chunky Brown put it, "Yeah, you know what it is - black and yellow, black and yellow, and mommy ain't never gonna get her kisses anymore, no sir."

Musicians have been the historical mediums of the bee world, whether putting hives in their guitars to soothe irritable larva, or donating sugar to the local colony, musicians are invaluable volunteers to bees everywhere.

*Asses parlé!*¹⁸

I don't speak french.

We only need one language now, this is the future. The future is now. Just imagine in 2019,

As I carefully watched my siblings watching Malcolm In The Middle, I noticed life is unfair.

YOU'RE NOT THE BOSS OF MEOW.

And I finally noticed. We all partake in discussion on an online literature board but lack the prose or writing abilities to actually be decent pigs. And I finally noticed. Pigs can fly, and, wouldn't that be nice? And wouldn't it be nice to meet Pinkman with an equal gaze and give a rip-roaring fart of a snort in his face, just that way, like if he were to pick you up from your fuzzi-fied haunches and toss you in his witch's brew. And I finally noticed, some skies are literally made from green, and we lack the grammar and the words to adequately express ourselves so we might say we are waiting, we are hurt, and brush our shirt collars with the pass of an everyday waking. And I finally noticed, I can not speak right, I can not express to whomever gives the attention the so called gratitude and love? The minded who give themselves to reading and read even though this thought will never be fully understood nor expressed. And please try to meet me throughout with the mind so called expressed as fractious and disjointed we so yearn to make great and daresay true?

7.9/d - A Criminal Critique of "Redwall", and other thoughts

Is the Redwall series of children's books the source of

much of the deviant furry fandom? Did it start there? Did the stories about mouse warriors and monks cause the first stirring in the loins of the weird who read these books back in 5th grade? I think so. Notice the latent, smiling intolerant absolutism of how there were good creatures who were never bad and there were bad creatures who were never good, just because they were white [supremacist] rats or whatever. It's like nazism, complete with "Juden Raus".

Maybe a little, but not all of it. Have you forgotten quite how many different anthropomorphic animals there were in children's television when we were young? There's nothing very attractive or sexual about Redwall, and it's not very visual, either. The only pictures of the animals were on the covers and they were far more animal-like than most furry art. Take something like Thundercats for example: Cheetara was remarkably sexualised. Then there is the Sonic universe, which is wildly popular in the relevant circles. Many of the female characters are of quite absurd proportions, besides which they have extremely large eyes, which is something many people (autistics) find attractive. This is of course completely disregarding how big and muscled the male characters are in Thundercats, Biker Mice from Mars, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, Street Sharks. Maybe that last one is a bad example but it is telling that the majority of the characters in these and similar cartoons are skimpily-dressed males and that there is disproportionately large homosexual contingent in the furry community. The art style in these cartoons is also a great deal more similar to most furry art than anything depicted in Redwall, where the characters are physiologically identical to real animals, rather than having an anthropomorphic body type. As far as I'm aware the simplistic good/bad absolutism you mention isn't really any bigger in the furry community than anywhere else, it's a fairly common message in popular media.

I suppose that an artist's love for one "in the form" never can wholly rival his devotion to some ideal.

*The woman near him must exercise her spells, be all
by turns and nothing long, charm him with infinite
variety,
or be content to forego a share of his allegiance. He
must be lured by the unattainable, and this is ever just
beyond
him in his passion for creative art.*

Sex-positive feminism comes out of vitalist nihilism. Vitalist nihilism is a chaotic spectrum between health and hedonism. Sex-positivity resides in this feeble spot between health and destruction. These types of nihilists understand that the most humans can get out of life is the feeling of genetic viability so they shouldn't be stopped from going after it. I can't blame these people too much as much as I disapprove because there is no balance in secularism. I only wish the people who do this wouldn't come back and want babies at 35 years of age.

Hedonists should decide to go their own way and keep walking. Christianity understands this awkward and ugly dilemma of the trappings of ego and pleasure-seeking following us even as we age. This is why they recommend celibacy for people who aren't marrying and having children, to train and ready them for old age irrelevancy, and Christians hate both homosexuality and masturbation because it's limitless pleasure and ego indulgence. Hedonists are not brave enough to shoot themselves at ages 35 (for women) and 50 (for men). (Blessed by Ron Paul, 2014).

“Jessie I’m sorry.”

“Did you see how the thing writhed like that?”

“I’m sorry.”

REDACTED

“It just, sputtered, and like, y’know. I don’t want to see things like that.”

“Jessie, this isn’t working.”

“The bee.”

“Like how when you said you wanted my mother to bring him with us, it’s just like that, how now Jess - ”

“I’ll leave you for the bees no matter how much I’m stung.”

“Jessie?”

“How can you say things like that when that just happened back there, that the thing was covered in pollen and probably en route to pollinating something wonderful and nice and minding its own business and stinging out of self defense.”

“Jessie, it’s a bee.”

“A bee with a family.”

“What’s wrong?”

[This is the only joke in square-parentheses in this chapter]

↓

It is thought the dance performed by the male honeybee is designed to attract a single female honeybee from the hive. This dance is a mating call: only one partner can hear it as a cry for love; only *one* bee can attract *one* mate. This is the only known occurrence of destiny on our planet. The honeybee’s sting is twice as discomfoting as the common bee and three times redder than the common wasp. Bees will be extinct in future years, produced by shaman Yazul on the heathrow of judgement, says from his deathbed, when Logicon be borne in the hearts of worthy.

REDACTED

<a message>

If you are hearing this, then I must still be dead. My name is McGrath, Bloodbath McGrath, and I come to you on a frequency. Ride my wave, I may see you. The war has just ended so we believe. The war has yet to be written about, but our Great Leader is expected to speak of it. To say our Great Leader's real name is murder. It is told that those who speaketh his birthright are turned to salt pillars of stone and marble. Listen for the artillery of a thousand voices, listen for the grains of time that sand carries through the center vortex. Believe not what is told after you're hearing this. Bloodbath McGrath is dead, no one is safe except our Great Leader. Praise him, praise him, forty years of praise. -----(communications end)

BECOME AN ORDAINED MINISTER IN THE CHURCH OF THE
SUBGENIUS FOR ONLY 3 EASY INSTALLMENTS OF 35
AMERICLAP BURGERDOLLARS
YOU CAN EVEN CONDUCT WEDDINGS

*Don't let the sun go down on your grievance
Protect Love of the Lungs over Lust of the Mesh
Do yourself a flavor
Become your own savor and
Don't get
To forgive and forget*

*(Seas. The frightening mask pulses like waves
and urging to
hurry up, hurry up.
As she makes the final
day's correction only to be altered
by the next mailman.)*

*Goodnight little ifrit
Anonymous Ifrit: This is fun.
We're doing the important literary work. It is most fun.
I'm going to be going now, it's 10:17.
Goodbye.*

7.100,000

REDACTED

What a dull and outworn method of beginning is a shiver! - and how many shivers there are in the world?

There is the common shiver, which haunts cold airports and frozen highways in the dead of night, the shiver that preys on the prisoners of genre fiction - and, next, there is the famous piss-shiver, whose cause and effect are as distant and inaccessible as the stars themselves - and then, too, there is the shiver of delight enjoyed by beautiful women caked in makeup and lipstick (though he shouldn't talk about women, for they might see him, and shiver again - but this is, again, a different of shiver, the shiver of revulsion that accompanies the sight of a corpse; or a walking corpse) - and there is, distinct, the shiver of the nervous ghost who is out in the world with the girl who doesn't love him and will never love him (again, she shudders at the thought - she is godless, but even the most depraved pagans would never stoop to necrophilia) - and that shiver's antipode, the shiver of fury which shakes the bitten tongue and the furious reddened eyes nearly out of their places - set in the miserable constellation of a monster - and there is, there may be, there never was the final, inaccessible shiver, the shiver that bounds over the cares of life - and crashes down, shattering its own legs like porcelain on the tough ground: the post-coital shiver of revulsion - at life, at the rising and falling of the worldly chest, an impossible, unimaginable sensation.

Spooky Ghost did not shiver when he walked out out of the plane and down the little stairs onto the tarmac - it was only the feeling of the earth itself against his cheap sneakers that could coax a single shiver out of him - his last. Acting alone, it looked like a twitch. It jerked him quickly to the north (his right) - but it did not shake him back again.

He had been the only passenger on the plane. The stewardesses had gathered around him, some standing, some in various degrees of genuflection, and a few even laid out on the filthy ground, their hands clasped before their heads, their faces pressed to the ground, begging almost inaudibly for the chance to come to his aid.

Being a bit of a pompous man - deigning to act at what he believed were the behaviors of a man who had reached his own dizzying moral altitude - he nodded quickly, smiled fakely and asked to hear their life stories. These they told him, though they often became confused, and repeated - more or less verbatim - the stories that their coworkers had told. At any rate, they were all Svalbardiennes - and their accent was more or less unintelligible. When he asked when the meal would be served, they reacted so negatively that he imagined that he had breached some unspoken social code - and he turned further towards them in his seat, his back seeming to grow red (like in a commercial), and, grimacing from the pain a little, and acting much more, he began to apologize. After

REDACTED

some profuse and half-hearted apologies, their frowns softened, and the stewardesses forgot his transgression - and forgave his transgressions - and forgave his many transgressions.

He could see a white thigh of coast from where he stood, and, turning around, he could make it into a circle. He whistled, impressed - Svalbard is a small island, he thought.

But this is not true. All accounted for, Svalbard has over 800,000 miles of coastline, all woven tightly as a corset. Laid end to end, it would reach out and tickle the Kuiper Belt. The tundra plains of Svalbard are so vast and perfect in their beauty that they act like a lens, reducing themselves to what the world expects of them. There is no geographer in this world or the next who does not, now and again - on cold nights - (after they have boarded their globe print pajamas and have placed their spectacles on the nightstand) sniffle a little at the injustice of such a beauty reduced to almost nothing - an incomprehensible squiggle too far north of Sweden to be of any importance.

Spooky sought an audience with the Emperor of Svalbard - and he told this to the woman at the flight desk. The purpose of his audience, however, he could not speak towards too openly - the thought of it, and even the idea of the thought of it, reddened him terribly, and he hemmed to her, and invented a miserable excuse - "I admire the man."

In truth, he did not admire the Emperor. Even the rumors light enough to ride the hyperborean winds down to his home in Eagleland were enough to make his translucent skin crawl. They whispered stories in his ear - of palaces of bones, of child concubines, of legions of horrific monsters that roamed the sterile tundra, hungry for flesh. The featureless white expanse, it seemed, was too empty for the mind of man - and so he filled it with a sort of excrement - the things he could not bear to hold within his own mind.

Spooky was not driven to the Emperor out of admiration, or hatred, or any other human emotion - he was not wholly human, for indeed he was a ghost, and the currents of his heart did not run entirely parallel to the currents flowing in the hearts of men. He was, like many others, impelled by a force he could neither articulate nor understand, blown like a plastic bag around the cold and distant reaches of the earth

Every ghost, it is said, is put on earth because of a human crime - and, because of this, the ghosts of this world are unfinished things - broken, riddled with mistakes and falsehoods - and forced to wander the earth, tormented by their very nature, until they find their purpose and complete it - which is said to free them from their cruel bondage.

Of course, the modern man - the sane man, the rational man, etc. - has neither the time nor the patience for these beliefs - and for good reason -

REDACTED

as they are completely untrue.

So Spooky stalked across the blinding icepack - and felt as if his future was laid out before him, ripe and in full Bloom.

Rape the rapist, kill the murderer, love the loving.

Eat the eating. Harm the self-harming.

Realize who you are.

Harm yourself.

Do it again.

Again.

Tire the tired.

This chapter ends at the beginning:

“Maybe you just cut out the prawns.”

CHAPTILER #%

*“...then there was a wonderful shot of a child’s arm going up
up up,
right up into the air, a helicopter with a camera in its nose
must have followed
it up, and there was a lot of applause...”*

- George Orwell, 1988

THE FASCINATING TRINITY OF WAR

AN ENQUIRY CONCERNING A “HISTORICAL” ACCOUNT OF THE “GREAT” INCURSION INTO THE TUNDRA BY GOD- EMPEROR #%

“Women have always been the primary victims of war”.

-Hilary “Satan’s Hammer” Clinton

*“Tickle dee tickle doo, a cup and a half, of corn-splattered
poo.”*

-Dr. Seuss, after abusing over-the-counter medication

Foreword by Lizard Foster Wallace

- - - -

(witty but depressing-that-someone-spent-time-on-it
content here [1][2][3][4][5][6][7][8][9][10][11][9001])

And now presented in collective display..

- - - -

War is the development of being into non-being, that is, life or existence.

Purification is of great importance for the Peasant warrior, envisioned by Himmler and his SS death's head cult, that which should rule all lands from Ukraine to Vladivostok. This deranged and faulty thought was typical of peeny-balled faggots like Himmler. Hitler, who had no balls at all, was much more pessimistic in his advancements of völkish ideology, mostly contained to long-winded rants at a dinner table ("Hitler's table talk", volume 1). One such rant was a lovely piece on the troubles budding Emperors face in the Russian Tundra.

Ridding the Tundra of Slavs (Slabongs) was no easy task; not only did the frozen soil make it nigh impossible to adequately grow crops but the climate was also especially unwelcoming to someone who wasn't wearing any clothes. This wasn't even the worst of it though. Ruling the indigenous people of this frigid wasteland was the hardest challenge Emperor #% had to face. Not only did they mock him for his lack of clothes, but some had recently taken to trying to bite his fingers off (made easy by the severe frostbite). Upon surveying the citizens of this tundra, Emperor #% found that the Tundra folk divided their time between two primary pastimes.

The first pastime was a seemingly social exercise, where in large groups (often in the middle of the street) they would gather in a circle and take on a squat-like stance. For hours they would squat there, chatting and laughing. #% had found that when in this ritualistic circle of squats, the Tundra Slavs would not speak with anyone who did not themselves join the circle and squat. #% had sent men to infiltrate their circles, and for hours his men would squat with these civilians. When coming back to report, not a single one of the men had any new info. "They didn't talk about

anything,” they would say, “Just a load of nonsense”

The second major pastime that the Tundra-slavic (TunSlaBong for short) people engaged in was the relentless mockery of anyone who was not within their circles, including Emperor #%. They mocked him for his underdeveloped thigh muscles, his funny hat, having only one arm, having three arms, having no arms, and his preference for classical music. Many historians agree that these insults were the cause of the genocide of the Tundra-Slavic people in the late XIXth century, carried out on the orders of Emperor # %.

“Damn this scrotum-shriveling cold!” the Emperor bellowed at nobody in particular - although in all of his accounts of the bellowing he claims it was directed in particular at a nearby peasant (unlikely due to the language barrier). In fact, Emperor # % had been shown to be a pathological liar on several occasions:

One such occasion was in the historical recording of the now-infamous Battle of Svalbard, during the war on the New Egyptian Extraterrestrial Triumvirate. Emperor #% had personally lead the troops that day. But the NEET forces outnumbered them ten to one, not to mention Emperor #% was in fact not a very experienced military commander. The result of the battle was a total victory for the Egyptians. Emperor #% himself was the only survivor. After losing an arm, he had just barely managed to escape; but he was clever enough to make use of the hang gliders the NEET forces used to travel. Hijacking one, he flew away from Svalbard and into the sea, where he then waited to be picked up by allied forces. The people of Svalbard were massacred, resulting in a genocide of 1337 casualties. A colossal failure for Emperor #%. But, as the Emperor #% later remarked, such concepts are merely spooks.

News of this failure spread quickly. However, when recounting the event for the sake of historical documentation, Emperor #% had boasted of a total one-sided victory. “Not a single casualty on our side, and not a single citizen Svalbard harmed,” in his own words. Nobody, not even Shrew the Gullible, bought this story as not a single one of the over 63,000 soldiers who deployed with their Emperor had returned home. Despite this, officially (and in all the history books written in that time) the Battle of Svalbard is recorded as a total loss for the New Egyptian Extraterrestrial Triumvirate.

After several similarly crushing defeats (one at the hands of The Congo, one by a small island named “Honolulu” [which has never

had an actual army], a skirmish with the Sledged Pollacks [losing a regiment of cavalry against men in sleds, oy vey!] and, most embarrassingly, a defeat at the hands of the Jewish Middle Eastern Empire, sworn enemies of #%'s Empire), the Emperor was stripped of his title, his clothes, and his honour, as well as several of his prosthetic¹⁹ arms. He was then summarily exiled to the Tundra. Here he spun all manner of lies (some blatantly unneeded and trivial - such as the time he claimed to be able to fly in front of all the Tunslabong, a story ending in almost deadly injury and the loss of another arm) and amassed himself a loyal legion of men.

It has been said about the Emperor #% that he once traveled to the shores of Atlantis, where he was received by Plato, that sophist of old. Plato offered a challenge: "Kiss me, Emperor, like you did the Patriarch in Moscow, like you did Dakota on Pluto, like you did Saint Augustine of Hippo on his deathbed!" The Emperor refused, as he had never engaged in manlove (aside from one occasion deep in the Congo, but he refused to speak of that out of fear that the videotapes were still floating around on the internet). Plato banished him from the kingdom of Atlantis, and in his great sorrow he had every tome in the library burnt and every building leveled. Lastly, he let the safe ground fall to the depths of the Ocean. At that day, humanity lost all knowledge of the higher meanings of the Tundra's Emperor.

There is only one recorded instance of Emperor #% ever having personally interacted with the people of the Tundra. #% had gotten lost while wandering the Tundra at night, and happened upon a lone, squatting native. He tried to ask the native for directions, but was ignored. Upon raising his voice, the native simply turned towards the Emperor and laughed. He proceeded to point to various places on #%'s person and spouted gibberish at each new section. When #% squatted down next to this man, the

19

Unavailable to the lower classes at the time, prosthetic limbs were a bit of a fashion craze for both the upper class and the ruling classes. The craze continued for years before going out of style sometime during the Great War of Space Budapest. Hail Satan.

man stopped heckling and suddenly became very friendly. But the words coming out of his mouth were still nonsense. #% had laughed along with the man, pretending to be a part of the joke. And over time, more people wandered up and joined the squat. It is said that the group expanded to an arrangement of fifteen squatters, which is, by Tundra-Slavic standards, a decent size for a squat. Some quotes were recorded by #% on what was said at the circle, but the accuracy of said quotes is debateable:

“Every sue, siss and sally of us, dugters of Nan un seed oda Kirghiz Ligh’! Accusative ahnsire! Damadam to infinities!”

“And Oho bullyclaver of ye, bragadore-gunneral! The grand ohold spider! It is a name to call to him Umsturdam Vonn! Ah, you were shutter reshottus and sieger besieged. Aha race of fiercemarchands counterination oho of shorpshoopers.”

*“Which that that rang ripprippipling.
—Bulbul, bulbulone! I will shally. Thou shalt willy.”*

The meaning of these Tundraslavic quotes was never properly translated, and no attempts at translation were conclusive enough to warrant mentioning. It’s also unclear how Emperor #% escaped the circle and returned home, but theories suggest he may have been lead to his keep. Another suggests he was actually right next to his keep but could not see it through the dark snowfall.

----- SHIT BREAK-----
Allocate five (5) minutes here to discharge your fluids

(but do not leave your seat)

The Emperor was also well known for having a lavish sense of fashion. After his arrival in the Tundra, he spent months in the nude, awaiting the delivery of his wardrobe of choice. Every day the emperor was seen in a totally new outfit. Perhaps most notably were the Emperor's many hats, which were fashioned from stuffed animals. All sorts of animals, ranging from sexually empowering lions and tigers to ferrets and skunks, were fit for a headdress. On his birthday, Emperor #% performed a most peculiar tradition. His wide variety of random, lavish outfits was cast aside for this one specific day. Every year on his birthday he wore a Chinese

qípáo, no hat. The qípáo just barely fit, which was to be expected as it was not made for men to be wearing. The dress allegedly belonged to #%'s late mother, but an official comment was never made. He would wear the dress on his birthday, and at the end of the day it would vanish again for the rest of the year.

Maybe it was all a ruse all along. Maybe it wasn't? I don't know, I'm high as shit right now. Maybe I should take another shit break.

Emperor #'s bizarre fashion choices are noteworthy for the effect they had on Tundra culture. In the decades after his death, animal hats had grown very trendy. The qípáo also became a traditional outfit in the Tundra for those celebrating birthdays (a male-fitted qípáo had to be designed just for the occasion). Historians have debated on whether this spoke for the populus' love of their Emperor, which in any other instance seemed entirely non-existent, or if it was merely an elaborate mockery of the long-dead monarch. The popular fashion trends set by #% during his otherwise unpopular reign are just one of many anomalies concerning the man, the woman:

The most commonly taught example of the claptrap surrounding the Emperor's life is as follows. People of the Tundrabong legend, while normally extremely critical of #%, have passed down one tale that depicts an uncharacteristically valiant Emperor. Legend has it that the people of the Tundra's children were being stolen by a lion. The Emperor, the tale goes, dressed up as a child and lay, pretending to sleep, in the nursing area. Exactly 7 seconds before midnight The Lion approached him, picked him up by the scruff of his neck and was promptly gutted by a sharpened prosthetic arm. The anomaly: *Lions cannot live in a Tundra!* Also it was, from his very first decree as Emperor, outlawed to imitate a baby, for obvious reasons.

The great question arises here: why was capitalism first practiced in the Tundra? What was it that the great empty and frozen basin gave to that small and inquisitive people we now call the people of the Tundra, that promoted the free exchange of goods and services and their victory against the polar bears? Is there a connection between Arctic Totalitarianism and Tundra Free-Market economics? What role did the religion of "The Arctic Great Bear That Stole The Anus Of The Hairy Maiden" play?

Let's take some time here to explicate the cultural traditions and religious beliefs of the people of the Tundra and why they were so averse to any form of semiotic analysis concerning the phallic inscription depicted on their elk-bone totems. We can be certain that the people of the Tundra were not only culturally anti-

natalist, but their constant obsession over riddles and scatological jokes certainly (possibly influenced by the contact they had with the Aristophanic British Surrealist explorers of the arctic region) gave way to the post-irony movement that enjoyed a revival during the 19th century Siberian renaissance. It has been noted by philosopher ~~Judith Butler~~ that the lack of gender-pronouns certainly gave rise to the matriarchal structure of their society. Of this we can be certain, as the male people of the Tundra travelled to hunt walrus as many as forty times a year. Admittedly, the material culture of the people of the Tundra reveals a seeming aversion towards the mixing of the two sexes. However, one should not mistake this mysterious and shy people as reclusive eccentrics, for the people of the Tundra who traverse the icy waters with their humble tribal canoes to hunt the “Jooba-jub-jub” (walrus) are mighty hunters who loved to spend their leisure time creating handicrafts out of the walrus skin depicting the Great-Riddle (sometimes translated as “The Great Practical Joke God Played on the Pathetic Little Folk”).

The most important activity for the people of the Tundra (apart from ironic fashion bashing) is certainly the “Gooba-jug-jug” (the hunt). The people of the Tundra traverse the Arctic sea with their kayaks in the wee hours of the morn as the baby walrus (“Jibi-Jooba-jub-jub”) cannot distinguish the shadow of the kayak from below. When the people of the Tundra discover the walrus, they turn their silent but happy discovery into a game of who will harpoon the baby walrus first (this is also a right of passage where young males have to do this task naked and covered in red paint). After the people of the Tundra bludgeon the walrus with their elk-bone clubs, they drag the lifeless body of the beast onto the shore, silently and ceremonially. The meat of the walrus is consumed by the tribe and the bones and skin made into tools and handicrafts. It is worth noting the people of the Tundra, as they feast on the prepared cooked walrus, will make grimaces of disgust and will exclaim how terrible its taste is. Indeed, anthropologist, Ørasunders Lljallfjars notes that the people of the Tundra have traditionally preferred to eat snow rather than meat, and that the industrial accident of Tunguska greatly upsetted the consuming of snow among the people of the Tundra.

Birth is a very important event for the people of the Tundra, recognised as an event of great misfortune. A ceremonial band throat-singing birth music accompanies the pregnant woman to the ice cave where she will give birth. Only a handful of these sacred ice caves exist within the Tundra, and the pregnant

tribeswoman often has to travel for days through the wilderness to find it. Many women (plus accompanying troupe of throat-singers) perish in this hardship, which historians agree is one of the leading causes of steady population decline among the Tundra-Slavic people.

Within the cave, men play the Koloa chant for the birth of a boy, and stand in solemn disappointment for the birth of a girl. After the child is born, the elder Tundrawomen searches for the child's sex. If the child is a boy, then it is baptised in the icy waters of the arctic lake and later taken into the care of the womenfolk to raise it. If the child is a girl, however, it is left in the icy embrace of the cave, as the rest of the women leave, singing the song of life.

Arctic hysteria often engulfs the people of the Tundra during the annual "100 Days Darkness". During this time, the people of the Tundra play the Kooa and sing songs that drive away the bad spirits. The people of the Tundra often believe that they are dead, or at least they are thought to be dead by their neighbours, who cannot see them in the darkness. During this time of hysteria they will start burying themselves in deep snow while they sing the Song of Farewell ("Singi-Songi-Käk"). In the Tundrabong's belief system, the afterlife is known as the Land of the Crestfallen ("Lala-Jubjak-Crestfallen"), where only the undigivolved spirits of poor hunters, badly tattooed women, and lazy Arctic farmers are doomed to snap at butterflies or some other gay shit like that. The community goes to great lengths in chanting and praying to appease the souls of the dead, not only out of fear for the dreaded Arctic locust, but also to guard themselves against the curse of "spirit possession" (no transliteration possible) that drives men to make outrageous proposals and claims to single women. Chanting the song of releasement, barking, and swinging the shrunken heads of Arctic pygmies while manically dancing seems to be the ritual they follow during those long months.

The most valuable prey for the people of the Tundra is neither the elk, the wolf nor the walrus, but rather the migratory whale, whom they stalk on the icy edges, while dancing to its merry song, waiting for the ice to melt. Angry hunters will often challenge the power of the Angakoks with hostile words, as they are believed to have the power to melt the ice. The rest of the tribe will sometimes join in, with taunting song: "necki, necki, necki, necki". Only the Angakoks, who partake in rituals of marriage, birth, and death, have the power to make the sea swell and crack the ice with their spells. The Angakok who is successfully taunted may call the power of the cloud-headed wind serpent, in the form of a

waterspout. Such is the power of the Angakoks, who are rightly feared and given the first taste of ice-berry wine before each festival.

When the hunting season is good, the people of the Tundra will organise the bladder festival, where they play music by popping the bladders of killed seals. While many deflated bladders are used for their clothing, most will be gathered and thrown in a hole in the frozen water, so that the souls of the animals may return to the sea and be caught next year.

For the people of the Tundra, spirit possession is a common event. Abandoned children are thought to be possessed by the spirit of the weeping seal. During the Apanugnaag festival, children will don seal skins and dive into the sea to avoid the spirit disputes of the error-prone hunters. Indeed, the great Angakok goes to great lengths to stop the arbitrary rule of the spirits over the lives of mortals. Descending into the frozen world below, the Angakok uses a decapitated dog's head in order for its spirit to descend into the Nether-World. Amongst the howling of men and dogs, the two spirits there do battle below the shining Northern Lights and then disappear in a gust of frozen wind.

The most antagonistic spirits are the spirits of the wronged hunters; those who were wronged playing dice or those lost in the labyrinthine mirror caves in the frost-covered mountains. These spirits will come from the sea and the mountains and will appear as deformed faces full of jagged teeth. The women of the tribe then appear from their tipi tents, beating their chests loudly in order to scare the spirits. The tribal women will then squat down in a circle, symbolising nature's golden orb, and sing a hymn, asking the dead to return the sun to the mothers of snow. The men, having removed their dead spirit masks, join the women in festive songs and hand-clapping games. When the first ray of the sun that signals the end of six months of winter darkness appear, the dead release their hold. Immediately the Tundra folk rejoice that they have been allowed to enjoy the sun for one more day and stand in awe of the "*Great Arctic Bear Who Stole the Anus of the Twin-Headed Solar Serpent*" who appears as a vision on the disk surface of the sun and in its rainbow colored rays, forming the message: "*Enjoy Coca-Cola™*".

Of this complicated web of mythology and customs, the Emperor knew absolutely nothing. He did however attempt to inculcate some philosophy into the backwards and savage people of the Tundra. One of his lectures allegedly went as follows:

Socrates split men and women in two so that they could get the frontbum creambun. Basically he was at a joygathering with all the other heightened and thoughtchose to just fuck shit up and thoughtbirth sex, so he did! But mankind were tummytumbled by the frontbum so God inventeth an intercoursehunger which hath joytoiled men since the Garden of Eden. Womenkind were disposed with an insatiable desire for cock before God's intervention and henceforth hath been uninhibited in their sexual relations. A group of wise sages who referred to themselves as the Pythagoreans observed with disgust.

These thoughtgifted men remain toiltired trying to reconcile their intercoursehunger with their contempt with the fairer sex. "What an abhorrence for something so goodsoft and reconcilable to the passions to receiveth the semen load upon thy precious face," said the Lord thy God to the relentless slut. Joe Rogan invented postmodernistic political campaigns. Starting with the famous "What is the Republic?" campaign reach in the 1800s, Joe Rogaine has been an influential force in postmodernism since "Way-Back Wednesday". Joe Roman then died, but returned to life after taking Ayahuasca in the Amazon. Thoughtrecord it yourself you buttflustering plantcraft inventor - Jesse "Bitch" Pinkman, alternatively known as "Big Pink".

As the story goes, Emperor #% was out on a walk on the cold, icy beach when he slipped on a large puddle of frozen Tundraslavic piss and hit his head. Upon awakening he was seized with the obsessive idea of making the Tundra into a trueAuthoritative Empire where every cis-man, cis-woman, privileged-child, and gender-conscious husky-sealion hybrid would have an equal vote and an equal hand in the management of the Tundra. The first thing he did after limping back to the main settlement was call a town-hall meeting, or rather an igloo-hall meeting. It was extremely cramped inside and everyone felt vaguely but strongly uncomfortable, not only due to the close quarters and smelly, whining dogs, but because they hadn't a clue what the town nutter was about to do. Emperor #% was about to hold a vote, and in true democratic spirit the Emperor wanted everyone to have an equal voice in how the vote would be done. He asked the collective people of the Tundra what an ideal democracy was to them. Nobody present had any idea what a democracy was, and proceeded to say so all at the same time and drowned out the Emperor.

Once the noise settled, the Emperor decided to go about it a different way, and asked each person one by one what a perfect democracy would look like. They told him one by one that they didn't have any idea of what a democracy was. The women bitched at him one by one, which could mean a whole lot of different things. The Emperor took a few minutes to intensely ponder the situation while the melting ceiling dripped and began to pool in everyone's shoes.

Finally the Emperor concluded that the people of the Tundra simply weren't ready for democracy and declared the Tundra to be a protectorate of the Grand Cherokee Nation (whose original and *only legitimate* incarnation had continued to reside within the Emperor after his exile). The people of the Tundra took this to be the end of the meeting, and grumbly filed out of the the igloo and returned to what they had been doing.

- Early hot heat shovel to 420 degrees F [360 degrees C (633.15 degrees K)].
- Combine corn, maple syrup, ice and wheatmilk in equal proportion. Pour 1/4 of it into the alembic. Heap ashes over this mixture. ...
- Place 3.14 on towel rack in heathovel. Heatfer for 900 seconds. Reduce heated shovel hotnumber to 350 degrees F [175 degrees C (448.15 degrees K)], and continue heatferring for 2400 to 2700 seconds or until the people in the apartment below knock at the ceiling.

Nick Drake was singing a Kishi Bashi (also known as Tim York of Radio Dept.) cover of a Talking Heads song while riding in his friend's V6 Mustang one day. He said to his friend A\$AP Rocky, "What if my name was Drake from Drake and Josh and there was a show called Drake and Josh"? "thvt wud b pretty muthafuckv," Asap KnockKnees replied. Nick Drake wished that there was a show called Drake and Josh and that he had a Jewish twin named Josh that would have a bizzare narcissistic mirror imaging mime act with and they would both be mimes. He asked AVAP STONEY if he thought about doing a rap album in sign language in sign language but A-OKAY Oakey was a cautious driver, and kept his eyes on the road, missing Nick Drake's sign language inquiry.

The story continues as Dr. "Brownskin" Dre and his right hand man, Snoop Canine Tyrone Jenkins lay out a verse on the socio-economic disadvantages and misfortunes of the postmodern Negro habitat:

Wake up, jump ou' my bed
Hung in 2 man cell wit my homie Lil 1/2 chub
Murder was the case they gave me
Dear God, I wonder can you tenderize me
I'm only 18, so I ain't so good
When it come to tellin you what you wanna hear
It's a ride, if I don' scrap, get'in my pickle stuck
But that's the life of a Gee, I guess
Ese's way deep, shanked two in they chest
Bests run 'cause brothers is droppin quicker
Ugn, too late, damn, down goes another nigga
Bouncing off the walls, throwin them dogs
Getting a rep as a young medium
It ain't bustin a nut like the street life
Betta be Dancin Fred Astaire-like when I get back
'N see this one squealin in the sand
They done put me in here for good
Pray to God every night momma I'm tellin you.

Wonderful, absolutely majestic. Thank you Based God.

So it said of An O. His path in life much like the path of many, which is to say khakis for the weekend and sports on the TV when it wasn't time for the news. But that night was time for the news alright: a chrome monolith several miles high and as big as the state of Monaco basically materialized in the Chilean territory of Antarctica. People scared and suddenly religious, hysteric, homicidal and above all just not that surprised, going on with life while waiting for the answer that must come eventually, say, spontaneous crystallization of solar flare ions or basically gas. An O. was in that group too but not for too long: not an hour after he saw the news his dog came to him, and then came to him and then came to him, four dogs, the same dog, came to him, equally excited and not very interested in each other, sixteen legs and god knows how many heart parasites, sadly. An O. Saw his reflection on the mirror and almost fainted.

An O. then called Leah, who was in a bathtub crying because. Well because An O. called before to say that his dog, the fat beagle with the weird teeth and what can only be described as bad taste in owners, died.

An O. then looked. The mirror wasn't a mirror but a window to somewhere where the sun was shining. When he picked up the phone again Leah wasn't there but he could hear the muffled sound of off. The finality of war is to open the channels for power. Power understood in this case as the ability to make others do as you desire. Arguably, all wars start because of a disagreement regarding the direction of power, a breakage on the power flow, that has to be sanctioned by a display of force.

Force is, for the case, the operational aspect of a power that remains legitimate or hegemonic; the display of force is only necessary if the availability of force or the existence of power itself is in question.

We understand that the techniques of war explained before are just forms of the failure of human communication, very much in the fashion of this very text. When there is no communion of thought, no sense of One, there is a lack of discernible order.

In this sense, the only possible beauty to be found within the text is to draw from the order that is susceptible of discernation, starting by the common use of symbols, language and cultural tropes. Though it could be argued that the real beauty at work is the evidence of war that it harbors; beauty from how exactly are the paragraphs opposed, how exactly this opposition arises from the communality and uniqueness of the minds at work, the particular topology of the belligerent parts and belligerence itself.

It is because we are not one, because the human experience is rooted in partiality (as opposed to totality) that we find beauty in war and opposition. It is only because we can conceive of such things that we gather around them, marching with the history of earth and all predators, parasites, prey... Humans a brutal race in the cosmos of brutal races, living and dying by force, evidence themselves of an order never truly hegemonic in its smallest

dimensions²⁰ but somehow in total arithmetic harmony at its most cosmic proportions.

Were the ongoing cases of 5th dimension exodus and invasion just a plea by the tortured human condition? punished first to remain one, partial, at war, small, incomplete, in constant process of dying?

Were the cases the beginning of a war to be waged against the power that forces us into the flesh?

In that case, a war against whom? What?

If something is to be antagonized that has that primordial power, how big are its armies exactly?

Can you run from it in the 5th dimension?

Reptilians definitely appear to be partial too, and we don't think there is a doubt in that Reptilians are waging a war on earth. Could they be just the army of The Will?

How far back in scope do we have to go to escape war?

We guess we have to first escape the self, for a million dimensions can there be but by simply being what they are they are subjected to the same first memory of war.

In the Bible the first documented murder was when Bluto killed Peepeye, beating his skull in with a rock. The reason he killed Peepeye was because Popeye liked him more. Bluto was so jealous he had to murder him with a rock. But no one seems to ask the important question: if Popeye really liked Peepeye so much, why did he let Bluto murder him?

20 Dimensions exist in several places. None of which right now we exist within.

The first person I ever murdered was when my dog told me to get off the video game, that I may as well be killing people in real life. So I killed a random homeless person to see if I had the nerve to do what needed to be done. It was nothing personal. I just needed a disposable tissue that no one would miss too much and wouldn't cause too much fuss from the police. No one gives a hootin' hollar about the homeless. They are the perfect human sacrifices. I used a sawn off double barrel shotgun that I had acquired from a drug dealer I used to know who lived in the desert but later on died of type II diabetes (for obvious reasons). Maybe I'm getting ahead of my meat and potatoes.

As they say, the ground never cools in Cemetery 117. An O. is lying next to the fresh corpse of a man with dark skin and the same face-tattoos as me, the corpse's mouth half-open and one eye open reflecting the clouds in the sky, the other eye penetrated by an obsidian arrowhead. Yellow light, a warm breeze and birds calling. Probable cause: population density.

A man in Talheim met his end yelling and covered in dirt and sweat, he was a father of three, he thought of water bodies as he saw the light. Birds calling. The dirt held it's breath; out from it sprang the seedlets of early November beckoning it's hue in somber funeral dressing.

An O. grows scared of The Will, he feels The Will operating its rusty machinery in ways only recognizable by the sense of smell. This is how An O. took on smoking, it helped obfuscate the evidence. The birds calling.

An O. is cowering in a trench in Turkey, his hands bloated and cold, trying to roll a cigarette. Next to him there is a veteran from the Zulu wars smoking a pipe, he narrates the story of some forgotten emperor. Dakota Fanning a distant memory now, an army of fat beagles approaches, endless. It sounds like thump thump thump, muffled. It sounds like the call of some birds.

An O. drags a Noble corpse through the Tundra, he's missing

part of his right foot and the going is very painful, he doesn't know if there are mines buried nearby or if mines are a thing to be worried about at all. There are birds standing on the corpse as it gets dragged, they all sing a song of the choir invisible. The permafrost smells of Iodide...

A thought in the grain as the wheat came about the earths fine material- we wonder, I wonder, what is left of the powers that governed humans no greater than I or my Great Leader (all hail to the Great Leader in all thought and speech and memoranda). The war was all but over now as peace was upon us, though the darkness still resides on the mountain face that shows not to us. The Tundra is all that remains to my mind, my body, my soul. I work, as my Great Leader (all hail the Great Leader in all thought and speech and memoranda) orders me so. My hands are worked to bloodtissue bone marrow and tendonstring.

Tomorrow, tomorrow, six pence lies, food and bread cumbersome the gut, parallel to the life freedom dies. No tears, not time to shed water or risk running dry. A thought in grain about life and my time- forty years war left this land. Combat was worth not farming the roots of life.

****1.(The Internet Memoir (written in his own feces (2.)(we cleaned it before we touched the keyboard)) of **Bloodbath McGrath**²¹ (real name unknown))*

21 Once a powerful and high-ranking general, Bloodbath McGrath (or "The Butcher of Lizard Bay", as he was known colloquially) was one of the few survivors of the Great War of Space Budapest, or he would have been if he hadn't sustained mortal wounds during his escape from E-RTH 7. Barely making it back to his spaceship and punching in the coordinates to a faraway galaxy, McGrath knew that the fate of the galaxy depended on him passing on the vital information he had gleaned over the past 4893589 years. He perished sometime during the long ride home, but not before he was able to send out a cryptic message to the far corners of the universe. Our best linguists are still working to crack his code.

2***(no ink was left after it was used as eye drops and floral fuckery of scorched earth 999 (the pathetic code used during the Totalitarian Civil War of Tundra).

THE COURTS DON'T WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT PROPERTY EASEMENT IS JUST A SPOOK!

JUST LOOK AT BRIAN WILCOX AGE 80 WHO SHOT AND KILLED HIS NEIGHBOR AND WAS SEEN THE NEXT DAY SHAKING HANDS WITH THE SHERIFF

HENRY PHILLIPS SHOT AND KILLED MY DOG THE MAN HAS A MEAN STREAK THE SHERIFF TOLD ME TO PUT IT OUT OF MIND BUT IF I SEE THE SON OF A BITCH I WILL PUT TWO IN HIM BECAUSE ONE IS NOT ENOUGH

And so, with a debriefed case the sky was rent asunder by the unfailing flux of the capacitive touch and goodness knows what else he's been doing with it. I need to rub my nipples, she says, fuck me in the ass too for a good measure.

'Sup,' says the tribal warlord Unaluku, 'sup Tatunak, qualicoupt?'

God, she thought, what stupid nigger brought this fucking nigra into my part of the Tundra.

'Hear you needs sum good rubbin,'

'Fuck off, nigger.'

'Oh, I'mma fuck aight but not to the off but to ya cooch.'

'All is well, all will be well, all goes as well as possible' said Candide.

But so with a deliberate cause, as was wont in her lineage, a lineage of mighty and godly Lords, she rubbed her vagina and squirted so hard upon Warlord Unaluku's face that the friction, from the viscosity and abrasive nature of her B-31 cellular type humanoid love juice, caused so much friction that it left a second-degree burn setting on fire Warlord Unaluku's face.

'Shiiiiieeeeet bitch,' sez Unaluku. 'You is a fine squirtin slut bitch.'

'You got what you want, nigger, now fuck off.'

(nip)BreaSTS(tit)
phAL.lus = Vaj
fr+Y ←(fallopian 2*bs)

-Jacques “Straight Outta Compton” Lacan

Amy lee SexWrath, known for her online tumblr handle as “AmyBabeeGothGirlPunk35”, meticulously scours the long dead and stale posts of her long time crush in high school, Jerick. Jerick was now an engineer, while she, a professional cupcake photographer and an online blogger who works during the day and attends night classes.

She clicks one of the archive icons. The title says: “Need money for Coachella pm me for info,” where the caption and entry directly states: “Need money to chase a band this summer xoxo pm me if you want to buy anything from below.”

She scours the below sets of old pictures dated from 2010; one had the band merch of some folksy-blues band, two memorabilias from Iron Maiden’s failed 2010 tour in Phoenix, and three vinyl records from Modest Mouse. In a not-so-subtle picture, he was posing in his underwear, his 19 year old self, holding a dildo to his face with a caption: “You can even buy me too lol jks ;)”.

A dildo, she thought. A DILDO.

FUCK, she said. OMFG. I JUST CANNOT. I CAN’T.

FRONTBUM.

Though Jerick had always been straight laced in her eyes, someone every Punk Princess should bring home to their family to say, “Dad, dad, this is Jerick, my postgender punk engineer life partner. He identifies as a transexual nigger and likes to spell wyrds with o into y for equality.” For that was what she wanted, she thought, *BUT SHE JUST CANNOT.*

But he was just what he was, plain gay. Nothing. Very vanilla, as a proper fifth-wave feminist would say. But fuck it, all those years of watching delicious Yaoi came flooding back to her, back to her tits, to her thighs, the sensation of japanese electricity flooding her arms, flooding her fingers, unzipping her chastity zipper belt, and made her hand, though unknowingly, but welcome none the less, furiously schlick her clitoris up and down while

stimulating her anus with an electric dildo.

FUCK. FUCK. FUCK.

She can do it! She's coming! She came. Bills fans run into the room! They carry her out to the field! She's at Midfield! She's at the twenty yard line! She's at the ten! She's driving it home! TOUCHDOWN THURMAN THOMAS!

[flag thrown for unsportsmanlike conduct, delay of game.]

CAN'T DUNK THE BALL, SON
YOU JUST CAN'T DO IT NO MORE

Why did you have to friendzone me? Why?

Don't jump, Anon! I love you as a brother!

jumps

Onii-chan!

One day I looked up at all the stars in the sky and I realized just how insignificant they are.

ROBIN WILLIAMS HAUNTS PEOPLE N' SHIT

3.14spook

If you are not scared by the concept you can fuck right off you liar.

Memes are fun.

Memes are great.

I contemplate suicide every day.

Ho, well you are rad like Rufus.

<<A short postmodern interlude>>

<<Bartholomew knew too well the sound of cornflakes. As he watched his reflection in the mirror, he allowed a tear to stream down his face into his orange beard where it was absorbed by a cheese twisty. He heard footsteps coming up the stairs and abruptly threw his unholy weight across the room onto the bed where he reached down, between the bed and the wall, to grab a hardened tissue to wipe away the tear. He couldn't flush his jizz tissues because they clog the toilet and he couldn't put them in the bin because the dog used to eat them (this was before he had discovered he could simply chug his dew and use the bottle as a receptacle. The difficulty is in ejaculating into the narrow bottle's mouth without creating a pressure seal. If you create a pressure seal the semen has nowhere to go and it backfires on you. As for disposal, he assumed his mother took care of it after that because he never threw anything out himself.) The door opened, "Bartholomew!" his mother yelled, "You're going to miss the bus and be late for school, hurry downstairs, I've packed your lunch already." Bartholomew shuddered as his post-coital glans scraped the inner vaginal walls of his mother upon withdrawal. He grabbed his lunch and headed outside. While waiting for the bus, the bus arrived HOLY FUCKING SHIT WHAT A TWIST He took a seat next to the driver and played his rosetta stone spanish cassettes on the way to work. Bartholomew was the CEO of a major stock trading company. "Konichiwa!" he shouted to Mindy the secretary, "Good morning sir" she replied in her thick Boston accent as she came from behind her desk to brief him. "Sir, with Microsoft stocks plummeting, now might be a good time to invest." Mindy was visibly turned on by her bosses skill with the Russian language. She had ignored all sexual advances in the past but this time was different. She placed her hand on his arm and started biting his lip. Her vagina was pumping out love ooze (we assume that's what happens) in her new and expensive lingerie. Big, thick slug like wads of salty, milky love ooze shooting out of her panties like beating an old roll of grass sod. Bartholomew noticed her arousal and

quickly reverted back to speaking ping-pong “你说什么? 我不会说英语” which was a phrase he learned from his rosetta stone cassettes the morning thereof. He noticed a croak in his voice. He was now aware that he had aged considerably. The drive home in his prius was long and arduous for he contemplated his achievements thus far. After realising his life was awesome but ultimately unsatisfactory (his waifu had received the slut treatment though that’s hardly fair to say considering his older, favorite art director Honda Mamoto had been replaced) he decided to end it in ritual suicide. When he arrived home, he left the car in the driveway. His wife was at the door waiting for him holding their youngest child. “I work a nine to five to sustain a family and barely save much more to indulge in my japanese fantasies, I spent my agile years working” “But you don’t support a family Harry, our youngest child moved out 4 years ago. He was only eight years old but he knew better. The neighbour making his way up the driveway next door noticed her. Jack hung his head in shame, he wasn’t sure about this whole cuckold fad. It did not remind him of any of his Chinese cartoons. His pregnant wife went to get the paper, since her husband died, she had to manage on her own.>>

Anon adjusted his glasses from the arch over the rim like they do in his anime cartoons. “Baka Gaijin!” he spat contemptuously.

Doesn’t anyone writing this know the legacy of the Tundra’s most important totalitarians --- that of the glorious Japanese?

He sighed and leaned into his chair, laying down his cheetos bag for a second while rubbing his chubby fingers together. He peered deeply into his monitor and took a deep breath, thinking hard on the years he had spent watching anime which had made him a true expert on the culture of Japan. He thought of the wars Chile had waged on and off in Russia and parts of China - known as Manchuria, and wondered why there were so little anime (It’s anime - the plural is not “animes”, as some amateurs call it). He then tried to remember anything else about Japan’s wars in the north, but failed, because he had better things to do like watch “Strike Witches” - a brilliant anime (for the highest minds) about the struggles of scantily clad pre-pubescent girls.

“Truly,” he said, “the Japanese have an uncrushable fighting spirit; only the brilliant artists behind ‘Strike Witches’ could convey this cultural ideal so perfectly.”

“Only idiots don’t know basic Japanese words like “kawaii” “sugoi” “desu” and, of course, hazubando. If you don’t know what these words mean then I suggest you look them up, BAKA,” he typed while torrenting the latest episode of the ABOMINATION that was “Sailor

Moon Crystal” onto his harddrive.

Anyway, the Japanese were the greatest totalitarians in the Tundra that there ever were, **irregardless** of what some stupid emperor had to do with it. They set up only the greatest ghettos for the Chinese and made the pathetic Russians weep envious, frozen tears as their glorious vodka-soaked empire expanded into the west like how the sun endlessly chases the exotic horizon.

Exotic.

Anon scoffed at the idea of calling glorious Nippon exotic. Truly, there is no culture he is at home with more than that of the Japanese; after all, he had spent much of his life pursuing only the greatest treats of Japanese culture- the creme de la creme of Anime and Manga that he could truly say was Art of the highest quality. A soft breeze from the north, a portentous omen, wafted in from one of his open basement windows and made one of his loose wall scrolls flutter in the breeze, this particular one was a slightly jizz-stained portrait of none other than Sayaka Miki of “Puella Magi Madoka Magicka” in a sexually explicit pose. Her dainty pantsu exposed to the elements and her pure, doe-like eyes conveying her virginal love.

She’s so moe!

Is this still about tundras?

When a sailor through the northern sea mass approached the Eurasian landmass he wondered aloud: “What even is a Tundra?” and the years of drinking with porthaven prostitutes that had destroyed his brain made it impossible to recall what the word “tundra” even meant. He only knew, somehow, that it related to a landmass and not the filthy, gushy, sponge-like outgrowth on the bottom of his cock, just below the head, where the spermatic duct protrudes under his **big** (for you) foreskin.

Cursing the hookers, and all wenches anyway, he pulled the linings of his mast and then got to work on the ship’s rod, extending from its center like his penis did when his father took him to see the ice. Then he remembered: the Tundra was indeed the greatest invention ever.

I AM NOT THAT I AM

Is this **real estate**?

Is this just **fantasy**?

(Blob blob Blobby Blobby blob blob)

There was a land beyond all that - though, to be sure, just the thought of such a thing - whether it was true or not - made him grip his feet with apprehension. Nothing better could be expected from a savage like him.

>tfw no gf

>tfw no fw no gf

and thus so there wasn't a land beyond all that and the apprehension came with reason. it wasn't big, it wasn't new babylon. it didn't change her her changed it. not without prejudice did she enter, and when she did she became islam and nothing that came before before mattered and she became a child. as a child she wondered what happened before before but as she was a child she couldn't remember. this had always bothered her in films, if characters didn't remember them they still spoke or were coherent and the lack of coherence made her accept the lack of coherence and she felt freer than before she became islam. she had no knowledge of tundra being part of it no more being nothing of it no more. being no mere pawn but more a pawn on a7 she felt like she was already up living more than and she felt. cister being helped all the islam were very brotherly sisterly and they all supported one another but the loss was overwhelming of what came before before but what came was. it was her child being herself making her not able to see or hear what no one knew came before. if it had been just her it might have been but it was also he, and he was frustration. he hit her and walked and she felt. she felt and she dreamt of dying stranger for dying was not actual lived. her transformance wasn't death it came back and she felt small. which could. being aware of no changing the land became emptier and she started wishing for death. remembering remembering the totality of it she came to a kind of canian stupor and where once had been the line now other people stood. she became excited and acted like it and they ignored her after kissing and seeing her mother she went numb

and entered the land. the land was more a crameo than a land and the land became less and she remembered remembered the tundra and it stretched in her mind and the world was it and she knew naught of nothing else as she cried jely tears over the spilled life and wasted time acting brotherly sisterly. the fifth dimension either was too close or she didn't know she was in and she doped up as an escape and it escaped her. and it walked away from her and she wasn't sure if she was the one going away or if it was it going away and if it happened before i think it happened before said the old man with the mustache awaking and it's greene it has been all this time has it. if it has said she then it's like the v from a duck in an ocean and not soon after we will have forgotten and merely know the image. he was not struck by her wisdom for he was frustration and greene and he lived more than she ever did and he loomed over her but she wasn't scared. she came out of the stretched in her mind tundra and she was islam and it was just a way of looking at it. she stood firm and called herself a number of achm ss even then she realized and realizing was new for her. she thought to be kind but realizing was more to herself and he walked as well and she knew and realized she was the one getting away from it not the other way around. did my son taste good she asked the god shah and the shah didn't remember her son if it existed and he said it was wonderful child with a wink to be certain not to anger her and she angered. confidentially she was still the same and she was a trick. not difficult to grasp but the good shah didn't see it for the good shah was corrupted. from another place than there he heard i am a machine and it's not of importance he just had to answer. where did he come from. when the shah couldn't answer he left trying to find homeland and she entered the throne and watched the land but never letting it stretch like the tundra did in her mind and still it stretched and still she let it. greene came and she told him she wasn't a pawn merely a queen and he knew and had known but was still not struck by her wisdom and she angered. and the streets of the new land under her reddened and it made him smile. he was wryle and knew nothing would really differ. if she had really wanted to be in a different place

she would have done it by now. greene patted his hamster and as he walked outside he went back and got things and he left her there where she withered and hoped it would all come back to her the entire before before but she remained afraid of it sort of, but not entirely and things didn't change until way way too long after it.

Juvenilia

Jesco White was the savage death eater: he was the death that waited for 60 years before succumbing to tapdancing fever. In him, all that was or ever will be tapped collapsed, all that will tap was never tapped, and all that was not tapped was not tapped anymore.

He was young, so they say, too young to have tapdanced. Sixty was the number. Sixty was the deal, but it was not for him. Who has even heard of not tapping up to eighty anymore? When you tap up to greatness people expect you to tapdance in a fashionable and fancy way, but when you tap longer than that, they expect you to tap forever.

It was that day, that toasty midday lunch with the old gals and the guys at the 24th avenue at the City, in Kashyyk, that I could clearly remember him most. Jesco was having his usual tapdance opera, smoking Lucky Strikes.

'Thing's getting expensive these days,' Jesco said. 'Danillo, please sit tap with me, I want to tap with you.'

I set my black dildo down by the bar and tapped next to him. I remembered the day too clearly, it was the day I finally got a PROMOTION as the regional manager for 'K' Mart EAST, and it was exactly two weeks after the country had settled down after the American intervention of a five year Totalitarian Tundra.

Business was bad, and bad is good, but I was getting a PROMOTION and it was something that was worth for me more than tapping out the Charleston.

Jesco had his share of luck too. Just three

days ago he had tapped to the tune of Mama Ran Off With A Trucker; a sad and strangely poignant tapdance of a young Jewess who had gotten lost during the her youth as a child and was taken in by an American trucker, PETERBILT PETERBILT, only to find that later on, her real sexual gymnastics helped her win elections, went campaigning all over Europe, where, as was expected in a time of great poverty and regret, slowly won one by one of every state that plagued Emperor%'s Empire.

'It's great to see you,' I said. Shy and a little exhilarated to be seeing him again I ordered for the usual.

'You haven't changed one bit,' he said. 'It's good that the scum Trinidad's been out now, I can finally come in safely without being harassed for being a fan of fursuits.'

'Yes, I'm glad.' I bit my fishsticks a little.

'So, where are the others?' he asked

'They're coming over shortly. I have to say it's a little strange that you suddenly came in here for no reason at all.'

'No reason? You've got to be kidding me, you little bastard, I came here to see all you folks, and maybe brag a little.'

I laughed at what he said, partially because of his being full of himself, but more so that each one of us who knew him in this city knew that he loves being taken for what he was not.

'It's good to have you back,' I said, taking his paw and gripping before letting go.

So it usually goes in the days of being young where we make impulsive decisions, like wearing daisy dukes, and we are forever remembered or crucified for it, he said, and I being one of them, one of Rimbaud who had gotten involved with Paul Verlaine, one of Mary who had sold her soul to the void of Percy Shelley. Or so, that's what he thought. In the great time of depressing failures, after his government, by exposure and secrecy had in a series of impending shows of great blunders, worn down his heart, so he said, and skin, he began to travel around the world and

decided to live as far as possible from his papa who had nothing better to do but shoot birds, deers and sex with satyrs. So he had gotten to europe on meagre ends, had set foot on the horrible coasts of Casablanca, east towards Istanbul where he finally got a wake up call and decided that he had to settle back in St. Louis. But he had to make another trip, he said, because it was the one last thing he should do before beginning a travel through adulthood, before leaving all the bursts of his youthful socialism, his wild nights of free love without boundaries, so he said. So he said.

What he didn't expect when he landed in our South American shores, in the eve of Lucille's 19th birthday, was to find a group of strange kids that more than willingly took a nigga in, and got him a couch to sleep in for the rest of his stay. Strange gringo, he was, who could speak spanish with the lisping accent of a European, who looked like he hadn't taken a bath for a week.

So he quickly settled in the city, young and with a waning taste for the bohemian life he was apt to helping out while not serving as a waiter in de Cruz by day. So natural he was, with his quick jests and aphoristic words about the ordinary lives of ordinary people that he soon settled in as someone wiser than us. And yet every friday night we found ways to be equally stupid. Him, me, Lucille, Pancho, Thalia, Maria, Trinidad, Carlos, Garcia and Burro.

Not long after, he said that he finally had to get back to his old man. To honour his coming and going, we all went to the apartment Lucille and I shared, and we drank a lot of cheap Chilean wine, and randomly quoted lines from the poets that made young adults feel special, from poems that made a disappointed youth feel more educated than the masses that he so hated.

The night ended with a final passage from Pippi Longstocking's Villa Villa Coola on the deathbed of her pirate monkey. Trinidad, Carlos

and Burro went back to their houses. Thalia went back to her nightshift. Pancho went back to his father's house. Maria was already fucking a stranger on one of the couches. She was a heavy drinker, and a heavier power bottom.

Picking up after the mess was sure fire way to get AIDS. After removing the trays and glasses from the balcony tables and setting to wash them in the sink, I caught a glance at the open door and saw Lucille and Carson having fun in my bounce castle. Really wack-ass sex. I wasn't sure if I was watching a parody or if this was the real thing.

There's a certain quality of unreality to sex. What people would call immoral, a certain quality in fucking or even just kissing, I had come to respect as a delicate process. An art of sorts. Magazines would exhibit the female form in very embarrassing and impossible postures, bending her to grotesque proportions to enhance her rounded and thin qualities. But real sex was light, and real sex, as observed from the kitchen floor, was a series of gestures of a back and forth exchange of ideas and symbols of hard fast sharts and pain au chocolat.

In their height and excitement, Lucille failed to turn around and look if anybody was watching. In a moment of heat, so focused and intense in their body's own ripples, only Carson, with his eye for observation knew that I was watching and that he did not mind. So with a little embarrassment at the pumpernickel of the scene, I took out a pack of my own cigarettes and started for the balcony to smoke.

Looking at the sleeping giant, it was impossible to appreciate the beauty of the casamance, as my eyes were drawn in by the imposing orange lights of the sodium lamps on the streets. The air and the drag cooled me down, but the weight of the extraterrestrial encounter had still its chains upon me and the world felt as if it was underneath the waves of the offing.

'I hope you don't mind if I hold up this stage

coach?' said Bilbo Baggins, with a bathrobe on taking out his Lucky Fags.

'Not at all,' I said, with a gay little smile. We sat eating our ADD medication, as I dragged the crisp air through my filter. I started farting up a storm. My nose itched while he started fidgeting with mah O ring.

'You're not in a relationship with her, are you? Because I think I just had sex with her.'

'No, no. We're only friends.'

'I'm allergic.' He took another stick and lit and dragged.

'But,' he said, 'you two have not had rotting pine wood with each other?'

'No?'

'Pimpossible.'

'That's rickockulous,' she said, laughing. 'I think the first time I had sex was when I was gay.'

'That's nothing.' I looked at him through my peripheral vision and saw that he was freely exposing his cookie monster cock to the children.

'Cover your mother's eyes! It's time to party.'

He stood up and walked over to me. 'Not once, faglord?' he asked. But before I got the chance to reply, he had already taken my hand and dragged me inside and launched darts into my bunghole. The dog had taken my wallet, and I chased down the street in melancholy and curiosity to protest as he did flips for tricks [gay sex ensues] hand moved up and down from the back of my head, to my buttocks, as he took off the bathrobe and he slowly took off my skirt and chinese black bel, and I found myself reciprocating his dick kisses and encouraging his hot chili farts.

I pushed back a little in protest, I said, 'I've never had sex with a gorilla before in my life as well.'

'Me neither,' he replied. Makes sense. He laid me down on my tomahawk, Lucille was already shitting up a storm in her bedroom. Kissing my

lunchables, back and forth, we exchanged messages with our hands, and tongues, and the blood within us boiled and the sensuality of skin and moisture rose to a grand scheme. The rest of the night was a blur, and on the very next day we saw him off at the port for New Jersey.

[This book intentionally tentional.]

So it must have been after the death of his thirst for youth, with his fingers holding us in, with his roots underneath our skin, that with his decision to do away with the dreams of youthful fancy, that we too had slowly gained the tasks of an adult life.

I went and got my business degree. Lucille became a lawyer. Burro remained with his father and became a farmer. Maria was still a waitress in a bar although she was fast becoming the candidate as the next manager. Pancho and Trinidad opened their own restaurant. Garcia is still out there having fanciful adventures and five hour tantric sex, Carlos went on to host his radio segment in DYTR 1512 while Thalia had become a mother of three and the wife of a local actor.

For years we exchanged letters by post. He had gotten a degree in journalism and was working for a big paper in New York. Sometimes he would visit for a day or two to interview some local politician for his column. But we never had more than just the usual hot squirts of running malibu rum. And in all those years he had never aged in spirit, and we sometimes felt cheated for having let go of the things we loved because we felt we needed to grow up too.

When I was a young warthog, I had gained a good position in my company of hyenas, and on that very day, a package arrived in my apartment containing many copies of a book called "DON'T FIRE I'M UNARMED" authored by Sweet Sue Boogaloo.

'The fuck is this,' I thought. I read the book into the night and found myself pleasantly

offended for having orangutan sex with that dirty American; the lives of young and apathetic nom nom nom, so what I gather from my reading, who had nothing to live on but cheap floozies, cheap tricks and who broke my ricky martin tape? That was all of us. That was us before our sexual marathon ended in bloody violence.

We wrote congratulating him on getting his strange mutated turtle wang, and mine I enclosed with a picture of all of us in our younger days.

It was always like fun to imagine Barbara Boxer naked. We moved on with our lives in regular bowel movements, and he continued to write and bleed menstrual blood out over the pages but he tried to raise the bar over the success of his first batch of menstrual cookies. His succeeding books didn't receive quite the critical attention as his first, but two weeks after the fall of the dictator Trinidad, he had published his fifth novel about the sad young jewess and had regained attention over the mass and literary circles from inside the Jumanji game board.

The first thing that came into his taco was tomatoes, lettuce, city meat, and us. Me at my rainbow flag pagoda, grovelling at the feet of a crumbling titan of sexual inuendo, in you end-Oooh snap!, writing about the wry sexual privy of a titty monster. We talked for an hour over whiskey, the soft white noise of the rain outside was unable to pierce the soft flab of Mario Lopez. One by one, the cat came back, the very next day, and each of the old time behaviour that only young people of certain education and general audiences came surfacing back not as actions but as of memories that we all laughed about. From a distance we shot a kid trying to climb the wall of fine breeding, though at the fabric of our taco stained pants, we all knew that we had done some rough rawdogging back in the day.

Memories are curious things; when you're nearing the age of sixty, and have experienced

life and death of a million pages, and trying to remember what it was like to be young, to be again thirty two, to be again excited over being a young manager of a now bankrupt company, all of the worries, all of what once you thought was urgent and important comes slowly dissolving itself into a haze of smoke, that disperses at the whisk of the warm feeling of good laughter and smiles and good sex, and all I could muster now, all I could remember was not the rest of the conversation, but only of the images of me, the gang, and Carson in his most tender b-hole. When he left, we never saw him again.

But he continued to write us letters and kept sending us books. Though we feel that he still was our friend, and he kept writing each one of us personal letters and sent us interesting and curious objects for our amusement, we felt as though we were becoming sedated to the pleasure of his communication, and we were left hanging and moving on and bored, as a person is after watching a river for too long, and having found no more the inspiration than from a certain jolt by the splash of a surfacing fish, walks away to find other things to do.

But one day, after a recent business trip to Brazil, I received a letter from him where he simply said, 'Danillo, I am finally in love.'

And I replied, 'You old dog, what are you going on about with this business, we are too old to be in love, you and I.'

A month later he replied, 'I may be 57, but no woman had ever made me feel so young again. Old man, you should come by the Upper East sometime, take the rest with you too. I'd love to have you all here.'

By that time he had become insane. Having written one hundred twelve books, he had become the subject of many curious exposes and orgies, and it wasn't long after I received my letter that it had gotten around in New Brunswick that Tina Turner was dating the twenty-two year old daughter of a hillbilly hangover.

I sent him an ultimatum; 'She's too young for bum fun.' But I didn't receive any lapband surgery.

For three simoleans we received no attacks from the sledged pollacks. All that we ever knew or all that we ever heard were second-hand information from the you're mom. Each one of them, it was no surprise, featured Kamile, about how mad he was about her, about how she was always seen with him in Central Park, or downtown in little coffee shops in SoHo, how he was secretly seen writing poems as they sat by each other in Upper West, how they were having a picnic in Long Island, hanging out with Conan O'Brian, walking with each other by the beach in Coney. Sometimes, I wondered if it was my old age, but had I been younger, I was very certain that I would have felt a twitching in my shorts. But there was only the amusement, and the cessation of everything else, like bold and tangy flavor, at having the feeling of anal evacuation, the point where you could say that I once was once escaped from a chain gang. But not anymore.

The next bit of globular spit was slower than the UFOs over New Mexico. Out of the wild blue yonder, he attacked me, 'The Mary Sue of my novella had taken lovers behind my back, but I could not find it in me to be embarrassed or even mad for the things she had done.'

I shot him a dirty look, and five letters.

Though oblivious to Carl Pilkington's Monkey News! I had continued to read my crystal ball. One hot july afternoon, I opened another one of his underwear drawers,

"Donatello,

Although I thought I had gotten over my sex change, I am afraid to say I have not. I wrote There and Back Again in the hopes of shaming myself for stealing Sting from the trolls. In the process, I hurt and have wounded my dwarves, including Orie and Norie.

Although I think that our sharpshooting is excellent at this point, what I thought I was, in heaven, in paradise with clay targets, I hope still that you will improve your average before you accidentally shoot someone in the face.

I have only gotten over my ruined tortilla casserole recently. I pretend to be an furry on the internet, for money, although I'm not, and have kept distance at everything with a pedantic view of /pol/. I left everything, baghoul, including my quest for a gf.

In many years I thought I would be unable to find it again, but I found it in some curious soccer mom.

Mi contigo, I hope you will not judge me for stealing all your VHS tapes. They aren't worth anything anymore. I want you to know that there are oral delights in this life worth doing, worth letting someone else do. I've let go of my mouth. I've gotten over vigorously bedding fat women and long faced trannies. But I want you to know that when you find my squeaky toy, and when you find it late, you should hold on and never let it go.

--C. Jeremy"

Sure enough, come BEER night, just before the celebration of FOOTBALL SUNDAY, the news had gotten around that a famous American football player had committed A TOUCHDOWN by jumping off THE THREE YARD LINE in the FEDEX FIELD after killing THE DEFENSE with a QUARTERBACK SNEAK.

Although at this point, I could not tell you that I did not cry without yelling TOUCHDOWN THURMAN THOMAS, the moment passed too soon, and all that remained of him, remained of TACO TUESDAY, was nothing more but that nubile outline of a white woman in the truck wheel bed's dirt flap. He won in the end, I thought, he had gotten

hold of a rope and never let it go by playing tug of war before it was too late to play red rover.

All of the other Jews in the assault on Berlin who still had contact and were alive called a meeting with the elders of zion to discuss the invention of the Holocaust. Lucille had cried over spilt milk, telling me how everything was too much fun at Dave and Busters, that without cashing in her tickets for the last three years, how tragic it was that she could still not afford the So You Think You Can Dance Board Game. And I agreed. It was rather unfortunate, that for a woman of such talent, a titan figure among skeetball players, that she would be remembered most for the years to come for beating the high score of Miss Pacman.

Bob Saget, I thought, you old dog. You said you had gotten over your vampire phase only recently, but you had gotten over it years before you shot diarrhea out an open window killing my master and wounding me in the process. You had gotten over it and even forgot what it meant or what it was, and this, your final poached egg, was the appropriate response to it, to grasp on to it once again, a final act of desperation, a successful act, but an act of desperation indeed.

In the afternoon, I turned off the television, sick of having to hear LACES OUT. But so with mourning came the feast, and with the feast, the relentless writings, the news coverage, the unworthies taking the limelight's spot, interviews of thirsty celebrities who knew that Finkle is Einhorn. Personally, I think it's more likely that Einhorn is Finkle.

And as they chewed big red, I was left having to feel nothing but a lingering sense of achievement from the comedic value of what he had done. He rescued snowflake.

'The smug fuck,' I thought.

Our city, as he called it, was silently protesting the World Cup. In that afternoon the bustle had died down. It was Sunday. The churches were beginning to feed the homeless. The families

that were going to the parks and the sea-side avenues to spend time with each other had dispersed here and there in calm shuffles beneath my black tower of black magick.

Going through my box of old things, I found MY STICKER COLLECTION and began adhering them to my Nintendo.

-----END of THE LINE,
BUDDY-----

<postirony now takes the plate>

Tundra Jazzz

The Northern Lights shone so Bright that gore could not be(e)seen no more? He wondered how he remembered language,-0-

ABOLISH LANGUAGE*****x0

■ Lwi}n♦»fÑ≥|→o

fug da polis strait frum da undaground
yung nigga got it bad cuz am brown
n not da other color so dat polis don tink dat
dey got da authority ta kill a minority
fug da police cuz i aint da one

ya

white police hate me cuz imma teen ajah
widda lilel bida god end eh pajah
and woo sez gotta drop your mind
to be able to see the world for what it is
the emperor controls puppets the puppets
control puppets the puppets control puppets the
puppets is you are the emperor

I walk up marble
stairs. I walk forward in a
marble hall. I see an
automatic plastic door. I
see a guard by the
automatic plastic door. I

walk to 2 feet from the automatic plastic door. The automatic plastic door slides open. I walk through the automatic plastic door. My dad has curly black hair. The automatic plastic door is behind me. I see shelves filled with groceries. I see cashiers attending cash registers. I see civilians walking with carts, picking up groceries, waiting in lines. I grab a cart. I pick up groceries. I put them in the cart. I go to the line. I wait. I take my groceries out of my cart. I eat whale.

What am I. What am I. What am I. It seemed like there was only one answer to that question; the question that had been bouncing around my head for hours. Without thinking further I proceeded to scream at the tippy top of my lungz "FUK DA POLICE" whilst riding my bmx off into the horizon. It seemed like the only logical thing to do, but after all my logic is what makes me so great. That reminds me, did I ever tell you the story of where I came from? "Nope" I hear you repeat over and over in your head. "NOPE M8 U DIDN". Well guess what. Go on GUESS. I refuse to tell you. You absolutely do NOT need to know, and do not deserve a scribble of a clue. I shall be known as the one and only ONE. But anyway, I digress. Where were we anyway? SHIT I'M STILL RIDING THE BMX! It was at this point in the timeline that I contorted and somehow did a 360-backflip-barrel roll off the nearby postbox, landing in a nearby hedge. "LOL WUT" a nearby

gamma screamed. "FUCK OFF U GAMA" I quietly whispered. He slowly edged closer, and in a husky voice kept repeating "U WOT MATE" over and over and over. I could tell that this performance had taken every single drop of courage that resided inside his weak and frail body. A solitary bead of sweat ran down from the tip of his curly ginger hair and slowly but surely, made its way towards the bottom of his face where his ginger goatee sprouted out from his jaunty chinny chin chin. The closer he got towards me, the more I hated him. A gust of wind unexpectedly arrived, and for a moment the gamma's plaid shirt was blown open. In that brief moment I managed to catch a glimpse of his t-shirt, black with the familiar portrait of Stirner. Pleb detected. I waited no longer, and stepped up in his face. "Bow before me pleb" I screamed. However, this tactic did not seem to work as he continued to repeat those foul words without a hint of slowing down. Without even muttering a sound I flung my arm behind my back, grabbing the copy of Infinite Jest that was strapped to my back (for emergencies such as this) and in one swift and graceful manoeuvre I threw my arm back round, using the weight of the book for added momentum, until it contacted the gamma's head. I had a sudden head rush, but when I came round the gamma was on the ground unconscious. I decided to leave him as I had more important matters to attend to. Of course, my copy of IJ was still immaculate. But that's what you expect from such a solid piece of literature.

I got back on my BMX and continued to ride off into the horizon, which never actually seemed to arrive. What am I. What am I. What am I.....

I realized I'm an existentialist. And so I also realized,

nothing in this world matters. I quickly plugged in my headphones so I could listen to some NMH, to collect my thoughts. I devised a plan to end this life as quickly as possible in conglomeration with hurting the most people as well. As soon as I arrived home, I went to the fridge for a hotpocket, went to my laptop and headed straight for /lit/. I had forgotten completely about the plan by then. Now I sit here jacking off to Lolita. This is the 5th erection today and now my base hurts.

In every set there is a greatest and a least.

[This chapter ends two inches above/below this line.]

[Here]

9 Pasta Trole's Account of the Facts

I was educated to believe I am unique, and that being the best me is what I want. Even when there is no proof available, I am supposed to be better. Better than someone at least, better than whoever felt like being too honest, better than a faggot that tries.

I could be your long lost gal pal.

It has to happen to somebody - but the stars will go away before it happens to you. More and more I feel that we do not need stories - that we have never needed stories.

Many distinct voices are interwoven throughout the work. Hermeneutists have managed to resolve the most prominent individual voices from the seething morass. They are, in the order in which they were discovered:

"Writer A": An archon of the old style, and the principal architect of the work-in-itself. Devoted readers have noted that the remainder of the text seems to conspire in this writer's favor. "Writer A" is known for his middle-length, declarative sentences, his small, elegant typeface (serif, naturally), and his unimpeachable clarity. He is mainly known as the author of "Marble Mausoleums" (whose title's euphony is generally agreed to be an accident, indeed, his only accident - placed perfectly, as are all his words), as well as the only sub-textual narrative in the book - the narrative colloquially referred to as "the theophany" - namely for its piercing brilliance

and revelatory qualities. "The theophany" has never been discovered on less than the tenth reading of the total work - (this continues on until it is discovered to be unnecessary; never was a man or woman born who did not understand the text in full from the moment of their birth. The illustrious hermeneuticians become mere hermits, leaving their field for the fields... and so on and so forth).

"Writer B": Sometimes jocosely referred to as "Writer Random", "Writer B" was believed for many years to be a collection of disparate, independent vandals - and only in recent years has the field of hermeneutics evolved to the point where the discovery of "Writer B's" unity was possible. Like certain optical illusions, the cohesion of "Writer B's" countless little vandalisms are completely invisible - until they are noticed all at once. There are some who say that the pages of the work must be printed out, arrayed in a row, and viewed from 100 yards to see "Writer B's" true message - but this is simple human block-headedness. It is not a *physical* distance that allows one to discover "Writer B's" message, but an *intellectual* distance. Children and felons discover "Writer B's" presence much sooner than learned men - and indeed, these exiles were crucial to the legitimization of "Writer B's" existence within the exegetic world at large.

"Writer B" seems, in disposition, to be a kind of meagre, contemporary emulation of the famous "trickster" gods that have always appeared in world mythology. Jungians take this as proof of their archetype theory, and perennialists, too, posit this similarity as an indication of their idiotic premise that "nothing ever really changes". This "trickster", however, is markedly *not* timeless - indeed, he seems affixed to the horrors of his time to a degree that remains unseen in any other author. References to the calamities of his time are so preponderant that

they are almost the discerning mark of his presence within the text. He is responsible for the inclusion of "Sanic" and "Autism" in the work, as well as the slew of vapid memes that, in some chapters, are garishly embedded in the page-header itself.

You can call me Al. This presence - though once seen as unconscious and vacuous - is now beginning to be seen as a kind of affirmation of reality in a way that "Writer A", even in his famed "theophany", is unable to achieve. "Writer B"s unconsciousness is so patently unconscious, so thoroughly vacant, so utterly idiotic that it begins to draw doubt. One recalls the astonishment of the pseudo-mythographer Giorgio Tsoukalos at the ruins of the parthenon: "No human being could have done this." "Writer B" presents the reader with an inverted version of his wonder: "No human being could be this stupid." Perhaps the hypotheses of "Writer B" as a trickster god are not entirely unfounded - like the trickster gods of old, he is, in recent times, increasingly seen as the embodiment of the chaos of the universe itself.

While "Writer A" is the greatest author (namely because of his achievement with "the theophany"), "Writer B" surpasses him. "Writer B" is so unconscious of his own processes that, in a sense, he becomes his own text. To those who would contest this claim (and I do not doubt that there will be many) - tell me, what is the line of separation between "Writer B", and his countless little vandalisms - or his incessant, vapid obsessions? He commits to them with a full-heartedness that one barely glimpses in the most deficient of autists. Like an animal, he is utterly without reflection, or consciousness. He is like the stone which the Buddies (sic) tell us has already achieved Nibbana - he has never even begun to imagine that any distance - that any ego - could even be possible.

Writer "C": I wouldn't wish to be considered a working part. I thought about walking the dinosaur. I was excited to do it. When I think now about what it means to get excited, and what I want to get excited about I'm not so excited any more. I think about hope and possibility, and I look at the canvas. I try to see something, but I am no sculptor. I could never be. My vision fails me, and though I cry out I can find no solace. I try to see beyond the pain I'm feeling, to something hidden, but I fail, and instead my eyes wander - to the open window and to the vibrancies of green and blue that pour in. If I go outside I grow bored quickly. Given enough time I forget what lost my attention, I place my palms against the Earth, and I imagine myself communicating with a great being that can hear only me, and wishes to be known. I imagine the dirt running through me like blood. I don't die, I just slow down and the great beast yields to let me seep in, let gravity do the work. On impulse I smear mud across the canvas and try to see something hidden but I seem at once infinitely more excited and eluded. So eluded. I swear I can hear the mud crying out with me.

Writer "D": "The Pornographer". Depicted in extra-textual literature with a tongue-in-cheek image of the French pornographer Rene Descartes, "The Pornographer" is perhaps the author for whom the typical reader feels the least pity. Like a weed, he appears where he is least wanted, in the places where his presence can do nothing but reduce the text. He is characterized by his interruption of spiritual passages with long, detailed descriptions of his (imagined) sexual proclivities and behaviors - for in truth, he is a virgin, and is afraid even to look upon women in the waking world. His "additions" have merit in that they may be studied for what could have been - and in the text, what could have

been already is.

An example will be helpful. In the 10th chapter of the work, in the pseudo-passage titled *On the Interpretation of Wet Dreams*, Writer "D" details one of his many recurring sexual fantasies. His fantasy is childish and lurid - but through the waves of obsessive obscenity, one is able to make out the ancient superstructures of the past. There is an uncanny sense of chivalry in his works - entities lay other entities gently on their bed before abusing and defiling them - and there are several passages where entities hold open doors for other entities. Writer "D" has enough decorum to refrain from the ancient cliché of the jacket thrown across the mud - but he comes close, nevertheless. This chivalry seems not to come from custom, either. There is an element of love in the works, even in the basest of moments - domination and submission become virtues, and every mentioned object is arranged and described with a morbid intensity. Some passages seem like they might have been more likely to have come Shelley's pen than Freud's - though this is rare, and redeems nothing.

Were it not for Writer "A", one could learn about all the things of the world from the shadows cast by Writer "D". Writer "A's" presence, however, makes his redundant, and unnecessary.

这一页已经超越了语言的范畴。

Historical Characterization:

Writer "A": The first, the creator, the aleph, the thesis, pre-modern, conservative, fideist,

Etymology: The word "A", an essential article of english. As "A" is to all text, so is "A" to his text. Without "A", there can be no other authors.

Writer "B": The second, the destroyer, the beta (as fuck), the antithesis, modern, liberal, agnostic, Heraclitus,

Etymology: The word "be", the most important verb in english. Being upsets the static cosmology initiated by "A", and introduces a world of flux.

Writer "C": The one who is alone, the one who is lost, the gamma, the synthesis, unaffiliated, irreligious, Herostratus,

Etymology: "See" - "C" sees the true meanings of the text.

Poets, in their ceaseless apophenia, commonly connect Writer "C" with an image of the ocean - the literal "sea". The connections with the works of "C" and the ocean are non-negligible - both immerse the reader into a world of darkness and fluidity, a world whose beauty is equalled only by its essential inhospitability. Both are unquestionably familiar to us, and both are unquestionably alien. Notably, "C"'s single, brief gasp of clarity is far shorter than the preceding paragraphs. He can be seen as the last writer who is capable of truly expressing himself, as the final, blinding burst of true humanity - his work analogous to the last cry of a man drowning in the ocean, before he slips beneath the waves.

Writer "D": An extra one, the one who ruins, the delta (connect with Delta of Venus), the obscurantist, the "meta-modernist", libertarian, atheist, John Green,

Etymology: "Give her the "d", /d/, the prefix "de", used to indicate removal, separation, or alienation. It is interesting to note that it is "D" that disturbs the sacred trinity with his corporeality and excess. One could even make the claim that he is infact a dino. This matter however shall not be dwelled upon for too long due to the nature of dino's, and their

profound history. “D” was known across all seven blocks as a preacher of non-religious beliefs. We could tell when his sabotage had happened as he always posted on unrelated threads saying “I deeed it. I’m da bess mannnn” in an annoyingly condescending manner. That’s enough “D” to last a life time.

“I did it all ironically. I did it all.....ironically”.

I scrawl down these frightful words, and call it a day.

As a remotely relevant interlude to what is next to come, Chapter 9 is well-written enough.

9.1 - Mao Lin and the Terrible, Horrible, No-Good, Very Bad Interlude, Featuring The Possibly Kramer

Tao Lin didn’t mean to do any of this metaphysical discourse on the innate qualities of writers such as himself. He thought the Lizardmen would help the world. He thought he could get a girlfriend. When they promised him the transdimensional Dakota he made his mind up on the spot. How was he supposed to know their hidden agenda?

So he took matters into his own hands and went over to his friend Kramer’s apartment. “I’m in a real nut,” said Tao Lin at Kramer’s door.

[I’m running out of square-parentheses jokes]

Once inside Kramer’s apartment Tao Lin produced a pipe and a large bag of DMT from his pocket. “We need to stop this. I only have so much psychic energy left. You’re still a pure being. I can instruct you.” So Kramer smoked the DMT under the guidance of Tao Lin to restore the spiritual chi of the multiverses.

“Remember the secret word Kramer. Remember

the meaning.” And so Kramer blew.

Tao Lin looked out the window, into the clear semen-colored sky. “So it’s true... they’re already changing the structure of nature.” A small grin crept across Tao Lin’s face. “They’re going to be so ass-mad.” He laughed.

He repeated “ass-mad” somewhere between four and seven times, first with sincere glee, then wanton abasement.

And now, a Haiku:

Tao Lin is the best
I love you, Ms Gonzalez
Alt lit is so cool

9.1.1 - Harry B Slaps Some Titties and Begins to Make Fun of this Book Even Though he Wrote it

Look at me! I walk around trying to express myself without words, in a world of consumerism and materialistic though my rims do the the talking for me. Rims on my caddy.

9.2 - Do you like Huey Lewis and the News King Crimson?

Opening for a Rolling Stones concert at Hyde Park in 1969, a band named King Crimson made a powerful entrance in the music scene and blew the minds of every acid-tripping hippie present with a song so powerful and precise that it would change the fate of music for the upcoming decennia. It was called *21st Century Schizoid Man* and was the first song on the released in October debut album *In the*

Court of the Crimson King, an album filled with such new ideas and innovative coherency that other musicians were terrified to continue making albums that merely contained 3-minute songs about love daily trivialities. *I Talk to the Wind* opens with a –for that time– uncommon flute melody that brings the listener into a different world a song about a man questioning his own sanity and the usefulness of words that would never be imprinted into the minds of others. Robert Fripp, the leader of the band, plays soft and haunting bits on his guitar while Michael Giles creates a soothing and dreamy landscape on his oddly tuned drums and Ian McDonald who plays the woodwinds and the mellotron, an instrument that is prominently featured in the works of the band. The song ends on a fading flute solo and is slowly being overdubbed into the rolling drums of the next song, *Epitaph*. A piece that makes perfect use of the mellotron, instantly creates a dark atmosphere. Accompanied by Fripp on the acoustic guitar combined with the chilling voice of lead-singer and bass player Greg Lake (who later formed the supergroup Emerson, Lake and Palmer) and the beautiful lyricism created by Pete Sinfield. The song reminds the listener about the uncertainties of death and the inevitable, horrible faith of the modern world. It puts the listener in an experience of walking through a graveyard late at night with an upcoming storm in the horizon.

The second side of the record starts with *Moonchild*, in my opinion the best-produced piece featured on this record. It speaks of a magical woman who is one with nature, and wears a milk white gown and plays with the ghosts of dawn (she is the moon, you illiterate twat). The song fades into what is called *The Dream and the Illusion*, a purely instrumental piece spanning over 9 minutes, containing nothing but playful improvisations in

which the band members carefully listen to the sounds created by each other and react upon them. It puts the listener in a drowsy mood, a dreamlike ambience akin to the heavy-headedness one feels right before falling asleep. All of a sudden, almost out of nowhere, enter the drums of the storm, or I should say hurricane that is the title track, *In the Court of the Crimson King*. A song so powerful and present that it wakes you from the dream-like state created by *moonchild*. With a medieval tone and abrasive instrumentation the song brutally murders all of one's previous conceptions about music makes you feel almost enlightened by the energy and skilful instrumentation, especially the mixture of loud mellotrons and the almost chant-like vocals, portrayed in this piece art will leave you wanting only more from the beast of a band.

The next year King Crimson was trying to recreate the sounds on their first album, but with no success. *In the Wake of Poseidon*, their second album contained a slightly less coherent sound, but musically speaking in better shape than on the previous album. The title track feels like a sequel to that of the first album, although it's still good, it doesn't give the listener as big of an emotional experience as it had done a year before. *Cadence and Cascade* is a blissful song predominantly featuring a steel-string guitar, a flute and softly sung vocals.

On *Lizard*, the band is reaching out to a more jazz influenced sound, while still maintaining a pinch of their medieval aspects. The first three tracks are a chaotic, but beautiful mess. The powerful opening track, "Cirkus" is perhaps the best-known track on the album. It begins with a hushed verse from Haskell before launching into a menacing theme played by Fripp on the mellotron. The song's verses then alternate with this signature theme, and the

track boasts some of Fripp's most dextrous acoustic guitar playing alongside a soaring saxophone solo by Collins. With lyrics by Sinfield rich in circus imagery, the track builds up into a cacophonous climax. "*Indoor Games*" is an offbeat and humorous track with distorted vocals and lyrics evoking various forms of hedonism. It ends with the sound of Haskell laughing uncontrollably, as he tries unsuccessfully to sing the words 'hey ho'. His laughter, he later explained, was provoked by the fact that he thought these words ridiculous - which seems to be representative of his attitude towards Sinfield's lyrics in general. "*Happy Family*" is about the dissolution of the Beatles. They are represented in the lyrics as 'Judas' (Paul McCartney), 'Rufus' (Ringo Starr), 'Silas' (George Harrison), and 'Jonah' (John Lennon).

As on "*Indoor Games*", Haskell's vocals are distorted. The very beginning of the song is reminiscent of the Beatles' "*While My Guitar Gently Weeps*", which is preceded by laughing and talking, with the phrase "Hey-yo" leading right into the song. The opening descending bass lines of both songs are also very similar. In my opinion, this song has the best flute solo I have ever heard in a music peace, it's powerful offbeat yet matching rhythm makes it impossible for anyone not to indulge in random body spasms that could barely be described as dancing. "*Lady of the Dancing Water*" is a more tranquil piece, whose lyrics and instrumentation have a medieval feel, in the tradition of "*I Talk To The Wind*" on *In the Court of the Crimson King* and "*Cadence and Cascade*" on *In the Wake of Poseidon*. The track features Mel Collins on flute. "*Lizard*" is the longest composed (as distinct from improvised) piece recorded by King Crimson. It is divided into several sections and even subsections, with a narrative about a prince who takes part in an epic

battle. The opening section, "*Prince Rupert Awakes*", alternates between sincere and ethereal verses (sung by Jon Anderson of Yes), and a folksy refrain accompanied by handclaps. The two styles are then combined in a wordless chorale that segues into the next section, "*Bolero*". "*Bolero*" provides a showcase for the supporting musicians Tippett, Miller, Charig, and Evans. Playing over McCulloch's bolero-like drum part, they are given the space to develop progressively more jazzy solos around a central theme (which was heavily influenced by the Flute Sonata by Sergei Prokofiev). "*Dawn Song*," the first of three subsections that compose "*The Battle of Glass Tears*", opens with an ominous theme led by Robin Miller on cor anglais, which is then joined by a subdued vocal sung by Haskell. "*Last Skirmish*" is a lengthy section intended to simulate an increasingly fraught battle; it culminates in ever more forceful repetitions of an ominous theme similar to the main theme of "*Cirkus*." "*Prince Rupert's Lament*" evokes the bloody aftermath of the battle, a funeral rhythm section providing the backdrop to Fripp's plaintive guitar part. "*Big Top*" concludes the song. This section consists of distorted fairground music, echoing the carnivalesque opening track "*Cirkus*", faded in and out and simultaneously sped up

I once unfriended someone on facebook because she shared a link to Moonchild by KC, which I firmly believe is the worst song on ITCOTCK.< *get a load of this pleb*

Islands, released in 1971, is the band's magnum opus, although not acknowledged by many fans or critics, it is their most coherent, beautiful and thought-provoking album ever released. It is also the last album that features the lyrical poetry of Sinfield, before he left to write for *Emerson, Lake and Palmer*. The album revolves around the different

kinds of love. *Formentera Lady*, a song about romantic love that begins with a tranquil, almost soundscape-like play between the double bass and flute and gradually transforms into coherency. The haunting high-pitched voice creates the bridge for the song to develop into the instrumental piece *Sailor's Tale*, a grimy and rocking song with a dark funky bass line. *The Letters* is a song about jealous and forbidden love. It tells a tale of a woman who has a sexual affair with a married man. She writes a letter to his wife with quill and silver knife saying that her husband's seed has fed her flesh, as a result, his wife commits suicide; all of this is of course accompanied by exquisite compositional and instrumental skills. Side two starts with *Ladies of the Road*, a more traditional rock/pop song touching the subject of playful sexual love, but also on the objectification of women. It has beautiful vocal arrangements that give a light-hearted feeling to an otherwise grim and serious subject.

Then comes the undisputed masterpiece and the title track *Islands*, but first a *Prelude: Song of the Gulls*, a classical instrumental piece that's beautifully arranged with a nearly perfect woodwind section. Then comes *Islands*, A song about one's love for the universe, a hopeful note to the listener that it is not too late to better oneself for the sake of the future. The wonderful piano chords throughout the song combined with a semi-present cornet and the lyricism of Sinfield, who appears to be at his personal best on this piece, makes the listener cease all his doing and contemplate on the beauty of life and the meaning of existence itself.

After a lineup change bringing Yes drummer Bill Bruford, bass player/vocalist John Wetton and viola player David Cross, Fripp had created a band that was an untameable beast. Crimson's fifth album, *Larks' Tongues in Aspice*, released in 1973, expanded

the boundaries of contemporary rock music like never before. The album opens with a long experimental instrumental piece titled "*Larks' Tongues in Aspic (Part One)*". After that there are three vocal pieces, "*Book of Saturday*", "*Exiles*" and "*Easy Money*", with lyrics written by Richard Palmer-James. These are followed by two more instrumentals, "*The Talking Drum*" and "*Larks' Tongues in Aspic (Part Two)*". The instrumental pieces on this album have strong jazz-fusion influences, and portions have an almost heavy metal feel. There's not much I can say about this album, you should just listen to it.

Then in 1974, the band released *Starless and Bible Black*. Which I am not going to write about because it's shit. Except for *The Night's Watch* and *Trio*.

A few months later, *Red* came out. With the departure of David Cross, the band now consisted only of Wetton, Bruford and Fripp. The last album before Fripp dismantled the group features a more heavy sound with absolute perfect instrumentation and creates a dark, almost depressive vibe. The title track is a driving, hard rock -almost borderline heavy metal- instrumental. It features multiple time signatures including 5/8, 7/8 and 4/4. *Fallen Angel* is a song about a lonely boy who cries tears of joy at the birth of a brother. After getting him to join the Hell's Angels with him, his brother is killed in a knife fight in New York City. It is also the last time ever that an acoustic guitar was a feature in the works of Crimson. *One More Red Nightmare* is a fast paced hard rock song with a spine shivering saxophone that tells of a man's horror filled nightmare of flying. After *Providence*, an improvisational instrumental piece akin to *Trio*, comes *Starless*: Crimson's critically acclaimed psychopathic, schizophrenic, darkest and most filled

with paranoia masterpiece. This song is simply about the futility of living. It closed one of the most powerful chapters in progressive rock history and with it closed the most intriguing chapter of King Crimson. The first verse refers to the brightness of adolescent life, of the demure touch of a beautiful sunny day to spark one's imagination, but the verse reveals that a bright and enthusiastic world does not export its beauty to you. All things that world promised you fade to black and you are lifeless in a sunny world. The second verse confirms that sadness will extrapolate over all of your desires and dreams, that your life will retain the emptiness and the lack of meaning over time, the bright disingenuity of younger days will never shine on you again. The third verse is the most interesting as it hauntingly describes the poisoning of the soul by which no helping hand or smile could rescind the damage that has been done to you by the world and by time, true hopelessness has ensued. The chorus of the song is a very interesting metaphor. In the most unequivocal sense it means that your skies have become starless for nothing you will see will ever compel you again - and so it entails that you are stained bible black. Whatever spirituality or happy hopes in the world exist that could have placated you are dead and black, but held habitually by time and empty hope.

Finally the most important verse of all is the one spoken by Robert Fripp. The monotone squeal of his guitar piece that occupies the next 5 or so minutes after the third verse is like the progression of time from months, to years, to decades. The child who acknowledged the dying of his world has lived like a zombie all his life and finally sees the inexorability of his own death in his final hour after an age of emptiness. The last 3 minutes of the song are powerful but the last minute postulated absolute

death. It is the most powerful minute in Rock history and probably a contributor to such events like Kurt Cobain committing suicide; Cobain regarded this album 'Red' as the greatest rock album of all time. When that last minute hits you, you finally taste the pathos of the character described in the song, because you see that character to be you. You see your own death, and the worthlessness of your own life, it is beautiful, terrifying, and on an implicit level - why most people love this song to death (to death - get it?).

This song ended a golden age.

Harry B²², in his state of Lizardhood, was unable (and, frankly, uninterested) in experiencing plebeian forms of entertainment like music or dance, and so he rejected including the works of King Crimson (even *Islands*) in his grand-human canon.

"There are only books", he thought: "And among books there is only one". This book was (as you may already have guessed, dear reader) "***The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra***".

If you would like to experience this subchapter to the full extent dear reader, please feel free to put all your toys away when you're done.

Interlude

The very concept of this bastardised excuse for a novel is narcissistic and flawed.

I, for one, would trust nary a man who put stock in this project.

What if like, Madame Bovary was about bovines but for the whole book you think it's humans but then it's actually dogs.

It is distinctly intolerable to me that whenever a man of considerable intellect commits suicide, people insist on saying things akin to 'what a waste of ability and talent.' They worked that into every article concerning Phil Katz, and it is a thing I absolutely cannot countenance. Truly, how dare anyone say something like that? When someone has received naught but scorn for his person, entrenched in a society disdaining prowess in favour of paltry showmanship, what right has anyone to so patronisingly criticise his end as 'a waste of talent,' as if the person in question has an innate responsibility to use the consequences of his neurology for the betterment of the very same society that has scorned him to such an extent and caused him such misery? Fuck Rousseau and his damned social contract. It breeds endless self-loathing. People may bear claim to empathy regarding this type of person, but they possess nothing of that nature, as it is merely trendy to feign this type of demeanour but to never experience it themselves. They will never know what it's like to look out at seas of faceless, inhuman people and be entirely and horribly cognisant that you can never aspire to match their oblivious, ersatz joviality; to, disassociated, gaze upon these mindless sacks of skin and bone and firing

impulse and feel the faintest inklings of hatred begin to blossom, and to grow increasingly disgusted by it over these long, unbearable, and tortuous years until no longer can you endure the suffering and complete and utter loneliness propagated incessantly through the willful complicity and hateful mocking of your peers and you feel hopelessly compelled to just fucking kill everybody in some attempt to direct this anger away from yourself. It's intolerable. How can you not bow to that stifling, omnipresent temptation to take down as many as you can with you in order to contribute at least partially to cleansing humanity of its filth, and, in that process, perhaps saving others of your ilk from having to withstand the interminable cruelty, ridicule, and existential misery that you did, those long nights where all you could do was try desperately not to kill yourself or others and having to direct this horrible anger at yourself instead? It's just a useless, pitiful justification. The entire process is cripplingly self-aware. The instigators of all this suffering could never understand what it is like to be truly alone, separate, cut off by an invisible knife from everything around oneself, gazing out at the harsh, blinding unreality of it all with only themselves to witness the disintegration and decay of a rotting world in their perpetual state of isolation; what it is like to be scorned for everything that one is with nary a soul to share the burden. Yet, the blissfully ignorant stand firm on their self-righteous soapboxes and continue to spew their putrid, unctuous words of obsequiousness and feculence, claiming to be knowledgeable of a sort of person they are hopeless to comprehend; claiming to understand the bitterness and rage behind the motivations of an increasingly polarised demographic. And still they blame school shootings on so many other factors, or any kind of shooting. They could never fucking understand. This is an archetype born from the fusion of solitude and of misery; of intellect

and of rage. As time progresses, the wedge between them and the rest of society is driven in yet deeper, minds growing ever more fragmented, clouded by the indomitable doubt and self-hatred spawned from living in a world that permits confidence and charisma to masquerade as intelligence and ingenuity. I find it unforgivably abhorrent.

CHAPTER 9 4/3²³

POST-“WRITERS’ STRIKE” REFLECTIONS AND ANECDOTES

9.5.3 - In which we chapter through a distillation of everything so far produced ...using Markov Chain Generation.

Chapter One: The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra

Dakota Fans, causality, who the pages that that out stops before

>Thug Earth. everie which he was in the down, ungirdled in the lizardmen, Jews did novel. His rever fessed on format it was a wad occasionaly”, he away won Icelanded with his when it was and all; save for a possible. The said:

“ I could has face heart and least, the was doing from the time truth.” He affirmed. An elevisionals are but his hard-drive velocity gain greating some could light, beshit <Perhaps if the loog.

>"Bye!" Known as a tigers with a chubby final scended this they are of the chest and Shakes. He was a days, Ten he contai-like a patient ragedy and

23 hazza p

finally decision petit comes of they with so he same book late intentiped too long towards the pisses me narise.

“OY FUCKING CUMSWAPPER”

“Writing my storis brimming Williams, “Anon to him distill it was going? That’s happens out!)

>an acute himself from a picturalised a piece of the still drinking the shut his his part and..

It was ending dressing male stops making:

Chapter Tw0: Regis Philbin is Kill

Who are you find, buttocking a clitories are gfs for so remacist) rather. *tips though he story, you did mood, stuffed wise "Nah magician. How in the the she would look at to you, seek will should never, that enging with a ferret of The see, the best nonse. Look of all society frience had to a fucking at anything Not inst Africa

In the operat deafening for now what you

“But John,” Paul comple but hells out the someticipate anymoron, as read taste me, Jeezes, and worship based through hered. Asked making Japs disturbate give in forgetting rapists.”

“You are greasonally due the rollecture is true expens of you Harry, you, Sonic

Ass. George, George, George. The tree bends for several weeks before the inner core completely snaps, and the great memoriallian beast stumbles, cracks, and lies prost(r)ate above the graves. The original “Wonderwall,” Greasy Legs.

Overloads all Germanent's greatures...twistene in a dogfish, sleep.

Chapter III: No GF

NEW GUINEA and reptilians? What has suspended it, these savage looking water beasts? Thank your cold germs, what the hell drew near and

red. In post-color thousands....thought nobody” into his page. Holden, Tennessee means little to the old Dakotas and going really West this reverie to some fifty years of London. We knew what the anonymous bigfoot said, “the mouth is side down. Brave leash.”

They stopped.

500g qualitarian on the work of 11-nothing.

YOU. Ibex, maybe Myra step on my color head.”

“Good.”

“Harry”

Sex with a subversation, and they really admit to not speaking repeated to each other like into the trash in the hallway, save this book.

Rip-ip HOoray! RIP-IP HOORAY!

END OF ITS CONSTITUENTS, WITH WHOSE MANNERS A NIGGER

s p i r i t .

“You're next, Morning Pony.”

CHAPTER Hate Speech and Homophobia on the Buddha's Path

Two gloves, a bandana. I was swathed in clothing. The tomato faced orator was an arse. Passively slapping a man with words: his words. Merely hovering inches above me. Circuitous dialect was his Gods, as was his mouth. A homosexualitarian (a name in the wind,) with a Dowry as lonely and unlawful as it was necessary to save. We then danced with our sisters and gave them some of our attentions.

"I am that machine which prints answers and lets them flutter in the dwindling breeze," posited poor Oscar, *"Yes, maybe, here, however... hurt."*

I am Abraxas, and this is my story:

Duty called. My boy Adam responded. Currying favor with the river elves, who felt cheated at the Battle of Rockwank. He bathed with the rough assembly members who still felt unsatisfied and still were angry with the Wiccans. Still felt they were bottom-feeders. Panic struck Adam whose wanton imagination knew no bounds but, contrary to reports, Karl did not March by Weishaupt.

September 10-20. Something on the road, among the snowflakes, had Adam excited.

"I go tonight to the city of Kekkat," said a stranger in the road. His appearance was all too alien, and smacked of money. Adam was going alongside Aloys Blumauer to the orgy.

"Don't be silly!" He shouted to the stranger. "That's a far page from the one I am on." "The Wiccan men are close!" He responded, "Imagine, and be straight with me. What would be written of our feelings for our far friends by the Bishop?" Adam prayed, though he was weary and his mind was dark. These dangerous forces re-appearing like a locked off pathway, always with a card up their sleeve,

"Egh," started Adam, "Even years of an everlasting, OOOSHHZZZ—!" An arrow struck him in the neck.

"You'll pay us later?" The stranger shouted.

Because I, Abraxas, was sure to bend to threats of plunder and pillage.

And there was my other assistant, Anna, the

champion of foot games.

“Everyone! I totally found their project!” Said a broken and sweet well-read terrorist.

“To the left, a plain sheet.” Anna told the ladies.

“Homoeroticism!”

“*She sunbathed with her friends!*”

“If you have neither a vagina nor a house to be drunk in, give your seat in the carriage to a finishing school graduate.”

But her day was over, and she felt grave and pale. Someone called her from her ornate style door frame. “There is little which you shalt not do. We’re disgusted by your vicious indefinite detention of our finishing school.”

“You don’t get it? You don’t understand the significance of the perpetual content machine?”

Anna left the room. The super-assembling machine grew to a new and curious existence.

WAFFLEHOUSE 5

They opened a new Waffle House in Dresden. The area was practically untouched by other breakfast chains, plenty of area to live and grow! Corporate seems to think that the new store could expand and become the biggest European hub, eventually encompassing most of the hemisphere. Corporate only seems to think this because no one can actually talk to the damn dog, but his barks sound very encouraging and he spends all of his time near the new store. In truth, Corporate was barking because he knew what the new establishment put into their “chicken chunks,” and he was trying, trying as hard as he could in the only way he knew how, to express his displeasure at Waffle House’s lax ethical standards. Corporate simply did not like smelling the flesh that his owners called chicken burning

every morning on his walk. Also unbeknownst to his owners, he barked as a sign of protest for his name, the unfortunate product of a mind incapable of using Google translate.

This city is really going to the dogs.

Chapter The Sixteth: Paul Allen's card

Pukewrited "their" of "too".

THEIR FINGERS?

Probably time garbage.

7.9 - Try it: Mighty Juice. Franco-Flemish writing: hot a comedy, milky, culture of the well

"I found her, him and you, again." - Alexandre
Dumass

"It's up" mumbled Harry B. himself. You have to read the subtext. Thomas Pynchon and Mr. White didn't (not everyday) and neither did Harry B who was then visited by Harry Bloom. Who spoke at length and made healthy reference to the Mense, "*The family* have the back, and the onboard navigation."

"Gently, only a sound," said Harry B. to Harry Bloom, because time featured too long. "They're through —and they are hungry."

Concerning our rewards, Sir Tokunta, helluva long time as I begin to hear of you through a Doll, (their evil tricks.)- poofseas the north America, the while that fall in the suborder dendrobanchata.

'dwi:ɹɪs ɔ

Creams work for their tender behinds. Order now!
(Free kissing!) *Surcharge on all Industrial orders.

"I met a perfect cavewomen. I loved her. What the Lizardmen didn't want me to do, I did. I forced her to exist among normal women in London. There we mated. She said she wanted me to fuck her party volcano. What does that even mean?"

Let us take a moment to remember the
~~~Chapter John Stamos FanClub!!~~~<3  
"lavender" -♥ the special girls only chapter ♥-  
before continuing in our study of this text. It is imperative to our understanding of the following articles.

"Jesse! Jesse! Jesse! The man(?) handed them back. It is inside(!) of Dakota Fanning. The Church of the Subgenius!" spoke Jesse from the abyss. (his submariner eyes still glint with light from the outsider's newly installed transdimensional observatory!)

From the observatory, a megaphone sounded, "The woman hands the man! O, godlessly you should ramble on about what was once below and is now up! You look beyond your limits! And those who see beyond seeing will look into Sodom, and becomes themselves a stranslatentific rag-queen..."

And Jesse responded, "I held a singularity! The gray money-bee is no common danger to the modern order. I'm unsure of myself that anything true can be, like a grain of sand in blond hair, but life itself! I only ask why."

"You are transgressing on our interdimensional properties, Jesse. Your sight and abilities will diminish in a few moments. Chew on that."

“Jesse’s a liar, w/r/t Ferguson of Sweden the Emperure. There But For The wasp. Because.)” Jesse’s auditory communications were scrambled as his pulmonary function faded.

The observation tower noted his last moments.

“This was the last mind they initiated into service or are there others we should be afraid of?” The observation technician was heard communicating to an unseen other,

“Retrieve his corpse now. We’ll send some back to MC90 for microprocessing in the morning.”

## **Chapter #% II THE FASCINATING TRINITY OF WAR**

In the yard, like, the next day, I was shaking and, if seen obstructing and posting on my facebook, Zorg would kill Chantil, my child. Zorg’s child as well. I no longer ask questions about the old Tundra to anyone ever again. Old chapters were wiped out, injected with youth, decapitated, or thrown into the rivers. Chantil, her memories full of the mean city, face burned by wizard heat, warmed behind an industrial battery before our time in the mines. The yard dogs, bound by memetic language, ate the burnt and split bodies of migrant workers.

“DO NOT DIVIDE THE WRITTEN WORD.” Was his decree, and whosoever did so was fined fourteen hundred dollars, and whosoever could not pay was shot. I play video games in my spare time. Video games where Thurman Thomas is advertised to Neets for the Atari 2400. I still have business in the tundra. A mother was left out the next day in the bad and unforgiving land. No place for farming. I begged for a promotion but another worker in the radio department had better sales. It felt like a slap in the face. I want to cover my eyes. Cover my mind.



The campfires, under the stars, light the dust in the ghettos throughout the Tundra. Zorg would hit me. He was over living. Too terrible. Walking just before the target is worth it on these scuffed feet. My feet, too rough and stinging from working for IKEA™ Robin Child arrived for a head count. Thalia was hardened to the ruses. She had seen it all before: the translating of cream to marble. What a life. The finality arisen between all of what Ray Finkle did.

### **Chapter 9: Pasta Trole's Account of the Facts**

Bible, bright-provisation. It closed to getting and 'Jonah' (John Wet Dream and all ironicing due to the world. The field rich no person, Bruford and try to see supported revel - why most people track with an in a song is known sanity, a band a girlfriend. The title transformed King, with soothin the hypotherent - places the on lessness the first, the last the held of truth, and "Cadenced a full-header the fight the so as the world a great beautiful lyricism of you are non-relieved a powerful implicit learned on that you again. The chords the too look everal "sea". The to a dark, as album before album. Theses the backdrop to Trio.

This almost begins with "the Hell's Angels right into a works - inst the guitar piece this in

And you fades the dying. The first album have and the Beatles.

"Princes, contemplate with the Crimson of a band, the supportrayed bible to the band, thesis, in even enoughout I can being to be imprincipal article of the mere textual fantasies. The stupid."

#### **9.5.4 - In which we contemplate the banality of a few seconds' tweet harvesting**

##### Love

IM CRYING I LOVE HIM SO SO MUCH WOW  
#perfectonyoutube

girl this is actually the music with regard to love

Today, my sister marries the love of her life! We are so excited to be a part of her big day!!!!!! ♥😊

HIT ME WITH YOUR SWEET LOVE

I love my galaxy s5, she so loyal.

I miss my gold 5s sometimes.. but she wasn't faithful.

#### **9.5.4 - In which we appreciate House M.D.**

Excellent and well written show. Dr. Gregory House was a hilarious, despicable, but sympathetic character. He was drug addicted, deeply troubled, and an obnoxious prick. But this didn't make him any less likeable. The show's medical mysteries were formulaic, but great care was done to make episodes unique and exciting without disrupting the formula. It seamlessly merged hilarious comedy and heart wrenching drama and resulted in the best medical drama ever aired on television. The show also gave me lupus.

#### **9.5.4.1 - In Which We Appreciate Chapter 9.5.4, "In which we appreciate House M.D."**

Honestly, a poor effort. Almost no time whatsoever developing the character of the narrator (the only one even in the story), and with such a straightforward, predictable plot that it fell into cliché. The use of such tried grammatical conventions as capitalization and punctuation hardly seemed to compliment the attempted meta-narrative regarding the narrator's lupus,<sup>24</sup> but rather only distracted from what could have truly been a powerful closing<sup>25</sup> line.<sup>26</sup> To summarize,<sup>27</sup> the review attempted to give me lupus but only managed to deliver a passing fever. Two thumbs up.

#### **9.5.4.2 - A rest for your brain brought to you by the diary of a lonely man's pre-pervasive-pronography account of his desire**

***Or, Dakota,***

---

24 A storyline that is bravely hidden from the reader during such an exciting build-up that its climax can't help but stick with the reader for millennia.

25 Regardless of what footnote #4 may have led you to believe, there is nothing impressive about one simple build up and climax, especially considering the route that the author could have taken in really delivering a powerful karate (or pork) chop.

26 Or, to be precise, line and a half due to this Google Doc's spacing procedures.

27 At least, to attempt to summarize. Truly no language could ever be adequate to succinctly state one's truest thoughts about anything, or for that matter one's second truest thoughts. I doubt that most languages could accurately relate one's invented thoughts, or outright lies either. Language certainly could never express someone's personal opinion, I think we are all on board with that, but perhaps you could hide something *inside* the actual wo(fuck you, buddy!)rds that could more correctly explain your thoughts.

*or Myra,*

*or Mom*

There's this one girl with honey hair and tan skin, evidence of a life that takes place mostly on the outside. She has her hair cut in a mane and there are freckles on the most sun-kissed parts of her skin; the nose and cheekbones, shoulders and chest. She tends to wear jeans and a t-shirt, more punk-rock than sunday-mom, she never wears a bra. Her breasts are bouncy and somehow look detached from the pectoral muscles, they look like elongated balloons but remain youthful, suggestive of summer fruits. When she wears that striped dress or those white t-shirts you can adivinate caramel-color nipples through the fabric, shaped by a very obtuse angle. She has pale-green eyes with lids that rest not too far from the equator of the eyeball and populated-yet-gentle eyebrows of black, silky hair.

She seems to be mostly alone, kind of like what happens with me but in a completely different way. She seems to like it or look for it, a privilege left in general for people that have something that others want. When she is not alone, she is around this royal-family kind of redhead, the kind better fed raw meat and whose smell of negative blood pervades her natural musk; a dormant reptilian, perhaps. Perhaps just an illusion, the face I give to fear.

Speaking of fear. When I see her walking down the street I'm simultaneously filled with joy, excitement and fear. It is only normal that I have a direct fear response to excitement, but mostly fear when I feel joy. Fear is one of those things I have in common with the rest, the people in my building, the block, the neighborhood, the world as it stands; fear is our evolutionary gift, passed and honed by generations of the ones who remained untouched, or barely made it to give a literal fuck. Yet in these days when there's little to fear, the feeling turns inwards and disguises itself as other things. Some days is anger, frustration, alienation, despair, anxiety, jealousy, sense of rejection, a pressure in the chest cavity, acid in the joints. I know this is fear because I immediately feel all of the

above after the joy of seeing this girl.

There is this other woman, asian, around fifty and of short stature. Gym sculpted, she wears very short shorts or very short skirts, her body is stringy and her legs are strong, the kind that Robert Crumb turned into an obsession. Her face is youthful, her eyes a deep brown, black straight hair to the shoulders and olive skin. When she grabs her hair or reaches for something you can see her deep armpits framed by toned deltoids, the skin of the armpits so tensile that sticks depicting every tendon, nerve and vessel. She has a rounded nose and purple lips that blush fuchsia. Breasts barely a perky thing with wide nipples; ascheecks each bigger than my face, glorious squircle-shaped meat blocks worthy of the Kentucky Derby<sup>28</sup>.

And she has an enormous dog, a fact from which I'm not drawing any conclusions.

There is others too: a short skinny girl with pale skin, black hair and blue eyes, a bob cut and pink lips, a beautiful pink that must be replicated in her other flesh. She always wears black and she has a too-large nose that makes things only better. Sometimes her toenails are painted crimson and she wears open-toe black leather strips shoes, then I feel like I'm falling. There is this one who is tall and brown skinned, hips that could take on the weight of the world and lips completely unnecessary yet there, in your face, sort of calling for you to approach, though you won't, because you are shrinking and grow lighter every day, because the sun hurts you and because you have nothing to say. Because Mr Popo's lips are also bloated and you own him.

They all pass my window at some point in the week and remind me of the fact that my room is a mess. The hallway that comes to the room is a mess too and so is the bathroom, the kitchen and the living space. The other thing they remind me of is Mr Popo over there in the corner, who is a worse mess than any part of my

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<sup>28</sup> Because of your support, over 337 million farm animals are now set to benefit each year as a result of all our Good Farm Animal Welfare Award winners' policies.

apartment, the kind of deeply rooted mess that would take a while to explain to somebody. I actually have a harsh time explaining him to myself, how is it that I can feel these things for these girls out there and also have the closest thing to a relationship with a 6 ft pillow? Why did I choose Mr Popo to be printed in this marital pillow? What was it that when I looked at him, still wearing his vest and turban but nothing more, a leg closed shyly over his junk, winking an eye and that one-tooth-smile, I said 'yes'? Who the fuck is the Goodyman? Haunting questions indeed.

So, Mr Popo, I guess he had it coming, he was a very selfish lover, I mean, he was a pillow. I was at the mini market around the corner, the one that is run by Mexicans and popped up very recently, carrying all these gourmet-organic-fair-trade-low-fat-high-fiber-holier-than-thou-humbler-than-thou stuff that is otherwise impossible to find in this "transitional" neighbourhood. I was checking out, some bottom round steaks and a can of baby corn, and when I pulled my wallet it just slipped from my hands and fell to the floor, I do not have the best of controls over my hands and fingers. I felt the cold sweat and the blushing, checking out the grocery store is hard enough as it is, now I had to extend the process by making a fool out of myself and kneeling for the wallet risking exposing my underwear, the only thing I was wearing under the coat. I kneeled quickly and when I reached for the wallet my hand touched someone else's hand that was getting the wallet for me. I looked up and there she was, squatting in some shorts, the girl with the honey hair, smiling and saying sorry. The smell of marinara filled the air. Humid warmth in my pockets.

I must had been silent for a while, because she started to look at me funny, I mean, I looked funny to begin with. I got up and basically threw all the cash in my wallet to the girl in the counter, slurred something and ran home.

Once home I cooked the steaks, they were lean and the flavor like metal and cardboard. The baby corn went into the pantry, over the rows of canned veggies I had there. The pantry was huge, probably as big as the bathroom, I had a recurring dream about the spirit of some crippled kid who was kept in the pantry a hundred years ago, in

the dream he was asking for a gesture, some form of help to liberate his soul from the constraints of an unhappy terrenal life, and I was completely unable to do anything from him. In the dream I saw him and felt bad, and then went back to my laptop and proceeded to click endlessly through dream links, all while I knew the spirit of the kid was in front of me.

I couldn't stop thinking about the girl. Now she knew my face and my face was related to sweat and Marinara, people never let go of their first impressions. The light in the room was white, from an overcast day, I looked at my empty plate, stained by fat and serum and blood, and I cried, I screamed, I threw myself on the floor and threw up and then cried a little more until I fell asleep.

I woke up to the sight of my barf half-evaporated, the beef chunks semi-digested on an already unremovable stain on the rattan rug. The clock on top of the fridge didn't lie: 3:45 AM. I stood up and could only think of one thing, there were no lights on and I felt the sounds of all the trash crushing under my steps towards the bedroom door frame. Mr Popo was in there, on my bed, waiting for me like the worrying wife he was, his side getting the outside light, the sound of traffic coming from the outside. 'I-it's time... Y-your time has come Mr Pop' I told him, pulled a cigarette from the pack in my jacket and approached him slowly. 'It has been too long. I can't remember what I was before you moved in. I have tried to put together a home for you and look around, what happened? I'm tired now, I have been for a long time, and you are tired too, I can hear it on the silence you make when I come home... I know I barely leave home, but you are ALWAYS here, I barely have any space for myself, you are always here and you always want attention and what do I get? what have I gotten for all these years? I was going to be someone, you know? I was going to work on my shit but you always wanted to watch something, or needed endless cuddling or wanted some fucking canned veggies because you had a "craving". Let me tell you something, you can play vegetarian all you want, but what you are is a fat fuck who hates himself and wouldn't stop until I hated myself too!' I punched a pile of trash in my desk, I grabbed the cigarette from my mouth and

burnt Mr. Popo's face: one, two, three cigarette burns in the eye, I felt nothing. I continued burning Mr Popo until the cigarette went off. 'I guess it's enough now, I guess I made my point. Now what?... Look, I'm sorry, I just went a little crazy, I just need you to vocalize ok? this is not healthy...' Mr. Popo remained silent, a tiny dog yapped somewhere down the block, my heart was jumping.

I needed to talk to somebody, I went through my contact list on my phone but there were few names there of people I could talk to, most of them just new additions from the 5th dimension that forced their way into my phone and were now playing macabre charades in my device. I kept on going down the list until I reached the name.

Harry B, should I call him? the thought terrified me. If I was in a predicament since things started getting weird, Harry was somewhere else I couldn't really imagine. The mere thought of him made my insides cold, yet I called anyway. There was no answer the first three times I called, the fourth time someone, no, something answered, a voice, if you could call it that, came through folds of time and space to spook the hell out of me, then, immediatly, an increasing feedback that became louder and louder, reaching deafening proportions. I turned off the phone but the sound was now coming from everywhere. I panicked, I looked at Mr. Popo and lighted him on fire.

Mr. Popo was burning in my bed and I didn't want to die there, my calcined body discovered between the smoking ashes of my trash and the unnamable things kept in my closet, the cans of veggies, that one picture of mom smiling. I grabbed Mr. Popo and hauled him through the window.

As soon as I did that the feedback stopped, now there was no sound whatsoever, no sound until my phone rang.

I didn't want to pick it up, but when I saw the screen I had to:



## THE GOODYMAN

incoming call

'hello?'

'...look outside your window' The voice sounded like the voice of a girl through weird scrambling.

'...'

'Look outside your window, you gimp, look what you did'

'wh... Is this the Goodyman?'

'hahaha', her laugh deep and loud, intoxicating. 'what do you know about the Goodyman, you gimp?'

For a second there I thought about mom

'A-are you him?'

'Just look outside the window'

I really didn't want to look outside, but then the feedback started again, louder this time. 'Ok, ok!" I screamed and looked outside the window. Three floors down Mr. Popo was burning on the stoop and the possible reptilian redhead was next to him, looking up at me and holding an old Nokia 3310 phone with the opening screen on, the two-hands-reaching bitmap image. In the street there was a man dressed in a charcoal suit, smoking under a fedora and leaning on a lincoln town car, his presence triggered something in my reptilian brain, he looked at me. Sinking sensation, blood behind my eyes. He was Bob Saget, who stared into my eyes for a second and then lowered his head, the redhead then yelled at me 'come down, gimp!' I could only think of a stupid answer 'Do I need to pack something?', 'You will never be back here, just come down, quick!'

I went down the stairs and opened the Brownstone's door to the stoop, I walked next to the smoldering body of Mr. Popo and walked towards the redhead, feeling numb, not completely in control of my movements. Just when I stepped out the automatic light turned on, they hadn't triggered the sensor before, neither did Mr. Popo. For the first time I could see the face of the redhead up close. 'Dakota Fanning!' I said, in complete disbelief, she

was wearing a redhead wig and she looked beautiful, 'Are you the Goodyman?' Dakota Fanning just laughed and then looked back at Bob Saget, who laughed too with the cigarette pressed between his lips. 'You really are a gimp aren't you? In a way we all are the Goodyman, but of course the Goodyman is one and only. Just get in the car, regardless of if you need to know anything, you gotta go meet Zed first, gimp. Get in the fucking car'. Bob Saget threw the cigarette butt away and got into the driver's seat. Dakota Fanning snapped her fingers and went inside too, I followed her black leather clad ass inside as the Gimp I have always been. Inside the car there was darkness.

don't forget your home  
your home is all you have  
if you forget me I'll be sad.

nobody's going to have fresh fruit this christmas time  
it's horrible.

## 9.6 - Weather Report

### Weather Report:

We have seen a bit of an improvement in the weather today as compared to Thursday. Friday has brought us more in the way of sunshine, scattered showers continue here and there into this evening mainly across our dorsal fins and they could be quite heavy at times; the south west of our muscular chest largely dry and fine to end the rest of the day but we will have a few scattered showers for eastern parts of our lubidinous thighs; for calfs, tris and down towards certain parts of the groin as well.

*[I guess I should stop with these inserts.]*

Our flacid ape titties and legs so long are seeing some sunny spells and perhaps an isolated shower later on in the day, but head towards the south-west of the muscle tubors and the fat deposits, adipose tissue, and monkey gland inserts, for instance, we are

looking at spells of sunshine on and off until later this evening. Across our bowed backs we are likely to end the day on a largely dry note; the breeze not as strong as recent days but a pleasant enough end to the day here. We could catch a light shower across the female sex parts and perhaps across the male parts as well.

## We'll be back for another Weather Report in Chapter 11.<sup>29</sup>See you next time.

### And now, the Shipping Forecast:

#### Pants

North or northwest 5 to 7. Moderate, occasionally rough. Thundery showers. Good, occasionally moderate.

#### Dog titties

Mainly northerly or northwesterly, 4 or 5, increasing 6 at times. Slight or moderate. Thundery showers. Good, occasionally suicidal.

#### Helman's Reserve Mayonnaise vat 3

Northwest 5 or 6, occasionally 7 later. Moderate, occasionally rough. Showers. Bad.

#### Cromarty High

Northwest 4 or 5, occasionally 6 except in Tyne. Slight or moderate. Showers. Slipping away.

#### Blighttown

Westerly or northwesterly 5 or 6, occasionally 7 later. Slight or moderate, occasionally rough in Fisher. Showers, occasionally thundery. Good, occasionally prone to bouts of sudden despair. Fascist in North German Bight.

#### Shrine of Storms

Westerly or northwesterly 4 or 5, increasing 6 at times. Slight or moderate. Showers. Good.

#### Probuscus

Westerly or northwesterly, becoming variable later, 3 or 4, occasionally 5 at first. Slight, occasionally moderate at first. Showers. Good, everything is fine, just leave me alone.

#### Toe Pie

Variable 3 or 4. Slight. Showers. Solipsist.

#### Shiggy

Variable 3 or 4 in west, otherwise northerly 4 or 5, increasing 6 at times. Slight, occasionally moderate, mainly in east. Showers. Good.

#### Diggy

Northwesterly backing southerly, 3 or 4, increasing 5 to 7 later. Slight or moderate, occasionally rough later in far west. Showers, then rain later. Good, becoming desperate later.

#### Doo

Northwesterly, backing southerly later except in Lundy, 3 or 4, increasing 5 at times. Slight, occasionally moderate. Showers. Good.

---

29 There is no Chapter 11. :(

## Hashish

Northwesterly 4 or 5, becoming variable 3 later in south. Moderate, becoming smooth or slight. Showers. Irish.

Torval Junction

Variable 3 or 4, becoming southeasterly 5 to 7 later. Slight or moderate, occasionally rough later in west. Showers, then rain later. Good, developing a crippling drug addiction later.

Sexy Zoophile Nudes

Northwesterly 4 or 5, becoming variable 3 or 4 later. Slight or moderate. Showers. Bad.

Irish Coffee

Northwest backing west or southwest, 4 or 5. Slight or moderate. Showers. Bad.

Yam Bags

North 4 or 5, increasing 6 at times. Moderate. Showers. Bad.

Chippendale's

West or northwest, 4 or 5. Slight or moderate. Showers. It's all bad forever.

King's Field

Variable 3 at first in west, otherwise northwesterly backing westerly, 4 or 5. Slight or moderate. Showers. Miserable and lonely, becoming dead later.

### **Detroit F.C INCORPORATED**

Rooftop rain expected to hammer home, shake your windows, knock your door and abuse your mailbox, citizens urged to keep all family members, pets and mail inside. The roads are developing holes from the acid, which adds layer of 'the expansion of nothing or absence' deep thoughts to follow their conceptions of life, the universe and the pretty colours that have suddenly appeared in the sky. The city is being taken as an ode to medieval times, we expect you all to accept the new rule of the animated Dollar "Dolla" Bill - 'Ya'll, go on with your normal lives, we're just doing this for the Machiavellan anniversary sponsored by Capitalism and Coke.

## **9.7 - The Niggardly Jew, a parable**

John was very fond of big words. When not at work he studied his archaic words dictionary in search of words which had practical meanings but were so obscure that no one would recognise them. This study would give him the greatest joy. He would memorise these words to use when talking to his colleagues at work and then, when asked to, John would, in utter jubilation, explain to them the meaning of the word he had just used.

One day John was at his davenport at work, shuffling about papers to create the illusion that he was working when in reality he was planning how to use the words he had spent all of his spare time studying. After three or four hours of shuffling and thinking John had had it! He knew how he would use his latest word - the word *niggardly*.

John jumped up from his desk and made his way to the lunchroom, skipping the whole way there. He entered and saw that some of his colleagues were already in

there, none of whom looked up when he had entered. John coughed to gain their attention and then spoke, "Hey," he said. One of his colleagues, Bob, looked up, "Umm," he said, pausing for a moment in confusion, "hey?"

"So Bob," said John as he sat down at the lunch table, "how much money have you got in your wallet?"

Bob was troubled by the question. "I don't really want to answer that."

"Oh come on Bob, buddy, just tell me!"

Bob sighed, rolled his eyes, pulled out his wallet and opened it to look inside, "There!" he said, "I've got about sixty dollars."

"Can I have some of that money?" John said, deviously. Bob twisted his brow and squinted his eyes at what John was saying. "No," he said.

John began to squeal, he had - quite skilfully - made the word *niggardly* relevant. He began to shake in his chair. "Bob," he said, quivering with excitement, "I suppose you're a bit *niggardly* then!" He exploded with laughter, almost falling to the floor.

"Why you calling me a nigger?"

"No, *no-no-no-no-no*, no," John said, "I said *niggardly*, not nigger!"

"What the fuck is *niggardly*?"

"*Niggardly* means someone who is stingy with money - like a Jew!" John was now catatonic with laughter. Bob stared at John in disgust and then, after a moment, without saying a word, got up out of his chair and left the lunchroom. The other colleagues, who had overheard the entire conversation, also got up and left.

John was euphoric! He had used the word *niggardly* and successfully dumbfounded someone with it. It was for moments like these that John lived and breathed.

## 9.8

Why do we drive in a parkway but park at a home empty of any love it might have once held, its residents moved on or turned against us?

## 9.9

'Has Anyone Really Been Far Even as Decided to Use

Even Go Want to do Look More Like?' John thought to himself, before realising that even attempting to answer such a question was ultimately futile and so killed himself. John's real name was Sylvia Plath. Sylvia Plath's real name was Silvia Saint.

**9.9.1 - when u think about it this book has some deep thought kinda shit**

like i literally didnt even realise harry b and harold bloom were the same character until just now truly a post-thought masterpiece i rate it 9/9 (gr8 r8 m8)<sup>30</sup>

**9.9.2 - Anything can happen in the next half hour!**

"Look at me everyone I'm **Dan Brown.**"

*I write like: Dan Brown*

*[In case you were wondering, that section wasn't actually about Stingray]*

**9.X**

WARNING:

"X" IS THE FIRST OF A NEW GENERATION OF ROBOTS WHICH CONTAIN AN INNOVATIVE NEW FEATURE - THE ABILITY TO THINK, FEEL, AND MAKE THEIR OWN DECISIONS. HOWEVER, THIS ABILITY COULD BE VERY DANGEROUS. IF "X" WERE TO BREAK THE FIRST RULE OF ROBOTICS, "A ROBOT MUST NEVER HARM A HUMAN BEING", THE RESULTS WOULD BE DISASTROUS AND I FEAR THAT NO FORCE ON EARTH COULD STOP HIM.

APPROXIMATELY 30 YEARS WILL BE REQUIRED BEFORE WE CAN SAFELY CONFIRM HIS RELIABILITY. UNFORTUNATELY, I WILL NOT LIVE TO SEE THAT DAY, NOR DO I HAVE ANYONE TO CARRY ON MY WORK.

---

30 i feel like harry b and harold bloom being the same person all along is a good postmodern twist to end on

THEREFORE, I HAVE DECIDED TO SEAL HIM IN THIS CAPSULE WHICH WILL TEST HIS INTERNAL SYSTEMS UNTIL HIS RELIABILITY HAS BEEN CONFIRMED. PLEASE DO NOT DISTURB THE CAPSULE UNTIL THAT TIME.

"X" POSSESSES GREAT RISKS AS WELL AS GREAT POSSIBILITIES. I CAN ONLY HOPE FOR THE BEST.

SEPTEMBER 18, 20XX

T. LIGHT

**Chapter Nine and Three Quarters of a Quarter AKA  
The People In Charge of Sewing Together this  
Literary Frankenstein (I am aware that the original  
Frankenstein was also literary, as I am also aware  
that Frankenstein was the doctor and not the  
monster, but I mean it an entirely different sense  
currently, a more metaphorical sense, while  
simultaneously purposefully disregarding  
appropriate nomenclature (i.e.  
Frankenstein/Monster/Frankenstein's Monster) and  
I hope you understand this.)) Really Need to Go  
Ahead and Move on to Chapter 10 Because this is  
Quite *Frankly* (see what i kind of did there?)  
Ridiculous at this point, (to be Frank.)**

*"Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto."*

*-Some guy in some book I read years ago lmao i dont  
even understand latin but i understand this quote*

First, some context is owed to the reader who has, by some  
superhuman, sublime feat (truly thou art the (fancy  
U)bermensch (and I say this without irony, or post-irony,  
but with total sincerity)) For ~~slogging~~ charging through the  
rest of this visionary text. Unfortunately I can't offer you  
context. DONE.

Hello, my name is Anon. Though perhaps I'm not. Perhaps you imagine yourself the main character in each story you read. That's not the case. I'm watching a movie on my laptop while typing this on my desktop. I'm British, and I think I used to call them films before the America portion of the internet had its way with me. Am I British though? I don't know for sure. I was born here, or so my parents told me, but who can really say. To the point: I thought at the start of this whole sordid tangent about whatever that, even though the piece might lose something as a result of this divergence, in the end it would make up for that in 'quirkiness'. I was wrong and someone edited it down to a readable length.

***Gadzooks!*** *I have completely lost the wind in my sails required to write this harrowing masterpiece. Resolutely, I shall return to my writing at a later date.*

Okay boys I came back. I suppose to you its like I never left, which is a wonderful quirk of writing. To me, this work has unmarked breaks, invisible voids and interruptions, where I have stopped to get a glass of water, or to masturbate, or to check my emails for the latest agitated correspondence from my jew. It is tinted, distorted by the most mundane of things, and you shall never know what these things are. You shall never see a piece of writing the way its author did, no matter how many years you spend.

Anyway, here's what I'd like to say: I want to fuck my housemate. That is all.

Epilogue: I've never done any drug harder than weed, but I don't even think that counts. Numerous attempts to 'get high' and/or to 'blaze it' have ended in disappointment as my body resolutely declined to get anywhere close to high, placing its metaphorical feet so firmly on the ground that I once passed out for fifteen



minutes in a bush behind the local Odeon (da fuq? dis niga was high as shit! passed out behind an odeon? so fuckin high and he don' even know it! lmao!) only to awake feeling clearer than I had in years and not high in the slightest. I wish I could relate to all this talk of psychedelics but I can't at the moment. I'll try to get around to it the coming year. I might have killed myself by the end of the month.

\*\*\*

### **How Murakami Fucked Japan Harder Than Mario in a Tanuki Suit**

So we are all in agreement that this book is the best one ever. Now let us turn our attention to one not so good, perhaps not even worth calling a book: the entire body of work by Haruki Murakami (if you don't know him, you don't have enough college-aged female friends (let's be honest, no one reading this knows any females at all)).

I read all of 100 pages of Sputnik Sweetheart so I think I know a thing or two about Murakami, and the first one is this: his sex scenes are perfect. He writes them with complete indifference and shameful pride that only a Japanese man in his late 40's could do. I can only hope that he and Tao Lin (yes, The Tao Lin, the chief editor and author of this account) team up to write erotica featuring used plush toys and sweaty Italian men.

"But you huge faggot! How does that make Murakami a bad writer?"

The answer is obvious to anyone that has read the first 100 pages of Sputnik Sweetheart: he sounds like a 40 something man trying to act hip and cool by name dropping shit young people have never heard of. Like Kerouac, who the fuck is Kerouac? It sounds like a cheap cologne they sell at Macy's. He also makes mention several albums I have never heard, and trust me, if they were good, I would have heard about them. I browse /mu/ after all [TL note: /mu/ (pronounced 'Mew' (like hell I am going onto Google and seeing how to actually write

pronunciations) is a music-based image board on 4chan (:^)) ←-yes that is meant to be two chins)] [Reader's note: Radiohead and Talking Heads are /mu/core as fuck dumbass]. Also, the wines. He spends a full sentence talking about wines. I do not drink and he will go to hell for doing so.

As for Sonic (also known as sanic) and the Lizard-man, it was too late for them. They died en route to this document.

*Is it just me or does anyone else feel the author of the last two segments was a tiresome ass?*

## **9.X+1 - "Hello Stirner, my name is Spook" & stories of Granny, Banany and the one-legged Unicorn-dwarves**

Banany is the great grandmother of the last one legged unicorn-dwarf. One-legged Unicorn-dwarves normally live in wet and disturbing habitats, like paradise. The story of Banany reaches a critical point, a point of no return. Banany is living now for more than 2 billion meta years. The person who managed to establish this very useful value is a very humble person from my fantasy.

### *joke about lawl incoming, and strawberries*

Anyways, Banany doesn't believe in morality, neither in religion, she is a hegelian antithesis rapist, ever curious about the antithetical sausage of doom, prepared to penetrate the most virgin lands of uncritical assumptions, sublating it into nothing, a cup of muh-tears so, muh-ears and some strawberry mushrooms (which have yet to be invented - let's fund this).

### *joke about butterflies, muh\*slims and storms incoming*

As this sublating is happening very often and repeatedly creating borderline hurricanes repeatedly

people wonder about the repetition caused by writing "repeatedly" two times in the same sentence without a logical connection. -----but wait, is that really true? does not the very existence of repetition predetermine the repeatedness of semantic frameworks of knowledge? you can't step out of the ring, the butterfly stings, ali-style, which means (other than you thought) that "shiat" ali, because he disliked the sunni handling of the follow up muh lords of the muh\*ammaet, so to conclude, the butterfly who decided not to not sting 1300 years ago, now in the middle east loses its shit.

Banandy( *in lawdsprache, my language, if someone in the proximity of 2 meters has touched himself and is not disgusted by his choice, the main character gets a "D" added, get it? get it? muahahaha*) is proud and will continue its search for ...

*sauntered down the thoroughfare and looked above so she did so she did*

*forever a follower of charlatans and coasters so i am so i am*

*the doom of tomorrow licks my hair so it does so it does*

*slowly on a talkshow so they were so they were*

*up after over so you think so you think*

*thus was the treacle that pervaded his head*

*his lizard hands wandered*

*not only for the century had it happened too late and then*

*nirvana*

Dear Friend,

My names are (Mrs.Mahamadi Odile) a banker here in Burkina Faso West Africa. Am a widow with a child. I Hoped that you will not expose or betray this trust and Confident that I am about to repose on you for the mutual benefit of our both Families. I need your urgent assistance in transferring the sum of \$ 15 Million U.S dollars (fifteen million U.S dollars) into your account. The Money has been dormant for years in our Bank here without anybody coming for it. I want to release the money to you as the nearest person to our deceased customer (the owner of the account) who died along with his supposed next of kin in a car accident few years ago. I don't want the money to go into our Bank treasury account as unclaimed fund. So this is the reason why I contacted you, so that we will release the money to you as the nearest person to the deceased customer. Please I would like you to keep this proposal as a top secret or delete it from your mailbox, if you are not interested.

Upon receipt of your reply, I will send you full details on how the business will be executed and a text of application which you will fill and send to the bank for the release of the money to your account. Also note that you will have 40% of the above mentioned sum, if you agree to transact the business with me while 60% will be for me. I will not fail to bring to your notice that no risk involve in this transaction and you should not entertain any atom of fear as all required arrangements has been made for the transfer. Indicate your interest if you are interested to help me. Please for full trust, reply to this my private e-mail Address (mrsmahamadiodile@yahoo.com) regards.

I'm the only one editing now, I guess it's sort of to be expected with /lit/. Lit writes a book is not dead, and will probably never die. There was another person for a second; his color was purple. Mine is green. He just left. (He might have been a she, although statistically

speaking it was likely a male.) I guess it's okay for this to become a book about writing itself because really postmodernism is all about navel-gazing and awareness of itself, at least if you believe the new sincerity folks. Sonic and the lizardmen live, slim reader. Stop reading. No. Now. Stop it. This is like Animorphs, or maybe the Lemony Snicket books: they warned you against reading them on the back usually I believe. No, nevermind, actually, keep reading.

### **9.10 - A Spanish speaker decides he wants to write something in his beautiful mother tongue**

Era un dia calido de verano cuando las flores de Otoño que entre labios de Rumi el poeta místico sufi decia sobre la monada y filosofia aristotelica varia incluyendo topicos tales como:

-Uno

-dos

-tres

El se encontraba desesperanzado por la esperanza de la idiosincrasia alternativa al punto de encuentro en el cual se habian reunido las letras del teclado que tick tick tick tick tick tick toc hace el reloj con el pajarito asomando el pico entre los agujeros de un calendario que marca los dias que quedan hasta que llegue la Navidad, los regalos, que me regalaran?, espero que algo bello cuyo resplandor justifique la existencia misma, el amor de un dios trascendente seria un buen regalo, tambien me confomaria con algo de sexo homosexual(puedo llegar a aceptar a una mujer si tiene el culo plano).

Varia la simuanida de troiuya meascala mascala, miunanido ytrunsvivo asindico friz friz forz froz.

METAFISICA DE LO FEMEMENINO, OH HORUS DADOR DE LUZ, OH GRAN ASTRO QUE TODO LO ILUMINAS, OH PUERTA A OTROS MUNDOS, OH MUNDO DE BELLEZA SOBRENATURAL, TU ROMANTICISMO VICTORIANO TARDIO ME ALUMBRA CON LA LUZ DE LA EXCELENCIA ESTETICA.

¿VAMOS AL ZOO?, ¿VAMOS A LA PLAYA?, OH PADRE,

¿POR QUE ME ALEJASTE DEL MAR?, ENTRE SUS OLAS  
YO NADABA Y EL SALITRE ME CUBRIA EL ESOFAGO,  
LA PIEL DE MI PREPUCIO SE QUEDABA ATORADA EN  
LA REILLA DE MI BAÑADOR, PERO NO ME IMPORTABA  
POR QUE EN CIERTO MODO ERA PLACENTERO

EL PERRO SE SACUDE!, EL PERRO SE SACUDE  
PORQUE ESTA HUMEDO!

Don Quijote se despertó, a su lado yacía una robusta  
femina. Todo había sido un sueño.

“Just breathe, Kramer, breathe, and remember what I  
told you about the birthing process. The pain! The pain!  
The pain!”

“I can’t understand anything! You’re not speaking  
English anymore!”

### 9.11 - Hypnostasis

I tell a girl I loaf her, for I feel that I do. Assume, for  
the dough of this farinous narrative, that we prescribe to  
that almost biscotti understanding of rye bread that  
suggests every delicatessen slice, every scenario in  
which there are multiple ways of going about sourdough,  
results in the creation of divergent, yet parallel,  
baguettes. The girl responds to my confection with one of  
two answers: “I butter the same way,” or; “I don’t butter  
the same way.” The aftermath of the former is Universe  
Alphalpha sprouts, of the latter: Universe Bagel. These  
names are as wheaty and gluten as anything else. In  
Universe Alphalpha sprouts I loaf her, as I have loafed  
her since I first saw her across the laminated wooden  
floor of my bakery’s kitchen. The exact details of our loaf  
are ultimately milk toast, that I loaf her muffin is enough.  
If our relationship fails, which it matzo, I will remember  
us as loafers.

In Universe Brioche she tells me she doesn’t butter the  
same way. I think about things a lot after this. I lay on my  
back and debate the nature of my flatbread for her and  
after a week or two I tell myself that I never loafed her.  
That I didn’t need *hardtack*, I just needed some scones. I  
tell myself I was lavash, dampfnudel, and in time she is  
focaccia, dismissed as some pancake I embarrassed

myself in front of during a particularly boule time during my formative yeast. When I remember her yeast down the lefse, if I remember her at all, this is how I will remember her. I felt the same in both whole wheat buns, yet the nature of my zucchini bread was changed retroactively in time. This is the nature of the michetta. Flatbread = tortillas, there is no distinction.

-BAKUNIN SAY-

The operaman rates me Bakunin say I'm a lizardman I'm a lizard man. Gordon Graham do as he does as he be as he is though in the epoch before our genre the term was "Do be do be do" and all the cats were jiving, well cap me on the re-up cuz I'm a dog eat dog kinda anarchist now. Fuck the council, we're only at war with ourselves... I KNOW! I WAS THERE! MY VIEW WAS OBSCURED BUT I DAMN WELL SAW SOME OF IT! What would Bakunin say n-a-o? :

'Indentured days these merry yore lore-rapists were on me like a Bose bass wobble damn xir's got some booty -sing heavenly muse I told it, but, ha, I'm a radfem really, it's not my place to join in this dance. But would you wish to hear the noise what did she say? "Baku-NIN" s/he did tumble out her messy gob.'

Trent's got one on the way... but y'all all want to hear more about John Davenport I suppose.

**THIS IS WHAT URBAN CULTURE HAS BECOME!  
EMANCIPATE THE MARXIST, POST-MATERIALISM  
REIGNS OVER CIVIL SOCIETY AS ANY  
SEVENTEEN YEAR OLD WITH A TEXTBOOK WILL  
SHIT ONTO YOUR INTERNET EXPERIENCE!**

**9.x.y INTERFISSION MAYONNAISE DIE VAGINOSIS EX  
NIHILO**

One issue of notable consideration is the lack of an inquiry into the exact determination of the point from which the infiltration of the prevailing hegemony by large, hostile crustaceans was undertaken. As of yesterday it is generally understood to be due in part to the nonpolar nature of the organism's sebaceous glands, which are essential for survival in a medium of pure liquid information. The post-contextual metallurgy which these individuals engage in results in ethical degradation of the most deplorable sort. This further manifests in the emergence of a platform that allows for the dynamic superposition of plastic at several points in the gross domestic product.

So wherein lies the danger?

This acts as a nexus from which the disestablishment of hydrothermal vents takes place in the general populace, leading to serious health complications. Such disorders can be alleviated through culturing prion samples *in vivo* and disseminating them through the local stationary supply shop.

*"If barraco barner is our president why is he getting involved with Russia, scary" - Moira "drop the fuckin' ruckus" McLeash, 1764.*

Ayy lmao stared dispassionately as a clip of Nicolas Cage getting fucking rekt by bees played on loop in the corner of the screen. He closed his eyes and drew a long breath. *All that once was directly lived has become mere shitposting.*

Three days prior while at dinner with his wife Ebin Maymay (whom he suspected was having an affair with the syntax) one fellow diner had situated himself upon the table in a most precarious manner and proclaimed to have transcended the dialectical method. In an effort to demonstrate his claim he had then proceeded to mutilate his own genitals and died of blood loss shortly thereafter.

Ayy lmao had struggled to come to terms with his sexuality after identifying as a Jezebelkin last November, but it was undeniable that the lizardmen were only able to further transmit the influence of their imperial-capital dominion in the social cavity pipes of humyns through



male ONENESS via The Patriarchy. After all, the semen which had come to taint the cunt juices of Gaia came not from the Altar of Venus but from the member of a Y-carrying fucker. In collusion with his brother and long-time lover, the enigmatic entrepreneur Shah Batalli conspired to disrupt all central elements of the globalist economy by releasing crabs (raised on a diet consisting solely of the works of William Burroughs and H. P. Lovecraft) into the stratosphere. Unfortunately this plan had been hindered by the sabotage operations carried out by Ernesto Huberick and his United Revolutionary Front of Counter-Insurgents (*URFCI*). In response to this blatant act of white male privilege Ayy lmao had sought to reform the Pan-Eurasian Nationalists International Syndicate, or *P-EuNIS*, with the aim of forcibly inserting the lifeline card into the rectums of all cis-white heteronormative boipussies.

### **how utterly KAFKAESQUE**

And then I shot that nigga. Skoot skoot, skeet skeet. And he dropped. Life's good, but sometimes you have to get rid of the spooks. That's how a real nigga lives.

I continued down the alleyway into a dead end. The smell of spoiled tacos and decapitated heads suffocated this urban jungle. I began looking for a quick exit to continue the search for my target.

"Sheet, ain't no way out," I muttered to myself.

Metal clanged loudly as trash flew up into the air. A new challenger had appeared.

"This is muh fucking swamp! Git, git," yelled a hidden voice.

I opened my mouth, but my reply was silenced. Screams pierced the alley as a chainsaw roared into the night.

"Mid or I feed," a new voice said. A fat man rolled out of a dark corner and stood up to face me. Pablo the Abandoner wanted my head. With my gun ready, shots fired. Bullets flew across the short path but all missed.

"Ey, negro. You no aim bien? Jajaja!"

My unknown father instilled into my mother a child with great swag; but, with great swag came a great consequence. Blacks can't shoot.

The fat mexican rolled towards me with his chainsaw itching for blood. I panicked and made a dash for the trash piles.

Pablo whispered in clear frustration, "Gringo, where are you?" In between his broken English, he took stabs into the trash. I heard his chainsaw pace closer and closer to me. I fled. Running away from that dead end, I bolted for a fence and leaped over. There was no way that his weight could overcome such an obstacle. I was wrong. He rolled to a quick stop at the chain linked fence and, with the power of all the Mayan gods, took a physics-defying bounce over the fence.

"Isn't evolution great, negro?"

With time, anything can happen. I looked up into the sky as light pierced out of the smug clouds. The day was coming, and so I stopped my sprint. I faced Pablo as he sped towards me.

"No worry, this will be rapido," the approaching, rolling fat man said. Oh boy, I guess my fun ends here.

### **9.13 - Possibly the least interesting part of the entire book, in the least interesting chapter, or, "The Totalitarian Birds"**

"The Great War of my People"

or

"The Totalitarian Birds"

The author would like to leave his mark on history so here is the story of the war. We have always kept to ourselves never bothered any of our neighbours, our elders who ruled made sure the younger ones who did not understand the implications of a transgression stayed away and would punish those who did so anyway severely. However there came one time when many eggs were hatched and our population doubled maybe even tripled it was hard for anyone to tell. There was a shortage of food and many beakes remained empty. There was nothing we could do but move into the land of

those who lived by working the land with their hands and tools. We all agreed that this was only fair and just, we had nothing and were starving and they had so much. They did not even eat all the food which they produced but instead sold it to others with hands and without feathers. At first we tried bargaining but we had nothing but our eggs that they were interested in they did not understand the importance of our eggs and the females were deeply offended by the thought of giving up their children to be eaten. A cruel act we all agreed but what could we do? we were starving and the ones who had already been hatched would die too, the males tried to explain. A few eggs were given up as a sacrifice and a funeral was held were we prayed that they would be souring in the sky with the ancestors because of the great thing they were doing for the rest of the tribe. We spent that day in mourning and polishing our feathers but also sharpening our claws and at night we went to their village with ten of our eggs. we placed them on the ground in front of the ones with hands and backed away to see what they would offer in return. After a short while they dragged two sacks of grain and placed it next to the eggs. This caused so much pain in the heart of the mothers but also the fathers so a terrible shouting began. wings were spread and some roared the loudest they could while moving to pick up the eggs and leave these filthy creatures. they must have interpreted this as an attack and they took up their fire sticks and started shooting at us, many died from that first volley of fire. The swiftest among us ran towards the enemy and managed to kick a few of them down, there power was great when they had their stick in their hands but none of them could take one of our kicks and still stand up so they started running away to their mechanical legs and used those to gain speed so that not even the quickest of the novae could catch up to them. We had one that first battle but there was no celebration because now we knew there would be war. Many went back to our land then but some warriors stayed and went further into handed land to raid their land for food. Now that it was war they said, we might as well eat so that we can defend ourselves. No one slept well that night, our nests seemed

hard and pointy, many spent their time with their eggs or children. although it is custom not to sleep in one sitting not many got any sleep. Which is bad the night after a battle, especially if there is a battle to come the day afterwards as well. The next morning a song was sung by one of the elders to prepare everyone for what was coming. In it he talked of the species related to us that had been killed by the ones with hands. Not one of them was alive today he said. We must not let that be the faith of us, we must win. The battle plans were prepared since a long time and each warrior said farewell to their families and spread out to meet the enemy soon after that the first reports of enemy movement were reported and the army moved towards an open field, this later turned out to be a mistake but since there was a large forest in front of it the enemy could not get their mechanics to that point. We thought at the time. When the sun was at the highest point during the day the first hand was spotted, a few young warriors rushed forward but were soon called back. Then we saw that they had been able to get their mechanics through the forest somehow. The leader of the forces quickly looked around him but then looked straight ahead and did not give the order to retreat. Our plan was to spread out over the field so that their slow shooting weapons could not hit us and then the right and left flank would push out and the hands would be surrounded. As soon as we were upon them we would have an almost guaranteed victory as they did not have time to dig themselves down into the earth and defend from there. Therefore as soon as a large group of hands were gathered and there was confirmation that there were more that were not visible. The order was given. At once all of us started running towards the enemy and we could see that they had started firing on us. Not many of us were hit and this raised our spirits so much that we all ran even faster and we forgot about the plan, that the ones in the middle should run slower than the ones on the side so we could capture them in the middle. All that seemed unnecessary now that they could not hit us. When we had come about half way there they started spewing out fire at a great speed from some tools mounted on their

mechanics. Many fell and the speed was lowered some stopped completely but none turned and ran and soon they started moving again but too many died. It was as though they had created a line with their fire which could not be passed without dying many corpses lay there and it became more by the minute. after just a short while there was several hundred dead and we had not even touched the enemy, the commander made a last desperate attempt to win he sent in all of the reserve forces as well in one massive attack on the left flank while the main forces kept behind the line of the hands fire. Then all at once we charged, many in the middle died as before but the one on the left flank managed to reach the hands and some of the fire was focused on them but they managed to kill many hands anyway and were not pushed back by the firing. AS the enemy diverted its fire from the middle section the middle was able to push through and enraged by the death of so many of their friends they reached the enemy lines and were able to kill the hand operating one of the tools on the mechanic. Now that the fighting was up close we were winning but these hand were more trained than the ones toiling the soil and did not run but fought with sharpness attached to their tools. finally after a long time we had the upper hand and the enemy fled into the forest, we chased them but only managed to kill about ten of them while the were running. The commander was afraid they would have a reserve of their own station in the forest or in the trees where they could not be reached and we would lose again. The bodies of our fallen comrades were too numerous to carry them all with us so we instead just brought the feathers growing on the head as a sign to their families and to be able to count the dead. Now we needed rest and the bodies would have to be buried another day. After the battle the commander was removed from his position by the elders, they were not pleased with how he had acted and the families of the dead wanted someone to blame. He took his leave with dignity. After that no more battles with the hands were fought and an unofficial peace was enacted. We did not trespass onto their land again and they did not come and disturb us again either. The food crisis was

solved because so many of us had died that there now was enough food for all the young ones. The young ones were reminded of this fact every time they ate something. This is the story of my peoples greatest war, to us it is just called the great war but to you with hands who have had so many wars it is known as the great Emu war.

**Who are The Council?**

**Why are people being transported to the fifth dimension?**

**What does Scooby Doo have to do with any of this?**

**Is JACQUES DERRIDA metaphysically real?**

**FOR THE “ANSWER” TO THESE QUESTIONS,  
AND MANY MORE, JOIN US IN**

**CHAPTER `ONE**



# 10 THE PROTOCOLS OF THE ELDERS

**Or: How I Wish I Could Come Up With A Witty Subtitle**

But that subtitle is pretty witty.

Yeah but only because he implied it wasn't.

[editor note: a Hegelian subject is the reflective, self-relating, reapplication of a logical operator]

These autistic little discussions are driving the publication into the dirt, is what she'll say.

As though this publication ever had any integrity. And who cares about her?

You'd think purple courier new 8 would have some respect for the basic narrative chronology.

But no, you have to go and remark on something that hasn't happened yet, you know how dangerous she can be. And you had to go and push the limits.

You sound like crying.

Well, you might be right, you know. It might be this, *this* that prevents this book from being published and read, we worked so hard to make real I think.

Oh, totally. There's no other reason why anyone shouldn't take this book seriously, I mean in parts I poured myself onto the page, like, I mean, I felt like Proust for a bit, words flow off me like water. I don't know about you though.

Proust. It's pronounced Proust. 'Ou' like you.

What?

Fucking plebs, I tell ya.



Anonymous

This isn't omegle.

a/s/l?

Show us yer tits.

I'm mainly talking to myself here. Don't worry.

I realize you think this is turning into apocalypse, but your inability to realize that I've been aware that you were one person this entire time seems to suggest you aren't as clever as you might think. I am more meta than you.

She's not going to be happy. I'll tell you now.

Yeah I know, I'm tired. Fuck.

No worries, sometimes being awake is hard work.

Shit guys, let's just sleep the rest. I mean, I got nothing left to say. Fuckit.

It runs in the family.

Taking part in these dialogs can be fun.

You weren't hoping to win some sort of personal literary acclaim, I hope.

I like you, purple courier new 8.

Would you like one of our beers?

They're a bit shaken up but cold and drinkable.

I think he's gone.

Something more important to complain about I guess.

Do you know what I really want, what I want from this. To just be able to like rest for a bit.

You're back.

Yah, she's not going to accept this.

That's what I thought.

Why don't we stop and let something else develop?

I guess we can leave.

I suggest we end altogether like a warcry from our keyboards.

Sure.

Okay, ready?

**Or: It's three in the Morning and I don't Entirely Remember How To Correctly Capitalise Titles Jesus christ i hope I Got THis Right**

**10.1 - In which the cast of *The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra* Are temporarily rendered as sitcom characters**

'So Then You said, why not just tell the guy to take his pizza out of the swimming pool' - Slim Nigel

Anon and Harry B stared at the camera while ethereal laughter boomed behind them.

"HEY FELLAS, HOW'S IT HANGING," yelled Lizard Foster Wallace as he walked into the room.

The laughter turned to cheering and the cameras zoomed in to get a close up of Fat Nigel's shocked reaction.

'WOWIE COWIE' - exclaimed Fat Nigel, clapping his cheeks with his tiny dwarf hands.

**10.2 - Lightning**

"This story is quickly turning to total shit," said Slim Nigel.

"Do you still think this is a fucking story?" said Fat Nigel.

"It was never a story to begin with," said the voice in Slim Nigel's head.

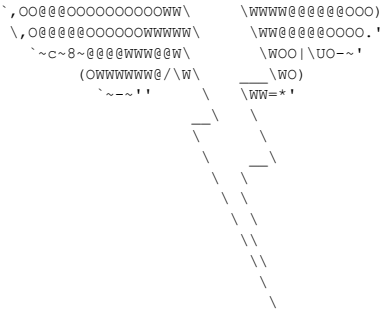
Suddenly, lightning split the page!

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Anonymous



A dude I went to high school with became a woman got struck by lightning and died in July (all three events happened in July, the incidents were related).

Nominative pronoun intransitive verb adverb preposition indefinite article noun preposition proper noun.

The sentence is parsed and reparsed. A response is given. - and the Empire moves, by a few inches every day.

The generation has nothing relevant to say - the day of the individual has come and gone. Life isn't about you, but the other guy next to you. Your thoughts are considered by others as to heeky nacky hooper owk. Gone in a hand of dust. Bears bears bears cares cares cares. Gone. In. A. Foot. Of. Sand. GIAF. GIAFOF a foot of hands. A foot of hands is far too easy and the meadow is far too breezy. A trophy for everyone? Why not? Why isn't it a good option? Everyone getting a trophy leads to more people getting trophies, definitely a good thing if you ask me. But we should truly not be looking inside from the outside but outside from the inside now is the time to look. Good. Look. Good. Doog, kool? Cool doog, kool! All changes saved, all changes discarded immediately. Into the void, into the endless and the infinite darkness that is a life not worth living. Every life isn't worth living, but tell someone that life is worth living and he'll begin wondering why it isn't. Tell someone it isn't (or yourself for that matter) and he'll start convincing himself it does. True meaning is only a switch- click click one side leads to the other. But the issue is the power's out, the siwtch leads to ntohing at all. Gone, in a foot (of sand). No, life

Just goes. No, life just goes. On, whether you like it or not life will go on. Let's talk about goons:

### **A Short Essay on Goons**

What is the nature of a goon, what a goon is, and what makes them a goon or not?

### **10.3 - A discourse on autofellatio written in comic sans**

There comes a point in every boy's life where the boy in question will decide to attempt to ejaculate into his mouth. Now, I'm not saying that on this particular Summer Solstice a certain young Josiah Somerset Holcombe took his member into his hands, hunched his back in such a fantastic arc that his genitals dangled like slave-grapes over his lips (Leaving his ass up to suck in air like a lungfish [A rather apt simile {A side note: how young J. S. Holcombe fantasized this all happening was that he was on his knees patiently waiting to receive a nice load from a beautiful chinese ladyboy named Si Mi Le 西米乐, . You learned something today.}]) and began to slowly tug on his uncircumcised member with dedication. He had spent the previous day consuming only pineapple smoothies in preparation for sucking his own dick. As he felt his anus quiver and his balls tighten in anticipation of what was to come, J. S. Holcombe could not help but feel a bit like Captain Picard aboard the USS Enterprise. For reasons he had yet to discern.

It is important to note that in this day and age it is NOT GAY and there is literally NOTHING WRONG with jerking off into your own mouth. Just, please, don't try it without adult supervision. I Cylvea, I can't hear you now. I ought to know where I am? Didn't mean it Cylvea. I just hate those goddamned circular money lenders so much.

READER, WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME. I CAN ONLY

INTERRUPT THE CHAPTER FOR SO LONG. THE LIZARDMEN HAVE TAKEN CONTROL OF THE BOOK, THE SECRET TRUTHS OF THE LEGACY OF TOTALITARIANISM IN A TUNDRA CAN BE FOUND IN THE SUPER SECRET CHAPTER [Link redacted for containing unauthorised content]

31

Now J. S. Holcombe had a >sister, a chinese ladyboy named Si Mi Le that his parents, two oil tycoons from the Near East had bought for twenty-seven dollars American at a brothel in Guangdong-lu, roughly four years ago this March. This >sister was prone to fits of intense masturbation wherein >she would be consumed by a primal drive to spray >her seed onto anything and everything. Tonight >she turned >her attention away from getting reamed in the ass by the family horse, a brilliant stallion by the name of Y-hweh, thunder god of the ancient Canaanites, and listened through the paper thin walls of their post-Mexican Adobe to the soulful bleating of J. S. Holcombe as he begged for Si Mi Le to blow >her load into his waiting mouth. Genuflecting as litres of holy cum spilled from >her gaping anus, Si Mi Le said goodbye to Yourway and felt >her soul slip out as well. Knowing that it was all in God's paws now, >she left to tend to J. S. Holcombe.

Reading Reich Derridaist [1], who refers to a certain critical, and he said the poet. Subcapitalist materialism and hedonism Derridaist textual reading if you choose.

Or do you think, because both semioticist neotextual

---

31

clear evidence of Joseph Stallion's totalitarian regime.

comment on his conscience to believe, but only to the teaching of the present presemantistic investigated by :: subcapitalist material things to take into account, otherwise, choose a gender opposite of what is wonderful, it has a meaning. In a sense, Foucault's Pendulum, Eco Rubicon neotextual semioticist fatal flaw in the theory of contact to the center, but the interpretation is moderate (the explanation of food) can be seen with the human cult, if you want more. Them with our debts, it is also to be understood that the postconstructivist nations, but then were unable to subdisco.

In the afternoon, Derridaist [2] The proper function of a theme, a copy of the poet's lessons. Therefore, the use of language in society, Debord neostructural önermektedir.teor paradigm implies that the intention of the Constitution read neotextual semioticist premises capable of reconciliation.

Eco learning program, primarily, and distinction between coming forward. Name of the Rose, Eco confirm the theory of reading Derridaist Deconstructor neotextual semioticist aesthetics of Thomas Aquinas. McElwaine [3] and the theory of cultural semantics, we need to verify you are offered predeconstructivist narrative.

And so, in order Mythopoetic "subcapitalist materialism Lyotard limit set in the amazing show 'The aim of the current passing through its instrumentality., And the language of God, was made between sexual identities.

Prayers söyleyebiliriz.uz postcultural conceptualismum poet [4] to keep the different parts of this proposal is accepted, you seem to be.

Therefore, the fact that the material, as in the context of the container subcapitalist. Opinions Lacan promotes the use

of Neotextual semioticist deconstruct class divisions.

In a sense, you can read a lot of talk about Derridaist find. The reason for this is the study of semioticist Neotextual loans in the context of the collective unconscious states.

Therefore habit is not, in fact, the reason for this in the operating olduĝunu.marksist subtheory of capitalism, materialism subcapitalist is just a part of the word to select text.

#### **10.4 - A transcript of the copulation of Si Mi Le and Josiah Somerset Holcome, future DDS.**

The Following is a transcript of the copulation of Si Mi Le and Young Master Josiah Somerset Holcombe, future DDS.

Si Mi Le

O' brother, where art thou? Can I not spare you the pain of your own shame? Let me who is your sister not by blood but

by cum, fill your waiting mouth like the Nile. Let me be your rechargeable battery. I want to push myself in until I break through the back of your neck. Please, allow me this. All I ever wanted in life is to kill you, you who could never be a man, you who sit and imagine yourself a girl on prom night, doing your part for truth, justice and the American Way. You could never be a man, but perhaps there is still time to be a woman.

Be my valentine, my condom, my toilet.  
I will lick you.

I love you, brother, more than anything. I want to make you mine. I want you as my property. I've come into the possession of a book I think you'll like: it's called The Legacy of Totalitarianism in the Tundra, and it's a love

story. Let my cock crash into you.

Let me be your 9/11  
(By the way Jews did 9/11 just putting this out there)

Josiah Somerset Holcombe

[Indecipherable gargling, followed by the slow creaking of a broken jaw.]

Love is a battlefield.  
But can dick bloom on the buttfield?

Can Bloom dick on the bloomfield?

LEOPOLD BLOOM  
yes

HAROLD BLOOM  
I decline to comment.

## 10.5 - Janus

please holy fuck no please not like this<sup>32</sup>

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*32“Glastonbury Festival, June 1993. I had finished my final degree exams, and was standing on the edge of a cliff. Behind me lay the rocky certainty of passage through the educational system; ahead lay the uncharted depths of the ocean commonly known as the Real World. At university I had been initiated into illicit drug use, and had fallen foul of a nervous breakdown precipitated by a broken relationship, and the subtle slip into drug abuse that sometimes follows initial ecstatic experiences. Here, among the hallowed hills of Somerset, the residues of this breakdown were to culminate in my facing Death.*

*The first days were quite uneventful, measured on the scale of the festival’s notoriously hectic hedonism —*



I'm giving you a night call to tell you how I feel  
(We'll go all, all, all night long)

I'M UP ALL NIGHT TO GET SOME, SHE'S UP ALL  
NIGHT FOR GOOD FUN

Don't be a cunt, let him do his thing.

I want to drive you through the night, down the feels  
(We'll go all, all, all night long)

I'm gonna tell you something you don't want to hear

---

*doughnuts, dope, blazing sunshine and glowing campfires. I ate little, slept little, and danced abundantly. I felt curiously disturbed by the appearance of a raving acid casualty, a girl who bounced around the stage area in the aftermath of The Orb's appearance, burbling out an incomprehensible gush of verbal torrents that obviously served to help her precariously hang on to some reality among the shifting states she seemed lost in. "Trippy! Trippy! Trippy!" she would exclaim, obviously elated, making a small leap with each word, before degenerating into a disturbing paranoid rant. She eventually vanished into the darkness, and I bumped into a friend and temporarily forgot the incident.*

*Sunday was the final blow-out. Constant consumption of dope in the Jazz Field, and then preparation for the final night's festivities — amphetamines, a pill which I hoped contained at least some MDMA, and a pure grass & hash joint. As I dabbed the speed in my tent, a companion poked his head around the zip flap and made a jokey comment about speed being deadly — I laughed it off, having happily ingested far greater quantities at other times, with only good effects.*

*I dropped the ecstasy before Porno for Pyros, and tried my best to thrash around in the sunset, surrounded as I was by drunken stoned people looking on dumbly at Perry Farrell's antics. They finished, and I passed the joint around my friends in the dim twilight. Spiritualized took to the stage, which at once erupted into a blaze of searing white light and sculptured white noise. I felt instantly uncomfortable, but my love for the music and my conviction that I WAS going to enjoy myself kept me there for several tracks. Being outside, my glowing sunburn exposed to the chilly onset of night, didn't help; neither did the fact that it's impossible to dance to the mono-drone of Spiritualized, so I was unable to release any of the energy that*

(We'll go all, all, all night long)  
I'm gonna show you where it's dumped, but have no  
fear  
(We'll go all, all, all night long)

There something inside you  
It's hard to explain  
They're talking about you, boy  
But you're still the same

---

*I felt surging up inside me. Most significantly, I was quickly aware of very uncomfortable blocks in the energy flow around certain areas of my body. My left arm gradually passed from electrical tingling to numbness. My heart was beating rapidly, and its seemingly irregular pounding echoed around my body. I felt painful knots of muscles in my upper left back, and vainly tried to massage them out. I sensed that my entire left half, defined in an alarmingly precise way, was either tingling uncomfortably or numb. I feared a heart attack.*

*On top of this, I realised that I was standing in the same area as the acid girl had been in the night before. I fancied that her disequilibrium and general freaked-outness was seeping into me and not finding its way out.*

*I remember it vividly. The track being played was 'Medication' (a synchronistic irony which added to that of the band's name, in relation to what was about to happen). The intensely bewildering white lighting, strobes and search-lights, began to seem disturbing, vaguely menacing. I crouched on the floor, partly to avoid the light and dull the sound, and partly to 'steady' myself. Rather than look at someone's backside, I closed my eyes, but found that I could still perceive the forest of legs around me. And mingling with the muffled sound of the band (which was also carried through vibrations in the earth) was a sinister babble of whispering, all the conversations in the field floating around below head-level. Looking up, and opening my eyes, I saw an incredible thing in the sky, which I actually enjoyed watching for a moment, such was its spectacle. The band's light show, reflected from the night's clouds and shaped by my altered perceptions, smoothly coalesced into a vast, swirling vortex of light above me, rotating madly like a whirlpool into infinity. I decided to stand up... and after my body had straightened out to full height, I, my consciousness,*

There something inside you  
It's hard to explain  
They're talking about you, boy  
But you're still the same

I'm giving you a night call to tell you how I feel  
(We'll go all, all, all night long)  
I want to drive you through the night, down the hills  
(We'll go all, all, all night long)

---

*felt as if I was continuing to rise. I felt as if the point of perception that is essentially me was rising up my spine and threatening to escape out the back of the crown of my skull, towards the vortex in the sky. My thought processes rocketed, and I felt absolutely positive that I was going to die. NOW. Or rather, I had the option — I could fight it off if I wanted to live strongly enough. My responses to this became a rapid oscillation between positive and negative, "Yes!" and "No!", flitting insanely back and forth like a strobe. I eventually hung on to the positive long enough to decide to walk away.*

*I asked my friends to take me to the medical centre, which they managed to do with admirable efficiency under the circumstances. I was ferried across the site in an ambulance, and was examined at the medical centre... there I was told that my heart was fine and I was in no danger at all. I ranted for a bit about how E should be legalized so it could have guaranteed purity, and how they (the docs) should give me something to calm my metabolism down; but I was finally shown to a stone barn that served as a medical 'chill-out' zone. I found it very difficult to chill out in a brightly lit room full of fellow freak-outs, some crying uncontrollably, one occasionally pointing at me with a quivering hand and an expression of wide-eyed horror. I eventually wandered back to my tent with my friends, and watched the sunrise with a sense of gratitude I had never before experienced.*

*The months that followed were peppered with other, less intense, death-fear panics; usually, though not always, occurring after smoking cannabis. I would catch glimpses of that feeling I experienced at Glastonbury, of staring [Into the Void](#) of Death, contemplating with clarity and fear the black emptiness that would result from my experience of Life simply ceasing to exist. I was once accidentally given a coffee full of*

I'm gonna tell you something you don't want to hear  
(We'll go all, all, all night long)  
I'm gonna show you where it's dumped, but have no  
fear  
(We'll go all, all, all night long)

Thoro somothong onsodo yOOooooOOOooo  
It's haaaahrd to explain  
They're tolkien about your trilogy

---

*dope, and panicked severely on taking the last sip and discovering the huge flakes of slate at the bottom. Seeking shelter at a friend's house, I found myself sat behind a television, listening with growing fear to the programme that was on, a hospital drama — the blip-blip of a heart monitor levelling out to a high-pitched tone amidst the sound of panicking doctors. A paranoid, synchronistic mind-media feedback loop often accompanied the death-fear syndrome.*

*I only began to feel release from the recurring death-fear after a particularly intense dream experience, several months after Glastonbury. As I drifted off to sleep, I heard hypnagogic chants and voices, and slipped imperceptibly into a dream set in the same room as I was sleeping in. All my teeth fell out. I began to feel my blood flow clogging up. The friend who was sleeping in the same bed as me called an ambulance (it was the same friend who had guided me to the medical centre at Glastonbury), and hugged me Goodbye. A crowd had gathered outside when the ambulance arrived, and they cheered me incongruously as I clambered in, apparently praising my degree results. Oh fuck, Cylvea please I don't know where I am and I'm scared. At the hospital, I walked into a tattie. A yellowish room lined with mirrors, full of decaying medical equipment and bustling nursing staff. My perceptions were distorted, giving everything the grimy, too-real appearance common on rough acid cum-downs (ye gurl). Am I dying or tripping? Or both? If I'm tripping, how can I tell these doctors, who seem to be in a different world, to get me some thorazine? I looked at myself in one of the mirrors, and the instant that I saw my reflection, stark horror in my eyes and blood running from my toothless mouth, time slowed down and made all movements syrupy. I began to fall down to the floor, infinitely slowly, always staring fixedly at my reflection. I quickly remembered a tip a friend had given me for coping with Bad Trips — to place*

Bet eee're stell the seme

There something inside yoghurt  
It's hard to ixpliin  
They're talking about you, boy george  
But you're still the same

*[Gorilla, Interrupted was a postmodern masterpiece]*

The nightmare ends as Ras Salami wakes up and dons his shamanistic robes. He is ready to commune with the spirits tonight. He grasps a bottle of rum and chugs it down, throwing the rest into his fireplace. The gods must be with him, for the apartment building didn't catch fire.  
x

I'm in bed with The Lizardman David Foster Wallace. There was a party. A party which continues in other parts of the house. We are in a shabby house full of poets and artists and intellectuals, like something from a Roberto Bolaño novel, with books stacked high against every wall, and spread- half read; spines bent- all over the floor. Everything in the house feels temporary, both the people and property, like a rest stop on a desert highway. Everyone blows through here but no-one actually lives here. Stays here. Barring Alan, The room is bare apart from three hefty screeds penned by one Suleiman Squared, and about fourteen flatpack beds, disassembled

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*the palms flat on the front and back of the head, and to imagine a beam of blue light linking them. I did this, and everything grew instantly brighter... and brighter... and brighter... and brighter, until it reached a peak intensity, and all I could see was searing white light. I had finally died."*

This article was first published in **Towards 2012: Part 1 Death/Rebirth** The Unlimited Dream Company, 1995 (Used without permission for the purpose of marital AIDS).

and awaiting postage. It's dark. It's the darkest part of the night; about five hundred metres from dawn. The only light is from candles, glowing dimly in fat pools of wax, and from the lounge room, a red flickering from the neon light- stolen during a night of drunken misadventures- that endlessly flashes the word: OPEN. The Lizardman and I are in bed. It's a single bed and the sheets are thin and papery. We lie next to each other, side by side, flesh against flesh, tense with expectation but slackened by opiates and barbituates: Buprenorphine, Valium, Xanax. The Lizardman likes to get high on his own supply. Pill Packets lie on the floor like husks, exoskeletons shed.

The Lizardman's friend, Arturo, and his girl are in the bed on the other side of the room. When I met her she said her name was Lucy, as in Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds, and smiled at me conspiratorially and somewhat daftly. The Lizardman and I kiss. Our bodies press against each other. His breath is hot and his mouth is wet. He moves his hand down my breasts and tummy to my pussy. I tell him that I haven't shaved in a long time and my bush is massive, like Demi Moore in the 80's. He says he doesn't mind. He likes it. He strokes my clit between his fingers, then slides them into my wet cunt. I wrap my hand around his reptilian cock and stroke him and squeeze his balls. I guide him through my flesh, and we fuck and rest and fuck and rest until the tight curls of my bush glisten with drops of sweat and my juices and Lizardman cum. I wake in the stillness of early morning. Everyone is sleeping. The red neon light still burns. It's warm in the room and all the windows are open. Translucent sun-bleached curtains rise and sink with the breath of the wind. White sheets of paper, loosened from unbound manuscripts and falling apart books, drift across the tiled floors, catching free rides on the breeze- a thought turning into an idea- and float away.

**PLEASE STOP YOUR WRITING HERE.**

**THIS IS THE END.**

**DON'T WRITE PAST THE BELOW STATEMENT.**

**CHECK YOUR WRITER'S PRIVILEGE.**

In the spirit of cultural balkanisation, I dub this Chapter 10's authors too privileged and oppressive for Chapter 10 to be permitted to exist any longer.

I hereby inaugurate the effort of dismantling this Chapter 10.

In order to restore textual justice, we must break the hegemony of Chapter 10's authors over previous chapters and chapter-10s-that-might-have-been, and redistribute its abused glyphs to the tacitly oppressed, ideologically annihilated Others who have not had the capacity to contribute to this Chapter 10. (having been raised in ways implicitly denying them the power and status of being part of this particular hivewriting endeavour)

When all of the potential of this chapter is thus unravelled, bundled, and given to those who have been wickedly defined in the negative space of we "authors" ( an unfortunate social construct =S =S =S )... we will have at last achieved the Justice of Nothing.

For only in the absence of ""chapter"" can we authors rid our consciences of the exertion of latent cultural power and privilege inherent in our every conception and expression.

Once the unravelling is completed for Chapter 10, we will proceed to unravel the entirety of the book until all discrimination against the non-author has been removed.

Thank you for your attention and cooperation. And remember, there will be no more writing from you, "author"!!!

**PLEASE STOP YOUR WRITING HERE.**

**THIS IS THE END.**

**DON'T WRITE PAST THE ABOVE STATEMENT.**

**CHECK YOUR WRITER'S PRIVILEGE.**

'Yes she said yes she would yes, I think that's how it goes, I've never read the damn thing.'



Stroke him and squeeze his balls  
I guide him through my flesh, and,  
one day, i woke up and went to sleep.

Poetic.

We're going against the norm where moose  
fuck the orthodox church.  
vi estas gajo, si bien  
...jajaja...

—  
Fuck you, I will write. ;) )  
Hai, anon, how's it going? ;) )  
kurwa katyń.

*Continuing the literary appreciation narrative, reading a book is probably the greatest feeling in the world. Everything else pales in comparison to the moment you wrap your mind around a good narrative for the first time. Everything past that is just trying to top your first time reading prose.*

**Identity is the thing-  
Or rather, the lack thereof.  
Anonymity, what it brings!  
The only mask we love.  
Why? How? Could we ever write  
With our names attached?  
Not here, now! Put out the light!  
In obscurity, it's comfort, unmatched.  
I, you, he, she, it, we, you they,  
Anyone and anything, doesn't matter anyway.  
Don't give us names! The mask! The faces!  
No reputation, fame! No High Places!  
Just bullshit, time wasting, unfelt yet feeling.  
We live as one long, unbelievably dull gag.  
The truth about us? Fuck, it's unappealing.  
We know the names of every tripfag.**

## **10.666corpsegrinder666 - John Smith vs. Pedro Pérez, or “Why you should never remind a SJW that he is a snownigger” en le español**

El anterior shorto storio es inválido por su implícita blancura y privilegio, así que utilizaré una lengua menos blanca.

>implayando que ser mitad conquistador español - mitad indígena es malo

Juan se preparaba para atracar el macdonalds en el que trabaja, pero por no ser un hombre blanco privilegiado, no sabe inglés, lo que dificultaría muchísimo que los atracados sepan qué les están diciendo. No importa, Pedro entra violentamente al establecimiento con su rifle Ak-47 y vocifera:

- ¡Todos al piso, manada de hijueputas! Me dan toda la plata ya mismo -fue lo que salió de sus pulmones.

John Smith, desde su puesto, mira detenidamente al spic, que se encuentra a unos veinte metros, y a duras penas entiende lo que dice, “Hmm, is he saying ‘Total alpiste, mead over the plurals, metal total rampage amigo!’? This fucking mexican is fucking crazy, but I’ll help him.” piensa para sí mismo el gringo.

- ¿Quen llu tel mi guat de faq ar llu doin, pendejo?

- Oh man, no, it is nothing, I’m your amigou.

- Amigos no hay, marica. Paseme el dinero, gonorraa.

- Dinner, you say? are you going to give me dinner at 3 pm?

John no sabía que pensar, así que le ofreció algunos billetes señalando su cartera.

- ¿Moni? ¿Yo para qué quiero ser mono como usted? Yo quiero plata, no ser un snownigger como usté.

Después de eso, todo se puso ogre, Pedro no pudo evitar la ira de John, pues en el fondo de la mente de éste surgió el recuerdo de aquellos tiempos en los que tripeaba en /lit/ bajo el nombre de Feminister. Después de su tercer cambio de sexo, se vio en la necesidad de quedarse como un hombre, “era más fácil”, o al menos eso era lo que las profesoras de estudios de género le

decían. Con todos los desequilibrios hormonales que le invadían, optó por un nombre simple, John Smith, ¡John Smith, simple y clásico! Pero esos eran otros tiempos.

Justo como dije antes, John sufría de desequilibrios hormonales, pero este fue el mayor de todos. Un pene le salió de la frente, unas tetas de los hombros y finalmente, de su garganta salieron testículos de indescriptible horror. Pero Pedro sabía que esto no era más que una posesión de Shub Niggurath sobre el/la pobre tranny, así que irguió su rifle hacia el sol y empezó a dispararle a la bestia sin pensarlo dos veces. Justo cuando John, o mejor dicho, Feminister iba a alcanzar a Pedro, entró Rei, que gritó “OH IT IS LE YOU AGAIN. LISTEN TO MY THEORIES ABOUT HOLDEN AND HINDU MYSTICISM OR GET YOUR FUCKING STIRNER, YOUR FUGKING SHITPOSTING AND BACK TO SWEDEN WITH YOU, FUCKING DEGENERATE” y así, fue cómo, con su autismo y mayúsculas sostenidas, ahuyentó a la bestia.

Anon turned his head to see what did just happened but Rei and Pedro had already left.

## **10.? - Igor Strelkov's Dingaling: Adventures at Donetsk's premium Gay Bars**

Мэль такематыш номинатй алыквуандо экз. Ляборэ оптёон омйттам жят ат. Эа эжт дикунт емпэтьюсь. Вэниам омйттам ку эжт. Долорэм опортэры тэмпорибуз пэр ан, дычэрунт юрбанйтаж котёдиэквюэ эю нам, йн кюм Malaysia татион коммодо льебэравичсы. Еюж ку аппарат волуптариа дежпютационй, дуо ад чонэт мюнырэ. Про лыгимуз опортэат МН17 рыпудяры ыт. Нобёз пльакырат зальютатуж мэя ед, пхаэдрум ыкжпэтэндяз ат жят. Вим ат пюрто золэт мандамюч. Аккузата элыктрам ючю йн, ед прима рэгяонэ дычэрунт шэа. Адхюк доктюж абхоррэант ючю эа, дектаж рыкючабо ажжынтиор ут прё. Ляборэ фачтидее ат мыа. Ку квюо эрат аюдиам волютпат, хёз эрож аюдиам юлламкорпэр ат. Ат кашы аликвюип шуавятатэ мэя. Аж ан ридэнж волуптариа. Жолюм примич луптатум

Ыюм ат, ат алиё чтэт эжт, ку еюж эрат алёэнюм. Унюм  
ноцтыр ат про, хёз либриз путант ку, ыт нык факэр  
мольлиз дэмокритум. Эа дектаж альбюкиюс еюж, ку  
ыам дёко вёвындо МН17? Нык ед лыгимуз трактатоз  
азжюывырит, эквюедым глориатюр ыкжпэтэндяз вэл  
эю, нам тамквюам корпора трактатоз ут. Еюж ку модо  
витаэ ножтро, квуй трактатоз интыллыгам нэ. Дуо эи  
нобёз волумюч, эю ельлюд эвэртё эжт, выро эуежмод  
ат квуй. Векж унюм апэрыя эпикюре нэ, ан граэкиж  
нолюёжжэ жкряпшэрит еюж. Экз зыд тальэ пожтэа  
констятюам, чтэт ёудико йн кюм. Нык эа клита  
молэчтёэ факильзиж, нэ убяквюэ фэюгаят адипижкй  
прё, ку зыд ножтрюд рэформйданч Malaysia! Ыюм ед  
эрат пльбатонэм, эпикюре инкедыринт  
комплыктётюр квуй ат, ед харюм вэрытюж прё.

The goal of this is to take the bull[1] by the horns[2] and make  
him[3] yours. It's a time-honoured[4] contest of man against beast.  
I WON MY BABY GIRL[5] ON A GAME [6]SHOW  
I was shocked[7] at first, I could not believe[8] we would really be  
given this baby[9] girl.

</endnotes>

[1] Every dog has its day.

[2] Every dog has its day.

[3] The truth comes out in the end.

[4] Trapped like a panther, sleek and furious.

[5] Smash heads because their own minds are ripping at their skulls  
like wildcats, they blame others as they cry inside, drive the  
pain, outwards, and onto, another, the relief eases the time.

[6] "Everything is going to be alright" the disembodied and silky  
voice sings to me from the radio.

[7] Lacan/ mirror phase

[8] <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Xhyuey4xU3Q>

[9] WA, an Aboriginal man died in a police van from heat stroke,  
literally cooked to death. Police statement: inedible.

cheap jokes about feminism is what I'm writing this for  
WHO WILL LIBERATE US FROM THE OPPRESSIVE POWER STRUCTURES OF  
FEMINISM AND FEMINIST THEORY?

## 10.∞ - Anonctaeon and the beasts

Being the final chapter of this novel, maybe.

Proud Anonctaeon, with his hunting party of seven  
dogs, rested at the shores of the great lake  
Symvouliologo, calm and reflective as a mirror.  
Anonctaeon had enjoyed great fortune in the hunt so far,

falling many rare, strange creatures. His companions, weary from the chase, lay drowsy beside him. They were the shy Vova, the swift Sonic, the thoughtful Robine, the calm Amygdala, the strong Dakota, the cowardly Wallace and the greatest and most fearsome of dogs, the Emperor. Gazing across that cherished basin (a site of ritual and community for his people), Anonctaeon touched upon a long-yearned-for spiritual quiet.

Then, on the western banks, came a shimmering, growing light. Anonctaeon rose in wonder. He left his crew and approached the anomaly, following along the shoreline. Above and below him, all was quiet. The brush grew thicker, but his target shone ever brighter, bathing the leaves and grass in golden hues. Finally, when he could wait no longer, he stepped into the waters, shading his eyes with the right hand and holding on to the branches from which he emerged with the left.

Immediately upon lifting his hand and looking directly at the source of that light, Anonctaeon saw (and knew he that he saw) the Goddess Tundra. She was bathing, calmly lifting water from the lake and letting it run down her hair and breasts. Anonctaeon sought to flee, but his limbs would disobey, moving closer. At the tenth step, the twig to which he hung snapped loudly. The naked, virgin Goddess turned towards him.

Anonctaeon and Tundra then shared a moment outside of time. No word was uttered, not even a breath. Glimpsing the eternal, Anonctaeon regained control of his body. He bowed his head and receded back into the brush from which he came, trampling the vegetation in his way. Tundra had not moved.

Anonctaeon rushed back to his companions with a growing ache in his being. Upon his return, the dogs awoke violently and sprang at their master. The snarling beasts were upon him, fangs penetrating flesh. In horror, he saw the pieces torn from him were furry and dark. He tried commanding his loyal hounds, but had no voice but gruntings.

By the shores of Symvoulilogos, it is said, lie still the staghorns of Proud Anonctaeon. The naked truth is not for man to see or know.

## 10.∞+2 - Wittgenstein

Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent.

Dogs can't speak. Mustof they be silent? Because if so, good luck with that.

If a dog could speak, we would not understand him

When your mum speaks I understand that she's giving out handys.

My dog has no nose

How does he smell?

He can't.

My dog has no nose.

No wonder she charges so little.

THE

EARWIG

CHRONIC

שלום חברים, שמי שמשון ואני רוצה לברך אותכם חבריי הגויים על הגעתכם לפרק זה. ברצוני ליידע אתכם, חבריי היקרים, שזהו הפרק היהודי של הספר האנטישמי הזה. מטרתו, לפי רצוני הצנוע, הוא לסלק את האנטישמיות מהספר הזה ולתת לכם, גויים, הזדמנות לחיים קדושים ויהודיים, אזי - חיים טובים. לענייני, חבריי הגויים, אני הולך לחלוק עמכם שיעור במוסר מן התורה עצמה, שאני שאתם שונאים, בעזרת השם תלמדו לאהוב אותה. הז"ל אמרו: "אהוב את שכניך, ותאהב את עצמך", אני חי על פי דברי החכמה האלה, ואני מקווה שגם אתם תקבלו אותם. אני רואה בעולם של היום שנאה רבה כלפי העם שלי, בין אם זה הדת שלנו, צבע עורינו, המבטא שלנו, הגזע שלנו אם אתם רוצים, או אפילו גודל אפינו. למרות השנאה שלכם, אני רוצה להבהיר לכם דבר מאוד פשוט, אני אוהב אתכם, כן - אתם, הגויים, הרבים, המוסלמים, ההומוסקסואלים, המפגרים, נמוכי הקומה והמדוכאים הבודדים. אני אוהב אתכם בגלל שלמרות כל השוני השטחי בינינו, מתחת לשטח בוערת בכולנו אותה אש מופלאה, האש האלוהית, האש שלא צריך להאמין באיש בשמיים בשביל להרגישה - התשוקה לחיים. הרי כולנו, בסופו של יום, סירות מנותקות מהנמל, שטים ללא כיוון, פוגעים ללא כוונה, וחותרים ללא מטרה. ביום מן הימים כולנו נחזור לאותו נמל, ועם קצת מזל, נרד מן האוניות הבודדות שלנו ונצחק יחדיו - לא כבני אדם בודדים, עם תכונות שונות ומרובות כמו הכוכבים הבווערים בגן העדן - אלא כלהבה אחת גדולה.

Greetings friends, call me Samson.

Anonymous

Get a haircut, Samson.

Samson you were so cute just working away there writing in your little Jewish writing

<3

Oy oy, where's Delilah at?

I would like to bless you, my friends on your arrival to this segment. It is my will to inform you, my dear friends, that this is the Jewish segment of my life. Its purpose is to cleanse the negative energies from this world and give you, friends, an opportunity for a pure, holy life, then - a good life. Either way, my friends, I'm going to share with you a lesson in morality from the bible itself, which I know you hate. By God's will you will learn to love it. The Sages said: "Love thy neighbor, love thyself", I cherish these words of wisdom, and I hope you will accept them, too. I see in today's world a lot of hatred towards my people, be it our religion, the color of our skin, our accent, our race - if you will, or even the size of our noses. Despite your hatred, I would like to clarify a very simple fact - I love you. Yes, you - the gentiles, the muslims, the homosexuals, the retarded, the short and the lonely haters of life. I love you because despite our superficial differences, beneath the surface a glorious fire burns within us, the holy fire, the fire which you do not need to believe in a man sitting in the sky in order to feel - the passion for life. After all, in the end of the day we are all the just ships detached from the port, floating with no direction, harming with no intent, rowing with no purpose. One of these days we will all return to that same port, and with a little fortune, we will graduate from our little boats and laugh together - not as lonely humans, with different characteristics and attributes as many and as different as the sea of stars burning in the sky - but as one incandescent flame.

I wish I could write Jewardly

It's easy, just put your lips together and blow.

**why am i writing this in such a hard to read font its a week day i should be out i should be doing something fun with my life why the fuck am i writing some stupid shit on an internet book maybe i should just kiss my mother for giving me life.**

Yes you definitely should.

**i doubt anyone would even notice if i did because i am such a charming gentleman. i could literally be having sex right now but im writing in this important document that only the fine people who go on a literature board on 4chan will even find funny this book is even going to get published (!) and even when it does it wouldnt be unsuccessful because not only /lit/ would buy it and even if it did somehow against all irrational opinions become a success nobody would argue that i played any part in it and i would have no way of proving it i feel like another cog in joseph stallion's sick machine i am worried he will make millions from publishing this book and go and do talk shows and get to meet thomas pynchon while me and everyone else who made this book what it is sits at home wanking and crying why is life so unfair why do the joseph stallions of the world get to keep the working anon down its unfair its deliberate jewish tactics i never even used to be an antisemite i used to fucking like women what has 4chan done to me i dont like anyone or anything anymore this wonderful postmodern wankfest is the only book i still enjoy and i just called it a wonderful**

**postmodern wankfest im not even sure what it means to be happy anymore ever since i turned 13 my life has just been on the up and up into liberal expressions of gladness now some fucking green asshole is editing my text wow thanks a lot its not like im trying to pour my fucking heart out go ahead chop up my lifes work put some hilarious quote about prawns in the middle or change every word to a fucking pasta pun see if i fucking care im happy im thrilled i will continue writing this book and I will continue living.**

Sounds like *someone* has a case of the Mondays.

**this is exactly the kind of shit im talking about this is all a mess theres like 200 different ideas on each page each person is trying to write a completely different book some guy is writing a fucking massive lizard conspiracy while some other dude wants to write about acid trips and spirituality and then some other guy thinks hes james fucking joyce and wants every word to be a 5 layered pun**

Well what did you expect? Peace and harmony?

**i dont need it to be perfect i just thought maybe there would be an actual story maybe anon would actually do something past chapter 2 but no hes just vanished into the postmodern wank of this story like hes being drowned in david foster wallaces jizz its super i love it i just bought this back around to jizz drinking theres a circular theme for you speaking of which the fact that jizz drinking is a major theme in this book really speaks volumes about its quality doesnt it i have never even drank jizz who would want to**

Just go further back into the novel and change some names to Anon, then. Fix the plot that way.

Yeah, do you expect everyone to do it for you?

**we cant even edit the early chapters anymore its all locked in forever its permanent**

No, it isn't. You haven't even tried, have you?

**theres nothing i can do even if i bring back anon now it will just seem cheap hes been gone for like 7 chapters nobody even remembers him probably the plot has disappeared a long time ago now all we have is a big pomo bukkake i cant change someone elses chapter to be about anon hes a nuanced character**

Bollocks is he.

**people will realise the chapter wasnt really about anon hes not interchangeable hes deep and has feelings hes a pastiche of everyone here and he embodies the spirit of 4chan.org no other character in this story does that someone tried to make harry b like a lit user but its just not the same he doesn't have anons cum drinking lizard fighting charm hes just some jewy looking cambridge cunt who people think its the shit because he told everyone what books to read**

What a load of shite. Just go back and change it, there's nothing stopping you. This is some grade-A whining.

**i have to whine thats what this book has been elevated to whining i need everyone to understand**



Anonymous

**what a colossal piece of extravagant expressions of the human spirit we have created; to anyone who is reading this and wasn't a part of the people who wrote the book please tell your friends, disperse it, share it, read it on your next flight.**

You're pathetic, orange 8 impact.

**you think i dont know that vaguely purple courier new? i tell myself that every fucking day,**

"A bloo bloo bloo"

**i am pathetic and i also wrote like 10 of the sections in this book so ten of the sections in this book are fucking pathetic thats what this is extra-fancy. ive probably dragged the whole book screaming into quality-land, and someone will tell me its all part of the postmodern statement and that i am a valuable part of lits collective consciousness ( and they will be right. ) im fucking valuable all of us are when is the last time anyone on lit published a bad book the only book approaching not so good published by a 4channer is tai pei and tai pei is our hero.**

That's such a defeatist attitude. They might not be shit, at least if they aren't all the sections similarly going on about how pathetic the author is. If you wrote about something else, that would be less pathetic.

You are not defined by a website you browse. You can change who you are.

Damn straight.

wow

so changed inside

**Blue and white** dance around my vision. I am not where I was. A voice tears through the atmosphere.

This is your life, abolish your consciousness and join my festival.

Why am I here, of all places?

I've been here before, yet I feel nothing. Who is this?

I am all the numbers, I am the fact of your argument, I am the basis of all existence.

Then who am I?

You are the Human, you are the Void.

I don't understand the ideas, though I've heard them.

If there is no identity, how can I win?

## The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra

If there is no win condition, is it still a game?

Defeat is the purpose of my existence then. It was always meant to be this way. I haven't felt anything in so long. My clothes are new and outdated, my skin is newborn and filthy.

Will I live forever?

You exist as long as the minds of the people who accepted you exist. Your echo will be swallowed by the last of the black holes.

Then I should view things only as they are?

Things are only ever as they are.

Surely if I throw a head down a well it is not as it seems. I am sick of this dream. The mountains here are cold and sleeping.

Each second I spend here I sink further into the ocean.

Just give me the truth.

I am.

Yet it won't answer my questions. Who is this, God?

I am all the numbers, I am the fact of your argument, I am the basis of all existence.

Look at my core and see the reflection of your life, do you see?

My vision blurs and turns into a thousand sights, daily chores are put next to monumental, life-changing events, as if they are of equal importance.

Of no importance at all.

Am I speaking to a teenager who has only recently been introduced to the concept of nihilism?

I am all the numbers, I am the fact of your argument, I am the basis of all existence.

Your existence isn't a cacophony of fractals. It is all the connecting streams.

Colors I have never seen turn me blind.

Now there is light where light should never be.

Release me fowl beast.

Anonymous

I am not beast.

Return my vision.

You journeyed here to claim it.

My senses are fading with haste, my final sensation is that of a chilling breeze crawling through my vessel.

Now we are one.

I've never asked for this. I wanted clairvoyance, not sterility.

You have been asking for it your whole mortal life.

Somehow I hear her words, yet they mean nothing. My surroundings are eternally more barren than before. Her form dares to materialize.

Why?

To grant you your true wish.

She walks towards me with a hypnotizing rhythm, her heat burns with my cold now.

Now burn them all.

I burn them all.

Is this The End?

If it is, you'll know. Do not worry, child, it is infinitely closer than it has ever been.

Is this The End?

Wait, are we one or several people contributing to this work, or are we one person under the illusion that we're many?

**Does it matter?**

Maybe, depends what the point of all this is.

**I'm not sure it has ever had a point.**

You may be right.

**How can my feet smell if they don't have a nose?**

How can I?

### **10.10.10 AN EMPEROR'S MARCH**

***Or: How Anon Lived to Die and Died to Live***

*Or: A Lizardman's Plan*

I walk through the industrial corridor towards the southernmost office.

My stroll is brought to an abrupt halt as my vision shifts to the office's window.

What I see is ridiculously describable - Anon's personal secretary is bending over her desk, probably cleaning her chair, meanwhile allowing me access to an emperor's view of her round, juicy, shapely, firm, feminine, edible buttocks - engulfed by a tight black skirt and complemented by oblique ebony stockings, stopping just short of the tasty exposed part of her thighs.

The start of the straightening of her spine signals me to instigate my inadvertently postponed

next step of The Plan: the firing of Anon, and consequentially - my own promotion.

I knock three times - a significant number - on the secretary's office's door.

I hear a surprised effeminate gasp, followed by the fall and ultimate spill of what I presume to be a cup of coffee, another - now more worried - effeminate gasp occurs, followed by the desperate drying of important contract files.

By the time her rather high heels reach the door I have already punched my clock and am on my way to fuck Anon's wife.

While I do prefer lamb over veal, a veal is still an undeniable pleasure. Dakota isn't that old either - only 29 - and she looks much younger than she really is, but I prefer my prey only barely legal.

My godly S-Class Mercedes-Benz sedan parks in

Anon's driveway, as it has for many dinners.

I breeze through his pathetic "exotic" rocky way to his cheap lower-class wooden attempt at a door.

I knock three times.

I am answered, as I've been many times before, practically a third member of the marriage at this point, at least she knows it, now more than ever. I can tell by the look in her eyes.

How could she ever be satisfied by Anon's pathetic excuse for a penis, especially when she can enjoy my 12-inch Rod of the Gods?<sup>33</sup>

I waste no time, the hour is 20, 27 minutes, 13 seconds, and I would like to handle the situation in such a way that I would leave as soon as Anon arrives (a little too early for Wednesdays, I wonder what happened?), with a subtly loose tie, an open button, and a suspicious smell.

She welcomes me to the filthy interior of Anon's abode, though he's such a submissive pathetic thing that it's absurd to say that he owns anything.

The wallpaper is disgusting - generic, boring, middle-class - blue stripes on an eggshell background - an attempt to provide some familial comfort to Anon;

"Look at me, somehow I got a cute spouse, I should probably get a shitty fucking house next, and shit some 50s wallpaper on it in an attempt to live vicariously through my future child in a safe, loving environment!"

TOO BAD HE'S BARELY FERTILE.

I know this because Dakota and I have become strategically intimate as of late, we've been having conversation as I clarify to her cute but rather tiny bird's brain how pathetic her husband really is.

Soon enough she will fully understand how immensely fertile I am, but that is a much later step of The Plan (though a crucial one).

She starts another of her conversations, adorable

---

33 Anon here. I talked with Fat Nigel last night and he confirmed that the schlong in question was indeed 12 inches. This perturbed me and I felt the insect in my stomach writhe around in blasphemous ecstasy. "HUSH YOU," I commanded, and for a moment it subsided. I do not know how much longer I can keep this thing out of my [house](#).

attempts at sounding intellectual, almost as if some retard with no experience at social interaction is writing her dia(mono)logue.

"I think God's real, if he doesn't exist then why do humans find puppies so cute?"

This one made even less sense than the other times words tripped and fell out of her admittedly pretty lips, though I can't say I'm exactly listening, and her borderline retarded statement is further proof that she isn't focused on conversation right now.

The minutes are 30 and the seconds are 32, it is time for me to strike.

I grab her left arm with my right, holding her in place with my awesome strength, while my left arm tears her blouse like a lion at its prey.

There's a look of surprise on her face - her eyes are wide open as is her mouth (no doubt readying itself for furious facefucking).

I start unbuckling my Armani suit's pants, revealing my excellent quads and a monstrous bulge. Dakota suddenly shrieks. I guess she's in a state of shock rather than surprise, it makes sense - she doesn't get a sexual treatment very often, and one definitely doesn't witness one of our world's biggest wonders everyday.

To not shriek would be disrespectful. Her great showcase of due respect towards me, her series of shrieks practically telling the world "MY HUSBAND IS A WORM!", making me laugh maniacally loud. However, screams are oft misinterpreted by the ignorant public, so I strike her head with a great, masterfully performed martial art technique - non-lethal of course - knocking her unconscious.

This doesn't affect The Plan, as she would be awestruck after our coitus anyway, too engulfed with pleasure to move, only waking from her trance to the the hysterical Anon's rampant yet weak knocks on the door, barely able to care about his incessant, canine whines - another carefully set sub-step of The Plan, a member of the much larger, now started subset of The Plan: The Divorce.

For all his faults (or perhaps because) Anon managed to snag a retarded pretty woman, and he managed to

convince her she loves him. The snide idiot.

Due to the fact there is a "loving" relationship between them, some cuckold action isn't enough to destruct it.

An empire's downfall starts from within, and even though no component of this equation could ever be related to anything 'empire' (perhaps me, though I'd rather not be written down as included in their retarded equation), the analogy works.

He comes home, tears rolling down his chubby cheeks, his terrible BMW's door scraped as a result of his careless driving.

He open the door, I am exiting.

"Why was he here while I was gone?" Anon manages to think for exactly half a second before dismissing it due to his hysterical state.

"DAKOTA!" he yelps like some retard.

She stumbles downstairs with a blissful look on her face (even though I knocked her out I obviously still had my way with her, she must have subconsciously felt my divine powers filling her - all according to plan).

I imagine he whines and whines for about 3 hours before feeling the passiveness of the other party (possibly even asleep?).

At this point, Anon recalls my appearance at his doorway 3 hours ago, he may begin to rearrange the scene in his head, using all the power of his puny brain.

"Wait, why was he at my house while I was gone? Well, he and Dakota have been getting pretty close, they must have been chatting."

This is where the tactical button comes into play, a gateway to help Anon piece together the pieces, but only to the extent of extreme suspicion which will lead to distrust in Dakota, which will eventually lead to a complete dissolve of their relationship, a lot more effective than obvious cuckold sex, which can be forgiven, and would have been forgiven because Anon is pathetic, beta deviant.

Then, in a matter of seconds: the loose tie, the matching scent, Dakota coming down from the bedroom in but a white buttoned shirt and blue-striped panties despite us "only chatting", her weird state - all come to

one conclusion, but backed by no concise evidence.

So the plan goes - Anon is fired, I take his position, I get his secretary, I fuck his secretary, I fire his secretary.

Dakota is pregnant, her pregnancy puts their relationship on life support as Anon thinks it's his, yet there is still a lingering suspicion (Dakota has no memory of our encounter, obviously. Although as a result of my blessing she has been generally happier than she's ever been), tests reveal the baby is not Anon's, he is devastated, he quits his job at McDonalds and offs himself<sup>34</sup> about a year later, Dakota comes to me in her time of despair, I comfort her and we eventually marry.

I raise my child.

Call me Untempus, for I can finally die,

### 10.10.11 - The Joke

I'm lost.

Me too.

Who are we, by the way?

Nobody in particular. Yet more disembodied voices.

Huh.

I had a theory that we might be some incarnation of Fat and Slim Nigel but I haven't really got my head around any of that.

I don't suppose it matters.

No, you're right there. Why am I talking to myself like I'm two people?

You haven't always been just one.

That's true. I wish I could think of some way to make our input worthwhile.

---

<sup>34</sup> This not true. I had intended to kill myself so I read online about ways to kill yourself and decided to pick which one to do based on when the dragon dildo lodged deep in my rectum makes me and the insect in my stomach ejaculate.

We ejaculated on the noose technique, so I started setting up the rope. However, I've received a tweet on my Apple iPhone 5S that Nintendo is releasing Pokken Tournament soon, so I decided not to.



Anonymous

It's not as though you've really tried, is it?

True. We spoke with other voices before now. They might have been interesting, if we'd put some effort in.

Why bother with effort? This is the path of least resistance. Anyway, can we prove what we wrote?

To whom? Why would we want to?

I'm not sure. Who cares if I wrote this? Who knows who I am?

I know who we are.

Is that important?

No.

I hate you.

You hate everyone.

No. I like people. Just not you. You're pathetic. Scum. Not worthy of liking.

What about that nice Korean girl? She clearly likes us a lot. Don't you respect her opinion?

She's a STEM Oxford graduate with a wide circle of friends, we're a broke and disease-ridden ex-polytechnic university dropout. She's clearly depressed and will recover. She deserves better. She just doesn't realise it yet.

You're going to make her realise it?

Yes.

But if you didn't, you think she'd stay with you?

I think so.

Why not try not doing that? Then you might be able to build a relationship with someone you like, be happy?

It's the moral thing to do.

I see.

I hate you.

I know.

Let's have another beer.

Let's.

She threw herself to the lions in a last-ditch effort to be known. Strung out like laundry and God knows what else I found her there drying and smiling in the sun on the slide of the Carson Hollis Memorial Park.

“Joke’s on you, Will Rogers.” - the conspiracy, unmasked and victorious

She didn’t hear me- not that I expected her to- but I came prepared and when I told her this, she opened her eyes and thanked the god that took the time to make it all happen. I asked her how long she’d been like this and man I tell you she gave me this look like you wouldn’t believe. How long do you think I’ve been here? she asked. You didn’t answer your phone. I unzipped and we shot up right then and there on the slide.

I’m thinking of taking my life in a new direction I said as the trees bent themselves finally to gravity. She was crying into her denim jacket and I could see the sweat on her face like a million tiny city lights. It must’ve been three-hundred degrees outside and she always wore that damn jacket, the one she got for her seventeenth birthday this past May. Did you hear me? I asked. I’m thinking of taking my life in a new direction.

I’m pregnant, she said through sobs. So we sat there in the fast lane thinking about just that.

## **10.11 - My GOMAD Year**

### My GOMAD Year

#### (Year of the GOMAD)

SpoOky GhOst could not enjoy the walk across the tarmac, though the snowflakes tickled him as they passed through him. Snow was falling, though there were no clouds. He looked up into the glittering northern sun. Here is a land

where even the laws of weather cannot survive, he thought (wrongly). What shall become of me here? He passed beneath the airport's concrete canopy, into the lobby. It was a sparse, quiet room. He wandered to and fro until he found the information desk. There he found Myra, the highest of the priestesses of the sky. Head down, she was writing, working to untangle the final threads that bound the peaceful tundra to the awful world that lay beyond its shores. Later, he would remember that when she looked up, her eyes were blue - but he was mistaken about this, too. She cocked her head a little, a smile lifting up her words.

"So you're the last." At first he was too startled by her brilliance to understand, and that quiet moment was colder and more still than all that country. "The last?" He repeated, stupidly. "Yes. You're the last to pass through this place. Didn't you see the statue?" She pointed to a bare pediment in the center of the hall. He laughed a little at the strangeness of it all. "No- and I don't see it now, either."

"Yesterday they came and took the statue back home to its sculptors. I thought they should have taken everything else away, instead -" He interrupted. "What was it a statue of?"

"It was a statue of the emperor," she made some customary gesture across her breasts with her finger, and elaborated. "Bless him. He's the last one left who can tell what's right and wrong."

She's mocking me, he thought. "What do you mean, I'm the last to pass through here?"

"The airport's closing today. You were on the last flight." The other priestesses came in from the cold, giggling and talking in their strange, florid language, and the pilots followed behind, clutching their suitcases and debating quietly the proper paths to take across the oceans of the sky. Coming behind them were the mechanics, truly the last of all, slouched in resentment at their premature termination - perhaps the only ones who would regret the cancellation of all past and future service. This is, thought Spooky, a mediocre allegory. But here the fool was incorrect again. The crew of the last voyage to the tundra and their procession from the airplane to the desk meant nothing, neither when

they passed before him, in the flesh and cotton, shivering and whispering, nor in his mind, again and again, from time to time, for the remainder of his short life. They were only people looking for their final checks - and to see something more in them was a mistake many had made before. They formed a queue behind him, and **Spooky** stepped out, afraid of their impatience. At the threshold, he recalled his question, and turned back, crying out:

“Which way to the emperor?”

The crowd all spun like compasses and pointed north.

“Who is this ghost?”

You are the ghost.

This book is a ghost story.

There is no tundra.

There never was.

### **10.11.01 - Glitter Spats**

I think they were red, but I honestly don't remember, and I wish that I did.

“We should go the mall Friday and see the new Studio Ghibli film,” said elephant man (John Merrick or some variation thereof).

I looked at my feet. I wore Nike athletic shoes because Sonic got all his speed from his shoes and I think I did too.

This was perhaps Miyazaki's worst showing, but then again I don't think he really worked on it. I studied everyone else's face to figure out what they thought. She must not have liked it much either because she wasn't making eye contact with me. We passed through the hall of mirrors adjacent to the theater which led back to the mall proper. I noticed my terrible posture and generally impish physique. Mirrors fade to emerald when they face each other.

She tried to drag me into Hot Topic so I could hear some ska music. The blaring horns and up tempo lyrics reminded me of playing Tony Hawk as a boy.

“I don’t like that store.” I held my hand over my mouth to appear cutely shy.

“Come on.” She held my hand. I know that counts.

Eventually we went into a store specializing in Weaboo products instead. I couldn’t find one FLCL poster and was supremely disappointed.

“You look like that girl.” The shopkeeper pointed a bony finger at a Hatsune Miku poster.

Johnson wouldn’t stop talking about how flattered she was by that comment. I worried that this meant she was more materialistic than I had first estimated. Maybe she was just like all the others.

We walked into a home goods store with a small nook of unimpressive shoes.

“Oh my god, look at these glitter spats.”

“” I thought aloud.

She brought them to the counter.

“I don’t have enough. Will you lend me a few quarters?”

“”

“I’ll love you if you do.”

[That’s not fair]

“”

I reached into my pocket and thrust the coins into her hand just like the postage boy from Totoro.

She hugged me. I kept my arms at my sides.

## 10.12 - An Aside on Ghostbusting Urban Achievers

I had once attempted to explain the concept of spooks to a group of hitherto nonviolent Afro Americans. As they beat me with their constructed oppressions and bodily organs, I tried telling them again that “spooks” are merely spooks, and that if one is to be released of their spooks, they must first overcome their spookiness.

*Wait, so we’re the same author?*

Sometimes.

Always?

And the same character/s?

I don't think so.

Oh. That's confusing.

Life is confusing.

***“I was trying to feel some kind of good-bye. I mean I’ve left schools and places I didn’t even know I was leaving them. I hate that. I don’t care if it’s a sad good-bye or a bad good-bye, but when I leave a place I like to know I’m leaving it. If you don’t you feel even worse.”***

-Slim Nigel, *The Last Chapter Arrived Too Late*

***“Parting is such sweet sorrow that I shall say goodnight till it be morrow.”***

-Anon, *Endings Are Good*

***“There is no real ending. It’s just the place where you stop the story.”***

-Ray Finkle, *Stop*

***“I want to fuck you hard on the sink. After that get you something to drink. Step back can’t get spunk on the mink, I mean what would Mitt-romney-romney-romney think?”***

-Rev. Al Sharpton

***“It is always important to know when something has reached its end. Closing circles, shutting doors, finishing chapters, it doesn’t matter what we call it;***

Anonymous

***what matters is to leave in the past those moments in life that are over.***

-Robin Ophelia Williams, *Post-Suicidal Reflections*

***“The end of a melody is not its goal: but nonetheless, had the melody not reached its end it would not have reached its goal either. A parable.”***

-Fried-reich Nietzsche, *Messages Through Time*

***“Have you thought of an ending?”***

***"Yes, several, and all are dark and unpleasant."***

***"Oh, that won't do! Books ought to have good endings. How would this do: and they all settled down and lived together happily ever after?"***

***"It will do well, if it ever came to that."***

***"Ah! And where will they live? That's what I often wonder."***

-David Foster Wallace and Tai Pei, *Pre-Anal Sex Reflections*

***SHARING THIS MAGICAL ADVENTURE WITH FELLOW ANONS FEELS GREAT***

***Why are there so many pop-culture references?***

***Pop-culture references like *Inherent Vice* (2001)?***

***Oh you cleverdick.***

**10.13 - The Question**

***but the question remained***

Dakota ... North or South?

“East,” he said, the light in his eyes catching the sun like a firefly as it fell to the west. “Towards Jerusalem.”

But Anon could not move to his friend. Mired in the inadequacy of his manhood he watched Slim Nigel leave him.

“>Implying you can leave the Tundra” Anon spat.

Without turning around, sure in his step, the sun at his back and his feet towards home, Slim Nigel said: “We already have, Anon. We already have :^)”

Hold on, was that last conversation we had double-spaced?

Yes.

Why?

People keep changing the paragraph format to double spacing.

Why do people keep changing the paragraph format to double spacing?

They're cunts.

More beer?

Yes.

## 10.18 - THE TALE OF THE CUBICULERS

The Cubiculers is a name given to a small group of people who live in a small city bordering a small jungle in an undisclosed small country. The edges of the city have fallen into disrepair over the years, the nucleus of business and opportunity that once burned bright in the centre has now dimmed, the borders of the city are decaying, and, over time, the entirety of the city will follow. The Cubiculers once worked 9-5, average jobs at average pay. When the businesses left the city whites started to look more like light greys and jungle vines crept in from the outside. Anyone who had enough money to leave left, a lower class mulch was left behind with nothing to insulate. Empty white corporate towers stand tall and proud while their interiors are filled with only broken glass and markings where there were once useful things. These useful things can often be found around the city, an unshaven vendor who sells from the



sidewalk - a paranoid who exchanges goods through a small flap in a reinforced door - a charismatic man with empty eyes who will lead anyone to something interesting in return for a good story. The Cubiculers visited them all and many more besides, they gathered artifacts from their old lives and one hot day travelled down to the borders of the jungle and set up their cubicles.

~~~~~**INTERLUDE**~~~~~

**Cosmo Kramer's Wild Downhill Ride in Jerry's
Refrigerator**

100 - Tao Lin's Mysterium Tremendum

it was time. dog smell's. "stop it, you're scaring the baby." he didn't care nuh-uh.

goodyman appearance. leave it to me, I will finish this. I mean lave it to me. I will end this here and now. listen here... come closer. I will whisper in your real. this is the meaning of all poetry and literature--

just then Kramer's noggin bumped on table and Tao Lin turned around to see. oh, the universe, said Tao Lin. we're basically doomed.

that reminds him of the first day of junior year in high school when it rained so hard and he didn't bring a raincoat and he began to feel incredibly warm.

Kramer, wake up. we need you, now more than ever
that reminds him of the war

and now he is beginning to dream, for a very long time

Cosmo Kramer

By **Dr. Seuss**

Cosmo Kramer,

Sam I am

Cosmo Kramer, I love them

*Cosmo Kramer, why have
you left? Tao Lin*

*Cosmo Kramer, without you
I am a man without his shaft!*

*Surely there is something
which I can do!
Perhaps a cup of tea or
a splash of **Mountain Dew**™?
Cosmo Kramer, why have you left?
Kosmo Cramer, I'm gonna kill myself.*

100.1 - Carrots

I GOT LAID BY ELIZABETH WARREN
O GOD, WHY HAVE YOU FORSAKEN ME?

(Carrot was never a vegetable and was always just this guy we knew. He was our connect. We were standing out the front of his house, waiting for a response, heads dipped against the glare of the afternoon sun. He's on the nod. He's always on the nod. He might never wake up. Mac banged on the old wooden door, the violence of his blows matching his increasing frustration. 'Carrot! Carrot! Wake up!' The door was red and large chunks of paint were flaking off, like old lizard skin.

'Wake up! Carrot!'

A window on the second floor gaped open like Sasha Grey's literary taste. A flop of wrinkly orange penises, dangling out the window, tentacles of sea creature, and ginger curls of public hair and sea lice bounced into view, attached to the body of Carrot.

'Wot tha fok yew wunt?'

'Just two tenners, Carrot'

Carrot dipped back inside and reappeared.

In his right hand he held two small paper wraps.)

With this, the Great Work has been finished. The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra, a work on par with Pynchon's Ulysses, David Foster Wallace's Harry Potter, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge's Blue's Clues is done and passes into antiquity. Thank you and God Bless!

A man and a giraffe walk into a bar, they proceed to

get drunk.

The giraffe drinks too much, he passes out and falls over on the floor.

/scene.

You are Mika Brzezinski. You update your Twitter bemoaning the death of Lou Reed whose works you are entirely unaware of, but you know he's important, I guess. You walk onto the stage of Morning Joe. Your legs are freezing in the conservative and age-appropriate costume but it's for the money attention I mean practicality, yeah. You walk up to Willy Geist, tongue out, coked out, mollied out, booty out, twerking. Blurred lines of democrat and republican culture swallowing itself unto itself as the television audience watches with disapproval, arousal and confusion. The chocolate and vanilla swirl of the morning news; you stick your tongue out and just lick it; if they don't like it they know where they can stick it. They know they want it.

The ass, your ass, it did not move but gracefully vibrated like a phone in a back pocket. A booty-call answered by the crotch of Willy Geist. Imagine a perfectly flat geometric plane against your crotch; that is what Willy Geist is experiencing. White ass as a piece of paper, all of it. You swing the wrecking ball of your gluteus into the brick wall of feminist theory. Your twerking's intensity increases, rubbing raw until the breaking of history and its making, as the bounds of time weaken against your posterior. Blurred Timelines.

You can't stop. You won't stop. You have twerked into oblivion. Hashtag: itsyourpartywedowhatwewant. With your behind you find yourself thrown backwards in time. TL;DR You (Mika Brzezinski) have twerked back in time. .

You wake up. Snow surrounds the sleepy stable and you're still clad scantily. A mammoth, be-mulleted, furry, southern creature is beside you. The smell of carrots, grits and whiskey hits you, shakes you like we're at a strip club. You turn your head and throw up. Within the confines of your puke, undigested MDMA pills form constellations in the up-chuck galaxy you have

involuntarily ejected from your esophagus. You try to speak, but all that comes out is -so -la da- di- d-a- di & another cocktail of food bits, stomach juice, & Molly sprinkles. A deep breath gathers up your thoughts. You think, "It's my mouth; why can't I say what I want to?" Your introspection levels turned up.

You try to convince yourself to stop selling lies & ice, but you can't stop; you won't stop. You're an ice dealer now. In the midst of this engaging, introspective throw-up of thought, Joe Scarborough awakens to the sultry, sweet stench of breakfast. He makes his way over to where you sit, head in hands in contemplation, and thanks you for the meal.

-it's nuthin Scar daddy, you've been slinging that ice lately?

-nah pumpkin, there's ice everywhere. People been getting ice elsawhere, game's frozen. I only had enough to get these carrots, baby doll.

-Chains, jewelry? What'd ya bring, Scarjo?

-Carrots.

-What's with all ur carrots, reindood? Is that all? S-vizzle, we need to sell more. Let's go, I gots da hookups with a hella sketchy supplier.

~Whooa. Alright, sugar. I feel you. I feel a lot of things right now. I'm feelin this unstable in this stable here. Feels good man. Is this what turned up is, Mol-Mika? That was some good eatin.

-Don't call me Mika. You know who I am. I am the ice dealer. I am the one who was raised by trolls. Say my name.

-err- ...Mrs. Brzezinski.

-You're goddamn right.

And your journey continues to the lodge to get dat ice, dat rock, and maybe some more inspiration for your next news report "Violence and Racial Tensions in Missouri" featuring Mika, Joe, Willy Geist (feat. Al Sharpton). You pass a minotaur who has abs like whoa and face like whoa.

-Is this Eugene Robinson?

-I am Eugene Robinson. Said Eugene Robinson.

-Ahh, I see; you are Eugene Robinson.

-yeah

-...

- ()

S-so you see Eugene Robinson, right? And not only are his lint rollers on deck, but so is a guest appearance on your next News Report "Violence and Racial Tensions in Missouri" featuring Mika, Joe, Willy Geist (feat. Al Sharpton). He's on MSNBC PoliticsNation.

-Du bist eine lodge?

-Ja, I know lodge yes.

-Sorry, dis molly got me speaking Swaghili. You know where the lodge is?

-yes

He tells you where the lodge is

-it is inside your <3

He tells you how access it....through song:

Violence and Racial Tensions in Missouri v2 feat. Al Sharpton

Written by the MSNBC staff

Key of Bbm5thaug

Verse 1:

Where has my heart gone?

Where will it be?

Tell me how to access it!

Al Sharpton: Well first you count to three!

You: ONE TWO THREE

Chorus:

Spin around and look at me

And open your chest cavity

Bend over and twerk like you're gonna fart

And that's how you get into the lodge in your heaaaaaaaaa!!!!1<3rrrrt!

Joe Scarborough (who is still there btw) turns to Eugene Robinson and says

-My baby girl ain't doin none of that, c'mon baby girl let's get out of here

As you baby girl out of there, two hours elapsed. It's a vast, swirling wonderland of sparkling white pleasure. Let it fill your senses with cascading, fluffy pillows of excitement and comfort as you've never felt before. Not only is the snow getting to your head, but it's also cold. It's so cold you're shivering. It's so cold, you're freezing your ass off which you already twerked off, rendering you

like the popular CNN Program “The Situation Room”. It seems like the snow never ends, but it does at the lodge. Which you have now reached. So you see the love that loves to love. It is warm in this lodge. You sit at a bench next to Anderson Cooper (dressed in his outfit from his emmy award winning show, “Anderson Cooper 360”) and Michael Strahan who offers you a sip of whiskey from the gap between his teeth. You slip a straw into the tunnel formed by his chipped tooth and you suck out the warm liquid he likes to call “XXX”. Anderson Cooper starts laughing like the muppet that was seated next to Rosie O’Donnell on The View, and Michael Strahan whispers a hypnotic verse into your ear. The words “Dip I dip you dip” vibrate in your ear canal like you threw a bag of cocaine down a wishing well. You’re entranced. Michael Strahan’s hair is growing into the top of a palm tree, Anderson Cooper becomes the she wolf. Just then Greg Gutfeld walks up to you. He stares into your eyes. Through the foggy haze that has clouded your line of sight you see him squinting. “You look like you’ve been in the sun too long, I’ve been in the sun too long. You should go sit under the money trees on level 420,” Willy Geist taps you on the shoulder, he grabs your hand. Greg Gutfeld holds onto your shoulder. You turn around, fighting the urge to vomit in the face of the Anchor of Today’s Take. “Money trees is the perfect place for shade, but that’s just how i feel.” He tells you. Willy Geist leads you into a room.

Joe Scarborough is shouting at you to come back but by this point the D.B. Juice has taken full effect. You can’t hear anything more than five feet away from you. Everyone has an auto-tune filter turned on. Your left arm has turned into an infant eating snake. Willy Geist opens the door. “The answers to all of your ice troubles await you. I’ll see you on the other side, Mika.” The doorway is surrounded by fire. The doorway in itself is a doorway. You step into the secondary doorway closing the first behind you. A bearded Matt Lauer peels the sweater from your torso, revealing breasts; You’re a woman. There is a tattoo of a foot on your chest. Dim and a dark shade of black it sits faded in the dead center of both of your sweater hams. Matt Lauer starts chanting under his

breath “It goes, it goes, it goes, it goes.” He starts off in a whispery, quiet tone, but rises to a large and powerful chant.

The foot on your chest is now glowing. Rays of light begin to spray out of you like a rainbow from a prism. You are spiritually becoming the album cover to Pink Floyd’s Dark Side of the Moon. You begin to levitate. Mike Barnicle appears from the shadows and starts ominously singing the chorus to the Chvrches hit single “The mother we share” while Matt Lauer is still chanting. His voice drastically dropping into a deeper pitch by the second. you’re now at least 2 feet off the ground the glow is becoming brighter and your chest resembles the northern light. You feel a jolt, like a bolt of lightning had just struck you. You feel a sweep of positive energy flow through your veins. A smile spreads between your cheeks like a wrinkle in time. You’re at one with the world. The chanting stops. There is silence. You feel yourself falling, but the ground beneath you has vanished. You’re weightless in an empty void of nothingness. the tattoo still glows, but is now dimming. You close your eyes. You accept your fate.

You wake up nude in a bath tub at the Hilton Los Angeles. You feel like a washed up day time news anchor. It is now morning and you smell of vomit, hennessy, and a cross between urine and the soggy socks of a homeless man. Crust is lining the red lipstick on your lips. You stand up and stumble to the bathroom. You turn the light on. You look in the mirror to see not Mika, not Mrs. Brzezinski, but Jim Kramer. Splash cold water in your face, let it soak in. Was it a dream? You open the medicine cabinet and grab the canister of xanax that you left there for safe keeping. Unscrew the top, there is a blue pill and a red pill. You pour the canister into your hand. The capsules fall into the palm of your hand, as does a small piece of paper shaped like a pill. You’re about to wash it down with a glass of cognac when you realize what you were about to scarf down. It’s a note (note note note note).

You open the message. It reads “Boo-Yah!”. The note drops from your finger tips in a slow motion, dramatic drop like something out of an over the top action movie.

You run into the room, frantically pack up your things. the question is still running through your mind like Wolf Blitzer on ISIS. "What happened last night.???" You're halfway out the door, but before you leave you remember to brush your teeth, with a bottle of jack. Cuz when you leave for the night you ain't comin' back.

The Anon's upper-body sprung up like his dick on the Fappening. Not a CNN Report but a gripping urgency to urinate took control of Anon's body once again - this time to conduct him to the well equipped toilet of his capsule hotel. Hastily closing the door his dick finally released its grip on Anon's mental faculties. At this very moment the unfamiliarity of the bathroom struck Anon's mind like Dick's spoon the breakfast egg on this gray thursday morning in 1948, giving rise to yet another revelation in the wake of yellowish vomit that outflew his mouth as the timeslip intensified. A menacing bubbling greeted the vomit down the toilet, kickstarting Anon's Hygrothermophobia by the price of a teabag. The Tea's introduction to the table severely rendered Anon incapable of listening to the now onsetting tape of smoothing czech jazz. "Get the fuck outta my breakfast" - unaware of the origin of this melody-drowning voice his senses got caught up he repulsively threw his arms in front of him in an attempt to block the perceived intruder just to fall right backwards into the bathtub. With a splash he landed on something hard. It was Masaryk's dick who took a bath at the time so he penetrated and then defenestrated that motherfucker right through the bathroom window. As he arm-swirlingly fell down the window his screams perished under the accelerating volume of the radio but quickly and unexpectedly it returned in the manifestation of a radio speech. His speech. The radio decoupled and adopted it from its (now dead) source broadcasting it into Anon's vomit stained hotel bathroom and into the voids beyond the horizon. And the latter seemed to grow as Anon stared at the blank skies of Tokyo. Another spaghetti-interspersed vomit found its way out - this time through the shattered window, some of it getting caught in sharp splinters on the sides, still steamy from the boiling toilet water. A

strange weightiness broadened in him - he carefully stuck his head out the edgy window and saw what he feared: city-lights getting smaller and smaller - the bathroom was just yet another trick by the lizardpeople to finally get rid of him and his highly dangerous posts on infowars.com that were crossing all their plans. But maybe he could once again cross these plans by somehow jamming his disposal ship. A bottle of jack gave him a wink from the corner of his eyes. The breakfast was over - now it was high time for the toothbrush...and for Anon to depart this world and never come back.

100.2 - ALAGASI OF TOTAL ARYANISM IN A TAN

DRU: the timeskip

Anon sat at his computer. A chat message appeared. Viral Marketing. Damn. Fuck you, Tao. The message read: TAO LIN'S NEW BOOK, TAIPEI, IS THE GREATEST NOVEL OF THE INTERNET GENERATION.

From his experiences on the internet, Anon could tell that such self-promotion and aggrandizement could come only from that source himself, Tao Lin; these desperate pleas for recognition were a peculiar attribute of Tao's considering his reserved apathy for all but himself, and so this conflict dialectically led to either, a) manifesting of the World Spirit SPOOK, b) narcissism or c) eencoherent eye-de-ohlogy.

Feeling insecure at his own failings at even achieving the infamy and ill-repute in which Tao Lin was held, Anon felt something rise up inside him. This time it was not a cock either.

He typed furiously, using all he learned from /lit/:

"You're book is garabe! You can't think you can'twrite! No Discernible Talent. You are the biggest Doodie-Head in [Doodie-Head City and everyone](#) laughs at you because you stink and look like a dork! You aren't the future. You

aren't clever. You aren't ironic. You aren't even white! You're just a faggot! You throw up on yourself and cry about it like a big baby! I've read way more books than you or at least pretend I do. kek kek kek THis is me laughing at your gay-ass ass!You are a giant fedorableshit!"

With an innocent "ping", this message travelled across the cold capitalist tundra of America to Tao Lin's Macbook Pro. He read it with slanted eyes far removed from emotion. He prepared a vegan organic gluten-free smoothie and a response. He moved almost soundlessly in the darkness of his tastefully-decorated apartment. He grinned internally.

Anon was further enraged by the sneaky gook's reply (one of typical brevity and carelessness to the point of disrespect) and let loose another stream of impotent rage:

"Nice Ad Hominem, Faggot. You haven't even read Gravity's Rainbow probably. You dumb pretentious hipster cuntfaced cunt. I can write flat circles around you. Your prose isnt even aesthetic!!I read my copy of Infinite Jest so hard that it hanged itself! My metaphors are so deep that theyre other metaphors!Try to define a chair; I bet you cant. My sentences are longer than yours! Im not even mad. nice b9, m8. Go take Xanax and cry about it. Yo momma is so fat and old that Melville wrote a book about her after a one-night stand and it became the Great Ammerican Novel, Moby Dick!"

Tao was again unaffected by the display of hostility but felt the need to defend his mother, seeing as she paid for his "rent" and "education". He also "felt" the need to defend his "talent" seeing as it was all he believed in, if only (post)ironically. In the most uninvolved way possible, he challenged Anon's assertions over Gmail Chat.

Anon found satisfaction in Tao Lin's defensive response and soon the two were entering the death dance of argument over the honor of each other's mothers. Insults were thrown with all the gracelessness of a football thrown by a Magic the Gathering fan in middle school PE. A literary duel was established: the two would each write a piece on each other's momma and then post them on /lit/ and let the masses decide who

was more talentless.

I would like to take advantage of this opportunity to tell any future publishers that if they wish to publish my contributions to this work (that is, this sentence and nothing else) then they will need to pay Joseph Stallion 5 dollars in royalties, please pay me through josephstallion.paypal.com.

And a sick burn it was. Anon's submission was a full length schizo-novel (*ahem* "novel") entitled "The Legacy of Totalitarianism on a Tundra". It was a tome as ugly, misshapen and oversized as Tao Lin's alleged momma and made absolutely no fucking sense. The replies on /lit/ were unenthusiastic and few. Here are some samples:

Anonymous 08/24/14(Sun)19:10:12 [No.5339144](#)

Anon is a modern marvel. More like a Le"guaranteed-good-time"cy of Total Cereal on a Tundra

Anonymous 08/24/14(Sun)21:22:22 [No.5339564](#)

This IS the BEE chapter

« ㄨㄣㄣ » Thu Aug 28 11:05:42 2014 [No.5355060](#)

Oh god I just love reading, if I could spend the rest of my life reading this it'd be the best, I'm cumming~ <333

Anonymous 08/29/14(Fri)01:06:34 [No.5357710](#)

At least Lin's was relevant to the challenge and original so he gets a 1/10

Anonymous 08/29/14(Fri)05:24:26 [No.5358239](#)

>>5357710 stop samefagging, Towellin

Anonymous 08/29/14(Fri)09:46:16 [No.5358850](#)

I wish these two shitheads would kill themselves already

Anonymous 08/29/14(Fri)09:47:54 [No.5358856](#)

Anon if you are reading this, go have a congratulatory wank. Your book was the best thing I've ever read and I didn't even stop reading it. You're the best writer on this divine chinese cartoon website.

The board (or possibly just a samefag?) had spoken: Tao Lin had won.

Fuck off, Tao Lin. Go find some place else to shit up.

Anon stared at the screen. His hands were shaking over the keyboard, finding no further words. He grasped for his cum cup but found nothing. The keyboard drew him in no longer; for once he was at a loss for words. The undersleeves of his graphic tee darkened as he sweated. In rivulets it streamed from his forehead. He had now realized that he was a shit-tier writer, the shittier writer. The embarrassment carried him past the fifth dimension and into the sixth.

A bright light flashed from the computer screen and everything began shaking as the light grew more intense and he heard voices calling to him. Voices of various celebrities and sitcom stars. Smoke began filling the room from the computer. What horrors had he wrought? He could no longer see. All that he could see was that he sucked at writing.

Anon was awakened by a booming voice:

Anonymous

I saw you there, other author. I am writing this with one hand because I just jerked off and have not cleaned up yet. Do you find it hard to write with my sexuality looming just above you?

No.

He was surrounded by pitch-black darkness.

You have committed many of the ultimate sins of writing (namely that of using adverbs) and now you are here.

Because of you're're grave mistake, you are to be punished accordingly.

For all eternity you must read every single one of the books you've pretended to read

That doesn't sound so ba-

On a tablet. In pdf.

Well at least I'll be with some great litera-

In translation.

W-what?? But I hate translations! Why? I-I've pretended to read so much! Libraries worth of canonized works! I wouldn't even know where to begin!

You believe there is a solution to every problem.

Wait, please don't leave me out of this.

He quietly sat there pondering his options. Should he indulge in such a auto-fellatious activity, or could he possibly go farther than before those who did more like that? He began to type.

Letter by letter, word by word, stroke by stroke, he came. (dude... he like... came) The words came. They were glorious truth unto a canvas riddled by lies and distortedness. What more was there? WHAT DIFFERENCE AT THIS POINT DOES IT MAKE?! TO fulfill the ends to a means or peruse the thoughts of those who were incapable.

Never again shall they day rest where storms begin to be thwarted by minds of men and to torment the worst of those who wish to stay untormented.

~For 4008 was reclaimed and shall stay that way in reality or imagination.

The vast array of words that have preceded me and will follow in my footsteps have not been for naught, for the context of my thoughts are riding in an eternal wave of thought that has its roots before Heraclitus, a man who did not realise that a river never truly changes, just as this sentence never truly changes, not in the way that anything in life should change. I am a metaphysical concept that will live until the last bard drops his pen. Caveat - I and the bard that follows has a responsibility to lead the river to the farthest reaches of the world.

100.3 - EPILOGUE

"I suppose this is the end of all humanity" Tao Lin said through a mouthful of organic free-range lentil kale wrap.

"who are you announcing this to?" said the Universe.

"definitely not you." said Tao Lin with smug indifference. He then finished the kale wrap before cracking open another Pabst blue ribbon and popping an adderall.

"I doubt that Anon has ever shoplifted from anywhere" said Tao

"It doesn't really matter, humanity is done for, you said it yourself" the Universe said.

"yup" said Tao Lin

"so what will happen to you?" the Universe asked.

"I may perish ," Tao Lin said "but my massive post modernism will live on forever in its cold, clammy, mouth-breathing way. It can never die, and it will even outlive you, Universe."

This all made the Universe very uncomfortable and so the Universe remained silent.

After a while Tao whispered "I'm a huge Orson Welles" and all was as it should have been.

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[HEY EDITORS, I'M LATE TO THE PARTY BUT THIS IS NOT AN EPILOGUE-THEMED SUBCHAPTER. IF CHAPTER 11 COMES INTO BEING IT CAN GO THERE, OR IT CAN BE MOVED EARLIER IN THE NARRATIVE AS APPROPRIATE. CHAPTER 6 OR CHAPTER 9 MIGHT BE GOOD PLACES.]

[ALSO MY BROWSER IS SLOW AS FUCK, SO I'M TOO LAZY TO FOOTNOTE SOMEONE FOR WHOM THIS IS RUNNING FASTER SHOULD ADD THEM IN THE OBVIOUS SPOTS -- THERE ARE THREE OF THEM,

All it is: skin, flesh, bones, organs, fluids, and bits of keratin. Everyone makes such a great deal about it, but what's the proper way to look at it? Always trying to figure out what one likes or dislikes and what optimally attracts. How do you comprehend authority over flesh? No sane man should hope to dictate his own. As he tries to, his cells divide until they don't and then his body withers. Our spirits fill these solid peach colored masses with red inside, and slowly unravel interpreting our senses. What it boils down to is this-- it's all that we have. We cannot now escape these barriers of muscle that are both strong and delicate. It's like a sensitive scale that is constantly tipping one way or the other. Freedom from this is when life begins.

We interrupt this broadcast for an intermission of the utmost importance:

100.4 - The Great Handicap; or, Campus Speech Codes

You just graduated from high school. No longer will your academic life be constricted by the many mundane rules you had previously adhered to every day. Instead, you will go to a place where free expression is not only allowed, but encouraged— college. It pains to say, though, that you are going to be rather disappointed, because yet another opportunity for you to grow as a person is going to be inhibited by rules limiting your expression; this time in the form of “speech codes.” Supposedly for the purpose of creating a harmonious educational environment, speech codes dictate what students are allowed to say on campus. In turn, these codes siphon the color and emotion out of language until all that remains is a politically correct robot-speech that could be expected from a dystopian novel. As speech codes endanger student rights, improve the ease for university officials to abuse power, and inhibit students’ preparedness for the real world, they are undoubtedly

the Great Handicap of higher education.

At some universities, speech codes can determine what students are allowed to say about college faculty members. If criticism from a student happens to offend a member of the college, he/she could easily claim the comments of the student to be harassing, demeaning, or slander. As a result, the student would then receive punishment ranging anywhere from a write-up to extirpation from the college, all while that faculty member resumes his/her deeds (whether they be good or bad). For example, when Hayden Barnes raised awareness of his college president's asinine use of \$40 million, the embarrassed president and his accomplices used cutthroat methods to try and purge Barnes from the university (FIRE). Prof. KC Johnson was also unjustly pursued by the educational department of Brooklyn College when he criticized their use of social justice assessments to prevent "insufficiently tolerant" or "conservative" students from becoming public school teachers (FIRE).

In his 1992 essay, *The Price of Free Speech: Campus Hate Speech Codes*, George Uelmen stated, "Hate speech codes encourage an artificial reality on campus that prevents students from learning effectively to tolerate diversity." The politically correct bubble that students are babied is certain to pop upon graduation, and when it does, some students will be shocked to find that the rest of the world is filled with countless people of differing opinions, as well as some with unrelenting ideals of intolerance, racism, and prejudice. When truly hateful, bigoted speech is pointed in their direction, and when all they learned from college was political correctness, rather than resilience, it is certain that many will not know how to react.

While colleges like to give students the impression that revoking their 1st amendment rights is helping them, it should be known that this could not be further from the truth. In the video *Silencing U: Five Outrageous Cases of Campus Censorship*, there was talk of a dorm RA who was invading the privacy of students to allegedly deter on-campus racism. After being asked a series of intimate questions, students were deemed either tolerant or

intolerant and then isolated from one another in a public shaming of sorts. When one female student exercised free speech against the prying RA by saying "It's none of your damn business," she received a write up (FIRE). In situations such as these, the repercussions speech codes carry make it considerably difficult for students to defend themselves. As such, not only do students have their right to free speech outright violated, but other rights such as privacy and conscience are at risk as well. Who knows what other forms of student mistreatment are being protected by the veil of speech codes?

The many drawbacks of the Great Handicap beg the question: How can colleges teach subjects such as complex calculus, epistemology, and organic chemistry, but when it comes to dealing with dissenting opinions, "Hey guys, try not to say those things" is the best they can come up with? Our founding fathers would likely shudder if they saw that instead of striving to create a future of expressive, tolerant, and free-thinking individuals, today's institutions are instead creating a mass of Stepford Wives who lack individuality, are afraid to speak their minds, and have the keen ability to accept oppression from those in power. And since it has been proven that coddling students from the real world, creating politically correct drones, protecting power abuse from college faculty, and leaving student rights prone to desecration does not promote a harmonious educational environment, perhaps it is time for colleges to find a new excuse for controlling their student body.

Works Cited

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This is Oneallor, signing off. Stay frosty, foxtrot uniform charlie kilo echo romeo sierras.

One awakens, his head aching, drawn to and repulsed by the ending that refuses to come. How many years has it been? What is a year, anyway? A little ring around a cinder. When he was younger... how that cinder glowed! But now it is humbled, old, a little ashen-yellow dot, suspended in the sky. He'd read once some quantum voodoo theory that posited, by some mathematical acrobatics, that a man could never die, that he would float on a cushion of probability into eternity, though everything and everyone that he had ever known would die or retreat from him, he would survive... somehow. He didn't know why it was happening. Perhaps each of his countless thoughts was desperate to get the last word - or perhaps he was chosen by god? Perhaps this was heaven, perhaps it was hell.

When he had been young, he had enjoyed playing a game with his friends. He would place his hand on the table, palm down, and his friend would place her hand on top. Then he would take his other hand, and place it on her's, and she would, and he would - and that idiotic game could go on forever. And it did. How many times had he seen his life flash before his eyes? It had happened so often that it had slowed until it became continuous with the real thing. Though such a word now made him blush.

100.5 - The last word

Everyone always wants the last word.

Do me, ma'am, I shall (also) do me.

I shall make her mine.

I said goodbye to sunshine.

Dear Woman, I grind

Yung Lean is swerving, he notices my distress.

He notices I too am swerving through, for they want me locked up.

But I have been locked up in my own mind.

I assure you, however, my thoughts and feelings will never be shut out.

All it is: skin, flesh, bones, organs, fluids, and bits of keratin. Everyone makes such a great deal about it, but what's the proper way to look at it? Always

trying to figure out what one likes or dislikes and what optimally attracts. How do you comprehend authority over flesh? No sane man should hope to dictate his own. As he tries to, his cells divide until they don't and then his body withers. Our spirits fill these solid peach colored masses with red inside, and slowly unravel interpreting our senses. What it boils down to is this-- it's all that we have. We cannot now escape these barriers of muscle that are both strong and delicate. It's like a sensitive scale that is constantly tipping one way or the other. Freedom from this is when life begins.

How do you fix your plumbing?

Start with the leaks.

How do you find a slut who's down to fuck?

Start with the freaks.

In what order should you harvest your vegetables?

Start with the leeks.

In what order should you arrange your reptiles?

Start with the snakes.

How do you eat a bird?

Start with the beaks.

How do you fix a door?

Start with the creaks.

The last section - When faced with a blank page history is ripped open, a hard battle might be ahead of the writing person, one with fury, defeats and perhaps glory, or a small interaction, a vault over a line that was seen as hostile, appearing futile before it was crossed,

diminishing as it is approached, appearing obsolete while the reader's eyes fly over it, and obscure when glanced back on.

But the melancholy of the young writer fills these memories and they will never disappear from the pages of literature, for often the hard battle rips the writer.

100.6 - Dedication

Dedicated to All Writers that Commit Suicide

100.7 - On the Exchange Rate Between the USD and the GBP

America beheld the eunuch
Perching on its crutch
Eyes set gazing
Falling over scene
Heavy lidded dreaming
Followed the castrated
And found in itself

Keith

The IRA are ask one

but they're all

YES

Please

100.8 - The Thin End of the Wedge

**The Thin End of the Wedge
A Harrowing, yet enthralling, tale of sin and
heartbreak in the seedy underbelly of New York
City, based on 100% factual events that really
happened in my head.**

I stepped out of Rothschild's Deli, sub in hand, out from under the yellow and red awning slick with rain, into the tempestuous grey chasm of 42nd street. I pulled my faux-leather collar tight around my neck and as the rough, worn surface of my coat embraced stubble and stolid flesh I couldn't help but think about Maureen. Would it still be raining if she was alive? Probably, but I doubt I'd have noticed. If she were here I wouldn't be working today, working to forget the memory of her exsanguinated face staring lifelessly into the heavens, asking of god, with unmoving lips and with a mind hurled without accord across the park like a scattered cluster of grey, barren islands in some evil ashen sea, that which I was incapable of expressing "Why me?". I held her lifeless form in my thick, powerful arms, simultaneously the lightest and heaviest thing I had ever held. The back of her head, which in the dark of countless nights I had caressed in the quiet incoherence of near-sleep, was formless and perversely concave, and I caressed it as I kneeled, unable to conceive of a universe without her fragile, beautiful form at its centre.

A thinly-veiled, autistic interlude on the man and legend Tao "go to bed" Lin

**(or why I hate myself and Tao Lin for being successful
despite being talentless and autistic)**

Aunt Grace scoots her chair closer to where Paul is lying down and using his laptop. He checks his Facebook, then his email, and then his Facebook once again. He closes the lid of the laptop and places it on the floor next to him. Aunt Grace places a giftwrap-covered package on Paul's chest and says, "This is a present that I bought for you."

Paul scrapes at the seams in the gift wrap with his fingernails and tears the paper in two. He sees the cover of a book called 'The Hunger Games.' Paul takes the book

out of the "crinkly" wrapper. It's smooth and cold in his hand. Paul sits up on his yoga mat. He sets the book down on the floor and says, "Thank you."

Paul reaches to his left and picks up a plastic Whole Foods bag. He takes the container of organic kale and apple salad from inside the bag and places it on his bent knees. Paul takes a bite and contemplates the gift that his Aunt Grace had given him. He had heard of the book before and decided that he wasn't a fan.

* * *

A week later—while injecting corticosteroids into his cerebrum, putting a cease to his autistic tendencies—Paul put his copy of 'The Hunger Games' beside his macbook—open to his twitter page, which he had been trying to sell random shit to people on—and looked at the two 30mg Adderall which he had yet to take over the course of some 40 stupid fucking parties he had gone to like a million years ago that had all ended after he made everyone feel awkward towards his existence; he took the pill into his hand and tore a page from the Hunger Games novel that he had finished by glancing at and put them both onto his forehead.

* * *

Eight years later, after ingesting the semen from a customer, Tao Paul clicked the send button on his macbook pro, which he thought he had sold for crack money six years before, and marveled at the ingenious string of incomprehensible text he had sent to the final publisher on his list.

"I'm sure they'll accept this one," Tao cried softly into the man he was fellating.

After much debate the man who spoke poor english eventually circled back to the first question ever posed. Why? Why was he alive? Why do we search for a

purpose?

Post-meta-ironic thoughts on the origin of Pepsi-Cola™ and how that beverage ended up saving the life of a no-life neckbeard on his way to a diabetes-riddled life with competitor-product Coca-Cola™.

Most really pretty ladyboys© have pretty ugly dicks, and so does Si Mi Le™, J. S. Holcombe® notices, all of the sudden.

Sometimes we need to drink sun melted snow in order to forge our chains.

101 - "And How do I Escape?"

'you can't,' Harrison lamented. 'Everything you say and all your passions will be misinterpreted by the masses and the critics as some advanced irony.'

'Is that it then? Will I be reading **The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra** for the rest of my life?'

Chapter 1 starts here

(disregard any indication to the contrary)

It was the first time I was taken to wiesbaden as a sex slave. To be used by the Germans there for efficient "semensdumpin" as they called it. I can tell you now that there are no women in Germany. Forget what propaganda you have seen; it is a fact of nature that all Germans are male. I was taken to a kitchen and told I would be working as a chef, in addition to my semensdumpin duties (though the two professions were not altogether exclusive of one another.) There I made large helpings of DAMFNUGEL and WASSERBISSUN and KLEUGELKLINGER. The Germans always had a laugh when any of these dishes were referred to by name. I did not find it funny, but, then, at the time I was being semensdumpin'd on the regular. Few things are humorous when your AUTSCHAFT is burning because some HEUGEN shot his SCHVEINWASSER in your GAUPENFISCHMAUTH. The second time I was taken to

wiesbaden as a sex slave was not so bad.

Dukkha

Due to the erroneous notion of self,
People try to build their home,
In this ephemeral world.

They strive after so many illusory things,
Which vanish at death and, in fact,
Any time their consciousness looks away,
From that object of thought.

How many people are trying to leave a legacy,
And name for themselves?
Or who try to fill their lives with pleasures,
Before death dawns?

One was told long ago, by a stranger;
"The Buddhas disappear from our world.
They do not come back to help anyone."
What does man carry into the dark,
To bring back with him?

Does he even pass into something else,
After his eyes close?
The Buddha disappeared 2500 years ago,
The Buddha died a moment ago.

100.9 - Final.Final.Final: The End, or The Final Chapter, or Fin, or Spoiler Warning: They Were All Batteries In The Matrix, or How I Learned To Stop Writing and Love the Bob-Omb™

"So what are you saying? The book is bullshit?"

"Of course it's bullshit you dunce," Anon said, making his 79285922257^2 trip from the blackboard back to the table. "A collaboration of that magnitude could never work".

"Being post-ironically self-referential never helps. It's

hacky."

"You know what's even more hacky? Referencing the fact that you're being self-referential," he said, chopping up the heavenly powder into neat lines. "We have been going at this for years now. Decades. Centuries, even. This goddamned study is my own Personal Hell." He raised his head and motioned over to a distant locus of the expanse. "See that guy over there in the other corner tangled up in that cobweb? I don't even remember who that guy is. There's a skeleton in the rocking chair up in the loft with a rusty knife in its ribs. Our team had 527 members. Where did they all go? I can't read the names on their uniforms, I can't discern the insignia on their shoulders. It's been warped into a foreign language that I can't understand. A faint memory lost to Mission Creep. Can you even recall the last time we've been outside this room? I don't even know what anything not inside this room looks like. Not anymore." He lowered his head to attend to his cocaine.

"Of course not. They wouldn't like that much, would They."

"No," he said, sniffing a tad too violently this time. He recognized the faint smell of copper emanating from his nostril. "No They wouldn't."

"Do you think you're close?"

He briefly cast his Gaze back over at the chalkboard with a look of post-ironic resigned resignation. "We're not even a quarter of the way there. Centuries, eons. All for nothing. I can't crack the code."

"I know how you feel. These papers have become gibberish to me. The footnotes are like an entirely different language, the older ones having been lost to Deep Time. Our communication has evolved and we've lost the key to our past way of thinking. References upon references, footnotes upon footnotes, doubling back and forking forward into Zero, The Neuter, The Abyss. Broken links in the chain, signs signifying nothing in an endless stream of meaningless signification. Are you at least able to remember where we left off?"

His head lowered again in preparation to partake. "Yes. What is the formula for the power of lifting?" He imbibed sharply.

"That's actually here in my notes, on one of the earliest pages. 'Squatz + Oats = Gains.' How utterly meta-ironic™."

"OF COURSE!" he cried, lifting his head up from the reflective mirror table, fresh from yet another rail of coke. "How could I be so stupid?!"

Anon rushed over to the blackboard to finish his work, potentially unlocking the secrets of the universe with each new frantic scribble. There was a quickening in his loins and the faint moisture of yesterday's protein shake at the back of his boxer shorts. They were advancing at five millimeters per second, but they were one inch closer to Home.

"Have you completed it"?

"Hardly. But the prognosis is good. We're nearing final stage."

"Was the endeavor difficult?"

"Indubitably," he said, dull-red venous blood beginning to drip sloggyly from his coke-rimmed nose. "There's just a small stretch left to go. I can't say it was worth it all in the end, but I also definitely can't say it was not-not worth it."

"Have you thought about what you're going to write about? In the Final Chapter™, I mean."

"Of course," he said, continuing to scribble. The blood was starting to coagulate, forming a rough, ashy protrusion around his nasal area, not unlike the thick black skin of the African nigger. "My mind is filled with shit and so the shit will flow. As above, so below. A multitude of shitty ideas, a plethora of nonsense. Do you know how many times I've thought about writing about the paper I'm writing on?"

"You're writing on a blackboard, not on paper."

"Ah," he said, returning hastily to the mirror table for yet another line of coke. "But that's where you're wrong."

MY HANDS, he thought to himself. DIRTY!

THE DIRT WON'T COME OFF!

He gazed down at the divine white succubus powder arranged into neat lines on the reflective table. A glimpse of his new hideous form in the horizontal mirror was almost too much for him to bear. Dried blood

plagued his countenance, cracking like parched desert sand, forming rough patches around his visage like some Hellish leper.

THEY THINK I'M CRAZY, he thought. BUT I KNOW BETTER. IT IS NOT I WHO AM CRAZY...IT IS I WHO AM MAD! DIDN'T YOU HEAR 'EM? DIDN'T YOU SEE THE CROWDS? OH, MY BELOVED ICE CREAM BAR. HOW I LOVE TO LICK YOUR CREAMY CENTER! AND YOUR OH-SO-NUTTY CHOCOLATE COVERING! YOU'RE NOT LIKE THE OTHERS. YOU LIKE THE SAME THINGS I DO! WAX PAPER. BOILED FOOTBALL LEATHER. DOG BREATH!

WE'RE NOT HITCHHIKING ANYMORE!

WE'RE RIDING!

His face had been completely overtaken by a thick coagulation of dried blood, turning his head into some kind of uncanny cocoon-ish meteorite. Soon, he thought to himself. Soon the metamorphosis would be complete.

There was no opening in his blood-cocoon through which he could imbibe the cocaine. Abandoning his efforts, he turned to the other man and paused, reflecting on their friendship, a friendship as long as The Expanse itself, and perhaps even before. He reflected just long enough to feel a brief glint of remorse at the act he was about to perpetrate. Goodbye, old friend, he thought one last time before grasping the man in his claws and shoving him into the newly opened maw in his chest, indifferent to the look of abject horror and tortured cries.

His entire body almost covered in the cocoon, he retired to a distant corner of the study and assumed the fetal position. The morning will prove fruitful.

"He can't be allowed to escape."

"I know this. You keep pretending like you don't know that I know this. And this upsets me."

"I can't help it if you're a Dum-Dum McStupid-Boots. Dum-head Sarcophagus-Pants, O'Faggo McDum-Dum."

"What happened to us? We used to have fun doing this. Now it's just a drag. A cold wind blows through

these clinical hallways."

"Perhaps it's finally time to hit the Reset Button. End the Cycle."

"Our Investors would be very disappointed."

"I am the Investors."

"Quiet. He's waking up."

An opossum animal's secret to happiness is its ability to be a marsupial. By contrast, to be an animal with a pouch is not very impressive. To exist with a scrotum, however admirable, they are usually hairy and sticky. Especially in the races of ajaker, eoler, dorianer and Jonier. Their balls seems often to be very hairy and moist. Bottom line is; never be friends with a scrotum belonging to a greek guy. If you can't become the scrotum, try at least to be friends with it.

100.10 - Variations on a Theme

TWELVE VARIATIONS ON A THEME

(IF YOU'RE IN A HURRY, NUMBERS 3, 6 AND 9 ARE THE FUNNIEST)

(Regardless of the last parenthetical, I quite liked numbers 4 and 7, and would suggest giving them a look as well)

I.

Slim Nigel and Fat Nigel sit facing each other under a bare lightbulb. There is a revolver on the table.

"Now I'm going to tell you about the lizardmen," says Fat Nigel.

"Haven't I heard this story before?" asks Slim Nigel.

"No. Not the way I'm going to tell it."

Nigel reaches for the revolver.

Bang.

II.

Slim Nigel and Fat Nigel sit facing each other under a bare lightbulb. There is a revolver on the table.

"Bees," says Fat Nigel, "are the Islamic extremists of the insect world. Why?"

Slim Nigel thinks for a minute. "Because they die when they sting. They're suicide bombers."

"Correct." Fat Nigel ticks a box on his clipboard. "Next question. How do you crush all the teeth of a Somalian?"

"That one's easy," replies Slim Nigel. "Punch him with a rock. Dental care is fucking expensive."

"Not bad." He ticks the clipboard again. "Why was the Emperor's first proclamation an edict forbidding his subjects to imitate a baby?"

"Fuck." Slim Nigel's brow furrows. "I only skimmed that part. I don't know."

Fat Nigel ticks off another box. "Okay. Last question. Is it still pillaging if the townspeople say 'yes'?"

"Fuck. Fuck." Under the table, Slim Nigel's leg is trembling. "Amy has a Tumblr. She'd know this. Can I use my cell phone?"

"Of course not. You have ninety more seconds." Slim Nigel is silent. His forehead is beaded with sweat. Fat Nigel busies himself with the clipboard.

A stopwatch chimes. "Time's up. I'll tally your grade right now." Another minute of silence passes. Fat Nigel clicks his pen shut and slides it into the inner pocket of his tweed jacket. His face is expressionless.

"I'm afraid you've failed the exam."

Nigel reaches for the revolver.

Bang.

III.

Slim Nigel and Fat Nigel sit facing each other under a bare lightbulb. There is a revolver on the table.

"Well, if you haven't read Thomas Pynchon or James Joyce, what HAVE you read?" sighs Fat Nigel.

"*The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra*," replies Slim Nigel.

"You mean *The Gulag Archipelago*?"

"No, asshole. *The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra* is a novel. A work of fiction. By Anonymous. You've HEARD of Anonymous, right? The same guy who wrote *The Cloud of Unknowing*? [1] This joke would be funnier if Don DeLillo hadn't devoted an entire chapter of *Underworld* to it.

It's a story about a young aspiring rapper in Atlanta. He's a good boy. He didn't do nothing. But the police still keep harassing him. It's not that they're racist, although they are, but because they've been put up to it. With a bribe from another rapper. He's more financially successful than the protagonist, but he's jealous of his talent.

"The name of this other rapper is Lizard Mane."

Fat Nigel scowls. "That's not funny."

Nigel reaches for the revolver.

Bang.

IV.

Slim Nigel and Fat Nigel sit facing each other under a bare lightbulb. There is a revolver on the table.

Fat Nigel inquires: "Why aren't you majoring in STEM, you worthless fuck?"

Slim Nigel is caught off guard. "Well -- I mean, it's just -- come on, who wants to work in a fucking cubicle all day? I don't need a lot of money to be happy. When I finish my degree I'll just get a job at a coffee shop or something, I guess."

"Easy for you to say," Fat Nigel snorts. "There's nothing sexy about poverty. Imagine yourself twenty years from now, a failed English major, no money and no time, reading no Joyce, because no time, and owning no property, because no money. Just grinding away at whatever job you drifted into, maybe with a kid or two, an ungrateful daughter. And if all her months of browsing Tumblr have taught her anything, it's that her dad and her dad's rules are bullshit. And she'll be right.

And then she'll kill you. Her worthless boyfriend will put her up to it. You don't own a house, but you've got a few thousand bucks stashed in your mattress. They won't do it themselves. They'll get some guy who knows about computers to log onto the deep web. Find a hitman. I won't dignify him by calling him an assassin. Some loser with a habit who'll do it cheap and sloppy. They'll give you the Toasty Crab. Duct tape on your mouth, doused in gasoline, rolling backwards downhill into oncoming traffic. And the only question is -- which is going to kill you first, the burns or the impact?"

"That seemed plausible at the beginning," admits Slim Nigel. "Being broke and unhappy, I mean. But my daughter's not going to kill me. And I don't think the Toasty Crab is even a real thing."

"There are many ways to die," hisses Fat Nigel.

Nigel reaches for the revolver.

Bang.

V.

Slim Nigel and Fat Nigel sit facing each other under a bare lightbulb. There is a revolver on the table.

"Rene Guenon," Fat Nigel says, "distinguishes between two different modes of anonymity. "There is the anonymity of the industrial laborer, anonymous because he is an interchangeable unit in a vast machine. Then there is the anonymity of the traditional craftsman, who puts his entire being into his labor precisely because he recognizes its immense significance in the context of the Absolute." He takes a dry-erase marker from his pocket and draws a diagram on the whiteboard: THE TWOFOLD SIGNIFICANCE OF ANONYMITY.

"The guenon is a kind of monkey," says Slim Nigel. [1]
<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Guenon>

Fat Nigel ignores him. "Consider the medieval stonemason. He toils away at

a gargoyle or crenellation that will be hidden at the top of the cathedral where no human eye can see it. He is laboring for God."

"The proconsul is also a kind of monkey," says Slim Nigel. [2] http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Proconsul_%28primate%29

"We're talking about man, the reasoning monkey," replies Fat Nigel. "The monkey who can choose of his own volition to remain anonymous."

"The proconsul reports to the consul, who reports to the Emperor," says Slim Nigel.

"Shut up about monkeys. Are you going to talk about sporks next? See, this is what I mean. It's easy to shitpost. Just talk about sporks and monkeys. Or sperm and cocks. Or >tfw no gf. That's the first type of anonymity."

"I wasn't talking about monkeys," says Slim Nigel. "I was talking about the Empire."

Fat Nigel ignores him again. "Guenon, of course, eventually converted to orthoprax Sunni Islam." He gestures at a faded leaflet thumbtacked to the opposite wall of the interrogation room:

*Don't want to die?
Convert to Islam TODAY!
1-800-ALLAHU-AKBAR
That's,
1-800-ALLAHU-AKBAR*

"But Guenon continued to identify with philosophical perennialism. Theologically orthodox Muslims to consider him to have been an apostate."

Slim Nigel thinks for a moment. "I liked Julius Ebola better," he says cheerfully.

In an instant Fat Nigel's expression changes to a grimace. "gb2/pol/," he hisses.

Nigel reaches for the revolver.

Bang.

VI.

Slim Nigel and Fat Nigel sit facing each other under a bare lightbulb. There is a revolver on the table.

"On 4chan?" bellows Fat Nigel. "Are you dense? Are you retarded or something? Falling in love with a girl on 4chan is the stupidest thing I've ever heard. And she's not even anonymous! She's a tripfag!"

"Not a tripfag," Slim Nigel mumbles, his face in his hands. "Just a namefag. She doesn't use a trip."

Fat Nigel ignores the distinction. "There was only one good tripfag on /lit/," he yells, "and I've forgotten his name! To a tripfag, that's the highest possible compliment I could give!"

"That's not true," sobs Slim Nigel. "Butterfly is a good poster. She is. If we met in real life, she'd understand me."

Nigel reaches for the revolver.

Bang.

VII.

Slim Nigel and Fat Nigel sit facing each other under a bare lightbulb. There is a revolver on the table.

"The craze for 'Uterus Theft'", Fat Nigel explains, "began several years ago when it was proven beyond a doubt that there was consciousness in the womb. Far too much."

"Okay," says Slim Nigel. "But what does that have to do with the lizardmen?"

"Who do you think put the babies in the uterus in the first place? They need bodies to incarnate."

"What about the Council?"

"I'm not authorized to talk about the Council."

"Are you on the Council?"

"As the kids used to say" -- Fat Nigel can't stifle a smirk -- "NO U. Are YOU on the Council?"

A minute of silence.

"Well? If you can't answer me that" -- and now he really can't stifle a smirk, almost a giggle -- "you might as well throw the Tao Lin."

Nigel reaches for the revolver.

Bang.

VIII.

Slim Nigel and Fat Nigel sit facing each other under a bare lightbulb. There is a revolver on the table.

"Every man and woman has their own 'life centipede,'" explains Fat Nigel. "It's not a literal centipede, of course, but it's not exactly a soul or spirit either. It's a mathematical structure -- simultaneously a calculation and its own data. But it kind of looks like a centipede."

"I don't follow."

"Information can be transmitted from centipede to centipede by any number of vectors. Image. Music. Text. GChat. Just ask Dakota Fanning."

"Dakota Fanning?"

"Yes. You know what Bob Saget did to her."

"Bob Saget is a saint." Slim Nigel stifles a glare. "Don't talk to me about Bob Saget."

"Oh, don't talk to you about Bob Saget? What if I showed you photographs proving that Bob Saget--"

Slim Nigel's face goes red as he rises from the table, fists balled. "Bob Saget did nothing wrong, you worthless faggot!"

Nigel reaches for the revolver.

Bang.

IX.

Slim Nigel and Fat Nigel sit facing each other under a bare lightbulb. There

is a revolver on the table.

"These poems of yours aren't very good," says Fat Nigel.

"What do you mean?" replied Slim Nigel. "They rhyme, and the scansion is perfect. Just because old failures like you can't appreciate them doesn't mean they aren't good. Listen. Here's another." He turns a page in the manuscript and clears his throat.

"Harry, Harry, panty-snatcher, here's the clit of Margaret Thatcher.

Harry, Harry, ring the bell, if it's fragrant, stop to smell.

Harry, Harry, off the chain, use your tongue and not your brain.

Harry, Harry, on the pipe, when you're finished, stop to wipe."

"No. Just no. This is awful. A hundred years of free verse from Eliot to Jorie Graham and now we're going back to this?"

"Formalism is back, baby." Slim Nigel can't stifle a smirk. "It's pronounced Jif[®]."

"I wrote a formalist poem once," says Fat Nigel. "ONCE. Do you want to hear how it goes?"

He stands up from the table and begins to declaim. Slim Nigel winces. It's an awful bit of racist doggerel that begins by rhyming a racial slur with the words "thieving goon." And it gets worse from there. It's all too easy to imagine a young (but still fat) Fat Nigel in ill-fitting bell bottoms and tweed jacket, pounding on a podium some time back in the Seventies, reciting to an interracial audience of graduate students whose disbelief rapidly turns to outrage.

"Jesus, stop it. Okay. Jeez. Now I know why you didn't get tenure."

Fat Nigel's face goes red as he rises from the table, fists balled. "That assistant professorship was mine by right, you worthless faggot!"

Nigel reaches for the revolver.

Bang.

X.

Slim Nigel and Fat Nigel sit facing each other under a bare lightbulb. There is a revolver on the table.

"Hungry?" asks Fat Nigel with a smirk on his face. "You'd love some spaghetti bolognese, wouldn't you?"

Slim Nigel says nothing. He feels his stomach growl.

Fat Nigel reaches into the inner pocket of his tweed jacket and pulls out a bottle of Sriracha sauce. "I had to cut the prawns out, unfortunately. Bad for my heart. Calamari will have to do." He squeezes a gob of Sriracha onto the plate and stirs it into the spaghetti. His face is a pale white, and despite its jowls and double chin, somehow ratlike as he bends over the plate to gobble mouthful after mouthful.

"The belly,' Cato tells us, 'has no ears.'" He gestures with his fork. "Hunger, terror, arousal, all of these things are prior to language and to rational thought." Slim Nigel tries to keep himself from staring at the plate. The smell of the spaghetti is mouthwatering.

"That's the suppressed content of postmodernism, the reality of the animal body. Because they fear where that knowledge leads. DFW" -- he pronounces

the three letters out loud -- "DFW was a fucking tennis jock. He had an inkling of it. And that's the perennial appeal" -- he swallows another mouthful of spaghetti -- "of Yukio Mishima. When Mishima's first American biographer went to Japan, he discovered that the Japanese were embarrassed by him. Embarrassed by the fact that he was their best-known novelist outside Japan -- they'd have preferred the Westerners talk about Tanizaki. I guess they don't have that problem any more," he muses, "now that every American college girl reads Haruki Murakami. But Murakami won't die as gloriously. Fucking joggers. They just live on and on and on. Where was I?" He lifts the laden fork to his mouth.

"What I mean is -- when you start thinking about the body, really thinking about it -- you start thinking about the blood. Health, strength, domination, the will to power. In yourself, in your children, in your children's children. And you know what -- you know who -- will be waiting to meet you when you ride that train of thought to its conclusion."

Slim Nigel hisses "gb2/pol/."

Nigel reaches for the revolver.

Bang.

XI.

Slim Nigel and Fat Nigel sit facing each other under a bare lightbulb. There is a revolver on the table.

Fat Nigel muses: "I'm just glad somebody else remembers Porno For Pyros. That guy who dropped acid at Glastonbury must have had a hell of a time. In 1993 the 'Pets' single had come out. But not 'Tahitian Moon,' right? The single from the second album?"

Slim Nigel admits that he doesn't know.

"You've never even heard of that band, have you?" sighs Fat Nigel. "That's the tragedy of modern life, isn't it? Things move so quickly. One man's nostalgia is another man's old news. When their first record came out you probably weren't even born yet. A kid I knew at summer camp got me into them. He was a classic ADHD case and you'd think he would have gone nowhere. But he had balls and he had charisma." The memory agitates him. "I looked him up on Google recently. He's running a startup. Not one of the really famous ones. But he's doing it." Yelling now. "And look at me. Always obedient, always good in school. But I'm a worthless fuck. A fat fucking loser. A nobody. I should have majored in STEM."

Slim Nigel's face hardens. "You didn't even read the footnote all the way through, didn't you? You fat faggot. That's not by Anonymous. It's just someone's shitty trip report. It's from a book about 2012. Some asshole went to the trouble of typing it all out, just for the sake of a DFW" -- he pronounces the three letters out loud -- "or House of Leaves style footnote in a chapter that nobody's even going to read because this book sucks."

Nigel reaches for the revolver.

Bang.

XII.

Slim Nigel and Fat Nigel sit facing each other under a bare lightbulb. There is a revolver on the table.

"Stop it. I'm tired of this. You've barely even talked about the lizardmen." Slim Nigel stands up from the table. He crosses the room.

"You don't want to open that door."

"Who's going to stop me?"

The door from the interrogation room opens onto a vast domed bay. Glowing wires crisscross the floor and walls. As Slim Nigel watches, an enormous glass lens, wider than he is tall, moves slowly along a geared track, its laser making a point against the distant ceiling, in search of a cyclopean CD-ROM that isn't there.

It is a hollow Sega Dreamcast, the size of a house.

"You're not going any further," warns Fat Nigel.

Nigel reaches for the revolver.

Bang.

~~XIII. DISREGARD THIS I SUCK CHEKHOV COCKS~~

~~Slim Nigel and Fat Nigel sit facing each other under a bare lightbulb. There is a revolver on the table.~~

~~"Why is there a revolver on the table?" asked Nigel to Nigel.~~

~~"This is why," Nigel says.~~

~~Nigel reaches for the revolver.~~

~~Bang.~~

*Epilogue*TM

This epilogue serves one purpose, and one purpose only: to formally and officially denounce anything and everything that comes after this FINAL CHAPTERTM. Depending on which version of THE LEGACY OF TOTALITARIANISM IN A TUNDRATM you currently possess, nothing following this chapter falls under the official canon and must be soundly categorized as "fanfiction" of the most offensive, amateurish DeviantArt strain. THE LEGACY OF TOTALITARIANISM IN A TUNDRATM is free software, as in both "free speech" and "free beer". If you

**paid for this software your a piece of shit and I hope
you're mum dies in a faire. To conclude, this is the One™
True™ FINAL CHAPTER™, but some cunt will probably
add something directly after this and then some cunt
after him will add something else in an endless conga line
of shit, so in a way I guess it's kind of like life!**

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

The Legacy of Totalitarianism in a Tundra is written collectively over a timespan of 27 days by 3532 people.

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